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An Illustrated Magazine by Indians

THE RED MAN

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The Red Man

M. FRIEDMAN, Editor.

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Where Do the Indians Come From?

By Franz Boas.

WHEN the Spaniards first visited the shores of America and came into contact with the Indians, a race entirely unknown to them, the question was asked, "What is the origin of these people?" and, in accordance with the prevailing notions of the time, the ancient races mentioned in the Bible were compared with them; and the idea arose that the Indians were related to one of them, and that they must have originated through the migrations of some of the European nations. This idea is still held by many; and we hear often that it is claimed that the Indians are the lost tribes of Israel, or that they are related to the Welsh or to the Egyptians or Phoenicians, or to some other European people.

A scientific study of the Indian does not support any of these views, and suggests that the American race must have been separated from the rest of the Old World for very long periods, and that their civilization has grown up in the Western Hemisphere.

Although we have no very clear evidence showing the exact geological time when the American race reached this continent, it seems fairly certain that the race itself is closely related to the races of northeastern Asia, and that it must have lived in America for a very long time. There was a time long ago when an enormous ice-sheet, thousands of feet thick, covered the northern part of the American continent, and prevented intercourse with Asia. At the present time we cannot prove that man was here before the Arctic ice attained this extent, although it is not at all impossible that the arrival of the American race may have antedated the interruption of communication with Asia. It seems quite certain, however, that we must assume that the American Indian reached our continent at least at the time when, after the retreat of the glaciers, connection with Asia was first re-established. This must have been many thousand years ago.

That the time of the arrival of the American on our shores dates back many thousand years is proved by the great differences in appearance between the Indians of different parts of the continent, and by the development of a large number of different languages, the formation of which must have required very long periods. Neither is it necessary to assume that all the Americans arrived on our continent at the same time; but in all probability there was a slow filtering-through of people from the west, that is to say, from Asia, eastward. It seems also very plausible that the movements of people were not in one direction only, but that a repeopling of Siberia by American tribes occurred in the course of these events.

The people who came to our shores were in all probability hunters and fishermen, who had the art of using fire, and who may have been accompanied by the domesticated dog. The art of domesticating other animals, and the cultivation of plants, as well as the use of pottery, were in all probability unknown.

The belief that the arts of the American Indians were related to those of the Old World, and carried over by immigrants from the Old World, is based largely on a supposed similarity between the civilization that the Spaniards found in Mexico, Central America, and Peru and those of older periods of the Old World. It is easy to show, however, that the similarities were simply those similarities which are common to all forms of social life that develop in more densely inhabited areas, while the differences between the two are fundamental.

If the Central Americans had learned their arts from the Egyptians or other Mediterranean people, as has often been claimed, we should suppose that the essential basis of their life would also show a certain relationship. As a matter of fact, we find that the plants on which they lived, and the industries which they had developed, seem quite independent in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. The excavations made in many parts of Europe show that the agriculture of Europe developed at a very early time, before the use of metals was known, and that wheat and barley were the two grains on which man subsisted. At a very early time cattle were domesticated. One feature, particularly, differentiates the development of European and Mediterranean agriculture from that of the rest of the world. In many regions man had learned to cultivate plants, but the cultivation was always carried on by means of his hands.

The seeds were placed in holes made with a digging stick, and the ground was prepared either with a digging-stick alone or sometimes with the help of a simple hoe made of stone, bone, or wood. Nowhere, however, had man learned to employ the services of animals to further extend his agriculture. Only in Europe did the employment of animals and the use of the plow, which was worked with the help of animals, lead to the culture of fields in our sense of the term. In all other parts of the world agriculture remained similar to our cultivation of the garden. This development in Europe was still further helped by the use of the wheel, the invention of which goes back into early antiquity, and which led to the invention of the cart for purposes of transportation.

It is remarkable that none of these inventions was shared in by the Indians of even the most civilized tribes of America. The plants cultivated by them differed from the plants cultivated by the people of the Old World. Neither wheat and barley nor the later plants, such as millet, lentils, peas, were found here; but, instead of that, the agriculture of the Indian centers around the use of Indian corn or maize, beans, and squashes. Indian corn is a descendent of a wild grass growing in the mountains of Central America and Mexico, and therefore must have been first cultivated in that area. The domestication of animals, their use for agricultural purposes, and the invention of the wheel were not found in America, and set off Indian agriculture sharply from that of the Old World.

If nothing else were known, that would be enough to show clearly that there cannot be any early relationship between American civilization and Old World civilization; but other points can be brought forward which will corroborate our conclusion. The Indians did know the use of precious metals, and the invention of bronze had been made in Central America and among the most advanced people of South America; but the uses to which the metal was put were very limited, and there is nothing that connects the types of bronze implements found in America with the bronze implements of any period of the Old World. So far as the actual utensils are concerned, bronze has always been quite insignificant in America, while for a long time a great variety of utensils were made of bronze in Europe, northern Africa, and Asia.

It has also been claimed that there is a certain similarity in architecture, attention having been called particularly to the pyramids

of Central America and those of Egypt. These, however, are quite different in character. The American pyramid is, on the whole, a sub-structure for a building, generally a temple; while the Egyptian pyramid is a tomb, quite distinct in plan and construction.

It is perhaps one of the most remarkable facts that while in Europe stone architecture did not develop anywhere until after metals had been in full use, while it may even be said that in western and northern Europe stone architecture did not develop until after it had been taught to the people of Europe by the Romans, the Indians developed a high architectural art before any metal tools were used by them.

Thus we see that the details of the more advanced types of civilization in America and those of the Old World were quite different in character.

Equally convincing is the distribution of the higher types of civilization on the American continent. American agriculture never extended to the more northern parts of the continent. In the East it reached its extreme northern extension at the Kennebec River; in the middle parts of the continent it extended as far north as the middle course of the Missouri; while on the Pacific coast it did not extend northward of southern California. The plants are everywhere the same as those still in Central America, showing clearly that the home of this agriculture must have been in the central parts of the continent. Thus a great gap is left between the agricultural peoples of the Old World and those of the New World, the whole northwestern part of America and the whole northeastern part of Asia being devoid of agriculture. The same may be said of the art of pottery. In Central America the most beautiful pottery products are found, and the art extends all over the central part of the continent, northeastward toward the St. Lawrence River, but nowhere is pottery made with the potter's wheel. Northwest of a line drawn, roughly speaking, from California to Hudson Bay, pottery is unknown. The same is true of Siberia. We must only except here one thin line of pottery-using people which spreads from Japan northward to Bering Sea, and across the Arctic coast of the American continent. Thus it will be seen that the pottery areas of the Old World and those of the New World are also separated by an enormous territory in which pottery is unknown. In short, the investigation of the distribution of the more advanced types of culture

found in Central America shows everywhere that their use is found in the adjoining countries to the north and to the south, but that the arts are gradually lost northwestward, and are thus completely separated from the arts of Asia.

Neither would it be easy to construct the bridge connecting South America, by way of the Pacific islands, with the Old World. It is true that ideas seem to have percolated in little drops across Bering Strait into the American continent, and that perhaps a few ideas and inventions may also have come across the Pacific islands to the shore of South America; but whatever there is is so insignificant, as compared to the great development of American civilization, that we must conclude that, in its origin and growth, American culture has been essentially indigenous and practically uninfluenced by the advances made in the Old World.

One of the Earliest Trails of the Red Men Through the Mountains of Pennsylvania:

By George P. Donehoo, D. D.

IF YOU stand between the two trees shown in the illustration on page 451, with your face toward the west, you will look upon one of the most beautiful river scenes in America. Before you, on the opposite side of the broad waters of the Susquehanna, stands the great, grim ridge of the Blue Hill, with its clearly marked features of a human face, cut by the forces of nature out of the rocks at the mountain summit. This face is called the "Profile of Shikellamy," in honor of the Iroquois diplomat who made the Indian town of Shamokin his headquarters for many years. To the right of the Blue Hill, cutting its way through the mountain ridges from its far distant headwaters, sweep the waters of the West Branch, which unites just before you with the waters of the North Branch, and then together these wedded streams sweep on southward, in magnificent curves, past the place where John Harris had his ferry in the days long gone by and where now stands the city of Harrisburg. The town which lies back of you is now called Sunburg, but in the days when the canoes of the red men glided down the waters of the river, through the forest-enshrouded wilderness on either side, it was called Shamokin.

If you are the least bit imaginative, and have a knowledge of the history of the region about you, the mountains and rivers can be filled with the memories of other days. You can see the war parties

of the Iroquois, as they glide out of the waters of the Otzinachson, now called the West Branch, from the distant domain of the Senecas in the northland; or, you may hear the shouts of the warriors, from the vales of Wyoming, as they come winding through the hills of the North Branch. And then, as the bright stars appear in the sky, you may look out into the dim mountains, which are outlined like black clouds along the western horizon, and see the visions which are to become realities—beyond the silence of that great wilderness on the shores of the "Beautiful River." In the days long before the coming of the white man the mighty Susquehannocks, whose warriors were met by John Smith in 1608, held dominion over all of the region. Of these great warriors Smith says: "Such great and well proportioned men are seldom seen, for they seemed like giants to the English—yea to their neighbors." These masters of the Susquehanna Valley were called Andastes by the French, and Minquaas by the Dutch and Swedish writers. The former name was corrupted to Conestogas by the English. Their villages were strung from Carantouan, just over the New York line, to the mouth of Octorara Creek, near the Maryland line. The trails of this great tribe ran up the West Branch, and then over the great divide to the waters of the Ohio. It is barely possible that the "Black Minquaas," of whom so much is said and so little known, were one of the branches of this nation living on the Ohio River. The Iroquois, although related to the Susquehannocks, engaged in war with them and ultimately overwhelmed them at the fort at Wrightstown—almost directly east of Carlisle on the Susquehanna River—in 1676. In these early days the red man crossed from the upper waters of the Delaware to the Wyoming Valley, and then by way of the North Branch reached the site of Shamokin. From this point the trail ran up the West Branch, and then over the divide to the waters of the Allegheny.

Nearly a generation before Washington took his first trip over the mountains with Christopher Gist to the place where Pittsburgh was to rise out of the unbroken forests, Shikellamy was appointed by the Iroquois as their deputy at Shamokin, with special oversight of the affairs of the Delaware and Shawnee. From an Indian point of view its site was the most strategic point in the entire State. From here he could reach all of the great trails leading north, south, east, and west. Just above it on the North Branch stood

the important village, or villages, of Wyoming; to the south ran the "Warriors Path" to the Potomac, and on the land of the hated Cherokee and Catawba, the enemies of the Iroquois "since the world began," as one of the chiefs said; to the east, and to the upper waters of the Delaware, ran the eastern branch of the oldest trail between the Susquehanna and Delaware; to the west ran the branch of this same trail to the upper Allegheny and the Ohio. This great trail had been used by the "Black Minquaas" and the Wenro long years before the white man had set his feet upon the trails of the unknown wilderness beyond the mountains. The Indians of historic times used this trail, even after the trail from Harris' Ferry to the Ohio, by way of Bloody Run, had become a well-beaten pathway for the Indians and traders. Its course from Shamokin was up the West Branch to the mouth of Bald Eagle Creek, at Lock Haven; then up this creek to Marsh Creek; along the northern side of this creek to the divide; over the hills to Clearfield, and from there directly to Kittanning, on the Allegheny River. Part of this route was no doubt followed by Arnold Viele, the Dutch trader, who went to the Ohio in 1692. This intrepid explorer and trader was possibly the first white man whose eyes gazed upon the place where Pittsburgh now stands. What a world of beauty he looked upon as he glided down the Allegheny and Ohio, through a wilderness of primeval forests, which had never been touched by the axe of the white man. Even now, after these years of utterly wreckless slaughter of the forests, which once swept in unbroken billows over the mountain summits from the Susquehanna to the Ohio, this region along the northern trail is beautiful beyond the power of the camera to picture.

It may seem strange, if you look at a map and note the relative positions of Sunbury and Pittsburgh, that such a route was ever taken by a traveler from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. Yet such was the course taken by Christian F. Post in 1758, as he went westward to the Ohio Indians. It also seems strange that the British should build a fort at this point, to hold back the French and Indians at Fort Duquesne—and yet such was the case. Fort Augusta, which stood at a point marked by the stone shown in the illustration on page 451, was built in the year following Braddock's defeat, for the protection of the English settlements against the French army at Fort Duquesne as well as a place of refuge for the scattered frontier

WHEN WINTER COMES

THE SITE OF SHAMOKIN AND FORT AUGUSTA

ON THE UPPER ALLEGHENY

THE WHITE HUNTERS, WHO HAVE FOLLOWED THE RED MAN ON THE WEST BRANCH TRAIL

ALONG THE HEMLOCK FORESTS

THE TRAIL TO THE IROQUOIS COUNTRY

SCENES FROM THE PIMA INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA

FIREPLACES

SCREENING CLAY AT PIT

families. The building of Fort Augusta by the provincial authorities in 1756 was one of the wisest things which was done in that era of blindness and blunders. This fort stood as the only real barrier in the way of the French army at Fort Duquesne and the frontier settlements in the province. And the French commander on the Ohio realized this when it was too late to do anything. A French force really did reach the mouth of Loyal Sock Creek, intending to build a fort at Shamokin—and found the British flag flying on Fort Augusta. For once the tardy province had gotten there in time to outwit the French. Had Sieur Contracœur been thoroughly posted on the topography of Pennsylvania, he would have sent a force of his soldiers to Shamokin to erect a fort just as soon as he had sent Edward Ward back to Fort Cumberland from the Ohio. But he did not, and so lost his one grand chance of occupying a point from which he could have cut any British army which was sent across the mountains. But the suggestions for a fort at this point did not come from any of the slow-moving statesmen of the day, but from Scarouady, the Oneida chief, who had advised Governor Morris to do so a year before it was done. Scarouady knew the topography of the region between the Susquehanna and the Ohio, and he knew that Shamokin was the point from which both the French and Indians would strike the English settlements. The possibilities of history are many. Had the Province of Pennsylvania not built Fort Augusta in 1756, and had the French occupied this point immediately after the erection of Fort Duquesne—Pittsburgh today might be called St. Louis.

In the days which followed Braddock's defeat the British flag, flying over Fort Augusta, marked the limits of civilization and British dominion on the way to the Ohio. Beyond the ridges of mountains a brooding wilderness of unbroken forests, which stretched to the waters of the Ohio, and then swept westward towards the Mississippi. Then came the years when those waters of the West Branch ran red with the blood of the too intrepid frontiersmen, who had strayed too far into the domain of the red man. And then, when the fullness of time had come, homes were hewn out of the forests, and cities were builded out of the rocks of the mountains, and the vision of the past had become the reality of the present. What a wonder, what a mystery the evolution of this great wilderness of forests and mountains into a land of homes and

cities really is. Do we ever stop to think of the poetry, the sublimity of it all?

Arnold Viele, Andrew Montour, Christian Post, Shikellamy, Scarouady, and a host of other travelers whose feet once trod this great northern trail have departed. So have the great brooding pine and hemlock forests departed into the memories of the days which have been. The feather-crested warrior of the mountains and northern rivers has faded into the mists of the land of the things which have been. The American Indian is disappearing just as the American frontiersman is disappearing. The frontiersman has become the builder of cities and railroads, and the Indian, who once wore the breech-clout and carried the scalping knife, now wears the apparel of civilization and carries the implements of useful skill. The Indian disappearing? Yes, just as our white ancestors disappeared—to give place to what we are. Just as the winding Indian trail over the West Branch valley has disappeared—but, in its place there is a trail of steel carrying the wealth of a new world, which has arisen out of a brooding wilderness of forests.

Albert K. Smiley Memorial Service:

By F. A. Mc Kenzie.

AT FIVE o'clock Wednesday afternoon, April 14th, the delegates to the Mohonk Peace Conference gathered in special session for a memorial service for the founder of the Indian Conference and of the Peace Conference. The service was as simple and dignified as was the character of the man commemorated. All seemed to be the unconscious expression of this place and occasion, so hallowed by the thought of the man departed and of the glory remaining. Whittier's hymn, "All as God Wills," a favorite of Mr. Smiley's, was sung as a solo by Miss McNamee in most unaffected clearness of tone and articulation. The clergyman in charge, Dr. Eaton, read the chapter on charity in Corinthians and followed with prayer. Then Miss McNamee sang as a second solo, the "Smiley Hymn," so named just after Mr. Smiley's death, as the hymn was in process of publication.

The first speaker was President Brown, of New York University, who spoke of Mr. Smiley's relation to Indians and to the Indian Conference. Because of his large vision, Mr. Smiley was able to harness the forces of the world to secure notable results. His hospitality was unique; it found new ways to make the friendly intercourse of men work to further great ideas and to bring great achievements. His conferences were directed by high idealism but to practical ends, through the creation of public sentiment. A great part of whatever good has come to the Indian in the last thirty years has found its dynamic center at Mohonk. Starting with the

Indians of the United States, Mr. Smiley widened his program until it almost attained to the study of the reorganization of the relations of the races of mankind and merged into a plan for the true foundation of the peace of the world.

Dr. Lyman Abbott was the only other speaker. He made evident the fact that the Mohonk friends gathered neither to mourn nor to eulogize, but to thank God for a great life, and to learn some lessons for themselves. Some men are great because of the possession of some one great quality, some concentration of power along a single line. Some men are great because of an extraordinary equipoise of conflicting characteristics. Such were George Washington and Albert K. Smiley. Mr. Smiley was a great idealist but he was also a great executive; he made the visions come true. He was a man of great gentleness and kindness, but he was also a man of strong, sturdy, virile will. The words, "Thy gentleness maketh me great" are well exemplified in him. Nowhere was there a freer atmosphere than at Mohonk. Here were united law and liberty—united in the law of liberty. He combined the religions of piety and of humanity. He believed the best way to come into fellowship with God is to be where God is and doing the work that God wants done. We can have splendid ideals and still be practical. The spirit of Albert K. Smiley is still living, and is still at Mohonk. Another hymn, familiar to the conference, "It Came upon the Midnight Clear," and the service was ended.

On the preceding afternoon, as many of the conference delegates were driven from the station to the heights, nature seemed to endeavor to show the feelings of the occasion, for the hillsides were beautiful with the new leaves and bright flowers, but there was just enough rain falling and just enough sun shining to throw the bow of promise across the eastern sky.

By John Hampden Gurney	SMILEY	From Eaton & Sallmon Hymnal of Praise A. S. Barnes Co.

THROUGH centuries of sin and woe,
Hath streamed the crimson flood,
While man in concert with the foe,
Hath shed his brother's blood.
Now lift thy banner, Prince of Peace,
And let the cruel war-cry cease.

In vain, mid clamors loud and rude,
Thy servants seek repose;
See, day by day, the strife renewed,
And brethren turned to foes.
Then lift thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Make wrong among thy subjects cease.

Still to the heavens the weak will pour
Their loud unanswered cry;
Still wealth doth keep its secret store
And want forgotten lie.
Lift high thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Let hatred die and love increase.

Thy gospel, Lord, is grace and love;
O, send it all abroad,
Till every heart submissive prove,
And bless the reigning God.
Come, lift they banner, Prince of Peace,
And give the weary world release.

The Need in Education:

*By Francis H. Rowley.**

NO ONE who reads THE RED MAN, one of the most attractive of our national magazines in its outward appearance, its evidences of artistic workmanship, and its excellent contributions, will easily consent to write for it. He may well fear that his article will fall below the high standard of the others that appear with it. I am venturing, however, in the interests of a great cause, to hope that some of the many teachers who read this periodical may find here something worthy of their thought.

Years ago when Mr. George T. Angell, my predecessor, was in Florence, he visited the celebrated American artist, Hiram Powers. Very naturally they talked of many things that concerned their native land. Among these was the subject of education, and the training of those with whom the future of the Nation was indissolubly bound. Mr. Powers, in the midst of the conversation, paused a moment and then, turning to his guest, said, "The supreme need in America to-day is the education of the heart."

With growing clearness of vision educators are feeling the force of the truth thus uttered. So far has this gone that in many quarters one hears the phrase, "The Coming Education," and by that is meant just this cultivation of those finer and nobler faculties of the human soul without which there can be no high manhood or womanhood. The mere development of the intellect, till it masters many a field of science, till it can plan and execute, till it can achieve its goals both in the intellectual and material realm, is no guaranty of moral probity, or of a character upon which the family or the State may build. The criminal classes are by no means the most ignorant.

*President of the American Humane Education Society, The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

There are college graduates among them and men with keen and clever minds. The finer the temper of the Damascus blade the deadlier its work when in the hands of the selfish and cruel.

The men who have been the world's mightiest helpers and saviors have been its greatest lovers. Not its Alexanders, its Cæsars, its Napoleons. Rather those who like Jesus, St. Francis of Assisi, John Howard, Abraham Lincoln, and a host of others we might name, have put the unconquerable power of their surrendered lives under the heavy burdens of their fellows, bearing their sorrows, carrying their griefs. The wars that have desolated the earth, the crimes that have stained blood-red unnumbered pages of human history, the race prejudices that have bred embittering hatreds and built dividing barriers between man and man,—who can conceive of those curses of the race springing from souls trained in the principles of a large and generous humanity?

And this is what we mean by "Humane Education." It is not simply teaching kindness and justice to animals. It is as broad and far-reaching as life itself. Its end is the humanizing of all our relationships, until every man, irrespective of color, creed, or nationality, is recognized as a brother in the one great family of mankind and treated as such. The elemental principles of this education are justice, fair play, kindness, sympathy with all the weak and unfortunate, and that unselfish service that knows the holy joy of ministry. Nothing can be more evident than that when these principles have become the guiding factors in a nation's life, war, class hatreds, mob violence, and such crimes as too often disgrace our civilization must cease. Only on such character as is the resultant, moreover, of this teaching can an enduring republic be built.

This humane education, wherever it has been introduced, has proved a most refining and uplifting force. Whole communities have been transformed by it. Scores of teachers have borne witness to the changes wrought in their schools and neighborhood through its introduction in the form of Band of Mercy organization. Indeed one cannot be kind even to the least of life's children without becoming conscious within himself of something that gladdens and blesses him. These divine acts of justice and good will bring their own quick and ennobling reward. Few kinds of teaching seem more effective also in predisposing the heart to the highest moral and religious influences.

The *San Francisco Call* says of a certain section of the city:

People in the Jefferson School district are frequently heard to remark the change that has come over the spirit of the locality. A few years ago a Chinaman was unsafe thereabout. If he wasn't forced into unequal hand-to-hand battle, he was pelted with stones and made to think that existence in this country had more penalties than the annual poll-tax. Woe to the stray dog or cat which ran into the territory of the young barbarians south of Market Street.

To-day the Jefferson School is one of the most orderly in all the city. And why? Because every school child down that way, as soon as he is old enough to write his name, is made a member of an army for the prevention of all the old evils, and no blue-frocked, brass-buttoned guardian of the peace could ever have done a tithe of the good that those children have accomplished. For the last four years the principal of the Jefferson School, Miss M. M. Murphy, has been organizing the pupils of all the various classes into Bands of Mercy.

A teacher in Syracuse writes: "Nothing ever helped me so much to manage these rough boys as teaching kindness to animals."

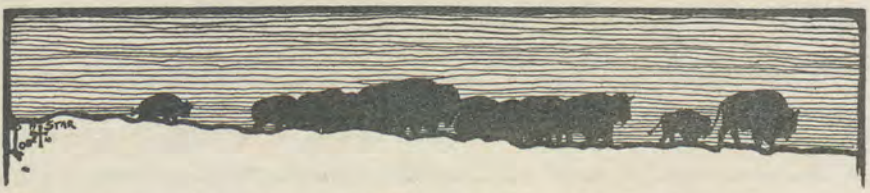
Among the hundred distinguished college presidents who have indicated their most cordial indorsement of this work are such men as President Lowell of Harvard, President Wilson, formerly of Princeton, and President Judson of Chicago.

Cruelty, like a hundred other evil things, is the child of darkness nourished by the foster-mother of ignorance. The night disappears when the day arrives. We accept the words of Victor Hugo: "The true human division is this,—the luminous and the shady. To diminish the number of the shady and increase that of the luminous—that is the object. That is why we cry—'Education! Knowledge!' To learn to read is to light the fire; every syllable spelled out is a spark." This is true in the moral world as in the intellectual.

Science, sweeping with its critical eye all realms of life, bids us acknowledge the tie that binds us to the living creatures below us as well as to those whose feet are on the same level as our own. Kindness comes from kinship.

Religion teaches that not a sparrow falls unmarked by the gracious heart of our Father in Heaven. To be the children of such a Father is our birthright and should be our joy.

If I could write a book worthy to outrank every other in the department of education, I would dedicate it to "The Teacher of the Public School—The Real Nation Builder."



Conserving and Developing the Good in the Indian:

By Frank G. Speck, Ph. D.

SOME months ago I wrote an article for the *Southern Workman*, entitled "Conservation for the Indians," in which I attempted to present the point of view of various people, some with scientific interests, regarding Indian control and education. The dominant opinion in the article was that while certain phases of our modern economic life must be adopted by the Indians, that they may continue to exist in these days, nevertheless it is just as vital for them to retain, with the preservation of their racial distinctiveness, a number of cultural and mental traits which are characteristic of them. This whole question is, of course, such a new one in the minds of educators that it has hardly had time to become generally understood. A number of letters relative to this article reached me from intelligent Indians and people connected with Indian affairs, political or scientific, all of them more or less sympathetic with the idea expressed in the short paper. I am not prepared to expand the material very much except in a few particulars based on observations which I made last summer among the Indians of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. These are relative to the Indian mode of house and tent life. To illustrate, these Montagnais of southern Labrador, like most of the hunting tribes of the same northern latitude, are just beginning a period of change from tent life to house life. This, by most people, is regarded as a sign of improvement and is pointed to with pride as a mark of progress. Now, to the traveler who sees these people living under native conditions in tents all the year around and who sees them again later domiciled in squalid cabins surrounded by filth and accumulated festering spots for disease, cannot help drawing some significant conclusions. In practically every village that I visited where the change from tent to house life had become general, disease was more prevalent. Measles, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and a host of other complaints

were almost endemic in the house villages, while the bands who still retained the tent life were in exceedingly good condition. The reasons for this, of course, are obvious; fresher air, ventilation, the ability to change the site when offal accumulates, and the general healthier out-of-door influences answer the question which should be put to every nomadic tribe considering the advisability of this radical change from the native mode of life to the modern white man's pent-up house conditions. Are we not advocating to-day to the worn-out victims of disease and wear in our own cities the return to an out-door life in tents? Why, then, can we feel satisfied to deprive a people who have this out-of-door sense so highly developed of the benefit of our experience, and push them actually downward one step by urging them to conditions which we recognize to be detrimental? To a people whose existence is fitted by nature for permanent out-of-door mode of life, it would be fatal to urge the change and its attending results which every ethnologist sees in the housed village tribes. Applying my remarks only within the province of my acquaintance, I should unhesitatingly say that the northern Indians at least should not be encouraged to abandon their tent life. It is false to point with pride to the increasing number of houses built each year on this or that reservation, when one actually knows what the sanitary effect of the change is going to mean to the natives. The more one thinks about it, naturally the more apparent it becomes that such outward changes are no index of stable improvement.

As represented in the other short article referred to, I feel obliged on the basis of additional information and testimony received since then, to re-emphasize the duty of well-directed philanthropy toward the Indians, not to eradicate the advantageous sides of their life for the purpose of supplanting this with a made-over white man's ideal, which he himself cannot achieve, but to provide conditions for the Indian physically and economically favorable for his own self-gained prosperity and welfare. More than this, he should be protected from the hideous accretions of our own complex social sphere with which we are totally unable to cope either through law or religion. By leaving the natives in possession of many of their beauties of the simple life, we will avoid later on having to preach to them a return to the simple life which we have to do to our own people to-day. It is indeed gratifying to notice the tone of conservativeness which is

increasingly becoming more prominent in the tenor of our educational, religious, and economic literature. Quoting Mr. Friedman, for instance, in a recent number of THE RED MAN: "In all this our purpose should be not to make a poor imitation of the white man out of the Indian, but a better Indian, conserving and developing those contributions which he has brought us which are distinctively Indian;" and again, "In the last analysis the Indian problem is a human problem, concerned with the development and at the same time with the conservation of a human race."

The Indian appears to be just at the beginning now of a sort of renaissance period, marked by an increase in numbers, in the realization of his own power, by the successful utilization of many of his productions in modern life and the appreciation shown everywhere by intelligent people of the treasures of his art, music, literature, native philosophy, and talents in general.

The Mosquito Giant (Ge-ne-dah-saio-kee):

By Domitilla.

A HUGE, filmy creature cf strange proportions and fierce air appeared suddenly before the fort of the Onondagas. It had a small head with large popping eyes in each side, a long thin nose that touched the ground when it bent ever so lightly and served as a stinger, long thread-like legs and enormous wings. With the stin-

ger it sucked the blood of all whom it touched and killed them; with its wings it made continuous murmuring sounds.

It floated over the fort like a great white cloud by day and night, or lay like a slender, greyish stick of great length outside it, apparently dead; then when the warriors rushed out to dispatch it the creature arose like a flash and slew them all with its murderous stinger.

The fort, strong and well defended, had thus far resisted the assaults of its most desperate enemies, the Onondaga's poisoned arrows putting to death all who approached. This ghostly invader, however, soared far above them and lightly descended again and again to pierce the helpless Onondagas while they attempted to protect themselves from it.

So many were killed in this way and by starvation, for all the provisions had been eaten, that few were left in the fort, and these few lived in fear of being momentarily wiped out of existence by this horror that continued to hover about humming its song of victory.

Tarenawagen, the Great Spirit, listened to the prayers for relief from the persecuted people and went to visit the Onondaga chief who related to him their story of suffering.

Ge-ne-dah-saio-kee, the Mosquito Giant, unaware of the arrival of the Great Spirit, descended upon the fort in its usual overpowering manner. Great Spirit grappled with the airy Mosquito Giant, which slipped from his hold and flew far beyond reach of club or arrow with such rapidity that the Great Spirit did not even touch it. But it flew away from the fort.

Tarenawagen started in pursuit, chasing it days and months; still with all his powers he could hardly keep it in sight.

Around the great lakes they went, through ponds, rivers, trackless forests and dark valleys, over deep snows and ice of highest mountains toward the setting sun, east, west, north, south, without stopping in the mad race, Ge-ne-dah-saio-kee always in advance.

At length they circled back to the Onondaga fort, and there near it, close beside the Ge-ne-doo, or Salt Lake of Onondaga, the Mosquito Giant was captured and crushed for its many sins and its body dissolved into a pool of blood.

The pool of blood dried, and from it arose swarms of little creatures in a cloud that filled the air of the world and torment men to this day, in the forms of gnats and mosquitos.

The Feast of the Animals.

CALEB CARTER, *Nez Perce.*

HAVING been brought up by my grandmother, whom I always regarded as my mother until I attained the age of nine or ten years, I used to listen with great interest to some of the legends she related to me. Here is one which tells how some of the wild animals received their present forms and characteristics:

Long before the human race came to dwell upon this world, there existed a race of beings now known as bears, wolves, etc. They all spoke the same language, and therefore they understood each other. The time had come when all had to assume their present state, so a great feast was prepared. At this feast each had to select his own name, a name by which he would be identified by the human beings, also to choose what his chief prey would be and in what parts of the country he would be found.

The coyote was always regarded as an announcer and chief. He was the wisest of the race and had power even surpassing the best of the magicians. After everything was ready, the coyote announced in a loud voice that all animals should be seated, and after a brief speech the feast commenced. At this feast their fates were decided. The sucker having no spoon, mistook a stick with fire on the end for a common piece of wood and burnt his lips, so that to this day he is obliged to suck his food. The shiner, another fish, was crowded almost out of the feast and he became flat, as he is to this day. Still another fish, another form of sucker, used a flint for a spoon and cut his lips.

After the feast all were gathered together. The eagle said his dwelling place would be among the mountains and deer and other wild game his prey. His feathers would supply the warrior's warbonnet and his name would be Eagle. Bears came in turn. They, too, announced their names and the habits by which they were to be identified. During all this the coyote was jealous, because some

one mentioned the very name he wished to choose. So it happened that the names, appearance, and habits of all the animals were changed.

While various ones were announcing their names, the coyote's curiosity was aroused by a feathered being, whom he admired very much. Every now and then he would breathe a sigh of relief and stretch out his huge wings and fold them again, and sit back at ease. He, the coyote, wondered what this fellow would choose as a mode of living. After every one except this feathered being and the coyote had gotten through, the coyote arose and told the people that his occupation would be to look for mice as prey, also for various shrubs, berries, and perhaps some eggs and young animals, and his name would be changed from that of "Spielie" to the one by which he is know at home to this day.

When everybody was about ready to go and take up his abode, this much admired feathered being got up, and said, "After listening to all that each one has had to say, I have decided that my name, hereafter, shall be Buzzard, and I shall look for nothing but the rotten carcasses of various game that my brothers, the eagles and the condors, shall have left." The coyote jumped up and said, "Here, I have been looking you over and admiring your physical development; you don't mean to say that you are not going to exercise the same!" With that he slapped him right and left, so that to this day we see the buzzard soaring around and around above a dead horse or cow. After this, all departed for their various quarters. The coyote stayed at home while his friends, the foxes, wolves, bears, cougars, and deer, all made for the woods among the mountains. All the fish abandoned their human characteristics and dived into the streams. The mountain goat and the big horn made for the cliffs among the lofty mountains. The lobster was puzzled as to his future location and forgot to leave his limbs behind as he dived into the water.

This is why the Indians believe that by fasting they can obtain wisdom through these animals from the "mysterious unknown." They claim they do or rather did understand these various animals even so far as to hold conversation with them; but modern Indians regard that belief as ridiculous, because they never had the experience of the power attained through animals.

Na-Ne-bosho's Air Flight.

ESTELLE BRADLEY, *Chippewa.*

IT WAS a clear day, with not a cloud to be seen in the blue sky; the wind was slowly blowing over Birch Lake; the birds were happily singing in the fresh and early dawn, when Na-ne-bosho came out of his wigwam, where he was living with his old Nokomis (grandmother), noticing the day with its freshness and beauty.

At this moment his grandmother called to him, asking him to go and catch a few fish for breakfast. He went to the Lake and saw a large flock of geese near the shore. After catching the fish he returned to his wigwam, where Nokomis was waiting.

"Well, my sonny,"—as such was he known by his grandmother—"what are you going to do to-day?" was the question of Nokomis, who was very old but of many talents. "Nokomis, I saw a big flock of ne-kog (wild geese) near the shore, so make me a piece of cod-a-yap (bass wood rope) and I will go and have a ride in the air," replied Na-ne-bosho, after some thinking.

Soon the rope with which he was to have a daring flight in mid-air was completed and handed to Ne-ne-bosho. He went to the lake as silently as a cat creeping up to her prey. The geese were now dreaming of their trip to the far off south, where the rice fields are plentiful. As Na-ne-bosho approached the lake with little noise, the geese were in the deep water, so he was compelled to swim. As he neared the birds he disappeared under the water, reappearing after tying the foot of each goose to the long rope.

When he had finished this part of the work, with great difficulty regaining his breath and endurance, he returned to the shore and shouted to the sleeping geese. All he heard was a splashing of water made by some hundred strong wings.

At the next instant he was jerked from the ground by the geese he had tied to the rope to which he held fast. In a few seconds he was about 500 feet from the ground, with the wind whistling past his ears.

After adjusting the rope under his arm he was more at ease and began to look about. What a beautiful sight! Only trees to be seen here and there, a lake with a bay in the west, and still further west the great Lake of Michigan. These were soon out of sight.

About this time Na-ne-bosho became very uneasy, for he did not like to go far away from home, as he was merely a boy.

As the geese neared Otsego Lake they began to descend. This frightened Na-ne-bosho very much, for he was now striking the tops of the trees with his feet. In descending the rope caught in the branches with a jerk, thus snapping the rope and leaving the boy hanging on the pine trees.

Noticing that he was but a few feet from the top of a stump, he decided to jump. Not seeing the hollow in the stump and its rough, sharp projections inside of the hollow, he fell in. Here he remained for a few days.

The shore was only a few rods from this stump, and there were many birch trees on this shore from which large sheets of bark could be gotten for making canoes and other useful birch-bark utensils.

A few women now appeared, looking for a good bass-wood tree. The inner bark they use to make ropes. They heard the noise in the hollow and believed there must be a porcupine inside. As they were as skillful with the hatchet as the men, they chopped a hole in the stump large enough for a man. Na-ne-bosho, whose clothes had been badly torn in going down the hollow, jumped out with uplifted hatchet towards the women. After looking at his clothes, he turned about and disappeared into the dark and silent woods.

SCENES FROM THE PIMA INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA—PIMA WOMEN MAKING POTTERY

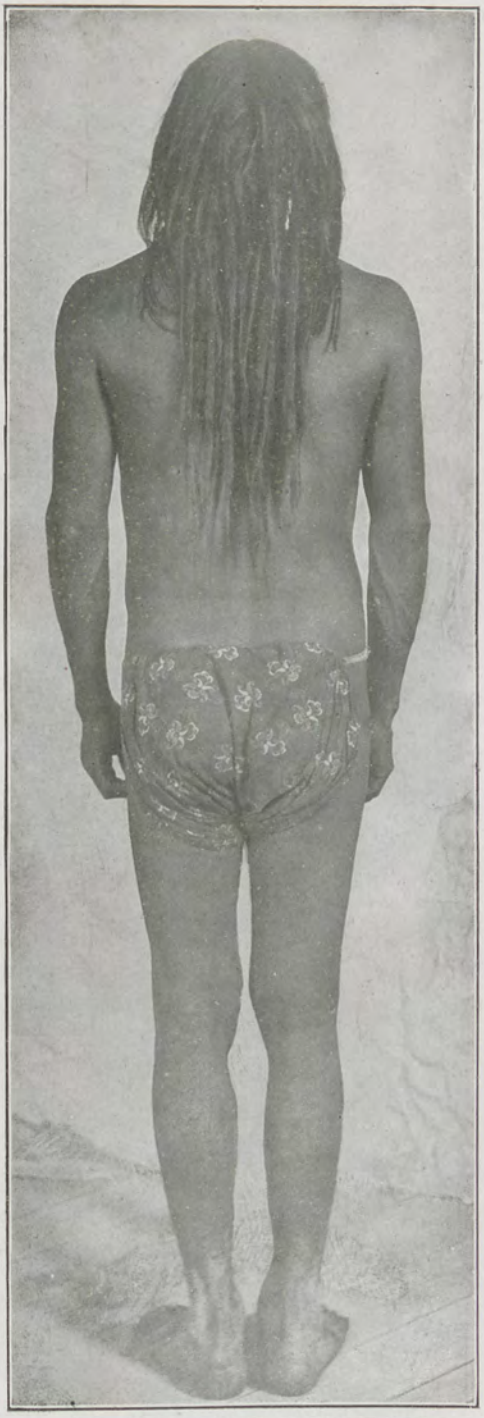
SMOOTHING SURFACE AFTER APPLYING COIL

DECORATING EXTERIOR

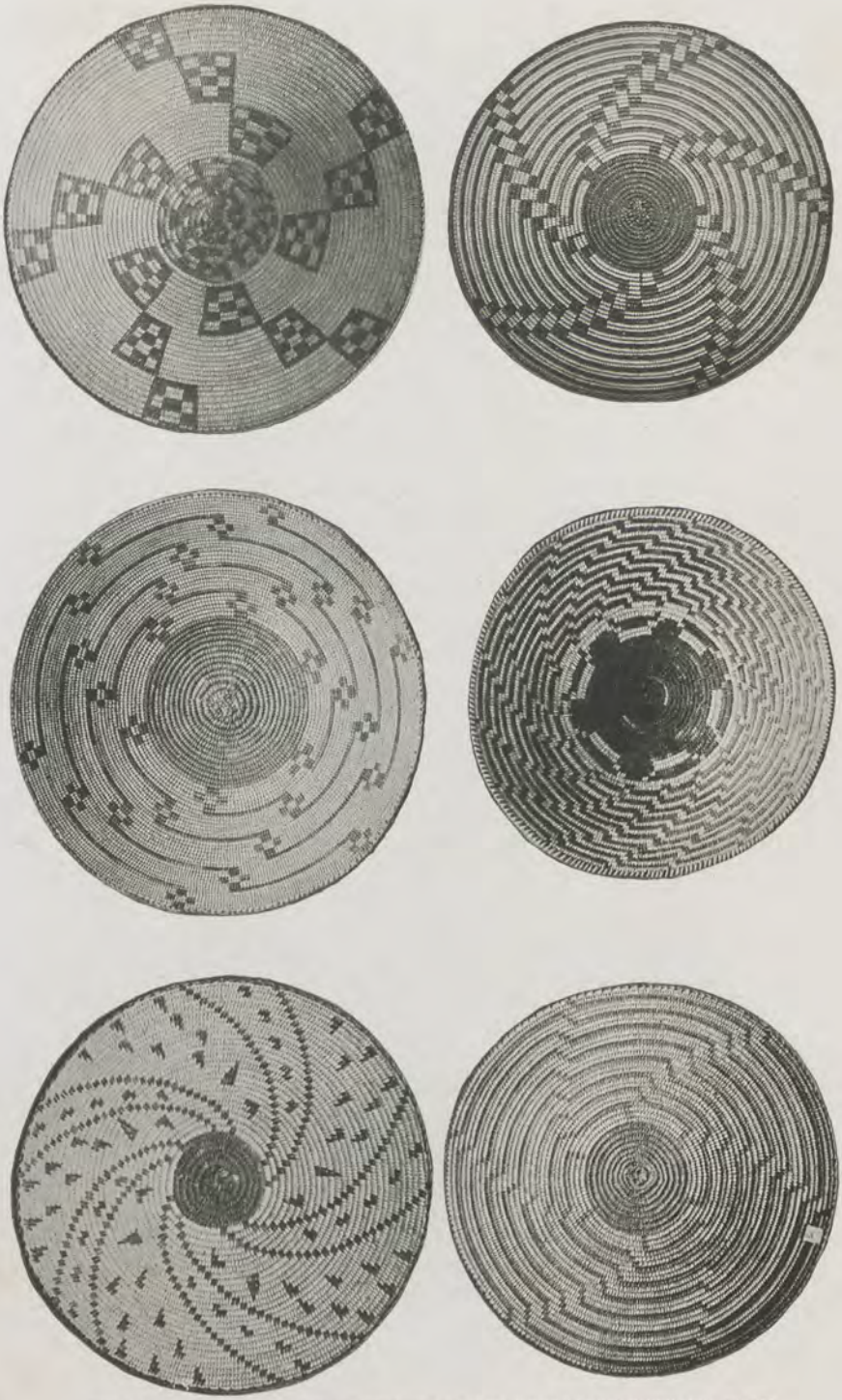
SCENES FROM THE PIMA INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA

LOADING THE KIAHA

RISING WITH THE LOAD



PIMA MAN, SHOWING COSTUME WORN
IN HOT WEATHER



PIMA INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA—BASKETS DECORATED WITH THE FRET

Editorial Comment

The New Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

THE post of Commissioner of Indian Affairs is generally considered both in Washington and throughout the Nation as one of great importance and requiring ability and qualifications of a high order. The appointment of Judge Cato Sells, of Texas, by the President on the recommendation of Secretary of the Interior Lane, has met with approval and hearty commendation.

The high qualities of efficiency, sympathy, courage and integrity which Secretary Lane sought to combine in his quest for a man to fill this place gives assurance that in this appointment the Indian Service is entering on an era of renewed vigor in behalf of the Nation's wards and of confidence in the aims of the Government. It should serve notice on those who would gain personal profit by criminal dealings with the Indian that they will be dealt with aggressively and punished.

Commissioner Sells was inducted into his office and sworn in on June 4th, in the Office of the Secretary of the Interior, before a distinguished audience of officials, Members of Congress, prominent citizens, and Indians. THE RED MAN, in common with the nearly six thousand employees of the Indian Service and friends of the Indian everywhere, wish for the newly appointed Commissioner Godspeed in his important duties of bringing the American Indian into self-supporting, self-respecting, Christian citizenship.

Degree of Doctors of Letters for Supt. Friedman.

AT the annual commencement exercises of the University of Pittsburgh, which was held in the great hall of Pittsburgh known as Soldiers' Memorial, June 18th, the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters (Litt. D.), was conferred on Superintendent Moses Friedman, of the Carlisle Indian School. The presentation was made by Dr. W. J. Holland, former Chancellor of the University, now Director of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, and Chancellor Samuel B. McCormick conferred the degree.

Comment of Our Contemporaries

A PRACTICAL COMMENCEMENT

THE recent Commencement exercises of the Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, clearly demonstrated that, whatever may have been the past mistakes of our Government in its dealings with the Indian, it now realizes the importance of making good citizens of the original Americans and has discovered the way to do it, and that Superintendent Friedman and his large staff have arrived, through long experience and profound study, at the right method of training Indian boys and girls, and through them their parents, to loyal and useful citizenship. Commencement Day was a visible demonstration of methods which, vaguely existing in the dreams of Captain Pratt when thirty-four years ago he brought a group of young Indians to Carlisle for education, have been in process of development ever since. The *Outlook* has heretofore described the substitution of Commencement demonstration at Hampton Institute for Commencement speeches. This practice was followed at Carlisle. On the Commencement stage, before an audience of over nine hundred fellow-students and perhaps a thousand friends and well-wishers, selected members of the graduating class, instead of the time-honored Commencement oration, simply told what they knew of the Carlisle methods of training in industry, a little group of classmates meanwhile demonstrating these teachings to the admiring audience. Thus, while one student was explaining the principles of sanitation and the need of sanitary homes among Indians no longer nomads, three others were occupied upon the stage in putting up a steam radiator, fitting in a bath tub, and setting a wash basin. A group of girl graduates, charmingly dressed in white gowns of their own constructing, made hats, drafted dress patterns, and one actually cut out, basted, and fitted a white waist while the speaker was describing the Carlisle method of instruction in sewing. The farmer and the carpenter followed, the latter exhibiting on the stage a six-foot-high model of a seven-roomed house, with veranda, staircase, closets, and bath, of which he was both architect and builder, and which he intends soon to copy for his own use on his reservation in the West. While the young builder was describing the course in carpentry given in the school, three of his mates were hanging a door, fitting a window, and completing the veranda railing of the attractive model. The most striking testimonial to the school's value came from a Blackfeet chief ninety-three years old. This tribe, notoriously among the most backward and most opposed to education of all our Indians, had been represented during the week by half a dozen chiefs in all the savage bravery of paint, blankets, beads, and feathers, and had more than once expressed their contempt for civilized ways. At the close of this visible demonstration, however, the aged chief through his interpreter informed the audience that since this was the meaning of education, he was going home

to tell his people to ask for schools and have all their children educated. Statistics show that, far from reverting to tribal ways, of more than 4,000 students who have left the Carlisle School without graduating, 94 per cent are self-supporting, most of them with good homes and money in the bank, while of the 639 graduates only five are not actively useful in some way. More than a fair proportion have taken a university education and are in professional life; hundreds are in positions of trust and honor. Of the whole number about 1,800 are in the Indian Service; many are in local, State, or National office. "Four things we inherit from our ancestors," said one speaker—"truthfulness, honesty, sympathy, and the religious instinct." The entire tendency of the Carlisle School is not to eradicate the Indian in the student, but rather to develop him. It is in this direction that reasonable hope exists for the future.—*The Outlook, New York.*

PRESIDENT USES PHONOGRAPH IN TALK TO INDIANS

THE phonograph was used by President Wilson to give a message to all American Indians from the "Great White Father." The record will be sent and reproduced to the pupils of all Government Indian schools.

An improvement to Thomas Jefferson's message to the Indians was made by President Wilson. Jefferson greeted the Indians as "my children." President Wilson hailed the redskins as "my brothers."

"An hundred years ago," the executive said, "President Jefferson, one of the greatest of my predecessors, said to the chief of the Upper Cherokees: 'My children, I shall rejoice to see the day when the red men become truly one people with us.'

"This I say to you again to-day; but an hundred years have gone by, and we are nearer these great things. Education, agriculture and the trades are the red man's road to the white man's civilization to-day, as they were in the day of Jefferson, and happily you have gone a long way on that road."

President Wilson remarked on the dark pages of history in the white man's dealings with Indians, which, he said, were "stained with the greed and avarice of those who have thought only of their own profit."

"But it is also true," continued the President, "that the purposes and motives of this great Government as a whole toward the red men have been wise, just and beneficent. The remarkable progress of our Indian brothers toward civilization is proof of it and open to all to see.

"The great white father now calls you his 'brothers' not his 'children.' Because you have shown in your education and in your settled ways of life staunch, manly, worthy qualities of character, the nation is about to give you distinguished recognition through the erection of a monument in honor of the Indian people in the harbor of New York.

"It gives me pleasure as President of the United States to send this greeting to you and to commend to you the

lesson in industry, patriotism and devotion to our common country which participation in this ceremony brings to you."—*Exchange.*

$550,000 FOR INDIAN CATTLE.

FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Interior has signed an authorization for the expenditure of $400,000 for cattle to stock the farms of the Crow Indians, of Montana, and $150,000 for cattle to stock the farms of the Blackfeet Indians, of the same State. The scheme of the new Secretary is to make the Indians self-supporting so far as is practicable.

Expenditures amounting in all to $2,000,000 have been authorized by Mr. Lane. This money is to go for the purchase of seeds, farm equipment, and cattle for the Indians.

Book Review

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS.

FAMOUS Indian Chiefs comprises short biographical sketches of the most noted chiefs from Powhatan down to Quanah Parker of the present generation.

In these "twice-told tales" from the viewpoint of an earnest student and close observer of Indian life and character, one finds pleasant entertainment and much that is instructive concerning the red men of whose valorous deeds the world has but a meager store. The romantic story of Cofachiqui, owner of fabulous pearls, whom DeSoto discovered and cruelly betrayed, is a character hitherto but slightly mentioned by Indian biographers. The characters and incidentsportrayed in a graphic style assume life-like proportions which arouse renewed interest in the oratory of Red Jacket, the statesmanship of Pontiac, and the generalship of Tecumseh and Chief Joseph.

The stories and anecdotes, of which there are a number presented in a new garb, harmonious and attractive, reveal to the uninitiated the vein of humor and irony inherent in every real Indian.

A wealth of detail not usually found in biography gives the book a peculiar value, which is well worth the time it takes to read it. *E. H. F.*

Graduates and Returned Students

THE United States Congress is made up of hard-headed and far-sighted business men. Generalizations relative to Indian education are not accepted as facts, and the Congress insists on individual records to prove the value of Indian Schools. The Carlisle School has long felt the justice of this demand and has met it. The Superintendent considers this matter one of the most important duties with which he is charged, and each year writes thousands of letters of good cheer and encouragement to the former students. Large numbers are found employment, and larger numbers are returning to visit their Alma Mater each year. What splendid achievements in civilization, and remarkable progress toward the best in citizenship, is breathed in the spirit and story of these letters!

A CARD received from Agnes Waite, who is at her home in Banning, Cal., states that she is teaching a class of twenty pupils.

IN THE Afton *American*, published at Afton, Okla., we find the following about a former Carlisle student:

"Miss Cora Melton, one of the most popular teachers in Ottawa County, visited with her cousins, Misses Elizabeth and Florence Melton, of this city, Saturday. Miss Melton is teacher at Oseuma this winter and has one of the best schools of the county."

THOMAS MITCHELL, a Navajo who left Carlisle over a year ago, writes from Tuba, Arizona:

"I am very thankful for the time I spent at Carlisle, and wish I could go back there and spend two or three more years. I now fully realize what Carlisle has done for me for the little time I was there. Ever since my return I have thought a great deal of the school, and praised its great work toward the bringing up of the Indian boys and girls, because most anywhere you go, you will find Carlisle returned students doing well. I will do the best I can from now on with what I know."

Thomas has done good work helping the missionaries translate the Bible into the Navajo language.

AFTER twelve years among his people, the Sioux, Henry Horse Looking, a Carlisle ex-student, writes from St. Francis, S. Dak., that he is now at work in a store at that place. He had previously followed his trade of harness maker for eight years and has also farmed his ranch for two years. Henry tells of the dignity of honest toil and his determination to uphold the standards of the old school.

A MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

Not being able to attend our Commencement, Mrs. Suzana Choteau Roscamp, Carlisle '92, sends regrets and the following comments: "I should love to be present to be happy with you all, and I know you must be that, with the knowlege of work

well done. I am with you in spirit in all that pertains to the best that life has to offer. How proud we should be that the most of our race are moving toward more useful and happier lives. The success of one Indian means that much advancement for our whole race. Ours is a common cause—a mutual benefit society."

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS OWL (nee Rosetta Pierce), both ex-students of Carlisle, are getting along nicely in their home in Birdtown, N. C. Thomas, who is a Cherokee Indian, writes: "I am very busy now on my farm, but hope to make Carlisle a visit in the near future. We often think of old Carlisle, and wonder what is going on at the old home place, which we will never forget."

MAGGIE BOYER, one of our ex-students, is now working at Pine Ridge Agency, S. Dak.

IN A letter to Mr. Friedman, Superintendent Scott, of the Crow Agency, has the following to say with reference to Richard Wallace, a Crow Indian who attended this school many years ago and is now out making a good living, and is an example to his people:

"Richard Wallace is a Carlisle man and is one of the best and most progressive Indians on the reservation. He is engaged in stock business and farming and is rapidly growing wealthy. If all our Indians were like Dick Wallace, there would be no Indian problem to solve."

ON TUESDAY, December the 10th, Walter Regan succumbed to pneumonia at the home of his sister, Mrs. Wilson. Walter was a Hoopa Indian about 30 years of age, a graduate of Carlisle Indian School, and known throughout the Indian Service. After graduating from Carlisle, he attended Dickinson Law School for a short time, afterwards accepting a position as issue clerk at Chilocco Industrial School. He was a pupil at Chemawa when Mr. Rakestraw was in charge of the school. The funeral was directed by Mr. Sherman Norton and the services conducted by Mr. C. D. Rakestraw, during the course of which he said: "Little did I think when Walter was a small boy at Chemawa and always accompanied me on hunting and fishing expeditions that he would be cut off in the prime of life and that I would have the sad duty of assisting in his burial rites."

Funeral services were held in the school chapel, which o'ershadows the school ball field, where Walter oft in the past two years of his sojourn at Hoopa has assisted in the training of the school football and baseball teams. Four fellow athletes, Amos Holmes, Anderson Mesket, Eddie Hayden, and Nelson Billy, tenderly bore his remains to the grave.

LEWIS RAY, one of our ex-students, writes from Winslow, Ariz., that there are a number of Carlisle ex-students around there, all of whom seem to be doing well. Some of them have organized a basketball team which will play with various teams around that vicinity, and at the end of the season the winning team will receive a prize cup valued at fifty dollars.

IN A letter from James A. Perrine, one of our ex-students, the following sentiment is expressed: "Carlisle is recognized throughout our broad land as doing a great and splendid work for the whole Indian race."

JEROME KEOGIMA writes from Cross Village, Mich.: "I am pleased and glad to acknowledge that the training I received while at Carlisle has been of the greatest benefit to me."

LOYAL TO CARLISLE IDEALS.

Timothy Henry, Class '96, located at Tuscarora, N. Y., writes an appreciation of Carlisle as follows:

"I am loyal to my old school, to what it has taught me, and to its ideals. Independ-

ently and quietly I am living out the life that Carlisle taught me in the schoolrooms, the industrial departments, and in the debating rooms; and last, but not by any means least, the Christian teachings of the Y. M. C. A.

"I appreciate and thank Carlisle for all the good it has done for me individually, also for what it is doing for my fellow Indians. Carlisle is never a failure—far from it. The Government should sustain this school till all the Indian tribes of the United States are educated, so that they may become independent and self-respecting citizens."

MRS. WILLARD WHITE, who is living in Collins, N. Y., writes of a new house and of two dear little children, a boy and a girl. She says: "I am trying my very best to live the way Carlisle taught me."

PROUD OF CARLISLE.

Mrs. Sarah E. King, Class '91, whose home is in Oneida, Wis., writes to the school: "The little ARROW seems to bring Carlisle nearer to me. It has been sixteen years since I was graduated from Carlisle, and I am proud to be an alumnus of the dear old school. The graduates cannot realize how much Carlisle has done for them until they go out into the world to work for themselves; then they must acknowledge the great power for good of the fine old school."

IN THE *Daily Silver Belt* of November 29, published at Globe, Ariz., is the following notice of Guy Cooley's death:

"Guy Cooley, an Indian in the service of the Indian Department, age 24, an ex-student of Carlisle Indian School, died yesterday at Rice, Ariz., of tuberculosis. His remains have been brought to this city for burial.

"Cooley was one of the most highly educated Indians in the Service. He was connected with the department at Washington up to the time he was 21 years of age, when he contracted tuberculosis and was transferred from the Capital to Rice in 1909, where he has remained ever since.

"Cooley was born in Montana and was half Arapahoe and half Grossventre.

"Dr. J. S. Perkins, head of the schools at Rice, accompanied the remains to this city."

Guy was graduated from Carlisle in 1909, and was one of the brightest students in the class, as well as one of the best beloved, owing to his sunny disposition and clean habits; also for his gentlemanly manners, of which the whole school were justly proud. A circle of friends, here and elsewhere, are mourning over his untimely death.

"Whom the gods love die young."

OWES EVERYTHING TO CARLISLE.

"Every Indian at the experience meeting owes what he is to-day to the Carlisle School," said Samuel Saunooke, who is employed by the Altoona car shops and making, on an average, a hundred dollars a month, by piecework on dining cars and passenger coaches.

A POWERFUL INFLUENCE FOR GOOD.

Malcomb Clark's appreciation of Carlisle is expressed in the following lines:

"I want to say again that Carlisle is wielding great influence for the general betterment of the Indian race. This is seen and felt on every reservation and throughout the land wherever the Indian is found. Every Indian should feel grateful and proud of Carlisle."

ONE OF CARLISLE'S SUCCESSFUL LAWYERS.

MARCH 14, 1913.

The Honorable M. FRIEDMAN,

Supt. Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

MY DEAR SIR:—I thank you for the honor in especially inviting me to be present at the coming Commencement, and have delayed answering, hoping to be able to arrange matters here so as to be able to accept your kind invitation. I am sorry to say, however, from present outlook it will be impossible for me to be present unless at the last moment I might be able to get away. But just at

the present time, the circuit court for Brown County is in session, and I have several cases on the calendar which I must attend to. Whether I am there or not, be assured of my cordial sympathy with the magnificent work you are doing, and I trust that the continued usefulness and prosperity of the institution over which you preside may be vouchsafed to you and your co-workers even more in the future than it has been in the past through continued and increasing usefulness in helping Indians to be men and women.

With kind regards to you, I am,

Yours sincerely,

DENNISON WHEELOCK.

CARLISLE PREPARES FOR LIFE'S WORK.

Marion Powlas writes from Browning, Mont.: "Speaking of my own experience, I never realized while at Carlisle that I was being prepared for life's work, but that is just what Carlisle does, and if we follow her teaching we find the way smooth enough. Her students should remember that half of greatness is grit, and they should stick until they force their way to something worth while."

A HAPPY LIFE.

Blanche L. Seneca, nee Lay, writes: "It has been seven years since I left Carlisle and life for me has been so bright and happy that the time seems much shorter. We thank you for being ever mindful of us and our interests; it makes us more than ever loyal to Carlisle and still more desirous of living up to her ideals."

TEACHER AND LECTURER.

Mr. Bertram Bluesky, in a letter of recent date, gave an account of his work as a teacher at Fredonia, N. Y. He says:

"I am lecturing to the Indians of the different reservations on 'What Education Will Do for the Indian Race.' The time devoted to this is usually on Friday evening after school. In my audience I always see many white people. I charge a small admittance fee, which I use to further the interests of my school work.

"I regret that I cannot attend your Commencement, since I feel that by doing so I should glean much useful information which would strengthen my arguments for Indian education."

HAS LEARNED TO APPRECIATE WORK.

To the Alumni Association of the Carlisle Indian School:

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am with you in spirit and in heart during this Commencement time.

This is my busiest season, and I am sincerely thankful that I have a good job. Once upon a time I thought it an imposition to be kept busy, but time has changed all that; work becomes a pleasure once you get the "hang of it."

I thank the Alumni Association, and the faculty, and all the big wheels and the small wheels which it takes to keep the plant going, and especially Mr. Friedman, the dynamo, whose force generates the activities of our world's great school.

I thank you for your invitation.

Most sincerely your friend,

ALBERT H. NASH, *Class '97.*

LEADING A USEFUL CHRISTIAN LIFE.

MR. FRIEDMAN:—I am very glad that I learned farming while at Carlisle, and though I do not follow that occupation, the knowledge I gained of that important branch of work is of great help to me. For seven years I have been living and working at the Mission, doing the best I can to teach the Indians something about farming, and especially about Jesus. I like the work; I never tire of it.

Very truly yours,

ALFRED BROWN.

Fonda, Okla.

Elias J. Charles sends greetings and good wishes to Carlisle, and adds: "My hope is that the school may be allowed to continue indefinitely in its good work for the Indian."

THE YOUTH

WHO SURRENDERS HIM-

SELF TO A

GREAT IDEAL HIMSELF

BECOMES GREAT

EMERSON

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.