

An Indian on Education

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school. The first year I had to keep up steam from four o'clock in the morning until six in the evening every week day, and from five in the morning to six in the night on Sundays and holidays. The night school kept me busy until nine o'clock five nights in the week. After six years I was able to speak English fairly well; I had a trade and an academic diploma. Then began my life in shops which lasted sixteen years. At first it was not smooth and pleasant. The men looked upon me as a sort of curiosity. This was partly because I was the only Indian in the shop. But I found out afterward that every new man has to undergo some sort of test, and if he shows a character equal to the demands made upon it he has no more trouble. My test was by no means an easy one. I learned that I was up against men of more mature judgment than my own, and I felt my limited knowledge of the world. It was only by the greatest effort to improve myself that I was able to hold the confidence of my fellow workmen; and finally, by the aid of the correspondence school, my work became more interesting and even at times inspiring.

Being disabled by an accident I spent last winter at Hampton with the Indian boys. During this term some of the boys organized themselves into what is known as the Educational Committee. We met each night and discussed matters of importance to our race. Having come from different parts of the country and from different schools, we are able to compare conditions and discuss methods of work. Our knowledge of returned students proved beyond doubt that the successful ones are those who have had the most training. In consequence of all this the boys drew up a

petition in a very modest form, which they presented to the government, asking for an industrial school to which the young Indians coming from non-reservation schools can go and perfect themselves in their trades by actual labor, all day and every day, and by the practice of steady industry which must mean self-support even while one is still in training. I believe that if such a school could be established it would in a short time advance the Indian race through its students more rapidly and surely than anything else, and prove a great help toward settling the Indian problem forever. Will Western boys and girls? or will New York State do this for the boys and girls of the once—powerful Iroquois within its boundaries?

We are still a child race in the eyes of civilization, not ignorant of the common necessities of life but still ignorant of the higher necessities, and we ask for our children, not what has been taken away from them but what has been withheld—the industrial education that shall fit them for full citizenship.

--Charles Doxon in the "Southern Workman".

SONG OF THE TAILORS.

Rah! Rah! Who are we?
 We're the Tailors,
 Don't you see.
 Thread and Needles these we use;
 With basketball
 We'll you amuse.
 Always happy, full of fun;
 We are Slap-Jacks
 Every one.
 Black and White, win or bust;
 They're the colors
 Worn by us.

—The Tailor Shop.