

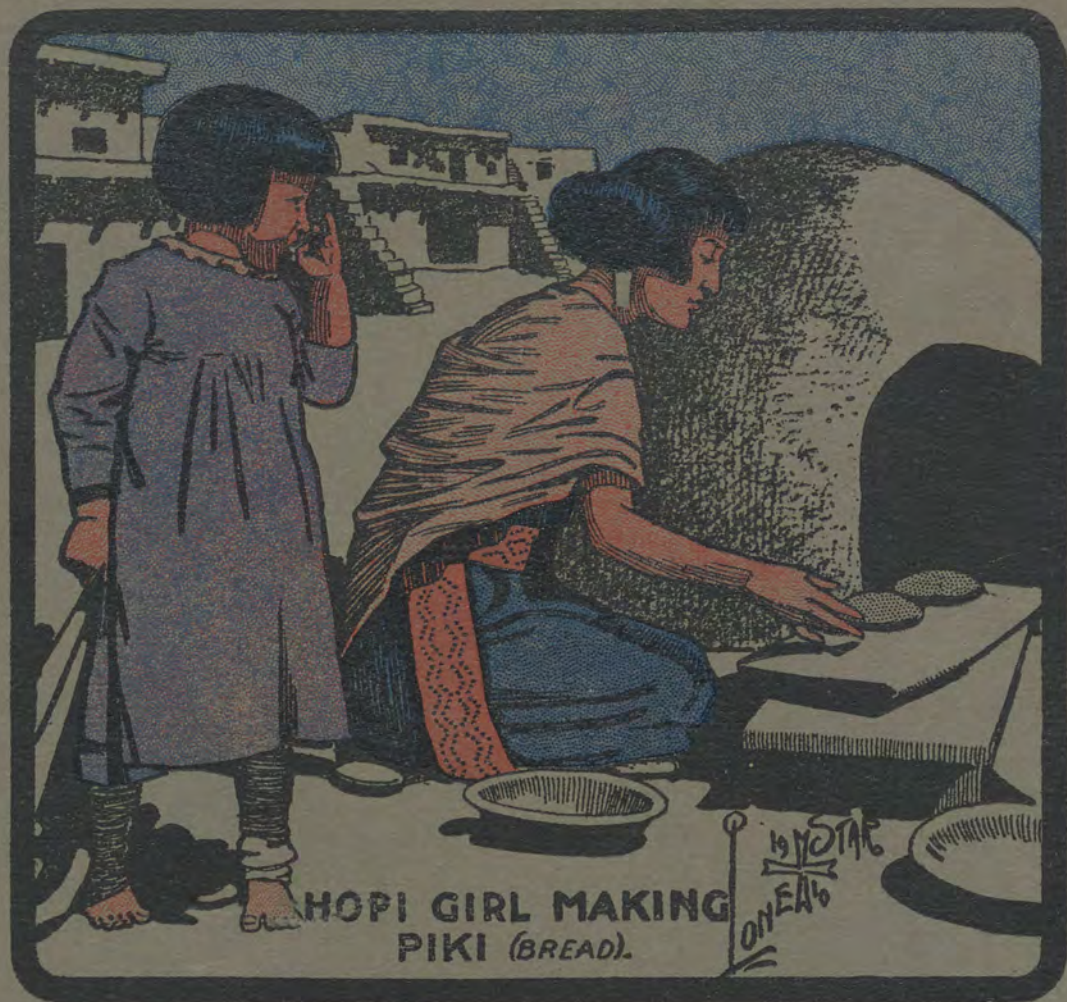
VOLUME 5, NO. 9

MAY, 1913

DOLLAR A YEAR

An Illustrated Magazine by Indians

THE RED MAN



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A magazine issued in the interest
of the Native American
by Carlisle



The Red Man



M. FRIEDMAN, Editor.

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Commencement Exercises at the Carlisle Indian School, 1913:

By the Editor.



COMMENCEMENT at the Carlisle Indian School has taken on more than a local or State interest in recent years. Coming from nearly every State where Indians reside, its students are watched with a genuine parental interest from many places, and, being a national school for Indians, there is much interest everywhere in its Commencement exercises, as well as in the everyday work during the year.

The exercises this year were held from March 30 to April 5, inclusive, and during practically the entire week, with the exception of one night, the weather conditions were most favorable. Great crowds from the immediate locality and from a distance attended all the exercises, which were pronounced by those who have been here for many years the best in the school's history.

Baccalaureate Exercises.

THE baccalaureate services were held on Sunday afternoon in the school Auditorium, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. Every seat was taken, and on account of the lack of room, many of our students could not be there. A new feature this year was the seating of a chorus of one hundred voices on the stage, massed in tiers. The whole made a very pleasing effect, and the singing and music were inspiring.

Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, who is the pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church of Brooklyn, and Moderator of the Congregational Church of the United States, preached the sermon. Dr. Boynton is a man of tremendous force and of rare charm. He is chaplain of several of the largest organizations and institutions in New York City, and a force for civic righteousness in his city.

He preached an eloquent sermon, which left a deep impress on both the students and the public. Old residents of the town pronounce it the most forceful and inspiring sermon preached in this community for years.

Rev. Alexander McMillan, pastor of St. John's Episcopal Church of Carlisle, and Dr. Chas. T. Aikens, President of Susquehanna University, assisted at the services, the program being as follows:

Selection.....	School Orchestra
Opening Service.....	Rev. Alexander McMillan (Pastor St. John's Episcopal Church, Carlisle.)
Gloria Patri and Apostle's Creed.	
Hymn—Arise, Go Forth to Conquer.....	Audience
Scripture Lesson.	
Chorus—Festival Jubilate.....	Chorus and Orchestra
Prayer.....	Rev. Charles T. Aikens, D. D. (President Susquehanna University.)
Vocal Solo—Hold Thou My Hand.....	Leila Waterman (With violin obligato by Fred Cardin.)
Address.....	Dr. Nehemiah Boynton (Moderator of the Congregational Church of the United States, N. Y. City.)
Chorus—Praise Ye the Lord.....	School and Orchestra
Lord's Prayer.	
Hymn—Send the Light.....	Audience
Doxology.	
Benediction.	

Union Meeting of the Christian Associations.

FOR the past four years, Superintendent Friedman has emphasized the Sunday portion of the Commencement exercises, one of the features of which for the last three years has been the meeting for the Christian Associations of the school on Sunday evening in the Auditorium. Some notable addresses have been made at these exercises, which were honored this year by the presence of Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, Member of Congress from Alabama, and famed for his feat of heroism during the Spanish-American War. In introducing Captain Hobson, Mr. Friedman said: "We are honored this evening by having with us a man who was the center of the most brilliant piece of heroism enacted during the Spanish-American War. Captain Hobson is more than a gallant naval officer; he is more than a hard fighter; he is a constructive

statesman as well as a talented engineer. He stands for clean politics, politics based on right and justice, and is, at the same time, a strong moral force in the Nation."

Captain Hobson spoke with authority and eloquence on character building. The music was arranged on a similar plan to the exercises of the afternoon, and showed the excellent training and hard work put forth by the students and the musical director. The program follows:

Selection.....	School Orchestra
Invocation.....	Dr. J. H. Morgan, Ph. D. (Dean, Dickinson College.)
Anthem—Rise Crowned with Light.....	Choir
Good Advice.....	Marcos Carbajal
Hymn—The Young Christian.....	Audience
Lesson from the Life of Ruth.....	Sadie M. Ingalls
Quartet—Jesus is Mine.....	{ Leila Waterman, Estelle Bradley Benedict Cloud, Philip Cornelius
Fight the Good Fight.....	Henry Red Owl
Hymn—Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.....	Audience
Address.....	Capt. Richmond P. Hobson (Member of Congress from Alabama.)
Anthem—Hail to the Brightness.....	Choir
Lord's Prayer.	
Hymn—Onward Christian Soldiers.....	Audience
Benediction.	

Gymnastics and Competitive Drill.

THE exercises in gymnastics in the Gymnasium, which form one of the events of Commencement week, were held on Tuesday afternoon at 1:30, and were splendidly conceived and well carried out under the direction of Mr. Bruce Goesback, a full-blood Gros Ventre Indian student of the school. The Indian club drill and the calisthenics by the small boys were especially deserving of marked approval. The entire exercises were an indication of the value derived by the students themselves and the painstaking efforts in careful training by the instructor.

After the gymnastic exercises, which were witnessed by a large audience of townspeople and others who completely filled the running track in the Gymnasium, the afternoon's activities were transferred to the Indian Field, where a competitive military drill was held between six troops. The school was honored this year in

having present to act as judge of the military events, Brig. Gen. Hunter Liggett, U. S. A., who is on special duty at the Army War College in Washington. After a keen and interesting competition, the decision of the judge awarded the first prize, consisting of a solid gold medal, to Capt. Robert Weatherstone, the officer in charge of Troop F, which was considered by far the best-drilled company. This reflects great credit, not only on the officers in charge of this company, but on Mr. Wallace Denny, who is in charge of Small Boys' Quarters, where this troop is housed. The second prize, consisting of a beautifully engraved sword, gold mounted, was presented to Capt. Henry Broker, the commander of Troop A. The members of the two companies were given an entertainment, at which refreshments were served. The results of the drill aroused the keenest enthusiasm among the students.

Band Concert.

ONE of the most popular events of Commencement is the evening taken up by the music department. This took the form of an opera until two years ago, but for the past several years there has been a varied program, including a concert by the band, several vocal numbers as well as instrumental solos. The concert this year was held in the Auditorium, which was filled with a most appreciative audience. The band was in excellent condition, and demonstrated a high degree of proficiency in music on the part of the members. Congratulations are deserved, not only by the members of the band and those who took part, but by Mr. Claude M. Stauffer, Director of Music of the school, who is an enthusiast in his line, is earnestly devoted to his work, and succeeds in developing his students remarkably well. The music of all the Commencement exercises is under his direction and is always of a high order. The following program was rendered Tuesday evening:

PART ONE

March—With Sword and Lance.....	<i>Starke</i>
Overture—Raymond.....	<i>Thomas</i>
Cornet Solo—The Carnival of Venice.....	<i>Emerson</i>
Robert Bruce	
Selection—Valse Impromptu (for two pianos).....	<i>Raff</i>
Misses Chilson, Pleets, Lay, and Hewitt	
Medley Overture—Bits of Remick's Hits.....	<i>Lampe</i>

Violin Duet—Petite Symphonie *Danola*
Miss Caroline Hewitt, and Mr. Fred Cardin

PART TWO

Waltz—Illusions *Dalbey*
Vocal Solo—Far Off I Hear A Lover's Flute..... *Cadman*
Miss Leila Waterman (Indian Melody Played by Fred Cardin on Oboe)
Excerpts From Maritana..... *Wallace*
Intermezzo—Heart's Ease..... *Macbeth*
Male Quartet—Eggs Before Breakfast..... *White*
Alfred Lamont, Benedict Cloud, Louis Schweigman, Philip Cornelius
Descriptive Fantasia—Home Sweet Home the World Over..... *Lampe*
1. Original Melody. 2. Germany. 3. Spain. 4. Russia. 5. Italy.
6. Scotland. 7. Hungary. 8. China. 9. Ireland. 10. America.

Field Sports and Lacrosse.

A HANDICAP track and field meet was held on Wednesday afternoon on Indian Field. Much interest and enthusiasm were shown.

After the field sports, a game of lacrosse was played between the lacrosse team representing the Indian School and the team representing Maryland Agricultural College, the final score being 9 to 1 in favor of the Indians.

Experience Meeting.

ON Wednesday evening one of the principal events of Commencement week, known as the "Experience Meeting," was held in the Gymnasium, and notwithstanding the fact that there was a heavy downpour of rain, the great hall was well filled, showing the deep interest which the public has, not only in the exercises, but in this event. These exercises are always of an extemporaneous nature, being made up a few hours before the meeting is held, as it is uncertain just who will be present to speak. This year there were on hand a much larger number of speakers than it was found time to hear, and the addresses were both eloquent and informing. The entire program was of great educational benefit to the public and inspiring to the students.

Interspersing the various addresses, there were a number of fine musical numbers. Dr. George Edward Reed, ex-president of Dickinson College, a great friend of the school, and a noted speaker, made an impressive invocation, after which Superintendent Fried-

man outlined in general the purposes of the meeting and introduced the speakers. A good many of these addresses are published herewith, among the speakers being Charles Doxon, an Onondaga Indian; Robert Yellow Tail, a Crow; Rev. Louis Bruce, a Mohawk; Michael Wolf, a student at Hampton and a member of the Chipewewa tribe; Congressman Charles D. Carter, a Cherokee Indian, and several members of a delegation of Blackfeet Indians who were here, including Chief Long Time Sleep, Medicine Owl, and Chief John Whitecalf. These Indians spoke in their native tongue, which was interpreted into English by Robert Hamilton, a former student of Carlisle.

There were also addresses by Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, F. H. Abbott, and the Hon. George Vaux, Jr., President of the Board of Indian Commissioners. Most of these addresses are found in the following pages. On account of the lateness of the hour, and much to the regret of the school, several other addresses had to be postponed. It was a meeting full of real value in the way of suggestive and inspiring example and accomplishment, as well as because of the excellent advice which was given to the members of the student body.

Rev. Dr. A. S. Fasick, the District Superintendent of the Methodist Church, pronounced the benediction. The school was honored on this occasion and at these exercises by the presence of Mrs. Tener, the wife of Governor John K. Tener of Pennsylvania, who motored over with a party of friends from Harrisburg. The Governor and Mrs. Tener are earnest friends of the school and are deeply interested in its work and in the Indian. On account of the busy session of the Legislature, it was impossible for the Governor to be present.

Graduation Exercises.

THE Gymnasium was filled to its utmost capacity for the graduation exercises, which were held Thursday afternoon at 1:30. Every seat was taken, and hundreds of persons who could not be accommodated in any other way had to stand. The Gymnasium presented an attractive appearance, decorated in the national colors, with hundreds of potted plants scattered throughout the hall, while around the platform there was a mass of green and beautiful flowers.

(Continued on page 434.)



Baccalaureate Address by Dr. Nehemiah Boynton:*

At the Commencement Exercises, March 30, 1913.



YOU will find my text this afternoon in the second verse of the Third Epistle of John, the epistle which was read in your hearing: "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." A snap shot may be equal to a panorama in revealing the crux of a situation; a single sentence may sometimes have wrapped up within it the essential meaning of a whole volume. The most insignificant things, apparently, in life may reveal themselves after awhile to have been of surpassing importance.

When Mark Twain was a boy he was walking down street one day and a breeze of wind carried in front of him a bit of paper. He was interested enough to pick it up and he read something there about Joan of Arc. That was the beginning of an interest in history which followed him throughout his entire life. If you know his books, his humor, and his fun, you know how much history did for him. I remember to have had an experience myself years ago which, very slight in itself, has been of great influence with me. It was over among the dear old hills of New England where I was born. One day we were singing in church an old hymn—

"Great God when I behold Thy face,
And all Thy glory see,
This is my plea and this alone,
That Jesus died for me."

*Dr. Boynton is pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, and Moderator of the Congregational Church of the United States.

There was a glorious choir, and in the choir was an old farmer. He must have been sixty years of age, I should think. He was tall and erect in stature, broad shoulders, a great long, white, patriarchal beard, and a voice which was as magnificent a bass as I have ever heard in the world. The tune was so arranged that that word "alone" gave the bass a magnificent opportunity to accentuate the note so that it sounded out from all the others. Do you know, that one note sung by that old man in vigor and in magnificent strength went down into my soul and has been throbbing there ever since. Many a time since then, in hours of temptation, or of depression, or of discouragement, that one note goes surging through my soul, and my weakness is made strong again, and over against the despair there comes the feeling of a bright and confident hope. He doesn't know that he had helped a little minister that day who thinks of him now, and he doesn't know that when I get to Heaven one of the first things I am going to do will be to hunt that farmer up and ask him if he won't sing that note once more for me. A very trifling and incidental thing on his part, but oh! so consequential on my own.

Sometimes just a chance meeting will absolutely turn the whole current of a life. One of the great poets of the last generation says his whole idea and plan and scheme of poetry was changed just because there happened to fall into his hands by accident a volume of Shelley. You never can tell what a mighty influence in your life an apparently little and insignificant thing may be.

This text of mine is one of those little, insignificant things; it is tucked away in one of the letters which have been put in the New Testament, which is so very short, the world wouldn't be very much poorer, so far as you and I can see, if this third letter of John had never come down to us. It doesn't give any very revealing and necessary truths, and still there is something in there this afternoon which, if you and I could get it out and get it into ourselves, might prove one of those essential and conquering influences in our lives which will help to make us all that which we aspire to be.

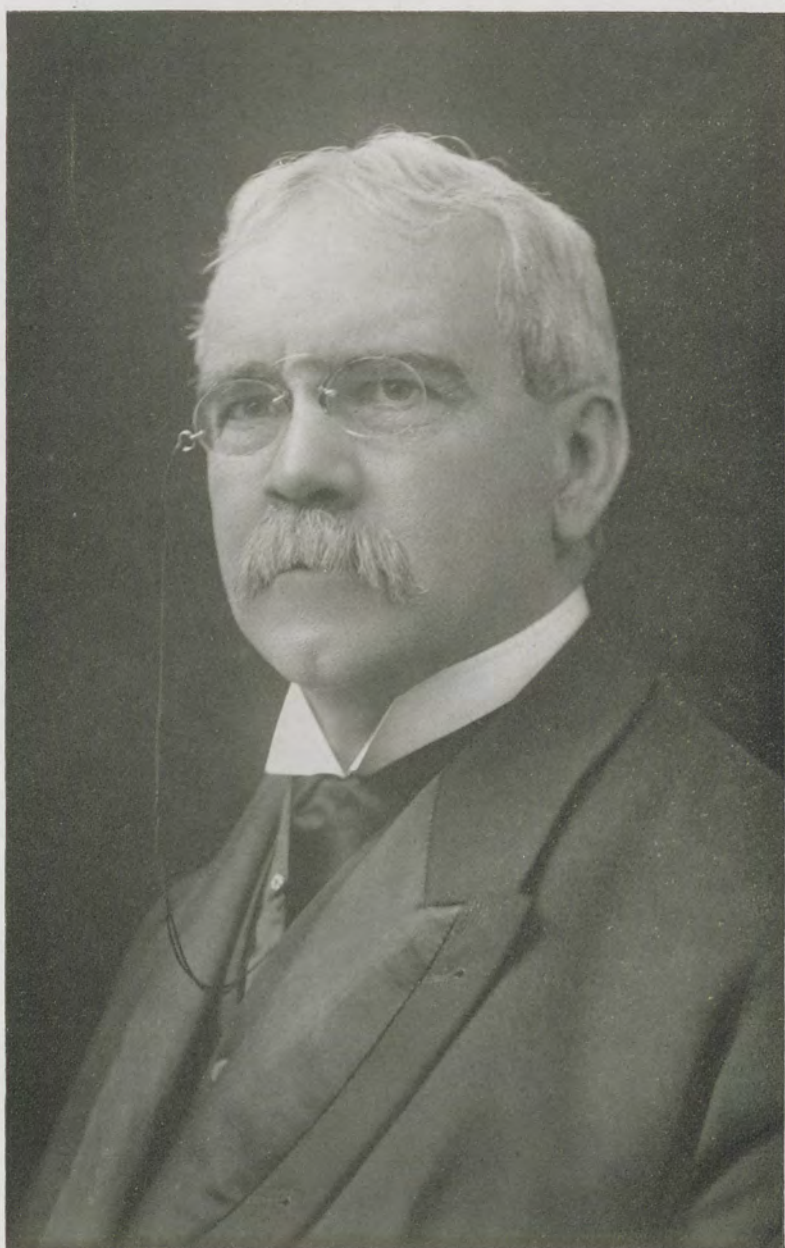
I want to call your attention to men who are described in this letter, which has only fourteen verses in it. One of these men, Diotrophes, was a great, big, successful, and pompous sort of an individual, who was foolish enough to think that the world would go right if he hollered out "Gee." You remember, if you read carefully about him, what some of his characteristics were. He did not



HON. F. H. ABBOTT
ACTING COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS



HON. HENRY HOUCK
STATE SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS OF PENNSYLVANIA



DR. GEORGE EDWARD REED
EX-PRESIDENT OF DICKINSON COLLEGE



CHARLES D. CARTER, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM OKLAHOMA

know very much, but he thought he knew a great deal, and the less he knew, the more he talked. He was like some people in our own day, and the Scripture says he was always prating about his words and confident of his own opinion. In those days, preachers couldn't go to the hotels, if there were any, because they hadn't any money to pay hotel bills with, and they used to stop with the folks of the parish. Diotrephes stood up and told the people in his church that they shouldn't have anything to do with these ministers anyway, and if they came to his house to stay he would not keep them. He was the kind of a man who would preside with great dignity at a public gathering with some form, but you wouldn't be very likely to find his name at the head of the subscription list to put the form through after the meeting had been held. If he ever worshiped at all, he bowed down before an altar on which was inscribed the motto, "His Majesty, myself." Whatever else you are in the world, in Heaven's name don't be an individualist like this man Diotrephes, who, although he probably had wealth, and probably had social influence, and was a member of this little humble church, was dispossessed of so many things that he ought to have had. He is rather a pitiable character when you come to look at him closely.

There is another man there and his name is Gaius. He gives no evidence of having any money. I don't think he lived on the principal thoroughfare of the city. He lived, very possibly, in a modest one and a half story tenement, such as you carpenters here on the ground could build. It is remarked in relation to him that he is another kind of character. Diotrephes was an individualist, while Gaius was an idealist. He loved the ministers and had a place for them. He did not despise the men who were giving their lives in the interests of the good and the beautiful and the true. He walked in the truth. He found out that truth was not dead but alive. And because it was alive, it was all the while going somewhere, and if he were to keep pace with the truth, he must not stand on the sidewalk and see it go by, but he himself must walk along with it. And as the years came, he developed in his own soul and was uplifted in his own life, because of the increased appreciation of the truth. Another thing was said in relation to him: "Thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest." This splendid idealist had arrived at the conclusion that anything that was worth doing at all was worth doing well. He never skimmed his work; he never clipped the corners,

as we say in our day; he never gave his task a slick and promise. "Beloved, thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest."

It was because Gaius was this kind of a man, a friend of the ministers, generous in his sympathy, eager in his quest for truth, faithful in every attempt of his day's toil and life, that when the aged John wanted to send a wish for the church of which Gaius and Diotrephes were both members, he didn't dare to risk his wish on Diotrephes. There was not enough of him that was genuine, true, abiding, and so he sends it through Gaius, and this is the word he said: "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."

It is easy to see the principle which is laid down, and that is this: That a prosperous soul is the only adequate measure of a full, a rotund, or a conquering life. That is the theme of these few moments we are to spend together.

When we come to speak about life, the first thing about which we will agree is this, that life depends upon nutrition. That everything which is living—plant, animal, and man—has to have something to eat, at least occasionally and with some degree of regularity, in order to keep that principle of life in place and in action. We know perfectly well how true it is with relation to our own lives. There are some people who stand up boldly and say, "I can eat anything I please, at any time I please, just as much as I please." And they think they are saying a great truth. But there are two people in the world who hear those remarks who know that peradventure after a little while they will have charge of those people. These are the physician and the undertaker, because one cannot keep on in this world eating whatever and whenever and as much as he wishes and keep himself in the physical trim which retains that principle of life and let it live within him into strength and power.

Well, have you ever thought of the fact that the soul, because it is alive, must have something to eat, just as truly to eat as the body, and whether you and I have souls, or whether they are strong and sleek, depends on whether we have a care about that which we give them to eat? Now, there are a great many kinds of breakfast foods which are on the market to-day. Some are good and some are bad. Some have good nutriment in them for breakfast food and others have no nutriment. But no one has a good breakfast food, no matter what he may think about it, who employs food that has no nutriment

in it. He may think so, but after a while he will feel weak near dinner time. Now, what is true about the body is just as true of the soul. If you are feeding it on breakfast food that has no nutriment in it whatever, if you are talking the silly things of life and the careless things of life, and the mean, nasty, dirty things of life, and are feeding your immortal soul on these, you will find after a little that life will quit its elements of prosperity. You can't be prosperous unless you give your soul something to eat that is worth while. There are a lot of men in our days who think they can feed their souls on business, invoices, and on bank accounts, and on sales, and on things bought, and everything of that kind. They find out eventually that this is a mistake. The soul must have something else in order to have nutrition than simple business. The poet tells a story in his own way about that kind of a man. He had been in business all his life and piled up his fortune. He did not know how much money he had, and when he retired he built a beautiful house. He had not accumulated brains enough to select the proper books for his house, and so he hired somebody else to buy his books and somebody else to be his artist to buy his pictures. He had a magnificent house when he got through and in that house was a great den just for himself—his own place. The people thought they would find him there looking around to see how he could help and bless the country which had given him so much. He was not in the magnificent house; they hunted all over the town and finally they discovered him in the back shop of his store reading a newspaper.

"For why? He saw no use of life
But while he drove a roaring trade,
To chuckle 'Customers are rife!'
To chafe 'So much hard cash outlaid
Yet zero in my profits made!'"

"I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song, or, haply mute,
Blows out his brains upon the flute!

"But—shop each day and all day long!
Friend, your good angel slept, your star
Suffered eclipse, fate did you wrong!
From where these sorts of treasures are,
There should our hearts be—Christ, how far!"

You remember that old story which comes to us from a far-off antiquity of a man who like Diotrepes had a lot of money and lived in the finest thoroughfare in town, who ordered a pair of new shoes that did not fit him. Learning of an old philosopher who lived in the third story back room in an alley, he said to his valet, "Take these shoes over to the poor devil in the alley, and tell him I sent them to him." The shoes were carried over to the philosopher, who was told exactly what the master had said, and he, the philosopher, looked at them and said: "Take those shoes back to your master, and tell him his soul is in an alley." How true that story is in modern life. There are lots of people whose bodies are living in the magnificent houses along the splendid boulevards, but whose souls are living in the alleys, and who are feeding their souls every day out of the garbage pail.

Believe me, it makes a great deal of difference what you give your soul to eat, for on its being fed with a nutrition which is proper for it depends its strength.

But there is a second thing which we understand about life, and that is a life which is to be fruitful and successful needs the principle of exercise. We understand that with relation to our bodies. I was looking over the campus this morning and I saw the track team there, and I knew very well what was going on here in this institution—that the principle of exercise, of discipline, is regarded as absolutely necessary; the curious part of it is that while the young people of our present day go to the gymnasium and the cinder track for their daily exercise and call it having fun, they are really, while having their fun, just putting themselves in physical shape to be splendid warriors when they get into the battle of life.

The soul has to have its exercise just the same as the body does, and save you and I enter into what are called the disciplines of life, and compelled thus to strengthen what is weak within us, we cannot live those prosperous lives about which we are talking. Do you know that little poem of Wadsworth where he says—

"And so in seasons of calm weather,
Although inland far we be,
Our souls catch sight of that immortal sea
That brought us hither.
Can see the children playing on the shore,
And hear the mighty water rolling evermore."

Isn't it sadly true in our generation, in this particular season of calm weather, people are so busy about other things that they do not see the children playing on the shore or hear the mighty waters rolling evermore? The saddest sight I see over in New York is not the people in the slums concerning whom we talk so much, but a young man or a young woman enjoying the season of calm weather, living through the time when they have all the advantages and all the opportunities for the making of magnificent manhood and of glorious, beautiful womanhood, and still during those years of calm weather, instead of using them for their high, fine, splendid realization, are so immersed in the things which come with luxury, with pleasure, and with delight, that instead of expanding and growing stronger, they are just simply shriveling up and growing smaller and smaller and smaller until it seems as if the first breath of adversity or disappointment or defeat would take all the stuff out of them and blow them away like a dry leaf before the autumn wind.

That is the saddest sight anywhere—if it is in New York, or if it is here in Carlisle to-day—to see the boy or the girl who has the chance, who has the season of calm weather, just hold it in such light esteem that instead of being better and stronger for the exercise and discipline and opportunity of it all, they are growing weaker, they are growing poorer, they are growing meaner. Oh, watch your season of calm weather; know when you have your chance; and in God's name take it while you have it, that by the discipline and exercise of your soul, which is your whole life, you may grow strong and powerful and successful in the world.

But the season of calm weather won't last all the while; it is not always June, and one never lives through the twenties, the thirties, forties, fifties, or sixties without meeting the adverse currents, without meeting the head winds. God loves us too well to let us live our three score years and ten without disciplining us in the school of adversity. Sometimes that discipline begins when we are young.

Do you remember the story which is told by Mr. Aggassiz of that student of his, Shaler, years and years ago? He was a Southern boy and came to Cambridge to study with Aggassiz; he had all the fire and all the chivalry of the ordinary Southern boy; because he was a Southerner of splendid blood and family, he thought that Mr. Aggassiz would have some special deference for him; but somehow Mr. Aggassiz regarded him very much like any other boy who

came to Harvard, so when he came and was introduced as a young gentleman of the South who came to study in the laboratory, Aggassiz took him to a table and brought from a big bottle an ill-smelling fish and put it in front of him. Mr. Aggassiz said, "Young man, you just observe and study this specimen for a week; just stand and work at it; don't read about it, don't talk about it, but come to me at the end of a week." It was some task to stand before that dirty-smelling thing for a week, and when he found himself in the presence of Mr. Aggassiz, he was told, "You are all wrong; go spend another week." The second week must have been worse than the first. Then, when he came to Mr. Aggassiz, a half-bushel basket of all kinds of fish bones were dumped on the table and Aggassiz said, "For the next month you just put the bones here where they belong; don't read about it, don't talk about it; just simply arrange the bones so that the bones that belong to one fish shall be put into one pile and those of another fish be put into another pile." That was not very attractive, and when he came back he found that was all wrong. Taking another fish, Aggassiz said, "It will take you as much as a month to find out about this fish; just observe the thing itself here in the laboratory." At the end of the month young Shaler gave him a technical name—you wouldn't know it if I would mention it, and I have forgotten what it was. "Mr. Aggassiz, I found out one thing about that fish, that is that the scales on one side of the fish go one way and the scales on the other side go the other way." Then the great teacher smiled and whispered in his ear, "My boy, there are two of us in the world now who know that scientific fact;" and then that boy was received into the fellowship of the teacher, who had been trying him out during those weeks and months, who had been attempting to find out how much stuff there was in the fellow, and what he was good for, and because young Shaler could stand the test that was put before him he was received into the innermost corners of Aggassiz's heart and became, as the years went by, one of the most noted professors of the scientific world which America had yet produced.

Oh, believe it is true, the life which is not disciplined, the life which is not exercised, the soul which does not know not only the season of calm weather but also those seasons when the days are gray, when the clouds are black and rolling, that soul never attains the rugged proportions of strength and power.

Don't pity anybody who is being disciplined by the good hand of God. Sympathize with them, encourage them, for we must learn over and over again in suffering what we teach in song! As we pass through them we find them to be trying enough, but when we have them, they are ingredients of the foundation of our wider, our nobler, our diviner life.

There is one thing more we will agree in our relation with life: That is that it must be progressive.

Let me illustrate in two or three ways that prosperity in life. One of the sad things in life is that we are estimating men and women as they are at the conclusion of life, and we forget that every magnificent conclusion has had behind it somewhere a sincere, an earnest, and a faithful beginning. Two or three years ago a man died in New York whose will was declared to be one of the sanest, one of the most comprehensive, wills which has ever been made in many a day. He left millions of money, but he left it to this institution, to that cause, and to others, with such a splendid discrimination on one hand and magnificent comprehensiveness on the other that the whole world stopped to marvel at the way in which the gifts had been made. But when they opened the will they found the secret of it. He began by saying that he came to this country as an immigrant boy at the age of seventeen, and that he had been blessed in this country and wanted to make his return. The following facts in relation to him are these: In the first place he had a splendid, pious mother,—God bless the mothers,—and she told him in the early morning of his life that it was better to be true than false, better to be right than wrong, it was nobler to be a young man on God's side than on the devil's side, and he came over to this country with those ideas given by his own mother, and resolved to make his stay here. He started in as a clerk at a small salary and made up his mind to save a little money each week and give it away, and you can trace his life from beginning up until he made this magnificent will and see how he had trained himself progressively as his income enlarged to give more and more and more until at last, by the principle of progression, he just made himself capable of writing such a will as that. It takes years of practice and benevolence for one in the evening of life to be able to make a good will.

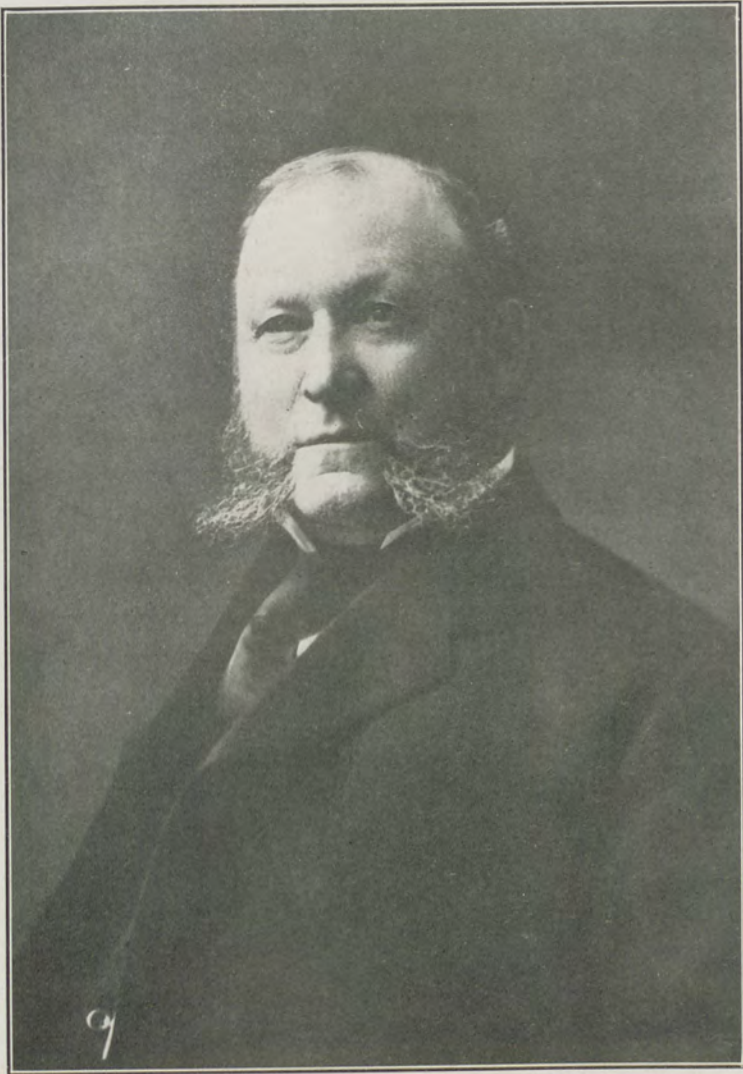
I saw a man give away twenty-five thousand dollars for a public library. I happened to be in his office when he signed the check.

It took him as much as fifteen minutes to find the place in the check book. He dipped his pen in the ink, then wiped it on the pen wiper, but didn't sign the check, and said: "Maybe you think this is an easy thing to do. I want to do it with all my soul, and I am going to do it. I started here in this town without a quarter, and every single cent I have ever had I have earned by the sweat of my brow. If you think it is easy to give away twenty-five thousand dollars, try to do it for yourself." What was the matter? His spirit of benevolence overtook him late in life. It was fine that it overtook him then. If he had begun when a little fellow by laying aside a dime, or a quarter, a half-dollar, or a dollar for the sake of somebody else, he would have developed himself by the law of progress of which he was so thoroughly capable, and he would not have had any great difficulty.

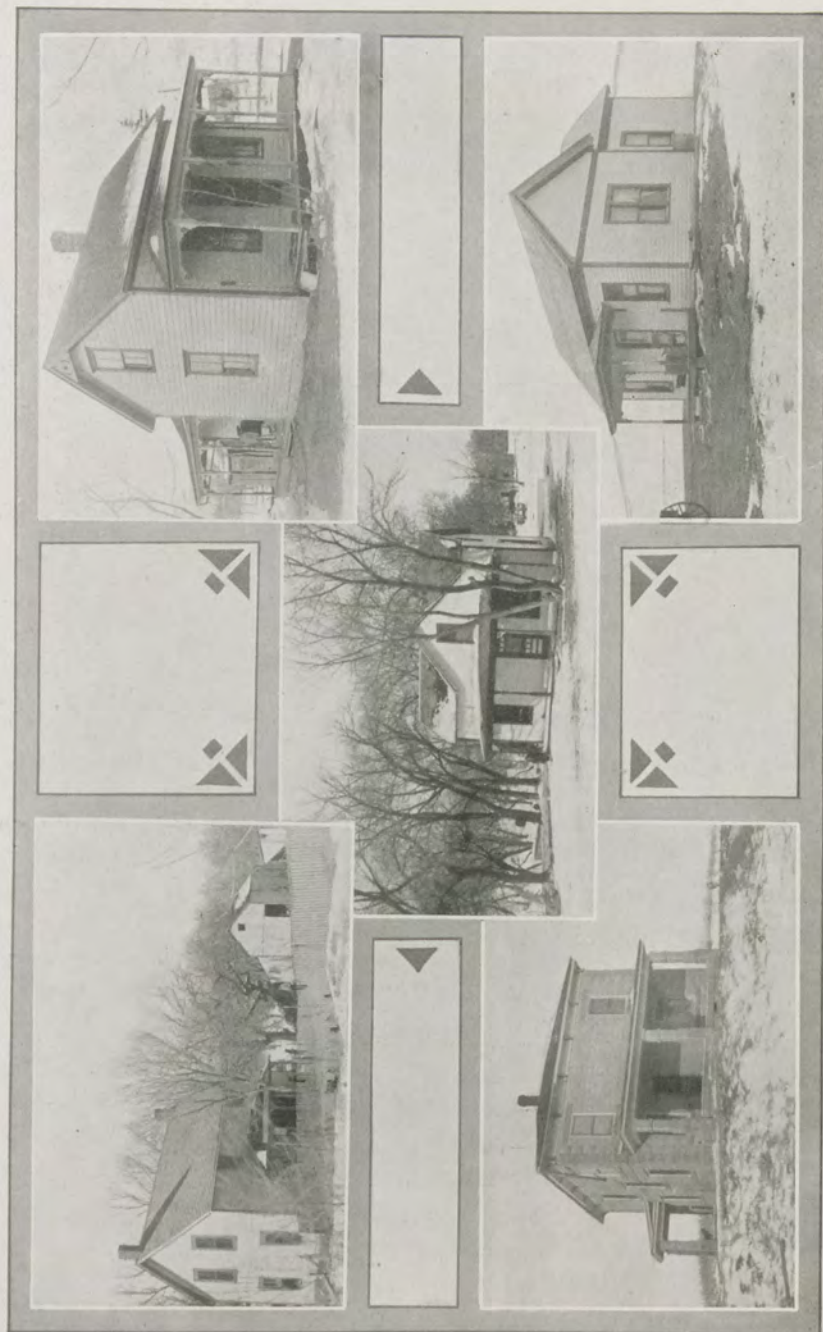
If you are going to have a progressive, a full, a rotund, conquering life, you must have a prosperous soul, which begins now in life's morning to share with those who are around you more needy than yourself. Then, as the years come, having been faithful in that which is least, if the opportunity is yours, you know how to be faithful in that which is much.

There was a young man who used to roam around these parts who wanted to go to college; his father was a minister and he could not afford to send him. He made up his mind if he could not get an education by going to college he would get it himself, and so he began to read everything that came along. He went into a printer's office and became a master printer, then a reporter, and from there to a magazine, until he came to be at the head of one of the great magazines of New York City. They made him chairman of the tenement house conform commission. He spent hours each week in the midst of the filth and weeds of that great city, seeing whether the tenement laws were being observed, where new laws ought to be made, so that to-day there are probably few men who have recently passed from life who have lived not because of the money which they left, because they did not have any money to leave, but because of the splendid influences of their character and personal exertion for others.

When Mr. Gildet, the magnificent poet died, the whole world who knew him stopped and dropped a tear, and this was one of the things which he wrote because it seems to illustrate this point:



DR. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON
MODERATOR OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF THE UNITED STATES, NEW YORK CITY



HOMES OF OMAHA INDIANS WHO WERE AT CARLISLE

1. HARVEY WARNER, POSTMASTER AT MACY, NEB., OWNS A STORE AND VALUABLE PROPERTY. 2. CHRISTOPHER TYNDALL, SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN.
3. LEVI LEVERING, IN BUSINESS AND ACTIVE CHURCH WORK. 4. JOSEPH HAMILTON, PROSPEROUS FARMER. 5. JENNIE LOVING, HOUSEWIFE.

"When to sleep I must
Where my fathers sleep;
When fulfilled the trust,
And the mourners weep;
When, tho' free from rust,
Sword hath lost its worth—
Let me bring to earth
No dishonored dust."

I say to you, my young friends, that is a full, a rotund, a conquering life which has progressed so far in kindness, in nobility, in truth, in manliness, in womanliness, that when the end comes it brings to earth no dishonored dust.

Let us take just one more illustration, and take this from our good old friend Kipling. Mulholland was a sailor, and a terrific storm arose at sea, and he was afraid. Sailors and soldiers seem to get frightened like the rest of us. Right in the midst of that tremendous storm he told the Lord if he ever got ashore again he would quit being wicked and would preach for him. Just then a beam swung around over his head and stunned him. He was taken to the marine hospital, and when he recovered consciousness it all came back to him, and he remembered his contract, and—

"I spoke to God of my contract,
And he said to my prayer,
'I never give my children
Anymore than they can bear.
So get your back to the cattle ship
And preach my gospel there.'

"I didn't want to do it,
For I knew what I would get;
I wanted to preach religion
Handsome and out of the wet.
But the word of the Lord was on me,
And I done what I was set.

"And I signed for four-pound-ten
And I kept my conscience clear;
And I am in charge of the lower deck,
And I never lose a steer;
And I believe in God Almighty,
And I preach His gospel here."

There was the full, the rotund, the conquering life because there

was the prosperous soul. The prosperous soul is the great need of America to-day. There is no need like it. Our needs are great in all forms of development. The aspiration of our country is simply magnificent, but after all the things which we need more than anything else in America are prosperous souls—men and women who believe in the good, in the beautiful, in the true, and who believe it to the point of right, loyal, personal sacrifice.

In a poem of Walt Whitman he was always talking about our strong men, and our magnificent Rocky Mountains, our prairies, and one day his friend Sidney Lanier said to him in a fine emphasis, "Walt, you cannot make a country out of muscles, and prairies, and Rocky Mountains. Republics are made of spirit." I wish that word of the Southern poet could be buried deep into the heart of every boy and girl in our land to-day. Not by material advances, not by the conquests on which we set such high plans, but souls are made of spirit. It takes a prosperous soul to contribute anything which is of great value to a fatherland like ours, and it is those prosperous souls who are able to win in our dear country.

Adjuration.

YOUNG ladies and young gentlemen of the graduating class: The opportunity which has been afforded you in these swiftly flying years in this fine institution has been the opportunity for the cultivation of the prosperous soul. As you go back into the life of the world to win for yourselves places of honor and of respect, permit me to wish for you this wish: "Beloved, I wish for you above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health even as thy soul prospereth." In front of the magnificent building in Boston, which is devoted to the fine arts, there is a new statue which is challenging the admiration of the world to-day. It represents one of our first Americans, a full-blooded, full-statured Indian upon a magnificent horse. His hands are outstretched in supplication, his eye is lifted on high, and he is at the same time confessing his faith in and making his appeal to the Great Spirit. It is wonderful art, but it is more wonderful life. It is the great human confession that only as we have our fellowship with the Great Spirit, who has shown himself in love to us through Jesus Christ, can we have those lives, which, full, rotund, and conquering, shall be such prosperous souls.

I do not suppose there is a company of young people gradu-

ating from any American institution to-day in whom there is a more genuine interest throughout the country than in yourselves. There is interest in young men as they graduate from Harvard, and in young women as they graduate from Smith or Vassar, but there is a peculiar interest in you because you represent both the confession and the aspiration of our people; you represent the confession of the wrongs which have been visited in other years upon your kinsmen, and you represent the aspiration of our country to make such amends for those wrongs as it can, by giving you the opportunity through education so to cultivate your souls that yours may be rich, strong, and abundant lives.

I beg you to remember as you go through the world that you carry with you the dignity and the honor of this institution. I beg you to be in every relationship, whether of trial or of triumph, all that you know a Carlisle boy or a Carlisle girl is expected to be. I ask you to think of the world not as a place altogether of buffet and of trial, but to remember that the world is something like this house I saw on the campus to-day, with that suggestive motto, "Kola-Tipi"—the house of friendship. That is what the world is to be to you. Let us believe as you are brave, as you are true, as you are strong, in every relationship, and wherever your lot may be cast, you will find it to be your highest choice to unite with the rest of your fellow citizens in standing behind that fine institution and those magnificent endeavors which more and more are making stable and strong this land of ours—land of the free and the home of the brave.

Into the House of Friendship I welcome you to-day. Pray be at home in this, God's country, by cultivating the prosperous soul.





Suggestions for Character Building: *

By Captain Richmond P. Hobson, Member of Congress from Alabama.



AM grateful for the Chairman's exceedingly kind and courteous and generous words. I wish to express my appreciation of the great pleasure and privilege I have in being here to-day to enjoy your exercises. I know I will be pardoned in referring with pride to the discussions by members of the Y. M. C. A. of your school, because I had the honor of being the president of the Y. M. C. A. at Annapolis; I have been a member of the Y. M. C. A. for twenty-eight years; I have seen its workings in time of peace and in time of war in every clime. It has fairly won its way among the foremost of the great institutions of uplift of to-day, and I am glad to be able to tell you that the struggling Y. M. C. A. at Annapolis of nearly a generation ago has so expanded that now, out of about 850 students, nearly 800 of them are members of the organization, and I wish your Y. M. C. A. here God-speed in its great work.

I enjoyed so much and derived so much profit from the eloquent baccalaureate address this afternoon, that I shall follow up the advice given there and take for my subject to-night "Character Building." I feel that I can speak very frankly in this presence—I feel very close to Carlisle. I used to play football at Annapolis, and whenever Carlisle came down we knew we were going to have a game fight and a clean fight. I say I feel at home. I was educated at Annapolis, an institution organized very much like this one is, so I feel very close to the students here and I shall speak to them from my heart.

Character is the greatest thing in the world, and I can prove it. In each type and each species nature is building along a certain

*Address at Carlisle Commencement Exercises, Sunday evening, March 30, 1913.

particular line, devolving along that line from generation to generation. In the human species nature is not devolving along the line of the physical. The human race attained its physical evolution in the early ages of the race, just like you will attain here physical growth in the early years of your life, two decades. Clearly nature in the physical simply plans to lay a foundation for a higher development in some other department of activity. For many thousands of years the human race has been building, has been evolving—at least, the physical seat of it in the nervous system, the part of the nervous system that is located in the brain—the gray matter on the surface of the convolutions of the cortex of the cerebrum. Each generation tends to add additional cells, tends to build a little higher. Now then, investigation shows that that part of the brain is the center of inhibition, but it is the center that presides over the other activities, the center where resides self-control, the conception of right and wrong, the conception of duty.

Character is the line of human evolution, and since man is the highest order of creature in this part of the universe, you can see that that part of him, what we call character, is the greatest part, is the very objective toward which he is going, the greatest thing in the universe. Therefore, you can have a standard by which you can measure and can determine individual conduct, its effect upon the question of character; a standard by which you can absolutely determine the wisdom of a public policy, its effect upon the average standard of the character of the people. It is the greatest thing in the world. Character building, therefore, is the greatest objective toward which any young man or young woman can direct his and her activity.

Now, I am going to suggest the method which will apply to building character, which will apply to any other great purpose or objective that you are seeking. It is a combination of good thinking, careful planning, adopting scientific methods, clearly recognizing what your objective is, and what forces put into operation will produce the objective as a result. This good planning, combined with the habit of hard work, will prove irresistible. That sounds like a very emphatic statement. I make it advisably. I have seen that combination win in war.

You probably have often wondered how it was possible for an American fleet at Santiago to totally destroy the Spanish fleet, and

itself come off uninjured. Such a feat had never been performed in the history of the world. The Spaniards had good ships, up-to-date equipments, 21 knots speed, good armor, good guns, and good machinery. The Spaniards had brave men. If you had seen them dead upon the decks of the ships, in the midst of wreckage and at the posts of duty, you would realize that they had died like the brave men they were. Wherein was the difference? What accounted for the marvelous contrast when the battle came? To this day the world doesn't know the secret. I'll give it to you. It began to dawn on me when our fleet was at Key West, before war was declared. Being a naval constructor, I was assigned to the task of getting ships ready for battle, of preparing them for conflagration in battle. This duty took me to all the ships of our fleet. I began to marvel as I went from ship to ship at the extraordinary activity from the captain down to the least apprentice boy; everybody was busy, and I soon saw that there was method in it. Each gun division was working out the problems of its own department of the ship. This piece shot away, what will they do? They will drill without it. This man killed, another to take his place. In target practice, they didn't wait for daybreak, they were called before daybreak. At the first crack of day, you heard the small arms open up. And the torpedo launches, they didn't stop when night came. Many a time the orders came to have the search light thrown on the targets, and they would continue firing until nine or ten o'clock at night. We had our spies watching Spain's fleet. They were keen to learn what they were doing in target practice. We expected to be the targets. Finally the report came through the spies that the Spaniards weren't having any target practice. They sometimes met at their gun drills, and would swing the turrets, but that was all. I began to see how the contrast would appear when the fleets met in battle. But the full contrast and the very lesson did not come home to me until after the war was over, and then it was at the hands of Admiral Cervera himself.

It was on the occasion of a visit I paid him when he was a prisoner and I was an officer at Annapolis. I called on him when he was the prisoner because he had called on me when I was in prison, and I thought it proper to return his call, for his call on me had been such a beautiful, chivalric action on his part. I was the poor lieutenant of the enemy in a dungeon, and he the commander in

chief of the Spanish fleet. Naturally, I hastened to return his call at Annapolis. I shall never forget my call on the old man. He was in the building next to the Superintendent's quarters, and he was sitting in the bay window when I came in. He seemed glad to see me, and I was glad to see him, but I had a sad message to convey to the old man. The chief of the staff, Captain B—— had been wounded in battle and left behind. He had died, and Admiral Sampson told me to tell Cervera when I saw him that his chief was dead. Captain B—— was a dear old fellow. He brought me a book to read when I was in prison and was kind to me. I said, "Admiral, I am very sorry to have to report to you the death of Captain B——." I forgot my own sorrow when I saw the look that came over the old man's face. He turned and gazed out of the window, and a far-away look came into his eyes. He began to talk about the Captain, what a brave man he was, what a noble man, how he loved him, and, the tears were streaming down the old man's cheeks, as in a dream he began to talk about the battle of Santiago. Of course, I would never have referred to the subject, but the old man began to talk about it. I said, "Admiral, I am a cold-blooded naval constructor, but would you mind telling me if it wasn't the conflagration that drove you out of the ships." He said, "My young man, you can't conceive how terrific it all was. The first shot cut down our firemen; we couldn't do a thing. The very next shot set us on fire; the firemen gone, we couldn't fight fire, and the ship burned like tinder; the flames swept through everything. Why, an insect couldn't have been there and lived." I said, "Would you mind telling me if you had cut out all your woodwork and thrown overboard all inflammable material, couldn't you have saved the ships?" "Oh," he said, "something of that kind did occur to me once; I think it was at the Cape Verde Islands before we sailed," and then he commenced to talk about something else. I didn't say anything out loud, but I said to myself, "Now I understand. I see the contrast in the two fleets." Why, taking our fleet—it just happened that as I was in charge of it—I went clear through to the stern at every deck. We cut out the woodwork and threw it overboard. I remember frequently as we came to some handsome oak carving, one of the men would say, "That can't burn very much. Can't you save that?" I said, "Saw it off; overboard with it." Why, it looked as if the whole face of the ocean was covered with wreckage. We

took down the partitions of our rooms; we had no privacy there. We threw the chairs overboard and had to stand up even at our meals. We stripped things right down to bare wood; we put in special stop valves and had a man drilled to cut the stop valves off; the man shot in that place, another man ready to put in. Poor old Cervera! I thought to myself, "Fireman shot away in one place, and they couldn't fight the fire. Why, if the *New York's* firemen had been shot away in 40 places, if there hadn't been one fireman left, we would have made close connection somewhere down at the pumps. If it had caught fire, we should have pulled the fire hose up through the hatch and not interfered with the service of a single gun."

My young friends, there is where the battle of Santiago was won, long before it was ever fought. There is where your battles are to be won, and my battles, and our country's battles, and the battles of civilization. If you would get the results, particularly the results worth while, you must pay the price in a high plane of thinking—lay your plans, scientific methods, and then combine with that the habit of tireless, indefatigable, unrelenting hard work, and I tell you, humanely speaking, the combination is irresistible. Now, therefore, it remains to us to examine the field of applying this combination. If you haven't worked out some philosophy of life, let me suggest that you proceed to work out some such a philosophy. Life is too precious a thing to be allowed to drift with the current. I would particularly make this recommendation to the graduating class. Heretofore the routine has been largely determined by others, but the day has come for you, and it will soon come to all these young people, when they must lay out their own daily activities.

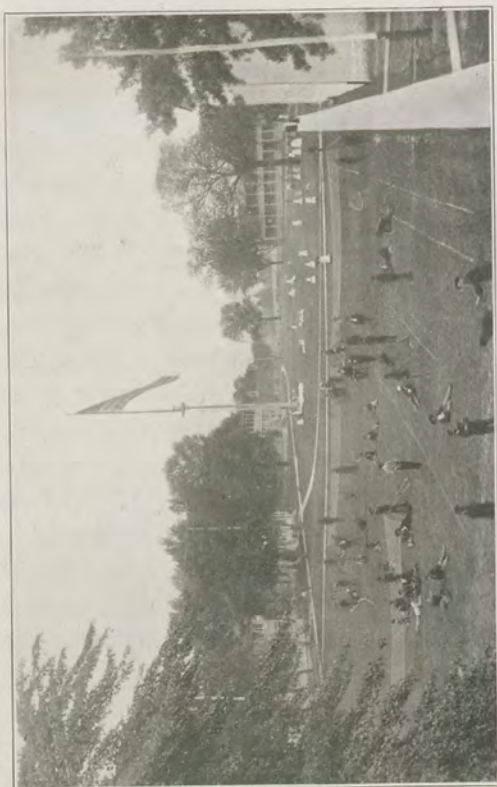
As a tentative suggestion, you might divide activities into two broad classes—first, those pertaining to yourself; second, those pertaining to others. And you will find that character building is more involved in the second than in the first. But let us take the first.

Suppose we divide your own activities into three parts: First, those that relate to the physique. I would resolve I would take care of my health; I would learn the elements of hygiene; I would make it a part of my life all the way through to maintain a high standard of physical efficiency; strength of organs particularly, not so much of muscle, but strength and soundness of organs. I would work to the development of my intellect. I would learn to think—not

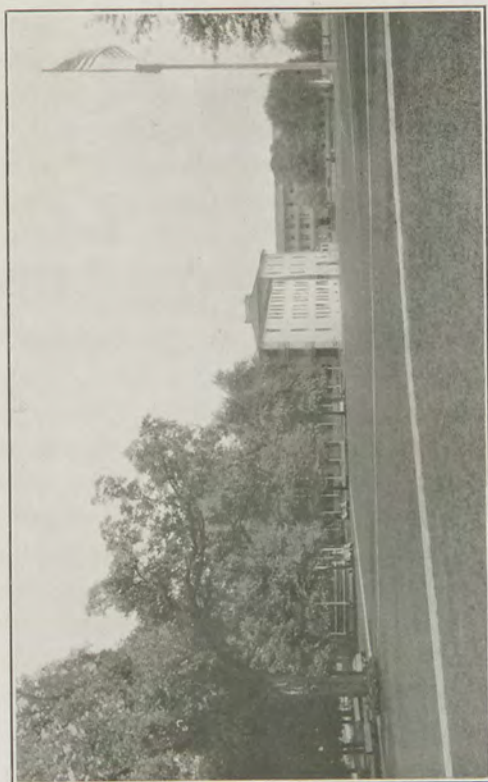
PANORAMIC VIEWS OF THE CAMPUS



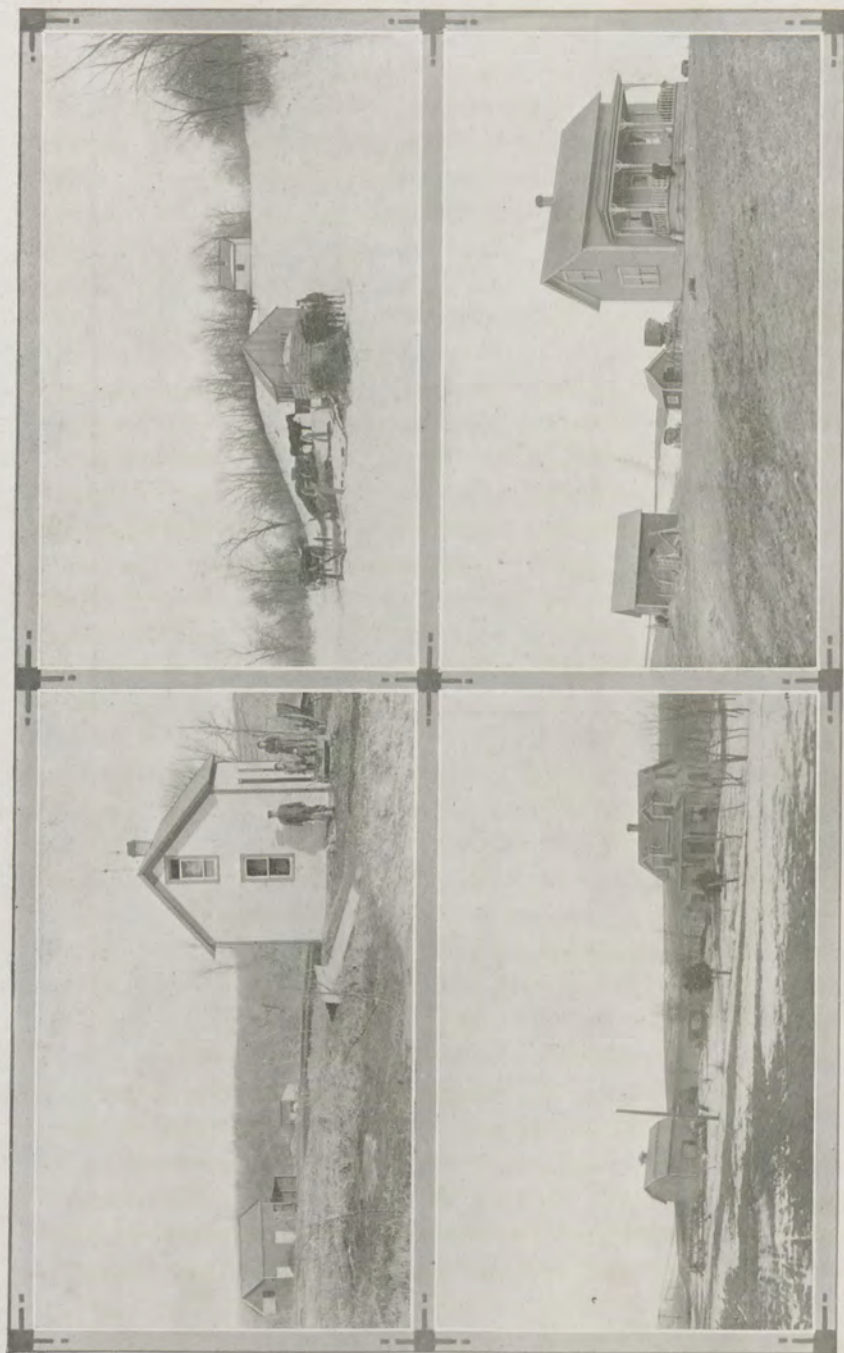
E. J. Smith Studio, Cambridge, Mass.



LOOKING SOUTH



LOOKING NORTH



MATERIAL RESULTS OF INDIAN EDUCATION
 THESE VIEWS ARE THE HOMES OF CARLISLE EX-STUDENTS WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE OMAHA TRIBE IN NEBRASKA

simply to find out what the others think, the book says, or the editor thinks. I would get the habit of seeking to know things for myself. I would develop strength, precision, logic of mental processes, and endurance of mind and body. But above all, I realize that these are but the foundation. Above these stands the part to which I referred, that is, the very objective, the development of my character. Periodically, I would look down into the very bottom of my heart, be honest with myself; I would find out if there are any unworthy, ignoble, and any bad, impulsive motives in the chambers of my heart. I would frequently open the door and open the window and let the light in. I would go out to the garden of my heart and look for the briars, the weeds, and the thorns. I would pull them up by the roots and would plant beautiful things. I would plant the flowers of kindness that would spread a perfume about the paths, and I would keep at it month in and month out, year in and year out, all the years of my life. I would pitch it on a high plain, the plain of the very ideal. I would determine that I would make of myself in the physical, in the intellectual, and above all, in character, the very finest specimen of a man or a woman that I am capable of becoming.

Now, the second field of activities—those that relate to others. It is a wonderful and beautiful fact that character develops most with service. You can put this down, that selfishness has almost no part in the activities that develop character. The Master's statement that the greatest amongst men shall be the servant of all is true. Service is the real test of greatness, and it is only in working out a life of service that you can develop true greatness of character. Therefore, systematize it. I would make this broad resolution, that as I go through the world I will never willingly harm any human being. Now, that is a very hard resolve to keep. Sometimes you are so provoked that it may seem to deserve retribution; but keep your resolve in mind, keep yourself in check, and stick to it. Never willingly harm anybody. Of course, that doesn't mean that in the attainment of some great purpose the destroying principle might not have to be invoked to clear the way. I can conceive how a nation might be in a great war with another nation for the betterment of humanity. I can conceive how it might be necessary to go out and kill a thousand or two of the army. But, nevertheless, I would carry right straight through my life the resolve that I will

never willingly harm any human being. But on the contrary, I'll resolve that I will help every human being that it is possible for me to help, as many as possible, and each individual one as much as possible. And I would make service the very objective, the criterion of my life and conduct. I would systematize it according to the plan I suggest.

Take the individual members of your family. You would be surprised how much you can help them if you will try to do it systematically, and you young gentlemen, you young ladies, who go back amongst your own people, think of the service you can render to them by having their confidence. I would do more than that. I would realize that I am a unit in the great society of the world. And I want particularly to leave this thought with the Indians: I believe one of the greatest results of this institution is to have the Indians realize more and more that they are an integral part of our people and civilization; that they can and they should help this country to solve its great problems. And I believe you will find that if you will join in the public activities of the places, the towns, or the counties, the States or the Territories where you locate, you will find there is a place for you and a welcome. You have only to come down to the Congress of the United States and find Indians in the United States Senate and in the House of Representatives. There is nothing that is debarred from a noble ambition of an Indian; and I would earnestly recommend that each one of you now that has had these great opportunities of this institution, opportunities you have actually received at the hands of your country, I would have you—just as I think naval officers and military officers educated at Annapolis and West Point ought to—consecrate your lives to your country's service in all its departments. I would have you go forth from this institution with this objective and teach it to your fellow Indians, that each one should take part in the great activities of the day. If you want to develop, grapple with the problems of the day. If you want to drop behind, ignore the great problems of the day. If you want to survive and be what the Almighty would have you be, a credit to the nations of the world and the races of the earth, then I say take hold of the civilization that is now before you. Do a man's part; fight a good fight, as Henry Red Owl said, in solving the problems of the day, not only to build character in yourself, but wherever you locate find out what the problems of the city or

the county or the State or the Territory are, and take hold and help to solve them.

But young gentlemen and young ladies, there is one thing that you may not do. The most important discovery made by science, in my judgment, is the recent discovery that alcohol is the toxin, the excretion, the waste product—that alcohol is the toxin of the yeast or ferment germ and belongs to the family of the toxin poisons, and like the low oxides of the hydrocarbons, such as belladonna, morphia, and strychnine, has an affinity for certain tissue. Strychnine has the affinity for the spinal cord. Alcohol has an affinity for the cells of many living creatures that are in the line of that creature's evolution, such as those cells I referred to, and has a deadly effect upon them. If color is the line of evolution of a plant, and you mix alcohol with water and apply it to that plant, the color will begin to fade. Take a dog. The line of his evolution is loyalty to his master, but bring up a dog that is alcoholic and when he is grown he won't have a master. Alcohol wipes out about six thousand years of dog evolution.

You can't experiment on man—you don't have to, for he experiments on himself. All you have to do is to watch him. Did you ever watch a red man—see him wield his tomahawk? He likes the fire water, and if he habitually uses it the result is that it puts him right back, and you will have a tribe on the warpath. I don't care how high your evolution may be. Starting out with a highly civilized mental organism, when you take a drink the alcohol paralyzes the cells. You don't realize it because alcohol is anæsthetic. It deadens the pain. You don't feel the pain. It paralyzes the cells. You keep on, and you will next wipe out the cells you had of your father and mother, parents, and grandparents. It exactly reverses the processes and purposes of nature. Well, whenever anything does that it is the deadly thing in the eyes of nature, and nature proceeds to exterminate it. She proceeds to strike at the life of the individual. The total abstainers have twice the vitality of the men who drink. If men were total abstainers, it would save two thousand lives a day every day of the year. But nature's deadly wrath isn't visited so much on the individual as upon the offspring. So rapidly does degeneracy multiply on the earth, that so soon as the parents debase themselves, nature not only exterminates them but blights their offspring. Investigations go to show if both par-

ents are alcoholic, one child in every five becomes insane, one in every three becomes epileptic, one in every seven will be born deformed, and only one in six will be normal. Whereas, if both parents are total abstainers, nature will bless them in everything that relates to children, and nine out of ten of their children will be absolutely normal and will rise to higher and nobler civilization than their parents.

Following the line of human evolution, I want to remind you that if you would develop character, you must not allow the taking internally of this specific for degeneracy. And if you would have your country rise to a lofty ambition, to a lofty standard of character, under which she would have the purpose and the will to serve the world in nobility, you must not allow degeneracy to interfere. It is degeneracy, it is this force, it is the low average standard of character that is being produced that stands in the way of America fulfilling her great destiny. Therefore, this is my closing recommendation: That you look upon alcohol in all its forms as your own deadly enemy, and that you look upon alcohol and its distribution as the deadliest enemy of the State, to be fought until it is destroyed. That concludes my recommendations.

Now, in conclusion, I want to say to the graduating class—and along with you to the others—that I hope you will appreciate fully the opportunities that you have enjoyed. Investigations go to show that if a young man has a chance to go to college it increases forty-fold his chance of being a leader. You must be leaders. Nothing short of a noble leadership ought to satisfy any boy and any girl that goes through Carlisle. I want to tell you, in the presence of the faculty and your Superintendent, that I am convinced that the Congress of the United States stands ready and prepared to cooperate to any length in laying the broad foundations of a great development for the future of the Indian in this country. No matter what the cost may be, the Government will stand behind it. I am convinced that right here where the Indians come in from all tribes and all quarters, that right here this institution can be the foundation for a systematic, effective, nation-wide bookmark of education for all the children of the Indians wherever they are born. For my part, personally, I want to tell you that in all my life I shall remember this day, the privilege and pleasure it has been to me, and I want you, each individual boy and girl, to realize that I will have a per-

sonal interest in you. If you are ever where I am, I want you to come to see me. If there is anything I can do in any way down in Congress, I want you to write to me. I shall always have more than a general interest—it will be special and personal. You can command me in my humble services anywhere they are. May you go forth and build character so nobly that your Alma Mater will be proud of you; and I believe I am able to promise you that in all the years to come, your Alma Mater is going to continue to develop and to make so good her opportunities that you will be proud to call her your Alma Mater.



Address by Hon. Charles D. Carter.*



ADIES and gentlemen: I do not feel very much of a stranger before an audience of mixed Indian and Anglo-Saxon people. In fact, when I look out into the mass of faces confronting me, intermingled with red and white, I feel almost persuaded that I am back in the middle of a red-hot campaign in Oklahoma.

The Indian problem is being worked out there, and being worked out successfully by the Indian himself. While the Indians have less than ten per cent of the entire population of our new State, they hold many of the highest State, National, and County offices. The governor of the State is himself an Indian citizen. The lieutenant-governor of the State is an Indian citizen; two speakers of the Oklahoma house have, in the past, been Indian citizens, and one of them almost a full-blood Indian. United States Senator Owen is part Cherokee, and I myself have the distinction of being

*Carlisle Commencement Exercises, Wednesday evening, April 2, 1913.

the only Indian by blood in the National House of Representatives; all of which goes to show, not only the aggressiveness of the Oklahoma Indians, but also the fairness of the Oklahoma pale face to the aborigine.

My friends, public life is not all a bed of roses. I have found, since the party which I affiliate with came into power, that its responsibilities are very much increased by coming into the majority, and when you consider the responsibilities that a conscientious man must feel for policies that are going to be initiated and put into force by his party, and when you realize the importunities of urgent, persistent, and, I might say impatient, Democrats, who have been out of office for such a long time, you may know that the responsibilities of a Congressman, who has a great many friends and very little patronage, have been doubled and quadrupled. But responsibility must come with any kind of honor or distinction. "The bitter must come with the sweet," and the delightful converse of that saying is also true, "The sweet comes with the bitter."

Since I became a Congressman a great many pleasant things have come my way, but none of these has given me more pleasure than my occasional visits to this institution, and I embrace this opportunity to thank my friend, Mr. Friedman, for the standing invitation he has extended me to visit Carlisle. I am so thankful to him that I can even forgive one of those exaggerated introductions occasionally. I desire to express my gratitude to the good people of this part of Pennsylvania for their generous and benevolent treatment of the young people of the Indian race, and I feel that had the Indian policy of the people of Carlisle been pursued by all the people of the United States since the foundation of this Government, the Indian problem of to-day would be almost completely solved.

Now, just a word with the young men of Indian blood who are about to graduate from this school. I remember distinctly when I finished at an Indian school—and, by the way, that is the only school at which I ever did finish—I returned to my father's ranch, convinced that I was just about the last word on all the knowledge and information in existence; so I sat back and rested on my oars until the procession got by, and then I had to "hotfoot" to catch the tail end of the band wagon, and I have been in a hurry trying to keep up ever since. I really believe if I had seen the necessity of what

we might term, "aggressive initiative" early in life, I might have really amounted to something instead of being a Congressman.

No greater mistake was ever made than to charge the Indian with inherent laziness. He is not fundamentally lazy. He never hesitates to exert himself in pursuance of his real desires. The fact of his aggressiveness in the chase and his endurance on the warpath completely disproves the charge of laziness. In his more civilized state, when a task is laid down for an Indian and he understands the responsibility as his own, he will complete that task with as much expedition and in as workmanlike manner as any man of a different nationality. I think the production of this school bears abundant evidence to that fact. But the difficulty I have observed with the educated young Indian man is his lack of aggressive initiative character. Be aggressive, boys; do not let any grass grow under your feet. When you leave this school, do not wait for opportunity to come to you. Get right out and go after it. I take no stock in that trite saying, "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door." Opportunity has so many callers, it has so many importunate demands upon its endeavors, that it hasn't time to knock at every man's door. You may rarely ever hope to meet opportunity face to face. You have to overtake it under whip and spur. There is no chance even to overtake it unless you are willing to go up against hard labor—mental labor, professional labor, and manual labor if you do not find opportunity for the two former. And, after all, a liberal indulgence in both mental and manual labor makes the best character of good, dependable citizenship.*

WITH due respect to all present, I think we can agree that the affairs of the Indian have not, in all instances, been handled to his best advantage. One great drawback has been the inconsistency of our policy in Indian matters. In the beginning the United States inherited a good, workable Indian policy from the early colonies, which looked more to civilization by direct contact with the civilized being. Next came a complete facing about in the manner of dealing with Indian tribes. The reservation system was inaugurated, whereby there was attempted a complete separation between the whites and the Indians. Following this came an un-

* The address following was delivered at the Graduation Exercises on Thursday afternoon, April 3, 1913.

worthy attempt to shift responsibilities in Indian matters to the shoulders of religious and benevolent societies. After one hundred years of almost every character of experiment, we finally returned to our forefathers' policy of civilization by direct contact, which is decidedly the most wise and advantageous.

Out of these changes and experiments have very naturally grown a maze of chaos and inconsistency. Take, for instance, the Five Civilized Tribes in Oklahoma, admittedly, as a class, the highest civilized Indians on the Western Hemisphere of any considerable numbers, and yet they are more closely restricted and paternalized than the ignorant "Kicking Kickapoos." Notwithstanding the high plane of civilization to which the eastern Oklahoma Indians have arisen, we do not attempt to deny that there are still among them some who are incompetent and helpless.

The difficulty with the present system is that there seems to be very little successful effort to distinguish between the competent and incompetent. Thousands of suits have been brought in the name of the United States Government on behalf of Indian citizens—bankers, lawyers, doctors, and other business and professional men—many of whom are more capable than the attorneys bringing the suits. All fair men agree that it is the duty of the Federal Government to extend every possible aid and protection to the helpless. This paternalistic care is well enough for the uneducated Indian with a preponderance of Indian blood, but when an Indian, or any other person, reaches the point of intelligence at which he is competent to think and act for himself, any further attempts to supply the demands of his life or stand sponsor for his acts simply stimulate the indolence in the nature of that individual and destroy such initiative character as it has been possible to construct.

It may sound unreasonable to you, but it is nevertheless an actual fact, that we have men in Oklahoma with incomes of \$5,000 per year or more, from their own efforts, having their affairs supervised by Indian Bureau officials, working on a salary of \$1,500, or perhaps less, per year.

Now, in all fairness, should there not be some intelligent distinction made between the competent and incompetent Indians? This is not a reflection on the Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs who has graced this occasion with his presence; it is a just criticism of a nefarious policy, or nefarious lack of policy, which does not

extend any more to the administrative offices of this Government than it does to Congress itself, of which I have the honor to be a member. The administrative officers of this Government cannot be expected to follow a policy, or even adopt a policy, unless the foundation of that policy is first laid by proper legislation.

Why, the Indian hasn't even a definite, fixed status in this great land of ours! His citizenship and rights may be altered completely by the crossing of an imaginary State line. Right in my home State, Oklahoma, we have one code of laws for the Chickasaws and Choctaws; we have another for the Cherokees, another for the Creeks, and yet another for the Seminoles, all members of the so-called Five Civilized Tribes. According to existing law, all Indians are citizens in the State of Nebraska, but not citizens in the nearby State of Wyoming. All Indians are full-fledged citizens of the State and Government in Oklahoma, while most of the Indians of New York are wards of the State and Government. Indians are independent citizens in Illinois, while in North Carolina over 7,000 Indians are citizens of the State, but not citizens of the United States.

In short, we have taxed Indians and nontaxed Indians, citizen Indians and noncitizen Indians, independent Indians and Indian wards, and every complicated combination of all these classes, which may be changed at any time by a very slight change of residence, all of which has created such a confusion in Indian affairs as to make any scientific treatment of the problem practically impossible. You who are interested in the welfare of the Indian can assist in having these matters brought to an orderly, systematic plan, and I will tell you how. Upon the request of the representatives of the Society of American Indians a bill looking to straightening out this chaotic condition was introduced by me in the last Congress. Its number and title are:

H. R. 15364. To create an Indian Code Commission to codify the laws relating to Indians taxed and not taxed, and to define more exactly the privileges and disabilities of the several classes of Indians in the United States.

If you have an interest in this matter and want to render some real assistance to the Indian, let the United States Congress know that you are in existence by writing to the Congressmen and Senators from your State, asking them to investigate this measure and see if it doesn't merit their support. It is of utmost importance to

you people of Indian blood, and you are entitled to have some kind of a bill passed that will define the status of every class of Indians in this country.

Let us hope we are going to have better results in the future; let us hope for a real classification of and distinction between the intelligent and incompetent Indian all along the line. Let us hope that Congress will do its duty and pass some kind of a law, so that the members of the Indian Office and the Interior Department can have some sufficient basis on which to make the proper start. Let us hope the new Great White Father at Washington will see that an Indian policy is adopted which, while keeping the helpless from beneath the cowcatcher, will not completely bar the progress of the more intelligent.



Address by George Edward Reed:*



WHEN I was invited a little while ago by the very accomplished Superintendent of the Carlisle School to be present on this occasion, I very quickly accepted the invitation. First, because I lived in Carlisle for twenty-two years and the old town is very dear to me. I drank at the old town pump and have carried the spirit of Carlisle with me ever since I have been away. Then again, I have had for many years a great and profound interest in the splendid institution which holds its Commencement exercises to-day. I have been here for twenty Commencements, I believe, in the last twenty-four years, and it seems to me, as I review the years, that there has been a steady and splendid advance in the work of this school manifested with every year of its program. And I do not wish to be over complimentary to the superintendent or to his associates, when I say that I think this is the best Commencement of all.

I have wondered a good deal how it is that so much is gotten

*At Carlisle Commencement exercises, Thursday afternoon, April 3, 1913.

out of the boys and girls who come here to the Indian School from all parts of the country in the short space of time in which they are connected with the school. They come here with little or no education whatever, they remain here for four or five years and then many are graduated, while others finish their trades, and go back into the home life again. And though I have been in educational work for a great many years, I regard the success of this school in the development of these boys and girls in the limited space of time as simply phenomenal. I don't know of any institution in the United States, any university or college, or any school where so much, after all, is absolutely accomplished in four or five years' time as is accomplished here in this Indian School. I make this statement deliberately and with a pretty wide experience of educational work. Why, listen to the music here under the lead of Mr. Stauffer, who was one of my boys up here in college! This chorus, this magnificent band which is the pride of Carlisle, the glory of Pennsylvania and the country as well! It is amazing. And then the intellectual culture that is gained.

But the character of the education here has impressed me because of its very practical character, and I was thinking this afternoon, and made a remark to President Gossard, of Lebanon Valley College, that it occurs to me that it would be quite a valuable innovation if in the curricula of higher institutions, so called, we could have a little more of practical education mixed in with the academic. If the young fellows who come to college and the girls who come to college would become familiar with a good many matters of practical import, as the boys and girls here, I believe it would result in an improvement in the whole academic instruction in the country. They learn here how to do work and to do practical things, and not to be afraid of work. Think of a young man getting an education here in four or five years and being able to go out and construct a house like the model we saw here this afternoon. There is only one thing he omitted—and I am very anxious to know about that—and that is how much a house like that costs, because I am thinking of building one myself. He didn't tell us about that, but my friend, the President here, said he didn't think that young man would find any difficulty in finding a housekeeper for a house like that, and I think that is true.

Then think of the practical accomplishments of the young ladies.

How many white girls of the age of these girls could make their own dresses, cut them out and sew on the frills and the furbelows and flounces, and all that sort of thing? Why, it is simply astounding, and then I noticed, too, that every girl that came on the platform had her dress cut in the latest style, eighteen inches at the bottom and not an inch to spare. Do you know, I think if I were an Indian I wouldn't wear the kind of clothes that these people wear. I would take a Navajo blanket and make a dress out of that. All you would have to do to be in style would be to cut a hole in the top, sew it up the center, cut holes for the arms, tie it up at the bottom, put a girdle around the waist, and there you would have the whole thing. But these practical accomplishments go a great way, and it is the right kind of an education for these Indians to receive, and I believe it would be a great thing to be introduced into the white schools of the country as well.

Now, I read in some paper the other day, when they proposed to lay the foundation for that monument to the Indians in the harbor of New York, that it was to be built to perpetuate the departed glory of the Indian race. I took exception to that statement of the departed glory of the Indian race. It seems to me that the Indian race is just beginning to come into its own. There is now a broad and general recognition throughout the country of the great and splendid equality which has characterized this race in the centuries of their history here in this country. And I am very glad there is an effort being made to perpetuate all these Indian memorials, writing out the biographies and stories of the really great men who have been members of the Indian race and whose achievements are a part of the glory of the land in which we live—men like Red Jacket, Black Hawk, Tecumseh, and a host of other men whose names are in our histories, but of whose deeds we know so little. I am glad that we are trying to perpetuate the Indian memorials.

My friend Dr. George P. Donehoo is preparing a book that will give the place names, the Indian names of Pennsylvania, and these things around here, and I think it is a splendid thing to perpetuate them. I wish that the Indians would perpetuate them more than they are doing—the beautiful names which they have as their patronymics. Just think, there is a person here at this school who rejoices in the beautiful name of Angel De Cora-Lone Star,

and she changed it to Dietz. Just think of sacrificing a beautiful name like that. I had a card last night from one of these chiefs here bearing the name of Lazy Boy. What a beautiful name to perpetuate!

But the glory of the Indian race in my judgment, after all, is not in the past. We must stop this frightful reduction of the race that is going on in the avoidable diseases or else the race might become extinct, according to the frightful mortality of the present time. We must stop that, for these diseases are killing the Indian race. Then the glory of the Indian race, instead of being a departed glory, will be a glory of the future, when its members shall take their proper position with the great lives of the Republic.

It is amazing when you consider that the process of education has been going on for but a few years to see how many of this race have attained positions of very high distinction in the life of the Republic. Take the State of Oklahoma, which has at least one United States Senator. Senator Owen is the finest public speaker I know of in the United States, and then here is Congressman Carter, whose eloquent speech we heard last night, and who, in that magnificent panegyric of American woman fell down on the subject of woman's suffrage. And I felt badly about that because I believe in it, but I knew Mrs. Carter was here and I felt the Congressman could be safely left in her hands. That shows what the race is capable of, and we judge a race not by its average blood, but by its highest blood. We judge them by the very best outcome of the educational life of a Nation. And these Indians have displayed magnificent success in the few years, comparatively, in which the opportunities for academic development have been opened before them.

And now that they are going to have allotments and farms of their own by and by—I suppose every one of them—we may justly expect that every glory that the tribes of the Nation have attained in the years past will be magnificently eclipsed by the larger triumphs of the Indians in the coming days.

So I think we come here with a splendid enthusiasm for the work that is being done here in this best Indian school of the country, and I want to join with a thousand men in congratulation to Superintendent Friedman and to his excellent wife also, who is just as much interested in it as the Superintendent himself—and is the power be-

hind the throne in that family—on the splendid successes that are achieved. And one word more in a clause that is always true—honor to whom honor is due. It isn't the Superintendent alone who makes a great school. That which makes a school, a college, a university great is the body of men and women who are engaged in the work of instruction who don't appear on the Commencement stage. Only their products are here, and one reason why you have such splendid development as the result of only four or five years of training and discipline is the fact that you have a body of earnest, conscientious, faithful men and women who pour out their information, and strength and heart-love also, in the development of boys and girls who come under their charge. I would like to lay a tribute at the feet of the Carlisle School and those who have the industrial departments in charge.

Now, I must stop because there are other friends here to speak. I just want to tell you that this is one of the best Commencements I have seen here in twenty years, and I congratulate the school upon the splendid successes it is constantly achieving.



Address by Hon. F. H. Abbott.*

STUDENTS of the Carlisle school, ladies and gentlemen: I am going to detain you but a moment. I very much prefer to sit and listen to my brothers of the dusky skin. I think it was somewhat unkind to the white people present here to-night for Mr. Friedman to introduce white speakers on the same platform with red ones, because the red man has an advantage over the white man in oratory. I am very glad, however, that Mr. Friedman has invited some of the non-English-speaking members of the various Indian tribes to be here. I found out several years ago that the

*Carlisle Commencement Exercises, Wednesday evening, April 2, 1913.

uneducated Indian is a better orator than the educated Indian, and that both the educated and the uneducated Indians are better orators than the white man, everything else being equal.

My friends, I hardly know what to talk about. The Congressman from Oklahoma stole the only subject upon which I am really qualified to make an extemporaneous speech, that is woman suffrage.

I think it is a matter for the Indians of Oklahoma to be proud of, that with so small a comparative Indian population they have so large a representation in Congress, but I believe that some of the white representatives in Congress from Oklahoma are sorry that they are not Indians. One of them who called at my office yesterday said, "Mr. Abbott, how many positions are there in the Indian Service in Oklahoma outside of the classified service. I want a list of all of them. On the fourth of March not less than three hundred citizens of Oklahoma came to Washington. They expected on the fourth day of March to help inaugurate President Wilson; that on the fifth day the President would shake the plum tree; and that on the sixth day they would all go home with an office in their pockets." I believe this gentleman, as well as the Senators and Congressmen from all parts of the country, are really sorry that there are not more positions in the classified service than there are.

I had the pleasure a few weeks before the inauguration to meet the students of Carlisle, and on that occasion I was so attracted by the music of the Carlisle band that I invited all Carlisle students who might be privileged to attend the inauguration to visit the Indian Office. They did not come to the Office, but I want to express on behalf of the administration in Washington my pride and the pride taken by all the Government officials and other friends of the Indian in the showing made by the Carlisle students, and especially by the band in that parade. I don't know whether the members of the band saw me on the occasion of your march down Pennsylvania Avenue, but if you remember a noise in a certain part of the street a little bit louder than you heard on any other part of the street I want you to know that was Mrs. Abbott, the two little Abbotts, and myself shouting for you.

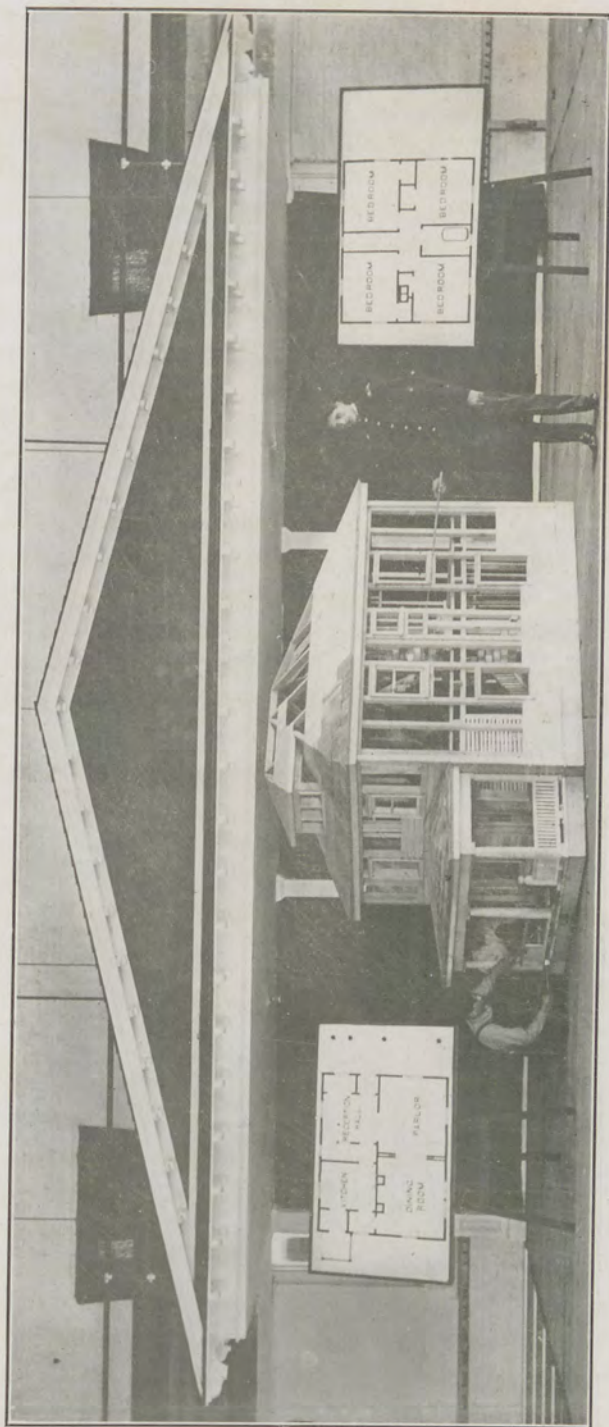
In the four years that I have been connected with the Indian Service I have come to feel the deepest kind of an interest in the young men and young women in the schools, and the conduct of these students from whatever schools they come or whatever the

occasion has been, has always been such as fully to vindicate the Government's policy of building Indian schools.

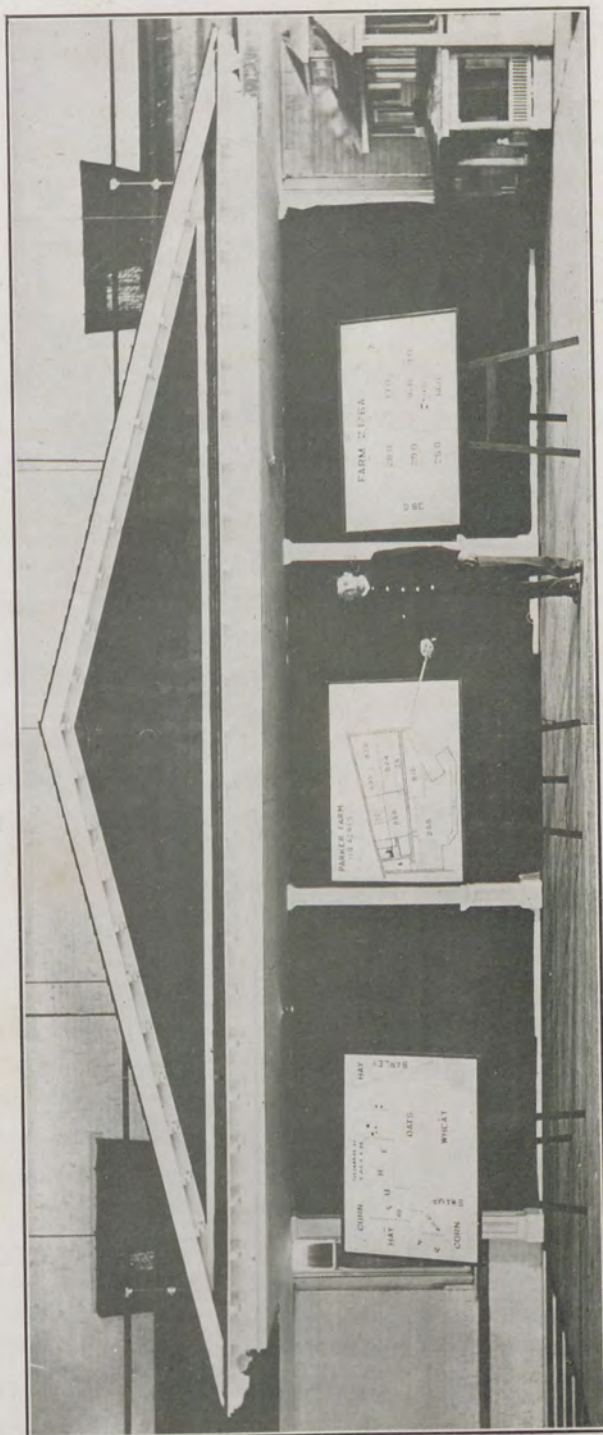
They have set examples that are worthy of being followed by our white schools all over the country. Inasmuch as this is an experience meeting, I am going to tell you in just a word a few of the experiences of the Indian Office. The last three or four weeks, perhaps the last six weeks, have been the most pleasant weeks of my connection with the Indian Service. We have had an unusually large number of Indian delegations in Washington to transact various matters of tribal business. I agree fully with the sentiments expressed by the Indian speakers here tonight that we should be more Democratic in our administration of Indian affairs and permit Indians larger representation in the handling of their own business.

Therefore, almost without exception, when there have been requests from representatives of tribes to visit Washington, permission has been given promptly when funds were available. As a result we have had perhaps more than a hundred Indian delegates in Washington during the last year. We have taken in the Indian Office a complete stenographic report of everything that has been said by every Indian delegate, and we have given answers in writing to every request no matter what that request might be. These matters have had the right of way over other business in our stenographic section. Furthermore, there are standing instructions in the Indian Office that Indians visiting the Office on business shall be given first consideration and shall be ushered to my office, and if I am engaged in other business so that I cannot see them, that there shall be someone to see them and take care of their business. I say this because I want you to know that under the policies now established, you will find no difficulty in having your affairs attended to in a businesslike way.

I want especially to say a word about the Blackfeet delegation, inasmuch as there are a number of them here. Never since I have been in the Indian office have I seen a more businesslike presentation of business matters than that of both English-speaking and non-English-speaking delegates from the Blackfeet Reservation, and, as a result of the visit of the Blackfeet delegation to the Office this winter, we have been able to find funds to invest in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars during the coming summer in live stock and farming implements for these people. Similar results have been obtained with respect to the Crows.



BOYS AT WORK ON A MODEL HOUSE WHILE A MEMBER OF THE GRADUATING CLASS, HENRY BROKER, TELLS THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE
IMPORTANT FACTS IN HOME-BUILDING.



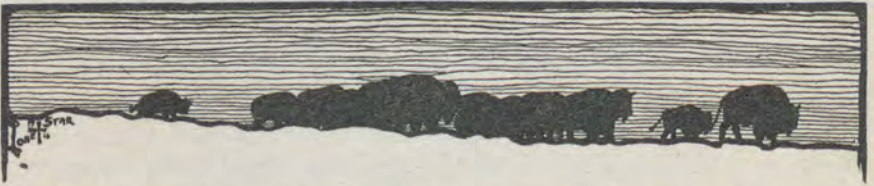
COMMENCEMENT AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

A SIOUX BOY, PETER EASTMAN, DESCRIBING WORK ON THE FARM, AND TELLING OF HIS ALLOTMENT.

As to some of the difficulties of the work in the Indian Bureau, I will mention briefly two or three things that happened just before I left Washington, and since noon to-day, to show the wide range of matters that have to be passed upon. A Congressman's secretary called with three letters. They were from a mine operator on the Colville Reservation. The writer of the letters wanted to have the superintendent of the reservation removed immediately. The trouble was that the superintendent had set upon an employee of the mine operator, what he called a "husky mixed-blood employee," a policeman, and he said that the real reason why the superintendent wanted to have the employee of the mine operator arrested and put in jail was to put him in disgrace, so that the policeman might marry a girl with whom both men were in love. And I was called upon to settle that dispute and determine the ownership of the charming young lady. A few minutes after this visit I had a 'phone call from the White House, and I was informed that two old Indians were there and wanted to see the President, and I was asked if I knew of any reason why they should not see him, or if I knew what business they had with the President. Fortunately, I was able to tell them the two men had been in the office, that I had taken care of all their wants, but I knew it would make them most happy, indeed, if the President would give them enough time to permit them to shake hands with him. I was told that this would be permitted. While I was talking at the telephone a clerk came in with a contract that related to some water rights on the Uintah Reservation, involving perhaps a matter of three or four thousand dollars worth of water rights and affecting the future of a whole tribe of Indians. And so the work goes. There is a great variety of work, and important changes in practice that ought to be made constantly to meet new conditions. Many of them are being made, but with all the restrictions of Indian law and all of the contradictions, it is physically impossible to do all the things that ought to be done at once.

But I beg of you people of Indian blood to look at these matters in a philosophical way. There are mistakes that have been made; there will be mistakes made in the future. There has been a great deal of dishonesty in the past, a great deal of wrong; there will be wrong done in the future, no matter what kind of administration we have, but I beg of you to take up the questions of wrong that you

know to exist, and take them to men either in Government service or on the outside who have an intelligent interest in your affairs, and have them worked out in an orderly way. I believe that for the most part people in Congress and other Departments are doing the best they can to straighten out the tangled affairs of the Indians, and with men like Congressman Carter and other men of Indian blood coming into the halls of Congress, the future is one of bright promise. I am not going to take another moment to-night. I am very glad, indeed, to have the pleasure of meeting these young men and women again and also so many white citizens. I hope to meet you again to-morrow.



Address by Hon. George Vaux, Jr.*



LADIES and gentlemen: Until two or three minutes ago, I thought Mr. Friedman was a friend of mine. I was not aware of having done anything that should cause him to inflict me upon you by asking me to speak this evening. He did not give me any time for preparation; he gave me only one clue, and that was that this was an experience meeting.

I have been harking back to my earliest recollection of Indians, and, I can't recall the year, but it was somewhere in the early 70's, when, in our Quaker meeting house on Twelfth Street in Philadelphia, one morning on coming to church I saw the whole of the raised seats in the front of the room, where the ministers and elders sit, occupied by a delegation of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and possibly the last important delegation in their native costume that came to Philadelphia. They were given a series of receptions in a number of different meetings. As a child, I was very much impressed by hearing them speak through an interpreter. And that brought me down to last May, when for the first time I

*Carlisle Commencement Exercises, Wednesday evening, April 2, 1913.

had the experience of talking through the tongue of an interpreter in Oklahoma to various tribes of Indians. In the school at Fort Sill, I was asked to make a few remarks to the students, and I quoted a passage from one of America's greatest philosophers with regard to the importance of hitching your wagon to a star. It seems to me it might be well to bring the same thought to your Carlisle students. It is the same lesson that I tried to tell those students. Of course, it is very figurative language, and it means, when we come down to it, that if you would be successful you must have an ideal way up somewhere, upon which your eyes are fixed, which you are ever endeavoring to reach without regard to how difficult the task will be. And my friend who was along with me in Oklahoma, following in the same line of thought, thought he would interest some of the small boys by referring to an Indian who is known to many of you personally, and all of you by name. He referred to him as "Big Chief Bender," and started to say something about him. Instantly one of the small boys sang out, "How about home-run Baker?" That showed that fellow had caught the spirit of the thing, of another man who in his own line was hitching his wagon to a star.

It has been a good many years since I have been in Carlisle. The last time I was here, General Pratt was the superintendent of this school. When I came into this room to-night, things looked natural in many respects. It seemed to me there was the good old spirit that I used to feel ten or twenty years ago. The first time I was here, in 1884, I think, this place was different from now as regards physical equipment, but the same spirit of Carlisle, the spirit of doing things and doing them well and doing them right, was here. And if I can say one word to you that will make any impression, and help you perhaps sometime in the future, it would be this: Let your ambition be high. If you fail to realize it, don't stop trying, for it is only by endeavoring and endeavoring and endeavoring that the best can be attained.





The Indian and His Problems:*

By Robert Yellowtail.



THE paramount issues that confront the American Indian to-day are:

The successful solution of the bread and butter question;

The intelligent and effective control of tuberculosis and trachoma, two diseases that have played and are playing havoc with our Indian population; and

His complete emancipation as a ward — an incompetent, inferior being, an underling—to eventually assume and take his place as a citizen and as a man amongst men in the most significant sense of the word.

I say the bread and butter question first, because it is the first obstacle with which each and every one of you must contend the minute you step without the walls of this, your home, where want is not known, and into the outside competitive world, full of illusions, delusions, and where want will be your constant and every-day neighbor.

Your successful solution of the bread and butter question is significant in the fact that it demands and calls into immediate and effective play and puts to public test the knowledge and training that you have acquired here. It is further significant in the fact that it puts to a more rigid test your mental and physical ability to cope with the larger and more perplexing problems that will confront you as Indians, thus proving to you as individuals, at the very outset, through your own immediate aggressiveness, your position in the race of life.

To my mind the most practical, sane, and beneficial solution of

*Address at Carlisle Commencement Exercises, Wednesday evening, April 2, 1913. Mr. Yellowtail is a Crow Indian from Montana.

this question for all concerned is the judicious management of your allotments. In the course of attempts to successfully solve this problem to your best advantage, both for the present and the future, learn and practice the art of self-denial. Cling to your landed estate. Sell not a foot of it. Remember that the present proven convictions of man and his enduring foundation for success, after thousands of years of thorough experiments in all fields of endeavor, have resulted in this conclusion and conviction—*back to the land!*

Awaken from your sleep. Grasp and apply to your needs the results of the conviction and the practical analysis of those who are in a position to know what they say and what they do. Be wise! Be on the alert! Sit up and take notice! Grasp the opportunity to profit by the mistakes of those who have gone before and of those who have experimented, for it is there that the great secret of success lies hidden.

Add to your lands. Provide for the future. Get all you can, but above all, be sure that your title to such has the weight and value of gold. Treat that portion of Mother Earth that is yours with respect and with that practical wisdom that you may have acquired here. Give to her the water at the time she most needs it, and at the time that will result in the best and greatest fruition. Study her. Know her and her wants. Be true to her and she shall never fail you. She will return an hundredfold as her pay for your small investment. Ah, men of my own kind, it is here that the secret of successful farming lies, which also constitutes the practical and effective solution of the bread and butter question.

At this point I sound this note of warning: Be always on the alert for your own good. Keep your eyes open. Analyze to a minimum your own situation and that about you. Keep away from and have nothing whatever to do with the white land shark and grafter. Let no man horn-swoggle you, if you will kindly excuse the western nut-shell phrase, which means, "I give you a penny; give me a dollar."

The intelligent and effective control of tuberculosis and trachoma is of the greatest importance in that it deals and has to do with our very existence as mortals. Without clean and healthy bodies, no matter what our intellectual attainments and efficiency may be, we are as dead,—we are unable to push along effectively the urgent, imperative cause and well-being of our people.

It is also significant from the fact that it opens to you of Indian blood, and especially to you who have finished your course here and are about to leave, an urgent call to a professional field of effective action—a call through the medium of a tremendous and an appalling death rate, unparalleled and unknown in the history of man. The call is so urgent, that to my surprise and bewilderment I find hardly any preparing themselves for that field of the greatest and most effective action, which automatically is a direct solution of our eventual emancipation.

It is fitting and proper here that we question a few of the things which are responsible for such conditions: Is it because the Department is at fault by not employing more efficient and enough conscientious doctors to enter the field and successfully and effectively combat these fatal diseases? Is it because of the lack of interest of the white doctors in their Indian patients? Is it because we cannot get our moneys, possibly our only means, held in trust by the Government, with which to control immediately these fatal diseases claiming year after year so many from our ranks and number? Is it because our home conditions, for which we are or are not responsible, are favorable for the development of such diseases? Is it because we have been neglected, or because of the tremendousness of the task? Or, is it because we are at fault? What is it? Where does the fault lie? Who is to be blamed?

Whatever the conclusions may be, this fact is obvious and self-evident: That if the Indian race is to be rid of this killing influence, this cancer that is forever preying upon our very mortal lives, Indians who are efficient doctors and who have racial sympathy for their stricken brothers, must by urgent necessity and bounden duty be responsible for the intelligent and effective control of these diseases, these demons of death that have been devouring our people by the thousands, and this unnecessary, tremendous and unparalleled death rate of our people.

Thus the appealing call from this phase of our national life is obviously very urgent and imperative, and it is calling and admonishing each and every one of you to be sure you are efficient and equal to the task that confronts you, every one, before you drop your studies which are the greatest means of your future success and efficiency.

Listen! The call is imperative. "We are dying. Study med-

icine, practical sanitation, and thereby save us, your people, from eternal ruin." Can you not hear the urgent call? Do you not hear these frantic appeals for help from your own people? Do you not detect the voices of your own father, mother, brother, sister, and friends, calling to you, "Help! Help!"? Are your ears so deaf that these frantic death groans do not move you to resolve immediately that such conditions shall not exist in the future? Are your eyes so blind that you cannot see the condition that your loved ones are in? Are your minds so blank that you do not realize and grasp the horrible situation? The obligation is thrust upon you by those that are your own. Now is the accepted time. Resolve! Listen! Heed! Lend an ear to the cries and agonies of your people. To-morrow may be too late, it has, alas, changed many a vow.

We are doomed. Our future "shall be the footsteps of the buffalo" if we permit these fatal, shameful and unnecessary conditions to exist. It is high time that we resolve to take immediate and effective steps to stamp out these horrible conditions that will obliterate us and efface us from the earth. Thirty-five deaths per 1,000 spells eternal doom and obliteration for the Indian.

Ah! my brethren, the obligations arising from existing conditions thrust upon the shoulders of you who are about to take your places in the struggle with your people for civic, social and political betterment and recognition, are great, and by no means is it an easy task. Therefore it is my advice to you, through experience, that you at this time resolve to be efficient mentally above all things before you enter the conflict, then success shall be your crown. Train your minds so thoroughly that you yield the palm to no man.

We have reached the time when the American Indian must be reckoned with as a force and a truly representative part of the people of this Republic. He can no longer be considered a relic of barbarism, and an inferior, brainless creature, attached to his land as a domestic animal, as the serf of the medieval ages was, without a voice in the management of those affairs that are his own, without a voice as to who shall be his master. What shall be done with his moneys, his lands, and his personal holdings?

Though under the Constitution of this land his right of free speech, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is guaranteed to him, yet, in some mysterious, incomprehensible way the law is

technically construed so that he has not any, in its practical application.

Indians! Men! Forget not the integrity of your fathers! Why stand ye here idle all day? Is life so dear and sweet that, though bound in chains, yet you murmur not? Shake off those rusty shackles that bind you! Tear asunder those laws that hold from you life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness! Proclaim abroad to all the world with one voice, and with concentrated energy, that henceforth and forever you are free men, standing on your own merits!

My friends, the legal field is wanting yet. The call is "more men to go to the front," to help devise those rules of action by which the mandates "thou shalt not" and "thou shalt" will stand for justice and for that which is suitable and agreeable to our conditions and to our needs. Not until this end is realized, and touched, will complete emancipation be ours.

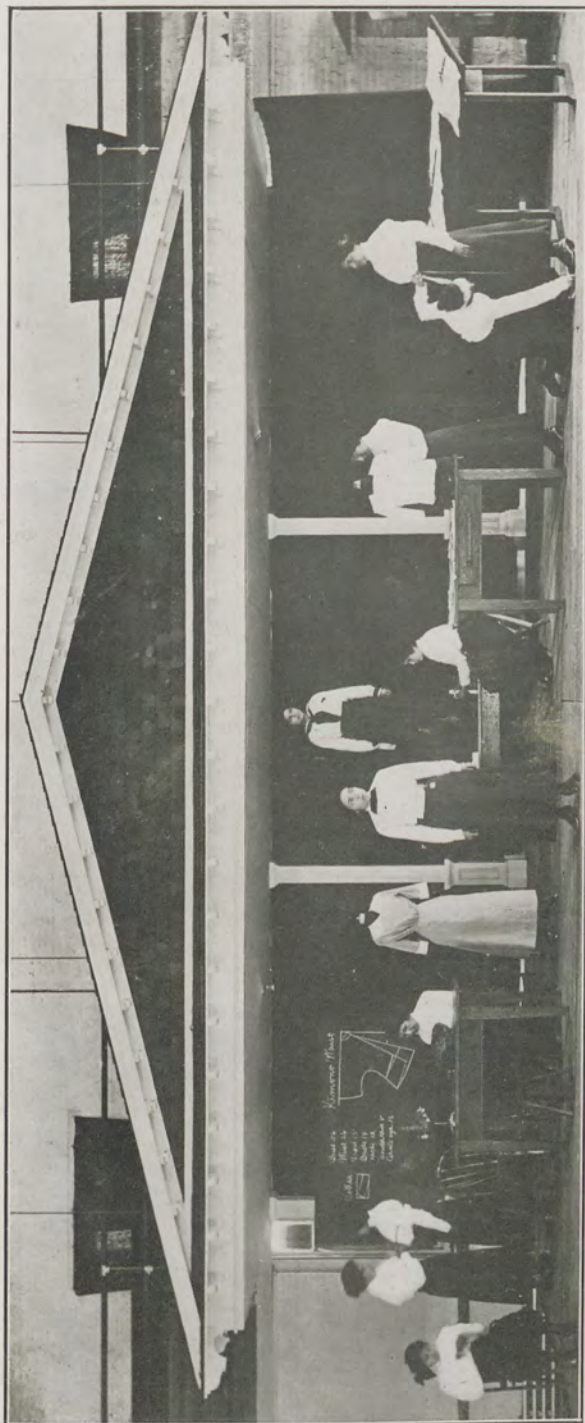


Address by Rev. Louis Bruce.*

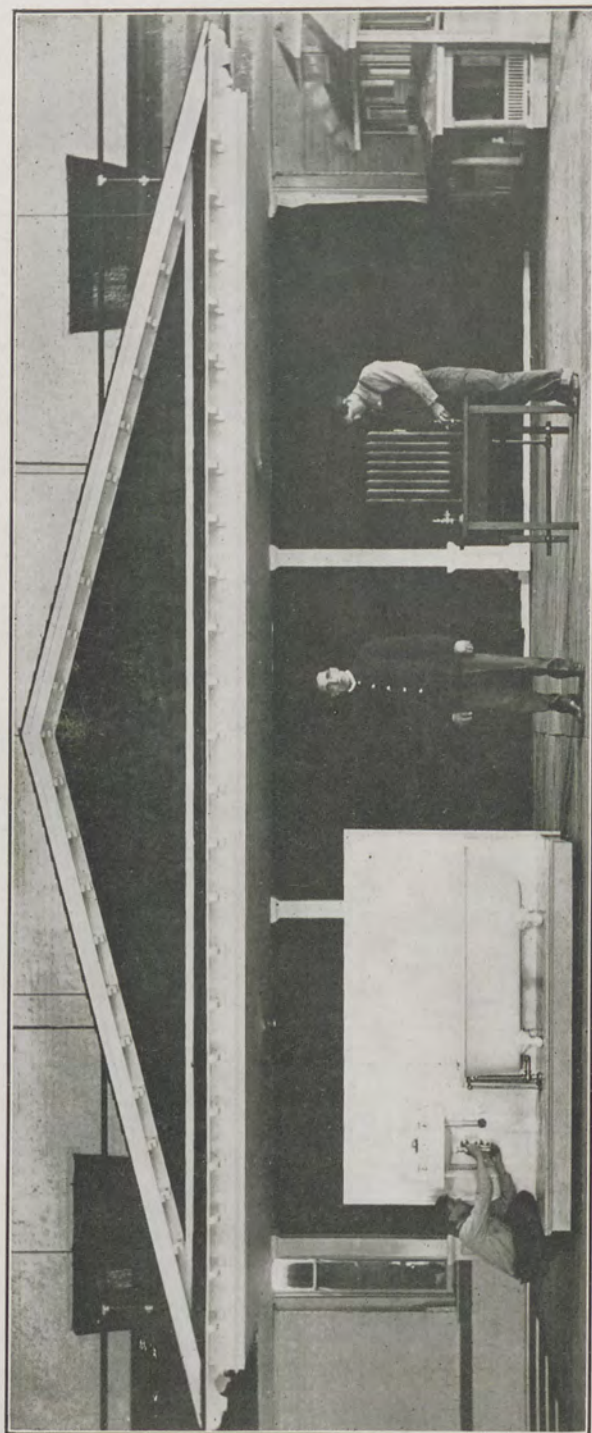


HAVE noticed some things since I have been here. I don't think that anybody can accuse the Indian of not being a musician. I don't think anybody can accuse the Indian of not being an educational man. I don't think that you could say that they couldn't make good soldiers. I don't think that anybody has ever accused the Indians of not being fighters. I have never seen them stop at anything when they had to fight. I think the trouble has been that we haven't been fighting in the right

*At Carlisle Commencement Exercises, Wednesday evening, April 2, 1913. Rev. Bruce is a Mohawk Indian from New York.



COMMENCEMENT AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL
 A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION IN SEWING AND DRESSMAKING. WHILE ONE GIRL SPEAKS, HER CLASSMATES CUT, FIT,
 DRAFT PATTERNS, SEW, DARN, TRIM HATS, ETC.



COMMENCEMENT AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

FRANCIS PAMBURN, AN APPRENTICE IN THE PLUMBING SHOP, SPEAKING ON SANITATION AMONG INDIANS. ONE BOY
EXECUTING WORK IN STEAM FITTING, WHILE ANOTHER CONNECTS A BATH TUB AND LAVATORY

direction. I don't say that we have always been treated right; we have been treated shamefully in some ways. But we must not cry over those things. Those things are gone. I don't think we ought to trouble ourselves too much about it, but we should right it as much as we can. The trouble has been, I think, with ourselves. We are not helping ourselves enough. And I agree with our brother who just got up and said that when the students went back home they did some things that were not right. There is something else that is lacking—there is something else that is fundamentally lacking. I want you to know what it is. Now, I don't like to talk about myself, but I think I have a right to tell you some of my experiences that you might be led or influenced by them in the right direction. In the first place, I took up baseball and football, and I think I was pretty successful at both; in fact, I paid my way through college by playing baseball. I have got a pretty fair education, for I studied in the school where I went when I was six years old, and stayed there until the school closed. Then I went to high school. When I got through there I wasn't satisfied and went to the university. I had the physical training and I had the intellectual training.

When I look back over history and read of Greece and Rome, and of their civilization, I think that nobody could accuse the Greeks and Romans of not being intellectually or physically trained or civilized; but there was something else wrong, and I am going to tell you what it was, because I want you to get on the right track. That thing was the spiritual part. Now, I said that I took a little athletic work, and I studied a little dentistry, and then I had a little education. The question was: "What is the thing that I can use my athletic training for to get the very best out of me? What is it that will take the same strength and endurance and obedience that it did when on the football field?" When I developed my brain, I said: "How will I develop it so that I will get the very best out of it?" I finally said there is only one thing—if I can get in line with God I'll get the thing that I really want to get. And that is where we want to get. Don't forget that, people! You brothers and sisters, you hear me sometimes when you get back to the reservation. Some of you don't believe what I say. Some of you are a little touchy on the religious question; you say "That man is a fanatic." But I want to tell you, if I don't leave anything else impressed on your minds—I want to tell you that you can't accomplish anything in this world

unless you get in line with God; until your soul has got the love of God in it, you will go home and treat your brothers out there as though they were only tools, and you will treat the pupils here as though they were nothing. Your education will be only used to make a professional robber, to cheat somebody. You will become a lawyer and you will say to yourself, "How much money can I get out of that man?" Isn't the love of God what we need as a people? They tell us we are going down. I don't think the trouble is with the bread and butter question, although we don't get at the right things in that line, but I think the trouble is just what I have told you. So let us try that one thing.

Now just one more word in closing; the time is short, but I want to tell you this thing: I saw that the biggest thing I could do and use my talents, my intellect, and the little mechanical instruction that I had, was to use them to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. I saw that it would take every bit I had ever learned to guide my people in the right direction. We have blind guides, people who lead us in the wrong direction. Get all the education you can. When I had finished my education I went out and lived selfishly for awhile, but when I learned to be in line with God Almighty, I knew I had a new life.



¶ What a man is inwardly that to him will the world be outwardly: his mood affects the very "quality of the day."—*Bradford Torry.* ¶



Address by Mr. F. E. Parker.*



THE Superintendent, Honorable Commissioner, and friends of red and white tribes assembled here: At the meeting last night there were related the experiences of the various Indians, as explained by Michael Wolfe, in trying to solve the white problem. If I say anything, it will be from an experience that I have had of twenty-five years upon an Indian reservation, and an equal or longer time among the whites. As I have from time to time traveled over this great country, I have often wondered at the lack of foresight on the part of my forefathers in failing to pass a stringent law against immigration, and if necessary, pass it over a President's veto. However, I should leave that to the historian, the ethnologist, the archæologist, for personally, I am a doxologist—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," that at last the red man is having a chance! But I cannot recall to mind one of the features in the past in connection with present conditions.

It is related in history of the red man, as written by the whites, that the Indian had a propensity for removing the hair of the white man and making him suffer untold torture. Now I think the white man has turned the tables and is getting back at the red man, for they encase our young men in starched clothes and high collars that almost sever our heads from our bodies; they have encased our women in bands of steel as tight as modern machinery will do it; they send missionaries to tell us it is wrong to say "damn," and then invent a gown that buttons up behind.

Looking over the school which we have had here to-day, it brings to mind the old time, and the difference between the old times and

*At Carlisle Commencement Exercises, Thursday afternoon, April 3, 1913. Mr. Parker is a Seneca Indian from New York State.

the present, for up to the time of the close of the Civil War the policy of the Government in its dealings with the Indian was largely one of extermination. "The only good Indian is a dead one," said one of your great white generals, and only last year one of the New York newspapers stated that the Indian was the original Roosevelt, the first great trouble maker. Now, whether that means that the Indian is a dead one or is alive, is for his future historians to state. It remained for President Grant to point the Government to the path which it is now following, inaugurated by him under the name of Grant's policy, which was in reality the policy of the then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, General Parker, an Iroquois Indian, and to him something is due for what we see here to-day. The policy of the Government at the present time is good. With honest intentions, it seeks to benefit the red man, but sometimes it forgets the nature of the red man and the white man's history of his development and they confine him upon restricted tracts of land, furnishing him with implements of agriculture which perhaps he does not know how to use, even if he has the inclination to do so. They forget in this Christian nation that King David and his men danced before the ark of the Lord with shoutings and trumpets, and forbid the Indian in like manner to worship his God, the Great Spirit. However, the Government to-day is doing a great work for this Indian nation, for all of the Indian nations represented upon this continent, and I want the children who are going out to remember this one fact:

This Government, with good intentions, has done everything in its power for you. Now the time has come when the props against you are going to be removed and you must stand alone. From an experience of teaching among the whites, as well as Indians, I am firmly convinced that the white children have almost as much ability as the red; therefore, in going out into the world, remember this: If you are to succeed it must be by hard work. You must stand alone. There is no one to look to now but yourselves and it is up to you to work out your own salvation. But in doing this, let us remember one thing: That the time is not so far distant when all the Indian races upon this continent are going to be absorbed in the body politic of the nation. Therefore while you remember that you are Indians, while you remember your ancestors with pride, place to some extent the fact that you are Indians in the background, not

because you are ashamed of your race, but because you want to exalt the fact that you are Americans, Americans first, last, and all the time; and when you do this, you can rise and sing as no white man can sing, "My Country, 'tis of thee;" and as you go out into competition with this busy world, stand shoulder to shoulder with your brothers of whiter skin, working not for yourselves alone, not for your race alone, but for the good of all humanity. I thank you.



Address by Mr. Charles Doxon.*



LADIES and gentlemen: I have been requested mainly to tell the story of myself. There was a time when I did not like the idea of telling things about myself; I did not want anybody to know them; but after having had the example set me here by people who are a good deal wiser than myself, I have come to the conclusion that it is a good idea to get up once in awhile and tell the boys the story of myself for the purpose of convincing them of the possibilities of going through this world and enjoying life as a man can if he will.

The Superintendent told you that I was an Onondaga from New York. People have an idea that because I came from New York I have a good education. I was born in a log cabin and lived there and was happy until I lost my parents. I was then about six years

*At Carlisle Commencement Exercises, Wednesday evening, April 2, 1913.

old. Up to that time I did not realize our condition—that we were poor. I was happy, I had freedom, and, I thought, all the comforts of life. After that I had to live about with distant relatives and work for my bread and butter. It was a hard struggle, and I often wonder how humanity is constructed that it can go through such hardships and become strong men and even good football and baseball players. When I was eighteen years old I could not speak a word of English. I began to think about my people, and fortunately a missionary in that reservation got a place for me to work on a farm. So I went to this farm and worked and remained there for three years. This farmer was very kind to me, and sympathized with me; and the whole family—the two boys and three girls—helped me out in the English language, and after a few years I was able to understand a little English, and, of course, I wanted to learn more of the language.

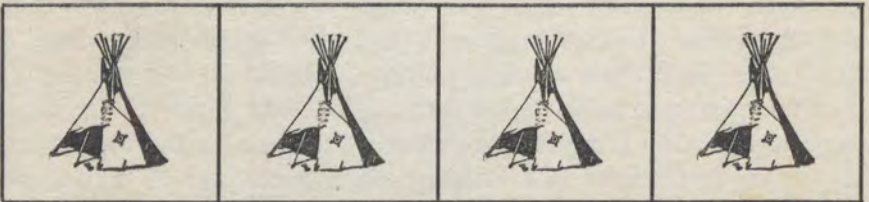
I had heard about Hampton, where the Indians were cared for by the Government, and I thought that was a good place for me to go; but when I got down there I found that because I came from New York I could not be supported by the Government; and if I wanted to stay I must work my way. You may imagine how disappointed I was. I finally decided to stay, and they put me at the engineering trade. That was a good thing—the height of my ambition—so I took up that trade and went to night school. I had to get up at four o'clock in the morning to get up the steam. That was very hard, because at that time I enjoyed sleep so well in the morning. At night school, of course, I was so low down in the grades that nobody seemed to have any use for me. The teachers did not seem to want to bother with me, because I was so slow in figures and so slow in language. I pushed on and advanced a little, and finally pulled through and got into real work in the class. After three years I was able to speak English quite well. They gave me a diploma so that I might get away, and then I realized that I was not very well prepared, and that I was timid. I went back to Syracuse and got a job in a railway shop. It was hard because I was the first Indian who had ever gone into the city to work from the reservation. It was hard because so many looked upon an Indian with a job as a curiosity, and I was scrutinized on all sides, and I was frightened for some time until I found friends and felt at home. I continued in that job for fifteen years.

After I had gained a few friends, of course they naturally wanted me to get in line with them, wanted me to be one of them, and asked me to join the union. I told them I wanted to look at the constitution before I joined the union. They gave me the constitution and in it I found the clause that debarred colored men from joining, and as I was really not very anxious to join it I took advantage of that clause. I wanted the whole union to know what I was. I told the membership committee to tell the body that I was an Indian—a full-blood Indian. I did not want to join their organization and steal a march on them. They had a discussion, they tell me, and finally-my friends won out, and they decided that an Indian needed the advantages of the union more than the white man, and so they passed their recommendation that an Indian should have the right to join the union if he wants to. Soon after that came the trouble. There was going to be a strike. I had to make good; I had to do what I promised when I joined the union. I was pledged to do this and that. I just want to speak about this to show you the life and how I realized that white men have just as many difficulties in this world as I had. I learned that his wants were just like mine and that he had no better advantages than I had. In fact, in many cases I found that I had better advantages than he had.

I was sent out to do picket duty. When on picket duty you go out a certain time at night, and get up at three o'clock to see that everything is all right, to keep away the robbers, and to keep away anybody that is of a suspicious character. Every morning at three o'clock I went down the railroad track and I thought I was the owner of a whole corporation; and I did that duty until it was all over and we won that fight. Of course, I don't take much pride in it, but I tell you this just to show you the things one has to go through in this world, and how one has to practice obedience. I worked in that same corporation for fifteen years. I was then laid up by an injury and was not any good to myself or anybody else for a few years. During this time I again went to Hampton, where they were very good to me, and I stayed there until I was able to walk around; then they let me go and I went back into the world again. I want to give this advice to the boys who are going back to their homes: Do not give up. You can see that I was as wild and timid as a rabbit when I went away from the reservation, but you have a good start. You have the language and you have a good deal of schooling, and I find

that there is a great deal more in Carlisle training than I thought. You have good advantages here, so that when you go out in the world you should do better than I did. I dare say you have that in mind; but go out and mix with the whites a good deal and rub elbows with them as you did here this afternoon and get acquainted that way. They will like you. They want you to come. They know your habits in more ways than one.

You want to take up the industrial activities more than the games. Of course, you want to play once in awhile, but you must devote the most of your time to the industrial activities, for that is the thing that is going to stay by you and help you to succeed. Be obedient and be prompt. Punctuality is a very valuable thing. You remember the good advice Hobson gave you. You are not debarred from being what you want to be, and if you go about it in the right way you will surely succeed. You take that lesson home with you and obey the laws and rules in every respect and you will be sure of the noblest and highest form of success.

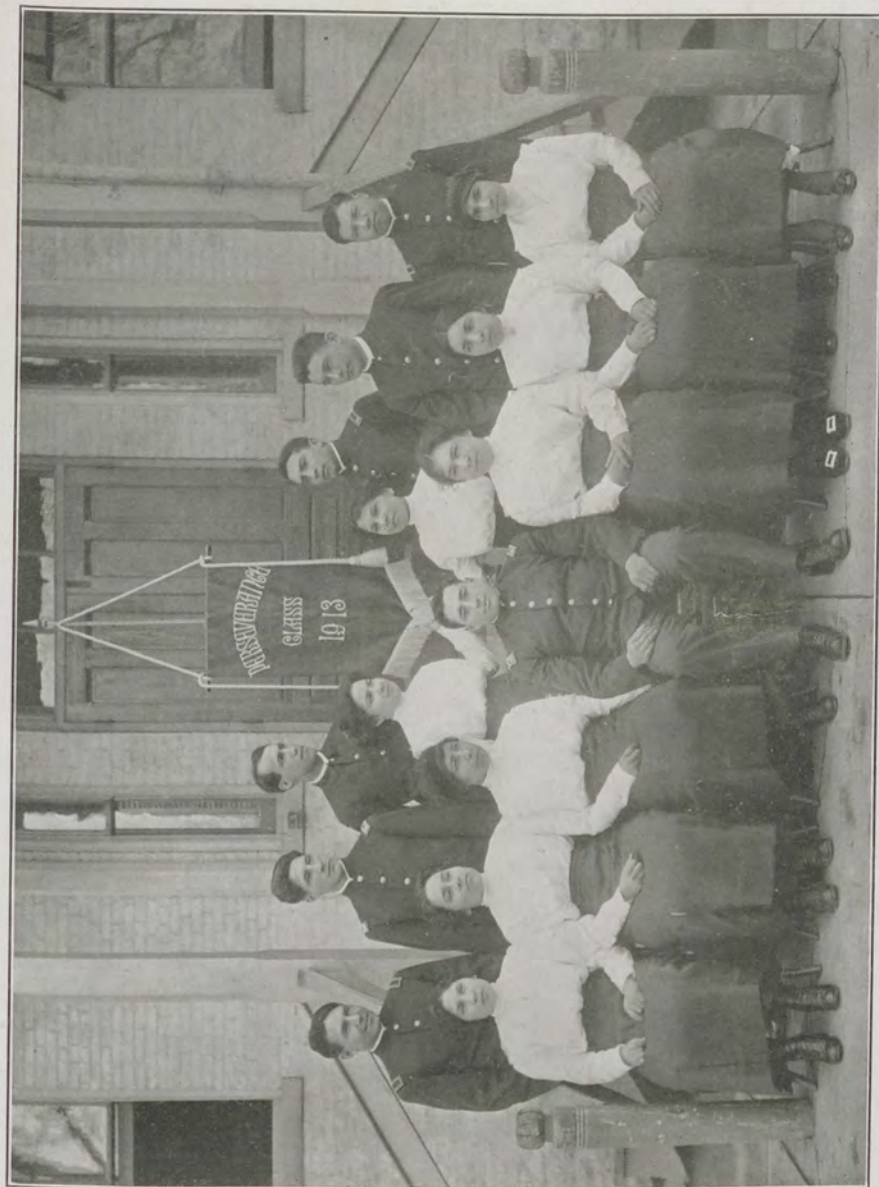


Silver-Lined Clouds.

BY MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Although dark clouds in life appear,
Hope on and do what e'er is right;
The Father's love is ever near,
And will shine out in darkest night.

For when the shower thickest falls,
'Twill often, soonest, clear away;
For then the Father's voice oft calls
And summons forth a brighter day.



THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1913, CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

STANDING—FRANCIS R. EASTMAN, JOSEPH H. BROKER, MONTREVILLE YUDA, SYLVIA MOON, ESTELLE L. BRADLEY, FREDERICK SICKLES,
PETER EASTMAN, HARRISON B. SMITH.

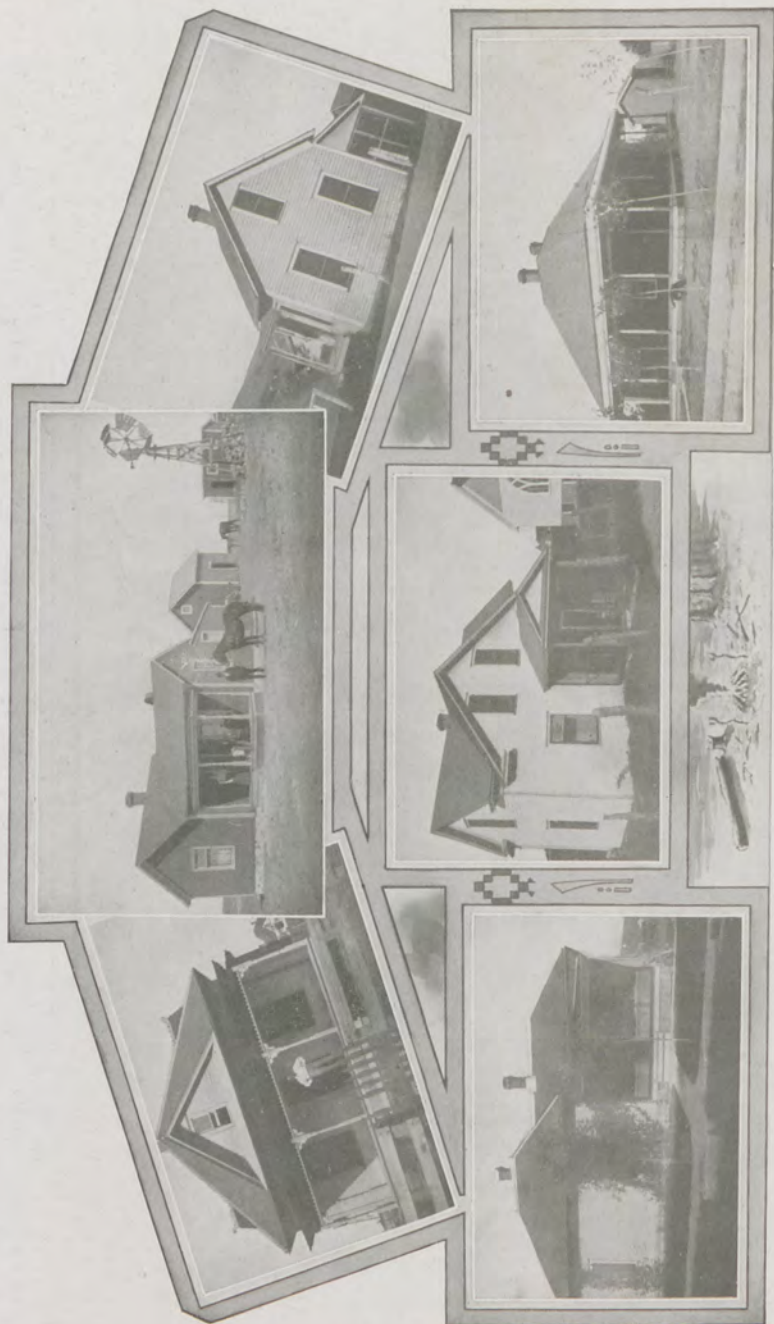
SITTING—CORA ELM, ANNA HAUSER, SADIE INGALLS, WILLIAM GARLOW, IVA METOXEN, LIDA O. WHELOCK, LEILA WATERMAN.



DELEGATION OF BLACKFEET INDIANS VISITING THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL DURING RECENT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.
SUPERINTENDENT M. FRIEDMAN AND CHIEF THREE BEARS, WHO IS 93 YEARS OF AGE, STANDING IN FRONT.

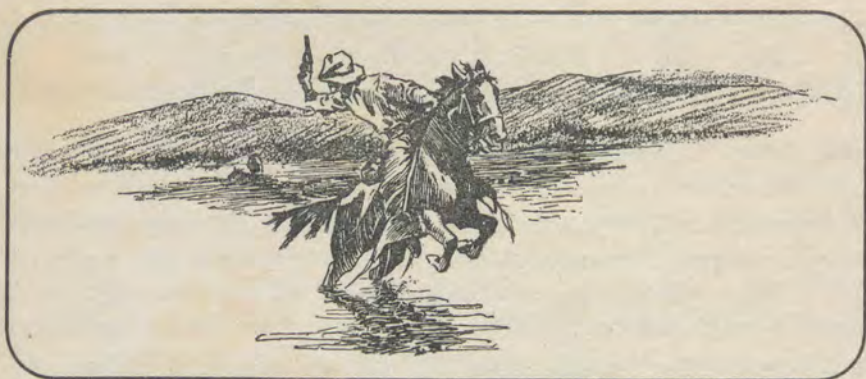


BLACKFEET INDIANS VISITING THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL CONTRASTED WITH GENERAL STUDENTS OF THE SCHOOL. THE OLD INDIANS WERE WON IN FAVOR OF EDUCATION BY THE PRACTICAL EVIDENCE OF ITS BENEFITS WHICH THEY SAW.



HOMES OF INDIANS EDUCATED AT CARLSLE

ABNER ST. CYR, WINNEBAGO, WINNEBAGO, NEB. JOSEPH DUBRAY, SIOUX, REYNIA, S. D. JAMES WALDO, KIOWA, ANADARKO, OKLAHOMA.
 MRS. LAURA PEDRICK, KIOWA, ANADARKO, OKLAHOMA. LETI ST. CYR, WINNEBAGO, WINNEBAGO, NEB. WM. SPRINGER, OMAHA, WALTHILL, NEBRASKA.



Address by Mr. Michael Wolf.*



IT IS, indeed, a great pleasure for me to bring greetings to you from the Indians at Hampton, and most assuredly I shall reciprocate your kindness to them. Students of Carlisle, you are the ones I am going to get at to-night. I want to leave these other people alone, and if they should fall asleep while I talk, I shall not blame them.

As I sat upon the platform here, I thought of the Indian youth of the fifteenth century. I thought of his education. You know his only educational institutions were the forests and his home. From the woods he learned the properties of plants, the habits of animals, all for his shelter, food, clothing, and medicine. In his home, he was taught the traditions of his people, and his character was formed there. He never stole from his friends, he never lied, and he had no intoxicating beverage. Here we are in the twentieth century, assembled in the hall of the white man, and surrounded by modern conveniences.

Strangely enough, the education of the Indians at Hampton came out of an Indian uprising. The white man won the battle. Some one has said that, according to history, it is a "battle" when the white man wins, but a "massacre" when the Indian wins. A large band of captives had been taken to St. Augustine and held as prisoners for three years. While there under the charge of Captain Pratt, now General Pratt, some women in the town taught the young men to read and write a little. When the time came to return home, seventeen young men wanted to stay East for a little education. They were far too old to enter any school, and some one

*At Carlisle Commencement Exercises, Wednesday evening, April 2, 1913.

who knew Hampton asked General Armstrong to take them in with his adult beginners. He asked the negro students what they thought about it. Of course, they thought of their scalps and were afraid. Finally, he urged it, and they came. That was April 13, 1878. Now, thirteen is an unlucky number, white people say. I am sure we Indians haven't adopted that yet. As I said, here we are in the twentieth century. Can't we do anything with all these advantages and improvements? Can't we do anything for our race? Being a young man myself, a pupil of both the old and the new regime, I have learned something of the records of the strong men and women of my own race, and of the great and wise of the white race.

Brothers and sisters, let us realize the fact that we are living in an age of progress and history-making; that upon our shoulders rests the destiny of our people and the solution of the so-called Indian problem. I cannot see why the white people call this the Indian problem. Before the advent of the white people we had no problem. Ever since they landed they have been the problem of this country, and yet they put it on us. My friends, it is up to you and up to me to go out and convince these people that we are the ones to solve this problem. They can't do it. They have tried for the last four hundred years. Think of it! And where have they gone? Every day we are gaining new experiences and making new friends, so let us lay by for future use a knowledge and enthusiasm that we cannot help using for the benefit of our race, if we have any love for it whatever. We, too, have our ambitions and ideals like other people, and as education and experience teach us to sift the good from the bad, to know the right from the wrong, we can hardly escape being a help to our people. Not all men can lead to any great extent, but we can all show by our daily lives that this country holds more for the Indian than can be found within the borders of the reservation, and that education is free to those who want it enough to reach out for it. To be a leader of power one must have the highest qualities of manhood. If we Indians are to have this we must understand and respect it, even as we understand and respect the white man and his civilization.

The trouble with some of the boys and girls who return to the reservation—I mean those who have had the chance to live with the white race and see its system of industry and development—when

they go back to the reservation they do not respect the old Indian at all. They seem to have lost their Indian hearts in their absence; they have seen too much of the white man to see beneath the shabby exterior. From our ancestors we inherit honesty, bravery, sympathy, religious instincts, and many of the noblest qualities known to mankind. If we can cultivate this our Indian inheritance, while educating our brains and training our hands in the white man's knowledge, we shall be in a better position to understand our people and to help them. When I recall the people who have influenced me the most, I find that they are not the ones who talked the most, but those who with singleness of purpose have proved their love and respect for the laws of God and man in their daily lives. I learn from them that to succeed I must have and keep to a strong, steady purpose, have ambition to inspire me, and great faith to carry it out.

My friends, we realize that we have too often been running after shadows and have lost the real meaning of education as it should be applied to civilization. There is a great deal of work to do on our reservations. You know the conditions of those loved ones out home, as they feel their way through the dark shadows of ignorance, while trying to understand this new life. If there is anything in you and in me of service, that is where it should go. Let your deeds prove what you are. Be proud that you are endowed by the All-Wise Creator with the same instinct of life, the same hopes and aspirations as any other man. The white people are watching us from all sides. There are those who know the manhood of the Indian, and who admonish us with paternal voices; and there are those who do not know the integrity of our fathers, but who only see the picturesqueness of our lives. They think our fathers were nothing but savages; they do not know the beautiful philosophy that has been taught us in our tepees by our grandparents.

My friends, in conclusion, I must say that I am glad that I can be here with you and see your exercises and be in your meetings; but, my friends, one thing I wish to impress is this: You know that our fathers were characterized as great hunters and brave warriors, but let us show our pale-faced brothers that we no longer wish to be as such; that we do not like to recall the old times, but that we want their civilization and higher type of living, their industrial education; and that we want to serve their God and be loyal, American citizens.

Commencement Exercises at the Carlisle Indian School, 1913:

Continued from page 364.

The exercises were of an interesting and practical nature, and the following program was carried out:

March—Independence.....	Band
Invocation.....	Rev. Geo. D. Gossard, D. D. (President of Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa.)
Salutatory.....	Anna Hauser
Overture—Light Cavalry.....	Band
Descriptive Talk—Farming at School and at Home.....	Peter Eastman
Selection—Excerpts from Operas.....	Chorus and Band
Demonstration and Talk— Sanitation in Indian Homes.....	Francis Pambrun
A Twilight Meditation—After Vespers.....	Mandolin Club
Descriptive Talk—Sewing.....	Lida O. Wheelock
Violin Solo—The Son of the Puszta (Keler-Bela).....	Fred Cardin
Demonstration and Talk—Home Building.....	Joseph H. Broker
Song—On with Carlisle.....	School and Band
Address and Presentation of Diplomas.....	Hon. F. H. Abbott (Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs.)
Humoresque (with harp obligato).....	Band
Address.....	Mr. Frederick E. Parker
Address.....	Hon. Chas. D. Carter (Congressman from Oklahoma.)
Address.....	Dr. George Edward Reed (Ex-President Dickinson College.)
Address.....	Hon. Henry Houck (Secretary of Internal Affairs for Pennsylvania.)
Address.....	Chief Three Bears (Member of the Blackfeet Delegation.)
Hymn—America.....	Audience
Benediction.....	Rev. H. B. Stock, D. D. (Pastor, St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Carlisle.)

The students who took part acquitted themselves with credit, and the music, particularly that of the large chorus, was of a high order. The teachers who had charge of the training of the students and arranging for the exercises performed their tasks most efficiently. The addresses by the speakers, including the one by Chief Three Bears, who spoke in his native tongue, which was interpreted to the audience, were most complimentary to the school and the student body, and called on the Indians everywhere to put forth

greater efforts to the end that they may rapidly become self-supporting and self-respecting citizens.

Those who received diplomas by virtue of graduation are the following:

Estelle L. Bradley, *Chippewa*.
Cora Elm, *Oneida*.
Anna Hauser, *Cheyenne*.
Sadie Ingalls, *Sac and Fox*.
Iva Metoxen, *Oneida*.
Sylvia Moon, *Stockbridge*.
Leila Waterman, *Seneca*.
Lida Wheelock, *Oneida*.
Joseph H. Broker, *Chippewa*.
Francis R. Eastman, *Sioux*.
Peter Eastman, *Sioux*.
William Garlow, *Tuscarora*.
Frederick Sickles, *Oneida*.
Harrison B. Smith, *Oneida*.
Montreville Yuda, *Oneida*.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Certificate of Proficiency in Stenography and Typewriting.

Eva May Simons, *Mashpee*.

Fifty-six students were also awarded industrial certificates.

Reception to Patrons and Visitors.

THE patrons, visitors, graduates, and members of the faculty enjoyed a very pleasant social gathering in the spacious reception rooms in the Athletic Quarters on Thursday evening. There were a large number of out-of-town visitors present, together with prominent officials from Washington. The reception continued from 7:30 until 11:00.

Meeting for Society of American Indians.

A SUCCESSFUL meeting was held in the Auditorium on Friday morning in the interests of the Society of American Indians, addresses being made by Dr. George P. Donehoo and Superintendent Friedman, as well as by several members of the Society. The plan of the organization was placed before the students, as well

as the great benefits resulting to the Indian population, because of close association and cooperation. Nearly two hundred junior and associate members were recruited, and the meeting was full of enthusiasm.

The Alumni Banquet and Reception.

THE Carlisle Alumni Association held its annual banquet in the dining hall of the Athletic Quarters on Friday evening. Mr. Charles E. Dagenett, of the Class of 1891, acted as toastmaster, and a number of toasts were responded to by both graduates and members of the faculty. The room was beautifully decorated, and a very delicious repast was served, consisting of the following:

... DINNER ...

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

April fourth, nineteen hundred thirteen

Grape Fruit			
Blue Points with Cocktail Dressing			
Saltines	Olives	Pickles	Pepper Slaw
Roast Turkey with Giblet Sauce		Cranberry Jelly	
Mashed Potatoes	French Peas	Glazed Sweets	Country Corn
Frozen Punch			
Sliced Tomatoes on Lettuce			
Ice Cream		Assorted Cakes	
Wafers	Cheese	Cafe Noir	

The election of officers resulted as follows:

President.....	Charles E. Dagenett
Vice President.....	Gustavus Welch
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Marie Lewis

After the banquet, a most delightful reception and dance was held in the Gymnasium, several hundred guests, including graduates, members of the faculty, and visitors, being present. An orchestra from Carlisle furnished the music and the dancing continued until midnight. The occasion afforded an opportunity for many of the returned students and graduates to get together, after years of absence from the school, to exchange experiences and reminiscences.

Special Guests at Commencement:



THE Commencement Exercises of the Carlisle Indian School were probably attended by a larger number of persons from this locality and State, as well as from other places, than ever before in its history. From Sunday, when two large meetings were held in the school Auditorium, to the last meeting, when the graduating exercises took place in the Gymnasium, every event was crowded. Every incoming train brought many persons from a distance. The attendance of prominent men in educational and philanthropic work, as well as prominent officials connected with the Government, was very gratifying; likewise there were present an unusual number of Indians, both graduates and returned students of this school, as well as educated Indians who have made good in the world. A delegation of twelve Blackfeet Indians from the Glacier Park, Montana, added a touch of color to the exercises and presented a strong contrast picture with the educated Indians, who have taken up the white man's ways.

Official Speakers and Guests.

Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, Moderator of the Congregational Church of the United States, and pastor of Clinton Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Captain Richmond P. Hobson, Member of Congress from Alabama, Washington, D. C.

Brigadier-General Hunter Liggett, U. S. A., Army War College, Washington, D. C.

Hon. George Edward Reed, Ex-President of Dickinson College, and Mrs. Reed, Wilmington, Del.

Dr. and Mrs. George P. Donehoo, Coudersport, Pa.

Hon. Charles T. Aikens, D. D., President Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pa.

Hon. Charles D. Carter, Member of Congress from Oklahoma, Mrs. Carter, and two daughters, Washington, D. C.

Hon. F. H. Abbott, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Mrs. Abbott, Washington, D. C.

Hon. Henry Houck, State Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis L. Benton, Indian Supervisor, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Eustace Hale Ball, author, New York City.

Hon. George Vaux, Jr., President Board of Indian Commissioners, and Mrs. Vaux, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hon. George D. Gossard, D. D., President Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa.

Mrs. John K. Tener, Governor's Mansion, Harrisburg, Pa.

Mrs. K. M. Hursh, Newville, Pa.

Mrs. A. W. Hurst and daughter Elizabeth, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Miss Margaret Appleton, Hulmeville, Pa.

Miss Peace Canby, Hulmeville, Pa.

Rev. J. Bullett and Mrs. Bullett, Harrisburg, Pa.

Miss Jeanette Senseny, Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa.

Miss M. P. Lord, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. L. S. Houghton, author, Marlboro, N. Y.

Miss Kyle, Newville, Pa.

Miss McDonald, Inspector of Libraries, Harrisburg, Pa.

Rev. A. N. Perryman, Waterford, Va.

Mr. H. A. Trittipee, Leesburg, Va.

Mrs. Thomas L. Sloan, Pender, Nebr.

Mrs. Nettie La Vatta, New York City.

Mrs. Marie L. B. Baldwin, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Ernest Brewer, Indian Office, Washington, D. C.

Miss Gertrude Georgenson, Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Laura C. Youngs, Sag Harbor, Long Island, N. Y.

Mr. Frederick E. Parker, White Plains, N. Y.

Rev. Louis Bruce, Onondaga Missionary, Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Chas. Doxon, 123 Davis Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Michael Wolf, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

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

Mr. Robert Yellowtail, Crow Agency, Mont.

Mr. Robert Gordon, Superior, Wis.

Three Bears, Chief Blackfeet Tribe, Browning, Mont.

Lazy Boy, Blackfeet Tribe, Browning, Mont.

Medicine Owl and wife, Blackfeet Tribe, Browning, Mont.

John Two Guns and wife, Blackfeet Tribe, Browning, Mont.

Fred Big Top, Blackfeet Tribe, Browning, Mont.

Long Time Sleep, Blackfeet Tribe, Browning, Mont.

Fish Wolf Robe, Blackfeet Tribe, Browning, Mont.

Cecelia Ground, Blackfeet Tribe, Browning, Mont.

Miss Elizabeth Fish, Holy Cross Academy, Washington, D. C.

Miss Sara Jackson, West Chester, Pa.

Patrons and Other Guests.

Mrs. Daniel Doner and daughter, Carlisle, Pa.

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

Miss Ella G. Brewer, Washington, D. C.

Miss Dora Little Bear, Pawhuska, Okla.

Graduates and Ex-Students.

Mr. Joseph B. Harris, Langhorne, Pa., Class '89.

Mr. Chas. E. Dagenett, Supervisor of Indian Employment, Washington, D. C., Class '91.

Mr. Frank Shively, Crow Agency, Mont., Class '97.

Miss Savannah Beck, Supervisor of Nurses, Embreeville, Pa., Class '09.

Miss Estelle Ellis, Syracuse, N. Y., Class '11.

Miss Ella Johnson, Akron, N. Y., Class '12.

Miss Alice Denomie, Washington D. C., Class '08.

Miss Elizabeth George, Syracuse, N. Y.

Miss Melissa Cornelius, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Lorinda Printup, Akron, N. Y.

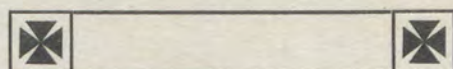
Mr. Robert Hamilton, Browning, Mont.

Mr. Alex Arcasa, Altoona, Pa.

Mr. Samuel Saunooke, Altoona, Pa.

Mr. Stilwell Saunooke, Altoona, Pa.

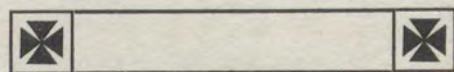
Mr. Perlie Clarke, Altoona, Pa.



LOOK AHEAD

Many a man fails to forge
ahead because
he has the
looking-backward habit.

SELECTED



The Carlisle Indian School

Carlisle, Pennsylvania

M. Friedman, Superintendent

HISTORY

The School was founded in 1879, and is supported by the Federal Government. First specific appropriation made by Congress July 31, 1883.

PRESENT PLANT

The present equipment consists of 49 buildings and 311 acres of land. The equipment is modern and complete.

TRADES

Practical instruction is given in farming, dairying, horticulture, dressmaking, cooking, laundering, housekeeping, and in TWENTY trades.

ACADEMIC

There is a carefully graded school, including courses in agriculture, teaching, stenography, business practice, telegraphy, and industrial art.

OUTING SYSTEM

This affords an extended residence in carefully selected families, with instruction in public schools, sewing, housekeeping, and practice at their trades. Students earn regular wages and at present have about \$40,000 to their credit in bank drawing interest.

PURPOSE

To train Indians as teachers, home makers, mechanics and industrial leaders either among their own people or in competition with the whites.

Faculty	79
Enrollment for fiscal year 1912	1,031
Returned students and graduates	5,616

RESULTS

Graduates and returned students are leaders and teachers among their people; 291 with the Government as Supervisors, Superintendents, Teachers, etc., in Government schools. Remainder are good home makers, successful in business, the professions, and the industries.

