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An Illustrated Magazine by Indians

THE RED MAN

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The Red Man

M. FRIEDMAN, Editor.

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Commencement Exercises at the Carlisle Indian School, 1912:

By the Editor.

ALWAYS an event of unusual interest in educational circles and among prominent educators and citizens everywhere, the Twenty-fourth Annual Commencement of the Carlisle Indian School, marking the completion of the thirty-third year of its existence, which began Sunday afternoon, March thirty-first, and ended the following Friday, April fifth, attracted more attention this year than ever. Marked by picturesque scenes and the presence of notable men in political and educational life throughout the Nation, the exercises furnished an index to the work of the school, at once interesting and convincing.

Of unique interest was the return of a larger number of returned students and graduates of the school than had ever before been brought together at the anniversary exercises. These men and women showed the refining influence of their training and civilization while students at Carlisle. The records which they have made in life and the uniformity with which success has smiled on their efforts shows that education has been worth while.

Great interest had been aroused among the graduates and returned students of the school in various portions of the country in the exercises, and the response that these young people made to the invitation of the Alumni Association was particularly pleasing. The Alumni Association at the Carlisle School is a live organization, officered by progressive and successful graduates. This Association sends out hundreds of personal letters to the graduates, and

by the effectiveness of its work, and the helpful spirit in which it is carried on, has unified and strengthened the support and loyalty which the graduates accord to the school.

As an evidence of this spirit, there was present a party of thirteen returned students and graduates from the Omaha Reservation. At the head of this delegation of Omahas was Levi Levering, a prominent Omaha who graduated with the Class of 1890. He is a successful merchant at Macy, a fine type of the educated Indian, influential among his people, respected by his competitors, and honored by the whites. About a year ago the Presbytery of Omaha, Nebraska, in session at Florence in the same State, honored Mr. Levering by choosing him a commissioner to that body with the general assembly, the highest governing body in the Presbyterian Church. Some weeks before our commencement, and on his own initiative, Mr. Levering took the time from his business and invited a large number of returned students and graduates from Carlisle, who live within a few miles of his home, to a dinner at which the subject of attending the Carlisle commencement was discussed. The result was that these thirteen progressive citizens of that community came all the way from Nebraska to Carlisle for a reunion and in order to attend its exercises. There were more in the party when it was first made up, but the importance of spring work on their farms kept a number away.

Likewise, came graduates from many other points, East and West, to renew their acquaintance with the school and with the familiar scenes around Carlisle. When not engaged in attending some meeting or exercises, they spent their time in the joyous exchange of reminiscences of their school life. These men attracted attention everywhere, not because they look different from well-to-do citizens whom you would meet anywhere in the East, but because of the visible evidences of their success in life. In addition to these men, and lending picturesqueness to the exercises, was the presence of a number of old Indians, some of them parents and relatives of students, besides a large delegation of prominent men of the Sioux tribe from the Standing Rock Reservation, who were representing their people in matters of great importance in Washington.

It seems that each year the interest in these anniversary exercises of the Carlisle school is increasing, an evidence of which is seen not only in the large number of applications for tickets of admission to the different events which must be refused because of lack of accom-

modation, but also by the increasing amount of space which the newspapers and magazines of the country devote to a report and discussion of the exercises themselves.

Baccalaureate Services.

A LARGE audience made up of students of the school and citizens of Carlisle and the vicinity was present Sunday afternoon for the Baccalaureate Exercises, and filled every available seat in the Auditorium. The stage was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers and evergreens, which gave it the appearance of a tropical garden. After the audience was seated, the orchestra played a march while the members of the graduating class were ushered to the front row of the center tier of seats by several graduates who are now attaches of the Carlisle school. Special music, both vocal and instrumental, had been prepared for the exercises, and each number was beautifully rendered and added to the impressiveness of the occasion. Superintendent Friedman presided and Rev. H. B. Stock, pastor of the St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Carlisle, led the opening religious exercises. President J. F. Dunlap, of Albright College, made the prayer, which touched the hearts of all present.

The baccalaureate address was to have been delivered by Rev. Charles A. Eaton, pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, of New York City, but a few days before the exercises he was suddenly taken seriously ill and could not be present. A friend and schoolmate of Dr. Eaton's, Rev. W. B. Wallace, D. D., pastor of the Brooklyn Baptist Temple, one of the largest churches in America, kindly helped out in the emergency and preached in his place. Dr. Wallace is a scholarly and masterful preacher, and a man of power in the church and in his community. He preached an eloquent sermon, full of beautiful thoughts and consecration, and replete with timely suggestions to the graduates and their friends. His address is published on page 419 of this issue of THE RED MAN. Following is the program of the exercises:

Selection ..... School Orchestra
Opening Service ..... Rev. H. B. Stock, D.D.
Gloria Patri and Apostles' Creed ..... The Audience
Anthem—"The God of Israel" ..... Choir
Scripture Lesson ..... Supt. M. Friedman
Hymn—" How Firm a Foundation" ..... The Audience.
Prayer ..... Rev. J. F. Dunlap, A. M., D. D.
(President of Albright College, Pa.)

Quartette—"Gentle Spring" ..... Seniors
Iva Miller, Ernestine Venne, Ella Johnson, Agnes Waite,
Violin obligato, Fred Cardin.
Address ..... Rev. W. B. Wallace, D. D.
(Pastor Brooklyn Temple, New York City.)
Anthem—"March On" ..... Choir
Lord's Prayer.
Quartette—"For the Man of Galilee." .....
..... Alfred Lamont,
Louis Schweigman, Philip Cornelius, Benedict Cloud
Doxology.
Benediction ..... Rev. W, B. Wallace

Union Meeting of Christian Associations.

FOR the past three years special emphasis has been placed on a meeting of the Christian Associations of the school, which is held in the Auditorium on Sunday evening, and is open to a limited number of invited guests. One of its features that the Carlisle School takes especial joy in is the emphasis which is placed on the activities of the well-organized Christian Associations. Not only are the various religious denominations actively organized for work among the students, but the school has a very flourishing Young Men's Christian Association and Young Women's Christian Association. Carefully-selected and well-trained secretaries are in charge of both, who render efficient service in leading the Indian young men and women to a better knowledge of the Bible, and a more earnest and steadfast desire to follow Christian teachings and ideals. Here our youth receive training for moral leadership on the reservation. Being of a voluntary character this work supplements the activities of the church.

The program on Sunday evening was the most complete that had been given since these meetings were first made a part of commencement week, three years ago. The music by the choir, the school orchestra and by the quartette, was most pleasing and impressive. There were four addresses by students who were members of both Catholic and Protestant churches, which were well received, full of good common sense and indicative of careful preparation. One of the prominent men present remarked particularly on the saneness of what was said by the students, and on the absence of meaningless flights of oratory. "Sent to the Bench," the subject of Alexander Arcasa's address was full of sound Christian advice. He made a plea for good training and for the practice of charity in all

things. Amos Komah in speaking on "Indian Leadership," dwelt on the importance of men having the right preparation, and the proper spirit for leadership among their people. In answering the subject of her address, "Four Interesting Questions," Bessie Waggoner emphasized the importance of carefulness in speech, in letter writing, in companionship, and in the reading of books. Edison Mt. Pleasant recited most effectively "There Go the Ships."

Each year there has been present at these exercises a prominent man to deliver an address on some practical subject connected with character building and Christian service. This year the school was very fortunate in having present for this purpose the Hon. George H. Utter, Member of Congress and former Governor of Rhode Island. Governer Utter was honored with two terms as the chief executive of his State, and he is counted one of the most useful men who has been at the head of affairs of Rhode Island for years. He is not only an able statesman, but an earnest Christian and withal a speaker of great effectiveness and pungency. The subject of his address was "Seed and Fruit," and the impression which he made on his hearers, composing both the student body and friends of the school, was lasting. Governer Utter is a great friend of the Indian, and knows young men both by a deep sympathy and careful study; hence the advice which he gave was full of power for good and real force. The address is published on page 377 of this issue of THE RED MAN. The following is the program which was rendered:

Selection.....School Orchestra
Invocation.....Dr. J. H. Morgan
(Dean of Dickinson College)
Anthem – "Love Divine,".....Choir
"Sent to the Bench".....Alexander Arcasa
Hymn – "To the Work".....The Audience
"Indian Leadership".....Amos Komah
Quartette—"Heaven is My Home".....Alfred La Mont,
Benedict Cloud, Louis Schweigman, Philip Cornelius
"Four Interesting Questions".....Bessie Waggoner
Gospel Song – "Throw Out the Life Line".....
.....Agnes Jacobs and Choir
Recitation – "There go the Ships.".....Edison Mt. Pleasant
Hymn – "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me."
Address.....Hon. George H. Utter
(Member of Congress. Former Governor of Rhode Island.)
Lord's Prayer.
Hymn – "Jesus is Mighty to Save."
Benediction.....Dr. J. H. Morgan

Physical Exercises in the Gymnasium.

THE Carlisle Indian School advocates for all its students an all-around development. The boys and girls not only receive academic education and industrial instruction of a high order, but moral instruction as well. In addition to this, however, regular instruction is given in physical culture. Every boy and girl in the school devotes several periods a week to this instruction, in addition to the time which he has at his disposal as playtime and for devotion to athletic sports. In this way the health of the students is promoted and better results are obtained as a consequence in the other branches of student activity which are maintained.

In order to demonstrate the kind of instruction which is given in calisthenics, an exhibition was held in the Gymnasium Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. The Gymnasium was decorated with the school colors and with numerous American flags, and every available seat in the large running gallery was occupied by visitors from the town of Carlisle and vicinity and special guests. The drills were conducted to the accompaniment of music and showed careful training on the part of the students. There was an Indian Club Drill by both boys and girls, in which they excelled. Then followed a Rifle Drill by the boys, a Pyramid Drill by the small boys, a Bar Bell Drill by the girls, after which some very interesting and amusing games were played by the small boys.

Competitive Military Drill.

AFTER the exercises in the Gymnasium, there was held on Indian Field, the athletic grounds of the school, a competitive military drill and dress parade. This commenced about half-past three in the afternoon, and was witnessed by the spectators who saw the work in the Gymnasium, together with a number of others,—the spectators completely filling the grand stand. Major-General Leonard C. Wood, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, who is deeply interested in the work of the school and in military drill and organization in the public schools everywhere, sent to act as judge of the competitive drill Captain A. W. Bjornstad, U. S. Army, member of the General Staff of the Army at Washington, D. C. Captain Bjornstad is one of the finest officers in the Army, and has been recently selected by the President of the United States to act as military attache and representative of this Government at the German Court in Berlin, which is considered one of the best

foreign assignments in connection with our Army. He has made a careful study of the infantry branch of the Army, and his presence at Carlisle did much to stimulate interest in this branch of the work.

Before the military drill was begun there was a dress parade headed by the band, which was most impressive and well executed. The students made a fine showing with their guns and attired in their uniforms of unmounted cavalry with white gloves. The competitive drill between the companies resulted in the first prize being awarded to Company F, whose captain is Robert Weatherstone, and the second prize to Company A, whose captain is Peter Jordan. The first prize consisted of a beautiful sword of the regular army pattern which had been made to order, with gold trimmings. It made a very beautiful gift. The second prize was a solid gold medal, beautifully engraved. A social and reception was given to the members of the two winning companies and their friends.

Shortly after the drill commenced, it began to rain, and, for a while, there was a heavy downpour, but this in nowise dampened the ardor of the students, who had been keyed up for the competition for many months. Captain Bjornstad presented the prizes to the captains of the winning companies in the Gymnasium, in the presence of the entire battalion.

Band Concert.

WHAT was pronounced one of the finest band concerts ever given at the school took place in the school Auditorium Tuesday evening before a very large audience. Every seat was occupied and several thousand applications for tickets of admission had to be refused on account of lack of space. The program was a mixed one, consisting of very excellent numbers by the band, instrumental and vocal solos, and some singing by a splendidly-trained quartette. Nearly every number was encored, and especially pleasing were the cornet solo by Robert Bruce, the violin solo by Fred Carden accompanied on the harp by Margaret Chilson, several vocal solos by Agnes Jacobs, and the playing on the Xylophone by Fred Schenandore, accompanied by the band. The pieces played by the band were most difficult and yet were delightfully rendered.

The members of the band were seated on the platform dressed in their uniforms of red coats and blue trousers. The band has

had a very successful year, having made splendid progress, and never before has there been evidenced more conscientious training or a finer spirit among the players. Following is the program:

PART I

March—The Call of America ..... *Mehden*
Overture—Dramatique ..... *Dalbey*
Cornet Solo—Una Polka ..... *Hartman*
Robert Bruce
Intermezzo—Gretchen ..... *Martin*
Medley Overture—Headlights ..... *Head*
Idyll—Spring's Awakening ..... *Bach*
Violin Solo—5th Air Varie ..... *Dancla*
Fred Cardin, accompanied on harp by Margaret Chilson

PART II

Patrol—The G. A. R. ..... *Fassett*
Echoes From The Metropolitan Operas ..... *Tobani*
Vocal Solo—Sparkling Eyes ..... *Livernash*
Agnes Jacobs, accompanied by the Orchestra
Valse Caprice—Enchanted Nights ..... *Moret*
Entr' Acte from The Midnight Sons ..... *Hubbell*
Male Quartette—Minnehaha ..... *Loring*
Alfred LaMont, Benedict Cloud,
Louis Schweigman, Philip Cornelius
Humoresque—Comin' Thro' the Rye ..... *Bellstedt*

Handicap Track and Field Sports.

ON Wednesday afternoon at 1: 30, the handicap track and field sports were held. This is an annual event at the school and creates keen competition among the students. At the close of the field sports a game of lacrosse was played between two picked teams of the school. A strong northwest wind was blowing most of the afternoon, a fact which cut down some of the records and prevented making excellent time. Especially designed gold, silver, and bronze medals were given to the students. On account of the cold weather only the track events were held. Following are the results:

100-yard dash—Charles Coons, first; time, 10 2-5 seconds; Gus Welch, second; George Earth, third.

220-yard dash—Charles Coons, first; time, 24 seconds; F. Schenadore, second; J. Guyon, third.

440-yard dash—Squirrel, first; time, 55 seconds; C. Taylor, second; Tibbets, third.

Half-mile run—Gus Welch, first; time, 2 min. 9 seconds; George Earth, second; R. Lefthand, third.

1-mile run—Arquette, first; time, 4 min. 44 seconds; Kelsey, second; Lorentz, third.

2-mile run—Arquette, first; time, 10 min. 8 4-5 seconds; Blackdeer, second; Talyumptewa, third.

220-yard hurdle—F. Schenadore, first; time, 27 4-5 seconds; Thorpe, second; Wheelock, third.

120-yard hurdle—Thorpe, first; time, 16 seconds; J. Wheelock, second; J. Goslin, third.

Hammer throw—Thorpe, first; distance, 114 ft. 4 in., Wheelock, second; Garlow, third.

Discus throw—Burd, first; distance, 104 ft. 3 in.; Ez Nez, second; Garlow, third.

High jump—H. Smith, first; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; D. George, second; Vetternack, third.

Shot put—Ez Nez, first; distance, 42 ft. 3 in.; Thorpe, second; Wheelock, and Goesback, tied, third.

Broad jump—Squirrel, first; distance, 21 ft, 10 in.; Thorpe, second; Goesback, third.

Pole vault—Goslin, first; height, 10 ft. 1 in.; Coons, second; Earth, third.

School Open to Visitors.

WEDNESDAY and Thursday the various departments of the school were open to visitors, and a large number availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing the industrial and academic departments, and the students at study and work. A great many improvements have been made in nearly every branch of activity at the school, and a large amount of interest has been aroused in the method of presenting vocational education among the Indians at this institution. The various shops were running at full blast, and regular instruction was carried on in the academic department, including the classes in business practice, stenography, and telegraphy. Many visited the hospital, which has been greatly improved, and went through the large green house, which was entirely rebuilt of concrete and steel last summer.

Experience Meeting.

DESCENDANTS of chiefs and red men of a score of different tribes, who have attained positions of prominence in the country, returned to the Carlisle Indian School during commencement week and on Wednesday night brought a message to the students

there, and to a large audience of Carlisle men and women, who gathered in the Gymnasium at the first "experience meeting" in eight years, held in connection with the annual commencement exercises at the school.

The messages sounded an assurance that the education of the Indian is a success, and that the system employed at the Carlisle School, and at other Government schools through the East and West, is making thoroughly-educated and fully-developed men and women who become leaders of their people, and when they compete with the whites are recognized for probity and industry. Indian lawyers, Indian clergymen, Indian merchants, Indian teachers brought the message. Most of them were Carlisle graduates, and there were prominent Indians who obtained their education in other schools, who told how the training they had received at their school had started them on the road towards success.

There were others on the platform of the Gymnasium who had not experienced the benefit of the training obtained by their red brothers, but who were there to tell how they had noticed the good results of this training in their neighbors who had returned from the schools and had taken advanced places on the reservations and in the communities where they were located.

One of the features of the evening—for the evening was full of features—occurred when Thomas Frost, a Sioux from the Standing Rock Reservation in North Dakota, unable to speak his thoughts in English, arose and addressed the students and guests in the language of his tribe. An interpreter from the same reservation, who is a member of the delegation which has been spending some weeks in Washington appearing before the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs in the interest of the tribe, delivered the message of the bronze-skinned Sioux. "I know what education does for the Indian because I have seen it," said the Sioux. "I know that however limited may be the training, there is always some benefit." And the audience cheered the Sioux to show that they knew it, too, and that they believed the message he had brought them from the North Dakota reservation.

There were other scenes that stirred the friends of the school, many of whom had not followed the course of the hundreds of Indian students after leaving Carlisle. One was when Levi Levering, a graduate of the school in the class of 1890, who brought a splendid party of educated fellow tribesmen from the Omaha Reservation,

GRADUATING CLASS 1912—CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

CADET OFFICERS OF THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

There is maintained at Carlisle a military organization of the boys. Regular drills are held during the year and the students obtain much benefit from the physical exercises and the lessons in character building.

arose to speak. Mr. Levering told how when he and his party left their home town in Nebraska, his neighbors in large numbers came down to the train to speed them on their journey and give them a rousing send-off. His party was on the platform and displayed a large banner on which was printed in large letters "Omaha Carlisle Indians." He went on to state that he came to tell the white folks that the Indian did not forsake the new ways of learning at the Carlisle School, but was making use of his training and his education in his every-day affairs and in his relations with his people and with the surrounding whites. "One of the young men with me," he said, "Albert Blackbird, attended school here. I want to tell you that the education he received has made him a successful man. Last year he raised 5,000 bushels of corn, and he is an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He is an A-1 man." Mr. Levering spoke of the great influence of Christianity on his people and of its power for good in his own life. He made a plea for education and pointed out that there are hundreds of successful Indian men and women who have been educated at schools, who are now earning an honest living and taking a prominent place in the affairs of their people.

It was at first intended to hold the meeting in the Auditorium, which seats about a thousand, but at the last moment, because of the numerous requests from persons on the outside to be given a chance to hear the addresses, it was decided to hold the exercises in the large Gymnasium. Announcement of this fact was made on the evening before, and all those holding general admission tickets to the commencement exercises, were allowed to attend the Experience Meeting. As a consequence the great Gymnasium was nearly full. To show their great interest in the exercises, not a person in that great audience left the hall during the addresses.

The various speakers and a large number of prominent Indians were seated on the platform. There was an utter absence of the spectacular, and seated side by side and elbow to elbow were prominent Indians from various tribes, and officials of the Government interested in the welfare and education of the Indian people.

The exercises were opened with an impressive invocation made by Rev. G. M. Klepfer, D. D., pastor of the Allison M. E. Church of Carlisle, after which the band, which was seated on a raised platform, played some stirring music. In opening the meeting, Superintendent Friedman, who presided, spoke of the historic community

in which the Indian school is located, and mentioned several facts in the history of Carlisle which connected it with the great epochs of the country's history. "We are indebted to Carlisle in a great many ways as a school," he said, "and the Indian people are indebted not only to Carlisle, but to the great State of Pennsylvania, because it was here, thirty-two years ago, that Indian education received its first stimulus. In all the years since that time, we have never lacked for friends,—optimistic and helpful friends—in Carlisle and in Pennsylvania. Since this school was first organized, there has been a steady stream of earnest young men and women who have gone out into all the ramifications of American life, and into every portion of this great country. They have worked out their own salvation and have become good citizens and economic factors in the communities in which they live. Every man and woman in this audience will agree with me, when they look upon this body of progressive men of Indian blood on the platform, that the idea that an Indian cannot be educated, civilized, and Americanized, has received a "knock-out" blow to-night.

Mr. Levi Levering was the first speaker and he made a profound impression on the audience.

Mr. Charles E. Dagenett, a Peoria Indian graduate of the class of 1891, followed with words spoken in favor of education.

Mr. J. M. Oskison, a Cherokee Indian, who is Associate Editor of Collier's Magazine, and who has never missed an opportunity to be of service to the Indian people through the columns of that magazine, was the next speaker. He captivated the audience by his good nature and the broad sympathy of his remarks, which are reprinted in full on another page.

Dr. J. N. B. Hewitt of the Bureau of American Ethnology, a Tuscarora Indian, who has made some very profound studies of Indian life, spoke instructively and told many interesting things concerning the language and customs of the Indian people. His very excellent address will be published in full in an early number of THE RED MAN.

One of the most eloquent speakers of the evening was Joseph Griffis, an Osage Indian from Cleveland, Ohio. He is a very prominent Indian lecturer and has done great good in the missionary field among the Indians of the West. Mr. Griffis related some interesting events of his life and made an appeal for Christianity and for education which will not be soon forgotten, either by the large

audience of Indians or of the assemblage of white people gathered from all portions of Pennsylvania.

Thomas L. Sloan, who followed, is a Hampton graduate of the class of 1899, who is practicing law and has on numerous occasions represented his people in matters of importance before the Department and before Congress. He spoke eloquently in the Indian's behalf.

After some music, Thomas Frost, the Sioux from the Standing Rock Reservation, spoke through an interpreter. He captivated the audience by his earnestness and eloquence, and made a very zealous appeal for education of a practical character for all of his people. He lamented the fact that he himself had not received a thorough education. His address was received with enthusiasm, as was evidenced by the prolonged applause which greeted him at its close.

The school was fortunate this year in having present Commissioner of Indian Affairs Robert G. Valentine, who left Washington at a very busy time when the House was considering the Indian bill. He came particularly for the Experience Meeting, which interested him greatly, and remained over Thursday for the graduating exercises. Commissioner Valentine spoke earnestly, both to the student body and to the whites and the audience, on the various phases of the Indian question, and made a plea for more cordiality and cooperation between the whites and the Indians. He made a special appeal for team work among the Indians themselves, and spoke of his ambition to see a larger percentage of the Indians in positions of responsibility in the Indian Service. His address, which is very informing, is published in full in this issue.

The band played several numbers at intervals and some vocal music was rendered, all of which made the evening pass very quickly. Although there were several other men to speak, the hour was growing late and after the benediction by Rev. W. A. Houck, the audience was dismissed.

Expressions were heard on all sides and much comment has been made by the press of the interest and value of this meeting, and hereafter it will form one of the features of commencement week.

Graduation Exercises.

AT THE graduating exercises Thursday afternoon twenty-one young men and women were awarded diplomas, three received certificates of proficiency in stenography, and thirty-one re-

ceived certificates indicating proficiency in the various trades. This was the most important day of the Twenty-Fourth Annual Commencement of the school.

In place of the usual oratory and the reading of essays, girls gave practical information on how to raise chickens, cook them and serve them; how to wash and iron clothes, and gave good advice on household questions. Boys showed the most approved methods of potting plants, demonstrated scientific gardening, and even made horseshoes and assembled a wagon on the platform. A real blacksmith shop, a real but miniature laundry, and a real flower bed were exhibited on the platform in the demonstration of practical talks given by several graduates, and these features proved to be the most interesting incidents of the day. The forge of the blacksmith shop had a real fire in it, and when the blowers were worked, the sparks shot high over the heads of the student demonstrators. Red-hot horseshoes and pieces of carriage irons were worked to proper shape and condition on an anvil stationed near the forge, and the running gears of a buggy were put together in full view of an audience of more than 3500 people, who thronged the big Gymnasium where the exercises were held.

When Miss Agnes V. Waite gave a descriptive talk on laundering, she was assisted by four Indian girls, who, while she was speaking, were ironing clothes, making starch, and mending some of the torn garments. The irons were heated on an oil stove on the stage, and two large ironing boards were placed on either side of the platform.

A descriptive talk on gardening was given by Caleb W. Carter, and in this he was aided by two boys who showed how to pot and plant flowers, mix and plant seeds, and in what manner to plant them.

Miss Percy Mae Wheelock gave an interesting descriptive talk on "Chickens on the Farm," and described how the farmer's wife could make a good income raising proper kinds of poultry for marketing. She was assisted by two other Indian maidens, one of whom demonstrated the cooking of eggs, and the other the accurate cutting up and preparing a chicken for cooking. Big charts were used in showing what kind of chicken houses are best, and the young lady showed what kind of chickens were best layers, the largest for food, and those which would bring the best price on the market.

Not in the history of the school was the platform as beautifully decorated as it was on Thursday afternoon. It was banked with a

mass of hundreds of potted plants, the fragrance of which was wafted over the immense audience. The flowers were all grown in the greenhouse of the school.

The special music which had been prepared for the occasion was pronounced the best in the exercises, and the playing of the band, the mandolin club, and the most impressive singing of the chorus of one hundred voices was a revelation to all. The music demonstrated conclusively that under proper training the Indian can render as fine music as the members of any race.

The invocation was impressively made by Dr. Henry H. Apple, A. M., D. D., the President of Franklin and Marshall College, after which Sylvester Long, one of the graduates, delivered the salutatory. He spoke of the school life here at Carlisle, and of the hopes of the graduates for the future, and the tone of his voice and the spirit in which he spoke convinced everyone in the audience of his earnestness and sincerity.

After some music by the band, another graduate, Caleb W. Carter, gave a descriptive talk on "Gardening," which was illustrated by practical demonstrations and by a number of charts. The grand chorus sang "Inflamatus," after which Miss Wheelock gave her talk on "Chickens on the Farm." This was followed by the mandolin orchestra, composed entirely of girls, which played several pieces.

In the absence of Howard Gansworth, of the class of '94, who was to speak of "The Carlisle Graduates and Returned Students," Mr. Charles E. Dagenett, of the class of '91, now Supervisor of Indian Employment, was introduced and spoke most effectively and earnestly on the way Indians are making use of their education, and are entering into every kind of activity in all portions of the country. He spoke convincingly of the value of education, and urged the students not only to get out and dig, but to allow nothing to discourage them or keep them down.

After Mr. Dagenett had finished speaking, Miss Nora McFarland, a full-blood Nez Perce, with the accompaniment of the student quartette, rendered the hymns, "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night," in the Indian sign language. Her grace and the pathos with which she executed her movements touched the hearts of all.

After some music by the band, Miss Agnes V. Waite gave her talk on "Laundering," which was very effectively demonstrated by a number of her schoolmates. The chorus sang "Springtime," and

Gustavus Welch closed the student part of the exercises with a most excellent talk on "Blacksmithing."

While the school with band accompaniment sang "The Jolly Student," the prominent guests took their places on the platform. Superintendent Friedman presided and, as the first speaker, introduced Commissioner of Indian Affairs Valentine. Mr. Valentine spoke earnestly and effectively to the students and to the friends of the school, urging the Indians to make use of the splendid training which the Government afforded them. He again made a plea for the employment of more Indians in the Indian Service, so that the Indians would be working out their own salvation and solving their own problem. When he had finished speaking, the graduates took their places on the platform and he presented the diplomas.

The certificates to the business students were also presented, with the exception of that to Miss Sarah Gordon, which was sent to her, she having already passed a Civil Service examination and accepted a position in the Government Service in South Dakota.

Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, State Commissioner of Education of Pennsylvania, one of the most prominent educators in the United States, who is an ex-president of the National Educational Association, spoke on the democracy of education in this country. He complimented the Indian on his native qualities, and the school on its work.

The Hon. Henry Houck, Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania, was the next speaker, and, as usual, he put everyone in a good humor. Secretary Houck is one of the most popular men in Pennsylvania, and everywhere he goes is heartily welcomed by the people.

The school was particularly honored this year by having present the Governor and Mrs. Tener. Governor Tener was the last speaker. During his administration, Governor Tener has demonstrated to the people of Pennsylvania and to the country how effective a state administration can be. He has won the praise of men of all shades of political opinion by the patriotic and efficient way in which he has handled the affairs of the State. Governor Tener viewed the work of the school as being important to the Indian, and spoke of the pride which Pennsylvania had in the presence on its soil of the school. His presence did much to inspire the students to greater efforts and his visit will linger long in the memory of all.

(*Continued on Page 429.*)

Seed and Fruit:*

By Hon. George H. Utter, Ex-Governor of Rhode Island.

I DO NOT consider myself an exception when I say that many times, as I have read the New Testament, I have wondered why we were not told more about the boyhood and youth of Jesus Christ. Every person who has lived to mature years knows that the manhood of the world is made in the youth of the world. A class which left college thirty-five years ago this coming June had some seventy-five members, and every man, save one, has gone in the direction that he was then facing. Some have gone farther than was expected; some have gone not so far; but still in their youth these men indicated what they were to be in their older age.

Yet there is in the Bible a whole lot about the youth of Christ that is not written. There are references all through the book that show something of what the boy must have been, as well as what the man was. I think every boy,—I speak of boys because I was the only boy in our family, and, therefore, had no sisters by whom to judge, but when I say boys, I also mean girls, since in my own family we have one girl who has gone about with three boys,—I think every boy and every girl comes to learn early in life one thing, and that is how much they owe to their mother.

It is difficult for us to think of Jesus Christ as growing up. We think of Him as a man, because so much is written about His three years of active life, and yet there are passages in the New Testament which tell a long story, such as where we are told twice that the wonderful things that happened during the childhood of Jesus, Mary "wrote in her heart." There is not a mother who has

**Address, Carlisle Commencement Exercises, Sunday Evening, March 31, 1912.*

ever held a child in her arms and looked into its uplifted face, there is not a father who has ever laid his hand on his boy's head as the lad looked up to him for leadership and protection, but has written in the heart something that child did, some look that came over the child's face which he never saw in the face of another child. And when we are told that Mary, like a woman, "wrote in her heart" the wonderful things that came in that boy's childhood, we get a glimpse of what the training of Jesus Christ must have been by that woman. Do you suppose the anniversary of that boy's birth ever came around, but that his mother looked into his face and wondered what all the wonderful incidents meant? Do you suppose when she found him in the temple that she came away surprised? It was only what the mother could have expected, when she remembered what had gone before. And then as he developed from boyhood into youth and from youth into young manhood, and from young manhood into the age where he was to do his work, ah, the love and affection shown by that woman must have been marked by everybody.

You teachers in a school like this, you young people who are given the opportunities that come to you here, do you ever think, as you look into the faces and the souls and the lives of those entrusted to your care, about the possibilities of it? Do you ever think what rests upon you for the possibilities of an institution like this? We are told that Mary wrote these things down in her heart; she realized a little bit the possibilities that might come from that boy.

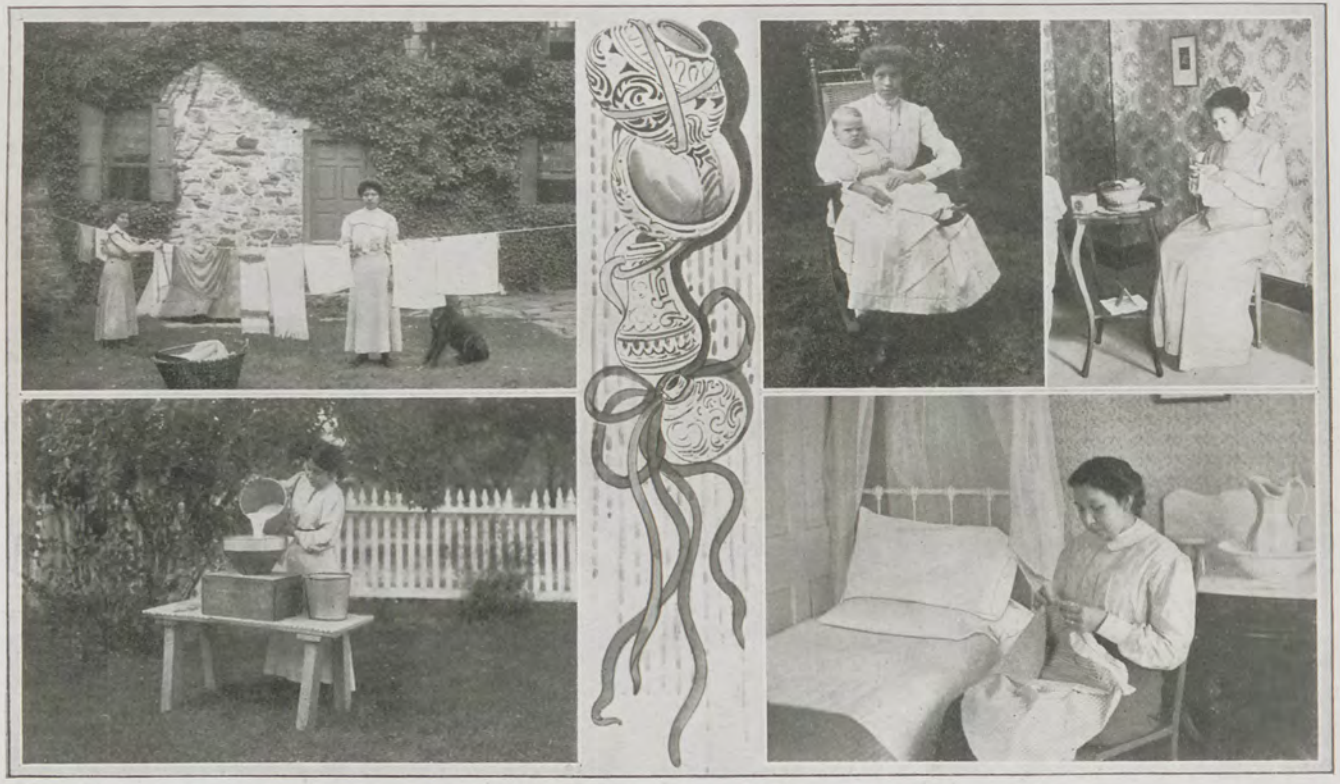
Now, fellows, there is another passage in the Bible which says that when Jesus went back with his father and mother, after they had found him in the temple, he became subject unto them, and that he grew in favor with man and with God. There is a summing up of all the preparation of that man for his work, just as it is the summing up of every man's preparation. The person who grows in favor with God also grows in favor with man. The man who fits his life into God's ruling and God's plans, finds himself called of God for work. What I have said to the teachers, I also say to you fellows, I say to you young ladies, I say to all of you, that as you grow in favor with the Lord God Almighty you grow in favor and strength with man. As has been told you to-night by these boys, though sometimes you may be sent back to the bench because you have not done your work well, don't become discouraged. Why, you ath-

PAINT SHOP—SHOWING BOOTHS FOR INDUSTRIAL INSTRUCTION

THE CARLISLE SCHOOL GARDEN—AGRICULTURE AND THE INDUSTRIES ARE CORRELATED WITH THE ACADEMIC WORK

PRESS ROOM—SCHOOL'S PRINTING DEPARTMENT

MASONRY DEPARTMENT—A LESSON IN BRICKLAYING



VIEWS SHOWING GIRL STUDENTS OUT UNDER THE SCHOOL'S OUTING SYSTEM

STUDENTS RECEIVING PRACTICAL TRAINING IN THE INDUSTRIES UNDER THE OUTING SYSTEM

letes, the stooping start was first put on a certain runner as a handicap because no one else could run within any distance of him, but he made the handicap what every runner to-day uses. Being "Sent back to the bench" was not his master, but he made it his help toward winning.

You must be clean if you are to be leaders; if you are to be leaders among men, you must stand firm and grow in the Lord. May you who go out from this school go out as have some of those who have come back here to visit the school, feeling that the Lord has given you an opportunity, and that you are ready to do his work. It is true that from those to whom much has been given much will be required. You can't go back to your homes, no man ever yet went from a college or returned to the place from which he started having had the advantages you have been given here, without having a greater responsibility and a greater work. Therefore, I say to you to-night, remember that the life of the boy Jesus as He grew into youth, remember that His life as He grew into manhood, remember that the life of that young man as he took up his burden, was the life that found favor with both God and man. Take it as your motto, as your ideal.

You know that Jesus Christ knew people. He was like you and myself. He came in contact with people and recognized things as do you and I. As I read the Bible, I am struck with the fact that the men who wrote it, and the men who live in it, saw things as we do. How we magnify the little things in life! The Master didn't look for the big things; He was looking continually for the seed or the germ that made fruit. He spoke frequently of the kernel of corn, from which grows the full ear. He spoke of the mustard seed, which develops into a tree, into the branches of which the birds come and rest. He spoke of the wheat that is scattered in order that more wheat may grow. He repeatedly comes back to the germ of life, that which is the beginning of all life and existence, and He sees from that the growth and the subsequent development.

Now, an institution like this is not only fitting you for the work which you are to do for yourselves, but for the work you must do for others. You have been truthfully told to-night that as you go out among your people, you will be judged by what you do in leadership. Leadership is not always in that which stands as the recognized head, but it may be in that which the people recognize as a square deal. You come from a race, you people, whose tradition

is loyalty, whose tradition is faithfulness, whose tradition is friendliness; and let me tell you that one thing you want to remember when you go back home is that you are going not simply to labor for yourselves, but that you are going as seed for others, and as seed for the work in whatever field you may be cast.

You remember the story of the boy who planted the corn, and was anxious to see if the corn was growing, and, therefore, dug it up to find it out. He wanted to see the sprout; he was not willing to wait for the harvest. He was anxious the very first week or two that he might see it grow, and so he dug it up and by so doing lost his corn. Many a man has lost the fruits of hard labor because he was too anxious to see the results early, too impatient to wait, too unwilling to abide the necessary time. As you have been told here, you are to go out as leaders, but you must prove your right of leadership before it will be recognized. I think everybody admits that leadership is the most difficult thing in life to obtain. As you develop in leadership, the men who stood by you are the men who will withdraw; the men you have known, the men with whom you have worked here and at home, and those who knew you, will go back and not know you as friends. If you don't look out, the danger will be that they will withdraw from you, not from jealousy, but simply because it is human nature for a man when he sees his friends advance to draw back. Leadership has its advantages, but it also has its cost. Leadership has its sacrifices. Leadership involves that which weighs upon a man at times, until he finds himself almost crushed by the load. Being trained as the seed, being trained as the kernel, being trained that a great crop may be gathered, you must remember that you have, metaphorically, to die in order that the crop may be raised.

As I have said, Christ always magnified the little things in life. He magnified the little development in our daily character building. Bear with me just one minute. I have reached a place in middle life where I have the privilege of looking back. A few years ago it was my privilege to walk up Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire. As we worked up that hill higher and higher, those inclines that had seemed almost too difficult to climb, looked flat from our higher elevation. After having overcome those obstacles, we had a more correct idea of what they were. As a man in middle life, desiring not to minimize but rather to give you a true idea of what some of the obstacles in life may be, let me tell you that one condition you

will have to overcome, one condition for the overcoming of which you will be held responsible, will be the cost of leadership. From what I know of this school, from the inquiries I have made, from the efforts I have put forth to learn something of its works and their results, I believe you fellows are recognizing that leadership has its cost, and that you are going into the fight animated by the old-time call to quit yourselves like men.

There is another fact that Christ always told about the seed. The seed has a definite purpose in life. A person takes the wheat and scatters it in the ground and reaps a crop. Thousands of years ago there were buried in the hand of a mummy, which was afterward brought from Egypt to this country, some grains of wheat, and those grains were planted in our soil, and became the origin of a peculiar grade of wheat which we have to-day. The life was in the grain, though it had been in the hand of the mummy so many years. According to Christ's teachings, you are the seed from which is to come the fruit for all. Do you remember how He referred to you as being the salt of the earth? A small boy remarked, "Salt is that which makes bread taste bad if you don't put it in." That boy had the right idea of salt. The earth would taste very bad if it wasn't for the salt of character.

There are three things that I am going to talk about in the balance of my time. I want every man to recognize that he has a particular place in God's work. You students, many of you I suppose, will go back among your own people. Some of you may not, but most of you will go back among your own people, and there you will find your places. Let me tell you this, that as you live what your training has told you to be right, you will fulfill your duty towards your people. The Master always adhered to the custom of the Jews. He was a Jew. He was trained as a Jew, and we are told that on the Sabbath day, He went into the synagogue. He went up to Jerusalem at stated times, and He did these things, one after another, as His custom was. A thing that counts in this life is to do the right as though it were a custom. The man who has trouble about the drink habit is the man without a custom. If he lets the world understand that he does not touch intoxicants, he has no trouble about it whatever. But if the world thinks he sometimes uses them though at other times declining, then he has trouble. It is as his custom is. So I say in the first place, do right, and when you leave this school, see that you close your mouth tight against

the thing which steals away your brain, robs a man of his thought, robs a man of his power.

You know that just as soon as a man becomes neglectful of the outward sign of his inward life, he finds his inward life dropping away from him. It is a strange fact, but it is a fact. I will not undertake to explain it, but simply assert that it is a "cold fact" that the minute a man drops his outward sign of right living, he finds his living grows crooked. You have had influences about you in this school, you have had the common interest, the association, the custom. When you get out it will without doubt be more difficult to retain the inward sign. When you get back among your people, or among other people, be true to the ideals that you have been taught here, as the outward signs of a clean life. Make it a point to attend religious services on the Sabbath; make it a point to identify yourself with the best things in the community life; make it a point to be known as one of the people who are striving for the best things. Jesus Christ never in all his life turned His back on the things that were right. I say to you, and especially to the girls, for they have a burden to carry that the boys have not, when you go back among your people, cling to the customs and signs of an inward life here developed, and as you cling to them, and read good books, and write good letters, and engage in clean talk, you will find that you are continually making yourselves morally stronger. The visible outward signs of an inward life make for the betterment of mankind.

It sometimes seems as though the people of the world were lazy. You find the evidences on all sides. Somehow or other people don't like to work the way they used to work when we older fellows were boys. There seems to be a growing tendency the world over to believe that it is a good thing to escape whatever is hard labor. But that idea is a mistake. It is not true. The only man who ever wins is the man who works. He is the man who stands for a square deal. The only man who does the things that count is the man who works. I have been impressed more and more during the past ten or fifteen years, as I have come in contact with men who have made their marks in the world, that it is through hard work that men overcome obstacles, and that by overcoming obstacles they become masters of themselves. Hard work is a great blessing in life. It gives the greatest satisfaction in schools, in shops, in fields, in mills, in offices. Dr. Van Dyke in a poem entitled "The Toiling of

Felix" tells of a man who tried to find satisfaction in idleness. He tried to find it by withdrawing himself from the world. But there was no comfort to be found save in work. This is the way the poem concludes the story:

"This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of Love came down from above, to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blest of Earth is toil."

After you have gone out from this school, and as you become leaders and the men who stand for the right, you will learn more and more that real satisfaction of life is found not in idleness, but in the opportunity to toil and the willingness to toil.

Now, just one thing more. I suppose all of you are looking for some degree of success. You are hoping that wherever you may be, you may be marked among your fellows, as men who succeed. Let me tell you something. Success, as the world describes success, is a fleeting thing. It is here to-day and gone to-morrow. But there is a success truly worth while, and that is the success which comes when you can look the world in the face and say you have done the thing you believed to be right. The man who can see himself as he is and not be ashamed, wins success.

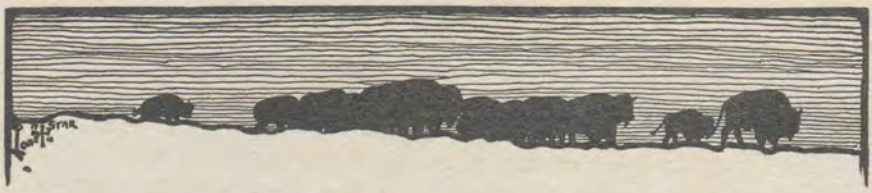
Sometime ago a Christmas card was given me, on which was a little poem that signifies to me more and more what real success in life is, and I want to leave it with you.

"Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it;
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well! well! what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The higher you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye.
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,
It's how did you fight and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world like men,
Why, the Critic would call it good.
Death comes with a crawl or comes with a bounce;
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

Fellows, that is the secret of a successful life. Not what men say about you, not what men may write about you, but if you have been true to yourselves, then you have been false to no man. And that is success.



The Big Job of Solving the Indian Problem:*

By Hon. Robert G. Valentine, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

INDIANS of the reservation, boys and girls of the Indian country, citizens of Carlisle and of the State of Pennsylvania: In a meeting of this kind, we have an epitome of conditions existing all over the country. That I may bring that home to you, and at the same time artfully give you a slight physical rest, I am going to ask for a moment all the Indians here to stand up and face this part of the audience. If you please, all of you stand up for a moment. Now, I am going to ask the citizens of Carlisle, and the citizens of Pennsylvania to stand up and face the Indians. Please turn right around and do it squarely.

In the United States there are scattered through 26 different States about 300,000 Indians very well represented by those here to-night; and living near and on the reservations, and around the reservations are something like 10,000,000 white persons, very well represented here to-night, because there is very little East and West when it comes to a white man.

Now, if you will kindly sit down, I have a few things to say to you white men and women. I have a few things to say to you white men and women which I think you can bear to hear better if you are sitting. There are, undoubtedly, you will see, in this problem as I have sketched it out—300,000 Indians and 10,000,000 white persons—every kind of economic, social, political and religious problem which this country affords; and it is the duty of you two groups of persons, red and white, to see that you join together in all activities springing out of those economic, social, political and religious conditions. It is up to you, in the slang of the day, to live as neighbors together. I can't stop to dwell here to-night on what I

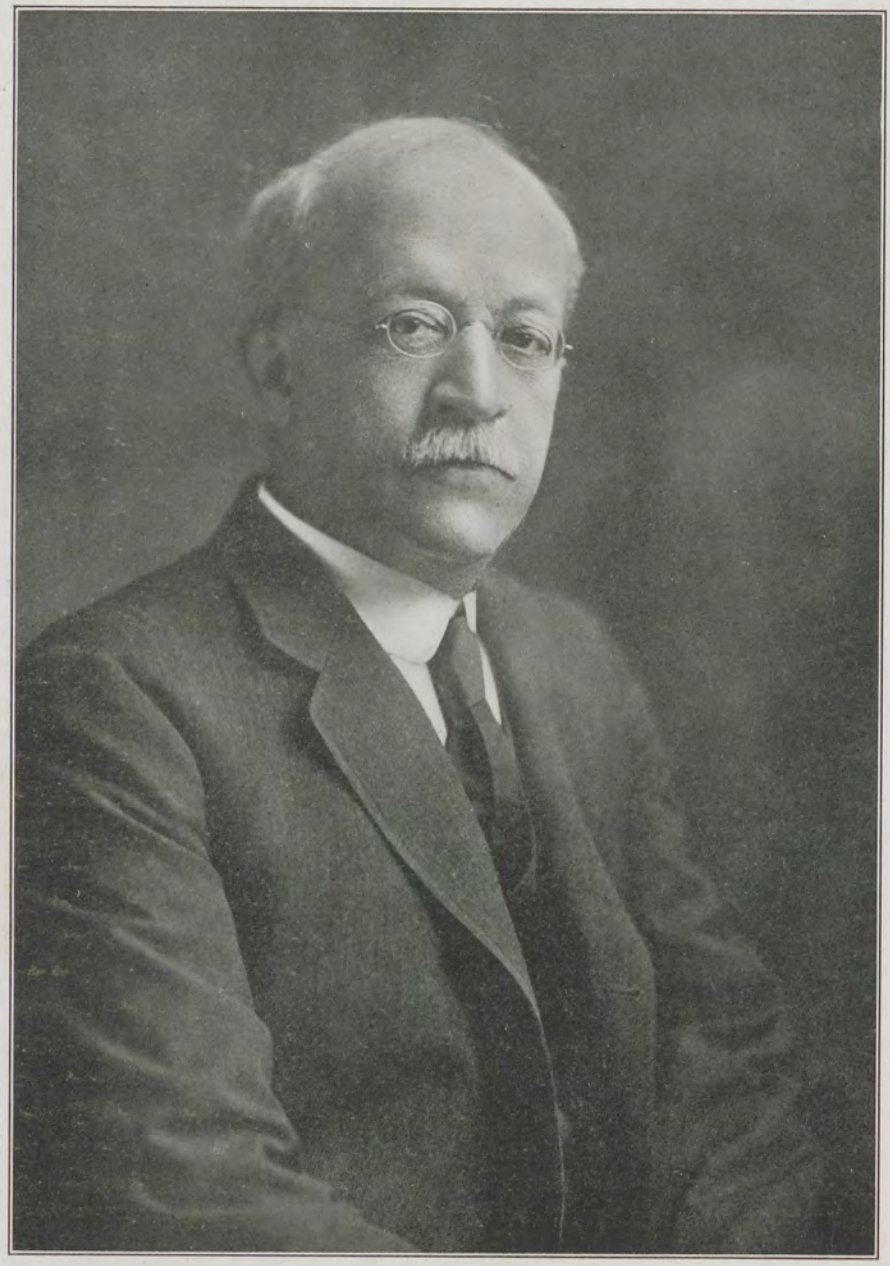
**Address, Carlisle Commencement Exercises, Wednesday Evening, April 3, 1912.*

believe to be the intrinsic basic virtues of the Indian character. They have got them, but they also have a far road to go before they get where you people ought to be to-day. They have a hard road to travel and you cannot depend alone on their efforts to make that trip. You have got to help them. Among you here, as among the people in the different States where the Indians live, there are a lot of good people and a lot of bad ones; there are good and bad ones in front of me here to-night, as there are among the red people and the 10,000,000 white people on and around the reservations. Among you, those of you who are bad, there are two main classes. The first class are the grafters—the people who want something for nothing—the people who are willing to trade on the weakness and inability of others. And then there is another class which is perhaps as bad, and that is the merely well-meaning, to whom belong the people who are lazy, idle, and shirking their responsibilities. I am assuming, and I think it a fair assumption, that in these things the people throughout the United States are about alike; and if we, all of us, honestly look into our hearts, we find ourselves all charged with doing the right thing and with preventing wrong from being done to these Indian peoples. We must polish up our efficient virtues, presuming that we have some.

When I first began to travel around the Indian country about seven years ago, most of the Indians to whom I spoke were in front of me. I don't know whether it was mere accident or not, but in talking at a school or in a town near a reservation, almost all the Indians were in the audience, and were consequently in front of me. In the last two or three years, more than ever in the last year, I have found a great many Indians behind me, as you see them here to-night; and a man can't have been Commissioner of Indian Affairs for nearly three years, as I have been, and subject to all the difficulties, to put it mildly, that come to a man in my position, without learning that about the only people in these United States that one can safely have behind him without watching are the Indians. I don't mean that in flattery. I am simply stating truths, just as I stated them a moment ago, and if that is the case, I want to say one word here to-night to the people in our Indian Field Service.

The Indian Office at Washington has to issue many circulars, has to issue bulletins; we write letters; we send all kinds of orders to our people in the field; and they are more or less read and more or less followed. But human nature being what it is, a word spoken

HON. JOHN K. TENER, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA



HON. GEORGE H. UTTER, MEMBER OF CONGRESS, FORMER GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND

not in the way of an order, but in the way of a suggestion sometimes bears more fruit. Here is the suggestion: One of the evils I have been trying to fight is the evil on the part of the 6,000 employees in the service, 4,000 of whom are white persons, and 2,000 Indians,—the evil among those employees not to welcome more and more and ever more Indian employees. The thing that the Indian Service needs at the earliest possible day is to have as many Indians running it as possible; there are enough well-equipped Indians educated in books and in practical affairs, to form the bulk of the Indian Service, and it isn't by any means wholly the fault of those well-equipped Indians that they aren't in it. It is partly the fault of the Indian Bureau, and of the Indian Service employees. It is said that it takes a good while to get Indian employees started; that they get discouraged. What is the Indian Bureau for? What is the Indian Service for, except to see that every Indian gets his chance, gets his environment, as Mr. Griffis put it. So I would like, if I could, to send a message to-night through the minds of the children and the employees of the Carlisle School, throughout the Indian Service, in the way of a suggestion to welcome Indian help, even if it takes some time to get started, or takes some time to find itself, as it did with Kipling's ship. Please welcome Indian employees in the Service.

I don't like to leave a good word like this, my belief in the Indians, without a counterbalancing truth that may not be so agreeable to hear. There is enough force, enough right direction in the Indians of the country themselves to-day to lift their affairs out of this, the most critical stage of Indian affairs that has yet confronted us, provided you Indians can work together; provided you can leave behind you the somewhat over-individualism, which it is perhaps partly your inheritance to possess, and partly our training to make adhere to you. If you leave that and get into a more social view, a more altruistic view about your own people, you, yourselves, have the power to lift the Indian people out of this critical condition as they can in no other way be lifted.

The utmost good the Government or the people of the United States, acting either through the Government or any other organization, public or private, can do for the Indians, cannot wholly help you. You must help yourselves. The utmost harm that the Government of the United States can do you by wrongdoing, by misdirected engergy, by mistaken benefits, by ill-directed plans, the

utmost harm the Government or anybody else can do you can't stop you, if you go after the end yourself. I want to urge upon each Indian boy and girl throughout the country, and upon every man and woman, to get together for the upbuilding of your own peoples, and the bringing about of the right, economic, and social conditions of which I spoke at the start.

The best sign I have seen on the horizon, the best star in the sky, was what happened at Columbus a year ago, when the Society of American Indians was formed; and I urge the attention of every Indian boy and girl in the country to the purpose of that society and to what I believe can be accomplished if it is backed up by you yourselves. I look also to see as one of the immediate benefits of the Society of American Indians, more self-government on Indian reservations and in the Indian country. The general relation which has existed in the past between the Federal Government and the Indians, and the local State Government and the Indians, has been a relation absolutely undemocratic, absolutely foreign to what this country stands for, foreign to the true meaning of freedom in this country. And I believe that a great many of the evils that exist to-day have come from the Government not encouraging the spirit of liberty among the Indians, not encouraging sufficiently such hopeful cases as that of a certain Indian who wanted to pay taxes, wanted the Government to let him manage his own affairs, not because he particularly wanted to pay out money,—when under the hand of the Government he did not have to pay taxes,—but because when driving to town it had been his custom to allow himself to be pushed more or less to one side of the road, and give to the white man he met the whole road. He felt that if he could once pay taxes, he would have the feeling which is the base of all American citizenship, of not only a right but a privilege without any unpleasant self-assertions, when you are sure what belongs to you, to one-half of the road.

There has not been quite as much that was personal to-night in the way of experience as I had hoped to hear. I have been very much interested in what I have heard, and I am not complaining at all; but with the exception of some things Mr. Griffis and Mr. Sloan said, experiences did not come out as I hope they will at the second experience meeting. In order to help set the pace for another time, I want to say just one word which will have a slight personal reference to myself. In the cause for which I speak, I hope you will pardon me.

No man can be Commissioner of Indian Affairs for any length

of time without encountering in every form such things as Mr. Sloan spoke of to you to-night,—great hostile forces which seek the injury, the despoiling of the Indians. No man who is surrounded by those forces can face them without making just the kind of enemies he needs. It amused me the other day, when looking over the list of Indian Commissioners, to find that since 1849, the average term of office is two years and ten months. And since there have been three or four who have served a considerable length of time, one seven years, and one or two others nearly as long, you will see the real average is something less than two years and ten months. They have been human and have made mistakes just as we all do, just as all future Commissioners will. But I believe, on the whole, that Commissioner after Commissioner has thrown himself against these bulky evils with honest purpose and diligence, and apparently it has taken just about two years and ten months to induce them out of office, or to kill them out. I merely want to call attention to the fact that I have had my share of this kind of fighting, and I hope to have a lot more of it. I will take you into my confidence to tell you that according to the statements of some persons, I am a thief, a liar, a crook, and a drunkard, and all kinds of a bad person. I am introducing this experience, because it may be of some help to you boys and girls here. It is pretty hard to stand up under such attacks, and at the same time do heart-breaking work with a smile, and I am frank to say that about a year ago, I thought they and the work had my physical health more or less beaten down. I had a pretty bad break-down; and I want to say to each one of you, boys and girls, you won't be anything in life until you get into what you think is the last ditch; until it seems all the world is against you, and there is no capturing the thing you are trying to capture, no gaining the things you are struggling to gain; but I happened to have some wise advisers as I hope you will have in your friends, and I was shown how to restore my health; and so instead of taking six months or a year in the woods as the doctors thought I might have to do, I was away from the office just about seven weeks and I have been on the job ever since. I have my health back, and I think one of the contributing causes was my having the right kind of enemies. They have helped me find a better strength than I have ever had before.

It rests then absolutely with each one of you boys and girls yourselves, and with each one of you working with each other, to push your way forward in the world and forward right. It all rests

with you. Nothing that we can do will stop you, not the most evil forces can stop you, if you won't stop. Nothing the most beneficent forces can do to help you can bring you out in safety. You yourself can. And I wish every one of you would read a poem of Kipling's entitled "If." Probably many of you have heard it:

> If you can keep your head when all about you
> Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
> If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
> But make allowance for their doubting, too,

And further on,—

> If you can meet with triumph and disaster
> And treat those two impostors just the same—

If, in short, you *will* do what you *can* do, you will be real men and real women.

Address by J. M. Oskison.*

MY FRIENDS, I am an Indian; I was born and raised among them; but it has taken me a long time to figure out a satisfactory explanation of my interest in them. Naturally, we are not very much interested in people we are familiar with. I find this interest growing all the time. For an explanation my mind has gone back to a process of building up an ideal which went on in my youth.

I never read very much good literature when I was young—mostly the novels that you can buy for five cents and which are published in Augusta, Maine. They were not usually standard works, however full of romance and blood they might be, so it happened that I did not read Æsop's Fables until I went to college. Doubtless, there is a craving in every child's mind which Æsop's Fables satisfies. I did not find them, so I built up a sort of symbolism of my own to take their place.

I remember when I was quite small the family acquired a gray mule about 15½ hands high. He was a solid, square-rigged type of mule. I grew up alongside that mule, and had a lot to do with him personally. At first, I thought he was about the meanest and laziest and orneriest mule I ever heard of. Every time I turned

**Address, Carlisle Commencement Exercises, Wednesday Evening, April 3, 1912.*

away or dropped the whip, that mule would slow down. It happened that it was I usually who had to make him hustle; one day I would be driving him to the plow, the next day I would be driving him to town for something. Later on, the family acquired some cattle, and I was promoted to the job of cowboy. My first mount, as a matter of course, was that obstinate, lazy gray mule. For a long time I felt that Heaven for me would be to get rid of that mule forever. No such luck. The mule flourished, and grew more vigorous with age.

After awhile, I began to ask myself what there was about this mule that was enduring; what it was that was turning my impatience into genuine liking. It seemed to me that he grew more desirable; a little more of a friend; and it came to a point when I would rather have that gray mule assigned to me than any other animal on the ranch. When I grew older, about 16 or 17, the mule about the same age, I found that he had survived a great many of the horses we had acquired at the same time we bought him. I don't know whether that mule is dead yet. When I left the ranch, and went to college, he was still a pretty good mule, still going strong.

Very slowly, as I have battered away at the world with my pen, an Æsop's Fable of my own has been worked out in my mind. I learned that in the story of the gray mule was a moral, and it was up to me somehow to utilize that moral. Since taking my farewell of him, I have held six positions as writer and editor, each a little better than the one before. I am about to go on to number seven. There was a lesson in that plugging, enduring gray mule that I tried hard to learn. I have tried to apply it, not only to my own life, but, also, by way of explanation, to other Indians who have grown up under my eye and are doing the work of grown-ups. I have thought to myself—and this is a tribute to the Indian— we are a great deal like that gray mule. We are lazy. You have got to spur us on, but we are dependable. You know we are there.

That gray mule could not outrun a pampered yearling, but he always got the yearling! The more I go about among the Indians, the more firmly convinced I am that you can depend on them. They are there. They deliver the goods in the end.

From many schools throughout the country, trained Indians have gone out to show their quality. I know a good many of them who have not been at Carlisle or any other Indian school. Indian friends of mine, too, are graduates of Princeton, Harvard, Dart-

mouth, Columbia, Stanford, and of other colleges, and they have always panned out. School-trained or not, it is a habit of theirs to make good. They have always justified my reading of the gray mule fable.

On behalf of the gray mule, and on behalf of these Indians from other schools and all sorts of trades, I thank you very sincerely for this opportunity to speak to you this evening.

The Indian's Protection and His Place as an American: *

By Thomas L. Sloan.

LADIES and gentlemen: That the students at Carlisle may be better prepared to meet and understand the Indian question, I relate the following experiences: I am a graduate of Hampton, a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, of the Supreme Court of the State of Nebraska, and of various subordinate courts. Since being admitted to practice, I have been active in Indian affairs, particularly those of the Omaha Indians. It was under Hiram Chase, Esq., an Omaha Indian and the father of one of the pupils here, that I took up the study of law when I returned from Hampton to the Omaha Indian Rerervation.

While herding cattle on this reservation, I learned that our tribe was being paid for its services one-tenth of the amount that should be paid it; we were paid for herding one thousand head of cattle when there were in fact ten thousand head pastured on the reservation. Furthermore, some payments were made to us in agricultural machinery which was obsolete, but valued to us at prices of up-to-date machinery. I objected to frauds of this nature, and the stand I took in opposing them earned for me the ill-will of the agent and of his supporters among my own tribesmen. Such are the circumstances which led to my enrollment as a student at Hampton. Ever since, I have been engaged in fighting grafters—single handed and at times with aid of officers of the Government, in protecting the Indians and their rights.

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Twenty-three years after the Omaha Indians had been citizens and voters, a Court of Indian Offenses was established. On visiting the Omaha Agency I was told that a number of men who were working on the road and grounds about the agency were serving sentences imposed on them by the Court of Indian Offenses. On visiting the agency again, I found a jail newly built and occupied by an Indian, the agent in charge acting in the triple capacity of prosecutor, judge, and executioner. At the request of the prisoner I applied for a writ of habeas corpus and was granted the order of court, as follows:

> The establishment of a court exercising power to impose a sentence of imprisonment upon a person can only be done by an act of Congress, or if done by the head of the Department, by express authority of an act of Congress. This is elementary and requires no citation of authorities. As there is no act of Congress authorizing the establishment of such a court as that which convicted the petitioner and sentenced him to imprisonment, his detention is unlawful and absolutely void. For this reason he is entitled to his discharge and it is so ordered.

There has been no Court of Indian Offenses on the Omaha Reservation since that order.

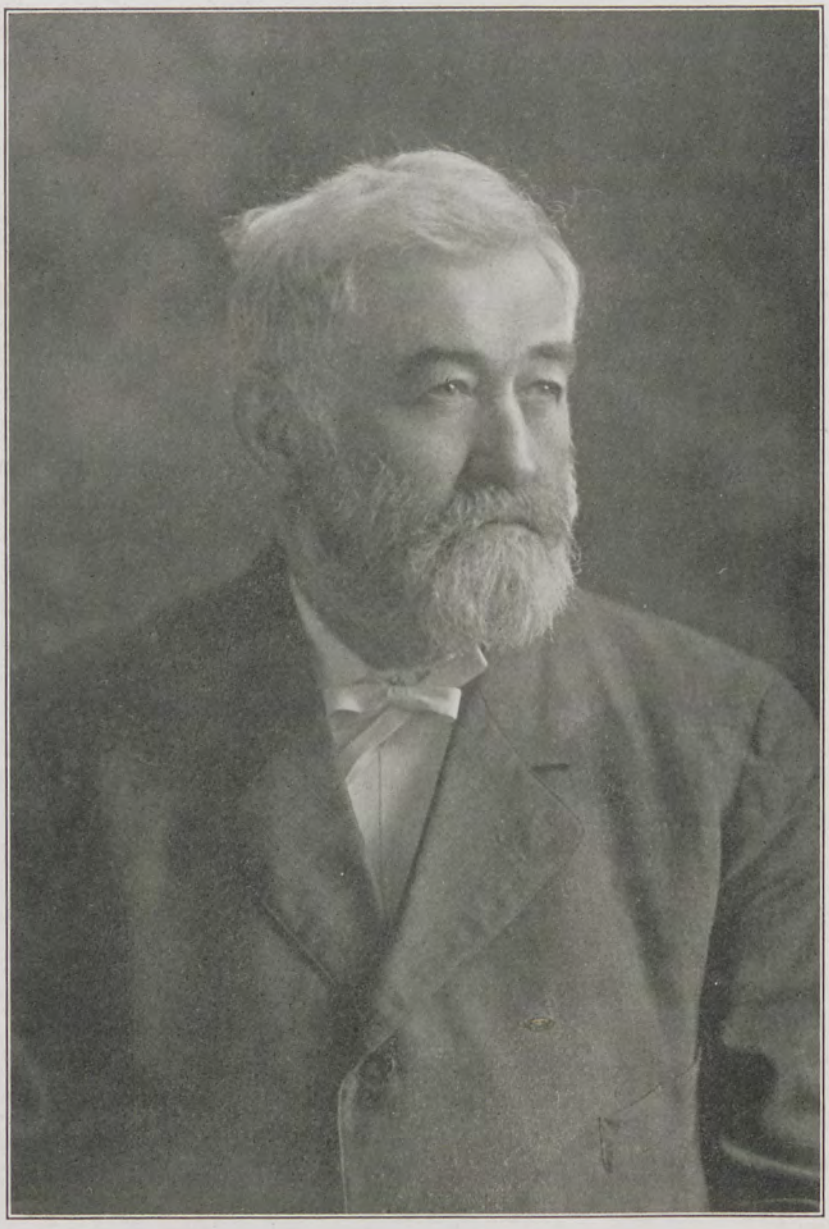
The more I learn of Indian affairs, the more deeply I feel that educated and experienced men are needed to protect the interests of the Indian. Every Congress has before it legislation detrimental to the Indian. In nine cases out of ten the legislation is promoted by capitalists, speculators and railroad men, who are more able than the Indian to reach their Congressmen, and through them the Indian Office and the Department of the Interior. A delegation of Indians from Standing Rock Agency are now opposing legislation in Congress which is to open the so-called "surplus lands" of their reservation. If they are unsuccessful in opposing the legislation they will be without pasture lands, and their children will be without allotments. I cannot sufficiently emphasize the necessity for Indian boys and girls to seize the educational advantages offered them. Education, courage and integrity are the weapons with which the Indian may hope to struggle successfully for the well-being of his people.

Rev. Sherman Coolidge, an Arapaho Indian, a minister of the Episcopal Church, and the President of the Society of American Indians tells this story: "I was introduced to a prominent white man by the name of Coolidge, who came to Cheyenne to deliver an ora-

tion. He said to me, "I do not belong to the same tribe as you. My people are all bluebloods, sons and daughters of the American Revolution; in fact, my ancestors came over in the Mayflower." In reply, I said that while I could not claim for my ancestors the honor of having come over in the Mayflower, I could claim for them the distinction of having been on the reception committee when the Mayflower landed."

I shall cite a more serious instance of diplomatic action on the part of my ancestors. In 1889 a territorial war seemed inevitable between the white men and the Indians of South Dakota. Chief Standing Bear, of the South Dakota Pine Ridge Reservation, deliberated long on the advisability of war. Concluding that a war would impoverish the Indians, involve many deaths, and preclude subsequent intercourse between the white men and the Indians, Standing Bear addressed his tribesmen in the following words: "I have decided that we must yield something; if not, we shall have a war; my people will be killed and all that we have will be taken from us. Those of us who are left will be scattered, driven from our homes, with no place to go and nothing that we can call our own. If the treaty offered to us contains an agreement that each of us shall have the land we want, and a payment for that which we give to the Government, I shall sign the treaty." He was threatened by those who previously had opposed the signing of a treaty, but held fast to his decision, and to the satisfaction of the white arbitrators, appointed a day on which the treaty was to be signed. The day came and with it the test of Chief Standing Bear's manhood, faith and courage. He stepped forward and said: "I have declared myself; it is written in the treaty that we shall each have six hundred and forty acres of land and that the Government will pay for that which we relinquish to them as we have asked; I shall sign it." He then asked the young men of his tribe who could read to come forward and read the treaty, and inform him and the people, of the promises and agreements on the part of the Great Father. When they read it and assured him of the correctness of the treaty and it had been fully explained, he stepped forward and signed his consent thereto. He then turned to his people and said, "I have signed the treaty; I know your threats and I am ready to meet your decrees. I believe it better that I should be a sacrifice than that there should be a war between my people and the white people. I wish to save my people, our homes and our lands. I yield myself to you." He walked among

HON. ROBERT G. VALENTINE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS



DR. NATHAN C. SCHAEFFER, SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN PENNSYLVANIA

them unarmed and unafraid, strong in the faith that he had done what was right and best for his people. They, too, recognized his great, unselfish bravery and their anger was turned to pride.

Can daughters and sons of the Revolution have greater pride in their ancestors than those of us who are descendants of great Chief Standing Bear? Is it not possible that when lost records of the Indian are made known and the acts of the Indian faithfully recorded, an era of fellowship may arise of which both Americans and American Indians may be justly proud?

The Influence of Christianity on Men*

By Rev. Joseph E. Griffis.

LADIES and gentlemen: My mind's eye has long been upon Carlisle school, but I have never had the privilege of visiting you until this time. I want to say that this is a good experience for me. It seems to me like a shout in a silence, a water spring in a desert. I think I shall receive here an inspiration which will last me for some time to come.

I was born of a quarter-breed Osage woman and a white man,—a Government scout known as California Joe. I was born somewhere west of the Mississippi River, between the Canadian line and the Gulf of Mexico. My mother was killed when I was too young to remember. I was nursed kindly by a Kiowa woman. I grew up as a waif of the prairie. I lived first with one tribe and then another until I was old enough to run about. When I was 16 or 17 years of age, I visited Muskogee in the Creek region. We went there to engage in horse-racing with the Creeks, one of the Five Civilized Tribes, and my friend and I had an old broncho. We called him Buckskin. We borrowed that broncho from the Navajos one dark night. He was a queer-looking creature with a long neck, ears as long as a mule's ears, and crooked, shaggy legs. He looked like an old buffalo robe thrown over a lodge pole, and he was about the color of good well-tanned buckskin. So we named him Buckskin. But how he could run! We went up and beat all the Cheyenne horses and finally we took him down to the agricultural fair to see the big pumpkins the Creeks, the Choctaws and the

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Seminoles and the other fellows raised, and because I was the lightest of the fellows, I had to ride Buckskin in that race. We got rich in that race. This was in 1878.

Col. Clayton wanted to see the boy that won the race on the queer-looking old broncho. I was introduced to him and he was told something of my life. He had been acquainted with my father, General Custer's chief of the scouts. Col. Clayton took me to his house and induced me to enlist as a scout, not because I was old enough or big enough, but because he wanted to do me a favor. I served two and one-half years when one of these pale faces from West Point came out there and wanted me to act as a servant, and I told him to seek a warmer climate, and he insulted me as I thought. He just gave me a crack with his saber on the back and because of that I deserted. It was in 1881, when some of the Cheyennes started up the North Fork from Fort Reno. Now, that was in the days of such men as Jack Stillwell, old Ben Clark, and Phil McCusker. Some of you may remember reading about those men. Well, I was rounded up in Oklahoma and taken to the soldiers's camp where they gave me a drum-head court-martial. I was sentenced to be shot for desertion and for firing upon the United States troops,—and we did a little more than merely fire on them. Captain Lawton interfered with the immediate carrying out of that sentence. I was sent to Fort Reno, where I was chained in the guardhouse. I was acquainted with the blacksmith who made the shackles and persuaded him to make them large enough to slip them off my ankles. I was in the guardhouse just 30 days, when, with another soldier, we escaped by cutting a hole in the top of the roof. When we jumped off, we were fired upon by soldiers. That soldier and I made our way, 265 miles, to the railroad station. We nearly died, but took the train to Denison. When I got off the train I lost him in the crowd and have not heard of him since. So I was thrown out into the civilized world without knowing much about it. The highest type of civilization that I had seen was among the Five Civilized Tribes.

For three or four years, I was a homeless, Godless, good-for-nothing tramp, because I couldn't be anything else, getting my living as best I could. When I was in London, Canada, I met with the Salvation Army, when a little girl, just a child, came trotting down to me one evening and told me about that wonderful Man who came down from Heaven, how he was my friend, always helping such a fellow and cheering him up. Through the child's simple

story of the Christ, I became a Christian. I joined the Salvation Army, and while beating a drum on the street, which was a violation of the laws, I was arrested and thrown into prison. I was then about 24 years of age and did not know A from Z. While in prison, I was taught the alphabet by an old Irishman who was awaiting trial for murder. I served my sentence, I learned to speak better English, became an officer in the Salvation Army, and was finally ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., of which Presbytery I am still a member. I was pastor of the South Presbyterian Church in that city about ten years, when I received my pardon for that military offense from Grover Cleveland, who was then President of the United States.

I have never been to a school of any kind except the school of experience and hard knocks. How I wish someone had steered me to the Carlisle School. I have taken several post-graduates in the university of adversity. Misfortune has been my teacher and she has loved me with a great degree of fondness. When I was ordained I passed the same examination that several university graduates passed. Dr. Ward, pastor of the East Presbyterian Church, and John G. Milburn, in whose home President McKinley died, were instrumental in getting my pardon.

I have been back to the old country on the plains where as a savage boy I roamed, and have preached the Gospel and have lectured along some of the old roads where I wandered as a homeless tramp. I feel sure that I would still be in the gutter had I never come to know Jesus Christ. I found this out years ago,—that nothing that anybody could do for me would do me much good. The best thing anybody could do for me was to place me in a favorable environment, and it depended on me what I would do in that environment. It isn't what a man does for you, but what you do for yourself. That is what this school is doing. It is simply helping men to find their places, and go out and use their developed powers which this school enabled them to develop. I have seen a good many chickens hatched, but I never knew the process to be facilitated by someone breaking the shells open. If the chicken inside was not a dead one, it succeeded in getting out; and so it is with the Indian or white man. If he is not a dead one, he will get out and get up to where he belongs. So, if we come to know Jesus Christ, I believe He is the greatest inspiration one can receive to go on, to make progress, to be at our best.

Address of Governor John K. Tener.

Thursday Afternoon, April 4th.

MR FRIEDMAN, ladies and gentlemen, members of the student body: It always affords me great pleasure to attend the graduating exercises of any institution of learning, but I assure you that that pleasure is greatly enhanced by having this opportunity to witness the graduating exercises of the Carlisle Indian School, where real Indian blood courses through the veins of every student and graduate. It is indeed unique. It recalls the fact that I myself was once taken for an Indian. Your Superintendent of Education has remarked that it was my lot to be born in Ireland. True it is, but I came to this country at a very tender age and in my early twenties took up baseball playing. I was playing in the New England States when I happened to mention the fact that I was born in the Old World. Surprised by this, my friends would ask one another to guess my nationality. None of them suggested Irish, but one was quite certain that I was an Indian. And once in a while some of my friends still think that probably I do possess Indian blood. I continued to play ball for several years but never reached the world's champion class. But now I know that if I had possessed Indian blood, such as Charley Bender can feel proud of, I might have participated in a world's series and been on a winning team as he is.

Mrs. Tener and I were both delighted and honored when a few months ago several young ladies from this school were our guests while visiting Harrisburg. I am sure that they found me carrying out the advice Miss Waite has just given to men, "On Mondays and Tuesdays rise early, light the fires, and do the heavy lifting."

I sincerely hope that as long as the school is conducted in Carlisle, so near and easy of access to Harrisburg, the student body will avail itself of every opportunity to visit the capital city of Pennsylvania. The Commonwealth of this State is proud of you and

your school. Although this institution is conducted by the Federal Government, Pennsylvanians take pride in the fact that you dwell here on the virgin soil of the Keystone State. I hope that residing here will encourage you to read the history of our State, to become acquainted with our institutions, to visit our historic shrines and to realize what is being accomplished in the way of real material progress on all sides of you.

I have been attracted by the comparison between what you are doing along educational lines and what Pennsylvania is doing in the same direction. You are acquiring the arts and sciences as well as the trades best adapted for your future welfare so that you may be well equipped and self-dependent. You have been taught the material things of life. Here in Pennsylvania we claim that with our just laws, honestly enforced, we are doing much that will benefit and advance all our people. We do not claim that we have been insurgents, that we have departed from the regular way of doing things or that we have taken up all the "isms" that spring up from time to time, but by applying ourselves steadfastly, as you have done, we are doing the real things that will benefit the entire citizenship of Pennsylvania.

As the last speaker I presume I am expected to pronounce the benediction. I am sorry for your sake that my good friend Dr. Henry Houck was not assigned that duty, for I know he could send you off in a good humor. The good Doctor in telling of his educational work does not relate all his experiences while a school principal and later, Assistant Superintendent of Instruction. In that capacity, one of his chief duties was to examine applicants for teachers' positions. I recall one instance when a very pretty young woman applied to take the examination. She seemed rather dull of comprehension; did not grasp the questions quickly. Fearing that she might fail, she sought out Dr. Houck alone in his study. Looking upon him as a good, kindly father, she related her fears, rushed upon him, sat upon his knee, threw her arms around his neck and hugged him. Believing in reciprocity, he practiced it. The examination was held, the papers handed in, and every one imagined the young woman had failed: But she passed. And when asked about it, Dr. Houck replied, "Well, at first I feared she wouldn't pass, but she did by a tight squeeze."

I am very glad my good friends that I have had this opportunity to visit you, but as you do not find my name on the program,

you realize that I am not expected to make a formal speech. My sole purpose was to say something in my capacity as Chief Executive of the State and to show Pennsylvania's interest in you and your splendid institution. I hope that you who go forth from its portals to-day to face the world will enjoy lives filled with prosperity and happiness, and that your institution will continue to grow greater and larger as each year it takes up its praiseworthy task of training America's native inhabitants. I thank you.

Presentation of Diplomas:*

By Hon. Robert G. Valentine, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

OUR HONOR, students of Carlisle, faculty of Carlisle, ladies and gentlemen of Carlisle and the State of Pennsylvania:

Progress is frequently measured in this world by easily observable external signs, and sometimes we are too likely to consider that those external signs are the real measure of progress. They may be, but there is one more real, and I have been particularly struck with it on this visit to Carlisle. Two years ago I came here and presented the diplomas to the graduating class of that year, and it seemed to me that the attitude, the condition, to put it in an athletic way, in which those boys and girls were ready to go out into the world was very good indeed. But I have realized at this time, two years later, that there was then room for improvement, because I have this time seen that improvement face to face. I feel that what we have seen here to-day marks not an easily discernible, external progress, but possibly one of the most vital stages of progress which Carlisle and the Indian Service has seen. I feel that beginning with the words of the salutatorian, who spoke to you at the start, and continuing all through the very practical exercises that we have seen, there was not only an external power ready to meet the world, but an underlying grit, knowledge, experience of real things,

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that will put an end once for all to a danger we have faced in the past,—of a man, for instance, learning to be a carpenter by practicing his trade two or three hours a day, and who, on getting out into the world, finds he has to work nine or ten hours a day, saying, "This is not what I learned at school—this is quite a different proposition;" and he buckles under the strain.

I am sure from the blacksmith to the salutatorian, none of the people seen here to-day or the people whom they represent need buckle or will buckle under the strain he will meet in life. Mr. Dagenett, to whom I will say in passing, that I will gladly see has a chair placed near my desk in my office where he can sit and remind me of my words,—Mr. Dagenett has said more than I can say about the difference you boys and girls will find in going out from this more or less made world, more or less artificial world in which you have been living for a few years, into the real rough-and-tumble fight; and I want to emphasize what he said: Don't mind failure; all are bound to fail. You will fail lots of times. Every man and every woman fails lots of times; but pick yourselves up and go on again. And I feel, too, that I need say almost nothing here to-day about the great difficulty in education, as I see it, all through the United States; the difference of a supposed education without an adjective, which looks well on paper, looks well on a platform, and applied education; education that will stand the rip and tear and the strain and the disappointment and even the successes of active struggle.

I am mighty glad to be here to-day under this condition of what seems to me a very notable underlying improvement of the work of Carlisle, and a sign to the whole Indian Service of this real readiness, real preparation for the work you have to face in the bitter struggle before you. And in one word, before I hand you your diplomas, which I hope will mean to you what Mr. Dagenett says his means to him, and not the disgraced diploma he referred to of the tramp who drew his Harvard diploma from his pocket,—before I hand you these diplomas, I think it proper for me to tell you of one ambition of mine. I think it proper for me to tell you what that ambition is, because it is almost impossible of achievement. I don't expect to achieve it; if I did, it might not be right for me to speak of it; but that ambition is to be,—and it has been my ambition ever since the beginning of my three years as Commisioner in the Indian Service,—that ambition is to be, in every sense of the word, an Indian Commissioner. As Mr. Dagenett again cruelly pointed

out last night, I can't wear the red badge of those who have Indian blood, but I hope and expect some day there will be an Indian, a blooded Indian, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, because that would mean a tremendous spiritual advance for your people in what would then be inevitably bound to be the closing days of Bureau government for the Indians and the real opening of the Indian economic independence and freedom and citizenship in this country. And until that day comes, when there will be a real Indian Commissioner, I would like to stand in your memories as I did last night, with Indians behind me, as an *Indian* Commissioner. Now, I don't care a rap what any white man in this country thinks of what I do, if I am sure I am doing right for the Indians. I have ventured to tell you of this ambition, because I don't expect to achieve it, but I expect to keep after it. I can't achieve it as I see it, because there is too much between me and the Indians. I won't go this afternoon into what that much is, but I will simply turn your eyes in one direction. I want you to believe that the governmental end of Indian Affairs is not a mere mechanical machine, a bloodless, heartless, nerveless organization, conducting your affairs as it frequently seems in practice, but that in ideal it is a human, red-blooded, honest attempt on the part of men to do the right thing. I want you to feel specifically, concretely, personally, that however far they may seem away from you, the President of the United States in Washington, the Secretary of the Interior, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs are men, are human beings just as you are; and in the face of this great administrative gulf between them and you, in spite of every obstacle between them and you, are doing the very best they can to make this business a human attempt, to make it human in every sense; and in handing you your diplomas now, I can give you something of that feeling that comes from those three human beings,—the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Interior, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Their personal desires for your advancement are limited only by their physical and mental powers to do right. I feel that you are carrying from these men something living, feeling, and breathing with you in these diplomas.

A FLAG SALUTE BY STUDENT BATTALIONS—CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL CAMPUS

CAMPUS GATEWAY AND MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SCHOOL GROUNDS

VIEWS IN THE ACADEMIC BUILDING—TYPEWRITING, NATIVE INDIAN ART, LIBRARY, CLASS ROOM

CARLISLE STUDENTS WORKING ON PENNSYLVANIA FARMS—LEARNING BY DOING

Equal Opportunity in American Education:*

By Hon. Nathan C. Schaeffer, Ph. D., LL. D.,
State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania.

LADIES and gentlemen: A distinguished authority on public speaking announces the rule that when you are called upon to speak unexpectedly, you ought to start with an interesting incident. Several years ago, a former Lieutenant Governor of this Commonwealth announced to me that there was a mortgage upon the School Department at Harrisburg which could not be lifted until I visited the Indian School on the banks of the Alleghany River on the Cornplanter reservation. My father had taught me the importance of paying my debts and lifting mortgages upon properties, so I took the first opportunity to pay that visit. The chief of the tribe made a speech of welcome in the Seneca tongue that was too much for my Pennsylvania Dutch. I afterwards learned that he claimed the Indians were much smarter than the white men. "It took the white man 6,000 years to get where he is and the Indian has caught up with him in 300 years." I wasn't quite ready to make him a member of the Ananias Club, but I thought his imagination had been stimulated by the atmosphere of the snow belt that runs from Ohio south of Lake Erie across Pennsylvania into the State of New York. But since that time I have come to the conclusion that in some respects the Indian chief was right. For when I listened to the commencement orations this afternoon, I couldn't help acknowledging that they are superior to the average commencement orations, for the speakers on this platform talked as if they knew something about the things they were talking about, and that isn't always true of commencement orators.

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When I went to the University, my cabin mate was a Catholic missionary among the Indians on the Pacific coast. I asked him: "How do you start in your work?" He said, "We teach the Indians to sing." I said, "Can they learn music?" He said, "Better than the whites." When I listened to the music this afternoon, I had to admit to myself that the missionary must have told me the truth.

My friend, Mr. Houck, was probably the first man to give the Indians of the Carlisle School a chance before the educators of the country. He invited the band to Williamsport to the meeting of the State Teachers' Association, and we were astonished at the music rendered by that band. Later, the Indian got a chance to show what he could do upon the football field, and the colleges were obliged to admit that the Indian was quite a match for the white man upon the athletic field.

Several years ago, I went with a party of gentlemen from Lake Mohonk to New Paltz to help break the ground for a new normal school; and when the speeches were made, Mr. A. K. Smiley got up and announced that for fifty years his hands had not touched a plow, but he was going to plow the first furrow. A justice of the United States Supreme Court, Justice Brewer, followed and plowed another furrow. I happened to stand alongside United States Commissioner Brown, and I said, "Brown, you and I were raised on a farm; let us plow a furrow;" but there the plowing stopped.

President Eliot of Harvard could not plow; President Butler of Columbia University could not plow; Lyman Abbott could not, and Judge Draper did not touch the handle of the plow. In the eyes of that assemblage we four who could plow were the men who had an all-around complete education. I could not help feeling this afternoon that these students who exhibited before you their skill in speech and handicraft have what might be called an all-around practical education. There is something for every hand to do. There is a tool for every hand in civilized life. For the queen, there is the scepter; for the soldier's hand, there is a sword; for the painter's hand, there is a brush; for the carpenter's hand, there is the saw; for the sculptor's hand, there is a chisel; for the blacksmith's hand, there is the hammer, and for the clerk's hand, there is the pen. For every person fit to live in society, there is a tool that a hand can handle; and when it cannot handle the tool, very often that hand should belong to a prisoner, and the felon's chain should be

around those wrists. I praise the education that is given to the students of this school. When I was at a former commencement, we had General Miles here, and other generals of the Army. To-day, we had the general blacksmith before us, and I think he deserves equal credit with General Miles and the other generals. There was one general not here this afternoon, and that was general apathy, sometimes called laziness. There was not a trace of laziness in anything that I saw.

Recently, when the other educators of St. Louis were visiting schools in Missouri, I went down to the Indian Territory to see schools. I was introduced to an audience composed of Indian teachers and others, and the president, when he announced my name, pointed to a Winchester rifle at my feet. I didn't know what that was for, and I was scared so much that, had it been necessary, I would not have had courage enough to fire it off. But I never had a more attentive, more appreciative audience; and afterwards, I found that rifle was not there for self-protection or for the protection of the speaker, but had been brought into the courthouse in the way of circumstantial evidence. That audience had in it graduates of Dartmouth, graduates of distinguished institutions, teachers, women teachers, who, although they own a reservation of land, were willing to teach the young and were willing to help uplift their people. This brings me to my chief thought which I can utter in a minute more.

When I went to the university as a young man, I had to answer a good many questions, and when the authorities of the University of Berlin asked me the occupation of my father, I said, "My father is a bauer" (farmer). They were astonished that the son of a bauer could cross the Atlantic Ocean to get an education. They could not get it into their heads that the school system of the United States, and particularly the school system of Pennsylvania, means equal opportunity for every boy and every girl, no matter whether born on American soil or born in foreign lands; no matter whether white of complexion or a member of another race. We have here upon the platform a gentleman who has shown to the world that a boy born in Ireland can rise to the highest office in the gift of the people of Pennsylvania, and that the Irish boy can serve our State just as well and give us as praiseworthy an administration as was ever given to this Commonwealth by anyone born on our own soil. What Governor Tener has shown to the boys and girls of this Com-

monwealth, I hope these Indian boys and girls coming from the Carlisle School will show to the world in the years that are to come.

The American school gives equal opportunity to every boy and every girl, and that is the reason the boys of Germany, if they can find a way to come to the United States, leave their homes, because here they can become anything they wish to become, provided they are willing to study and to work. That is what our school life means; that is what the Indian School of Carlisle means. Fifteen per cent of the Indians in the Government service, I understand, were educated here at Carlisle, and in view of that and many other facts, my closing wish is, to put it into the language that I used to hear at the university, that the Carlisle Indian School may live and grow and flourish.

Baccalaureate Address of Dr. W. B. Wallace, *Pastor Brooklyn Temple, New York.*

At the Commencement Exercises, March 31, 1912.

I WANT first of all to offer you my sympathy. You were expecting Dr. Charles Eaton here to-day, and because of sickness he was unable to come. If there is such a thing as getting a substitute for Charles Eaton, I suppose I will do very well. Charles Eaton and I were old college mates and we played on the same football team. We have been pastors together in Cleveland, Ohio, and now are together in New York. I am mighty sorry he is sick, because if he were well, he would bring you a message which would be an inspiration. It is an ill wind which blows nobody good, however, and his being sick gives me a chance of visiting Carlisle University, and I appreciate it heartily. I have seen Carlisle at a distance; I have seen some of you fellows, or some of your ancestors, play football. You know how to deliver the goods, too. I have read about this school and about its achievements. I have gone this morning with Superintendent Friedman through your grounds and your buildings, only to have interest increasing constantly, and I want to tell you right now that the best thing I have seen I am looking at this minute [girls]. And the next best thing I am looking at now [boys].

If I can say anything to you this afternoon which will be of any inspiration, I shall rejoice. We preachers always have a right to a scriptural foundation for whatever we wish to say. I am going to ask you to look in the book of Genesis, twelfth chapter, fourth verse: "So Abraham departed as the Lord had spoken unto him."

Abraham had his first home in the Ur of the Chaldees. Here he was born, grew to manhood, married his wife Sarah, and lived until he was seventy-five years of age. Then an unusual experience came to him. Jehovah, the God of Glory, spake to him, telling him to leave this place and to move out of Ur into a land which he would show him. In obediencc to that call, Abraham with his wife and his nephew, Lot, started on a pilgrimage—went out of the land of the Chaldees and traveled as far as Haran, and there they rested. But that call which came to Abraham back in Chaldee was still calling, "Get thee out of the land where thou art into a land that I will

show thee, and I will bless thee and make thee a blessing," and in obedience to that call Abraham went, just as Jehovah had spoken unto him. Those words suggest a theme I wish to talk about—the life of the explorer.

I wish you would notice first of all the explorer's call and then the field and the forces and the benediction. This man Abraham, if you will read the pages of sacred and profane history,—this man Abraham you will discover is a type of humanity, of men who all down the years have been listening to a call to get out of the land where they are into a land which God would reveal to them. Such a call came to Moses, to Joseph, to Saul of Tarsus; such a call as this came to Martin Luther, Oliver Cromwell, George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln, and such a call, young ladies and gentlemen, comes to you. If I know God at all, if I know what he is wanting to say to your hearts every day of your lives, it is to get out of Ur of the Chaldees and into some promised land of Canaan.

There are many ways in which God speaks to us, summoning us to a life of adventure. Sometime it is through the voice of conscience, that voice within our breasts which is all the time bidding us to move onward and upward. The striving of the spirit of God, which comes upon man when he interprets it aright, is simply a voice bidding him to go forward. That strange law which we find in this world in which we live, that if a man stands still he goes backward, and if he goes backward he goes downward, and if he goes downward he dies, is God's call asking us to be explorers. The example of noble spirits is such a summons to us.

The providences of God are a summons to explorations. God's dealings with Joseph in the pit and in the prison were only a preparation for him to enter Pharaoh's palace. Of all the ways in which God is summoning you and me to the life of exploration supremely is in the person of His Son.

"And Him I behold walking in Galilee;
By the cornfield's waving gold,
By hamlet and wood and wold,
And by the shores of the beautiful sea.

"He saith to the dead, 'Arise!' to the living, 'Follow Me!'
And that call still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone
To the centuries that shall be."

When I was a youngster I used to like to read Tom Brown's

School Days. Some time ago, when I visited England, I made up my mind I would visit Rugby and see the place where Tom Brown used to play cricket, used to have scraps with the other boys and enjoyed himself, and showed himself a splendid specimen of a boy. I went up there and enjoyed it. Among the things that impressed me were not only memories of Tom Brown at Rugby, but of Thomas Arnold, who I believe was principal from 1820 to 1842. He was a marvelous educator.

In that poem of Rugby Chapel, Matthew Arnold speaks of some who are not content with their present condition but are continually moving. He pictures these men, with the spirit of progress in them, starting out. But as they travel the road becomes rougher and rougher. It is up a mountain side where avalanches slide, where gorges are crossed until the way becomes perilous, and one after another drops out, and when even the strongest would fall down and die; then Arnold pictures his father with a beckoning hand encouraging the travelers until all get into line again and march courageously toward their destination. Now, ladies and gentlemen, let me say to you, that is what the Teacher of us all is trying to do to us constantly. If I know God at all, God unveiled in Jesus Christ, His Son, the thing he is trying to do always—to stimulate us and inspire us to leave the Ur of Chaldees and travel toward the Canaan land; to move out from where we are, and live the life of the adventurer, the life of an explorer, and never be satisfied, but press on and up to the City of God.

I have spoken of the explorer's call. Now, may I speak of his fields and forces? When God spoke to Abraham centuries ago, he said, "Get thee out and into a land which I shall show thee." God deals the same with you and me. You ask me to name the land which he gives us to explore. To begin with, I would say that he gives us ourselves. These lives of ours are not one-acre lots, but they are a vast continent challenging a man to explore himself. The man has a right to respect himself. There is no religion in the opposite. When Jesus Christ said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," He was teaching self-respect. When he said, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" He laid tremendous emphasis upon the fact that God Almighty values a human soul. As set forth in the life of Robert Stevenson, the most dangerous doubt a man can have is the doubt of himself, or of his race. That is the most irreligious doubt a man can entertain.

Young ladies and gentlemen, explore yourselves. Here is a country for conquest. Here is a chance for you to win a fight. I can remember that long years ago in college when we studied philosophy, that book quoted out of the Great Book which was referred to in prayer as the great book of truthfulness, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." That made a deep impression on my young mind as a college student, and I made up my mind, and I urge that you young men and young women get that view of life, that the big thing in this world is to conquer yourselves. Here is a chance to show all the manhood and womanhood that is in you. This life of ours is not only a chance for conquest; it is a chance for development. Now, I can imagine somebody questioning that, especially some one looking at these young graduates, and perhaps there is a danger of the graduates getting a notion that the thing has all been done. I remember hearing about a young student saying to his college president: "Good by, I have finished my education." The president looked at him and said: "Why, I have just begun mine." There is a danger of thinking that it has all been done and there is nothing to be accomplished.

I wonder if you have heard the story of the little boy's building a sand man by the seashore. The sand man was not completed when the dinner bell rang and he had to go in to dinner. While there, the tide came in and washed the sand man away. When he came out, the sand man was nowhere to be seen. That fall his mother took him to a State fair, and while they were wandering around looking at this and that, the lad spied a dwarf, and just as soon as he laid eyes on him he began following him like Mary's little lamb. Where the dwarf went, the lad was sure to go. The dwarf got nervous, and by and by he got indignant, and at last he burst out in anger and turning around said to the lad, "What are you following me for?" The lad replied, "Say, why didn't you wait until I finished you?"

Young students of Carlisle, especially you members of the graduating class, you are not finished yet, and out beyond this school is the great school of experience, and that will not finish you; and mark you, God's man has an infinite opportunity for development; the opportunity for exploration reaches out into the forever. In addition to God giving us ourselves as a field to explore, he gives the world in which we live,—the world of men, the world of things, the world of deeds. A young man came to Senator Beveridge and said,

CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES—1912

A real Blacksmith Shop with Forge and Real Fire. Students making Horse-shoes and Executing Iron Work before an Audience of 3500 Visitors. Such Exercises show real Development and Training.

CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES—1912

A New Departure in School Commencements which is Attracting the Attention of Educators. These Girls Demonstrated their Training in the Various Branches of Laundry Work by Skillfully Doing the Work, at the Same Time Another Girl Gives a Practical and Helpful Talk on the Subject.

"What is there for a fellow to do now? It has all been done in law, in medicine, in science, and in politics. There is nothing left for a fellow to do. They used to say 'Go west, young man,' but now if you go east or west, all is accomplished." "If you have greatness in you," Beveridge replied, "it is up to you to find it; and if you are asking for a chance to exhibit it, there is a magnificent world in which you live to show what you are." How true that is of you students of Carlisle, having enjoyed the culture of this school among your own people. What a thing to be thankful for! What an opportunity to grasp at—to go among those people of yours, to shine upon them, to help them and influence them and make them sons and daughters of Jesus Christ! That is enough to make anybody envious for that chance to be an explorer.

There is God Himself. You know God is a marvelous field for exploration. God is more than a lake,—He is a mighty ocean. He is no little foothill that I see in the distance around Carlisle,—He is a Rocky Mountain range; He is the Alpine heights. He is no solitary star,—He is a midnight star.

I summon you students of Carlisle to live a life of exploration; whether your years are few or many, to make use of the years,—to acquaint yourselves with God. I have spoken of the explorer's call and of the explorer's field. May I speak of the forces that ought to be possessed by the explorer? You know when a man goes on an exploring expedition, he goes prepared. These men who have been exploring the North Pole and the South Pole had been prepared. If you read about Labrador and its explorations by Hubbard and Wallace, you will find they prepared themselves. Stanley and Livingston, when they went to Africa, they, too, prepared themselves. If you study this old-time explorer, Abraham, you will get many things that will help you. He had the faith that made him see things. He saw things the Chaldees did not see; he heard voices that they did not hear. This put restlessness into his blood which made him dissatisfied with standing still. He could not sit or stand, but he must go. And that is the result of faith. If you are going to be an explorer, then faith must be your possession. If you don't believe something, if there is not something you believe with all your soul, with every atom of your being, then you cannot succeed in the field of which I speak. This man Abraham was a man of obedience and went even as Jehovah had spoken unto him. If you want to live the life of the explorer, then you must be obedient to

God. Turn to the Lord Jesus, who is the expression of the Father's will for you, and as you study Him and try to follow in His steps, you will have self-development and be a blessing to the world in which you live, and you will know more and more about your God.

This man Abraham prayed. Prayer was a good thing for Livingston when he went to explore Africa; it is a good thing for a man in the higher realm of exploration. I do not believe I am asking him to recognize some defunct, useless, and foolish superstition when I ask a man to bend his knees and ask God Almighty for help and guidance. Young ladies and gentlemen, with all your living, with all your ambition, with all your endeavors, do not leave out prayer, but give it a big place and it will make more of you, and God will reveal himself to you as the days and years pass by.

There is a quality about this man Abraham that I want to speak of which the explorer must have,—that is stick-to-it-iveness. He had the bulldog grip. When he went down to Canaan, he met with famine; his cattle got sick; his servants became disheartened; he was in the land of strangers, and he felt very much like running back home to Ur of the Chaldees. But he did not. Instead of going back he went farther down south. If you are going to be explorers, you must have that kind of a spirit of stick-to-it-iveness that you exhibit when you play football. I went out into that scalp room of yours this morning, and I saw Harvard's scalp, and Hamilton's scalp, and Pennsylvania's scalp, and Lafayette's; and there they were, one after another. You fellows had whipped them to a standstill. Not by taking your dolls and going home the first time things got unpleasant. When you got a cracked rib or the thing did not seem quite as nice as sitting in mother's parlor, did you give up and go home and say, "I do not like it?" You got down with a new spirit, with a new life and determination, and stuck by until you won your game.

Now, ladies and gentlemen of Carlisle, if you are going to explore, if you are going to be bigger women and bigger men in ten years from now than you are this afternoon, if you are going to make this old world better than it is, if God is going to be better known to you ten years from now, remember this,—you must play the game; you must have the spirit of stick-to-it-iveness.

Now, listen to me in patience while I speak to you about the explorer's benediction. God said, "Get thee out of the land of the

Chaldees into a land which I shall show thee, and I will bless thee and make thee happy." I dropped in to see a friend the other day and he asked me to go with him into the wilds of Quebec to spend my summer vacation. Then he told me the joy of being on a new stream and being in a new country; of coming round the curve and something new bursting upon you constantly. The explorer has a hard time of it, but he has a happy time of it. If you want to have a good time, become an explorer. "I will bless thee." That is, "I will stand back of you,—I will be your backer." That is a mighty good backing. How would you like to have John D. say, "I will stand back of you!" Wouldn't you like that?

I have come here to say that the Lord God of Hosts will be back of you—will bless you. The other day I was down in Boston and I went to see that monument of Phillips Brooks, where he stands with one hand upon his pulpit and the other hand outstretched over his audience. As you look again, you see the figure of the Son of God with his hand upon the shoulders of His prophet. The reason why Phillips Brooks was the man he was, was not because of his splendid mental training, magnetism and personality, and all that, but because the Son of God stood back of him and threw His power in him and through him. And I come to you with that magnificent truth that if you young ladies and gentlemen will dedicate your lives to God, his power will stand back of you. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, will help you and give you power. "I will bless thee and I will make thee a blessing." Listen to that, will you? "I will make thee a blessing."

Do you know that if there is anybody to be pitied when they come down to die, it is the person with the feeling that they have done nothing for anybody else. That reminds me of an inscription on a tombstone:

> "Here lies old twenty per cent;
> The more he had, the less he spent;
> The more he made, the more he craved;
> If he gets to heaven, we'll all be saved."

God pity the man who deserves that kind of an inscription when he dies; who has lived his three score years and ten and by reason of strength four score years, and can see nothing that he has done to make somebody else glad and the world better by his life. The man who is happy, the man who gets something out of this world worth while, is the man who when sunset comes to him and he looks

back into the past can see where again and again God has used him to be a blessing to his fellows. No wonder Washington Gladden wrote that hymn, "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee." No wonder George Elliot prayed she might join "the choir invisible."

Young people, here is my message to you. If you live the life of an explorer, when the thing is all done, when the game has been played, when sunset comes and it is given to you to die, you will have the joy of having lived a life that has been a benediction to somebody else.

Adjuration.

Now you graduates, you may stand up just a minute. I want to congratulate you on this place to which you have come in your life's pilgrimage. It means that you have made progress. You would not be here unless you had. Now, I want to say to you, keep it up! I believe that God brought you here to Carlisle; that God has kept you in life through these years; that your life is in his hands now; and in God's name I am speaking to you; keep it up! Leave the Ur of the Chaldees and move on to Canaan. Just before the hour of my graduation from Acadia College, in Nova Scotia, our old college president called us aside and gave us a talking to, and among the things that he said was this: "Young gentlemen, what you are in the next seven years you probably will be all your life." Well now, you ought to have seen some of us get a kind of hunch on ourselves. We said, "Why, if that is so, you just watch us. We will make the fur fly for seven years anyhow." What you are in the next seven years, you likely will be all your life. And so I ask you in the next seven years to have the spirit of exploration, to go forth as God calls you. I have come all the way from Brooklyn to say that I hope God's whisper will come to you and as explorers you may overcome all doubts and difficulties, foes and fears, and discover new gold lands in yourselves, in the world about you, and in the knowledge of the love and power of God.

Commencement Exercises at the Carlisle Indian School, 1912:

Continued from page 376.

The girl graduates were prettily gowned in dresses of cream-colored serge, made princess style, with fringe trimming, and the boys wore civilian dress instead of the regulation school uniform.

The audience was dismissed after the benediction by Rev. George M. Klepfer, D. D.

Graduates.

Mary J. Green, *Tuscarora.*
Alvira E. Johnson, *Seneca.*
Louise M. Kachicum, *Menominee.*
Marguerite LaVatta, *Shoshone.*
Anna Mae Melton, *Cherokee.*
Iva M. Miller, *Cherokee.*
Emma M. Newashe, *Sac & Fox.*
Ernestine A. Venne, *Chippewa.*
Agnes V. Waite, *Serrano (Mission).*
Percy Mae Wheelock, *Oneida.*
William C. Bishop, *Cayuga.*
William F. Cardin, *Quapaw.*
Caleb W. Carter, *Nez Perce.*
Benedict D. Cloud, *Sioux.*
Sylvester Long, *Cherokee.*
James F. Lyon, *Onondaga.*
Francis C. McDonald, *Chippewa.*
Clifford Taylor, *Pawnee.*
William H. Vinson, *Chinook.*
Gustavus Welch, *Chippewa.*
Joel H. Wheelock, *Oneida.*

Business Certificates.

Sarah J. Gordon, *Chippewa.*
Cora Bresette, *Chippewa.*
Delia LaFernier, *Chippewa.*

Industrial Certificates.

William Nohongava, *Blacksmith.*
James Sampson, *Carpenter.*
Thomas Owl, *Carpenter.*
Jonas Homer, *Carpenter.*
Joshua Hermeyesva, *Shoemaker.*
Samuel Big Bear, *Mason.*
John Russell, *Mason.*
James Crane, *Mason.*

Industrial Certificates—Continued.

Antwine Swallow, *Wood Worker.*
Anona Crowe, *Laundress.*
Rose Pickard, *Laundress.*
Fannie Rolling Bull, *Laundress.*
Anna Chisholm, *Laundress.*
Iva Miller, *Plain Sewing.*
Louise Kachicum, *Plain Sewing.*
Agnes Waite, *Plain Sewing.*
Anna Chisholm, *Plain Sewing.*
Lillian Porterfield, *Plain Sewing.*
Ernestine Venne, *Dressmaking.*
Charlotte Welch, *Dressmaking.*
David George, *House Painting.*
Louis Tewanima, *Tailor.*
David Thomas, *Tailor.*
Edward Paul, *Tailor.*
Ella Mcra, *Housekeeping.*
Anna Chisholm, *Housekeeping.*
Cora Bresette, *Housekeeping.*
Christine Mitchell, *Housekeeping.*
Eliza Dyer, *Housekeeping.*
Adeline Boutang, *Housekeeping.*
Lida Wheelock, *Housekeeping.*
Charlotte Welch, *Housekeeping.*
Mamie Rose, *Housekeeping.*
Anna Rose, *Housekeeping.*
Fannie Rolling Bull, *Housekeeping.*
Anona Crowe, *Housekeeping.*
Elizabeth Gibson, *Housekeeping.*
Della John, *Housekeeping.*
Ella Johnson, *Housekeeping.*
Nora McFarland, *Housekeeping.*
Susie Porter, *Housekeeping.*
Rosetta Pierce, *Housekeeping.*
Elsie Robertson, *Housekeeping.*
Lorinda Printup, *Housekeeping.*
William Bishop, *Job Compositor.*
Charles McDonald, *Job Compositor.*
James Lyons, *Job Printer.*
Sylvester Long, *Job Compositor.*
Leon Boutwell, *Cylinder Pressman.*
William Palin, *Cylinder Pressman.*
William Bishop, *Pressman.*
Charles McDonald, *Job Pressman.*
Sylvester Long, *Job Pressman.*
James Pawnee Leggins, *Job Pressman.*

Reception Thursday Evening.

THE reception for the outing patrons and the various visitors present on the grounds was held in the parlors of the Athletic Quarters Thursday evening. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

Alumni Meeting and Banquet.

ON Friday afternoon at one o'clock a business meeting of the Alumni Assoication was held in the Standard Society room, and in the evening in the Gymnasium the Alumni Association gave its banquet. More than two hundred were present, including the graduates of the school and their friends, and it was midnight before they separated. Music was furnished for dancing by the orchestra, and refreshments were served. It was a most delightful evening for all those who had gathered together for this final celebration of the week of commencement at the Carlisle School.

Special Guests at Commencement.

SIDE from the hundreds who came to each day's exercises from other portions of the State, or were the guests of townspeople and the local hotels, a large number were entertained at the school.

The number of graduates and undergraduates, who have been educated at Carlisle, who returned to spend the week at the school was larger than ever before in its history. There was also a large representation of educated Indians who have been educated at other Government schools or in private schools. A delegation of prominent Indians from Standing Rock Reservation in North Dakota, who are in Washington on important business for their tribe, were also in attendance. There were fifty-two Indian visitors as guests of the school during the week.

Following are those who were entertained at the school:

Hon. John K. Tener, Governor of Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Tener, of Harrisburg, Pa.

Hon. Robert G. Valentine, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.

Mr. A. C. Ludington, Special Assistant to Commissioner Valentine, Washington, D. C.

Hon. George H. Utter, Member of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Rev. W. B. Wallace, D. D., Brooklyn Temple, New York City.

Mr. Charles E. Dagenett, Carlisle '91, Supervisor Indian Employment, Denver, Colo.

Mr. J. M. Oskison, Associate Editor Collier's Weekly, New York City.

Dr. J. N. B. Hewitt, Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C.

Dr. J. F. Dunlap, A. M., D. D., President Albright College, Myerstown, Pa.

Dr. Henry H. Apple, A. M., Ph. D., Pres. Franklin & Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.

Hon. Nathan C. Schaeffer, Ph. D., LL. D., Supt. Public Instruction of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. Henry C. Houck, State Secretary of Internal Affairs, Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. Thomas L. Sloan, Washington, D. C.

Rev. Joseph Griffis, Lecturer, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. Alice M. Seabrooke, Superintendent Woman's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Captain A. W. Bjornstad, U. S. Army, General Staff, Washington, D. C.

Mr. H. A. Riddle, G. P. A,, C. V. R. R., Chambersburg, Pa.

Mrs. Marie L. Baldwin, Indian Office, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Isaac Reynolds, West Chester, Pa.

Miss M. L. Robinson, Altoona, Pa.

Mr. Richard Wheeler, Philadelphia.

Master Henry McEwen, Martins Creek, Pa.

The Misses Wyckoff, Belvidere, N. J.

Mr. Salem Moses, Class '04, Roanoke, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. William Newashe, Paxtang, Pa.

Mr. J. Timmons, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Jose C. Rodrigues, Somerton, Pa.

Miss Sarah Jackson, West Chester, Pa.

Mr. Samuel Saunooke, Altoona, Pa.

Mr. James Mumblehead, New Cumberland, Pa.

Mr. Addison Johnson, State Print Shop, Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. John White, Class 1909, Mt. Holly Springs, Pa.

Miss Elizabeth Sequoyah, West Chester, Pa.

Mr. Robert Tahamont, Class 1911, Newark, N. J.

Mr. Alfred DeGrasse, Class 1911, New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. Nettie LaVatta, New York City.

Miss Elizabeth H. Baird, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Melissa Cornelius, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Frank Pierson, Youngstown, Ohio.

Mr. Sherman Kennedy, Youngstown, Ohio.

Mr. John G. Reichel, Saegerstown, Pa.

Mr. John D. Martinez, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

Mr. Levi Levering, Class 1890, Macy, Nebr.

Mrs. Levi Levering, Macy, Nebr.

Mr. Wallace Miller, Macy, Nebr.

Mr. Francis Fremont, Macy, Nebr.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Merrick, Macy, Nebr.

Mr. Rice Grant, Macy, Nebr.

Mr. Daniel Merrick, Macy, Nebr.

Mr. David Cox, Macy, Nebr.

Mr. and Mrs. George Merrick, Macy, Nebr.

Miss Lucena Peck, Tullytown, Pa.

Mr. Antonio Lubo, Class 1904, Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Two Axe, and baby, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Horton G. Elm, Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. William L. Bailey, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.

Miss Mary Rice, New Bloomfield, Pa.

Mrs. Thomas B. Taylor, West Chester, Pa.

Miss Emma Taylor, West Chester, Pa.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor, West Chester, Pa.

Mrs. Curtis H. Hannum, West Chester, Pa.

Mr. Taylor, West Chester, Pa.

Miss Savannah Beck, Class 1909, West Chester, Pa.

Mr. Thomas Frost, Standing Rock Agency, N. D.

Mr. Robert High Eagle, Standing Rock Agency, N. D. (With a party of Sioux Indians.)

Mr. Benjamin White, Standing Rock Agency, N. D.

Mr. John Tiokasin, Standing Rock Agency, N. D.

Mrs. J. H. Tonge, Chambersburg, Pa.

Miss Dora Shapanashe, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Paris Chambers, Shippensburg, Pa.

Mr. William E. Hanson, Harrisburg, Pa.

Miss Helen M. Miller, Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Coleman, Carlisle, Pa.

Mrs. R. Wilson Hurst, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Miss Anna Kutzer, Harrisburg, Pa.

Facts About Carlisle Indian School:

Founded, 1879.

First Appropriation by Congress, July 3, 1883.

Present Plant, 50 Buildings.

Campus and Farms, 311 acres.

Academic Course comprises a graded school, including a course in Agriculture, Teaching, Stenography, Business Practice, Industrial Art, and Telegraphy.

Trades work comprises practical courses in Farming, Dairying, Horticulture, Dressmaking, Cooking, Laundering, Housekeeping, and twenty trades.

Total number of students who lived in families or worked in shops, manufacturing establishments, etc., during the year, 795.

Total earnings of Outing students last year, $30,234.94.

Total earnings of Outing students from 1890 to July 1, 1911, $492,157.94.

Students have to their credit in bank at interest, $39,167.82.

Number of students offered employment more than we could supply, 733.

Attending Public Schools during the year, 218.

Value of products made by student labor in the school shops last year was $101,088.53.

Faculty, 80.

Total number of different students enrolled during school year 1911, 1,218.

Total number of living returned students, 4,151.

Total number of living graduates, 532.

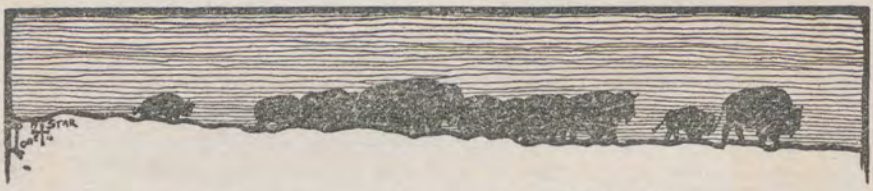
Total number of students who did not graduate, 3,423.

Employment of Living Graduates

Employed by the United States Government as Clerks, Stenographers, Superintendents of Indian Schools, Supervisors of Indian Employment, Teachers, Field Matrons, in the Forest Service, etc	95
In business as Merchants, etc., in the professions as Doctors, Attorneys-at-Law, Journalists, Engineers, Lecturers, etc., and employed as Cashiers, Managers, etc	85
Farmers and Ranchers	53
Trades	89
Housewives	142
Miscellaneous	68
Total	532

Employment of Living Returned Students

Careful records are being gathered of the more than 4,000 students who have stayed at Carlisle long enough to complete partial terms. It has been found from returns which have been received that, out of more than 3,000, approximately 94% are successfully earning their living, and evidence, by the uprightness of their lives, that even the short term spent at this school has been a vital influence for good.



Answering the Call*

By Mary E. Collins.

KNIGHTS of an alien race, quickly ye sped
In answer to the feeble cry of woman in distress.
No thought of recompense, no hope of fame or praise was yours
When o'er the snowy plains, in winter's chilling blast,
Your faithful steeds you urged.
Sons of the forest wild, ye felt the throb
Of Nature's great heart beating with your own,
And heeded only that the universal mother called
For you to render aid.
The Grail, which, all unconsciously, ye sought, ye found.
And we, your sisters of a paler race,
Our grateful tribute at your feet would lay.
And would that tongue and pen your virtues might extol,
'Till every race, and every land, should know
And thrill to hear of Charger and his faithful band.

*Note—The history of South Dakota tells of the rescue, from the camp of hostile Indians, of two white women and seven white children by a band of Indian youths lead by Martin Charger.

The boys knew only that white women were held captives in the camp, and voluntarily undertook their rescue.

As ransom for the captives, the youths were required to part with all of their possessions, except one small tent. And when at last they were brought out to them, almost naked, in the bitter cold of a Dakota winter, the boys wrapped them in their own blankets and took turns in running to keep from freezing. One boy took off his own moccasins and gave them to one of the women who was without shoes.

The incident is the more remarkable in that the boys had never come under the influence of either church or school.

THE more a woman shall have learned to live by herself the better she will occupy her position in wedded life should she marry. Trained to direct herself, to earn her own living, capable of energy and decision, a woman, if she marries, brings a precious cooperation to her husband. If she never marries she will know how to be all sufficient to herself. She will not believe her life lost, nor make of it a morbid matter.—*Charles Wagner.*

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
Total number of different students enrolled last school term	1192
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.