

[Continued from page 8.]

The whole tendency of intoxicating drink is to degrade one's manhood, sear the conscience, weaken the intellect, dull the senses, destroy the will, corrupt the mind and defile the soul.

The bar-room is a place where criminals are born and paupers bred—a resort where vice is cradled and anarchy hatched.

Its path is stained with children's blood and the money it receives is blistered with widows' tears. It is the disgrace of civilization and the ulcer of a nation's life.

"But the white man drinks and why not?" says the Indian.

Let me tell the Indian why: The vices of civilization are the vilest known to the race.

Imitate the white man's vices, but discard his vices. You have perhaps heard the story of the man who was so mean that he lost all his friends, so that when he came to die he left his money to a charitable association with the understanding that they would furnish the mourners at his funeral.

So they hired three Irishmen with bowed heads, and on no account to lift them up.

As they were passing through the city one of them said: "Mike, I smell something! am going to look up."

"What's that to you?" replied Mike, "you will not get your money if you look up. Don't you do it. Keep your head down." But finally the smell became intolerable.

Pat looked up, and, to his astonishment found that in passing through the crowd they had missed the hearse and were following a swill cart.

My Indian brother stick to the hearse, or what is better, never consent to march along with your eyes shut.

Don't follow the swill cart, even if it is drawn by a pale face.

Now, my friends, I ask you not to overlook the fact that the Indian has been driven from Plymouth Park to Poker Flat and cuffed from Yipsalanti to Yuba Dahn.

He has been forced, through thorn and and thicker, through fog and, fire, over plane and mountain, until to-day he is scattered amidst forests and ferns, gorges and gulches, prairie dogs and poverty-stricken coyotes, jungles and jack-rabbits, cactus and cowboys.

But this will be so no longer. He is entering the twentieth century with the imperial crown of the age upon his brow and the sceptre of the Infinite in his hands.

And I have sufficient faith in God and man to believe that this mighty transition means a reorganized world for years of peace, liberty and brotherhood upon earth; years of plenty where no ragged child, white or red, shall wander in the streets and cry for bread; years of learning when the paths of knowledge shall be opened to all alike; years of love, where man shall be the helper of man; years of hope, when above the tombs of time shall shine the skies of the eternal.

THE END.

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EXCHANGES

In the Arrow, Carlisle, Pa., we found the picture of our Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Hon. Francis E. Leupp

The March number of the Pharos from Provo, Utah, has just reached us. It is a fine paper and it has about as much space devoted to ads as to reading matter but we think it would be better to separate them.

The Comet appeared with a cut of the Reno High School on the cover.

From the cartoons in the Orator, of Spokane, Washington, we judge that they must have a very good cartoonist as there are always some new characters found in every issue.

Teacher—Johnny, for what is Switzerland famous?

Scholar—Why—m'm—Swiss Cheese.

Teacher—Oh, something grander, more impressive, more tremendous.

Scholar—Limburger?—Ex.

The CHEMAWA AMERICAN is a very well written weekly and never fails to be on time.—Nugget.

WHAT IS THE BEST EDUCATION?

THIS seems to be one of the questions of the ages. Some enterprising person asked it of Plato many centuries ago and he replied: "It is that which gives to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable."

CHEMAWA AMERICAN, as a weekly, compares favorably with any of our exchanges.—The Troubadour.