

"Last night everything looked favorable for getting all the Indians under control; since report from Forsyth it looks more serious than at any other time." (*G. D.*, 41.) It seemed that all the careful work of the last month had been undone.

At the first indication of coming trouble in November all the outlying schools and mission stations on Pine Ridge reservation had been abandoned, and teachers, farmers, and missionaries had fled to the agency to seek the protection of the troops, all but the members of the Drexel Catholic mission, 5 miles northwest from the agency. Here the two or three priests and five Franciscan sisters remained quietly at their post, with a hundred little children around them, safe in the assurance of the "hostiles" that they would not be molested. While the fighting was going on at Wounded Knee and hundreds of furious warriors were firing into the agency, where the handful of whites were shivering in spite of the presence of troops and police, these gentle women and the kindly old German priest were looking after the children, feeding the frightened fugitive women, and tenderly caring for the wounded Indians who were being brought in from Wounded Knee and the agency. Throughout all these weeks of terror they went calmly about the duties to which they had consecrated their lives, and kept their little flock together and their school in operation, without the presence of a single soldier, completely cut off from the troops and the agency and surrounded by thousands of wild Indians.

Some time afterward, in talking with the Indians about the events of the campaign, the warrior who had spoken with such admiration of Father Craft referred with the same affectionate enthusiasm to Father Jutz; and said that when the infuriated Indians attacked the agency on hearing of the slaughter at Wounded Knee they had sent word to the mission that no one there need be afraid. "We told him to stay where he was and no Indian would disturb him," said the warrior. He told how the priest and the sisters had fed the starving refugees and bound up the wounds of the survivors who escaped the slaughter, and then after a pause he said: "He is a brave man; braver than any Indian." Curious to know why this man had not joined the hostiles, among whom were several of his near relatives, I asked him the question. His reply was simple: "I had a little boy at the Drexel mission. He died and Father Jutz put a white stone over him. That is why I did not join the hostiles."

While visiting Pine Ridge in 1891 I went out to see the Drexel school and found Father John Jutz, a simple, kindly old German from the Tyrol, with one or two other German lay brothers and five Franciscan sisters, Americans. Although but a recent establishment, the school was in flourishing condition, bearing in everything the evidences of orderly industry. Like a true German of the Alps, Father Jutz had already devised a way to make jelly from the wild plums and excellent wine from the chokecherry. While talking, the recess hour arrived and

Mooney
was an Irish
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