

VALEDICTORY—THE OUTLOOK.

HARRY JONES.

The outlook for the Indian race at the present time is brighter and broader than ever before in the history of my unfortunate and unhappy people. "UNFORTUNATE," because a civilization which had taken many centuries to reach the perfection the Indian first saw, was supposed to be accepted at once by a barbaric people and was forced upon them by the white men, who forgot, or were indifferent to the fact, that they, the superior race, were many centuries attaining the arts of civilization with its laws, duties, habits, religion, trend of thought, so unlike anything this simple, primitive people had known.

The white race is the conquering race, and what it conquers it subdues. The red man had to follow in the white man's ways or perish. Sickness, disease, and all the attendant ills of a forced and uncomprehended way of life, was the fate of this unhappy people.

Accustomed to a wild, free life, the attempt to civilize them by slavery was a dismal failure. The inherent stolidity and sullenness of the Indian was intensified. The white man was looked upon as their natural enemy. All the savage ferocity of which he was capable was awakened against this people.

As the Indian was driven back, back toward the setting sun, his hatred toward the white man increased. The hunting grounds which had been his were no longer. The Great Spirit had forgotten the redman. The sadness of disaster even predominated in the Indian's music—the weird, minor strains which were sung by the mothers to their little ones, colored the life of the Indian, and gave place only to the terrible war cry—

the war chant—which their young men defiantly sang in a despairing, futile hope of regaining the power of their ancestors. This hope died hard, but—it died.

No more will the Indian live his life as did his forefathers. This is generally understood by all the Indians, even those who have been most corrupted by the evil habits learned from the white man.

As the Indian was brought to bay he looked around and saw the white man everywhere. He has submitted to the inevitable, and is now beginning to know, to understand, that the Great Spirit is the same as the white man's God—the universal father—who calls all men his children and intends that all men should be brothers. Instead of looking on the white man as an enemy, we turn to you for help. Will you be our brothers?

You have established schools for us, given us good, devoted teachers. Our industrial departments are among the best in the world. And now we are getting your confidence because you have ours. The Indians of the present generation have the white man's opportunities and the white man's friendship.

Even an educated Indian has been looked upon with suspicion and a lack of confidence by the western people. They could not forget the barbarities practiced a short time ago—comparatively. They see the filth, the misery, the drunkenness and disease surrounding the wretched camps and homes of many of the Indians, forgetting that in certain places, the white men are no better off.

I am not sorry that I am an Indian. This is the era in which an Indian can