

An Indian Talks of Civilization As It Appears to Him A Newsboy

The Indians are as one large family and hold things in common, and the stranger is always fed and sheltered if he be worthy. The greed for money has not yet crept into their midst, and hence they are yet in advance of their white brother in this respect.

The motto of civilization seems to be "Make money, make all you can and al-

him my troubles. He looked wise and gave me little vial of stuff and told me to give him fifty cents. The fifty cents made my pocket-book ache worse than my stomach, but I paid it and went on my way in distress. It is needless to say that the mixture increased my agony and I was finally forced to lay it aside. The most difficult task I ever undertook

long-haired specimen in buckskin, bearing the name of John Sitting Bull, made his appearance. Mr. Bull claimed kinship to the famous medicine man, Sitting Bull, who led the Custer massacre and lost his life in the last uprising of the Sioux, but I learned from other sources that he had the gift of lying to a marvelous degree and practiced it for gain and

steamship that will take me back to the scenes of my youth.

On Sundays I take a car ride to Golden Gate Park and bury myself in its midst. That is the nearest to nature I can get for in my youth I enjoyed the freedom of mountain and forest. A few Sundays past I visited the animals of the park. Their captivity and condition corresponds to the present condition of my own people. There were the magnificent deer and elk, but their spirits seemed dull and out of place. Farther on was the monarch of the forest. He lumbered about in his iron cage as if he longed for his freedom. Farther on was a sight that caused my spirits to fall; it was the herd of buffaloes, a remnant of the animals that once held sway in North America. The buffalo and Indian go together, and as I gazed on the downcast form of the big brute that still seemed to rule I could not help seeing a corresponding picture out on the plains in the venerable chief with downcast face and the remains of his hand hemmed in by a cordon of soldiers.

he came out and talked freely. He then went away and told his friends about the Indian and since then I am assailed from every quarter with, "Say, Mister, are you an Indian?"

There are many things in civilization that impress me deeply. The people are subjects for study. Stand on the street corners as I do and you will see every species of man from the refined to the degraded. There are those who are kind and generous and there are those who are the opposite; there is the business man and behind him trends the bum, who would not work if he had a chance.

People seem bent on pleasure. After the strain of the day is over they go to the theater and dance hall and there give themselves up to enjoyment. I have often followed the crowd and have landed in either the refined high-priced theater or in the underground den, where every kind of people may be found, from the well-dressed spendthrift to the most degraded man and woman. There they drink and thus spend their money, and lives that should be spent in doing good are thrown away. The Indian has been reproached time and again for his love for firewater. Go upon or down any of the principal streets at night and from the large number of staggering men and lamp-post supporters one can readily see that the Indian is not alone in this obnoxious habit.

I am often asked the question as to whether or not the Indian will ever disappear as a race. It is an established fact that the stronger race always absorbs the weaker and the same is true with the Indian.

The greater percentage of Indian girls who are educated in the Government schools intermarry with the white race and thus the process of absorption goes on. Education, too, is destroying the characteristics of the Indian of the past. Take the genuine Indian, deprive him of his long, unkempt hair, remove his blanket and other Indian attire, then don him in a civilized garb and you have a new man. I have a complete Indian dress. I often put it on and am a savage once more. How different it makes the Indian feel to be free from ungainly garments of civilization and to enjoy the comforts and ease of the dress of his race.



ELIJAH BROWN IN THE DRESS OF HIS RACE.



ELIJAH BROWN THE INDIAN.



ELIJAH BROWN THE NEWSBOY IN THE GARB OF CIVILIZATION.

What Elijah Brown Has to Say as a Red Man Concerning the Pale-Faces of San Francisco.

OVER three months ago I left the Indian Normal School, situated at Lawrence, Kansas, for this city, to do for myself, and to use the first-class education that I had acquired through the generosity of good Uncle Sam. For ten years I had been storing my mind with useful information, and during this period I was a constant associate with Indian boys and girls from different parts of the country. In Carlisle alone there are representatives from over sixty different tribes. I grew to love them all and formed an early resolution to serve the Indian race instead of my own tribe only. This I have tried to accomplish by creating a public opinion favorable to the race, and in this I feel that my efforts have not been vain; but there is much yet to be done. There are prejudiced minds that yet believe it im-

possible to civilize the Indian, and condemn the Government for maintaining the large number of Indian schools now educating between 25,000 and 30,000 Indian children. It was to convince this class of their wrong that I left my people. I wished to show them that an education is of use to an Indian, and although I have to sell papers on the street until something better offers itself, I shall do my best.

I arrived in this city November 21, 1896, with money enough to keep me for one day and without a friend to call upon. Then the trouble began, and I experienced the reception of a cold hard world. As I walked up and down the streets with an empty stomach, I formed my first opinion of civilization, and that opinion was unfavorable. Never in the midst of my own people did I need food or shelter.

ways get the best of the bargain." I have observed the business relations between the white man and Indian, and have concluded that the Indian is doomed to ever receive the worst of the bargain. In barbarism he would trade and the shrewd white man would always leave him in the lurch; in civilization he is doomed to the same fate. Speaking individually, I never yet came out ahead in a bargain. A few days ago I was taken violently ill. While in deep agony I stepped into a drug store and a slender pale-face came up and asked me to tell

was to find work. It may be owing to the fact that I am an Indian. I have answered dozens of advertisements in person and by letter, but have never yet been able to secure a permanent position. Some one was always ahead and jumped into the pool while it was troubled, and when I arrived the waters were still and I was informed that the position was filled. It is such times as these that try the young man's soul, whether he be red or white, and who can blame him under these circumstances when he goes out into some quiet place and there shuffles off this mortal coil?

As far as I know I am the only Indian in the city and there are times when I feel lonesome. The other evening I had a spell and hearing that the Iroquois Club was to hold its regular gathering, I went up and attended their meeting. They are a poor specimen of the original Iroquois, and instead of the pipe of peace and blanket there were white shirts and 5-cent cigars and the venerable chief was stretched out in a chair fast asleep and snoring violently.

Shortly after I arrived in this city a

pleasure. He told me several lies of great magnitude and among other things said that he did not drink. He tried hard to be my friend and the last request he made was that I should go over to Oakland on the night of his supposed marriage. I did not go, for I was afraid he was telling me another lie, but two or three days later I heard the story that he had married an heiress and her father and his brother had brought such pressure to bear that he left for Seattle to impose again on a good-natured public. I do not miss him, but I have a longing to associate with the people of my own nature and ever there is an irresistible longing that will yet pull me on board a

Paderewski

Pianist

Is This the Same Paderewski or Another Personality?

PADEREWSKI is no more. The god of the ivory keys, he of the halo hair, the poetic features, the reed-like grace; moreover, the bachelor; he is but a memory. Instead of him comes another sort of a personality, bearing his name and professing his skill. But this man is shorn atop; he is a bit stoutheaded; above all, he is married. Who is the impostor?

Alas for the one-time worshippers, he is none other than the hero of a few years ago, but transformed. True, he still plays the piano, and right skillfully at that, say the critics. But critics are a cold race of beings, who care not a whit for the length of an artist's hair or the build of him, or even the state of his heart, for that matter. By his works they know him. Adoring femininity is different.

It is a pity to blow away the day dreams that float about that same femininity, but it might as well be done first as last. If it were not done now Paderewski himself would attend to the matter when he arrives, and then the grief would be even greater. In plain fact, he is nothing now but an artist.

When he left America the last time he took with him \$250,000 as his profits from one tour, less the amount left here for the Paderewski fund. Since that time he has been giving private performances in London at a neat price of 1000 guineas. These performances were mere incidents in the course of his profession. So it will be seen that he could pretty well afford the extravagance he has lately indulged in—that of buying a Polish estate upon which to settle down in married bliss. It is in the vicinity of Kosna. The house is sixty years old, and there has been no attempt to make it over in accordance with modern ideas of architecture.

The pianist has chosen to leave it as it always has been; a great sprawling house, spread out in the midst of stretching lawns that slope away to meet a forest whose end lies beyond eye-reach. Three-fifths of the vast estate of Kosna consists of this forest land, and among the oaks, pines and Scotch firs their owner strays. Perhaps the wind and the trees sing to him as they did to Wagner.

Around the house, writes a correspondent, is a newly laid out park of some 200 acres, some parts of which have been so recently planted that their perfection will be seen only by another generation. All around are well wooded hills and fertile valleys, watered by swift streams. Away off to the southeast a sharp, angular line is sketched across a shining sky. This line is made by the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains.

On lazy days the pianist can go fishing in his own front yard. There lies an ornamental lake well stocked with carp, and M. Paderewski likes to catch the carp. He is human as well as artistic.

The house where Mme. Paderewski awaits her husband's return is furnished in dark, warm tones and is as full of silken hangings and cushions as the modern home maker knows how to make it. The old-fashioned style of building provided two detached wings, and one of these is now used for offices and domestic quarters, the other being reserved for visitors. For M. Paderewski has a hospitable soul. He likes to sit at the head of his Polish table and see a double line of choice Polish spirits below him. Not but that he is a true host to the guest of any nationality, but a fellow countryman is a fellow countryman.

His friends know this home-love of his. During one of his visits to New York he

was entertained at dinner by an old German friend, who both knows and can afford the good things of this world. Late in the evening the party was invited upstairs to the German living-room. They found the room furnished in true German fashion; dark wainscoting, porcelain stove and loaded table. A group of people dressed in Tyrolean costume greeted the guests.

It was a delightful surprise to the stranger in a strange land, and M. Paderewski did full justice to the convivial occasion. "It is home again," he sighed comfortably, and leaned back dreamily to listen to the series of Tyrolean songs that was passing about the table.

All of a sudden the guests were startled. A little American girl was at the table—a governess in the German's family. The party had supposed that she understood not a word of the songs, but when her turn came what was their surprise to see her calmly stand and sing in the purest German a bewitching topical song that left all previous singers eclipsed.

"Brava! fraulein, brava!" shouted M. Paderewski, leaning across the table and shaking hands with the modest little American. Then he deliberately forsook his honing friends for the time and entered into long and delightful conversation with the little governess.

He is as kind as he is brilliant. The other day this same little governess, who is now a music teacher, saw M. Paderewski on a train near Baltimore. She approached him and with a few words recalled to him the incident of their first meeting. "Yes; how well I remember," he exclaimed heartily. And together they settled down for another long chatty conversation.

The pianist gave his admiring listener

many a suggestion concerning the training of lesser pianists, which she has undertaken. "Have your pupils memorize a great deal and let them begin as early as possible," was one bit of advice. "Hold the wrist low and raise the fingers high" is another maxim. He wound up by saying:

"A great deal is said about various methods, but I think that a good teacher is the best method to take in order to play the piano. Hard work may achieve technique, but touch is born only in the artist."

Until starting upon this American tour he has been actively engaged upon his Polish opera, which will be produced at Dresden upon his return. The title of the opera is not announced, but the composer has confided to a friend that it deals with the gypsies. Paderewski has studied them as few in Europe have ever done, and he knows their life as if he were one of them.

The opera will be produced under Capellmeister Schurch, and the composer expects to overlook rehearsals. Perhaps this opera means the beginning of the end, so far as our personal knowledge of the man is concerned. He is reported as saying that he will soon abandon his present profession altogether and devote himself to composition. "I am not as young as I once was," he said, "and I see clearly that, no matter how assiduously I practice, my fingers will soon be less supple than they once were. I have thought it advisable to cease playing in public while my reputation is still at its height, instead of waiting until the public and the critics find cause to remind me that I have lost somewhat of my skill and deftness."

There's the artist for you, forsooth!