

Indians Who Try to Follow Customs of White Folk Perish

Remnant of Once Powerful Tribe of Pottawatomies Now Cultivate Land in Michigan and Dwell in Log Cabins.

DETROIT, MICH., September 16.—(Special)—Three miles outside Athens, in Calhoun County, Michigan, is the main street of a "deserted village." You follow the ruts which lead off the highway to deeper ruts through the fields, and when you come to a straggling line of rude log cabins—black, scarred by the weather, and tainted with decay—one or two sheathed shacks of the modern type, a neatly painted but diminutive farmhouse, and the remains of a totem pole, you are in the heart of a village that was. In the neat farmhouse lives Chief "Sam" Mandoka, relic of a long and ancient line of kings, and in the rest of the dwellings live about thirty of his people, remnant of the once powerful tribe of the Pottawatomies.

The people of Chief Mandoka were a numerous race in the days when the wretched log cabins were built, and they lived in the manner of the wild things which they hunted. When it was ordained that they live in a more civilized manner, and for the sake of their health in more sanitary dwellings, they did so, and sickened and died—all but a hardy few.

Thus, hardly twenty miles from a city where a great sanitarium forwards the simple life for people whose digestions have been ruined by overcivilization, a race has nearly died in the process of being civilized.

Once Hated Whites.

Chief Mandoka, however, is nothing daunted. Having recently celebrated his 58th birthday with children and grandchildren about him in a condition of comfortable prosperity he is ready to look upon the world and his people with contentment and quiet happiness. He is a wiry and rather youthful chieftain, and, having kept intelligently abreast of the times, intelligently remembers the past.

He was born near Athens, and obtained his schooling there. Also in the days of his boyhood there were wigwams and council fires in the woods about Athens, and strange tales were told in the firelight which touched the history of the white man very lightly, but laid a cruel and ruthless hand upon the history of his own people. There were tales of the days when Heman Baker of the settlement at Le Roy frightened the ponies of some Indians of some Indians whom he passed in the night so that squaws were thrown and a papoose was badly hurt.

Then the ominous words "Kinnapoo chemokaman" were muttered by the Indians about the settlements and, since they meant nothing less than "kill the white man," Heman Baker prepared to move with his family to other parts. Only long and wordy conclaves brought peace among the settlements and persuaded the warriors to remove their war paint. And even then a mutual confidence was slow in returning.

The most melancholy tales of all which the boy Mandoka heard and remembers very clearly were the tales of the great immigration, when a paternal government decided that the red men should most westward.

Families Broken Up.

Then families were broken up and a great panic seized the Indians. Some fled to Canada. Among those who marched into Kansas with the blue-coat guard were some of high spirits, who

made their escape to return again to the homely settlements of Michigan, where they found the white man was a friend. Indeed. About seventy-five settled in Athens, and quietly remained in rude huts, but in perfect happiness. It remained only for the blessings of civilization to make them comfortable, unhappy and half as numerous.

So have Mandoka's 58 years rolled by, to be enriched as they took him past his prime by the spectacle of the survivor of his race adjusted to a white man's world, made prosperous by the industry of their farming and happy by the rewards of that prosperity. Mandoka himself has reared two daughters and four sons. He has seen one of the daughters married and you find him playing with a little grandchild in the kitchen of his farm home. The other daughter attends the little country school across the fields. Three of his sons served in the United States Army during the war, one fighting in France. Two have re-enlisted. The others are plowing the fields near the paternal home.

Aside from these adjusted few, the only evidences of the vanished glory which colored Athens in the days of old are to be seen when the business affairs of Mandoka and his people reach to ceremonious, heights. For ordinary occasions Mandoka and his people can discuss business with anyone. But there are occasions of weight when governmental authority is invoked or ancient claims must be adjusted.

For these occasions it is not enough that Mandoka can speak the English language like a white man. An interpreter must be requisitioned. Mandoka and the men of his tribe who are interested speak with all the eloquence of the council fire to that interpreter and the white man must do likewise. Only the interpreter addresses either party directly. There is that in the American Indian which removal from hut to farmhouse cannot kill. He will hold his dignity in council to the end as a memory, a protest and an example.

Why Enrico Stopped Tooting.

In his earlier years Caruso used to play the flute. One day a salesman tried to induce him to buy a phonograph, and he suggested to Caruso that he play his flute to test the machine. After hearing the record, the flutist asked: "Is that what I did?" "Yes, sir." "Exactly as I played it?" "Exactly, sir. Isn't it wonderful? You'll buy the phonograph?" "No," said Caruso, shuddering, "but I'll sell the flute."—Boston Transcript.