

Outing Office.

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 4

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

THE INDIAN CRAFTSMAN

MAY, 1909



THE CARLISLE INDIAN PRESS

U. S. INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Native Navaho Blankets



NOT the kind you will see at most of the so-called "Indian" stores, but the best thing there is in the way of this inimitable production of the Navaho squaw; the finest weaves, the cleanest wool, the most artistic color combinations, the most symbolic patterns, and never a blanket made up with Cotton Warp. ¶ It takes much special attention and careful inspection to assemble a line of these goods like ours, but we do not care to encourage these Indians to make anything but the best handicraft. ¶ We have these goods in a large variety of patterns and combinations—the grey and black, the white, grey and black and the more conspicuous colors, bright red and Indian red. ¶ We will be glad to quote prices or to give any other information. Write

Indian Crafts Dept.

Carlisle Indian School



A magazine not only *about*
Indians, but mainly
by Indians

The Indian Craftsman

A Magazine by Indians

Published by U. S. Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

EDITED BY M. FRIEDMAN, SUPERINTENDENT - - - EDGAR K. MILLER, SUPT. OF PRINTING

Contents for May, 1909:

COVER DESIGN by William Dietz, "*Lone Star*," Sioux.

PROGRESS IN INDIAN EDUCATION—TOLD BY PROMINENT MEN:

THE TRAINING AND EDUCATION OF THE INDIAN—
By Hon. Francis E. Leupp - - - 3

SOME SECRETS OF SUCCESS—By Hon. Moses E. Clapp - 8

INDIAN PROGRESS AS VIEWED BY AN INDIAN—
By Hon. Chas. E. Carter - - - 12

ADDRESS BY DR. GEO. E. REED - - - 19

TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP—By Hon. Carrol S. Page - 26

HOW SHALL WE AID THE NAVAJO—ILLUSTRATED
—By J. B. Moore - - - 29

CARLISLE'S COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES - - 39

THE BROOK—By V. Johnson, Carlisle, '04 - - 55

ILLUSTRATIONS—Scenes from "The Captain of Plymouth," Commencement Classes and Views, Navajo Land, the Carlisle Auditorium, Two Views from the Nez Perce Reservation, Academic Class-room Work, Our First Party of Hopi Students.

Entered as second-class matter February 13, 1909, at the post office at Carlisle, Penna., under the act of July 16, 1894

THE INDIAN CRAFTSMAN is a production of the CARLISLE INDIAN PRESS, a department of the United States Indian Industrial School, located at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The mechanical work is executed by apprentice-students under the direction of the Instructor in Printing. The borders, initial letters, sketches, headings, cover pages, etc., herein shown are the work of our Native Indian Art Department under the supervision of Angel Decora-Deitz.

This publication aims to place before its readers authentic reports from experienced men and women in the field, or investigators not connected with the government service, which may aid the reader to a fuller understanding and broader knowledge of the Indian, his Customs, Education, Progress, and relation to the government; consequently, the institution does not hold itself responsible for, and need not necessarily agree with, the opinions expressed in its columns.

All communications regarding subscriptions and other subjects relating to this publication should be addressed directly to THE INDIAN CRAFTSMAN, United States Indian School, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

Subscriptions will be received with the understanding that one volume will cost One Dollar. Ten numbers will probably constitute a volume. *Usually no back numbers on hand.*

No advertisements will be published in this magazine which are foreign to the immediate interests of the school.



Progress in Indian Education Told by Prominent Men:



IN THE following pages we publish the stenographic report of the addresses delivered at the graduation exercises held in the large gymnasium of the Carlisle school, Thursday afternoon, April 1st. These addresses, coming as they do from some of our most prominent public men, were received with tremendous enthusiasm by those who heard them. Aside from the weight they would naturally have because of the authority they represent, they contain material which is well worth preserving in permanent form. What these men said has not only a local significance, but the opinions expressed and the facts which were uncovered have a pertinent interest to the entire Service, and as here recorded will furnish for the general public authoritative statements from men who are prominent in the councils of the nation. — THE EDITOR.

THE TRAINING AND EDUCATION OF THE INDIAN.

Address by Hon. F. E. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Ladies and Gentlemen: "Seeing is believing." When I came here last year described as "the destroyer of Carlisle," I asked you not to believe the charge until you saw the destruction coming. The institution still seems to hold together fairly well.

Equally absurd is the statement you have heard recently that the Indian has no art. I think that is the silliest attempt at misrepresentation I have ever met with in my life—it is so obviously false on its face. If the Indian is one thing more than another, he is an artist.

Probably the larger part of this audience have witnessed what has been done on the chapel stage during the last few nights, in the little opera which these young people have performed. That showed what they can do both in imitation and in conception. The way they have studied out the different characterizations required in the performance of the roles in that opera, the way

they sang their parts, the way the orchestra played the score, all go to refute the statement that the Indian has no art in him. You have seen on the platform this afternoon the old forms of weaving and the new forms of weaving. You have seen how the Indian art ideals have been transferred from the brain to the finished product. And any one who could witness such an exhibition as this today and still remain of the belief that the Indian is not a natural artist, shows that he is a good deal of a barbarian himself. There are savages in some parts of the world who think that an enormously corpulent body and blackened teeth are evidences of distinction. They would undoubtedly say that our American women, who try to keep down their weight and insist upon keeping their teeth white, have no beauty. You can usually measure the amount of civilization in persons or nations by their theories in such matters as these.

When a man, simply because he is a Caucasian, begins talking about the worthlessness of Indian Art, it always makes me think of the fellow who started in to boom his own town and thought that the way to do it was to decry a rival town, although it was a very good and promising one. In course of time he died and went to the place of departed spirits and knocked at the gate. St. Peter, holding both keys in his hand, came out and asked him: "What is your name?" "Jones," was the answer. "Why," exclaimed St. Peter. "aren't you the man who has been trying to boom Jonesville by running down Smithville?" "Yes." "Well," suggested the Saint, "suppose you sit down here a few minutes and wait till I can go back and break the news to Ananias."

You have seen here today another thing that was denounced the first time it was tried, yet I leave you to say how it has worked out. We were told when we started the idea of making practical demonstrations constitute the bulk of the commencement exercises, instead of the reading of polite essays—on subjects of which the young people did not yet know anything, but which their elders had known so long as almost to have forgotten them—that we could not keep such a thing up because we could not make it interesting. Well, of course, the only thing for us to do under the circumstances was to prove that we knew what we were about, and Superintendent Friedman has given us two commencements which I defy any other industrial school on earth to outrival.

In the few words which I shall have to say to the graduating class, I shall probably repeat parts of my former speeches, for there comes a time when you can not say over and over the same thing in quite a new way. I am reminded of the man who delivered a lecture in a certain town, and afterward applied to the lecture committee for permission to give it again. The committee held a special meeting on the subject, after which the chairman came to him and said: "Our committee have concluded that they have no objection to your repeating your lecture, but they would a little rather you should repeat it in some other town." So that I fear, after I have said some of the old things once more, you will hope that the next time I repeat myself I will do it at some other school.

To these young people I want to say, as I have said to their predecessors: You have not begun to know the realities of life yet. You are only on the borderland; you have not yet crossed the boundary, and it may take you some time to get well planted on the other side. But when you go out into the world I want you to remember, in connection with the enjoyment you have had in your school days, that the same great Government which has, in the generosity of its heart, given you this happy time here and this opportunity, is still in existence and deserves a little consideration in return. Do not let your patriotism lie idle until there is a war in which you can enlist as soldiers or nurses, but begin at once among your own people to cultivate true confidence in the Government. That Government is, after all, the best friend you have now. One of these days it will go out of business as a trustee for the Indian race, and then I hope you will find just as good friends in private life as you have found in office at Washington. I can speak from positive knowledge when I say that, whenever an Indian question comes up, the President, the Secretary of the Interior, and the committees of both houses of Congress who have your interests in charge, bend their whole minds to the purpose of seeing what they can best do to promote the welfare of your people.

So, when attorneys who want to squeeze something out of you, or grafters who are after your property, or the poor creatures who do not believe in the Government at all but think that everybody who holds an office must be a fair target to fire at—when these people pursue you and try to fill your minds with a lot of unpatriotic nonsense, send them about their business! Remind them of the time when President Lincoln was visited in the middle of the Civil War by a committee who came to tell him how to handle it. After listening a while he turned to the chairman and said: "Excuse me, but I receive a great deal of advice from one source or another, and I always like to ascertain something about the experience of the people who are giving it, to judge how much they know of what they are talking about. For example, my friend, will you tell me what your business is?" "Well," said the chairman, "It will be rather hard to describe it; I suppose it consists of looking on at life and philosophizing about important matters." "Good!" said Lincoln. "Now let me tell you what to do: You stick to your job, and leave the running of this war to the people who are charged by law with the responsibility of carrying it through!"

My young friends, that will be a pretty good thing for you to say when these people get after you, and try to alarm you by making you think that the Government has some deep-laid scheme to harm your people. Half the time they won't be able to give you a clear definition of what the Government is doing, for in a large majority of the cases they themselves do not stop to inquire. They know as little of the actual conditions as Mrs. Maloney did when her husband fell off the roof. He was carried into the house and the doctor hastily summoned. After a thorough examination the doctor said: "Madam,

I find that your husband has sustained a slight contusion of the cranium, a dislocation of the femur, and a simple fracture of the clavicle." Soon in came the neighbors to ask the particulars and to condole with her, and found her sobbing hysterically, "Why," they cried, "what *is* the matter? Is it so bad with Moike as all that?" "Oh," moaned Mrs. Maloney, "he's loike to die—he's loike to die! The Doctor says the Latin parts of him is all broke up!"

I was delighted to hear this afternoon the little talk given us by Miss Gates on the outing system. The outing system is one of the greatest aids to Indian education ever devised. I want to see it not only carried on in its present excellence, but improved upon year after year, and it can be done. At one time the idea was simply to take the children away from here and settle them among white people. That is excellent in its way. Then more care was taken about placing the children with reference to some special advantage they were to enjoy aside from the general benefits of contact with good citizens. We are now sending out boys, for instance, to work in shops where they have the opportunity of mixing with white mechanics on what we may call the dollars-and-cents basis as distinguished from the benevolent basis. When a boy goes into a regular wagon-shop or harness-shop after he has worked at his trade here at Carlisle, he learns not only what to do, but why he must do it. The most that the teachers here can do is to give such a boy a start; the real hammering-home of the lessons learned comes only when he brushes elbows with men who have got to earn their living by making goods of a superior quality.

As to the girls, the original idea was simply to put them out with kind, motherly women who would take an interest in them—an excellent thing in itself; but the outing system has become so popular and spread so widely that this school can do a great deal of choosing, and in choosing it should be very careful to select not only those households which are good, sympathetic and benevolent, but those where the domestic work is done in a thoroughly systematic and orderly manner. As was said just now on this platform, housekeeping is by no means a casual thing; it can be systematized and brought down to definite principles exactly as much as the making of steel or the weaving of wool.

When you young people go out into the world I trust you will never forget or regret that you are Indians. I know that you have had a lot of stuff of the other sort prattled to you, but I hope you have improved your opportunities to wash it out of your minds. Pride of race is one of the saving graces. You were born Indians and I want you to hold your heads right up as Indians and look every other man in the face as fearlessly as if he owed you something. Don't overlook for a minute that you were the first Americans, and that we, of what is now the dominant race, were your guests a good while before we became your guardians.

While I was in Hoopa Valley, California, two years ago, I was approached by one of the Indians living there who said that he wished me to get him a pat-

ent in fee to his land. I said to him: "Do you realize what this means—that when the land goes to you in fee it at once becomes taxable, and that you will have to pay a part of your income each year to hold that land?" "Oh yes," he answered, "I understand that, but I want to pay taxes." "Well," said I, "you are the most extraordinary man I ever met; most persons are anxious, rather, to get rid of them." "I know," he replied, with emphasis, "but I want to pay mine. Every time I drive to town with a load of farm produce and I meet a white man on the way, the white man stands still in the middle of the road with his team and I have to drive up on the bank to get past him, just because I am an Indian and pay no taxes. *I want my half of the road!*"

There was not only self-respect, but good, strong, sound sense. That man wanted to assume his full responsibilities in order that he might demand his full privileges. I hope to see all of you do the same thing—not in a querulous or quarrelsome way, but in a firm, polite, considerate way. Again, having decided that you are not going to be bad people, I want you to distinguish carefully between being good people and being mere cranks. Keep a cheerful spirit. Be charitable in your judgment of your fellowmen. Don't start out with the idea that you have to carry the sins of the rest of the world on your single pair of shoulders, for that is pretty sure to prevent your looking after your own sins. Remember that the good Lord gave you a laughing apparatus, and don't be afraid to use it. I have seen a great many persons in this world who have so far forgotten that they have one that some day I fully expect to see them send for a surgeon to have it removed, just as they would their vermiform appendix, because it no longer has any work to do and is therefore in the way. Give a wide berth to the man of sour mind and vindictive heart. Life has plenty of troubles, but it is aslo a pretty good thing, and it becomes better the better the use you make of it.

Do not start in, as I have warned other classes before you, with the notion that you are going to the top at once. Take a cheerful view of life, be content to be a first-rate soldier in the ranks until you have earned your promotion to a higher place. At the close of the Civil War Colonel Higginson of Massachusetts went down to where they had disbanded a large part of one of the armies in the field to see what had become of the soldiers after returning to civil life. He found a number of them employed on local farms, preferring to stay there rather than go home. So he talked with one of the farmers who was employing old soldiers on his place. "Well," commented the farmer, "the privates are doing pretty well, but the officers vary. That man over there pitching hay is a Corporal; he does pretty well. The fellow digging potatoes yonder, who chops into one every second or third time, he was a Captain; I am not so sure about him. That man who just now broke his wagon was a Colonel—he's careless." "Then, my friend," summed up Colonel Higginson, "you don't think very highly of the officers?" "H'm," drawled the farmer; "I have tried Captains and

Majors and Colonels, and if I should happen to get a Major General here I reckon I should have to sell the farm."

Do not, my young friends, try to be Captains and Majors and Colonels at once. Be content to stay for a reasonable time on the ground where the bulk of the people are. Work with them, rather than try to issue orders to them, until you have yourselves learned the art of living.

I have just one further word to say. A year ago I supposed that I was making the last speech I should ever make at Carlisle as Commissioner; and after a very hard winter with an over-tired nervous system, I handed in my resignation on the 4th of March. It was not accepted, however, and I was made to see that my duty lay in staying on as much longer as my health would permit. I may have the pleasure of meeting you here again; but whether I do or do not, I wish for you all the best that fortune has in store for anyone—a happy and useful career, with the assurance of not only living well, but dying at peace with all the world.

SOME SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

*Address by Hon. Moses E. Clapp, Chairman of the Senate Committee
on Indian Affairs.*

My Friends: Commissioner Leupp has well said that "seeing is believing". If anyone had told me yesterday—if they could have portrayed the scenes of last evening, or the scene on this platform this afternoon,—I should not have believed it. I confess that I did not believe it was within the power and capability of children partaking largely of Indian blood to give a performance such as was rendered last evening. I want to congratulate those who participated in that entertainment, and I want to congratulate the Indians as a class on their achievement, and the story of the possibilities which that achievement tells.

In my Western work I give a great deal of time to school commencements, and, my friends, this afternoon the program was a novel one; but I want to commend it, not only for its novelty, but for its practical character. I believe it infinitely better than the usual form of commencement, consisting of orations and essays.

Now, my young friends, you who are graduating, there is nothing which I could say to you that would add in example and admonition to the sum total of all you must have received from your instructors in the past. There are only a few thoughts which I want to emphasize. You see around here, wherever you go, a great people, who have become great because of certain characteristics; and the foundation of the greatness of the white man has been work. Do not be ashamed to work. Honest labor is honest and dignified in any walk of life if it is done with an honest purpose and with the inspiration

of love for labor. It may astonish you, my young Indians, when I tell you that it was once my fortune to wash dishes on a Mississippi steamboat; it was once my fortune to wait on the table on the Mississippi steamboat, and as a boy on a farm to plow and to run the threshing machine. There is no occasion for being ashamed of work, and when working no occasion for being ashamed of the garb of labor.

The next thing which I would impress upon you is the importance of character. For many years it fell to my lot to defend men charged with the commission of crime. Many times circumstances have woven a net-work about some unfortunate man and it seemed as though there was no skill or power of counsel and advocate that could untangle and unwind that net-work of circumstances. But in that hour when it seemed as though an innocent man must go down in the face of circumstances over which he had no control, a character could be summoned to his aid and become a shelter and a protection. You cannot over-estimate the value of character, not only as a shelter, but every effort you make in the upbuilding of character strengthens you and enables you to still further build and develop character.

Then there is another thing which I want to emphasize. It has been said that the ruin of the red man has been his love for intemperance. Now, my young friends, you in whose veins flows the blood of the red man, I want to say to you that the white man has fallen a victim to intemperance just as has the red man. If I were to wish to depict all the horrors of Hell in one picture, I would conjure the image of the demon intemperance. Beware of that: "At the last it stingeth like an adder, and biteth like a serpent."

Mr. Leupp has spoken to you about your relations as citizens of this country. No matter how humble a sphere you may work in, remember that you are a part and parcel of this government. Remember that in the sacrifice of the white man, in the generations and ages that are gone, it has been made possible for the humblest citizen of the republic to register his will with equal potency against the will of the most exalted and potential citizen of all this nation's broad realm.

Now, there is one other thought—and then to the students I shall close. Man must always have something that stands as the outward expression of the will and purpose of the man. Running all through the activities of human life we find the law of symbolism. If today we could lift the veil that hides in mystery the origin of pagan faith, we would find a pagan temple adorned with a pagan image as the outward expression of the faith that lay in the pagan hearts, just as our own beautiful Christian faith is illumined by parable and paraphrase; and if you could solve the mystery of the symbols of your ancestors—your tribes—you would find the same law had given birth to that symbolism.

You go over this broad land of ours and you find a flag. In other lands—in every land—you find a flag, a flag that stands for something, a symbol, an

inspiration, a rallying point for a people. Some of you have probably read the story of that greatest of Oriental nations—Persia. There is an interesting story as to the origin of the Persian flag. One day, descending upon a village in Western Asia, there came a barbarian horde. These simple villagers had what we might call no symbol to look to for inspiration—no flag to defend, nothing around which they could rally, and a sturdy blacksmith tore from his waist his leather apron and waved it aloft. The villagers rallied around that flag and turned back the invading hosts. We must not, in our regard for symbols, forget the necessity of the symbols maintaining the idea. In a few short centuries that leather apron gave place to the two-pronged flag of silk. The sentiment for which that flag had been flung to the breeze was forgotten in the greed for power and within three centuries Persia passed into history.

You may have a symbol here—you may have a flag here, and I want to say to you that if you will take the Carlisle school for your flag; if you will remember that this school teaches you a love for good; if you will remember that this school teaches you industry, teaches you honesty, teaches you to embrace opportunity, and tells you the story of a nation's liberality, you may well take Carlisle for your flag—for your rallying point.

When you begin a piece of work, think of Carlisle and of all that Carlisle stands for, and do that work in a way that will reflect credit upon Carlisle. Then you may say with pride, "This is Carlisle's work!" If you have to deal with your fellowmen, deal with them honestly, thinking of Carlisle, and thinking that your honest, upright character reflects credit on Carlisle, that it may be said, "This is the honesty, this is the character of Carlisle." If you are tempted to do wrong, think of Carlisle and do right; and remember that in doing that you reflect credit on Carlisle. You create Carlisle as an inspiration to your own better, broader, and grander achievement; and in doing that you strengthen Carlisle in the estimation of the American public and bring Carlisle as an inspiration to your own people, be they scattered where they may.

If you will take this concept of Carlisle and take this thought as your rallying point in the years that are to come, none need ever fear for your future.

Now, I desire to say a word which perhaps ordinarily would not be a part of the proprieties of this occasion; namely, my own view of Carlisle. But whenever you bear in mind that whatever the policies and purposes of the Indian Office may be, whatever the purposes and policies of the administration of this school may be, that those purposes and policies must find their support in legislation; and when you realize that legislation is largely moulded by the committees, and that the chairman of the committee is a great potentiary in legislation if he has the confidence of the members of the committee, it is not only important but undoubtedly due to the Office and the administration of this school that my views on this question should be stated.

And to be candid with you, I have not in the past believed in non-reserva-

tion schools. As a boy, the Indian children attended the same schools with me; we sat in the same seats, we studied the same books, we played the same games; and in my own state there is scarcely a year goes by that there are not more or less children of Indian blood in our state institutions. An Indian boy graduated from a school in that state with my own son.

Again, it has seemed to me in the past that as we were trying to individualize the Indian it was a great mistake to gather them together in non-reservation schools exclusively devoted to Indian pupils. But, my friends, the older a man grows the more he learns that there are two sides to every question.

What I have seen and heard here has materially modified my views—at least, with reference to this school. I have believed for years that we should gradually eliminate non-reservation schools; and one view of mine was that we should begin with Carlisle because it was the farthest from the reservations. I am satisfied now that this is a mistake; that while in our own state we honor and respect and associate on perfect equality with the Indians in our midst, we do not have that peculiar sympathy—and I may perhaps use the expression, that intensified sentiment—in regard to the Indian which you have here in the East, where he is practically unknown to you only as he comes here in the character of the student.

And the Indians put out under the Outing System undoubtedly receive, in the main, and on the average, more care and kindlier respect, and more instruction, and have more chance for development, than they would have put out among the people with whom their own people are largely in the relation of neighbors.

My judgment is now that while we will undoubtedly eliminate non-reservation schools, as the needs for these schools become less and less, that we ought to begin at the other extremity instead of beginning the process here in the East.

There is one important relation in this school matter. I think Commissioner Leupp will bear me out that in all functions of government the personal equation is an important factor and nothing else enters so largely into the question of success or failure as this in dealing with this Indian problem. He may formulate policies, and those policies may be faultless in form, but the success of those policies depends upon the personal equation, depends upon his own attention and devotion to the work, and upon the attention and devotion of those who are under him,

So, while I have modified my views somewhat as to non-reservation schools, I make that modification reservedly. But I want to say that I believe it is due to Mr. Leupp, to the management of this school, to the pupils who are old enough to understand this subject, that so far as the present personal equation is maintained the Carlisle School,—so far as I am a factor in legislation—will receive my hearty and unqualified support.

INDIAN PROGRESS AS VIEWED BY AN INDIAN.

*Address by Hon. Chas. D. Carter, Representative to
Congress from Oklahoma.*

Superintendent, Pupils of Carlisle, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Commissioner Leupp has just said that the Indians were the home folks of America and the white men were his guests. It seems to me if that be true that the white man—the guest—has just about taken possession of his host's household; but we are not going to fuss about that, for we have a great many things, we of the Indian blood, for which to thank the white man, and the white man has a great many things for which he should thank the Indian.

I was glad to receive the invitation to the Carlisle Commencement for two reasons:—first, because I take a great interest in the education of the Indian and the upbuilding of his character; and second, because, according to the Indian notion, I am, myself, a native of Pennsylvania.

Many, many years ago, during the Wyoming massacre, my greatgrandfather and his sister were captured by the Delaware or Shoshone Indians. His sister was afterwards sold back to her people for a ransom, but the boy was kept and sold to the Cherokee Indians; so that accounts for there being a Carter to-day among the Cherokees—and according to Indian tradition, I may say that my nativity may be traced to the Keystone State.

After telling of the wanderings and vicissitudes of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations before they came to Oklahoma, Mr. Carter continued:

After wandering about over the entire Western country, it was no wonder that the Choctaws and Chickasaws chose the beautiful Indian Territory, with its richly productive soil, its remarkably equable climate, its clear, running, crystal waters, where, as many of them thought, they would continue to live as long as the grass grew and the water ran. Here they established themselves and inaugurated regular codes and forms of government similar to the government in the states in which they had lived. A regular system of civilized laws was adopted by which each citizen was protected in his properties; a system of public schools somewhat similar to the white man's public schools was also established, with the exception that in these schools everything was furnished to the child except his clothing, and in a great many schools clothing also was furnished.

As the Choctaws and Chickasaws became civilized, they were quick to see the advantage of raising cotton, corn, wheat, and live stock, rather than to depend upon the uncertainties of the chase and lolling in idleness around the tepees; so they invited their pale-face neighbors to come in and assist in the development of their land.

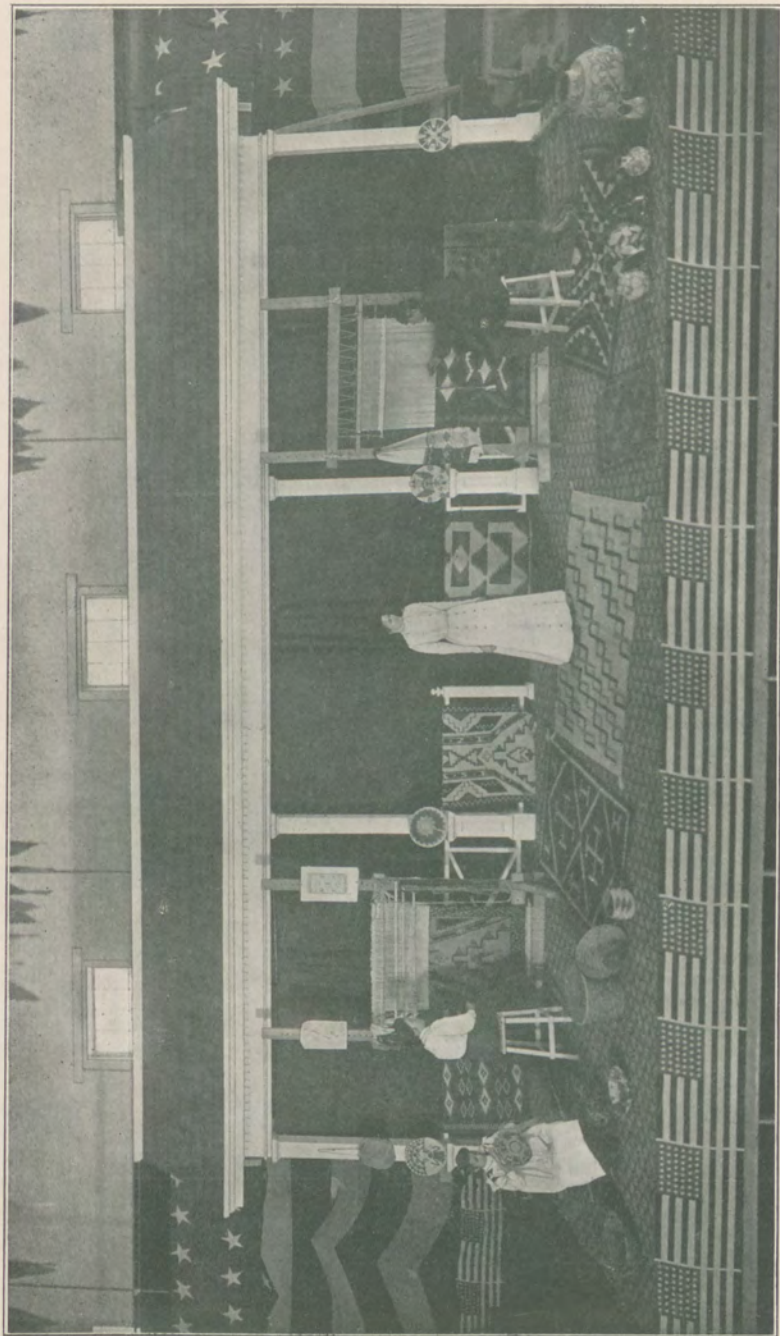
The white man came on horseback and in wagons—prairie schooners; then he came on railroad trains, and by other modern means of transportation—and, finally, the pale-faces flocked in upon us from all sides, bringing with them their



PARTIAL VIEW OF GYMNASIUM DURING GRADUATION EXERCISES



THE CARLISLE GRADUATING CLASS, 1909



INDUSTRIAL TALK—NATIVE INDIAN ART



THE INDUSTRIAL CERTIFICATE CLASS—1909

up-to-date agricultural, mining, and other machinery, their civilization, their education, and their Christianity, until, finally, the clouds of ignorance and superstition which once hovered over these people, have been almost entirely dispelled. And that same Indian of the civilized tribes stands today in a great many instances as the very highest exponent of American civilization; and, yet, there are those who speak about the unsurmountable difficulties of solving the so-called Indian problem.

The recent row raised by a little handful of Creeks, assisted by a lot of white outlaws, negroes and half-breeds, has been pointed to as an example that the Indian cannot be civilized and educated.. I venture this assertion: I understand there are one-hundred men with "Crazy Snake," and if this be true, that you can count the full-blood Indians of that uprising on the fingers of your hand. It is true that "Crazy Snake" is leading the band, but "Crazy Snake" himself is an outlaw, just the same as you have outlaws among any other class of people. The Indian race should not be held accountable, and the outlaw should not be held up as a type of Indian manhood.

Why, were there ever more rapid strides of progress than have been made with the Five Civilized Tribes? Was there ever such a speedy evolution as that of transforming a primitive people from savages to Christian civilization in less than four generations? Why, my pale-face brothers,—and I don't want to be offensive, but you boast about your Anglo-Saxon civilization—I want to say to you, sirs, that the Indian has achieved within one-hundred years what it took the egotistical Anglo-Saxon more than three-thousand years to do.

Now, you must be patient with the Indian problem. The Indian must be patient with working out the Indian problem himself, for more depends upon him, even, than upon his tutors. But we should not forget that this entire great republic has been carved out of the Indian's domain. We should not forget that there was a time when the will of the American Indian was sovereign and supreme on the American continent. There was a time when all he had to do was to rush out upon the chase and secure the necessities for his simple life; there was a time when the mighty mountains trembled, and the outstretching valleys reverberated at the august dictates of his slightest command. When his sacred rights were infringed upon he retreated not, nor asked for quarter, but rushed out upon the war-path and waged relentless war, just as civilized nations are wont to do today. He worshiped his Maker according to the dictates of his own conscience. He was "Monarch of all he surveyed," and bent the knee to none save his Maker. But those venerable ancestors have long ago gone to their happy hunting grounds. The day of aimless wandering is at an end, but, at that, is not the Indian better off? Is it not better to live with some definite purpose in life? Are not the orderly pursuits of life more to be desired, more worthy of emulation, than the law of the tooth and claw?

The customs of the white man were difficult of assimilation by the Indians

of several years ago; but, due to the teaching of that white man, and the training and association that we have had with him, we have been led from unfettered barbarity, and stand today beneath the fig tree of Christian civilization, girded in a sovereign armor of coveted America citizenship. To the sentimental pessimist who takes a gloomy view of the Indian, I would commend the reading of that poem of Longfellow's—"The Psalm of Life"—one verse of which is:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

Now, after all, what is success in life? Does it consist in following the dictates of our own selfish, imperial will, without regard for the rights of others—for the happiness of others? Does success in life consist of the amassing of great power or influence, either political or otherwise? Does it consist in the accumulation of great wealth? the power to control the commerce of this country? the building of a great fortune which we must eventually leave to create dissension and discord among our off-spring and relatives? No, my friends, NO! It is none of these things. Success in life depends upon the impression we leave for the good, the sublime, upon the sands of time. Each day every act, every thought, every word, is a charge or a retreat. If, in the final summing up, in the final accounting, the charges stand for the right, for the just, for the sublime, overbalance the retreats, just then, in that proportion, has our life been successful.

When we are near to the end of this earthly span, when our head is bowed with age and our hair is white with the frosts of many winters, when we have journeyed far down the eventful path of our life and the shadows are gathering about our shoulders, then if we can say our impress has been for the good and sublime, then if we have done what we could to enlighten poor, suffering humanity,—then, indeed, has our life been a success.

Now, I want to say in conclusion that, on behalf of the Indian, we have ceased to hate our long-ago conquerors; the seeds of prejudice and distrust which were sown by the aggregations of the white man in the early days have been supplanted by those of gratitude, inspired by the altruistic friendship of later generations. And long after the last Indian reservation has been broken up, after the last acre of tribal land has been allotted, after the last vestige of tribal government has been obliterated, and each Indian has become a United States citizen—long after all that will the composition of American character feel the Indian's impression.

As a star of the Solar system continues to shed its light and illumine the earth for a century after its extinction, so will the genius of the Red Man continue to reflect the glory of his chivalrous honor. Nations vie with each other in honor of the Indian. The child of the forest, the son of the plains, has impressed his national solidity and his peculiar morality upon those opposite forms, and it quiets and leavens the robustness of the Caucasian.

ADDRESS BY DR. GEO. E. REED,

President of Dickinson College.

I am no stranger to this platform, as have been most of those who have spoken here today. I have been making speeches here every commencement for about fifteen years, and if Mr. Leupp was afraid he would repeat himself, imagine what trepidation seizes me lest I transgress in a similar way. I have only two or three minutes to speak—very fortunately for you—but I wish to say a few words as a man local to the situation. It is very pleasant to hear these gentlemen from Washington express their great admiration for the excellent character of the commencement exercises, and for the work of the school, and I do not wonder that they are profoundly impressed with what they see and hear; but we who live in Carlisle, who come in constant contact with the Indian School, and who know of its work, have occasion to be agreeably surprised with the advance we are able to see. I think this is the finest commencement I have ever witnessed since I have been in Carlisle, and that is twenty years, and I am sure that is the sentiment I heard expressed by many who were sitting in the vicinity of my seat. It shows the splendid progress you are making, and I learn a great deal every time I come out here as to the progress of the Indian. I was delighted to see a young lady, and other young ladies with her, with hair dressed ala pompadour, and of the most pronounced character, and I also noticed that these ladies were wearing the latest directoire gowns. These are the representatives of the Indian race, and I am absolutely sure that no young lady who parades around here today with a directoire gown on will ever go back to the Indian blanket.

I heard one of the young ladies say that the ambition of her life was to be a neat house-keeper, and then she added,—“I wish to be economical,” and I thought what a sense of relief must pass over the minds of these Indian braves when they heard a woman absolutely state that she desired to be economical. I watched with considerable interest the process of making that bed over there. I can make beds myself. I was trained to make them up in the New England hills when I was a boy. I could not help but think of the serious contrast between the beds. It was not a work of art to make up beds in the New England hills; it was a work of main strength. We didn't have any brass bedsteads in our home either, but we had old-fashioned beds, corded up with rope, and my business was to straighten up the rope,—and it gave me many a backache to do it too,—and when we retired, it was a joy to sleep on high feather beds; and as a little boy I used to go to the other side of the room, take a run and jump into the center of that bed and go down and down. All that has changed, and you are learning all these beautiful arts of housekeeping here, and all about the economies of life, and I am sure you will put into splendid practice by and by the lessons you have here acquired.

I was in Baltimore yesterday, dining at a residence in the city there, and a young lady asked me,—“Are you from Carlisle?” “Yes, I am from the metropolis of Pennsylvania, madam”. “Do you know the Indian school?” “Well, indeed I do! I live in sight of it”. “Well, we had an Indian boy from that school down in Washington last year”, she said, using the very appropriate feminine descriptive word, “That young Indian was perfectly splendid, and we were all delighted with him”.

And I think, Mr. Friedman, that is about the testimony we hear coming from all parts of the country, whether with reference to young men or to young women, and speaking for Carlisle, I wish to say we are all proud of the Indian school. I was delighted to hear those words from Commissioner Leupp; also to hear Senator Clapp say that he had been converted; and although his conversion as described was of a modified form, still, we hope it will become mighty thorough, and that this school will stand. I would like to see the Indian school stand here as the crowning school of the entire system. I think it has demonstrated its value to the race, and its value to the country at large. That is our feeling here on the ground with respect to the Indian school, and I certainly feel that we cannot say too much in appreciation of the earnest men and women who bring about these splendid results. I have great sympathy for the men and women who engage in the splendid work of teaching. It is all very well to glorify the Indian school, but it is well also for us to remember how much the success here achieved has cost; how strenuous has been the effort on the part of the teachers to bring about the results over which all rejoice.

We desire and hope that the Indian will preserve his peculiarities. I was glad to hear Commissioner Leupp state that he hoped the Indian would remain an Indian—proud of race, proud of tradition, and proud of the blood that flows in his veins. I wish you would retain your Indian names, instead of taking up the common, ordinary names of us white people; and I wish we might have your own beautiful names retained as a part of your education. Hyphenated names are becoming quite popular, you know, When one of our young ladies marries today she keeps her maiden name along with her new name, and is known as “Miss Ressa Johnston-Henley,” or whatever it may be. So, “Miss Bright-eyes,” “Miss Hunt-the-Young-Man-around-the-Corner,” “Miss Rain-in-the-Face,” and so on—ah, how much better and prettier that sounds than Martha, and Jane, and Bessie, and Abigail! I suppose, however, that this changing of names is a part of the process of civilization, and so must be accepted.

We want you to become good citizens of the Republic; that is what the whole school is for—to train young men and young women to become good citizens, and we hope every one of you will become a good citizen of the United States, and that you will be manly men and womanly women. The cry of the race is for strong and masterful men.



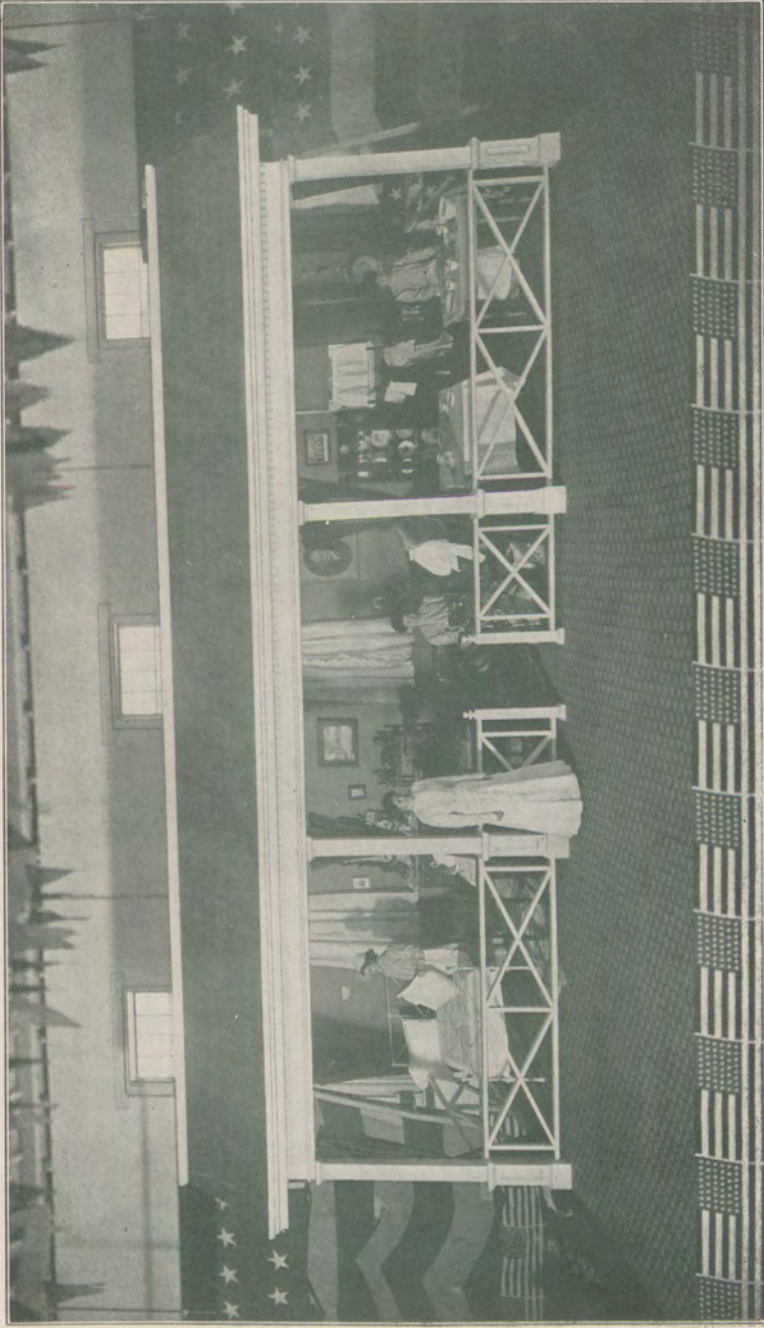
INDIAN MAIDENS IN "THE CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH"



THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH"



CARLYSLE GREENBRIER AS "PRISCILLA" IN THE CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH



INDUSTRIAL TALK—BENEFIT OF THE OUTING SYSTEM



SEXTETTE OF DAISIES IN "THE CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH"



PLYMOUTH MAIDENS IN "THE CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH"

There is a little poem, which, because of the sentiment it expresses with respect to the rising generations, I shall recite.

Give us men!
Men—from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of royal breeding.
Freedom's welfare speeding;
Men of faith and not of faction
Men of lofty aim and action;
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Strong and stalwart ones;
Men whom lightest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them
As her noble sons
Worthy of their sires,
Men who never shame their mothers.
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others;
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Men who; when the tempest gathers
Grasp the standard of their fathers,
In the thickest fight.
Men who strike for home and altar
(Let the coward cringe and falter)
God defend the right!
True as truth, though lorn and lonely,
Tender—as the brave are only;
Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for Country, Home, and God;
Give us men, I say again, again,
Give us men.

Men and women of this high stamp—and many of this high stamp—have been developed here, thank God, in the Carlisle school in the past thirty years of her splendid history, and the hope of your friends in Carlisle, the hope of the Government which has educated you, and the hope of your race, is that the splendid procession of vigorous, stalwart, high-souled men and women which in the past has been going out from this school may continue throughout all the coming years.

TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP.

*Address by Hon. Carrol S. Page, member Senate Committee
on Indian Affairs.*

I confess that I had very little realization of the great instruction I was to receive by coming to Carlisle. I should be untrue to my own ideas of duty if I did not say, as has been said by the Chairman of the Committee, I am surprised,—pleasantly surprised,—to see the great work which is being done at this school. I am glad I came because I know that the work I shall do upon the Indian Committee will be done with greater zest, with greater pleasure, than would have been possible had I not come. The work, I knew, was large, but I had little comprehension of what it was, but coming here and seeing what this great country is doing for the Indian, I confess that it is an inspiration, and I am going back, and I hope my friend Senator Clapp will never have any complaint to make that I shall not be present at every meeting of that committee.

Now, one word to these boys and girls. They have received inspiration, they have received good advice, and I want to add just a word to that. If I could have these boys and girls in my business office in Vermont I would talk to them like a father. I should like to do that now. To the graduates, and others of this school, I want to say that what I have to tell you will be purely practical.

I was down in your shops this morning and I saw one of the boys laying brick. He was building a chimney down in the workshop, and as I sat there and saw him putting one brick upon another I said to myself: "There is one of the best examples of a good honest life". You have come here to Carlisle, and have here received the foundation. You have laid the foundation for a life that means a great deal more to you than it could possibly have ever meant had you not come to this or some other equally as good school. The great trouble is that as you go home, you may base your life plans upon a false theory, upon false premises. You may think that because you have graduated here at Carlisle the world is going to want you, to reach out and gather you into its arms, as if you were exceedingly valuable. I would not depreciate the added value that comes to you because of this experience here; it is absolutely invaluable, but, friends, as that boy laid the brick, brick by brick, remember that this life is simply the laying of little brick upon the foundation which you have here built. If I were to speak of those brick as exemplifying human life, I should say that there are several. I shall not name them all.

There is integrity. I do not suppose, boys, that you realize, as you will when you have passed through business life as I have, how much integrity means. I remember a deaf old fellow who lived in my county, who in a campaign at one time espoused the cause of a friend in whose integrity he had unlimited confidence. He was in a country store and heard some of those on the opposition side speak of his candidate and he thought he heard them say some-

thing disparaging of him. He crossed over to them and inquired, "Were you speaking of Charles Brown? You mentioned that he had done some mean thing, did you not?" "Yes, we did", they answered. "Boys, I don't know what you said, I don't care, but here is my money—I am willing to bet it all that it isn't true." Young men, when you begin the real problem of life, so live that those who know you, and know you best, are willing to say, "I will bet my bottom dollar that this story of a mean act concerning my friend is not true."

You have heard a very fine tribute paid to temperance. I want to say to you, as the Senator from Minnesota has said, that if there is any one thing today that is the bane of the young man it is intemperance. As you go out into life, you will find the white man coming to you and saying, "Boys, let's have something." You say, "No, I don't drink." "Well, have a little beer, this won't hurt you." Boys, I don't know but I would just as soon you would drink whiskey as beer. The point is, I want you not to touch any kind of intoxicants, not a single drop, because that is the only line of safety that can be drawn.

Then there is the idea of self-sacrifice, which I think is another brick. You will find human life a great struggle. Each is for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. The world is unkind,—is selfish, but let me speak to you as one who has had experience in life. If you are aiming for the accumulation of money you will find that an open, sincere, generous man can, and will, make more dollars than the miser and the one who is selfish. Don't forget that. After all, this life is one of purpose. I remember being at the Twin Mountain House in New Hampshire once on a vacation, and on Sunday morning Henry Ward Beecher had the dining hall cleared out and spoke to us, and his text was the answer of Christ to Nicodemus when he asked, "What shall I do to be saved." The reply, you remember, was, "You must be born again." I couldn't for the moment think of the treatment Henry Ward Beecher, the eloquent minister, would give to that topic, but my mind was alert, and I wanted to know what that great man had to say on this point. He treated the matter in this way: "We are all passing through life. At some point in our life we come to some grief, some misfortune, something that makes us stop and think. We look at the past and say, as most of us can, my life up to this time has been a selfish life. I have lived for myself, and have not been noble and generous and kind to my neighbor. I have not done my duty to my country, but God helping me from this time forth my purpose shall be to live a changed life, to do my duty to God, my fellowmen, and my country. And whenever in our lives we reach that point where we change the motive upon which we live, we have had the second birth to which Christ referred." The thought to me is exceedingly beautiful.

Friends, you have come to the parting of the ways today; you have received your diplomas and are ready to go out into life. On the left hand is in-

temperance, selfishness, and vice of all kinds; on the right is a desire to live a clean life on which foundation you may lay brick upon brick until you have reared slowly, patiently, a superstructure of which you will have a right to be proud.

Some reference has been made to love of country. Why, to my mind, young people—carry it home with you in your hearts,—the best part of a man's religion is his politics. When I hear men and women say, as I often do, "Politics is too dirty a pool for me to play in, it has passed into corrupt hands, I will have nothing to do with it," and then the nominations having been made, they stand on the street corners and shout loud and long about the nominations, I say to myself "that man is not a good citizen." I care not what party you belong to, but in that party be a reformer. Go to the primaries, go whether it rains or shines, and do your duty and so far as within you lies, try to bring to the front the best man, the purest man, the man whom you think will best serve his country.

Now, you are going to your homes, many of you. You will find there conditions that perhaps are discouraging. One by one, few by few, your fathers and brothers are being made citizens of this great land of ours. Make up your minds that if you do nothing else, you will try to do your duty as citizens. Whatever else you read, read enough to keep posted in regard to the great events of our country. This is advice I should like to give to this vast assembly, because it is a duty that is due from all, men and women, boys and girls alike. The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, and mothers as well as fathers ought to study the great problems of the day, and they ought to advise those that do vote, if they cannot. Study the political problems of the day. Take an interest in your country. It is a duty incumbent upon you to remember that back of Carlisle is the best country that the sun ever shone upon.



SKETCHED BY A SIOUX.

How Shall We Aid The Navajo?

By J. B. Moore



IF THE gift of expression were his there are few who would be more competent to speak with authority on the Indian question than the Trader who has lived among them and made his life a part of theirs. He must of necessity come into closer relationships with the Indians, get a more intimate knowledge of the conditions surrounding them, their habits of thought and the motives from which they act, than is possible for any one coming among them for a brief spell to gather his knowledge and impressions direct and first hand; or, than Government officials placed among and over them for brief periods of time. Given common sense and a human interest in the things about him (and he must have these if he is a successful trader) he comes to know his people and their conditions of life as no outsider ever can, and in him too, the Indians often find their most appreciative and practical friend. The very nature of mutual relations tends to build up a confidence in, and reliance upon the trader that no Indian will ever give to a stranger, and invariably in times of trouble, his first appeal for help is made to the old time and proved out trader near him—and it is rarely made in vain. No philanthropy other than that compelled by community of interests need be claimed for the trader in this, but the effect is often more direct and practical than that of theorizing philanthropists who set themselves up to judge and direct Indian affairs. It is the certainty of what I know of this particular matter that leads me to pen what follows.

The Indian problem is a big one and takes on a different look from almost every possible angle of view. It may well claim the best thought of able and generous minds, and all possible knowledge, as well as great patience and ability, will be needed in reaching its correct solution. No one man can know all that is necessary, and there is need for all men who *know*. I shall confine what I have to say to the Navajo tribe alone, the people I have lived among and worked with for the past fourteen years, and of whom I *do* know a little.

The great trouble with the white race is that we come to a study of the Indian and his problems so full of our own conceits, so blinded by a sense of our own superiority, so eager to instruct and

so unwilling to learn from him, that it is little wonder much effort goes for nothing in attempts to better his condition. We elaborate our plans and theories first and then try to fit the Indian to them, instead of studying him and his needs carefully in the beginning, and then trying to fit theories and plans to the conditions as they actually are. If we were more willing to learn, less prone to assume that we knew and understood his conditions, the underlying motives of his conduct, his reasons for his peculiar views of life, better than he himself, we might make more headway in helping prepare him to cope with the changing conditions which confront him on every hand.

This is peculiarly true to the Navajo Indian. We should remember that he has already developed a civilization of his own and has long since passed beyond the stage of a savage; that he is impelled and controlled in all his relations with his fellow tribesmen by certain well defined rules of conduct evolved from past tribal experiences. These, while not all moral from our point of view—some in fact may prove exactly the reverse—are still the moral law for the Navajo and hold with the same force for him as do our moral concepts for us. In many of the things we hold as very wrong he not only sees no wrong but may, in fact, see a high degree of merit. In others that seem childish, superstitious and trivial to us, he may find for himself the unpardonable sin. So it is that often what we charge to him as perversity is in reality highly commendable if we could but see and understand from his point of view. Any scheme for the reformation and betterment of these people that does not take into account his different view point is doomed to failure and will only cause the Indian to retreat more closely within himself and further delay the time of mutual confidence and understanding.

That there is in Navajo life much needing betterment and not a little entire eradication, is not to be denied. That there are a great many generous and well meaning people throughout the country willing and anxious to contribute to and bring about such betterment, if an intelligent and effective way could be shown, is also true. That the Navajo is as ready and willing to receive and profit by such betterment is not so apparent, still he is not a hopeless proposition and deserves well of all his friends. It is not my purpose to suggest a "cure-all" here, for I haven't any, but there are some

conditions surrounding them, a knowledge of which, together with an acquaintance of their characteristics, is essential to any successful plan for their advancement.

They are widely scattered over a vast expanse of country, for the most part bleak, barren and inhospitable. There are no roads other than the maze of bridle paths made in their various ramblings over the country, and no places where shelter, food and forage for horses is obtainable except at the widely scattered traders' stores. Not communicative by nature the needs of their flocks compel them to live more apart and to themselves than they otherwise would. For like reasons they move about a great deal, changing their places of residence from three to six times a year, and are never found living in villages or communes, as do many other of the South-western tribes. It is well, perhaps, that they do not until they have learned to live a more cleanly and sanitary home life than they do at present. If a death occurs in a house they invariably abandon and destroy it, and not infrequently abandon a place on account of a sickness "hoodoo." While on first thought this will suggest superstition, still it is not one devoid of reason when we know their habits of life, and is often the very best thing they could do. The above indicates how difficult, impossible almost, any scheme of personal teaching or instruction would be. Only the trader living and dealing with them ever comes to personally know any considerable number, and though he lives his whole life among them, even he will only know a small number of those living in his own section and the great majority will remain total strangers to him. There is little doubt there are hundreds of nearly grown up Navajoes who have never seen a white man during their lifetime and many full grown ones whose only contact with whites would be confined to the personnel of a single trading store.

The Government is generous and the Indian Department of it is earnestly doing all that can be done in trying to educate and civilize the growing generation. The force as a whole is composed of earnest, well meaning and conscientious people. Navajoes are a very conservative people and their women are extremely so. Every proposed change is certain of inward opposition, though from motives of policy they may seem to accept it. Their knowledge of being in the Government's power, and their natural wish for peace, and to escape as much interference as possible, causes them to seem to ac-

cept certain things with cheerfulness, but it does not lessen the bitterness of their inward resentment one whit if they feel the interference unwarranted in affairs they regard as strictly their own.

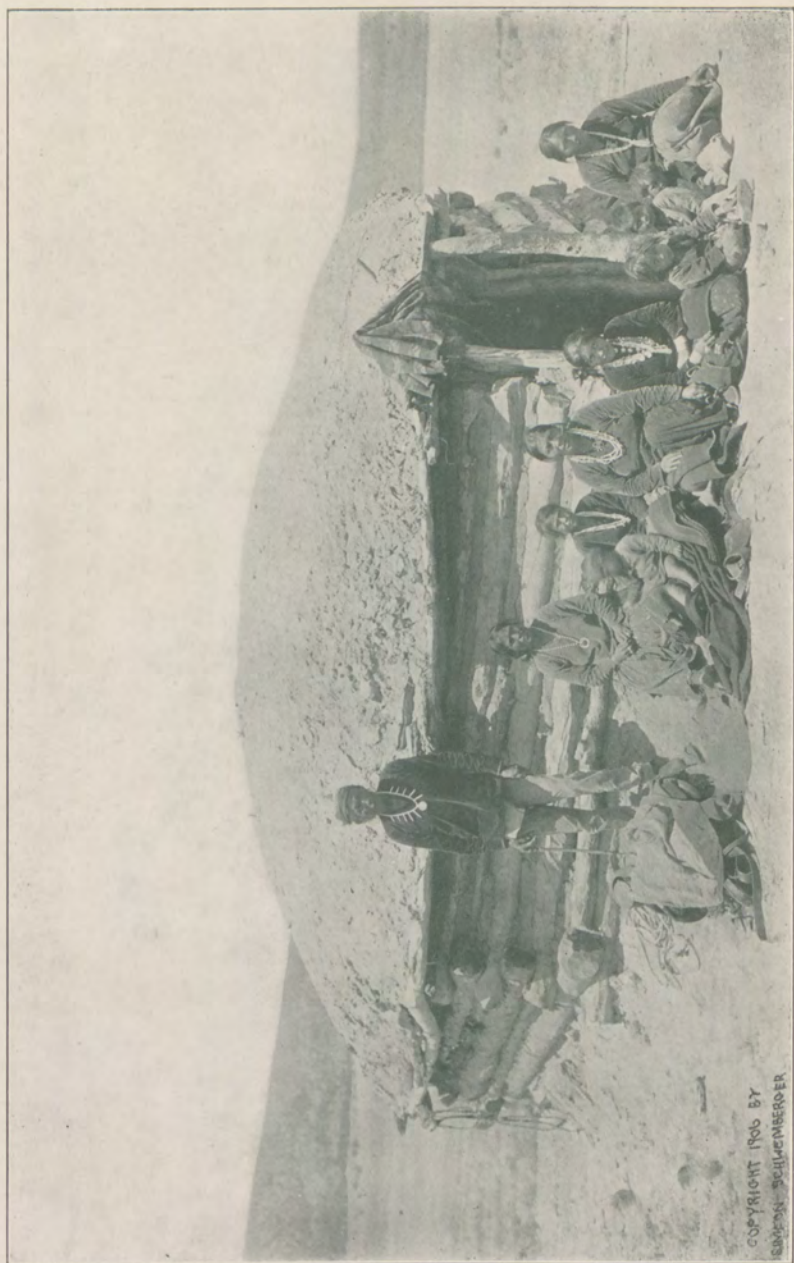
Many of their younger men are quite proud and ambitious and take willingly enough to improvements in their modes of living and dress. They frequently cast aside some of their prejudices and break through some of the many "taboos" imposed upon them by the tribal lore. But the women seldom, if ever, do. To them until yet, every white person is one to be hated and despised, and no good of any kind can come of being like whites in any way. They are the dominant influence in the tribe and the heaviest handicap for their people in the race for progress. They own and control much the larger part of the tribal wealth, which is in the form of sheep herds. They make all the blankets, are the family heads, contribute nearly all of the family support, and are by no means unconscious of their importance in the family and tribal economy. Realizing all this, and allowing for a conservatism amounting to dogged obstinacy, it is evident we have a force in their women opposed to any proposed change or improvement, that is not to be despised and must be broken down before any substantial gain can be made.

The Navajoes, men and women, are born diplomats too, and to the uninitiated, give the impression of being the most tractable and agreeable of all Indians. They are really agreeable by nature, among themselves as well as with whites, but always, when their and your interests and ideas have conflicted you find that the end sought, and generally gained, has been the Navajo's. He has a quiet persistence and way of winning out that compels admiration, even though it comes at your expense. Your advice and suggestions will excite no protests nor argument on his part and will have just as little influence on his actions. If he sees you do a thing however, and sees the benefit accrue from doing it that way, he will often imitate it with such modifications as may fit his circumstances. And in this readiness to imitate and apply to his own needs, it seems to me, lies the key of the whole problem for the Navajo tribe.

If there were spread among them a comparatively few white homesteaders, real and bona fide home makers, I believe that within one or two generations at most, the majority of the Indians would have headquarters or home farms, and be improving and farming



A BEDOUIN OF THE AMERICAN DESERT—NAVAJO SQUAW



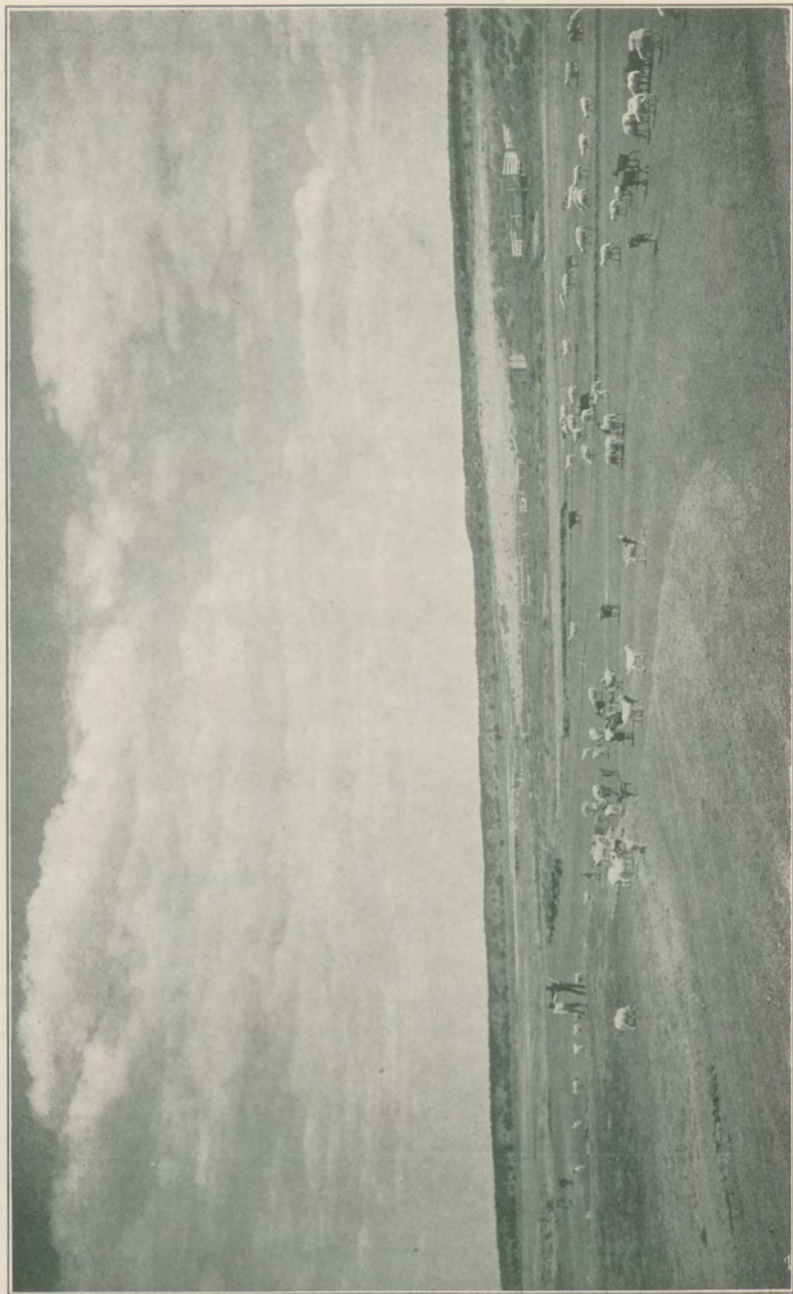
COPYRIGHT 1906 BY
CARPENTER SCHWENBERGER

(Photo by permission of S. Schwemberger, Gallup, N. M.)
A TYPICAL NAVAJO HOGAN AND FAMILY



(Photo by permission of S. Schwemberger, Gallup, N. M.)

NAVAJO CHIEFS BLACK HORSE AND TYONI



(Photo by permission of S. Schwemberger, Gallup, N. M.)

A VIEW IN THE NAVAJO COUNTRY

them more or less in imitation of the whites near and about them. While it will be a long while, if ever, before agriculture becomes their principal resource, a very little development along this line would vastly improve their conditions of life and render them more independent. In short, I think the Navajo can be led and worked by force of example, but he is too ready a talker himself to attach any great importance to the wordy counsels of another.

Much the larger part of the reservation is a desert and totally unfit for any but grazing purposes, but there are many small tracts of land all through the mountain sections ideally adapted to producing large yields of potatoes, wheat, oats and hay, as well as all of the more hardy vegetables. A very small area, even poorly farmed, in connection with the meat supply from his own herds, will go far toward furnishing the subsistence of any Navajo family, and the possession of a real home would lead to greater thrift in taking proper care of their property—a lesson which they need to learn.

When I first came among them if we had any vegetables they had to be hauled in from Gallup. Now, and for several seasons past, all that we use, such as turnips, beets, cabbage, carrots, parsnips, etc., are grown and sold to us by Navajo women and children. Last fall, for the first time, I bought all the potatoes needed for both store and house from one family of Navajo children and then could not buy all they had to sell. These are self-taught farmers—not one of them having been to school nor lived among white people. These little experiences serve to prove the possibilities of both the land and the people and are mentioned for that reason.

One store can only provide a very limited market for their agricultural products, and they know nothing of building cellars and storing the stuff away for future use, nor could the latter be done unless permanently in a certain place, or very near to it, as the other Indians would steal all they raised and stored. But if there were some thrifty white home makers among them, who would grow their own supplies, build cellars and store rooms, and live by them constantly, it would not be long before the Navajoes would begin doing so, and a part of the family would always be at home. These places instead of the stores would, in course of time, become the supply headquarters for the herders who are sent to the lower plain lands with the sheep herds. Once started in this way, the Navajo intelligence and industry would work out the rest before many generations.

This suggestion, if followed, would mean the breaking up of the reservation system and the allotment of lands in severalty, and it may seem rather unusual that it should be proposed by a resident trader, one of those supposed to benefit by it and the implied Government protection. In fact, I am not right certain that I really do advocate it, but if the Navajoes are ever to be anything but a tribe of Indian sheep herders and blanket weavers, it is time to begin leading them out of their present conditions,—and this seems to me the one way for them to be led out. It may lead myself and some others out of business, but it is the Indian, not the trader, that we are discussing here, and if twenty to twenty-five thousand people are to be benefited while less than a dozen are to be inconvenienced, the dozen have no cause for complaint. Maybe most of us have been here long enough, and some may need crowding out. If we are not big enough to stay on our own merits the above should result. I will welcome the change if it works for the benefit of the Navajo people and willingly take my chances in sharing in their gain.

A Navajo article with the Navajo blanket left out will seem very unusual, but this is a separate story. I might have written more entertainingly of the blankets, of the peculiar daily incidents of the life here among the Indians, or of several other different subjects connected with them, but have left that to another time. If this article is of interest and causes some one more able and better prepared than myself to think, its purpose will have been accomplished.



AN ANIMAL STUDY—BY AN INDIAN.

Carlisle's Commencement Exercises

COMMENCEMENT

THERE is a time during the school year which, more than at any other season, is full of excitement to students and members of the faculty and illumined with an air of interest and attractiveness for the general public and the school's friends. This is indeed true, not only of the large city schools, the high schools, grammar schools, and colleges, but is made manifest at the closing exercises in the small village school house to which boys and girls of all ages must troop several miles from their homes in order to obtain their education.

Because of the tremendous interest which the public everywhere takes in the American Indian, the Commencement Exercises of such a national school as that at Carlisle are of interest, not only to the local community, but to men and women everywhere who are friends of the Indian.

The newspapers eagerly seize upon information concerning the various events during the week and, in more or less extravagant language, detail it to the public. Thousands of visitors from the town and from this and other States visit the school at this time in order to investigate the character of its work and witness the various exercises. Nor is this seemingly uncommon interest unnatural when it is remembered that only a few decades back the Indian was a most primitive and untutored person, surrounded with all of the unique appurtenances and customs of his aboriginal existence. Today he is seen clothed in the raiment of his white brother, educated in an institution similar in equipment and efficiency to the best industrial schools in the land, partaking naturally of the civilized modes of life, and, except for the color of his skin which covers the same red blood which flows in the veins of the Caucasian race, living about the same kind of life.

This much can at least be said of the student body of the Carlisle School and it is, therefore, peculiarly apropos for thinking men and women to be interested in, and pleased with its advancement.

Aside from the general reasons for joy on the part of the students, the young men and young women at this school are particularly alive to the situation, and their hearts are made glad at Commencement time. During this week there are a large number of reunions between the ex-students and graduates and those at present in the school. Then, too, many of the patrons of the school, who, under the Outing System, have had our boys and girls in their homes and have there taught them much that is fundamental in life, come to spend a week at the school, and the meetings between them and the students are full of happiness to both.

The patrons began to come in on the Saturday trains, March 27th, and here and there on the campus could be seen these residents of Pennsylvania, and other States, surrounded by boys and girls who had at some previous period partaken of their hospitality.

The students, in their uniforms, made an excellent appearance. It has been remarked that the Carlisle student is characterized by a fine physique, and a manly and womanly bearing, which no doubt is due to the regular training which all of our students receive in physical culture.

It is always a pleasant surprise for visitors to see the beautiful campus of the Indian School. The lawns are a soft green most of the year, and during the summer months, flowers are in bloom in little beds located all over the grounds, which add a bright color delightful to the eye.

For all of the principal events, the weather man seemed to be very generous.

BACCALAUREATE EXERCISES

THE baccalaureate exercises were held in the school auditorium Sunday afternoon, March 28th, at 3:15. The stage presented a most beautiful appearance, having been decorated for the occasion with potted plants and cut flowers from the school greenhouse. The profusion of daisies, bougenvillas, palms, ferns, hyacinths, asparagus, begonias, cinnerarias, and calla lillies suggested a tropical garden, which was enhanced by the artistic scenery designed and painted to represent the interior of an Elizabethan church. Only the older companies of students were present, the graduates occupying the front of the center tier of seats. A limited number of invitations were extended to the public, and although it was a cloudy day, the seats in the gallery and the lower floor were well filled.

The orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. C. M. Stauffer, director of music, furnished special music and accompaniments for the occasion. It is remarkable how the instrumentation has been arranged as to leave the impression of having heard music direct from a church organ.

Reverend A. N. Hagerty, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Carlisle, and Superintendent Friedman assisted in the exercises. A duet,—"My Faith Looks Up To Thee",—by Abbot, was beautifully sung by Julia Jackson and Agnes Waite. The trio,—"Hear My Prayer",—also by Abbot, was very sweet and impressive; John White sang with the two young ladies above mentioned.

Dr. Merrill E. Gates, former President of Amherst College and for some years President and now Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners, who delivered the baccalaureate address, had for his subject. "Words and their power in life", and he handled it in a most masterly way. He is

an able speaker with a fine memory, and his thoughts come quickly and are given to the audience couched in simple form. The address abounded in beautiful thought and brilliant epigram. It was pronounced by those who heard it one of the best sermons ever heard in this part of the country.

Dr. Gates said in part:

Before an audience which represents peoples who speak sixty or seventy languages, it seems natural to emphasize the significance and the power of words. As I was addressing this class on Commencement Day some years since, in answer to a test question, it was found that seventy-two different languages were spoken by those who were present in the audience. I often think of this school as, among all the daily gatherings under one roof in the world, probably the place where the greatest number of spoken languages is represented.

We of the white race who make a study of the native American races, understand that while they are learning many things from us, we have something to learn from them. With many of the Indian tribes whom you represent, the personal name which is assumed by a young man when he passes from adolescence to manhood, has a peculiar, supreme and mystic significance. Some of you remember the spiritual experience which you passed through when you went away by yourself for days, and after fasting quite alone, underwent the especial experience which led to the choice of your name. In the reverential modesty which makes the Indians of some tribes shrink from mentioning too freely the personal name of the individual, we may well see a suggestion of the importance and the sacredness of certain words, which have spiritual associations for certain persons.

I am to speak to you of the transforming power,—of the working force of certain words.

John VI.-63: "The words that I speak unto you they are a Spirit and they are Life."

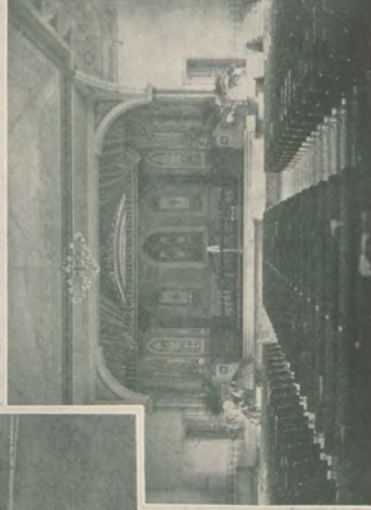
The Old Testament opens with a sublime emphasis upon God and God's creative work by His Word. "In the beginning God created"—"God said, let there be Light;" and "God said—!" Time after time the creative word accomplishes the will of God.

The Gospel of John purposely begins with the same words, "In the beginning," and then identifies God Himself with the Living Word, Jesus Christ.

Note then, that when spirit and life are to be given to man, words must be used in



MINNEHAHA FALLS



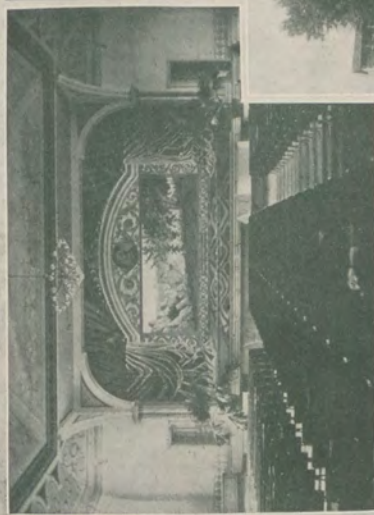
CHAPEL



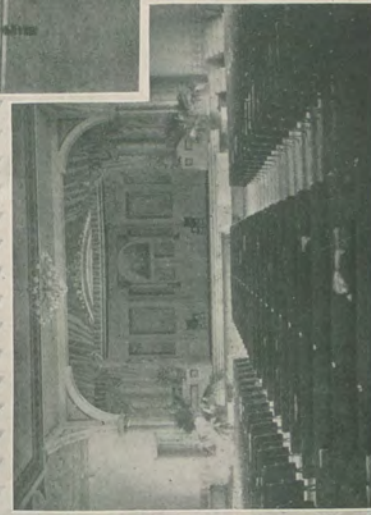
SCHOOL BUILDING



AUDITORIUM



CURTAIN



PARLOR

TWO VIEWS FROM THE NEZ PERCE INDIAN RESERVATION, IDAHO

Photographs by E. K. Miller.



THE NEW WAY—CARLISLE NEZ PERCE STUDENT'S HOME NEAR KAMIAH, IDAHO



THE OLD WAY—NEZ PERCE CAMP, SPALDING, IDAHO



ACADEMIC
CLASS ROOM WORK
AND NATURE STUDY





ORIGINAL FIRST PARTY-THE HOPIS

the giving. There is no other way of expressing spirit to spirit. There is no other means of imparting spiritual life to spirits. Certain words are spirit—are life. They express spirit. They impart life.

It is of the words of Jesus Christ that this assertion is made. It is the remarkable characteristic of His words that they are alive. They have that most convincing evidence of life the power to impart life to others. When the words of Christ enter into your life a great change takes place in you. Now you have a new life. Yours was the life of self—a selfish life. Now it is the life of God in the heart of man. The words of Jesus Christ create, impart energy to, and direct the life which men are to lead as the children of God.

Words are to be reckoned with as forces. The Bible never under values words! Their vast influence upon life is always recognized in the Scriptures. The cry, "Give us deeds, not words!" is the thoughtless utterance of people who do not see and understand that often words are the most decisive deeds! Often the mightiest deed of a man's life is the utterance of a true clear word at the critical time. The cowardly refusal to speak out, damns a man. Words have life. They run! They fly! "Words have hands and feet," said Martin Luther. They lay hold and work! They change things! You were never so happy that a few false words could not dash your happiness. Not simply because they express the feeling of the speaker and change the feeling of the hearer; but because they carry thought, and stand for things, and represent facts; words are mighty! For words carrying and expressing thought are the true means of interesting men, are the right method of controlling men, through awakened self-control. To move *things* in the material world *force* is needed; but to *move men*, thoughts and words are the proper instruments. For words carry thought, express spirit, and appeal to the intelligence of other spirits. Men answer to thought, to ideas, to reason; and so they answer to words which express reason, ideas and thought.

"Do not let him lay his hands on me!—Why does he not *speak to me*, first?" That is the voice of man, the *animal who thinks*, and can use words. He is open to reason. Words, which carry reason, are the method of control which a man asks to have used with himself, if he is to carry out the ideas and will of another. To be ruled through reason makes a man more manly. To be *forced* makes him a tool!

Words, then, may be thought of as a spiritual machine for making effective intellectual spiritual forces. How do the text-books

define a machine? "A machine is any apparatus for transmitting force from the place where it is generated to the place where it is to do its work." Your word then, is *the spiritual machinery* which you use to transmit the force of your thought and feeling, from your own mind where that force is generated, to the place where that force is to do its work—that is, to another's mind, where the force carried in by your word, is to command attention, to awaken feeling and will-power, and so to do its appointed work in that other life. Your words fly from you to your friend, and your thought and feeling live in him. It is of the very essence of the human mind that it can thus receive thought and feeling through words—can thus give out thought and feeling through words. A man, speaking, is thus seen to be a power.

So to speak as to convince and persuade men, and thus to influence them toward right action and life, is the highest attribute of man. When you so speak to your fellow-man that he voluntarily assumes self-control, and guides himself along the highest lines of action, you *make a man of him*. The hope of our race lies in education, so general and so true that the whole mass of humanity shall be penetrated in each individual personality by ideas, by words of Life, and shall so be up-lifted and sent forward.

Words thus used are mighty! It is heroic for you, young women and young men, to be able to use aright two small words—"yes" and "no!" Many young lives have lapsed away from goodness, have gone down in the rapids and whirlpools of temptation because there was not the moral courage to say "No!" at the time when it was the one thing in the world that was most needed.

The speaker then showed that that *distrust of words* which is current in much which is said and written, is due first to the influence of men who are devoted to winning wealth by the use of physical and material means only. They wish to compel men, as they force things. They are not willing to wait, to persuade and encourage men. When such strong but harmful personalities *wish to use men*, they wish and try to *use them as tools*, to compel obedience, to force action, without appeal to reason, without trying to enlighten and strengthen self-control in the persons whom they use. Such men work ruin. They spoil fine tools by harsh usage! They break down manhood! They destroy personality, the image of God in man.

The second reason for speaking slighting-ly of words, is found in the fact that men too often use words deceitfully. They forget Maurice's fine phrase, "Every language has in its very existence an implied covenant to speak the truth!" Because we have so often

broken our promises, because professions have so often been of the lips only, because our human wills have so often broken down, and promises have so often been broken;—these are the reasons why words are spoken of slightly.

But when a true life speaks in a true word, what infinite rest is found in this word which can be trusted!

This brings us to the great thought of our theme: It is the words of Jesus Christ which "are Spirit and Life."

"The mighty dead who die not", still rule us from their urns." Their written words carry a life, a spirit; an energizing force which did not depend on tone, eye, gesture or utterance, or on powerful presence or masterful manner. Their power to quicken the intellectual life and to awaken spiritual life, lies in a rarer quality in the thoughts and words,—the quality which remains with them when they are written, and leaps from them, ever fresh, when they are repeated or are read again.

But the wonderful life-giving power of the words of Jesus Christ lies in the fact that when He spoke the ever living God was speaking through a perfect man. His words were those of the only man who has ever lived on our earth who could speak the highest truth with that utter harmony of soul which comes from having always and utterly obeyed the truth. When Christ spoke for the first time the truly divine power of words was fully felt in the Divine Word, Jesus Christ. For the first time words on the highest themes were uttered by a man whose life was in harmony with the highest law—by One in whom doctrine and deed were one. The life and the law laid down were in perfect accord. Word, will and work were one. A heavenly life came into the race with Jesus Christ and the words He uttered. A new spirit and a heavenly life were made manifest. His words are Spirit and Life, forever carrying straight to the heart of man the stimulus of God's thoughts, the nourishment and the warm life-power of God's love, the vital current of God's holy will, impelling men to righteous living.

For the first time words have their full meaning! The words of Jesus Christ are His very life! His life-blood and His resurrection-power are in them. The mysterious power of the words, "Thy sins are forgiven thee!" "God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him might have Life!"—we can never fairly measure until we look back upon this life from the Larger Life beyond.

It is of the very nature of the words of

Jesus to reincarnate themselves in human lives.

Professor William James has said, "The whole nervous system of man is, psychologically considered, but a machine for converting stimuli into reaction." The whole life-plan of each one of us is but a series of opportunities so arranged as to give to our spirits again and again the word of call and command to holy living, and to permit us, if we will, in free obedience to respond, thus transforming the holy force of the Word of God into character. You are a life in the world, that Christ's words may get themselves incarnated in you, and may live again in your deeds and in your life!

It was when the carpenter's Son spoke in His Nazareth home that language received its true meaning. He revealed by His words the true heavenly life. He gave a mystic power to His word of truth. Christ's word changes us. When we receive that word into our life we are transformed in character and speech, and hence in life. In the early days of our history in the border warfare between our forefathers and yours, it was said the Kentuckians declared that if they wanted a bullet to go direct to the heart and kill, they opened a vein and dipped it in their own warm blood before they fired it. The weapon of God, His Word, is powerful and sharper than a two-edged sword, because every word Christ uttered was dipped into His own precious blood.

To you who are to go out from this noble school soon as graduates, I would say: This same Christ declares to you—"I have even called thee by thy name." Your hopes for the future, your usefulness in life, will depend upon how you receive the Lord Jesus Christ and His words into your life.

You make much here of Native Art. A definition of art is this: A true thought, personal to the artist, expressed with passionate feeling in a material form of beauty. You will be a real artist, every one of you, if you will live the highest form of life possible to live, by the help of God and the inspiration of Christ Jesus your Saviour.

At the close of the address the class sang the commencement song, which left a deep impression on the audience. The following program was rendered:

Music—"Gloria In Excelsis"—School Orchestra.

Opening Sentences by the Minister—"The Lord is in His Holy Temple."

All sing—"Glory be to the Father."

Congregation—"I Believe In God The Father", etc.

Duet—"My faith looks up to thee"—Abbot Julia Jackson, Agnes Waite.

Scripture Lesson.

Trio—"Hear My Prayer"—Abbot Julia Jackson, Agnes Waite, John White.

Prayer—Rev. A. N. Haggerty

Hymn—Hymnal No. 133, First Part—"How Firm A Foundation."

Address—Hon. M. E. Gates, D.D., L.L.D.

Commencement Song—Class 1909

Hymn—Hymnal No. 226, First Part—"Oh Scatter Seeds," etc.

Benediction.

THE CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH—A COMIC OPERA

THE comic opera was given three evenings during commencement week, as follows: Monday, March 29,—for the school and faculty only. Tuesday, March 30,—for town people and guests. Wednesday, March 31,—for town people and guests.

The performances took place in the auditorium on the evenings above mentioned at 7:30. The audience from town filled the auditorium both nights when it was given for the public, and the authorities at the school had to refuse over a thousand applications for tickets on account of lack of seating capacity. The auditorium seats about a thousand.

This opera has been pronounced by those who saw it the best ever given at Carlisle. It attracted a large amount of newspaper notice. The press in all of the large cities published accounts of the play, together with photographs of the players. The Philadelphia North American sent one of the members of its editorial staff to give a report of the performance, and this account is here-with given because it contains a very good description and fair appreciation of the play.

Two hundred and eighty-nine years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, the descendants of the Indians who

saw them land celebrated the event in opera.

Of course, it would take some stretch of the imagination to prove that they are actual descendants of the same aborigines upon whom the Pilgrims are said to have fallen after they fell on their own knees.

In this respect the opera given tonight at the Carlisle Indian School was not very much different from an opera that might have been given by white amateurs, except, perhaps, that the odds of imagination are in favor of the Indians. Indeed some of the scenes in the mimic Plymouth tonight were very realistic.

It was noticeable that the Indian lads and maidens who impersonated the Pequods were much more free in their interpretation of the characters than those who had to be demure Puritans. However, this must not be taken as disparaging the histrionic efforts of the Puritans. It must be remembered that the Pilgrim fathers were not a very lively lot. Indeed the actors in tonight's lyric drama showed a remarkable understanding of the character of the Puritan immigrants who perhaps stole their fathers' lands.

The opera was "The Captain of Plymouth." The music is by Harry C. Eldridge, and the book by Seymour S. Tibbals. Not only was this an aboriginal production, but to a certain degree also an original one, at least it is one of the first productions in public. The story is the familiar one of Captain Miles Standish and Priscilla. The Indian production was given under the direction of Claude Maxwell Stauffer, director of music at the Carlisle Indian School and leader of the famous Indian band that plays so ominously once a year on Franklin Field. Mr. Stauffer said tonight after the performance:

"I was moved to attempt this through reading an editorial in The North American on the civilizing influence of opera. I thought if Oscar Hammerstein can spend \$1,000,000 to civilize Philadelphians, we could spend a few weeks for the same civilizing influence on the wards of the nation. And say, do you know that I believe we got the better results.

"It is plain that the Indians are capable of taking up the white man's burden, and before long these aborigines will realize how superior to their peaceful tribal ways are the manners of church choirs and other amateur musical organizations."

To the serious-minded observer of tonight's performance the work of the actors was really little short of wonderful. It is not necessary to make allowance for the fact that the work was done entirely by children of the reservations, many of whom came to Carlisle without surnames.

Indeed, in comparison with the average white amateur theatrical production, this was a very superior performance, and if there are any allowances to be made it will have to be for the white competitors. This may be explained by the fact that the white amateur is usually painfully self-conscious from a knowledge of what is required by dramatic and vocal art. These Indians without exception threw themselves into the work with a freedom that made their acting seem real.

This is the first pretentious performance ever attempted at the school, and probably the first opera ever given by an Indian cast and chorus, not forgetting the orchestra of Franklin Field memories, for it was, of course, picked from the famous band that plays when Penn is licked each year.

The cast was composed of the following:

THE OPERA CAST:

Miles Standish, who is wonderfully like Caesar,	Montreville Yuda
John Alden, the diligent scribe.....	Michael Balenti
Elder Brewster, who believes life is only sorrow	John White
Erasmus, Miles' right bower.....	Louis Runnels
Watawmut, chief of the Piquots.....	Harry Wheeler
Peckout, an Indian messenger.....	Dewit Wheeler
Richard, lad of the colony.....	Edward Wolf
Stephen, lad of the colony.....	James Mumblehead
Gilbert, lad of the colony.....	Lewis White
Theodore, a soldier in Miles army.....	Michael Chabitnoy
Priscilla, the fairest maiden in Plymouth,	Carlyse Greenbrier
Katonka, Indian princess, daughter of	
Watawmut.....	Emma Esanetuck
Mercy, an early American girl.....	Ernestine Venne
Charity, a Plymouth daisy.....	Texie Tubbs
Patience, a Plymouth daisy.....	Dolly Stone
Mary, a Plymouth daisy.....	Laura Tubbs
Martha, a Plymouth daisy.....	Fleeta Renville
Hester, a Plymouth daisy.....	Daphne Waggoner
Ruth, a Plymouth daisy.....	Minnie White
Choruses, composed of twelve soldiers, ten sailors, twelve Indian men, twelve squaws, ten Puritan men, sixteen maidens.	

The Miles Standish tonight was Montreville Yuda. Mr. Yuda, it must be remembered, is not a man. He is a schoolboy. This is not offered in way of mitigation for his work. It needs none. But, as the only standard of comparison, it is well to remember the circumstances. If there is any pampered son of civilization who, in his school days could have shown a more lively Captain Miles, it has not come under the notice of the present critic.

Michael Balenti, the famous goal kicker, was the John Alden. Michael, like all great athletes is modest, and his natural

diffidence made him a perfect Alden. His wooing of the comely Priscilla might have suggested that he felt a real affection for the handsome Indian maiden who so convincingly simulated the Puritan beauty. The Elder Brewster of John White was staid and dignified as the Prior of Dufranne in the "Juggler of Notre Dame," and it is certain that Mr. Lester would say that White sang the part with tonal sonority or some other equally complimentary quality. He really did sing it with a force, volume and precision that was a joy to hear.

The Erasmus of Louis Runnels was also cleverly sung, and the comedy parts daintily carried through.

But it is when one comes to a consideration of the work of the Indian girls that it is difficult to add the superlatives. Somehow or other it cannot be forgotten that these were aborigines, and these not only their first steps in an art foreign to their race, but what is virtually the first steps of the race in that direction.

The name of the girl who essayed Priscilla is significant. It is Carlyse Greenbrier. The Carlyse is in honor of the town in which the school is situated, although spelled differently. The significance lies in the fact that when this girl came from the reservation she had only one name, "Greenbrier," which merely refers to the surroundings at her advent into the world.

And was she Priscilla tonight? To the life, and again no allowances are being made for the circumstances of the performance, she was demure, pettish, coquettish and vivacious by turns. And she sang her part in a sweet, clear soprano.

Then there was another Indian maiden. Her name is given on the school rolls as Emma Esanetuck. The Emma is entirely gratuitous. Her name is just Esanetuck, one being sufficient for her, as it is for every real Indian maid and every prima donna. Her part in the play is that of an Indian princess, and she looked it.

The second act is the "Squeeze" which is Indian for piece de resistance. In this act was the Indian ghost dance, and the "Indian Lullaby" by a double sextet. A solo and sextet of Puritan maidens in the third act fairly rivalled the high spots of the second act. The choruses were sung with spirit and melody.

The dressing and lighting effects were excellent. The audience was large and enthusiastic, and will be equally so tomorrow night, for there have been applications for twice as many tickets as can be given out. Last night the performance was given for the pupils of the school, but this was called only a dress rehearsal.

GRADUATION EXERCISES
AND PRESENTATION OF
DIPLOMAS

ANTICIPATING difficulty in obtaining seats, those who were invited to attend the graduation exercises began coming soon after 12:00 o'clock, although the exercises were not scheduled to begin until 2:00. There was a steady stream of visitors who came in the street cars, motor cars, by carriage, and on foot. By the time the meeting was ready to begin, an immense audience had gathered in the gymnasium which,—it was estimated,—numbered 2,500 persons, not including the students. Every available seat was taken, and many occupied standing room throughout the exercises. The gymnasium was plainly, but neatly, decorated by a very liberal use of the national and school colors; several hundred school banners entwined the large trusses overhead, and hundreds of feet of the national colors formed a border which was draped around the hall. The large platform on which the exercises took place was more or less of a mystery to all, the rear part of it being arranged in the form of a section of a house, with green curtains hung between the columns, concealing the interior. The woodwork was painted a pure white, the shingles being stained green, all of which presented a fine background for the exercises.

In front of the stage, many potted plants, including ferns, daisies, palms, asparagus, hyacinths, begonias, calla lillies, and bougenvillas were placed.

The marching of the students, organized as they are in troops, attracted the attention of the audience, and many remarked on the stalwart appearance of the young men and the young women, and their excellent marching. After the students were seated the Junior and the Senior classes entered, led by the color bearers with

their beautiful class banners. Their presence evoked much applause from the audience and aroused the enthusiasm of the students.

The invocation was pronounced by Reverend H. B. Stock, D.D., pastor of the St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Carlisle. His prayer was inspiring and undoubtedly filled everyone present with deeper consecration.

The band then played an overture—"Schauspiel", which showed excellent training and a fine interpretation.

Patrick Verney, an Alaskan, and a member of the graduating class, next gave a talk on printing. He spoke of the various steps in the printer's art, and showed what could be done by a student who mastered this trade at Carlisle. While he was talking, Stephen Glori, a Filipino, who was admitted to the school six years ago through the efforts of the Hon. Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, demonstrated the various points brought up by the speaker. He showed how the type was set up, put into the form, locked up, put on the press, and run off as a finished product. This talk was thoroughly practical, as it conveyed the real meaning of what was said by means of what was done.

John White then sang "A Toreador's Song." John took a very prominent part in the opera, and his singing on this occasion brought forth much applause.

"The making of wagons and Carriages" was the subject of the next industrial talk by Charles Mitchell, an Assiniboin from Montana. He spoke of his training at the school and showed by exhibiting an unfinished vehicle, the various steps in the manufacture of the body of a carriage. It was an excellent talk, showing careful preparation, and a thorough knowledge of the trade.

The Girl's Mandolin Club, under the leadership of Mr. C. M. Stauffer, who also lead the band, then delight-

ed the audience by rendering the Caprice—"Life's Lighter Hours."

A young woman now appeared on the stage to give a talk on "The benefits of the Outing System." Simultaneously with her appearance, the green curtains between the columns were withdrawn, revealing the interior of a complete little home. On one end was a kitchen and dining room, well furnished with a cooking range, various utensils, etc. Here a girl could be seen actually demonstrating the making of a pie. On the other end was a neatly furnished bedroom, and a young lady, dressed in the garb of a housemaid, immediately began the process of making the bed, and during the discourse dusted the furniture and arranged and put away the week's washing, which she obtained from the kitchen. In the center, between these two rooms, was a sitting room; this was equipped with a lounge, etc., and decorated with Indian rugs. A young lady was sewing at a sewing-machine, and later she proceeded to cut and fit a waist. Josephine Gates, a Sioux from North Dakota, told of her early life at home, her training at the school, and the excellent training of the outing system which fitted her for practical housekeeping. As she proceeded, she pointed out the various steps, and while she was talking, the panorama above described added a realistic touch to the entire number. This was one of the best numbers on the program, and certainly demonstrated that practical commencements, illustrating the actual work of the school, were not only feasible, but were a source of enjoyment and interest as well as real instruction for the general public.

At the end of this number there was again a transformation scene, the curtains were drawn together and quickly the entire front of the stage was arranged with native Indian art decorations. Two looms with rugs in the course of being woven were placed

on either side, and on the railing and on the floor, the crafts of the native Indian were arranged. There was the old weaving of the Navajo and Hopi, and products from our own Indian Art Department, showing the application of Indian design to the Persian weave; pottery and baskets were also tastefully arranged on the stage. Elmira Jerome, a Chippewa from North Dakota, then gave a talk on "Indian Art." She spoke of the various native Indian arts, describing their origin, present processes and expressed a feeling that the art of the primitive Americans would be retained and developed. While Miss Jerome was speaking, a Hopi boy was demonstrating the present method of weaving in vogue in Arizona, and at the same time, a young lady was demonstrating the weaving according to the Persian method applied with Indian design, and a Normal pupil was weaving a Hopi basket. This demonstration ended the students' part on the program, and it was very interesting, indeed.

The speakers then took seats on the platform, and were introduced by Superintendent Friedman.

Commissioner Leupp again honored the school with his presence and delivered a very stirring address, which was brimful of sound advice for the Indian students and showed a most intimate knowledge of the life and needs of the Indian people. He also delivered to each member of the graduating class their diploma. This address, together with others, is published in the body of the magazine.

Carlisle was fortunate in having present at the Commencement Exercises, Hon. Moses E. Clapp, of Minnesota, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, and the Hon. Carroll E. Page, Senator from Vermont, who is also a member of the Indian Committee. Representative Charles D. Carter, of Oklahoma, him-

self an Indian, and Dr. George E. Reed, President of Dickinson College, were the other speakers. Mr. Leupp, the Senators, and Mr. Carter, came the day before and made a thorough examination of the work of the school, going into all of the various departments.

The address by Senator Clapp was considered a masterpiece by the audience, and it brought forth tremendous applause, not only because of the excellent advice given to the students, but because of the statement that, from what he had heard and seen here at the school, he was firmly convinced that the abolishment of nonreservation schools should begin somewhere else, and that this school should stand and be the last to go.

The addresses all contained sound admonition to the students and information for the public, and presented an array of eloquence and national authority that had a deep and lasting effect on every one present.

At the close the audience joined in singing "America", after which the benediction was pronounced by Reverend Alexander McMillan, pastor of the Episcopal church of Carlisle. Thus ended one of the most eventful commencements in the history of the Carlisle School.

INSPECTION OF THE SCHOOL BY VISITORS

THE time set apart for the inspection of the industrial and academic departments by the general public was from 8:30 to 11:00 A. M., on Wednesday, March 31st, and from 8:00 to 10:30 A. M. on Thursday, April 1st. Large numbers of people from Carlisle and other towns availed themselves of this excellent opportunity of visiting the school and getting into thorough touch with its work.

Added interest was given to this public exhibition because of the crusade

which is now going on for the establishment of industrial schools and for the introduction of hand-training for both boys and girls in the public schools. This movement is national in its scope, and has been accelerated by the campaign now carried on by several societies especially formed for the promotion of industrial education. The borough of Carlisle is now very much interested in this subject because of a fund of \$139,000.00 which has been made available through the death of a former citizen.

Important changes and improvements were found by those who had visited the school before. The work in the academic department has been developed and improved by the addition of a common-sense course in agriculture in especially provided rooms, a thorough course in business practice (not stenography) established for all of the students in the school, a special course in stenography, typewriting, and bookkeeping for a very limited number of especially fitted students, and a well developed course in native Indian art.

The new printing office was a surprise to all who saw its excellent equipment and the work which is there being done.

The work in the large shop building, which is now one of the very best equipped and arranged of its kind in the United States, illustrated to the public the practical side of education for the Indian and gave an insight into the character of the work which the Indian apprentices are capable of doing. There was not only an exhibition of the finished product, but the visitors were given a chance of seeing the pupils actually at work.

This feature of the general commencement exercises was undoubtedly the source of much instruction for the general public. The Carlisle School is now in a position to offer to Indian young men and young women who have profited by the education which

can be obtained in reservation day and boarding schools, a finishing course in both academic and industrial branches, such as is offered in very few schools in the United States, either public or private.

The various departments have been placed upon a basis whereby real instruction is given and the courses which have been outlined are thorough and comprehensive. Those who came were convinced that the problem of adapting education to the needs of the common people has been solved, and that such an education is valuable to those also, who eventually take up university training and enter one of the learned professions.

HANDICAP TRACK MEET

ALTHOUGH this meet was scheduled to take place on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 30th, it was delayed until next day on account of the weather conditions; there was no rain, but a very cold wind was blowing which it was thought would not be conducive to the best results. This handicap meet was the first of its kind held in the history of the school, but on account of the great success attending it, it has been decided to make of it an annual event.

A large number of outside visitors enjoyed the meet, as did Mr. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who was present for the exercises.

The students had been earnestly training for several weeks previously, and much enthusiasm had been aroused. Very fine gold watches were given as first prizes, and the other prizes consisted of gold fobs, links and scarf pins.

The events resulted as follows:

Broad jump—Won by Little Wolf, handicap 15 inches; second, Hinman. Distance, 21 feet, 7 inches.

High jump—Won by Thomas, scratch; second, Lone Elk and S. pring. Height, 5 feet, 7 in.

100-yard dash—Won by Dupuis, handi-

cap 1 yard; second, Thomas. Time 10 4-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—Won by Hinman, handicap 5 yards; second, Dupuis. Time 25 seconds.

$\frac{1}{4}$ -mile run—Won by Friday, scratch; second, Cornelius. Time, 54 1-5 seconds.

$\frac{1}{2}$ -mile run—Won by Moore, scratch; second, Blackstar. Time, 2 minutes, 5 1-5 seconds.

1-mile run—Won by Tewanima, handicap 10 yards; second, Corn. Time 4 minutes, 44 3-5 seconds.

Two mile run—Won by Tewanima, scratch; second, Corn. Time, 9 minutes 55 4-5 seconds.

120-yard hurdle—Won by Skenandore, scratch; second, Goes Back. Time, 16 2-5 seconds.

220-yard hurdle—Won by Wheelock, handicap 12 yards; second, Skenandore. Time, 29 2-5 seconds.

Shot put—Won by Hauser, handicap 4 feet; second, Powell. Distance, 38 feet, 5 inches.

Hammer throw—Won by Thomas, handicap 8 feet, second, Gardner, distance, 126 feet, 11 inches.

Pole vault—Won by Charles, scratch; Williams and Thomas, tie. Height, 10 ft. 3 inches.

Immediately after the track meet a baseball game took place between the Indian First Team and Albright College. Although it was rather chilly, the players soon warmed up to the game and made it quite interesting for the students and visitors. The final result was 11 to 2 in favor of the Indians.

RECEPTION TO GRADUATES AND RETURNED STUDENTS

ON Thursday evening, April 1st, a reception was given to the graduates and returned students by Superintendent and Mrs. Friedman. A large number of young people gathered together and throughout the evening were in high spirits.

Interesting games were played in the green room which was beautifully decorated with ferns, potted plants and cut flowers. The reception was given added interest because of the presence of Senator Clapp and Representative

Carter, who had decided to remain over another day.

The young people present, as well as the other older folks who graduated from the school years ago, had the pleasure of listening to the interesting and varied experiences and sound advice of these two distinguished men.

Refreshments were served later in the evening and close onto the midnight hour, after an evening of thorough enjoyment, the happy party said "Adieu."

ALUMNI BANQUET

THE Annual Alumni Reception was held in the gymnasium on the evening of April 2nd. The room was tastefully decorated with the school colors—red and gold—and potted plants and cut flowers. The music was furnished by the Germania Orchestra of Carlisle. About one hundred and fifty guests enjoyed the hospitality of the Alumni Association. Dancing was a feature of the evening's entertainment. The Y. M. C. A. Hall, where a delicious and bountiful supper was served later in the evening, was beautifully decorated with the colors of the Class of 1909—orange and white.

After supper, Mr. S. J. Nori, the chairman, in well chosen words, welcomed the 1909 Class into the Association. Michael Balenti, president of the incoming class, responded.

Other members of the Association, i. e., Wallace Denny, '06, Spencer Williams, '05, Frank Mt. Pleasant, '04, and Joseph Libby, '07, were called upon to speak, and responded heartily with greetings and kindly words of advice to those who will soon leave their alma mater to enter the rank and file of the world's workers. Guy Cooley, a member of the 1909 Class who is now holding a position in the Office of Indian Affairs, also spoke to his fellow students concerning the benefits which he has received from

Carlisle. The program closed with an address by Superintendent Friedman to the Alumni Association in general and the Class of 1909 in particular.

GUESTS

ASIDE from the hundreds who flocked to the school to witness the various exercises during commencement, a large company were guests of the school and members of the faculty. Among those who remained at the school during the week were Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Wistar, Miss Elizabeth Wistar, Mr. M. K. Sniffen, Mrs. George Mander, Mrs. H. A. McComas, Miss Lucy Mayo, Miss Nancy Krebs, all of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Emil Laurent and daughter, Mrs. L. P. Backey and daughter, of Glenolden, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bossard, Martins Creek, Pa.; Mrs. S. D. Walton, Berwyn, Pa.; Mrs. J. S. Gillingham and daughter, Lincoln University, Pa.; Mrs. George Coon, Harrisburg, Pa.; Mrs. Walter Scott, and daughter, Miss Beatrice Scott, Richboro, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bower, Hope, N. J.; Mrs. Fred Watson, West Chester, Pa.; Miss Mary Reynolds, West Chester, Pa.; Mrs. George S. Fox, Rising Sun, Md.; Mrs. Beans, Warminster, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Shulte, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Charlotte Robinson, Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Heaton, Hatboro, Pa.; Dr. Harlen Updegraff, Chief of Alaskan Division, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Merrill E. Gates, Secretary Board of Indian Commissioners, Washington, D. C., also tarried a few days at the school. The guests of Superintendent and Mrs. Friedman were Hon. Francis E. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Hon. Moses E. Clapp, Senator from Minnesota, Hon. Carroll S. Page, Senator from Vermont, and Hon. Charles D. Carter, Representa-

tive from Oklahoma, all of Washington, D. C.

The graduates and returned students who visited the school during the commencement were: Mrs. Dock Yukatanache, Wyandot, Class 1906, Jenkintown, Pa.; Mr. Clarence Faulkner, Shoshone, Class 1906, New York City; Miss Rose Nelson, Mission, Class 1904, Branford, Conn.; Miss Elizabeth Wolfe, Cherokee, Class '08, Hershey, Pa.; Mr. Levi St. Cyr, Winnebago, Class 1891, Winnebago, Neb.; Mr. John Baptiste, Winnebago, Class 1893, Winnebago, Neb.; Mr. Albert Hensley, Winnebago, ex-pupil, Winnebago, Neb.; Mr. Samuel Saunooke, Cherokee, ex-pupil, Altoona, Pa.; Mr. Loyd Nephew, ex-pupil, York, Pa.; Miss Melissa Cornelius, Oneida, ex-pupil, Germantown, Pa.; Mr. Guy Cooly, Arapahoe, ex-pupil, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Nettie Lavatta, Shoshone, New York City; Mr. John Harrison, Winnebago, Winnebago, Neb.; Mr. James Bird, Winnebago, Winnebago, Neb.; Mr. Hugh Hunter, Winnebago, Winnebago, Neb.

GRADUATES

THERE were twenty-six members in the graduating class, thirteen boys and thirteen girls. Their names and tribes are as follows:—

Michael Balenti, baker, Cheyenne; Alonzo Brown, wagonmaker, Mashpee; Thomas Saul, printer, Sioux; George Gardner, blacksmith, Chippewa; Charles Hill, farmer, mason and bricklayer, Oneida; Orlando Johnson, tailor, Sac and Fox; Samuel McLean, blacksmith, Sioux; Charles Mitchell, wagonmaker, Assinaboine; Alonzo Patton, electrical wirer, Alaskan; Patrick Verney, printer, Alaskan; John White, print-

er, Mohawk; William Weeks, office work, Gros Ventre; Robert Davenport, printer, Chippewa.

Cecelia Baronovitch, Normal and housekeeping, Alaskan; Savannah Beck, trained nurse, Cherokee; Georgia Bennett, sewing and housekeeping, Seneca; Irene Brown, normal and housekeeping, Sioux; Martha Day normal and housekeeping, Pueblo; Margaret Delorimiere, sewing and housekeeping, Mohawk; Josephine Gates, sewing and housekeeping, Sioux; Elmira Jerome, office-work and housekeeping, Chippewa; Helen Lane, office-work, Nooksack; Marie Lewis, housekeeping, Shawnee; Myrtle Peters, sewing and housekeeping, Stockbridge; Olga Reinken, normal and housekeeping, Alaskan; Elizabeth Webster, sewing and housekeeping, Oneida.

These young people have a definite purpose in view. A number have already accepted positions in private fields, and several have entered the Government Service as teachers. One of the Alaskans expects to teach in Alaska. One will probably enter the Service as nurse. Others will continue their education with the idea of obtaining special training in advanced institutions of learning.

Aside from the graduates, 72 students received industrial certificates for proficiency in their trades.

INSPECTION BY OFFICIALS

A CAREFUL inspection of the entire school was made by Commissioner Leupp, Senators Clapp and Page, and Representative Carter, in company with Superintendent Friedman. These gentlemen examined the work very closely and expressed themselves as well pleased with the progress that has been made and the efforts which are going on in behalf of the Indian.

THE BROOK

By V. JOHNSON, Carlisle '04

I watched the brooklet rushing down
To meet the frothing sea;
It sparkled as it dashed along,
Its life was melody.

I took a stone from out its path,
That it might flow released;
But lo! it danced no more in glee—
Its melody had ceased.

“Almighty God”, my soul cried out,
“I see thy perfect plan;
For as a brooklet in its path,
Thou hast made life for man.
The trials from Thy guiding hand,
Whose aim we may not see,
Are but the music of our lives,
Thine is the melody!”

This border was designed by an Indian—a Student of the Carlisle Native Indian Art Department.

Carlisle Indian Industrial School

M. Friedman, Superintendent

LOCATION. The Indian School is located in Carlisle, Pa., in beautiful Cumberland County with its magnificent scenery, unexcelled climate and refined and cultured inhabitants.

HISTORY. The School was founded in 1879, its first students having been brought by General R. H. Pratt, who was then a lieutenant in charge of Indian Prisoners in Florida, and later for many years Superintendent of the School. Captain A. J. Standing also brought some of the first pupils and served as a faithful friend and teacher of the Indians for twenty years. The War Department donated for the School's work the Carlisle Barracks, composed of 27 acres of land, stables, officers' quarters and commodious barracks buildings. The Guardhouse, one of the School's Historic Buildings, was built by Hessian Prisoners during the Revolutionary War.

PRESENT PLANT. The present plant consists of 49 buildings. The school campus, together with two school farms, comprises 311 acres. The buildings are of simple exterior architectural treatment but well arranged, and the equipment is modern and complete.

ACADEMIC. The academic courses consist of a carefully graded school including courses in Agriculture, Teaching, Stenography, Business Practice, and Industrial Art.

TRADES. Instruction of a practical character is given in farming, dairying, horticulture, and twenty trades.

OUTING SYSTEM. The Outing System affords the students an opportunity for extended residence with the best white families of the East enabling them to get instruction in public schools, imbibe the best of civilization and earn wages, which is placed to their credit in the bank at interest.

PURPOSE. The aim of the Carlisle School is to train Indian men and women as teachers, homemakers, mechanics, and industrial leaders who find abundant opportunity for service as teachers and employees in the Indian Service, leaders among their people, or as industrial competitors in the white communities in various parts of the country.

FACTS.

Faculty	75
Number of Students.....	1023
Total Number of Graduates	538
Total Number of Students who did not graduate.....	3960

RESULTS. These students are leaders and teachers among their people; 148 occupy positions with the Government as teachers, etc., in Government schools; among the remainder are successful farmers, stockmen, teachers, preachers, mechanics, business men, professional men, and our girls are upright, industrious and influential women.



HANDICRAFT OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN



PEOPLE who are interested in the Indian usually have a liking for his Arts and Crafts—desire something which has been made by these people. ¶ There are a great many places to get what you may wish in this line, but the place to buy, if you wish Genuine Indian Handicraft, is where You Absolutely Know you are going to get what you bargain for. ¶ We have a fine line of Pueblo Pottery, Baskets, Bead Work, Navaho Art Squares, Looms, and other things made by Indian Men and Women, which we handle more to help the Old Indians than for any other reason. ¶ Our prices are within the bounds of reason, and we are always willing to guarantee anything we sell. ¶ Communicate with us if we may serve you in any further way



INDIAN CRAFTS DEPT

of the CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL, PA

The NEW CARLISLE RUGS



CARLISLE is famous in more than one way; we hope to make her famous as the home of the finest Indian Rug ever offered to the public. It is something new; nothing like them for sale any other place. They are woven here at the school by students. They are not like a Navaho and are as well made and as durable as an Oriental, which they somewhat resemble. Colors and combinations are varied; absolutely fast colors. They must be examined to be appreciated. Price varies according to the size and weave; will cost you a little more than a fine Navaho. ¶ We also make a cheaper Rug, one suitable for the Bath Room, a washable, reversable Rag Rug; colors, blue and white. Nice sizes, at prices from Three Dollars to Six ¶ If you are interested Write Us Your Wishes

The NATIVE INDIAN ART
DEPT., *Carlisle Indian School*