

# The Hundredth Anniversary of Whitman's Death May See the End of the Tribe Which Murdered Him

It is 56 years since Marcus Whitman died, murdered and his home and family destroyed by the people to whose moral and material improvement he was devoting his life. When he made his famous ride to save Oregon to the United States, his home had been for six long years the lonely mission "built by his own hands with toil and privation, in the valley of the Walla Walla river, his only white neighbors the agents of the Hudson's Bay company and a few missionaries, most of whom were hundreds of miles away; and it was at this home that his life ended.

The field of his Christian labor was what is now southeastern Washington and northeastern Oregon and his work was among the Indian tribes dominant in that vast territory, the Cayuses, Walla Wallas and Umatillas, with occasional visits in his capacity as a physician to the Nez Perces in what is now Idaho, and to the Dalles Indians and other tribes to the north and west of Walla Walla. The Indian name for his station, the mission was located in the country of the Cayuses, to which tribe the Walla Wallas and Umatillas were probably kindred. In any event they have always been closely associated, and all three of a higher order, both physically and mentally, than most of the tribes of the Pacific coast.

Many of the native races were to survive the transition from savagery to civilization, these of all would seem to have been the best selected. Their home was the bunch grass hills, the fertile valleys and the timbered mountains in the rare, pure atmosphere of the fairest portion of the inland empire. They were early brought under the elevating influence of a missionary example and were largely free from those vices and diseases acquired from the low whites which soon demoralized and destroyed the tribes resident upon the sea coast and around the great trading posts. They then numbered thousands strong, vigorous, healthy, occupying a region of marvelous fertility and diversity, hundreds of miles in extent, where since the Anglo Saxon has established innumerable homes, built prosperous cities and towns, where orchards, vineyards, fields bloom in beauty and fruit in glad abundance, while a million sheep and thousands of cattle and horses range the hills and mountains, and bonanza wheat fields cover with golden color the rolling uplands.

It may be that there is something of myth in the Whitman story; after 50 years the cobwebs of the ideal gather upon every great career. Among the pioneers yet remaining there is a divided sentiment as to how much credit is due him for the celebrated Oregon immigration of 1843 and the settlement of the boundary between Great Britain and the United States in the Northwest, but his place in history is already fixed, and whether truth alone or truth and myth combined, the great mass of people will always believe that the matchless winter ride and the opportune appearance of the frost-bitten and fur-clad missionary at the federal capital saved the three magnificent states of the Pacific Northwest to this nation.

The last half century has been a period of impressive development for the white race but it has witnessed the sad decline of the red men. The Cayuses, the tribe whose members were Whitman's associates, then ranked with the Nez Perces as one of the most powerful among the Northwest Indians. Today, decimated and broken, a remnant whose greatness is scarcely a memory among themselves, are gathered with the Walla Wallas and Umatillas under the name of the confederated bands, on the small Umatilla reservation near the city of Pendleton in northeastern Oregon. The three tribes are now so closely related by intermarriage that their tribal distinction is quite as much in name as in blood.

This reserve comprises a total of about seven government townships and is what is denominated an allotted reservation, that is, the lands have been divided among the Indians in severalty. The allotment was made by federal commissioners in 1891 under a special act of congress, and under the law each

## GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

A Christmas Anthem.  
By the Very Rev. Charles Stubbs, D. D., Dean of Ely, in the Outlook.

O blessed town of Bethlehem  
Within thy gray-green shade,  
Ringed round with terraced vineyard  
And deep in the olive glade,  
There on thy high pastures  
The shepherds watch their sheep,  
The low large moon shines glimmering  
O'er all the upland steep.

What music of the heavens—  
What magic of the hills—  
What vision of the night—  
What mystic light is this?  
The silly shepherds are blinded,  
The shepherds in amaze  
Stand awestruck, all the hillsides  
With glory is ablaze!

The angels' joyous chorus  
Rings out into the night,  
O Gloria in Excelsis!  
Sing praises in the height,  
Sing praises, men of Bethlehem,  
Sing praises here below,  
For peace on earth and good-will  
He doth on you bestow.

For on this day is born there  
Within your little town  
A child who Christ the Lord is  
Yet wears no earthly crown;  
He bringseth joy and gladness  
To you and all mankind,  
Yes, peace on earth and good-will  
To men of equal mind.

O blessed town of Bethlehem,  
How happy is thy state!  
How blest above all palaces  
The stable at thy gate!  
For there is manger-cradle  
(Oh true the angel word)  
A King enthroned of all the worlds  
Reigns Jesus Christ the Lord.

## REAL REACTIONS.

From the Melvin (Ill.) Transcript.  
A young man living near town had a sister named Jessie, who was sent to a fashionable boarding school. When she had left he remarked that he hoped she would not acquire any affection often learned at such places. For about a year he had no fault to find on that score. "Then came a letter signed 'Jessie,'" indicated Jessie. He replied as follows: "Your welcome letter received. Papa and mamma are well. Aunt Mary and George started to California yesterday. I bought a new horse. It is a beauty. Its name is Farnica. Your affectionate brother, Sammie."

## An Automatic Cow.

From the Philadelphia Press.  
Mrs. Meadows—Yas, Hiram got rid of that bridle cow that useter steal her own milk.  
Mrs. Korntop—Dev tell! I spose he tuck most anything he could get for her.  
Mrs. Meadows—He just got double what he paid fur her, sold her to that cow man from the city as a "self-milkin'."

Indian head of a family was allowed 100 acres of agricultural land; each single person over the age of 18 years 80 acres, and each child under the age of 18 years 40 acres. In addition, sufficient pasture and timber land was reserved for common use by the tribes while there was set apart for a model farm and industrial school, 640 acres of tillable land.

Possession of their lands was immediately given the several allottees, but the government holds the title for them in trust during a term of 25 years, the theory of the law presumably being that the experience of a quarter of a century will have taught the Indian the value of individual property and will have inculcated in him with skill to use it and knowledge to protect it.

The school was established with the view of educating the Indians in the art of operating their farms and in those branches of human effort which are essential to make them self-supporting and independent, and is maintained by funds arising from the sale of a portion of the original reservation which, at the date of allotment, was considerably diminished in size.

Theoretically, under the law the Indian is residing upon his allotment, sowing the seed, reaping the harvest and practicing all the arts of the peaceful tiller of the soil, while his children are in attendance upon school, preparing for a part in the civilization which a somewhat neglected government is assuring them. Actually he has little use for his land except to

lease it to whites while he, clad in blanket of vivid hue, loafs in the towns of his tepee beside some stream, content in the thought that his squaw will do what work must be done and that the rental from his land will buy the little he needs to eat and wear, nor is he anxious that his children shall be educated and they rarely attend school at his suggestion or compulsion.

The average Indian will not work, nor is he ambitious to better either his own or his children's condition. There are, of course, notable exceptions, but the cases where either labor or ambition attracts these people are rare, and unfortunately the younger generations seem more averse to habits of industry and sobriety than their elders. The tendency of the many of the younger men is to accept the vices and refuse the virtues of their white neighbors. The drinking habit is prevalent and, notwithstanding the federal statutes impose a severe penalty for the offense, furnishing liquor to Indians is a crime too often committed. There are always plenty of low and unscrupulous whites ready to take the chances for the profit they gain in the business and it is not often that an Indian will divulge the source of his whisky supply.

Most of the other vices which are the usual concomitants of idleness are found in greater or less degree among

them, but breaches of the peace are practically confined to young men and mixed bloods. The older, full-blooded Indian is usually peaceable, sober and law-abiding, but the tendency of tribes unfortunately seems downward toward the ghetto of civilization and away from its utopia.

It is possible that if the race has virility enough to survive the changes incident to the passing from nomadic life to established homes, there may later be an upward turn and the ultimate result may prove not materially different from that of other savage peoples in earlier ages, but their disappearance as a race is much more probable.

Their habits, necessarily to some extent modified by altered conditions, different surroundings, and the narrowed limits of their hunting grounds, are much the same as were those of their fathers in Whitman's time. They retain many of the superstitions of their ancestors, the squaw doing practically all the work there is done, the family chiefly living in the circular reed wigwam, or tepee, as they call it, sleeping upon skins with feet to the open fire. Many of them have houses upon their allotments, but the tent is much more attractive to them.

The majority speak the Indian language, most frequently the Nez Perce tongue, although each tribe has its own dialect. A few dress in the ordinary clothes of the whites, but the majority cling to the bright-colored blanket, the

beaded moccasins, necklace and wristlet of shell and wear their hair long, while the head of the man is usually surmounted by a broad-brimmed white sombrero and that of the woman with a colored silk handkerchief, a topknot, as they term it.

The marriage relation is loose, the old Indian customs still obtaining and divorce being a matter of convenience. Lately some of them are following the customs of the whites and observing the state law in the matter of domestic relations, having learned that upon their decease their lands descend according to the laws of Oregon, and hence that legal marriage and formal divorce constitute essential records in establishing heirship.

Nominally most of the Indians resident upon the Umatilla reservation are Christian, some affiliating with the Protestant church, some with the Roman Catholic. Actually it is doubtful if many of them have a very definite idea of the requirements of a religious life or a taste for Christian ethics. Upon the reservation is a Catholic mission and a Presbyterian chapel and at the latter occasionally a native preacher, usually a Yakima or Nez Perce, officiates.

There are, of course, here and there individual members of the tribes who evince a desire to adapt themselves to the requirements of a civilized life, who are willing to work and are not averse to performing the full duties of citizenship, so far as they understand them.

but the tribes as a whole present little hope even to the optimistic theorist. They appear doomed to early practical extinction. Slowly the pure bloods are decreasing in numbers. There is no room for the pursuit of those means of livelihood which their fathers followed and under which their race increased, and they seemingly cannot brook the restraint of civilization.

Nature and the federal government have abundant opportunities at hand to fulfill the hopes entertained for the development of the native race. The interior department is ready to aid them in every practical way; their reservation is a magnificent tract of land including within its boundaries a portion of the Blue mountain range with beautiful and fertile foothills, sufficient timber and abundant pasturage for the ponies which in a large degree still constitute wealth from the Indians' standpoint, since the majority ride horseback, an Indian walking or driving a team being, until recent years, an unusual scene. The reserve is crossed by a railroad, is watered by the Umatilla river and its tributaries, and contains some of the finest wheat lands upon the Pacific coast, ordinarily yielding, even under the present uncertain cultivation, not less than a million and a half bushels of that cereal. Many quarter sections produce as much as 40 bushels to the acre and the average being at least 25 bushels.

The number of full-blooded Indians upon the reservation probably approximates 700, divided between the tribes about as follows: Cayuses, 350; Umatillas, 175; and Walla Wallas, 175; in addition there are probably about 400 half and quarter breeds, mostly allied with the Walla Walla tribe. The agency upon this reservation has been abolished and such government authority as is exercised over the tribe is manifest through the office of the superintendent of the school, although in fact there is not much actual difference between such office and that of Indian agent as the same has existed for the past decade. The work of the government's representative upon an allotted reservation is somewhat perfunctory and consists largely in assisting the Indians in their dealings with the white lessees of their lands. Probably also one of the principal duties which the department expects of its representative is to secure the attendance of the Indian children upon the schools.

The tribal relation here has been ostensibly abolished, the government no longer recognizing it in any manner, but the chiefs are still influential and to some extent obeyed, especially by the older members of the tribes. The last hereditary chief of the Cayuses, Yatin-ou-ite, a strong character and in his prime, early a leader among all the tribes, died about nine years ago. Young Chief then assumed the chieftainship and exercised it to a degree until his death; but his claims were never formally recognized by his tribe. Within the past year a representative of the younger generation, Tow-wa-oh, whose abilities are as yet unknown, has been elected and assumed the prerogatives of chief, whatever they may be. Few in whose veins flows blood in which the blue is intensified by long line of royalty, the Umatilla's chief, formerly he was a man of influence and really exercised considerable power; but dissipation has broken him physically and mentally and his influence is gone. A man of princely blood, bearing the proud name of No-Shirt, about 10 years ago upon the death of the great Homily, succeeded to the chieftainship of the Walla Wallas and still reigns as much as he can reign without government recognition.

If Providence has so ordered, the race will survive, but from a human standpoint the decree seems otherwise. There is undoubtedly a moral responsibility resting upon the government to give, as it is doing, to this remnant of a once vigorous people, an opportunity for education, to provide schools and teachers, tools and machinery, and all those things which civilization deems necessary, but whether the Indian is made better or happier thereby is a grave question and from the narrow view of the present would be answered in the negative. The confinement of a dwelling house and school room is not conducive to the health of a people whose immediate ancestors have lived a wild, free life in the open air, and the changed mode of life resulting from the attempt to adapt these people to the standards of living approved by the whites is sometimes resulting in disease and a sometimes death, before either old or young can put to test the value of the change.

Whatever may be the work of the schools and their influence upon the individual at the time, it is noticeable that a return to the tribe in many cases means a quick return to tribal superstitions and tribal habits, where work is disdained and the blanket and moccasins replace the garb of civilization. Probably this is not otherwise than natural; when it required a thousand years to civilize our own race we ought not to be surprised that we have failed to civilize the red men in an hundred years.

Let us hope otherwise, but measuring the effect of the remainder of the century by that portion now closing, when the one hundredth anniversary of the White man's deadly hand, before which the race which committed the terrible crime will have passed forever.

STEPHEN A. LOWELL.  
Pendleton, Or.

## ESTER MOLLY'S BEAU.

ESTER MOLLY'S BEAU.  
"Children got t' be as nice  
As ever was, an when we go  
T' answer at doobed the  
T' make a little bow—Jess so!  
An' ef it's at big mustached man  
"At come from heaven t'other day  
T' call on Molly, we must put  
Our nicest manners on an' say:  
"Jes walk right in."  
An' 'en we got t' go upstairs  
As quiet as we ever knew,  
An' say t' Molly: "Sister, dear,  
A gentleman's t' call on you."  
"Come ef he's hear us say: 'Oh, Moll,  
'A guy t' th' name of 'Moll'—  
Why, er would be a awful row!  
An' er would get spanked by Moll, like ah,  
'Cause he's her beau!"  
Sence Molly's got a beau, they can't  
Nobody give her no more  
Ner tell t' man at Moll's stand  
All day by t' lookin' glass:  
We got t' make out like she looks  
"Like at all times, 'cause she 'ud slap  
Our heads right off, ef we 'ud tell  
Him how we love an' t' old wrap  
When his ain't there!"  
I wish 'at they'd stop spooin' so,  
A-sittin' on t' sofa—say!  
I saw him put his arm around  
Molly's waist, I did last Saturday!  
I wish 'at they'd get married an'  
We wouldn't have t' primp up so—  
They ain't no fun in livin' now  
Sence Sister Molly's got a beau,  
"At whiskered man."  
—Baltimore News.

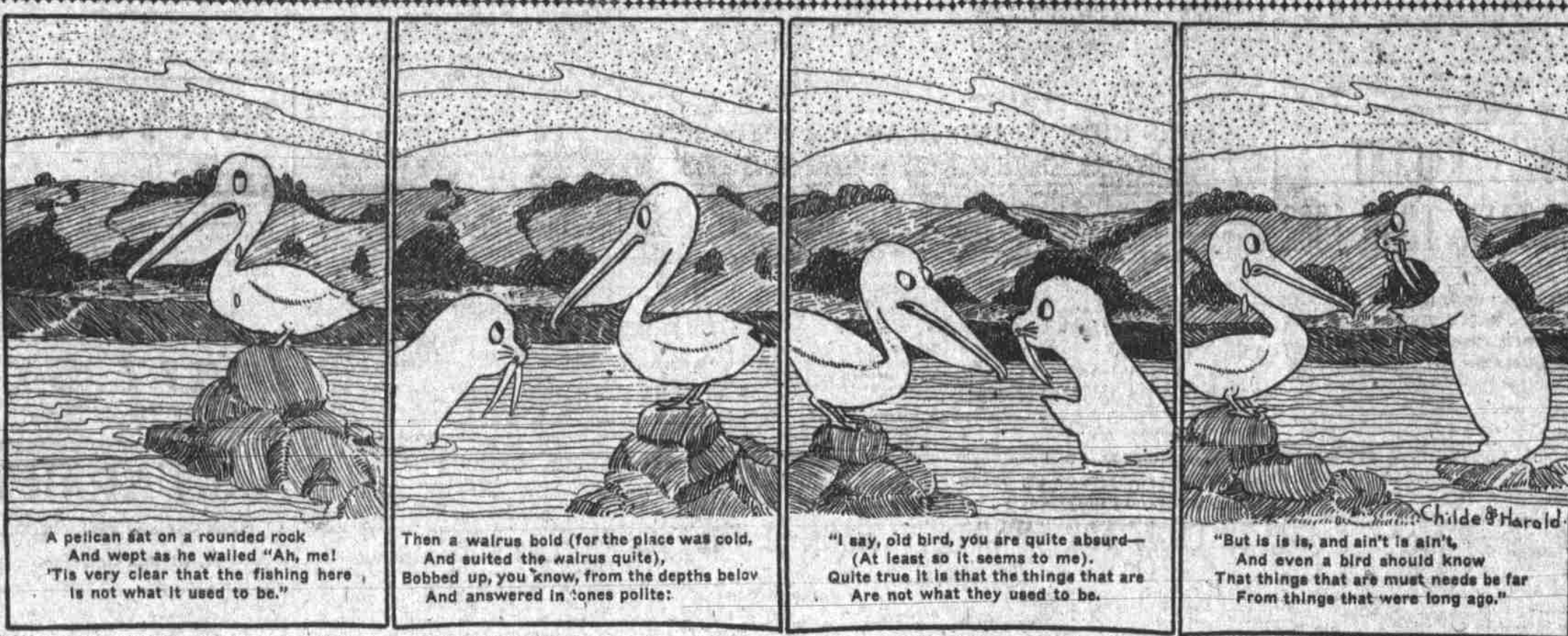
## FOR THE LITTLE ONE'S SAKE.

FOR THE LITTLE ONE'S SAKE.  
From the New York News.  
"The little blue-eyed child was doing his poor, weak best to howl off the roof of the express train, and the nervous man in the conductor's seat it was time something was done."  
"Madame," he said, "is there nothing we can do to pacify the little—er—angel?"  
"O, thank you, sir, if you would," was the fond mother's reply; "my only wants humoring, that's all. You see, she wants to throw his jam tart at the passengers, but I was afraid they wouldn't like it, so I told him he mustn't. But since you're so kind, sir, stay where you are. And now stop crying, darling, this nice gentleman wants to play with you."  
—JUDGE BOWLER'S EPICURE.

## From the Atlanta Constitution.

From the Atlanta Constitution.  
Man is born of trouble, but somehow there are no market quotations on that sort of birthright.  
The difference in women of fashion is in the women who are in the fashion.  
Man's inhumanity to man is born of the belief that the other fellow is a yellow dog.  
When times are hard hearts get harder also. The lighter the market the more you get the market has to pay.  
There were seven vice men in Greece and none of them emigrated to this country and raised a family.

## YOU SEE, IT WAS LIKE THIS.



## CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH A MERRY ONE

By Paul De Laney.  
Christmas begins in the South, especially in the Interior South, at noon on December 24 and lasts until midnight December 31. The day itself is no more important than any other day during this period. It is one continuous "Christmas" day and night throughout the period.  
It is the most important holiday occasion in that country. It is celebrated in a manner combining Thanksgiving, Fourth of July, Halloween and Christmas itself. Fireworks, so seldom seen or heard on the Fourth of July, are brought into requisition during the Christmas holidays and throughout the day-time mimic battles are heard from firecrackers, bombs and all noise-making contrivances of like character. Then the nights are illumined by Roman candles, sky-rockets and stasers of all kinds.  
Then the nights are turned into Halloween. Gates are removed, bells tolled, firearms discharged, tin-pan brigades go about the neighborhoods and a system of charavari are given irrespective of marriage or without apparent excuse. Egotisms and turkey dinners continue throughout the period and there are private and public Christmas trees. Family reunions take place and every door throughout the country is open to the public on such an occasion. It is nothing for a score or more of visitors to drop in at meal time, but though unexpected all are given the hospitality of home and amply provided for.  
It is the period from which history, exciting events and birthdays are reckoned. The nearest have no other way of reckoning. Few of them know their own age, but they know that they were "borned" before or after some important Christmas. They will tell you that a certain episode occurred the third Christmas after the surrender, or that occurred before or after some Christmas after some carpet-bagger was elected to office. The older ones, the ex-slaves, date everything from the first Christmas after the surrender. The younger ones go by happenings of more recent date, but before or after Christmas is always given to make it definite whether it occurred six months or a shorter length of time before or after this great day.  
All Drink Eggnog.  
The Southern home that does not have an eggnog on Christmas morning at which all of the friends are invited would be an anomaly. Every home in a given neighborhood gives one. The hours are respectively given out before hand and all of the neighbors gather at the respective places promptly on time. Every neighbor takes a part at every place. So that if the neighborhood is a large one they often have to cut down the sizes of their glasses before the rounds are completed. It is no sin, however, to get drunk on this occasion. It would be forgiven a minister of the gospel should he get too much. It is regarded as a day on which all restraint should be thrown aside and people may do as they please so long as they respect the rights of others. A man who would get drunk on this occasion, it would be contemptible trick during this period or insult his enemy is guilty of a breach of etiquette which is never forgiven him. It forms an epoch in the history of the country. It will be remembered and referred to as the date upon which so and so insulted his enemy or did not perform his duty as a citizen during the holidays.  
At noon on December 24 all manner of labor is laid aside. The man who would permit any one to work after this hour on his plantation and before the morning of the 1st of January, except the necessary things about the house to entertain guests and have a good time, would be ostracized from society. At the hour of the opening of the holidays a glad smile appears upon every countenance. Boys run and shout and throw their hats into the air, negroes fill the air with their chaises, girls throw off many of their technical restraints, the old people smile and tell the younger ones how they use to celebrate Christmas in olden times, and intimate that the younger generation does not know what real pleasure is, and all begin on the hour to enjoy the occasion and make all around them enjoy it.  
The first night is devoted especially to Christmas trees and Halloween pranks. But the fireworks more properly belong to the following day and night. Christmas morning is ushered in often at 4 o'clock by the discharge of large guns. These are sometimes real cannons, but more often anvils turned together in such a manner that the explosion of powder between them causes a noise equally as satisfactorily. Then in the more isolated places a more crude means of making big guns is adopted. A number of large trees or logs are found near each other. Large holes are bored into these with augurs which are partially filled with powder. Then a fuse is introduced and a peg is driven in tightly with a groove in its side which protects the fuse, and when touched off in succession these "guns" give out a noise that is heard for miles, often demolishing the timber and endangering the lives of the men who discharge them, but who run with all their speed to seek a place of safety.  
The man who shoots the loudest gun on these occasions is a local hero. Children, especially negro children, refer to the fact that they were born Christmas before or after the hero fired the great gun.  
With the opening of the fire of the big guns the smaller ones follow. Everything from the shotgun and rifle to the smallest revolver is brought into requisition, and this, added to the fireworks, ushers in Christmas morning with a din of noise.  
The children rush to their stockings when awakened by the big guns and no Southern home has ever been missed by Santa Claus. It may be only a few cookies or a home-made toy among some of the poorer classes and the negroes, but there is always something to cheer the little ones and they enjoy it as well as do the rich children their costly presents.  
After breakfast, and sometimes before, the eggnog service begins. By the time this is over the Christmas dinner is ready. This often takes until late in the afternoon when reminiscences of life war and olden times are given by some good conversationalist. The night brings an early supper from what was left at noon, and there is always ample, and then the Christmas ball, or rather the first Christmas ball is given. These continue throughout the period. The following days during the period is turned into a sort of free and easy time. Games

## Oh, Fudge! It Can't Be True!



I hitched my wagon to a star,  
And then, to my regret,  
Before I'd driven very far,  
The blooming thing upset.  
And while, as an experience,  
'Twas not what I'd call nice,  
It served me right for acting on  
Another man's advice.