

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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Martha Enos, Pima, Ariz. [Not in Photo.]

Sixteenth Commencement and Twenty-fifth Anniversary Exercises.

Before two o'clock on Thursday afternoon, the 18th of February a large audience had gathered in the gymnasium to listen to the graduating orations and witness the presentation of diplomas to the class of 1904, as well as to enjoy the other features of a previously arranged program.

A sea of waving flags, pennants and class banners suspended from the beams met one's gaze at the entrance door, while the platform decorations, consisting of "Old Glory" for a background, with silk embroidered banners and class mottoes tastefully arranged added to the scene.

When the audience was comfortably seated, at a given signal the band played a march and over 800 students, stepping to music, filed in by twos until the seats reserved for them were filled.

Then came the class of 1905, (the seniors to be) carrying a pretty banner, and last, amid cheers and loud applause the forty-three members of nineteen naut four, dressed in neat dark suits, with the orange and blue conspicuous in banner and button-hole decorations, took the seats of honor near the platform.

The program as follows was then carried out:

- "La Traviata," Verdi, Band.
- Prayer by President Evans of Henry Kendall College, Indian Territory.
- "The Violet's Fate," by the Choir.
- Oration, "Assimilation Illustrated by the Dalles Tribe," Victor Johnson, Dalles, Washington.
- Oration, "The Old and the New," Anna Parker, Bannock, Idaho.
- Piano Duet, "Marche Militaire," Egglemen, by Caroline A. Helms and Elizabeth Wirth.
- Declamation, "Why the Animals do not Talk," Jeannette Pocatello, Shoshone, Idaho, adapted from "Legend of the Iroquois," W. W. Canfield's

Oration, "Bond or Free," Alfred M. Venne, Ojibway, North Dakota.

"A Song of a Thousand Years," by the School.

Oration, "The Pimas and Papagoes," Josephine Ramone, Papago, Arizona.

Declamation, "Salt," adapted from an address by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, delivered by Tiffany Bender, Washoe, Nev.

Serenade, "Love in Idleness," Macbeth, George Willard, Bassoonist, Band.

The orations are printed elsewhere. Colonel Pratt presented the diplomas, and before calling the graduates to the platform said!

United States, United people. How can the States be united if the people are divided?

How can we make and keep our people united if we educate and train them to differences?

If the child is not educated and trained to be United States how can we expect the man to be United States?

If we permit any interest to train all children it can control for its own service and against the unity of the whole, are we properly safe-guarding our common interests?

Here today we are considering our brother in red. He is not in the family, not a part of the united people. He is a prisoner in our hands so we control him absolutely, therefore, his useless dependent condition and segregated situation stamps our brotherhood-of-man Christianity a MYTH and our equality and freedom declaration of independence a lie.

The Indian peoples themselves want to be in our United States family are willing to develop and exert their powers and capable of accomplishing it.

Our own people as a mass are willing and ready to receive them into the family with full privileges.

Are we trying to meet our wishes and

the wishes of the Indians by the methods we pursue?

Is it Christian and United States to keep them out of the family and away from the practical knowledge which can only come through full association with our own people and their affairs?

Does it give them the courage and power of competition to reserivate and school and church them away from all competition and comparison?

How is the Indian child to grow out of the tribe and into the United States when both the Government and the Church urge and compel him to take his education in purely tribal schools?

If the Government provides more school accommodations on the reservations and in the tribes than there are school children to fill them, and sends superintendents, teachers and employees ample for such schools, and then issues orders to such superintendents and school employees and to the Indian Agents to keep such schools full or else they will be discharged or sent elsewhere, does not that say to the Indians, "You have no alternative. You must remain on the reservation and continue as tribes."

How can the Indian become United States when walled out by such imperious influences?

GRADUATES, you have been children of this Carlisle school in its maturest years. You now have the best manhood its experienced system can give you to go out from its care and prove whether the training and development you have received gives you the equipment necessary for practical duties in our American life.

Yours is not by any means a completed training or education. Our curriculum does not carry you to the high school grade of our public schools.

The thing I most deplore about you is the fact that you have reservation and bureau resources, and will therefore lean upon the Bureau and not be compelled as ordinary American youth are, to lean absolutely upon yourselves.

I should have far greater hopes of your success if you had felt all through your school life and could realize now that your future was absolutely in your own hands, and that after school you must carve out your career in competition with all the other youths of the United States.

This would arouse your powers and spur you to great resolves and accomplishments.

Instead of this while you have been passing through the Carlisle school you have been thinking continually of what comes to you from the Government of the United States in the way of lands and annuities, and have not been led to look beyond the tribe and out into the great nation at large as your future field of effort. This has been true of all former graduates, and these many experiences through a long period have fully established the hurt of it.

Real independent manhood is smothered by a vicious paternalism.

I could wish that all of you might give up everything with which the Government hires you, and your people to remain segregated tribes, and would move out into the great nation as individual free men, contending therein with all the rest for the greatest and best things.

I could then safely expect to see you in the near future men and women of sterling worth and exalted abilities, rising to the best in this day and generation.

You are entitled to and do receive from all of us commendation for your patience and industry, continued in some of your cases for a considerable number of years, coupled as it has been with absence from those dear to you by the ties of nature.

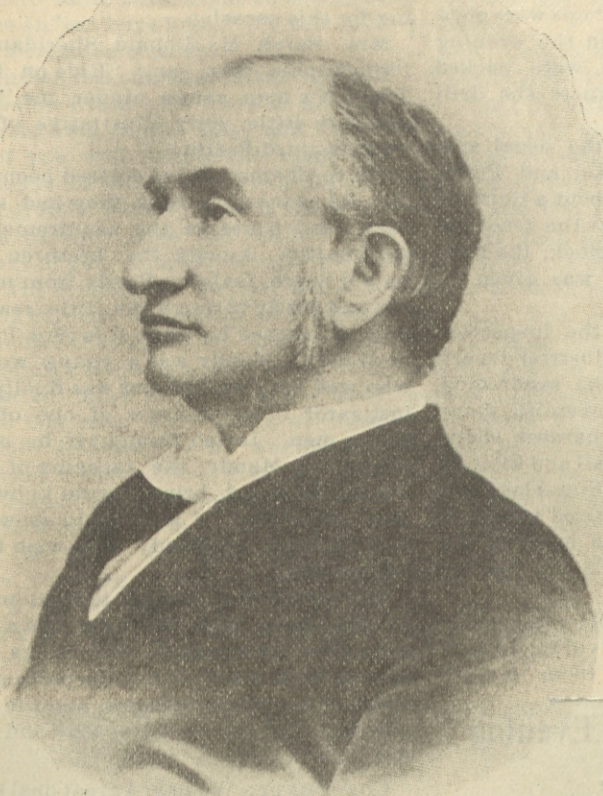
You have illustrated a great principle, which is that there is excellence in labor and that there may be great excellence through great labor; and have come to see that excellence requires sacrifice. These are great gain to your stock of knowledge.

Remembering all these things, we give you these diplomas as the evidence of our satisfaction with your efforts and as

The Week In Detail.

On Sunday, February 14th, Rev. George Norcross, D. D. Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, Pa., delivered the Baccalaureate sermon before class 1904, the student body and faculty.

His text was: "Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors," John iv, 38.



REV. GEORGE NORCROSS, D. D.

This is a red letter day in the history of Carlisle. Those of us who were here twenty-five years ago remember the time as a day of small things. The garrison had been practically deserted; for about five years. The soldiers had all gone to the west, and the old barracks, under the care of a corporal's guard, were empty buildings.

Some of us remember well the days when a gallant troop of a thousand mounted soldiers went sweeping through the streets of Carlisle claiming the right of way, at least as much as the trolley car does now. The old people of Carlisle were very proud of their "ancient and honorable borough," but its chief glory was in the fact that it was an army post. However, as our citizens remembered its busy past, and compared it with the listless present of 1879, they were tempted to say—"How are the mighty fallen!"

But we began to hear of a new policy about to be adopted at Washington. This training school for the army was to become a training school for the Indian. It seemed to us that the prophecy was about to be fulfilled that men would "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks," and that the Prince of Peace was moving into the tents of war.

And some of us here to-day remember those first Sabbaths when we stood before the children of the forests and the plains and tried to preach through an interpreter, "the old old story of Jesus and his love." And I can tell you it is no easy task to preach through what Mrs. Partington called "an interrupter." As yet only a handful of Indian children had come to the place, and we heard that Captain Pratt was scouring the plains to find the people who were willing to be taught, or to let their children be taught.

In mind's eye, I see again "the Florida boys"—Etahdleuh, and Ohetoint, George Koba and Henry Roman Nose, and then a little later came Joshua Given, Ellwood Dorian, and Samuel Townsend, and the girls Annie Raven, Nellie Carey and Laura Toneadlemah—and many more.

And how well we remember the little chapel where we had such rousing meetings, and we hear again the thunder of the old buildings as they went down to clear the way for larger and better equipped houses where "the holy experiment" of educating the Indian might go on.

Over it all we see the presiding genius of that day and this, and the holy women who stood by him, and the long line of faithful helpers, many of whom have gone home to their reward. And as I think of "the contradiction of sinners" and the "crankiness" of saints that has opposed the good work,—I can but admire the belted Knight, who has stood in his lot all these years and "endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and for a quarter of a century has never lowered his colors or bated one jot of heart or hope in his high heroic

championship of the Indian and his rights. I look out over these beautiful grounds and admire these solid buildings from the old "Guard House" built by the Hessians prisoners during the Revolutionary War, to the last building that our good friend Col. Pratt has fought to its completion, and I say to you young people—

"Other men Labored and ye are Entered into their Labors."

I look over this little army of native Americans, I admire your orderly appearance. I think of all your triumphs won by ability and courage, I anticipate your honorable future as American citizens, and I can but say—"Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors."

This was said by our blessed Lord to his disciples as they sat and lunched at Jacob's Well, while a crowd of Samaritans were pouring down the hill to see the wonderful man who had told the woman of Samaria all that ever she did. He thus reminded his disciples that they were not the only ones who had helped to usher in the Kingdom of Heaven. Other men had labored before them.

This principle that "one sows and another reaps" is not true of the lower animals. They come into the world, pass through the ordinary experiences of their kind and fall away without having improved the outlook for their successors. The intelligence of man may improve the stock of his horses and his herds, but there is no foresight in the beasts that perish to improve the condition of those who come after them.

It is the prerogative of man to be ambitious for his children. The humblest of our people ask better things for their children than they have attained for themselves. They rejoice to see their children aspiring to reach a higher grade of education than their fathers have ever enjoyed. They hope they will live in better houses, wear better clothes, and exert a wider influence than they have ever done. That is really the meaning of civilization.

Now the best endowed of the lower animals have no such ambition. It is true they will defend their young with tooth and claw; but the age is soon reached when even the bear and the wolf will leave their progeny to the care of mother Nature. But man shows himself to be of a nobler spirit. He is the feeblest of creatures at his birth and the most dependent on maternal providence; but he grows in wisdom and in stature, and soon begins to acquire property, to form associations with his fellows, to learn from others, to train the younger members of community, and to plan for the advancement of the common weal. Even the wild man in the stone age invented weapons for the chase, built a rude house for himself, and tried to organize his clan for mutual defence. To the young men and women of the tribe, even in that day, it could be said: "Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors."

But with every step upward in civiliza-

tion the principle becomes more conspicuous, the children are lifted to the shoulders of their parents and inherit a generous patrimony from their fathers. Now let us study this saying of Him who spake as never man spake, and we note,

I. This Principle is True in Religion.

That was evidently the thought in the mind of our Lord when he told his disciples,—“Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors.” These disciples were to be the successors of John the Baptist and of our blessed Lord in preaching the things that pertain to the kingdom of heaven.

All the patriarchs and the prophets who had gone before them had been preparing the way for them. These men of former days had often sowed the seed in tears saying, "Lord who hath believed our reports?" but they had done a good work; they had planted the expectation of the coming Messiah in the hearts of the people until even this poor woman of Samaria could say,—“I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ; when he is come he will tell us all things.”

Ah! those old prophets had done better than they expected. The people generally stoned them while they were living, but they built them monuments when they were dead and studied their sacred writings when they could no longer hear their living words. There was a long line of them from Moses to Malachi, and they often had a hard time of it, but God let none of their words fall to the ground. These men had labored hard and long to sow the good seed of divine truth and now the apostles were about to reap the harvest on which they had spent no labor.

Well, there is a great deal of that sort of thing yet in the world,—“One soweth and another reapeth.” Just think what a long line of workers have toiled to prepare the way for us. Think of the apostles and prophets, the martyrs and confessors who planted the Christian religion in the old Roman Empire, who carried it into the fastnesses of the Alps and away into the forests of Germany. Think of the early Christians who sent missionaries to our pagan fathers in the Britain, and the Caledonia and the Hibernia of that day. To every one of us here Jesus is saying to-day “Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors.”

But then think again of the toil of those who have gone before us in preparing these sacred books of Scripture which are “able to make us wise unto salvation through faith that is in Christ Jesus.” Think of Isaiah sawn asunder, and Jeremiah thrown into a pit, and Daniel cast into a den of lions and many more killed outright because they would tell the truth.

Then look at that Hebrew Bible and that Greek Testament, and imagine what a work it must have been to translate those dark looking characters into plain English sentences so that the children in the Sunday School can read them. Think how many men from the days of the Christian Fathers have been studying over these Scriptures to find out and write down their meaning that you and I might know “what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man.” For nearly two thousand years these men—pale students of God's Word—have been bending over their tasks, burning the midnight oil, consuming their own vitality and finally giving up their lives that you and I might know the way of life and not mistake the way to Heaven. Is it not true for every one of us that—“Other men labored and we are entered into their labors?”

II. This Principle is True in Science.

The word “Science” comes from an old Latin word “to know.” As it is used in our times, it means what men know about the great facts of nature and what they have expressed in logical terms. We can study the science of the stars, or the science of the earth, the science of the flowers or the science of the metals, and many more, and everyone of these sciences has its own laws or rules which originally God made and man has discovered.

Now we are justly proud of what man has done in this direction. It is a wonderful thing to “think over the thoughts of God after him,” and that is what Kepler said he did. A reverent student of nature is constantly impressed with the wonderful wisdom of the Creator, and he is ready to exclaim with the Psalmist,—“O Lord, how manifold are thy works!

“In wisdom hast thou made them all: “The earth is full of thy riches; so is “this great and wide sea wherein are “things creeping innumerable, both small “and great beasts.”

As men have gone deeper into these problems of the universe they have concluded that every thing is subject to law, and Prof. Drummond even assures us that there is a “NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.”

But the thought that we are now specially interested in is this,—that in all these wonderful discoveries of Science on which are based our railroads and steamboats, telegraphs and telephones our electric lights and all the rest, we find the truth of this saying of our Lord, “Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors.”

Mathematics, or the science of numbers, has much to do in helping men to measure the distance of the stars, or to calculate eclipses and do many other wonderful things in Astronomy. Well, now for this work they all use the Geometry of Euclid, which he discovered in the city of Alexandria in Egypt three hundred years before our Lord was born. Why it is only a little over 500 years since the Arabic system of notation was introduced into England. Before that our ancestors used the Latin method “I, one, II, two and III, three,” which is about the same as counting on your fingers. Think of the forgotten men that invented all this, and tell me if our Lord did not speak the truth even as to scientific matters when he said, “Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors.”

We can only touch on these things in science which we inherit from those who have gone before us. The true political principles on which government is founded is also a science, and a most important science.

Reflect for a moment on the history of liberty. There was not much science about kingcraft. The way the old kings managed governmental affairs was an art rather than a science. The modern political boss works in the same spirit; but the principles which actuated the American fathers who sought to establish “a government of the people for the people and by the people” may be truly called a science,—not an exact science like Mathematics, but a science resting on great moral and political principles which are eternal.

Think for a moment how these eternal principles have been slowly discovered and fought for in the Old World. In one place it was a struggle with a monarchy, in another with a hierarchy, in still another with an oligarchy, but the contention was substantially the same in every case—it was the struggle for personal liberty, for human freedom. The many were fighting against the domination of the few. They were asking for free thought, free speech, free worship and a free press—not for the liberty of license, but for the liberty of freemen under equitable laws.

You that have studied history, will you recall what this inheritance of ours has cost? The conflict which was begun in the Old World was carried over to these western shores, and here it was fought out. And these men,—the patriot, the reformer, the martyr—all of them were fighting our battle, and paying the price of blood for our dearly cherished rights. In other words, it is another verification of our Lord's saying,—“Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors.”

And then there came another struggle, which many of us remember only too well. The starry flag of the great republic was fired upon by some of our own people, who sought in anger to break up the Federal Union of these states. It was a scheme of pride and folly, but insane as it was, its champions were awfully in earnest. It cost floods of tears and rivers of blood to save the land, but the sacrifice was laid on the altar of liberty, and the plague was stayed.

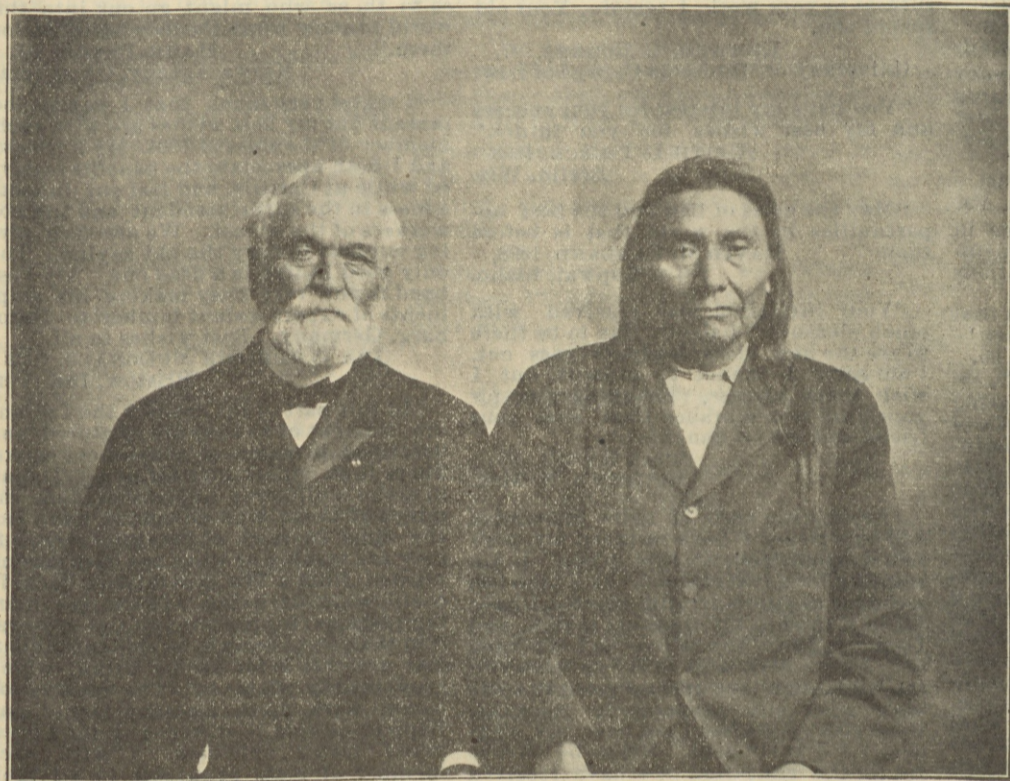
If you wish to study the ransom price of the American Republic, go and stand on the bloody battle field of Gettysburg, read the immortal words of Lincoln inscribed on the base of the National Monument, and think how much these men, who now sleep in the “low green tents,” did for you and me when they won the fight for liberty and union. “Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors.”

III. This Principle is also True in Art.

When we speak of “Science and Art,” we imply that they are closely related,

and North Carolina and all sections of the United States to learn the ways of good citizens. I am only sorry that the Government does not add another set of buildings where white boys might be educated with the Indian boys here. We are citizens of a common country.

The Indian has characteristics. I want you to believe that you have a mission not to your own people only, and I hope some of you will help to lift them up. But you should help to make this country a truer, grander country than it has been. You are brought from the limited surroundings of your home to broader privileges. The best things we can learn in life come through fellowship with others, and I rejoice that you have the chance, but remember there is a fellowship that amounts to more than anything else. There is one man with whom we must come into fellowship if we would reach the highest, truest, noblest manhood, and that is Jesus Christ. I believe you have that fellowship. I was at a meeting in your Y. M. C. A. Hall and I saw that you are learning to be earnest Christians. May God help you to be among the best and noblest citizens of this great republic.



GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

THE GREAT CHIEF JOSEPH.

COLONEL PRATT: I don't believe I need explain anything about the next speaker, and will just call upon Gen. O. O. Howard, who will speak for himself. He is well known all over the United States, all over the world.

GENERAL HOWARD:

Ladies and Gentlemen and young people of Carlisle:

When I was a little boy living among the mountains of New Hampshire I had a grandfather, not quite as old as I am now, and his hair was not quite so white, who used to lead me by the hand and talk to me, and the first thing he told me about was the Indians.

I went to school just as you do. I went to the academy and then to college, worked my way through college. I worked hard. I worked on the farm and taught school in the winter. My first school I made fourteen dollars a month, but I could get my board for one dollar a week. A little later I had an appointment to West Point Military Academy. Some of you may have that by and by. When I was commanding the Department of the East I had two Indian companies as good as any in the service. Later I was sent to Florida. I was young looking and innocent in appearance, and they thought I could make peace with the Indians. So my first work was to go to the Indians in Florida and try to make peace between the Seminoles and the whites. I did not succeed, though I tried very hard and I had some great experiences sleeping on the ground way down in the Everglades where the Indians had gone.

Then the great war came on and I went through with four long years of that. Sometimes they got bullets into me, sometimes they didn't, and the bullets went by. But we are all through with that and have shaken hands again, and are friends. My best friends are those whom I have fought. I do not hate them at all. I never did hate them. Some of the Quakers would say there was a better

way than to fight, but we came to a place where we had to fight it out and only a few of us are left. There are no people we honor more than we do the Indians.

You will say, "But didn't you fight the Indians?"

"Yes I am an army officer.

I would fight YOU if you rose up against the flag. I want it understood that when I fought with Joseph, I was ordered by the Government at Washington to take Joseph and his Indians to the reservation that was set aside for them.

Joseph said he would not go on any reservation. A majority of the band had agreed to leave and go to the place designated. But Joseph and White Bird and Looking Glass were left out. They did not agree to the treaty because they did not understand that a majority rules. They would not agree to be ignored and left out in the division of land when the best of it was to go to someone else.

After the Indians accepted the reservation the Government of the United States reduced it and reduced it again, and the Indians rebelled, and I was sent to carry out the Government's instructions. I could not do otherwise. I did my best to perform the duty. Some would not come.

made up my mind to be friendly to the whites and to everybody. I wish you, my friends, would believe me as I believe myself in my heart in what I say. When my friend General Howard and I fought together, I had no idea that we would ever sit down to a meal together, as to-day, but we have and I am glad.

I have lost many friends and many men, women and children, but I have no grievance against any of the white people, General Howard or any one. If General Howard dies first, of course I will be sorry. I understand and I know that the learning of books is a nice thing, and I have some children here in school from my tribe that are trying to learn something, and I am thankful to know there are some of my children here that are struggling to learn the white man's ways and his books. I repeat again I have no enmity against anybody. I want to be friends to everybody. I wish my children would learn more and more every day, so they can mingle with the white people and do business with them, as well as anybody else. I shall try to get Indians to send their children to school. That is all I can say to-night.

Frank Mt. Pleasant, '04, played a piano selection.

COL. PRATT: I also had an experience with Joseph. After he was captured, Joseph and his people were sent down to Ft. Leavenworth, to be held as prisoners, and Gen. Armstrong wanted fifty more Indian children at Hampton. I was up in New York at the time and the Secretary of War sent for me to go to Joseph and arrange for the transfer of that number of his children. General Pope, and then Major now Gen. Randall, had brought the subject to Joseph before I got there and he had fixed his mind against it.

Joseph said he would not let the children go anywhere until he knew what the Government was going to do with him. Of course we did not want to force him to give up his children. That was 27 years ago. You see how he has changed his mind. I met him six or seven years ago over in eastern Washington, at his old home where he was then visiting. He was attending a gathering of the Indians and I

supposed this man whom I thought one of the greatest of their people, would be one of the first to speak, but there seemed to be some objections to his speaking. I felt sorry for him and am glad he came here. We have much sympathy for him. He has been a great heroic man in his way and has been through great trouble. He is now on the Colville reservation not far from his old home. I wish something might be done for him.

DR. EDWARD BAILEY, President Westminster College, Utah:

I feel it would be strange for any one to leave this place without some very vivid and lasting impressions. Since I have been here and since I visited a like school in one of our western States I have come to the conclusion that we ought to adopt something of the industrial idea in our own schools, that perhaps it is a wrong thing to send our young people out into the world with a technical education and training, but with no skill nor knowledge in the mechanical arts, and when I went from building to building under the guidance of Col Pratt I could not conceal my thought of what a privilege it is for you young people to gather up this training, and when you return to your homes or to other places, to have a way in which to make your energies count among the white people. It is a great opportunity for you to develop manhood and womanhood and show that God has made of one blood all races and all nations. I see that you have capable minds and you may become in every important respect the equal of the white man.

COLONEL PRATT: Dr. James A. Worden, known all over Pennsylvania and almost all over the United States. He has charge of the Sabbath school work of the Presbyterian Church.

DR. WORDEN:

The greatest honor in the old Greek times was given to the heroes to be. And when these Carlisle girls marched in, to the music of the Carlisle band and following them tramped those Indian, braves, I

said, "Hurrah for the heroes who are and who are to be."

I want to tell you, girls, you looked vastly more pretty in those kitchens and work rooms this afternoon than you do now. If your lover ever gets away from you, get him to come and visit you when you look as you did in the dining-room.

I have been in the Indian Territory and have traveled in the west a good deal, and I have seen the young women and the young men in the west. The greatest picture in the world is Raphael's Transfiguration! No, it is not. It is THIS Transfiguration.

I can tell the Carlisle boys and girls when I see them in Philadelphia, any time of day. There is a nobility of spirit that shows itself. All that is noble, all that is best is saved in the educated, cultured, Christianized men and women, and you can tell it when you pass them in the street. I bow to them.

I don't like to hear talk about German-Americans, Italian-Americans, Irish-Americans, English or Indian-Americans. I tell you we are all AMERICANS, and if any people are entitled to this in par excellence it is these young ladies and gentlemen who are to be true citizens. I want to say, Mr. President, I have watched for 25 years the behavior and the bearing of these Carlisle students and they are an honor to this institution. God bless you.

COL. PRATT: I think we ought to have a few words from the Indian Office. Rev. Dr. J. H. BRADFORD, Indian Office, Washington, D. C.

This is a magnificent audience to talk to. It is the privilege of a life time to say a few words before such a collection as this. In the minute and a half I have to speak I want to say just one thing and that is upon the most important question that can ever come before the human mind—our relation to God. Can we live in these days when hundreds of people are plunged into eternity without a moment's warning and be satisfied to leave that unsettled?

No one can settle for you your eternal destiny but yourself. And there never was a soul saved for the Kingdom of God that took a minute, after the decision was made. It is only the decision that is necessary. Let all sin be driven out of your hearts and then let the knowledge of God enter in. And when your name has been written in the Book of Life it is written there to stay. I thank Col Pratt for the privilege of standing before you and saying these few words to you. God bless you.

COL. PRATT: Dr. Reed is at the other end of the town, but we are on good terms. His college is always open to our students. Dickinson College is like the United States. When my daughter was attending Dickinson College some years ago there were in the same class with her, representatives of six or seven different peoples, Japanese, Persians, Germans, Indians, negroes, white and I forget what else. The doors of Dickinson College are open to all races.

DR. REED: I have been looking over the audience, particularly at the young ladies and gentlemen on my left, but also at the people in front of me; and I said to myself if we could have a composite picture embracing all the characteristics of the faces I see on the left, and another embracing the characteristics of those on my right, I believe the faces on the left would win.

I see alertness, ambition, life and an earnestness of expression. Youthfulness on this side, not on that. I think the Indians have the advantage over us.

There is in the Indians every evidence of growth, of intelligence a large mastery of self and a power to grapple with things, assertive power, a growing power that is gradually becoming evident in the race and is sure evidence of the progress and rise of the Indians. The Indian problem will be solved not so many years hence in the right way, in the way of intelligence and mentality and religion as well.

You are the most talked of people on the face of the earth. What to do with you and what to make of you has been the problem of the country for 25 years. 25 years hence that will be settled and the Indians will take their place in the ranks with the white population of the country, not as Indians but as citizens of the American republic.

The smoke of the last tepee will have vanished in thin air, the wigwam will be gone forever, and in their place will be well made, comfortable houses. The trophies and armaments of war on the wall will be simply historical reminders of a past existence. The tomahawk and the scalping knife and everything that pertains to the present life of the Indians will simply be reminders. God speed the day when all Indians will be citizens of the republic of the United States without any distinction of race, color or previous conditions in which you may have been placed. God speed the Indian school and Colonel Pratt in the great work he is doing.

Mrs. Sheridan then sang without instrumental accompaniment the most impressive selection of the evening "If I were a voice," and the large audience dispersed.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE: MISS M. BURGESS, SUPT. PRINTING CARLISLE, PA.

Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa. as Second class matter.

Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it, some one else has.

To Civilize the Indian get him into civilization, to keep him civilized, let him stay.

HOW IS AN INDIAN TO BECOME A CIVILIZED INDIVIDUAL MAN IF HE HAS NO INDIVIDUAL CIVILIZED CHANCES?

IT WOULD ROB THEM OF MANHOOD AND MAKE PAUPERS OF EMIGRANTS COMING TO US FROM ANY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD TO RESERVATE AND DOUBLE-BUREAU-IZE THEM AS WE DO OUR INDIANS.

Evidences of Spring are at hand, and no signs were ever more welcome.

Miss Dow, who has been visiting Miss Pratt, has returned to New York City.

Miss Peter is visiting Misses Clara and Mary Anthony, at their pleasant home, on College Street.

The Standard entertainment given last Saturday night was a great success in every particular.

On account of the Commencement proceedings, much of our local news will have to go over to next issue.

The well-known George School in Bucks County was represented at our Commencement by Mary P. Eves.

Mr. Warner stays with us till the latter part of June, and will look after the baseball and track sports up to that time.

James Parsons is the new Captain of small boys, in the place of Daniel Eagle, '04, who has gone on a visit to Dakota.

Richard Pratt Hawkins is the name of the baby boy who came to live with Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, at Steelton, on February 23rd.

Col. Pratt is in Washington for a few days, and is accompanied by Mr. L. L. Mason, his brother-in-law, of Jamestown, N. Y.

The graduating class plate was made too fine for our paper and ink. With one of medium screen, such as the Dr. Norcross plate, we can do better.

Thomas Saul, Dock Yukkatanache and Frank Jude have been setting type in the Herald office this week to help our brother printers over a busy time.

The General Howard and Chief Joseph picture is one of historical value. In some future issue we will publish more of the history of these two great heroes.

A number of the graduates have left us. Some have gone to their homes in the west, others to take positions of trust in the east, while still others have entered higher schools.

Williams Mt. Pleasant and James Dickson were in attendance upon the Young Men's Cristian Association Convention held at Scranton, Pa., during our Commencement week. They made many acquaintances and friends for the Indian cause.

Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie, (the latter having been with us for the past nine years,) have taken their departure for their own home, at Brewster, Minn. They will be greatly missed as faithful and efficient workers, and as literary and social companions.

Charles Bender, class 1902, is assisting in coaching the baseball team, until he has to leave town on his own professional duties. Charles has made a fine record as pitcher of one of the greatest teams of the country. And better than all he has an excellent record as a man of clean habits.

The Young Men's Christian Association held a business meeting on Monday evening Feb 29, 1904, and elected officers for the year as follows: President, A. M. Venne; Vice-President, James Dickson; Recording Secretary, Ignatius Ironroad; Corresponding Secretary, Jesse Davis; Treasurer, Fred Waterman.

A BELOVED CO-WORKER GONE TO HER REST.

On February 14th, 1904, at her home in Indianapolis, Jessie Louise McIntyre. In the death of Miss McIntyre there passed from earth a character of singular interest and beauty. She had been one of us until a few months ago, and her sprightly manner, quick wit and indomitable will would not give way to the disease which had long been sapping her young life.

Even to the end she would not give up the joy of living, and spoke of her happiness in the thought of returning health and of seeing once again her many friends at Carlisle. All the children loved her and claimed the privilege of being with her wherever they could, and her service to them was one of love.

A sunny smile, a gentle reproof, an encouraging word, an incentive to higher things was the unconscious influence exerted by her. To her friends she was loyal, staunch and true, ready to assist with her varied talents for their mutual benefits, appreciative of every kindness, generous to a fault, thinking no evil, but true to the refined instincts of loving womanhood. Such is the friend who has gone higher to wait for those of us who may deserve her tender welcome.

As we went to press yesterday afternoon Denny Hall, the college building at the corner of High and West streets was burning, and the very latest report is that the building is in ruins. At this writing, the cause of the fire was unknown.

The Band is playing at Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia during this and next week.

Graduating Orations.

ASSIMILATION, AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE DALLES TRIBE.

Victor H. Johnson, Dalles, Washington.

In eighteen hundred and forty, the Dalles Indian tribe then occupying the southern shore of the Columbia River, was discovered by the Hudson Bay Trading Company. Like other tribes, when first discovered, they were in a state of barbarism, living mostly upon fish and the game found in the mountains. The first introduction between them and their white discoverers, was made with bow and gun as each considered the other a barrier to success. But when they grew tired of war and struggle, and stopped to consider their relationship, they realized their usefulness to each other and a bond of friendship was formed between them.

As is usually the case, this new relationship was first brought about by trading but a great barrier to their trade as well as to friendship was the Indian's ignorance of the English language. This difficulty was overcome by the ingenious white man, who with a few Indians, composed a dialect, containing less than one hundred words, from the English, French and Indian languages. It was soon mastered by the Indians and served well in trading, but they were not satisfied with it and their desire for something better led them to learn the English language itself. This was a very decided step toward civilization and as they grew to know their white friend better, they saw in him a worthy example and they followed him even to sacrificing all the habits and customs of their beloved ancestors and breaking with a willful stroke, the last tribal ties that bound them together.

Thus their ambitious nature led them and willingly they followed the direction of their noble impulses. First they discarded their bow for the white man's gun; soon their buckskin was replaced by cloth, and at last their cherished wigwam gave way to the white man's house. In every way the Indian studied the superior methods of his friend and model. He worked with him side by side, and in this honorable way, they soon knew and trusted one another like brothers as they were. On the other hand the white man was a worthy example for a rising race, and from him the red man learned that work, if right, is honorable. Hence the Indian was met in every employment; he worked for canneries, oyster and fish companies and often held government positions; in fact, in less than fifty years from the discovery of his tribe, he was equal

to the average American. Can the Anglo Saxon say as much? What people have ever shown a better example of race progress?

Yet this was not the height of their ambition. They saw that the rising generations needed to be educated in order that they might compete more successfully with the white race; so the Indian children, fearing no ridicule from their white playmates, went willingly to their schools. And thus these Indians felt that the next generation would find their people on an equal basis with the white man. True to the expectations of their fathers, this generation did rise, until through it was fulfilled that high ambition of the Dalles tribe.

When they had reached their mark, they asked no advantage or undue consideration, only justice. They wanted no reservation, no agent, no annuity, in fact, nothing but citizenship. Today wherever a Dalles Indian is found, he is a voter, pays his taxes, and earns his living. He is free, independent and self-supporting. So passed the Dalles Indians, so dissolved their tribe, and silently yet permanently in two generations a tribe had placed its own habits and beliefs behind it to enter that better life that was so well exemplified in the white man.

Now, you will ask, "Why are not all tribes thus? Why does one tribe acquire civilization while another does not?" I answer it is not the fault of the Indian but it is due to his surroundings. It is not his nature that holds him back, it is the circumstances under which he is placed. It is true that great men have risen from poor families and humble surroundings but it was always accounted for by some great spark of human enlightenment, that flashed within their sphere. Lincoln had a Christian mother, Garfield had early school privileges, while Franklin and Moody owed their inspiring lives to their broad association with mankind.

But how can you expect children raised on a reservation with no better examples before them than the lives of the past generations, to rise above their surrounding conditions? No race ever progressed without example and incentive, and the fight between bad influence and real progress has ever been long and bitter. So before you judge too severely the failures of the Indian, consider the source of his inspiration. Then measure if you can the thickness of that curtain of tribal bondage and reservationism that is placed between him and the uplifting influences of a broader and nobler life. Where the white man has done his share, the Indian has always met him half way. Where the white man has recognized him as a friend and an equal, the Indian has been his honorable competitor.

So if you want to civilize the Indian, you must give him the benefits of civilizing influences and place him in contact with people who will be to him an example, not a curse. This mingling with the industrious Americans is what hastened the Dalles tribe into civilization, and by their coming they have blazed a trail through the forest of obscurity and tribal ignorance, which if followed by Indian youth will lead, not only to citizenship but to an equality with the American race.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Anna Parker, Bannock, Idaho.

There is every evidence to show that many of the tribes of Indians in the northwest once belonged to one great tribe, but for reasons unknown they have become separated into bands each having a different dialect; the Comanches, Piutes, Shoshones and Bannocks speak practically the same language with slight changes in the accent of many words. My people, the Shoshones and the Bannocks live in the southern part of Idaho and have been slow to take up the ways of civilized life.

They have many peculiar customs; their home life reminds one of the weird tales told of our people by your ancestors in the early colonial days.

Although the majority have made considerable advancement during recent years, there are those of our tribe who like some grandparents of your race, prefer the old methods to the new. It is this element who live in wigwams or canvas tents. In the center of this tent is the fire-place where at almost any time during the day may be found the women cooking, for they have no regular meal time

but eat whenever hungry. We often find the old men sitting about the fire telling the children old legends. These stories always mean a great deal to the children for they bring visions of what they would like to become. They dream and talk among themselves of the brave, who is the hero of a legend. Many of these interesting stories are preserved in a book entitled "Blackfoot Lodge Tales."

In these homes the women do most of the work, while the men go to the mountains to hunt for the antelope, deer and other wild animals. Fishing is a favorite pastime. Besides the flesh of wild animals their food consists of roots, berries and nuts.

Every year many make long journeys to distant places where the roots are plentiful. The yamp, a root peculiar to this region, is about the size of a small onion and has a tough brown covering which can be easily removed when boiled, leaving a white pulp which is very sweet. The Indian considers it a delicacy but the whiteman does not like the excessive sweetness. Other roots are the sego which is like our radish, and the camas which can be found in quantities near streams and in marshy places and is not unlike the sweet potato. They spend the entire summer there and in the fall great caravans may be seen returning, their ponies laden with the dried roots. Those who stay at home gather and dry different kinds of berries; these form their chief food during the winter months.

They often travel many miles to obtain the pine nuts which are found only in the high mountains. Having no regard for the future, they often destroy whole forests of pine trees by cutting them in order to get these nuts. They gather the unopened burrs in large bags and carry them to their homes where they are roasted, after which they are again put into bags and beaten when the nuts fall out and are stored away for winter use. There are other ways of obtaining food but these are most common.

Unlike the fashionable white woman, who first considers beauty and style, their clothing is made for comfort. The Indian women wear loose flowing dresses girded at the waist by broad belts beautifully worked with beads. Many of these dresses are trimmed with elk teeth, beads and other trinkets and are easily made, each requiring six to seven yards of material. As their style of dress never changes they do not consider it necessary to have a new gown made for every festive occasion.

When at home, she does not wear a shawl or blanket as it would hinder her in her work but at the dances it is a common sight to see these women with their bright blankets around their shoulders. On her back is usually the baby cradle into which the little one is strapped. The mother takes great pride in making the cradle beautiful; sometimes she beads the entire surface which makes it very attractive. The poor little baby struggles hard to free itself for it is bound into this cradle so that only its face can be seen. The Indian baby does not enjoy the freedom and comfort his more fortunate white brother has, but he must endure the trials to which he is subjected that he may become strong and brave.

The men wear loose clothing often of bright colors over which a blanket is worn. They take great pride in training their ponies to run very swiftly and often challenge each other to race. To the winner a prize is given, a pony being preferred.

Many of the Indians are very superstitious and their strong belief in the medicine-man has been a great hindrance to their advancement. No Indian ever seeks to become a medicine-man, the few in the tribe claim to be called by the great Father to do this, just as a minister of your race believes himself to be called to preach the gospel of Christ. Great respect is shown him by his tribe and he is found at all important gatherings of the Indians, being called upon to officiate at all ceremonies.

Many of these old people still cling to their former customs and beliefs and it is only through the influence of the younger members of our tribe that they become convinced of the white man's good intentions. It is a task to persuade them that he is trying to help them, as they are inclined to believe that he is there to take from them, home and friends.

The parceling out of food, clothing and farming implements to the Indians gave them no cause for thinking and their brains and hands joined in idleness, until the ration system was abolished when necessity compelled them to work.

Formerly, they did not believe in educating their children, but fortunately they are now obliged to send them to school. Many attend public schools in the towns, but the majority go to the Indian or Mission schools on the reservation. They have been slow in adopting the white man's methods, but in recent years their advancement has been quite encouraging. By steady and persistent effort on the part of those connected with the Indian schools, many full-bloods have been taught to work. Some of the most progressive have built comfortable homes on their farms. They all go out into the harvest fields and are faithful workers, many white farmers preferring the Indian to those of their own race.

As a rule, the Bannocks have not been addicted to the use of liquor. For this reason, they have been able to make greater progress. It is now more difficult for them to withstand the temptations offered by saloons in the towns that have lately grown up near them. The land designated as farming land requires irrigation and nothing can grow without it except wild hay in the lowlands along the Snake River. Under the supervision of the Idaho Canal Company, immense irrigating ditches have been constructed by means of which water may be carried to the adjacent farms. With proper care, they will yield all the vegetables and grain needed for family use. The land being close to an extensive mining region, crops of all kinds bring a better price than they do in the middle or eastern states.

Recently the surplus lands on the reservation have been ceded to the Government and the white people have settled there, thus bringing the Indians in direct contact with them. They see how the white man lives, how he tills the soil and are encouraged to imitate him. Quite a number pay taxes; consequently they become interested in the building of roads and bridges and in many things that concern the public welfare. With examples before them of what honesty and industry can accomplish, I hope that my people will soon lose their identity as Indians, and become free American citizens with all a citizen's rights, privileges, duties and responsibilities.

"BOND OR FREE?"

Alfred Venne, Ujibway, N. Dak.

In his essay on "The Melancholy Fate of the Indian," Joseph Story has said: "The warriors of old stood forth in their glory and the young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the bright future. The aged sat down, but wept not. They would soon be at rest in a fairer region where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, fortitude, sagacity and perseverance not to be surpassed by any race. They shrunk from no dangers and they feared no hardships. But where are the hunters, the warriors and the youth? That race noted for their wonderful endurance, they have practically perished."

This is only partly true. Let us examine the causes which have led to their destruction. In many cases, for the wigwam has been substituted the miserable little mud or log cabin which is nothing more than a breeding place for disease. The good camping grounds and natural highways, which were theirs to enjoy, have been narrowed down to reservations scattered here and there in the west, usually in the most barren localities. In the huts to which the Indians have been pushed from the tepee, they live in one room—cooking-stove, beds, people, dogs and all together. In many instances the huts are without floors, and in the winter on account of the cold have no means of ventilation. This, together with the irregular and insufficient food has done more to bring about the sad physical conditions than anything else.

When a pupil at the Fort Totten Indian school, I drove one very cold winter day, to a small town about sixteen miles distant. The extreme cold necessitated my stopping at one of these log cabins on the reservation to get warm. This cabin was about ten by fourteen feet, the roof being about seven feet from the floor at its highest point. The only openings were a small window in one end and a door at the side. Entering, I was met by a very old woman clad in a ragged gingham dress, barefooted and suffering with very sore eyes. Sitting and lying around on the bed clothes which were

spread on some wheat straw, and on the floor in the dirt I counted nine human beings, four dogs and a cat. A pitiful sight in a corner was an old blind man with very little clothing. Two young men of fifteen or sixteen were playing "moccasin", a gambling game. A girl of twelve or fourteen years, with an old shawl over her head, was amusing three or four dirty, sickly little children. All were afflicted with sore eyes and five or six of the youths with scrofula. The vileness of the air compelled me to leave before being warmed. Such a picture of human misery I shall never forget. Is it any wonder that these poor people are dying from the loathsome diseases which always accompany such conditions?

In a recent daily paper in his description of the cold air cure for consumption Dr. Kleb declares:

"Consumption lurks indoors and is fostered by filth, both visible and invisible, especially that floating in the air of poorly ventilated rooms. This would find no better support than to make a study of the conditions in the red man's log cabin. The fact that the aborigines never suffered from consumption until they began to live the restricted lives of civilization, is an indication that they are degenerating."

The ration system as well as annuities has made the Indian dependent and shiftless and has been the cause of his living in vicious idleness. This system has always had the tendency to cast discredit upon labor and to destroy frugality—causes sufficient to sap the virtue of any race of people.

With the red man idleness is not less the "devil's workshop" than it is with the white man, and with him gambling is also its first associate. Many Indian youth roam from place to place, spending days and nights in this corrupting pastime, which is often accompanied by the Indian dance and its evil influences. The result is that they grow up to be of little use to themselves or any one else, but become puny creatures, devoid of manliness, vitality or ambition.

In addition to all the demoralizing effects of which I have thus far spoken, there is still another which is undoubtedly the most dreadful curse to the red man. Every one who has visited the Indians in the west has been struck with horror at the awful destruction of body and soul that is going on among these ignorant and helpless people.

In the state of North Dakota where no open saloons exist and in towns where the "blind pig" has not been substituted, the drugstore is the only place where liquor can be obtained. The person desiring to get it must give a written statement that he wants it for medicinal purposes. I have seen druggists many times serve alcohol to Indians already intoxicated who had sworn they were afflicted with a cold or a headache. Beside violating the State and federal laws these druggists are perfectly willing to allow an ignorant Indian to swear to a lie in order that they may get the last cent out of his pocket.

While there are many white people who are so unprincipled as to indulge in these selfish inhuman deceptions, there are some who are interested in the welfare and happiness of the Indians and take a different attitude toward them.

Scattered throughout California are many communities of self-supporting English speaking Indians. These Indian communities are not reservations, neither do they receive any aid from the government. In consulting the pupils from that section, also the census of 1890, we find that those Indians who do not own land are making a comfortable living, working for the whites out in the mines and harvesting fruit and grain. We find also that they attend church with the whites and that their children are in public schools with white children learning industry and thrift.

Recently, a paper has been drawn up by the Northern California Indian Association, petitioning Congress to give to the landless Indians of Northern California lands in severalty and "other aids as may be necessary and appropriate." This would mean the establishment of a special land office and new Indian agencies to see that those Indians are not cheated out of their lands and other property when once given them. This with the "necessary aids which may be appropriate" would sap all the virtues they have acquired by association with civilized people.

Now, the question is, shall these In-

dians stay in civilized surroundings where they are making an honest livelihood and living as a part of this great country of ours, or must they be compelled to go back to the tribe, the reservation, and all their degrading influences? These methods come between the Indian and civilization and hinder his progress.

Eighty acres of land or even a quarter section, and annuities do not and never will equip the untutored Indian to compete with the outside world. To rob him of his land is bad, but to rob the whole race, imprison and stunt it morally, physically and intellectually is a worse crime.

To-day the question is not what we must do for the Indian, but what we must quit doing, what the Indian must do for himself individually, not collectively. The present method of treating him is against the constitution of our country which grants to everyone the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

THE PIMAS AND PAPAGOES.

Josephine Ramone, Papago, Ariz

According to tradition, the Pimas and Papagoes were originally known as one tribe who migrated from the East and took possession of the land which they now occupy by right of conquest. The Pimas settled in the Gila and Salt River valleys but the Papagoes for some unknown reason, preferred the extreme southern portion of Arizona. Here, in early days, these Indians lived, hunted and cultivated the soil with rude implements, not unlike those used by the Egyptians in ancient times. For many years, though living apart, both maintained the same customs and beliefs; later the Papagoes were taught by the Jesuits to follow civilized ways.

Like all other savages, these people were superstitious, their customs and modes of living were heathenish. Let us imagine ourselves by the bedside of a sick person for whom a medicine man has been sent. When he arrives, the whole family receive him with great ceremony.

He carries no medicine, no pills, no powders which the white man's doctor considers indispensable, but he carries a pouch of tobacco, a rattle and a bunch of eagle feathers. With these he makes himself comfortable by the bedside of his patient. The night is spent in blowing the whiffs of tobacco into the patient's face, in singing weird songs, shaking the rattle and fanning to drive away the evil spirits which caused the sickness. The women in token of mourning, cut off some of their hair and any mention of the dead is strictly forbidden. The clothing of the deceased is usually burned or disposed of in some other way. Such heathenism is steadily giving place to rational methods.

They lived in rude huts made of willow posts and saplings thatched with straw or brush and covered with mud. Altogether it reminds one of a huge basket inverted. The roofs of these huts were usually strong enough to hold fifteen or twenty persons. Because of the heat, these huts were used only on cold nights or during the rainy season. They had a few earthen jars and dishes, also mats and a few other necessities for bedding.

Their food consisted of the mesquite bean, which is still used. The beans are pounded, the seeds taken out and the rest made into cakes to be stored for future use. The cactus is also an important article of food, the fruit being eaten either fresh or dried. Syrup and jam are made from it, also a kind of drink which if taken too freely will intoxicate. Corn is ground and mixed with chopped meat or beans made into cakes, wrapped in corn husks and then boiled.

The great barrier to the progress of the Pimas and Papagoes is the lack of water supply. The Gila River Valley is fertile and capable of producing many tropical fruits and vegetables. A few years ago the Indians were deprived of water privileges by the whites who settled on the upper Gila and Salt Rivers. Since then they have done all in their power to support themselves for they are, as a class, industrious and peaceable but unless the arid conditions can be overcome, my people will have to depend upon the government for support.

The Agent on the Pima reservation now has no authority over the Papagoes. Many of them are under the supervision of a competent farmer, Mr. Berger of the San Xavier reservation and through his influence are progressive. They are taught to raise grain and vegetables and can sell them at reasonable prices in the

Tucson market nine miles distant. Many during the summer months, when there is no rain, leave their winter homes for Mexico or the near towns to seek employment. Others spend the summer among the mountains where they usually find a good supply of water for their cattle. Here the women busy themselves making cheese and storing away many things for winter use. Although they have a process for making cheese they do not know how to make butter. As the rainy season approaches, they return to their homes where their chief employment is cultivating the soil and raising cattle. With the aid of a few farm implements lately given them by the government, these people now are better able to support themselves. Many of them are employed by the railroad contractors and mine owners who prefer them as laborers because of their quiet nature.

The Pimas and Papagoes formerly took delight in many sports resembling the Olympian games of the ancient Greeks. Foot races between persons or villages were common, and many hours before the race began, Indians gathered from far and near at the appointed place. The prizes were grain or ponies, according as the victor wished. Sham battles and gambling with sticks were also common. One of the chief amusements for the women was that of tossing balls tied together with a string about six inches long. They used long willow sticks and kept the ball in motion a long time, until the women of one side were exhausted. Often as many as sixty or seventy young girls and married women took part. This game developed their muscles and gave the women better health than the men who were more or less subject to consumption.

News of importance was spread from village to village by the chief who stood on the roof of his hut and announced the latest war or other news so loudly that the chief in the next village took it up and repeated it until all had heard the news.

Long before the construction of the Southern Pacific Railroad, these Indians were doubtless the most friendly tribes in Arizona. Through their villages the mail carriers and others were sure of protection from the hostile Apaches and Mexicans. To be sure, there were in the tribe, as among all races, even at the present day, those who acted contrary to good order. Occasionally attempts were made to plunder but these were exceptions not the rule.

In 1868, through the influences of Gen. and Mrs. Alexander the need of a missionary among them was first brought before the Christian organizations of the east. Chief Antonio Azul promised Gen. Alexander that he would welcome and protect anybody who would be sent to help them and teach their children the ways of his white brother. Azul is now an old man of about eighty-five or more and has ever faithfully kept his promise.

In 1871 their request was granted in the person of Mr. Chas. Cook who is still among the Pimas devoting his whole life to them, and his labor is not in vain. The Pimas love him and believe what he says. With the help of the Agent and by his own acts, he has set a worthy example of manhood which has done much to advance them in civilization.

In later years, their houses are of adobe and usually contain one large room which the majority of women now take great pride in keeping clean. Some who cannot afford to buy brooms, make them of sage brush. A few now have sewing machines and cooking stoves. Being so near Mexico the majority of these Papagoes have adopted the dress, customs and in some instances, even the language of the Mexicans.

Much has been said and written about Indian education. Some have declared that the non-reservation schools may do some good to the young but have no influence over the old. It is true, however that through the influence of a few returned students, many parents have been encouraged to send their children to schools away from home. It takes patience and persistent effort to uplift them but when their hearts are won and they see the conditions surrounding them, they are willing to be taught. They may not be able to learn to read and write at all, but set before them the example of an industrious and Christian man and you can at least teach them to work and can plant within them the truth of Christianity which is after all the noblest and highest that can be reached by any race.