

Civilizing Alaskan Cannibals

FRANK G. CARPENTER TELLS ABOUT METLAKAHTLANS AND WORK OF FATHER DUNCAN.



"I Saw a Short Stocky Roughly-clad Little Old Man"

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ANNETTE ISLAND, Alaska.—I have come to Annette Island to visit Metlakahltla. This is the seat of the Indian colony brought here from British Columbia by Father Duncan, now almost 25 years ago. Everyone has heard of Father Duncan's wonderful work with the Indians. He is now 81 years of age and is still strong and full of vigor. He is sometimes called the apostle of Alaska, and his work with these Indians gives him a right to the title. Mr. Duncan began life as a commercial traveler in England, and at 21 he was well on his way toward a salary of \$1000 a year. He was naturally religious, and he decided to give up his work and become a missionary. He went to college expecting to be sent out to India, but instead he was ordered to go to the western coast of British Columbia to work with a tribe of Indians, known as the Tsimpsians.

These Tsimpsian Indians were then among the most barbarous of any on the North American continent. They believed in witch doctors and were given over to cannibalism. They were hunters and fishers and clothed themselves in the skins of bears and wolves. They had weird dances, during which they wore skulls of bears on their heads. They had medicine men who wore masks and who tried to frighten off disease with hideous noises. If the demon of disease did not leave, the witch doctors would hack away the sore places on the body of the patient with their knives, or suck or burn away the ailing flesh. They pointed out children and others as possessed of evil spirits and as being witches, and in such cases the tribe felt they must kill those so afflicted.

The Indians had also curious customs regarding the treatment of their women. Young girls approaching

womanhood were confined far away in isolated cabins, and when brought back were supposed to have dropped down from the moon and to be ready for marriage. On such occasions there was great feasting, and the youths of the tribes were initiated into dog eating, cannibalism and devil dancing. The Indians believed in spirits, and they had certain theories as to the transmigration of souls. On the whole, they were on a very low scale of civilization.

When Father Duncan arrived in Victoria on his way to this work he was told that if he went on to the Indians he would surely be killed. The man who gave him the warning was the head of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, when Duncan still insisted, said: "Well, my good man, if you are to be killed and eaten, I suppose you are the one to be most interested, and we shall have to let you do as you wish."

With this permission, Father Duncan was allowed to go to Port Simpson, not far from Prince Rupert, and he there began work. The story of how he narrowly escaped being murdered and how he gradually worked his way into the confidence of the savages I shall tell later as he gave it to me during my stay.

It is enough here to say that he converted eight or nine of these tribes to the Christian religion and made them about the most law-abiding and civilized people of the Indian races. They had their own council and they governed themselves. They had their own boats and they established a cannery factory and put up salmon for shipment. They learned to make ropes and brushes, to weave and to spin. Mr. Duncan went to England and brought back musical instruments and they



One of the Most Striking Buildings in the Library and Jail.

established a brass band. They had a schoolhouse and a church with an organ, which they were able to play. They had their market house, their shops, their carpenters, tinners, coopers and other mechanics. They kept the Sabbath and led moral lives. What has taken ages to accomplish with other peoples these Indians, under Father Duncan, accomplished in less than 20 years.

It was at this time that the Church of England began to meddle with Father Duncan's experiments, sending over a bishop to rule over him and the Indians. Father Duncan found that his work was being undone, and he then asked the United States to allow his Indians to settle on our territory. That was in 1887. The matter was much agitated in the United States. Father Duncan was supported by Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks and others, and through their efforts a territory was allotted to him and his Indians on the northwestern side of the island. In 1891, Annette Island was set aside by Congress as a reservation for them and it was provided that it should be

and hold the Stars and Stripes. They next had speeches by the Hon. H. R. Dawson, the United States Commissioner of Education, and by Father Duncan, and later on divine service consisting of song and praise in the Tsimpsian language.

The next day a sawmill was unloaded, and the people began at once to clear the forests and erect the buildings for their new homes. They built a cannery and year by year added to their structures until they had a town hall, a great church, a schoolhouse, a store, a public library and the other buildings necessary to an intelligent Christian and civilized community. They put up comfortable homes with gardens of vegetables and flowers, and, in sort, established the most advanced native community in the western part of the North American Continent.

The settlement was called the New Metlakahltla, and since then the Indians have been known as the Metlakahltians. In 1891, Annette Island was set aside by Congress as a reservation for them and it was provided that it should be



The Government School Recently Erected by the United States.

is an uncultivated spot salmonberry and elderberry bushes and fire weed have grown to the height of your waist. The whole country about is clad in perennial green.

Landing, I walked from the wharf over the long boardwalk to the offices of Father Duncan. He has one building which is his combined study and home. It is one of the plainest of the whole settlement, and is small in comparison with the 12-room guest house nearby, which he has put up for those who come to see him and his flock. I knocked on the door, and a moment later Father Duncan stood before me.

I had expected to meet a giant with a figure and face that might have recalled Abraham or Moses. Instead I saw a short, stocky, roughly clad little old man. Father Duncan is of less than medium height, and he weighs not more than 150 pounds. He has a large head, a bit bald at the crown, but beyond that studded with silvery white hair. His face is as rosy as that of a baby when exposed to the winds of the winter, and his eyes are as blue as the skies that cover his island. He has a heavy white beard, and his face is a benediction. His eyes radiate kindness, and I was impressed with his sincerity and his honesty. As I looked at him I could not realize that he was 84 years of age, and when he spoke his voice was like that of a man in his prime.

Our first talk was about the Indians as he fought them when he came to British Columbia. The old man's eyes flashed as he told of his fight with the officers of the Hudson Bay Company, and they grew sad as he spoke of the savages. I asked him whether the Indians were really cannibals when he found them, and whether he had actually seen them eating each other. He replied that he had seen a woman killed, and had seen the savages eating a boy who had died on the beach. That was almost 80 years ago. He tells me that many of his tribes along the coast of British Columbia at that time were cannibals, and that there were other cannibals north and south of the Tsimpsians among whom he worked. Some of the tribes were more addicted to the eating of human flesh than others. Cannibalism was a part of their religion, and was connected with the rites of their medicine men.

Upon my asking him as to the people he had seen eaten, he first cited the case of the woman referred to above. He said: "I had heard of the cannibalism, and one day an officer of the fort ran into my house and told me the Indians were about to kill one of their women. He wanted me to keep in and said that I would surely be killed if I attempted to interfere. A moment later another man rushed in and said that the woman had already been killed."

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Father Duncan's Church. It is the Largest in Alaska and Will Seat 500 People.

used by them in common under such rules and regulations as might be prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior.

I wish I could show you Annette Island. It is one of the most beautiful parts of Southeastern Alaska. It is 15 miles long and 10 miles wide and is formed by a long mountain, on the backbone of which are a number of beautiful lakes. The mountain is wooded and it assumes a purple tinge under the cloudy sky. About Port Chester the land slopes gently down to the sea. Here the trees have been cut away and a few hundred acres have been cleared and divided up into town lots for the buildings. At the left as you come into the harbor you see a silvery cascade tumbling down the slope of the mountain. It comes from Lake Chester, a short distance inland and at an elevation of 850 feet above the sea.

The most conspicuous building in the town is a great white frame structure with two towers. This is the Westminster Abbey of Metlakahltla. It is Father Duncan's church, and was built by the Indians at a cost of \$12,000. It is the largest church in Alaska, and will comfortably seat 500 people.

which he built to supply the needs of the people.

Right at the dock is a salmon cannery which has at times been a very profitable undertaking, giving work to all the people and bringing in a great deal to the colony. Its capacity is about 1,000,000 cans of salmon per annum, and connected with it is a box-making establishment where are made the 20,000 cases or boxes used for shipping the fish. At times as many as 15,000 salmon have been handled in a single day, and altogether a great many million cans have been shipped to the markets.

One of the striking buildings of the new Metlakahltla is the library and jail. This is painted in the colors of the American flag.

The first story is bright red; it is the jail. The second story is snow white; it is the library. The cupola on the top is bright blue.

Close to the beach and running back from it toward these public buildings are the homes of the people. They are several hundred in number, and they were all built by the Indians and with money which they have earned in connection with Father Duncan. The houses are cottages of one and two stories. They have glass windows, porches and comfortable surroundings. Each has a lot about 80 feet front and 90 feet deep, and each faces upon one of the wide boardwalks that form the highways and streets of the settlement. Each house has its garden. Some have patches of potatoes, others have flowers of various colors. Wherever there

For the Young People

UNEXPECTED VALENTINE

Of course, valentines would scarcely be valentines unless they came unexpectedly; there must be something delightfully mysterious about them—particularly as to who sent them—to make them real valentines. And so it was with a gorgeous, lace-paper one, bearing a bleeding heart, which arrived for Mary Ellen on the morning of St. Valentine's day.

It came in a large, square envelope and was addressed very plainly to Mary Ellen. She opened it in one corner of the living-room, while her little sister, Jane, watched with breathless interest.

There was another interested watcher, too, though neither of the little girls knew it. He was Tommy, their brother; and Tommy was peeping around one of the portieres, his eyes propped wide

open, as the saying is—to hear what he might hear. Also, he was chuckling to himself in high glee.

"Oh! isn't it a beauty!" cried Mary Ellen. "I wonder who sent it." Jane was so interested that she stopped looking at one she herself had just received. "Ain't there any name? Or an initial?" she asked hopefully.

"No, Jane. I've looked in every corner and even on the envelope." Then she remembered and added, "Don't say 'ain't, Jane—you must remember. Who do you suppose sent it?" "Maybe it was Arthur Thomas?" Jane suggested.

"No, no! I already have his—he had his initials in the corner." "Well, then, Willie Smith." Mary Ellen seized the envelope and scanned the writing closely. "No," she said presently, "it isn't Willie's handwriting. We know how everybody in school writes and—I don't believe this came from—"

"Frankie Brown! Frankie Brown!" chirped Jane, dancing triumphantly up and down.

"Jane! Of course not!" Mary Ellen's tone plainly indicated how absurd she considered Jane's guess. And well she might, too, for it was well known that Frankie Brown had no use for girls. He just hated them! He sent a valentine? Ridiculous!

"It's his writing! It's his writing!" Jane persisted. "He sits in front of me at school, and I guess I see him write—a—million times every day!"

But Mary Ellen refused to be convinced. She knew that Frankie would as soon throw 5 cents into the street as to spend it for a valentine for a girl. Just then Tommy came walking into the room—boldly, noisily and fairly aching to be consulted about the mystery. He had not long to wait, either.

"Who do you suppose sent me this valentine, Tommy?" asked Mary Ellen. Tommy took one look, and declared promptly, "Frankie Brown! I'd know his handwriting anywhere. Yes, sis, it was Frankie!" Then Tommy grinned. "Um-m-m, I bet the fellows'll laugh when they hear about it!"

Our Puzzle Corner

FRACTION PUZZLE.
 I AM composed of ten letters and divided into five parts.
 1. One-fifth of me is found in a girl's name.
 2. Another fifth can be found in the opposite to big.
 3. Another fifth is in a word meaning agreeable.
 4. Another fifth is in a sharp-pointed instrument.
 5. While still another is in a fruit.

ST. VALENTINE BEHEADINGS.
 1. Behead an animal and get a preposition.
 2. Behead custom or practice and get a wise person.
 3. Behead a jewel and get a titled person.
 4. Behead existing in fancy and get a business transaction.
 5. Behead to have courage and get a verb.

The beheaded letters spell the name of a personage very popular on St. Valentine's day.

Answers.
 Fraction puzzle—Valentines. 1, Eva; 2, little; 3, pleasant; 4, pin; 5, grapes.
 Beheadings—Cupid, 1, cat-at; 2, usage-sage; 3, pearl-earl; 4, ideal-deal; 5, dare-are.

Overheard in the Hall

OUR master is not a very fast runner," said the Derby Hat. "I jumped off his head yesterday and he chased me for a whole block before he caught up to me."

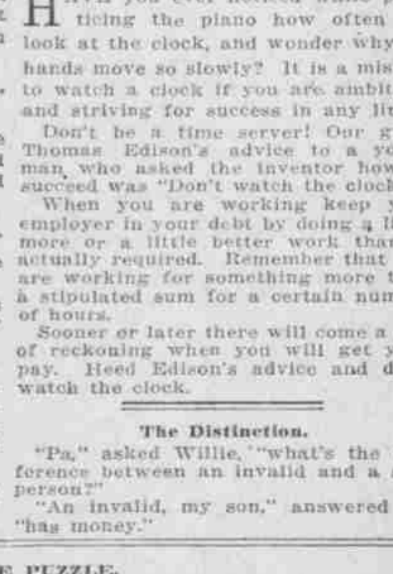
Don't Watch the Clock

HAVE you ever noticed while practicing the piano how often you look at the clock, and wonder why the hands move so slowly? It is a mistake to watch a clock if you are ambitious and striving for success in any line.

Don't be a time server! Our great Thomas Edison's advice to a young man who asked the inventor how to succeed was "Don't watch the clock." When you are working keep your employer in your debt by doing a little more or a little better work than is actually required. Remember that you are working for something more than a stipulated sum for a certain number of hours.

Sooner or later there will come a day of reckoning when you will get your pay. Heed Edison's advice and don't watch the clock.

VALENTINE PUZZLE.



This boy is mailing a Valentine to his sweetheart. See if you can find the sweetheart by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.