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A Monthly Magazine by Indians

THE RED MAN

Formerly The Indian Craftsman

THE CARLISLE INDIAN PRESS
U. S. INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

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The Red Man

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THE RED MAN 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. 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 RED MAN, United States Indian School, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

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

PROGRESS:

I AM anxious that these two reports by Supervisor Oscar H. Lipps have as wide a reading among the employees of the Service as is agreeable to the employees. I put it in this way because I have, from time to time, written a good deal for the Field to read, and I do not want it to be generally thought that I am so lacking in a sense of humor as to try to "prescribe," as is said in the schools, a course of reading for the Field Service. It is merely that I wish to give as much currency to these reports as can be pleasantly given.

To me they show three things: First, a difficult and thoroughly sound piece of work, well done. Second, they expound certain principles of action which are capable of much broader application than to the particular field of these reports; and, much as I hope to see these principles of school and sanitarium work applied with adaptations at many another point, I also hope to see these same principles applied to other quite different branches of the Service. And third, I am particularly glad to have this opportunity to say that these reports are evidence to me of what I regard as an exceedingly fine spirit in a member of the Indian Service. I do not want to do Mr. Lipps the injury of praising him too much. I hope we are all human enough to remember how we have taken a dislike, in advance of meeting, to someone who was held up to us as a paragon of all the virtues. Mr. Lipps probably has plenty of faults; but I think those in the Service who know him will agree with me that he has also some mighty fine qualities; and I believe that those who have yet to meet him, either in person or through these reports, will find him most helpful at whatever kind of work they are doing in the business-like, kindly advancement of the Indians to a fair opportunity in our citizenship.

ROBERT G. VALENTINE.

August 15, 1910.

June 28, 1910.

The Honorable
Commissioner of Indian Affairs,
Washington, D. C.

Sir: I desire to call the attention of the Office to the first year's results of the experiment that has been conducted at the Fort Lapwai School, Idaho, during the past year, of consolidating the rural white and the Fort Lapwai Indian schools.

I have already, in previous correspondence on the subject, given in detail the circumstances under which this consolidation was effected in July, 1909. Stated briefly, however, the consolidation was a result of the local needs of the white people. They wanted a high school in which industrial training would be made a part of the school work. Most of the land being Indian land, and not subject to taxation, there were not public school funds available to erect new buildings, purchase equipment, etc., required for establishing such a school as the needs of the people demanded. It was not, therefore, the love of the white people of the community for their Indian neighbors, or their desire to cultivate their confidence and lead them to see the advantages to be gained from association with the whites in the school, but, on the other hand, it was largely a purely selfish motive that prompted the white people of this community to favor the consolidation of the two schools. The Fort Lapwai school has been conducted as a separate institution for more than forty years, and the conservative element in both races could see no reason for making any change. There was no strong opposition, however, to the consolidation of the two schools, but there were many people in the community who, at first, seriously doubted the wisdom of putting the two races together.

The first year of the experiment, however, disproves the theory that all Indians require a different system of schools, or special treatment not provided for in the public school systems of our country simply because they are Indians.

On May 28, 1910, I was present at a little entertainment given at the Fort Lapwai school. This entertainment was given in the school chapel, and the participants in the program were about equally divided as to whites and Indians. All took their places on the stage and were seated without reference to race, and the casual visitor in looking over the audience, or in viewing the pupils, could not but notice that the Indian children presented quite as neat and intelligent an appearance as the whites, and that considering the relation of the two races in their daily lives outside the school, the combination school was perfectly natural and logical from every point of view. There were present at this entertainment Indian parents who had come to hear their children perform. There were also present white parents who had come to hear their children perform. The Indian parent was just as proud of his child as the white parent was proud of his child. It appeared to me that the two races thus meeting

on a common level were beginning to understand each other better, and that the suspicions with which they have hitherto been regarding each other were rapidly fading away.

The Nez Perce Agency, at which the Fort Lapwai school is located, does not differ materially from other Indian agencies in the west. At the little village nearby we have the same traders' stores, the same number of "hangers-on" who know more about running an Indian agency and a school than the most competent set of employees the Government ever sent out, and in this little village are the two or three little hotels, at one or more of which the itinerant bootlegger is said to find a welcome on his arrival; and the bowery dance in summer and the all-night hall dance in winter have for years been a menace to the peace and quiet of the neighborhood and favored retreats for the congregation of all-night rowdies and peddlers of bad whiskey. This being an allotted reservation and the title to the land on which the little agency village is located having passed from the Indian owners to the whites, the Government no longer has police jurisdiction over same. This is a condition we find in a great many allotted districts. Even at the little public school just across the road from the Government school, on occasions of public gatherings, it often happened that free-for-all fights occurred, the windows and doors were sometimes shot full of holes, and altogether the general morals of the community were at a low ebb.

With this condition of affairs it was evident that something would have to be done to elevate the morals of the community around us before we could hope to accomplish any good results through the school. I saw that community education was badly needed, and that the trouble lay, not so much in the innate badness of the youth of the community, as in the proper direction of that inborn instinct in the average American youth to do something, either good or bad. The standard of conduct was low, and there did not appear to be any organized effort to improve the social conditions of the community.

During the past winter, however, the all-night country dance was not revived; the erstwhile boot-legger was notably conspicuous by his absence; the discharge of sixshooters by the white boys on their way home from evening entertainments at the school did not occur as in former years. In place of the all-night dance the residents of the little village found recreation and amusement in attending the basket-ball games or other entertainments at the consolidated school. These entertainments did more, perhaps, than any other thing to counteract the influence of those who had hitherto been the promoters of the all-night dances and rowdy assemblies. The people became interested in the school and its doings. A good class of people moved into the community in order that they might send their children to a school where they could have more than the ordinary advantages offered in the rural district schools of the county. The whole moral tone of the community has been elevated, and there is scarcely an intelligent man to be found in all that com-

munity who is not highly pleased with the results of the school so far, and they are strongly in favor of the co-educational plan and would consider it a most unfortunate occurrence should the co-operative agreement for any reason have to be discontinued. The Indian parents are also very much pleased, and all testify to the fact that their children have progressed more rapidly and have improved in their manners and in their language to a greater extent than they realized was possible for them to do.

From the above statement of facts it cannot be denied that the province of any school in a community is to elevate the *mass* as well as to advance the *individual.* That is just what the Fort Lapwai school is doing. Its influence is going out through all that neighborhood and is raising the standard of conduct, and is making itself a social centre for a large farming community. Heretofore, the better class of white farmers in that community have been sending their sons and daughters to distant schools, where the facilities afforded were not as good as those now afforded at the Fort Lapwai school. Many of the Indians were sending their children away to nonreservation schools. The result was that we had *a few individual successes* from both races, but the standard of living and social conduct in the community remained the same. If the child returned to his home to take up his permanent residence among his people he soon fell back into the old rut and was doing just as the others were doing. In most cases he fell back on a level with his surroundings. To my mind, the race question does not enter into the problem. What is good for the Indian is equally good for the whites where they are thrown together "higgledy piggledy" in the same community. No matter how many Indian pupils we might send out from the reservation to public schools in distant states, we would never materially improve social and industrial conditions in the home communities. It is true the individual would be benefited perhaps, but what about the hundreds of old people and middle-aged people and very young people who are left behind? The only thing that will help them is systematic, organized effort at home, and friendly co-operation of the white people who are their neighbors and with whom their lot is cast.

I do not advocate the Fort Lapwai co-educational scheme as a panacea for all evils and all the problems now confronting the Indian Office in reference to impressing the Indian with the responsibility of citizenship; but I do say that wherever conditions are favorable for such a plan it will work successfully, provided the people in charge of its direction are possessed with great patience, a reasonable amount of tact, and faith in the practicability of the scheme. Neighborhood education is required, and this should be commenced some time before any attempt is made to effect a consolidation of white and Indian schools in the Indian country. Such a proposition presented to the people without having been previously prepared for it would, in most cases, result in complete failure. The Fort Lapwai co-education idea has been developing during the past three

years, and when the psychological moment arrived advantage was taken of it, with the result that the experiment has been most gratifying. I hope I have made myself clear on this point.

While I confess that my enthusiasm on this subject has led me to solicit the co-operation of the state school authorities and the local press, as well as that of the principal school officials of the Office by keeping the matter constantly before them during the past year, still I do not advocate any wholesale attempt to repeat the experiment in all other allotted districts throughout the western states. I do believe, however, in a gradual working to that end wherever conditions are favorable and the time ripe for adopting the co-education idea. It is, after all, largely a matter of education, and we will achieve results only in proportion to the interest displayed, and by persistent effort to bring about more harmonious relations between the Indians and whites who have been thrown together as neighbors by reason of the opening up of the reservations, the sale of Indian lands, and the consequent moving in of a better class of farmers from the older and more densely settled eastern states.

Very respectfully,

OSCAR H. LIPPS,

Supervisor in Charge.

June 27, 1910.

The Honorable

Commissioner of Indian Affairs,

Washington, D. C.

Sir: I have the honor to report the results of the first year of the experiment in connection with the Fort Lapwai Sanitarium School on the Nez Perce reservation, Idaho.

As has been explained to the Office heretofore in my correspondence on the subject, the Nez Perce Indians are perhaps afflicted to a greater extent with tuberculosis than any other tribe of Indians in the Northwest. Dr. J. N. Alley, the school physician at Fort Lapwai, is of the opinion that at least seventy-five per cent of all members of the tribe are affected with the disease. He further estimates that at least ninety per cent of all deaths in the tribe are due to tuberculosis. Last year, when he and Dr. Murphy made an extensive inspection of the homes of the Nez Perces, they found only about ten homes, out of four hundred visited, which were entirely free from the disease. In view of this condition something had to be done, or at least attempted, to suppress the disease.

The Fort Lapwai school occupies the old military post of that name, and has been conducted as a boarding school for about thirty years. In this school were huddled together from one to two hundred children each year, with very little regard to their physical condition at the time of their enrollment. The

school, therefore, had been a veritable hotbed for breeding tuberculosis germs during all these years, and in my honest opinion this school has done as much as any other one thing to spread the disease.

About two years ago, as superintendent of the Fort Lapwai school, I took up with the Office the matter of remodeling the Fort Lapwai hospital building, then used as a girls' dormitory, and fitting it up to be used as a school building and dormitory for tuberculosis-affected children of both sexes. After considerable delay, authority was finally granted to purchase the necessary material and employ the labor to put the building in shape for this purpose. The work of making the repairs was commenced during the month of July, 1909, but owing to the difficulty of securing mechanics, it was not completed until November following. In the meantime, the Fort Lapwai school had been opened and about one hundred children had been enrolled.

As soon as the sanitarium building was ready for occupancy all pupils were carefully examined by the school physician and those affected with tuberculosis were segregated and placed in the sanitarium school. Here they had their own dining room, kitchen, teacher and schoolroom, and were under the immediate supervision of a trained nurse. The majority were, however, only in the incipient stage and were able to perform light work about the building, and to attend school a few hours each day. The following is a summary of the first year's results, as given by Dr. J. N. Alley, the school physician:

Total Enrollment	52
Average attendance, (per cent)	95
Deaths	4
Improved	40
Not improved	4
Discharged as cured	2
Removed by parents from Institution for various causes	6
Returned students admitted	8
Deaths among returned students	3
Pulmonary tuberculosis admitted	50
Glandular tuberculosis admitted	2
Enrolled at present	38
Gained in weight	32
Lost in weight	4
No change	2
Normal temperature	32
Febrile temperature	4

Fifty per cent of all Indian school children were tubercular. Tubercular bacilli were found in 40% of all cases; 80% of tubercular children admitted to the sanitarium, the evening temperature was above normal, the morning temperature sub-normal; 10 of the children had a high temperature, evening temperature ranging from 103 to 105. Sixty per cent of all the children had coughs.

Causes of the deaths of four: Endocarditis, Tubercular Pneumonia, German Measles and exhaustion.

The children have been kept in the open air as much as possible, day and night. All who are returning a temperature were given a complete rest. The medicinal treatment consists of Iodine, Arsenic, Strichnine, and other drugs as indicated. The diet consists of nourishing food, milk, eggs and lean meat. The patients were encouraged to eat all that they wished, but at no time was forced feeding resorted to. Two patients died in the Sanitarium; it had no effect on the other patients.

I desire to state, in this connection, that a great deal of credit for the success of this institution is due to Dr. Alley. Only a man of great patience and of an amiable disposition, and of untiring energy and faith in the experiment, would ever have achieved the success as shown by the above report. At first the Indians were not very favorably inclined toward putting their children in the school. The white people in the community were also criticising the movement, and every little thing that would go wrong Dr. Alley would get the blame for. All sorts of unkind remarks would be made about the proposition in his hearing, and altogether it was a most discouraging undertaking. While I have kept in close touch with the experiment from its very beginning until the present time, and have encouraged it in every way possible and have influenced the local press to help in the fight, after all, I desire that the Office bear in mind that if it had not been for Dr. Alley I am sure we could not have accomplished very much, and I desire that he be given full credit for whatever success the Fort Lapwai sanitarium school has attained during the past year, or may accomplish in the future.

After the first few months, criticism began to grow less and less, until it finally died out altogether. The Indians then began to bring their tuberculosis children to the sanitarium of their own accord. The year has been one of great improvement throughout the tribe in the matter of sanitation about the homes. Now, when an Indian dies, word is sent to Dr. Alley to come and disinfect the house. All the Nez Perces are anxious to co-operate with Dr. Alley and to learn how to prevent the spread of disease among them, and they are beginning to realize that unless something is done to check the spread of tuberculosis the tribe will soon become extinct.

Very respectfully,

OSCAR H. LIPPS,

Supervisor in Charge.

The Debut of Aloyasius: *By Estelle Armstrong*.

HE roofs of the buildings at the United States Indian school were painted red. Aloyasius could not remember the time when he had not watched their glittering surfaces, looming higher still than the bare sunbaked hill which reared them and which hid the muddy waters of the Colorado as it eddyed lazily along between the dirty Arizona town and the reservation of his people. At times, more often in the early morning, before the sun had dried the mists which hid the jagged mountain tops in clouds of coolness, the dazzling redness of the roofs softened and their vivid glare blended tenderly with the lights and shadows of the dreary windswept landscape. But at noonday, when Aloyasius lay half buried in the sand on the shady side of his father's mud hut, the glare of the almost tropic sun on their red expanse seemed to dissolve their color into flaming particles which scintillated dizzily in the waves of heat which rippled between him and the hill.

It was at such a time that Aloyasius hated most the sight of the Government Indian School. He had always known that sometime he must go there, tho perhaps not till the Indian Agent had discovered that he was old enough. His brothers and sisters were already there and could speak the hated English. Aloyasius could not speak English. His brothers never spoke it when they came home on Sunday for the weekly half-holiday. He knew, too, why he must go. His feeble old grandparents might not get their monthly rations unless the children were sent in; so the Indian Agent had said, and the Indian Agent was to be feared and obeyed above all else. Then, too, there was often no food in the mud hut—never was there enough—and children must be fed. At the Government School there was plenty, with meat daily and clothes to wear, and yet Aloyasius had rebelled savagely and in his childish, stolid way had resisted the fate which was forcing him under the shadow of those glaring, red roofs.

And now the day had come. His father had gruffly bidden him "catheca," and he had left the mud hut and had followed him along the narrow path which wound in and out among the rank arrow-weed, which thrust out its pale, spiny branches to entangle his bare legs, and up the steep, graveled path to the school. At the

Fort Lapwai Tuberculosis Sanitarium School—Formerly the Post Hospital at Fort Lapwai. Capacity, Fifty Students

Students of the Sanitarium School Returned From Non-Reservation Schools on Account of Tuberculosis

INDIAN PUPILS AT THE FORT LAPWAI CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL

PUPILS AT THE FORT LAPWAI SANITARIUM SCHOOL

EXPERIMENTAL AND SCHOOL GARDENS OF THE FT. LAPWAI SCHOOL AND A VIEW OF SOME OF THE BUILDINGS

The District School at Fort Lapwai—Whites and Indians in the Primary Grades Attend this School

Upper Grades, Fort Lapwai Co-Educational School—District School is Seen to Left

door of one of the buildings a woman was standing, and to her his father had given him. Aloyasius knew she was a woman because of her clothes, tho neither she nor they were like anything that he had ever seen, and at her hair he had marveled greatly. Perhaps it was that color because she lived under the red roofs; it was the color of them at evening, when the hot sun had set behind the western mountain peaks and the tender touch of twilight mellowed and made beautiful the things which glared by day. Aloyasius decided that it was pretty, but not pretty for hair. He liked hair that hung straight and black to one's waist, as his father's did, and tied with strings of many colors.

Strange as the woman looked, she did things still more strange. She had taken him into a room where a big tub stood in one corner and she had filled the tub with clear, cool water. To Aloyasius, water—clear water like this, not muddy as it came from the river—was something infinitely precious and not to be wasted. The women of his people carried it on their heads down the steep path from the school, in the large tin cans which the school cook gave them after they were emptied of their contents of syrup, and only at times had he been allowed to drink all he wanted. But this woman had taken off his shirt—Aloyasius nearly always wore his shirt; only when the sun was hottest did he go quite naked—and had made him understand that he was to get into the tub of water. His black eyes widened with fear and he had looked at the woman doubtfully. It must be the color of her hair that made her do such strange things, he thought, but he had obediently climbed in and she had taken a cloth and something smooth and slippery that made a white foam when she rubbed it, and had washed him. She got the white foam in his eyes and mouth and they smarted, but Aloyasius was too surprised to mind. The amazed idea of being washed, *all over*, stampeded for the time all other emotions.

She had let him wipe himself dry and had showed him how to put on the new clothes—the things which stuck so close to his skin—then a shirt and a pair of long Khaki pants, like the ones the Indian police wore. Aloyasius revered and envied the Indian police, with their short gun at the hip and their belt with cartridges all around, and he hoped the woman had gone to get him a belt and gun also. She had only a comb in her hand when she returned and she had made him sit down while she combed the "neeill" out of his hair.

Aloyasius knew very well that there were "neeill" in his hair; there always had been and he had supposed they belonged there and had accepted them without questioning, as he had the thirst and poor food and the stones which bruised his bare feet. That these things could be remedied had never occurred to him, nor to his people, but this woman combed his head till it was clean, and sopped it with kerosene. He was troubled, tho already he knew that this woman with the strange hair who had so suddenly shot into his little Yuma orbit, would do him no harm. Her touch was much kinder than his mother's, who left him to do much as he pleased as long as he tended the one poor pony and stoned away the dogs from the family meal as it cooked in a kettle over the open fire.

When the dinner bell sounded Aloyasius went with the other children to the dining-room. Here they sat on stools at tables, and a man had tucked a white cloth under his chin. He had no idea why the cloth was put there, but as all the other boys had them on he concluded that it was still another strange article of clothing. It kept unfastening and slipping into his lap, and he wondered why it didn't go on with buttons, as all the other new clothes did. Poor little Aloyasius! He had wondered over so many strange things that his brown head was fairly dizzy and his brain felt as tho it was done up in curl papers.

He tried to use his spoon and fork to eat with, as the man told him, but they got in his way and he was still hungry when the gong sounded and the children took off the pieces of white cloth and folded them beside their plates. Aloyaisus did the same, wondering the while why anything should be worn for so short a time. He wore his shirt at home for weeks and weeks, without thought of any change. But they did strange things under these red roofs. The roofs had come to be typical to him of the many clothes with the many buttons which all wore who lived under them. Aloyasius soon learned that the long pants and shirt were his play-clothes and when the bell rang after dinner was over—it seemed to him that the bell was always ringing for him to unbutton one set of clothes and button another—the woman had given him a pair of short black pants that stopped above his knees and fitted his round limbs so closely that they seemed to have grown on him. They were very tight, and when he bent over to lace the stiff new shoes something had happened to them behind and the woman had made him take them off and had

sewed the rent with strong thread, and one of the boys told him to sit down to lace his shoes and not bend over again.

Aloyasius had been eagerly curious at school, watching the many wonderful happenings with uncomprehending eyes. There was another woman here, only she had black hair more like his own, and Aloyasius decided that he liked her better than the woman with hair like the roofs, who made him change his clothes so often, and wash his face and hands many, many times a day. The why of the numberless unfamiliar occurences was fast enveloping him in a cloud of distrust and doubt. Why must he wash and wear so many clothes and eat with pointed things instead of his fingers? Aloyasius thought if only he could know why these things had to be he would do them much more cheerfully.

When school was over he had had to change from his school-clothes to his play-clothes before he could go out to play. Then had come supper, with the white cloth that wouldn't stay on; then more play and then bed. Aloyasius was not accustomed to elaborate ceremonies attending his retirement for the night and the sight of so many narrow white beds, side by side in a big room with wide, iron-barred windows, made him open his eyes in astonishment, and the tightening in his throat caused him to catch his breath with a sob. The woman showed him where he was to lie, and helped him off with his clothes, all his clothes this time, even those that stuck so close to his skin—and gave him a long, loose thing, like a girl's dress, to put on. Aloyasius found when he had struggled into it that it had buttons in the back, and he wondered with all the powers that the long day of wonderment had left to him why going to bed under the red roofs was so very different from going to bed in his father's hut.

His brother had told him in his own tongue that he must get down and say his prayers before he got into bed and Aloyasius stood uncertain, not knowing quite how to go about it. He had oftentimes gone to the little Mission on the reservation and had learned to kneel at certain times, but to kneel at night before you went to sleep was queer. He crept between the white sheets and lay very still. His heart ached for his corner in the sand at home where he curled up at night with his mother's gay shawl, or his father's coat, thrown over him. He drew the despised government blanket over his throbbing head and cried his little heart out beneath the shelter of the glaring, red roofs.

Carlisle Commencement as Seen by Collier's Weekly: *By J. M. Oskinson*

T THE Government Indian School at Carlisle graduation week began this year with a baccalaureate sermon by President Faunce of Brown University and ended with the public performance of a comic opera in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Between came school drills, exhibitions of shop work, a lacrosse game, track meet, three home performances of the comic opera, and a unique program of graduation exercises. Among the thousand students ran a contagious spirit of holiday and spring. Early green and the soft air of the Cumberland Valley tempted the visitors to believe that the calendar had somehow gone wrong, that these were June days instead of end-of-March days. And throughout the week the school added one demonstration to another to prove its right to live.

Farms' and Kitchens' Call.

THEY have their commencement at the end of March because five hundred or more of the boys scatter to farms of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New Jersey every spring in time to take a hand at the plowing and planting. At the same time scores of housekeepers in Jenkintown, Wilmington, and less important centers of good living, prepare to take in the Indian girls who want to supplement, with practical household work, their school training in sewing and cooking. Those graduates who turn back to their allotments want to arrive in time to sow oats; those who have learned to lay brick or do plastering, want to catch the building boom at the top, and the graduate in blacksmithing knows that spring means many plowshares to sharpen and horses to shoe.

It is a prosaic enough explanation, and throughout the commencement program this year strong emphasis was placed on the practical training given the boys and girls.

"Outing" System and its Results.

SAID the superintendent, with calls for his attention coming in ceaselessly: "I must talk with you about the industrial side of our work." I suppose if Mr. Friedman ever leaves the service and gets an hour to himself, he will be able to talk entertainingly and to the point about teaching Indian boys to paint carriage bodies, and the Indian girl to sew and do typewriting. But why wait for this exposition when the graduating exercises, the shops, and the classrooms show so plainly the result of the school's system of combining work and study?

Three thousand assorted visitors crowding two-thirds of the floor space of the huge gymnasium; the smiling young Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Governor of Pennsylvania, and a small company of earnest friends of the school, sitting up close to the stage; a thousand Indian students—boys in smart blue uniforms and girls in conventional white—massed at the end of the long room; in a hollow square, dominated by the music director's dais, the school's orchestra, supplemented by a girls' mandolin club in white satin; a wide, shallow stage resembling a cross-section of the upper floor of somebody's suburban villa; outside, the swelter of the hottest March 31 in the memory of Carlisle. The class of 1910 was about to graduate.

Following the opening prayer and the big orchestra's playing of the stirring overture, "Nabucodonosor," Alex Arcasa, who would strip at about 165 pounds, stood beside a roll map stand on the stage and told how he intended to farm his land when he went back to the reservation at Colville, Wash.

His talk was a fine advertisement of the "outing" system. Last summer he worked for a farmer in New Jersey whose land was laid out in such and such a way—13 acres of potatoes, for one thing, that produced 1,600 bushels, which sold for 65 cents a bushel.

Talk and Work—A Contrast.

IN detail, he gave the program of his summer's work; to illustrate, he pulled down a map showing the geographical divisions of the farm. From New Jersey he jumped to his own allotment in Washington, and flashed before his audience a map showing just how he planned to devote a quarter of his land to pasture, an eighth each to wheat, alfalfa, and timothy, about one-eighth to orchard, potato field and garden, and the rest to forest.

When the rehearsed speeches were delivered, and the practical demonstrations were undertaken, self-consciousness left Arcasa, Peter, and the rest. A certain cool young competency, a reflection of their shop training, marked their handling of tools.

Staging the Carlisle Industries.

PETER was one of a small typewriter chorus which Libby (something of a football player himself) put through its paces. First, three boys—Peter Hauser, Morgan Crowsghost, and Joe Libby—were put up in front of the ruled blackboards. Then Libby read off at a fair speed three or four sentences about the value of integrity in business. These were written down in shorthand, then read off to the typewriter chorus, which transcribed them neatly and speedily.

There is a normal department at Carlisle—and fine material for the students to work with. Two of its graduating members, Sarah Hoxie and Evlyn Peirce, showed how the stagnant mind of the just-caught Indian boy is awakened. A wooden frame, on which was draped a set of harness, was carried on to the stage. Each of four Pueblo boys, seated at desks in full view of four thousand, was asked to name five parts of the harness. One after the other they rose and walked rapidly to the wooden horse, touched and named five separate parts: Bit! ham! back and lines! winker! smiling somewhat nervously at the audience as they called out each word. "Now make a sentence with the word 'back-hand' in it," commanded Miss Sarah Hoxie, and a boy who, when he arrived at Carlisle last September, could speak no word of English, answered; "Dis ees a back-hand!" After that each boy was asked to write a sentence on the blackboard containing the words he had pronounced.

Many of the three thousand visitors had toured the school shops in the morning and watched the young blacksmiths, cabinet-makers, brick-layers, plasterers, wagon-makers, silver-workers, and rug-weavers at work. For those who had not, the final feature of the commencement program contributed by the students was a bit surprising, and very convincing. Up on the stage marched Levi Hillman and began to speak:

"It was in the year 1904, on February 16, that I arrived at Carlisle from the Onondaga reservation. My object in coming was twofold: first, to improve myself in every way possible, so that I might return to my people and give to them the benefit of the training which I received; second, fit myself to compete, on equal terms, with the white man. The demonstrations which are now being made will give you a picture of every-day life in the industrial departments of Carlisle." Thus the beginning and the end of his rapid and specific talk.

While Levi Hillman talked, nine young men in white canvas overalls worked on the stage. One plastered over a section of lathed wall; two

worked swiftly with brick and mortar to erect a low brick wall across one end of the stage; two others varnished the body of one of "the famous Carlisle Concord buggies," until it threw back reflections of the thousand hat plumes out in front; two put together a heavy oak study table; and two erected from a formless pile of sticks a "mission" chair that was a pleasure to the eye.

Priscilla, John Alden and Co., in Comic Opera.

EIGHTY-NINE years ago, Sequoyah a half-blood Cherokee Indian, perfected an alphabet and taught his small daughter to read and write the new language. Worse luck attended his efforts to teach the older people. They would not believe that Sequoyah's syllabary was either practical or desirable. Indians, they said, had no business with written language. Long ago the Indian and White Man were created, the Indian first, and he, being the elder, was given a book. To the White Man was given a bow and arrows. Each was instructed to take good care of his gift and to make the best use of it. But the Indian became neglectful of his book, and the White Man stole it, leaving the bow and arrows in its place. So, Sequoyah's critics argued, books and reading belong of right to the White Man, while for the Indian the hunt must suffice. It is to the credit of the Chrokees, however, that only two years later they struck a medal in honor of Sequoyah, and for years maintained a book and newspaper press.

At Carlisle, not only have the students from two-score tribes won back books and tools of trade, but they are making long strides toward the recovery of music and arts. Mr. Harry C. Eldridge, of Columbus, O., some years ago wrote the music of a comic opera called "The Captain of Plymouth." It tells the old story of Miles Standish, John Alden, and Priscilla, tunefully and with humor. Into it Semour S. Tibbals, the librettist, introduced an Indian chief, a puritan elder, a chorus of soldiers with bell-mounted guns, a chorus of Sailors, "a sextette of Plymouth daises," twelve squaws, twelve Indian men, ten Puritan men, and sixteen maidens, besides the fourteen principals. The opera is in three acts, and calls for elaborate scenery and costumes. Rather a stiff undertaking for amateurs altogether, yet the performances of the "Captain of Plymouth," given by the Carlisle students this year, would rank in dash and color with those of any non-professional company. Miss Carlysle Greenbrier, who took the part of Priscilla, is a real prima donna.

It was the third performance that I heard; in the afternoon I talked with Mr. Stauffer, director of music at the school, under whose direction the opera was produced. He praised Miss Greenbrier's ability, introduced her to me as she sat on the green grass of the school campus, and told me that at the end of the second act, the night before, she had fainted. But she rallied and came on for the long scene in the third act, taking her recalls with all the smiling self-assurance of a Geraldine Farrar, or a Mary Garden. "Plucky, wasn't it?" said Mr. Stauffer. During act two I thought of it through the long and rather difficult spinning song, the interpolated "To the End of the World with You" solo, and "Love Thy Neighbor," a duet with John Alden, that Priscilla sang almost without taking a breath between.

In the interest of justice, it should be said that the boys generally were not as good as the girls. Miles Standish, "wonderfully like Cæsar," played by Montreville Yuda, a French Indian boy, was the one exception. Into his performance Yuda put swagger and bluster. He sang well, and the comedy scenes between him and Katonka, daughter of Wattawamut, chief of the Pequots (a part played by Rose La

Rose), helped to make a fine second act. Before coming to Carlisle to take up serious study, Yuda had spent a time as a mountebank performer in some sort of a small circus or medicine show. To the students he is a sort of O. Henry character, reminiscent of adventure—his swaggering manner, self-confident singing, and ease on the stage confirmed their judgment.

Athletics for Students.

IF anybody thinks that athletics are the chief business of Carlisle and its invaluable advertisement, he should hear "Pop" Warner tell about why they have cut intercollegiate baseball out of the school's schedule. Two Carlisle students are playing on professional baseball teams—the only two to make good out of a half dozen or more who have been lured away by managers with promises of thorough tryouts and an idea of the value of an Indian player as an advertisement. So baseball, except class and shop games, was abolished this year. Lacrosse has been introduced as a substitute; a feature of the graduation week program was a school game—the reds versus the blues. No one with an eye for grace and dash in athletics will regret the change.

"Athletics at Carlisle," said Mr. Warner, when forty-five young men were given their "C" a few weeks before, "are here for the students, not the students here for athletics." See how the forty-five letters were distributed: fourteen to football players, fourteen to the track team, eleven to the baseball players, and six to the cross-country runners. In Lewis Tewanima, says Mr. Warner, Carlisle has the greatest ten-mile runner in the country.

That was a joyous afternoon—the lacrosse game and the dozen track and field events moved along smoothly. Nobody seemed to care about records, and yet the high hurdles were run in 15 4-5; the mile in 4:35 3-5, and George Thomas, alternating between the jumping ground and the shot-putting circle, cleared 5 feet 10 1-2 inches in the high jump, and put the shot about 40 feet. The only general comment among the boys on the afternoon's performance was when a rather pale-faced, thin-shanked boy, on scratch, a newcomer evidently, was beaten in the mile run. Then it was not a criticism, merely an observation: "So, the great Michigan runner didn't come in first!"

Besides the twenty-three young men and women of the Cherokee, Menominee, Chippewa, Sioux, Klamath, Nomelaki, Seneca, Arickaree, Sac and Fox, Puyallup, Hoopa, Oneida, and Pima tribes who were graduated, thirty-eight others received Industrial Certifiicates. These were guarantees of efficiency in baking, cooking, laundry work, tailoring, job printing, plain dressmaking, and so on and so on. Hearing the list read recalled the widely held theory that it is folly to train these boys to do a white man's work, and send them back to the blanket and the reservation where their training is wasted.

On this point I beg to reproduce some statistics from the last report of the superintendent of Carlisle. Of the 4,080 returned students sent out in the thirty years of the school's existence, a record of the present employment of 1,675 has been made. Of these, 364 are farmers and ranchmen; 170 are in the Indian Service as teachers, clerks, matrons, industrial instructors, and other capacities; 321 are housewives; 20 are clerks; 3 are band musicians; and of (those who have "gone back to the blanket," in the ordinary understanding)34 are at home with their parents. Others are cowboys, merchants, ball players, laborers (144), hotel-keepers, circus performers, in the army and navy, etc. An older generation of graduates is represented at Car-

lisle by 29 sons and daughters, and 488 former students have at some time sent relatives to the school.

"The School-Room Road."

WHY should the Carlisle graduate revert to his old life? He can make money and win a higher place in the world—ordinary vanity would lead him to do this much. At Carlisle last year, besides the vast amount of routine labor done by the students, work to the value of nearly $70,000 was turned out of the shops.

Raymond Hitchcock, a Hoopa boy, is the poet of the graduating class. In the Commencement Number of the "*Carlisle Arrow*," the school weekly, he published eight stanzas called "The Web of Life." Not for its originality or technique, but for its spirit, I reproduce one:

> "The toilors that travel the school-room road
> No idle loiters are;
> They weave each day their web of life,
> With threads both dark and fair."

It was the unanimous feeling of the graduates and underclassmen, the superintendent and his seventy-five assistants, the Governor of Pennsylvania, and two thousand visitors, as the students marched out of the big gymnasium on the afternoon of March 31st, that this year's bunch of weavers, like those who have gone before, would go on with the job and turn out a fabric altogether creditable to the school and to the country.

Toloman Mountain.

L. H. Runnels, *San Poil.*

TOLOMAN is an Indian name meaning paint. This paint was secured by Indians from one of the high peaks in the range of mountains that extends through the state of Washington. There were various colors of paint secured from this point, such as red, blue, yellow, brown and white.

The mountain of this name is very conspicuous, even from a distance, owing to the reddish appearance which distinguishes it from the adjacent mountains. It serves as a sentinel to guide the Indians when on the chase. It also has the appearance, as the Indians say, to beckon one back for fear they shall be lost; and to stay where food and fish are plentiful.

This mountain is a terminal, as it were, for the eagle's course. He sits upon its peak—and watches his prey below—from which he has clear sailing to make his attack. It is a place upon which the natives of that valley come to make their wishes for future success as hunters and to be alert in all their undertakings. At present it is known by the white settlers in the surrounding vicinity as Toloman Mountain. It derived its name from Nature's children, the Indians.

A Seneca Tradition.

Evelyn Pierce, *Seneca.*

MANY YEARS ago the Senecas believed in witchcraft. Old men and women were usually the ones on whom suspicion rested. A particular case was that of an old woman who lived apart from the others. She had two daughters who looked very much like her. A peculiarity of the woman was her eyes. They were very round and set close together, so they looked somewhat like an owl's eyes. This woman was supposed to take the form of a black dog when making her raids, and she usually went out on the darkest nights.

One dark autumn night a woman, from no apparant cause, was taken ill. During the day she seemed better, but later, as night came on, she began to rave about a large black dog that she insisted was coming to take her away. This very naturally led the people, who were caring for her, to think the witchwoman had paid her a visit. Accordingly, three men were asked if they would not be willing to steal over to the woman's house on the first dark night and capture her—or if out, await her return.

Finally the dark night longed for came, and the three men went forth into the darkness to visit the woman's house. On arriving, they peered in at the windows to see if the witchwoman was at home. A thorough search revealed only the two daughters sitting before the kitchen fire. The house, having three entrances, a man was posted at each, so that the woman would be caught by one of the three whenever she returned.

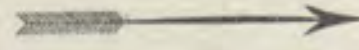
About midnight they heard faint foosteps near them. Each man waited until he heard the click of the latch, then dashed for the door that the click had come from. The woman did not have time to change her form back to her natural self, so she was caught in an assumed form—an enormous black dog.

The woman was so enraged at being caught, and also to avoid punishment, she changed herself and her daughters into owls, so

that she could still prowl about at night. This she did before the men had time to bind her.

The old Indians tell this story when asked why they consider the hoot of an owl near a home the sign that someone in that home is to die soon.

This may be because the woman taken ill died about the time the witch woman and her two daughters flew about as hooting owls.



The Flying Canoe Legend.

CARLYSLE GREENBRIER, *Menominee.*

HERE is a short legend prevalent among the Menominee Indians which occasions a yearly celebration, which corresponds to that of the white man's Lenten season.

Long ago, after the children of the Great Spirit had suffered hunger and plague which swept across their lands and visited the wigwams, claiming their loved ones, the red children gathered their scanty store and assembled to pray to the Great Spirit for mercy.

When their prayers and offerings had been made and given, it suddenly grew dark. All remained as night and not a sound was to be heard.

Then a faint sound was heard in the distance. All the tribe listened. At last it became clearer and seemed to come from above.

A dim light stole in among the darkness and the sound grew louder.

The old chief, arrayed in his festal garments and richest head dress, stepped out before his people, and lifting his hand to shade his eyes, looked toward the east from whence the sound came.

All his tribesmen followed his example. Suddenly a dark spot was seen coming nearer and nearer. A low chorus was heard. The singing was sweet and low and of a mournful strain.

As the object came nearer it was discovered to be a canoe. In it were seated several chiefs.

The canoe sailed swiftly onward and the occupants raised their voices in a song of triumph.

It floated toward the awe-struck people. They gazed in wonder at the sight they saw. Suddenly it vanished.

The flying canoe and its occupants was a good omen. It was a word of promise sent them from the Great Spirit, for they sang of the coming harvest and destruction of the plague.

From that time on this tribe has kept the season as sacred.

Every year the fast is begun about the same time as that of Lent. It is called the time of purification.

Any stranger or opposing tribe can come among them during this time unmolested.

An extra plate and place is provided in every wigwam for the stranger.

Songs are sung and prayers are said and everyone is at peace.

The fast covers a period of ten days.

This custom is still practiced among the Menominees.

Chief Keokuk, the Sac and Fox.

FANNIE KEOKUK, *Sac and Fox.*
(A descendant of the great chief.)

EOKUK, whose name means watchful fox, was born in a little village on the shore of the mighty Mississippi river—a river so big and broad that the Indians called it "The Father of Waters." He was a bright little fellow, with jet black eyes and dusky hair, and his father, chief of the United Sacs and Foxes, was very proud of his little son and hoped that he in time would follow his footsteps and become the chief of this powerful tribe.

Llittle Keokuk's childhood days were spent in the little village on the bank of the great river, and here he learned more and more the wonderful secrets that Mother Nature always loves to teaceh her red children, until he knew every bird note in the forest and every flower in the meadow. The wonderful stars were his friends by night and the winds sang for him all the cradle songs he ever knew. Like other children of the village, he was fond of playing games, and this exercise made him strong and active, quick on his feet, and skillful with the bow and arrow.

Childhood passed, and with the beginning of young manhood came the first hunt over the plains for the wild buffalo, and the proud return with the trophies of his success as a hunter.

Year by year the white settlers came farther and farther westward, but the young chief welcomed them gladly and felt no uneasiness; for he had heard his father say there was room enough for both the white man and the Indian. The time came at last, however, when the tribe was obliged to abandon the village and move to the other side of the "Father of Waters," where a new settlement was made in what is now the present state of Iowa. The tribe were never satisfied with the new home but grew more and more restless, until, finally, part of them moved to Kansas. The chief and his family went with them, and it was here, in 1848, that the elder Keokuk died, a victim of poison administered by a member of the Black Hawk band, with which tribe the Sacs and Foxes had a deadly feud The body of the chief was taken back to Iowa for burial, and there today, a thriving city stands as a living memorial to his name.

After the death of his father, Moses Keokuk assumed the position and duties of head chief of the tribe. He rose to the post of leader of his people through his marked ability and great force of character. At all times he cultivated American friendship and alliance and was always a true and useful friend to the whites. A few years after he had assumed the chieftainship, he and several hundred followers moved to the beautiful country called Oklahoma, and there he lived in love and happiness with his tribe, throughout his whole life.

Keokuk was a firm adherent of the Christain religion as taught by the white people, and his influence, always on the side of right and justice, was a power for good among his tribesmen.

In the fall of 1903, the Sacs and Foxes had a "Medicine Dance" near the Agency, at which Keokuk was present. There he contracted a severe cold which resulted in pneumonia, and, a few days later, he passed peacefully away into the great unknown country from which there is no return. At the funeral all his tribe gathered to show their love and respect for their chief, and, side by side with the sorrowing Indians, stood many white friends who had come to pay him tribute. Together red men and white men followed the body of the beloved chief to the quiet hillside where he was laid to rest.

Keokuk's life is an inpiration to his people and his example is one which it were well to follow. His kind deeds and his loving words of sound advice will long dwell in the memories of his fellow tribesmen.

Legend of Elk Horn Butte.

JOSEPH L. BEAR, *Sioux.*

HERE onced lived in a little Indian village called Elk Horn an Indian medicine man whom all the Indians held sacred because he had power to foretell events which came to pass. As more things happened as he foretold, the more the rest of his tribe feared him, because they thought he had power to converse with the Great Spirit.

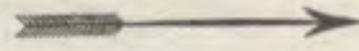
Now it happened that Elk Horn Butte was not far from the village in which there lived a king of the rattlesnakes who with his subjects inhabited the whole butte as his kingdom.

It happened that two Indian braves were on the warpath and just as they left the village came upon two snakes of a very different kind from those they had often seen. They captured the snakes and decided to return home and go another day. When they reached home they killed the snakes and trimmed their saddles and bridles with the skins of the strange snakes.

It so happened that the medicine man had a dream in which he saw, just about sunset, an army of snakes descend the slopes of Elk Horn Butte heading for the village. When he awoke he felt uneasy over the dream he had and warned the people to flee from their homes. They only jeered at him. So one day as he sat in his lodge just as the sun was setting in the west he heard the rattling of a rattlesnake's tail, and looking towards the doorway of his tepee saw a huge rattlesnake crawling toward him. He reached for his tomahawk to slay the uninvited guest, but the snake began to talk and asked him to flee for his life for at nightfall the whole kingdom of snakes which lived in Elk Horn Butte would come and destroy the village as their warriors had destroyed the most sacred of snakes which lived in the kingdom. Still the old man sat still in his lodge and finally the snake said they had started now and told the old man to go out and listen, and as he stood there he could distinctly hear the rattling of their rattlers and hissing of their breaths as they advanced. It sounded like a mighty wind coming. And warning his people for the last time he fled, but none of them heeded his warnings, so as they were all in bed when the snakes reached the village, the people were killed.

These Indians were very fond of putting bead work on their wearing apparel and saddles and other things which they used on special occasions. Long afterwards when the strings which held the bead work together had decayed and fallen apart, the little ants carried the beads to their hills.

And it is said that it is from these the ants get the beads which we find in the ant hills today.



Beliefs of The Chippewas.

M. Blackwood, *Chippewa.*

SOME very peculiar beliefs have the old Chippewa Indians. This one has existed from time immemorial, and today even the present generation still believes in it.

It seems that a very, very long time ago, the Great Spirit gave to a member of the tribe the power to change the physical and mental condition of the human body, causing the body to assume the shape, appearance and manner of any heart, bird or fowl. This person was called the Medicine Man. He also had power to cause the change in temperature of anything relating to the earth or sea.

When this old man passed from this earth to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" he bestowed his power upon the most fitting persons, and that is how it became so distributed that numbers of Indian tribes possess this power.

These performances are called "Bear Walks" in English, and if there is any person who desires to have another become demented or physically deformed, they may go to the old Indian who possesses this power and give him some belonging of the person to be ruined, and some money to pay for the "Bear Walk," and have him cause the change. They say it makes no difference how far away, or whether or not he has ever been seen by the performer, the victim will be reached by the medicine.

Editor's Comment

FRANCIS E. LEUPP A DOCTOR OF LAWS.

IT IS a rare thing for a federal official, with only four years in which to accomplish it, to transform and rejuvenate the branch of the Service where he has labored. This is particularly the case in the Federal Service because of its natural limitations, the existence of certain regulations which cannot be altered except by Congressional action, and because of customs and methods of procedure, which have become fixed and unalterable institutions.

But this is just what was accomplished by Francis E. Leupp in his four years administration of Indian Affairs which, although he had been continued in office by a new President, he had to relinquish because of ill health.

Mr. Leupp encountered almost insurmuntable obstacles which by tact, courage, wisdom, foresight and an undying capacity for "pegging away" at things, he was able to overcome in the interest of good administration and Indian Betterment.

His tenure of office will always be remembered because of four years of unprecedented accomplishment in that department. His host of friends throughout the Service will be glad to hear that at the recent commencement exercises at Williams College, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him. In introducing Mr. Leupp, Professor Rice of the college said:

> Francis Ellington Leupp, journalist, author, public servant of unsurpassed efficiency; graduate of Williams College in class of 1870; of Columbia Law School in 1872; on the editorial staff of the New York Evening Post and Syracuse Herald 1874-1905; United States Comissioner of Indian Affairs 1905-1909.

In boyhood his attention had been caught by the pathos of the Indian story. During his journalistic career of more than thirty years he had been an eager student of Indian life, and of the Indian question, so that after taking up his residence in Washington in 1885, he was often called upon by successive Indian administrations, irrespective of political parties, to lend a hand in their work. In 1905 President Roosevelt made a personal matter of his taking the office of United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

That date marks an epoch in the history of the Indians as wards of our government. No longer should they be treated as "pampered children," but in all ways possible trained by methods similar to those by which any alien race is made cognizant and possessed of the fruitful elements in American civilization. This meant the education of the Indian in accordance with the capacities of his nature toward the duties of citizenship, towards manhood suffrage; but not suffrage alone, toward and through manhood, until in his struggle with the white man, as Mr. Leupp has so well expressed it in his recently published book, "The Indian and his Problem," he have character enough to claim his "half of the road."

Here is the key to the policy of an administration of Indian Affairs, which during four years has given a brilliant illustration of what happens when the efficient man is behind the big idea; forceful, resourceful, patient, he pushes it on toward success, toward the uplifting of a race. Willams College may well be proud of her share in the training of such a career.

CO-OPERATION AMONG INDIAN OFFICIALS.

THERE was recently complete d in Southern California an organization of Government officials stationed in that section which plans to take a prominent part in the affairs of the Southern California Indians. It is to be known as the Assocation of Superintendents of Mission Indians, and at its first meeting selected Philip T. Lonergan, the Superintendent and agent at Pala, as president. This organization should be of distinct value to the men who are members of it, because from association and by exchanging ideas, greater efficiency should result. It evidently aims at practical re-

ults, as is indicated by the titles of the papers which were read at the first meeting, such as, "The Returned Student, His Future," "Suppression of the Liquor Traffic," "The Advantages of Allotting," "Agriculture on California Reservations," "How to Secure Better Moral Living Among the Indians,"etc. The Indians of that section will gain by this movement in that a more harmonious and concerted effort toward their advancement will naturally follow.

YALE'S ONLY INDIAN GRADUATE.

IT IS interesting to record that the first Indian to graduate from Yale was a member of this year's graduating class, a Winnebago Indian, by the name of Henry Roe Cloud. He is twenty-six years of age, and after the death of his father and mother, he came East from a Nebraska reservation to attend the Moody school at Mt. Herman. His undergraduate career at Yale has been unusually successful. He has maintained a high scholarship stand and has been connected with many outside interests, by the aid of which he has been able to meet his college expenses in large part. From his freshman year he has been self-supporting.

In the last two or three years he has spoken to audiences in New Haven and surrounding towns on Indian customs and topics relative to the Indian question. During his senior year, he came to Carlisle and made a splendid address to our student body. While at Yale, he has been interested in the Y. M. C. A. work and has been one of the leaders in Bible work of the class. His talks at Dwight Hall, the Yale Y. M. C. A., and at Yale Hall, the downtown mission of the Yale students, have always brought out a big crowd of Yale undergraduates. It has been one of his college successes that he has been able to interest so many of his classmates as well as other undergraduates in this line of work.

He was a member of the Yale senior debating team and won the second prize in the Ten Eyck prize speaking contest, the highest scholastic honor. Socially he has been a success, being elected to the Elihu Club, one of the coveted undergraduate honors.

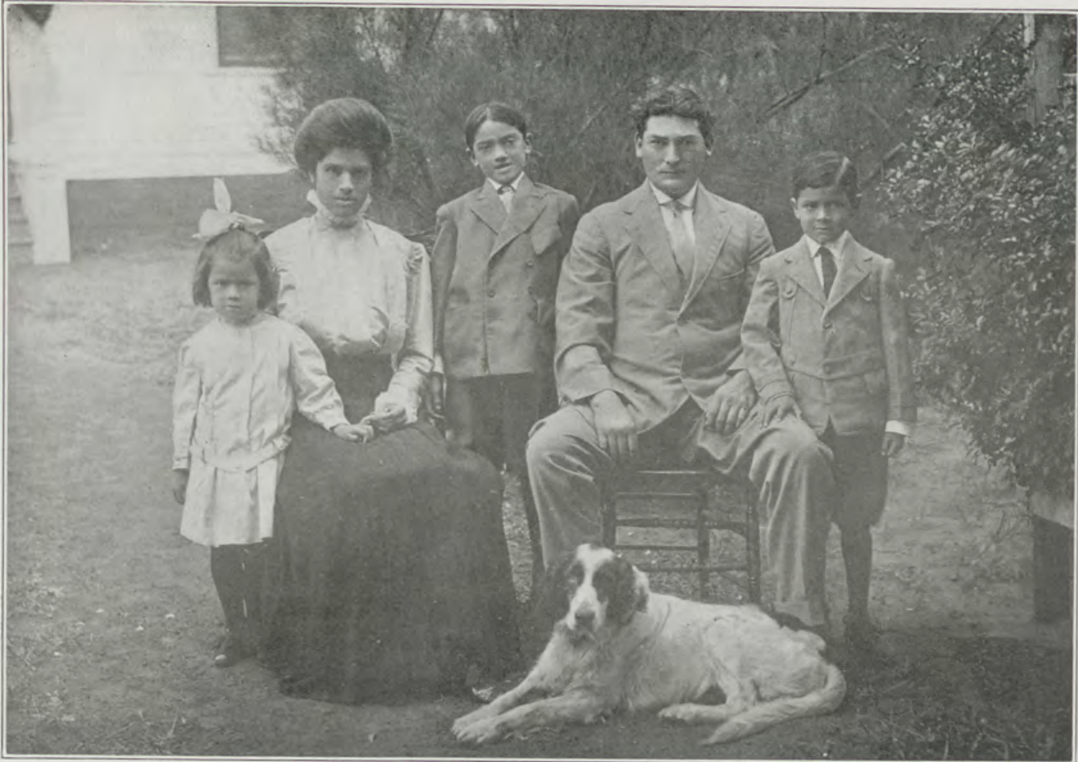
He has been one of the prominent members of the Yale Cosmopolitan Club, whose members include the different nationalities represented among the Yale student body.

THE RED MAN congratulates Roe Cloud on this successful completion of his college career, and on the fact that he has been the first Indian to graduate from Yale. He has made a very auspicious beginning, and this augers well for the future.

CHEROKEE INDIANS PROTECTED FROM TRICKERY.

A RECENT news despatch from Tahlequah, Oklahoma, brings the information that at the last payment, Superintendent Dana H. Kelsey, ordered bankers and collectors off the square, who have been stationed behind the capitol grabbing the Indians, as they have been coming out of the office after payment has been made. Although at first, trouble was threatened, matters quieted down and the payment went on.

It is understood that Mr. Kelsey took this action on the grounds that some of the collectors were not giving proper receipts for accounts paid; that they were taking Government checks from the Indians and issuing their own instead, and that they were charging too much interest on accounts that were being paid. Mr. Kelsey is to be highly commended for the action which



A Carlisle Graduate, and Family—William Hazlett, Class '95, Fort Cobb, Okla. Successful Farmer, Editor Fort Cobb Record. Democratic Candidate for State Senator

HOME OF WILLIAM HAZLETT, CARLISLE '95, FORT COBB, OKLAHOMA

Pupils Ready to Return to Their Homes after Spending a Term at the Carlisle Indian School. Note the Good Taste of the Boys and Girls in the Selection of Clothing, which was Purchased with their Own Earnings

A GIRLS' CLASS IN CALISTHENICS, CARLISLE SCHOOL

he has taken. It is a well known fact that Indians often have been charged tremendous interest on ordinary loans, and that at times their checks have been cashed and only a portion of the face value of the check given in return.

The recent investigations which have heen going on in Oklahoma by the Congressional Committee, which has been looking into the economic conditions of Oklahoma Indians, has brought to light the fact that in the past twenty years nearly $4,000,000 have been paid by the Indians as attorney fees, not withstanding the fact that the Government has attorneys of its own for their protection and for the handling of their business.

It is not odd that the unsuspecting Indian has not yet learned how to protect himself against white swindlers. Until that time, his property interests should be carefully guarded by the American Government.

Our experience with the Five Civilized Tribes makes it questionable whether whole tribes can be legislated into citizenship. This is a matter that depends primarily on the competency of the individual, and on that score alone should it be determined.

A RICH MAN.

THE *New York World* prints a special dispatch from Seattle, Washington, recording the death of Charles Nason, a Yakima Indian, who at the time of his death was worth approximately $300,000. He was the wealthiest Indian in the Northwest, and made his money buying and selling land in the early days. He had been for ten years farming in the rich valley where he owned 1,000 acres, and by intelligent methods had made a big success growing grain and fattening cattle. Nason's cattle when shipped to coast cities always brought the highest price. He educated his children in the public schools and the big estate, together with a fine herd of thoroughbred cattle, will be managed by one of his sons, who has just reached his majority.

NOTEWORTHY CONTRIBUTIONS ON THE INDIAN.

THREE new books have recently been published which speak reliably and comprehensively of Indian life, and at the same time deal with matters of vital concern to American Indians, namely, "The Indian and his Problem" by Francis E. Leupp; "My Friend The Indian" by Major James McLaughlin, an inspector of Indian affairs connected with the Interior Department; and "Wigwam Evenings" by Charles A. Eastman, a full blood Sioux Indian, and Mrs. Elaine Goodale Eastman, the well-known writer of verse and story.

The first of these, "The Indian and His Problem" is a noteworthy contribution to the literature pertaining to the American Indian, written by Mr. Leupp, a former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who has had twenty years of active experience in investigating Indian Affairs. As a writer, Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners, and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Leupp has had ample opportunity to gather at first hand the facts about which he writes. While there is, undoubtedly, dissension from some of his conclusions in certain quarters, his book is nevertheless a masterly treatise on the subject, which should be read not only by every attache of the Indian Service, but also by every American citizen who is interested in the welfare of the first Americans. Educated Indians, too, should read it in order to gain the point of view of a keen and sympathetic student of their affairs, who combined for its work of preparation thorough and persistent in-

vestigation, experience at first hand and the trained mind of a successful journalist.

Major McLaughlin's book, entitled "My Friend The Indian," is absorbingly interesting. The Major proved himself, on many occasions, and through nearly forty years of active service, a true and tried friend of the Indian. He has won their confidence, their good will and co-operation. He has long been considered one of the most efficient of the Government's servants in this branch of the work, and when in the past a particularly difficult task presented itself, he was chosen to do the work. It is a charming narrative, and in the various chapters, he depicts the life and customs and peculiar characteristics of the Indian people, as few have ever done before. He throws new light on a number of historical occurrences such as the Custer disaster and the Retreat of Chief Joseph in the Nez Perces' War, which are based on first-hand information, and a personal acquaintance with the men involved. Besides, the Indians confided their side of the story to him, and it is now told for the first time.

The third book, entitled "Wigwam Evenings" written by a full-blood Sioux, Dr. Charles A. Eastman, the talented lecturer and author on Indian matters, in collaboration with his wife, Mrs. E. G. Eastman, will be eagerly read by young people. It is made up of a number of simple stories, carefully selected, beautifully narrated, which are written in a simple, yet effective style. These folklore tales are short and full of interest. There is not a single story that does not hold the attention, This book would prove valuable supplementary reading matter in our American public schools, and as such would be of real value, because the stories which are related come from an Indian who knows his subject well.

"The Indian and His Problem"—By Francis E. Leupp. Charles Scribner Sons, New York.

"My Friend The Indian"—By Major James McLaughlin. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

"Wigwam Evenings"—By Dr. Charles A. and Mrs. E. G. Eastman. Little, Brown and Company.

INDIANS MAKING PROGRESS AS FARMERS AND WORKMEN.

REPORTS from the Indian country, from the Reservations and the various districts where Indians are living and working, emphasize the progress which the Indian is making as a workman and as a good citizen. We find them employing more modern methods in the occupations in which they engage. This development of the Indian along economical lines is not confined to any one tribe, but Indians everywhere of all tribes seem to give promise by their own efforts, of a rapid solution of the Indian problem.

In a recent interveiw John Seger, who has been for many years engaged in Government work with the Indians, is reported to have said:

> Calling on Joel Littlebird, who lives near, I found him in the field also. Joel was plowing with a three-horse riding plow, and had a fourth horse hitched on the side of his plow team next to the plowed ground, drawing a section of a harrow as fast as it was plowed, as the ground of course pulverized much better if harrowed immediately after being plowed, and as the harrow covered about three furrows, Joel was getting his ground harrowed three times right after plowing and saving time besides. This is certainly good farming.
>
> The sight of Joel plowing this way and harrowing at the same time brought to my mind, by way of comparison, the first time I saw an Arapaho Indian trying to plow. It was thirty-seven years ago, and the Indian had a span of small Indian ponies hitched to a ten-inch plow. A rawhide lariat was tied to each pony's neck and each rope was in the hands of a strong Indian woman, who was walking ahead with the rope

across her shoulders and her weight thrown ahead pulling on the rope. An Indian man behind each pony was plying the whip as he thought it necessary, while the Indian who was supposed to do the plowing had hold of the handles, while his body leaned forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and instead of holding the plow he was pushing it. It took five Indians to run that little ten-inch stirring plow, and all,except the Indian who had hold of the handles, were wearing their blankets, and as he had thrown aside his blanket, he was wearing only a shirt, moccasins and gee-string. By this comparison I can see quite an advance in Indian civilization, in connection with farming.

COLVILLE INDIANS BECOME GOOD CITIZENS.

REPORTS which come from time to time concerning the condition of the Indians of the Colville Reservation along the Okanogan River, in the State of Washington, show that their farms are yielding large profits; that they are becoming less wasteful; are saving their money in the banks, and are living in harmonious relations with the white people of the neighborhood. In a recent interview Captain John Webster, who is the Government agent of these Indians, is reported to have said:

> We are trying to impress upon the Indians the value of farming. Many of them are taking to it kindly and have better farms than the white men. At Boners Ferry, the authorities say, the Indians are more tractable than the white men and give less trouble. The Indians near Chelan Lake are particularly prosperous. More farming machinery is being sold on the reservation than ever before, and the majority are abandoning their primitive efforts for more modern methods of tilling the soil.

We have always contended that the Indian, under proper conditions, with training and encouragement, will make a good workman. He is not afraid to work, and experience has demonstrated that he has the capacity of effective service in the various occupations and crafts.

INDIANS MAKING GOOD ARTIZANS.

Francis E. Leupp in N. Y. Evening Post.

WHOEVER has seen THE RED MAN, the illustrated monthly magazine published at the United States Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., must have been struck with not only the workmanlike but the artistic quality of its typography. The composing-room is manned entirely by pupils, representing sometimes a dozen different tribes. This goes to overset a too widespread theory that the æsthetic instinct is confined to a few groups of Indians with whose products in basketry, blankets, and beadwork the curio market is most conspicuously stocked.

Another fallacy which seems to have imbeded itself in the minds of a large part of the public who know Indians only by a very distant view is that, as a race, they have no bent for the mechanical industries, but expend willing energy on nothing except articles of ornament. The truth is that the Indian boy takes to the mechanic's arts as naturally as the white boy; indeed, it would seem safe to say that the percentage of young Indians who would repay advanced training in these arts exceeds considerably the corresponding percentage of young whites. The difference between the races lies in the fact that the Indian responds to a mixed inspiration composed as much of pleasure as of duty. He puts a measure of joy into his task which it would be hard for the average of whites to understand; and this joy depends for the most part on the way the work lends itself to artistic treatment. Give him a free hand in that particular, and you have a happy as well as a diligent worker.

This is true of any trade he enters. If you set a young Indian at so humdrum an occupation as painting a farm

wagon, and let his brush swing at will, you may count upon finding in the striping or other decoration something which art connoisseurs know as "the Indian touch." For the sake of stamping that individual impress on the job in its concluding stage, he will toil patiently enough through the least stimulating parts of the body work. It is the outcropping of a vein in his nature which has come down to him from a long line of ancestors who, when they grooved and winged an arrow, could not resist the impulse to relieve its soberer features with a bit of color, even though the only eye likely to see it would be that of the most unappreciative of hunted game.

Reviving Industrial Arts.

Fortunately, the government has of recent years recognized the pointings of wisdom in this domain, and, instead of longer repressing the Indian thirst for beauty as if it were only an expression of the barbarism still lingering in his mortal system, has treated it as a potential excellence, needed only to be directed into practical channels. To this end, the present superintendent of the Carlisle School, Mr. Friedman, is revising its industrial course with reference to weeding out trades which either are already too crowded in the larger world to welcome fresh recruits from such a source, or do not appeal to the natural inclinations of the Indian enough to stir his zeal. Some of the shops will therefore be eliminated entirely, or continued only in combination with, and subordination to others of a cognate order which have been marked for retention; while those which are retained will be proportionately strengthened by the contraction of the general programme and the concentration of outlay at those points which give the best promise of substantial returns.

The printing department is unquestionably one which will be kept in place. It is now in charge of E. K. Miller, a man who has few superiors in his craft anywhere in the country. He not only knows its mechanical side from top to bottom, but he has the taste and the eye of the born artist. He possesses, moreover, exceptional ability for handling Indian boys, setting astir within them whatever there is to come out, arousing their pride in thorough work, and their ambition to hold their own against the white competitors with whom they must contend when they pass from the school into active life. His sympathy with his class is keen, and is felt by them, which doubtless accounts in no small degree for his success. The best test of the value of his work is, of course, the comments of the master critics of typography on its products, and these have uniformly been most flattering. The next best is the readiness with which his pupils find positions when they leave school.

Indians Who Have Done Well.

Some of the letters the self-supporting boys write back to their teachers and former companions tell a pleasant story. One, a Pawnee, is employed on a daily newspaper in Oklahoma, where he is getting twenty dollars a week. He says:

> I work at night—from six to three in the morning. I am the night foreman, and do all the makeup of the paper, under the direction, of course, of the telegraphic editor.

A Chippewa, who was earning seventy dollars a month on a newspaper in Michigan, decided to join the typographical union, and, supposing that his employers would not care to pay him union wages, sent in his resignation, accompanied with an expression of gratitude for all the kindness they had shown him in the past. To his surprise they refused to let him go on that account, and at once raised his pay to twenty dollars a week. He is a progressive, in a place which has

hitherto been rather backward, and he writes:

Have a fine thing here, and am kicking out the old stuff; have been extravagant, but am bringing in the business, so I get the best of support and good words.

A Pima, who is doing job printing in Kansas, tells about a printing firm in a neighboring town, who after seeing some of his work, asked him to come over to their place and take charge of a job they were about to get out. They had a pretty bad old press, he says—

—and the ink was about as hard as brick. After mixing in boiled linseed oil, varnish, and coal oil, I got it to working alright. When changing the packing I had to crawl all over the press to get to the reel and the little catch that held it, and it was on the other side from that of the press at the school. The type was old and battered up. I worked six days for them and cleared $19.45.

This boy is less than twenty years of age, and has been working for two years in his present place. His employer frankly confesses—in private, naturally—to never having paid him all he is worth, lest his head should be turned, but gives him now from $17 to $20 a week, with promises of gradual advancement.

These are merely a few illustrative samples, chosen from many. Not one of the young men quoted is a graduate, in the sense of having carried off a diploma. It is a part of Mr. Miller's policy in advising with his boys about their careers, to lay all possible stress on acquiring a sense of profficency rather than on the possession of academic testimonials, and when a boy shows an ambition to get out and begin his independent struggle for a livelihood his preceptor holds him back only till assured that he really can take care of himself, and has the stamina to "stick." The recognition of the psychological moment requires both hearty interest and good judgment, and Mr. Miller has plenty of both.

The letters the boys write to their friends are not always filled with technical or business matters. I cannot forbear citing a paragraph from the pen of a young Cherokee, who is already "making good" and showing, in the position he now holds, that he has initiative and executive ability as well as skill. Mentioning his astonishment at learning that a certain young man of his acquaintance had recently been married, he remarks:

I join in congratulations. I hope that he has a good woman, and one interested in his work. However, that is not absolutely necessary, as it may have a tendency to make him work all the harder, and prove to her that to be able to make beautiful books is the highest joy a man can know—next to having a beautiful and good wife, of course.

Is any fault to be found with such a message from one, who, less than a score of years ago, was a heathen savage of the sort that Sunday-school children contribute their pennies to convert?

SHERMAN AND CURTIS ARE INDIAN'S FRIENDS.

VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN'S most notable work in the House of Representatives was done in connection with his duties as chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs. He was one of the minority members of this committee in the 53d Congress, and in the following Congress he became its chairman. He held this chairmanship for fourteen years, being at the head of the committee when he was nominated for Vice-President.

In all but the last two years of Mr. Sherman's chairmanship the ranking Republican member of the committee was Mr. Curtis, of Kansas. Messrs. Sherman and Curtis were always the Republican conferrees on the Indian appropriation bills.

When Mr. Curtis entered the Senate he was assigned to a place on the Committee on Indian Affairs, which he still holds. He has a trace of Kaw blood in his veins and is proud of his Indian ancestry. Ever since he entered Congress, nearly twenty years ago, Senator Curtis has made a specialty of Indian matters, and he is regarded as the authority in either branch of Congress on all matters relating to the various tribes.

For some years before the dissolution of the five civilized tribes the so-called Curtis act was the principal law in the Indian Territory.

Next to Senator Curtis Mr. Sherman took rank as an authority on Indian affairs. It was under his chairmanship of the committee that legislation was enacted for closing up the affairs of the five civilized tribes, including the allotment of the lands, making of rolls of citizens and generally paving the way for the admission of the new State of Oklahoma. The chairmanship of the Indian Affairs Committee is not a desirable post. It means hard work and plenty of criticism. Mr. Sherman filled this difficult place with marked success. He made many summer excursions to the Indian Reservations.

When his name was suggested for Vice-President at the Chicago convention in 1908 his most enthusiastic support came from Western States, where he was known on account of his work on the Indian Affairs Committee. He had the solid vote of Oklahoma, his nomination being seconded by a delegate from that territory. He received the votes of all the territories in the convention.—*New York Tribune.*

A CORRECTION.

IN THE article of Mr. George W. Kellogg, "The Looting of the Senecas' Estate," appearing in the THE RED MAN for June, the following error occurs: the name William Spring, appearing under one of the illustrations, should have been Adam Spring. We make this correction at the suggestion of the author of the article.

INDIAN IN POLITICS.

UNITED States Senator Robert E. Owen, Representative Charles Carter and others have made it evident that some of our best statesmen are to be found among men in whose veins there flows a strain of Indian blood. The Indian citizen is making good in business, statesmanship and politics; at least in Oklahoma. From time to time new candidates from this race are coming to the front, and a recent applicant for political honors is William Hazlett of Fort Cobb, scion of a famous member of the Blackfoot tribe, who is a Carlisle graduate, formerly in the banking business and now publisher of a newspaper. Mr. Hazlett (William Hazlett, Class 1895, Carlisle, Pa., Indian School) is standing for the democratic nomination for state senator from the Fifteenth district, and that he has no opponent for the nomination is a strong testimonial as to his popularity, good character and ability.—*Oklahoman,* Oklahoma City, Okla., April 23, 1910.

FINE RECORD.

THE president of the Carlisle Indian School, writing in THE RED MAN calls attention to the fine record of graduates of this institution. He says that of 570 graduates more than half are earning their living "in competition with whites away from the reservation, and have forever been eliminated from any so-called Indian problem." Carlisle is an industrial school and its way of solving the Indian problem is admirable. The trained red man is pretty likely to be a good citizen.—*Hartford, (Conn.) Paper.*

Ex-Students and Graduates

L. H. Dagenette, an Ottawa, another Carlisle student who stands well, is now located in Miami, Okla. He is married to Miss Ollie Harris and together they have established a home which he writes is a constant enjoyment to them. He considers there is no life like that on a farm, if well conducted. Besides 80 acres of good farm land, well stocked, he has money placed in bank. He also held lucrative positions for the government and in Civil life, his salaries ranging from $100 to $125 per month. He writes: "I wish to extend my congratulations to Carlisle for the many good advantages that she gave me while I was under her discipline, but am sorry to say that I did not take the opportunity as I should. I would like to tell all the Indian boys and girls to take advantage of their school days and make the best of them while they are young, for if they put it off too long their chances may be gone."

Louis Bayhylle, a Pawnee, is located at Pawnee City, Oklahoma. He is Interpreter at the First National Bank of Pawnee; is also engaged in farming; owns a lot and house in Pawnee City, a house and farm two miles from Pawnee, 28 acres of which is planted in corn. He is also the possessor of 7 head of horses, wagons and farming implements and $1200 in Bank. He writes: "I was sent, in 1882, to Old Carlisle while quite young, being only nine years old, and remained there nearly five years and the education I received there has enabled me to compete with my white neighbors and to earn my own living. I could not commence to try to thank my teachers who all had their trials with me while at school."

Margaret Nason Brigham, member of the Chippewa tribe, who attended the school when only six years old, since the death of her husband, the Rev. Benjamin M. Brigham, has been living with her parents in Bena, Minnesota. After leaving here she graduated from the Philadelphia Lincoln Institute, the Philadelphia Public Schools, and the St. Cloud Normal School. Before her marriage she taught in the white schools of Cass and Ithaca counties, Minn. Besides her allotment land she owns a house valued at $800 and enjoys the benefit of a small income from her earnings in the past.

Louis Trombla, a Potawatomi, is married and living at Shawnee, Okla. He holds the position of machinist helper with a Kansas railroad. He also served as clerk in the U. S. Indian Service holding the position two years. He owns a comfortable four room house in Shawnee, located near the main portion of the town. His rule of life is worthy of all to follow for he says: "I do not know of very much interest connected with my life. All I can say is that I have been living a simple, honest life, trying every day to do the best that I can."

William LaPointe, member of the Chippewa tribe, of Odanah, Wisconsin, follows the business of builder and contractor in which business he and his brother have been engaged for the past two years. He has prospered and through his energy and ability is now the owner of a seven room 1½ story building, a corner lot in the village of Odanah, built and furnished by himself, 230 acres stump land, 80 acres timber land, a 10 acre truck farm with house and barn, and $6000 in bank.

Richard Rusk, an Osage, of Hanning, Oklahoma, writes: "Our town of Hanning is one of the best in N. E. Oklahoma and consists of 1500 whites and 500 Indians. I own one stone store-building renting for $35, one

frame dwelling renting for $15, and 160 acres of land." After leaving Carlisle he attended school at Chilocco. He is heir to 656 acres of land and his time is occupied in superintending his own and his family's property.

Joseph M. Nash, Winnebago, is living with his wife and son in Thurston, Neb. His home is a fine $6000 residence on beautiful grounds surrounding a lake. He writes: "I have worked hard and made a good deal of money by increased value in land. I have tried to teach all young men that I have met with my success simply because of my honesty. I have today purchased a half interest in a paying drug store."

Isaac T. Williams, an Ottawa, is married and living at Miami, Oklahoma. He holds the position of sub-mail-carrier, and at present writing owns 80 acres of land, a good supply of stock, 500 chickens and $1500 in money. Before locating at Oklahoma he was employed for 15 years in the railroad service in Philadelphia, working up from brakeman to conductor.

Raymond B. Meat, a Cheyenne, is now living at Kingfisher, Okla. Owing to his industry and thrift he not only has money to his credit in bank but owns two horses, two mules, a house, barn, one road wagon, one spring wagon, a buggy and farm implements. Since leaving Carlisle he has held several positions of trust under the government.

Isadore Labedie, a Miami, is now Mrs. Thomas Smith, living in Miama, Oklahoma. In her statement as to her present life she says: "I have a nice home, five children to take care of, lots of chickens and ducks and a garden to look after. I have 100 acres of land, 15 head of cattle, 7 head of horses, a house, barn and other buildings."

Edith A. Baily, a Sioux, of Sisseton, S. D., has been teaching for the past four years in that state. She owns 160 acres of land under cultivation. While her intention is to go further west to take up a claim, she will continue in her present vocation of teaching. Her latest investment is a piano which she intends taking with her "for company."

W. C. Jones, a Sioux, is now located at Santee Agency, owning a half interest in a store there. He is held in high regard by his people, by whom he has been elected to positions of responsibility among them. He writes: "For this reason I have to thank God for what Carlisle has done for me and for having been to that school."

Clay Domieah, an Apache, is married to a schoolmate of his own tribe and living at Fort Sill, Okla. He is engaged in farming and also serves the government in the capacity of scout, which position he has held for three years. While not a land owner, he is the possessor of a considerable number of cattle.

Edward Wolf, a Cherokee, is in the Chocolate Factory at Hershey, Pa. When he first entered there he was employed by the day, but is now on piece work earning from two to four dollars a day. During the summer he plays with the Hershey Band which gives concerts every evening at the park.

Louis St. Cyr, a Winnebago, is married and living at Winnebago, Neb. He owns two houses, renting one and living in the other. He is engaged chiefly in farming and at his trade of carpentry.

Simon C. Johnson, a Cherokee, is farming for two ladies at Tullytown, Pa., with whom he enjoys a pleasant home. He has money to his credit at the bank, drawing interest.

UNCTUALITY is the quality first after honesty. Truthfulness, exactness, and care are qualities above price. Refinement and politeness of manner, with neatness of person, are the first marks of the lady and gentleman, while gentleness of voice and careful speech are the unmistakable evidence of the well-bred. If, in addition, one is careful and orderly in the performance of every task, then indeed is there a place forward in the ranks of workers for him. If all who must work for a living were ambitious to perform every duty in the best manner, always with promptness, not haste, with neatness and order, not confusion, there would be for such no idle days without income.”

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, and first specifically provided for by an Act of the United States Congress July 31, 1883. 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, Telegraphy and Industrial Art.

TRADES. Instruction of a practical character is given in farming, dairying, horticulture, dressmaking, cooking, laundering, housekeeping 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, learn practical housekeeping, practice their trade, imbibe the best of civilization and earn wages, which are placed to their credit in the bank at interest.

PURPOSE. The aim of the Carlisle School is to train Indians 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.

Faculty	75
Number of Students in attendance, August 25, 1910	888
Total Number of Returned Students	4693
Total Number of Graduates	583
Total Number of Students who did not graduate	4110

RESULTS. These students are leaders and teachers among their people; 265 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

EOPLE 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

ARLISLE 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 elsewhere. 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 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, reversible Rag Rug; colors, blue and white. Nice sizes, at prices from Two Dollars to Six ¶ If you are interested Write Us Your Wishes

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