THE RED MAN

An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians

MAY-JUNE 1915

CONTENTS

Published Monthly by THE CARLISLE INDIAN PRESS

What Sort of a Friend Are you?

What sort of a friend are you?
Do you stick by your brother's side,
As you know you'd want him to do
If you were as sternly tried?
Is there ever a pleasure rare
That you willingly go without
To share another's care,
And smilingly help him out?

What sort of a friend are you?
Just one of the fair day kind,
A smile when the skies are blue,
Ahead when he falls behind?
Do you put yourself out at all,
Do you pass up a joy that's nigh
To answer a brother's call,
Or selfishly hurry by?

Do you stick when his days are glum,
As you did when his days were fair?
When he wishes that you would come
Do you eagerly hurry there?
Or do you think of yourself
Each minute the whole day through,
Of comfort, of fame and pelf?
What sort of a friend are you?

SELECTED

A magazine issued in the interest of the Native American

The Red Man

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Contents:

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OSCAR H. LIPPS, Superintendent.

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CARLISLE'S GRADUATING CLASS OF 1915

James Garvie, Frank Paul, Margaret Brown, Marie Mason, Marie Gilland, Edward Morrin, Kenneth King, Theresa Lay, Julia Frechette, Mary Kewaygeshik, Ovilla Azure, William Thayer, Minnie O'Neal, Mary Raiche, Nettie Kingsley, Josephine Holmes, Naomi Greensky, Cora Battice, Lillian Walker, Della John, Rose Snow, Minnie Charles, Ella Israel, Hiram Chase, Charles Apekaum, Paul Baldeagle, Fred Morrisette, Henry Hayes, Michael Wilkie.

Press Comments

A BILL has been passed by the Senate in Kansas appropriating several hundred dollars for a monument to mark the grave of William Walker, a Wyandotte Indian, who was the first provisional governor of Kansas, and was buried in Kansas City, Kan. There was considerable argument over the bill, and the venerable Senator L. P. King, who served in the Indian wars, gave a short speech in favor of the bill in the purest Sioux, although it was quite unintelligible to most present.

William Walker was chief of the Wyandotte tribe, which brought the first church and the first school to Kansas when it emigrated from Ohio to the mouth of the Kaw River in the '30's. When a large number of Indian traders, missionaries, and Indians organized the provisional government of the then Nebraska Territory, they elected Walker the provisional governor. This territory included all of Kansas and Nebraska and parts of Oklahoma and Colorado. Walker served until the territorial government of Kansas was organized in 1854, when Samual Reeder was appointed. Reeder was forced by the slavery exponents later to flee the country.

Walker also figured in the "American Notes" of Charles Dickens. Dickens met Walker in St. Louis and considered him a most remarkable man.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT ended the little Indian war in Utah by sending an Indian messenger ahead to tell the braves he was coming to talk things over and then going himself with a small escort to prove that he trusted them. He brought back the three prisoners who had started the trouble and he did it as neatly and firmly as the Canadian northwest mounted police ever did. That is the way to deal with our Indians. Leave them

to the experienced officers of the regular army and they are always amenable to reason.

This little row led to a disgusting revival of the wrong way to deal with Indians which will be a standing disgrace in the history of the country to the end of time. A sheriff's posse in any of the inter-mountain States, such as was called out in Utah to deal with these Indians, is always composed of the riff-raff of the gambling houses and saloons where "bad men" loaf and talk about their own misdeeds. Many of them are real gunfighters and they like the excitement and pay that go with hunting their fellow men. It is a poor way to maintain law and order. It is not efficient when applied to Indians, because the redskins always kill more white men than they lose on their side. It has cost this country the lives of ten whites and hundreds of thousands of dollars to dispose of each Indian killed in our interminable disputes with them. General Scott could have saved the lives of six white men had he been called on at the start. Police and regular soldiers should enforce our laws in New Jersey fertilizer works and in the Rocky Mountains. The sheriff's posses and the private detective agencies as we have them are all wrong.—*New York Commercial.*

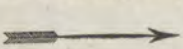
WHITE, black, brown, and yellow men have all been stirred with the desire to air their grievances during the past five or ten years, and this feeling of "unrest" has been registered upon social seismographs all around the round world. And now the red men of North America have joined the ranks of the insurgents, so that all the races of men, as differentiated by color, may be observed in an attitude of protest.

The old, old call of the stomach is not exploited as the root of this widespread dissatisfaction, but rather such assorted yearnings of the spirit as have heretofore been classified in the text-books as "social instincts." China became a republic a few years ago after existing for some thousands of years as the most old-fashioned sort of empire, and at the present moment she is inviting our American republic to pool our fortunes with hers, since the two republics both have a great territory and are supposed to be founded on faith in the same "ideals." "It does beat all," as they say in Boston, how swiftly the unerring instinct of Minus to divide equally with Plus

permeates the human consciousness when once the initial fallacy of calling back white is achieved by the "new thinker."

The special committee of the red race which now steps forward as the champion of Indians' rights consists of the Washakie Indians of Utah, a small band of heroes numerically, but panoplied magnificently in the most modern of ideas. Their cause of complaint is the alleged display of an Indian's head on the copper cent and the new nickel five cent piece. They say the head on the cent is not that of an Indian warrior but of a squaw, and since they have not yet reached the conclusion that a squaw is as good if not better than a brave, they want it changed. The only necessary answer to this complaint is the somewhat ungracious one (as addressed to high-minded men protesting against what they conceive to be a derogation of their own dignity) that they don't know what they are talking about, since what they take to be an Indian's head is in fact only one of the lofty conceptions of the head of Liberty, goddess and mother of us all.

But their grievance against the nickel five-cent piece is different and symptomatic of the whole epidemic of protest which has stirred all the variously colored races of men. They say the coin is not large enough to hold the Indian's head without crowding. They don't say the head should be made smaller. This would be a poorspirited way to state their case. They demand that the coin shall be enlarged sufficiently to give their noble heads room enough for expansion and development. Incidentally this plan would give a little more metal for five cents, and it can be assumed that any alloy of the coin decreasing the intrinsic value of the token would be instantly and automatically resented as the prima faciest sort of outrage.—*New York Evening Sun.*

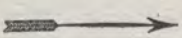


OCCASIONALLY expressions of surprise are heard because the North American Indians in these days of civilization and of the close settlement of the West break out and attempt to go on the warpath as was their custom in the old time. Few people, perhaps, realize what a complete change the white man has worked in the life of the Indian. It is as if a Caucasian had been deprived of his liberty of action and had been confined to a cell and there told to keep his temper and to be happy.

The civilizing efforts of the whites have been to make the Indian change utterly his whole mode of life. The North American Indian has been a rover and an open-air man since his race began its course. The prairies, the woods, the mountains and the rivers where his. His roaming ground virtually was boundless. Today he is confined to a ten-acre lot. A close-chinked cabin has been substituted for the wigwam. The Indian is supposed to take as readily and kindly to a hoe and a spade as he took a bow and a tomahawk. Is it any wonder that conditions occasionally get on his nerves and that he sees wrong, perhaps, where no wrong is intended?

Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, died about five years ago. He, better than any other Indian, expressed the feelings of his race toward the white men and voiced better than others the love of his kind for the life which had been theirs from the beginning. For years Red Cloud maintained peace with the whites, but when his tribe rose, probably for the last time, he used all his native gift of oratory to induce his brethren to hold out against the aggressor and to show themselves worthy of the best fighting Sioux traditions.

Helen Hunt Jackson wrote "A Century of Dishonor." When this book is read, the wonder is not that the Indians are restless and resentful at times but that they are not constantly at war with the white man to the utmost limit of their strength.—*Chicago Post*



PEOPLE of North Central Washington for the past two years have felt their impotency in their resolutions and petitions relating to the opening of the south half of the Colville Indian Reservation. Residents know there is no legitimate reason for the delay. They are tired of the promises of department officials.

Columns of space have been used in the newspapers on this subject, hundreds of resolutions on this matter have been directed by commercial organizations, and only recently the State legislature passed a joint memorial, petitioning the Indian Department to hurry along the opening.

Gradually it has dawned upon the people of this section that the delay is occasioned by Indian agents and department employes who want to continue their tenure in office. There is only one method of overcoming this and that is to bring Cato Sells, head of the Indian Department, to the coast, take him to the reservation,

hold a big meeting in some of the Okanogan towns, and show him what it means to the north-central Washington country to have this big body of land opened.

The proposal to set apart a portion of the land into a forest reserve is only a makeshift to occasion delay. There is no legitimate argument in asking for a forest reserve on the reservation, and Cato Sells, should he come, could be given sufficient information and be shown the urgency of this matter so that this reservation could be opened up during this summer.

Let us forget memorials and resolutions and direct our energies to getting the head of the Indian Department to this section as early as possible.—*Wenatchee (Wash.) World.*

SYLVESTER LONG-LANCE, the first full-blooded Cherokee Indian to receive an appointment to West Point, is a member of the class which will be graduated from the Manlius schools on Wednesday. Long-Lance has been a student at the schools for three years and has stood high in his work and been active in athletics.

He is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School, which he entered when he was twelve years old, and sometime ago made up his mind to become a soldier. President Wilson became interested in him, and several weeks ago Long-Lance received notification that he had been selected as one of the six presidential appointees to the United States Military Academy.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.*

SINCE the publication of a story in a Sunday newspaper that she was the heir to a tract of oil land in the Cushing pool valued at $1,000,000, Kate Fixico, an Indian girl of Okmulgee, has been deluged with proposals of marriage. An old negro who hauls trash away from her home has been required to make two trips a week to Miss Fixico's house to haul away her letters.—*Boston Traveler.*

THIS country seems at last to have a clearly defined policy with respect to the American Indian. It is to prepare him for citizenship and then make him a free man. The idea of maintaining him as a ward forever has been abandoned. He is to be protected

from those agencies that would rob and demoralize him, and trained meanwhile until he is esteemed capable of taking his place among his fellows of fairer skin, and then is to be launched as a man among them. We speak of the future, but action has been taken under this program; for the Cherokee nation ceased to exist as such last July, and the Cherokees are now Americans with full rights of citizenship.

From other than Government sources comes the assurance that this plan for the Indian is good. Some years ago Congress made an appropriation of $167 for each of the 120 Indians who were to attend Hampton Institute and take a training along side of youth selected from the negro race. The association with young negroes accustomed to labor was found good for the Indian boys, and in 1912 another step was taken: the annual Indian appropriation was withdrawn. There are still at Hampton forty-six Indians of seventeen tribes, the largest number since the appropriation was cut off, and they are working their way through college as are their negro classmates. This casting them upon their own resources is said to be proving highly beneficial in developing strength of character in them.—*Rochester Democrat.*

HON. CATO SELLS, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, feels much encouraged over the results of the movement for the industrial advancement of the red man, which he has sought especially to promote since he assumed his present office.

During the past twelve months the Commissioner has purchased for the Indians, either out of their own funds or from reimbursable funds, good breeds of cattle, horses, and sheep, largely heifers bulls, stallions, and rams, to the extent of nearly $1,500,000, and he will practically duplicate this purchase during the coming year. On the Crow Reservation, Montana, last June he placed 7,000 two-year-old heifers, 1,000 yearling steers, 1,000 two-year-old steers, and 350 bulls, all Hereford stock. With aggressive encouragement, these Indians last year cut and stacked 5,000 tons of hay for this herd. Last winter the loss was practically nothing, and they now have on the Crow Reservation one of the finest herds of white-faced cattle in America. Taking into consideration the cost when purchased, growth, and the increase, there is shown in less

than a year a profit to the Indians of about $100,000, without including the spring crop of calves yet to come.

This Crow herd is cited as an illustration of what is being done to develop stock ownership on numerous reservations throughout the Indian country and with equal success although not always on so large a scale.

One can better understand the magnitude of this side of Mr. Sell's work when he knows that the Indians own approximately 60,000,000 acres of land, and while a great deal of it is unfit for practical purposes, they have a large acreage of grazing land and a good deal of agricultural land, all of which they are being shown how to utilize to the best advantage possible. An earnest effort is being made to induce the Indian to become a "real thing" farmer and successful stock raiser, leasing the surplus land beyond his own requirements, with the result that Uncle Sam is constantly decreasing the leased portion and correspondingly increasing the land used by the Indians.

This means a radical change in the method of handling Indian affairs and will doubtless soon result in relieving the Government of a large part of the appropriations heretofore made.

It will greatly increase the efficiency of the Indian as a self-supporting citizen and rapidly revolutionize his relation to the Government.

Mr. Sells seems to have started something big in his plans for the Indian.—*Davenport (Iowa) Democrat.*

THE report of the day school inspector shows that the Indians residing in the Kamiah district number 244, composing 68 families. Of these, 64 families have permanent homes and 62 families have gardens; 40 Indians raise livestock and 34 are farmers; 27 families have root cellars for storing vegetables.—*Nez Perce Indian.*

WHILE the Piutes were on the warpath in the back ends of Colorado and Utah, reviving the old days of fear and death and savagery, the Northwestern Federation of American Indians met at Tacoma to urge the suppression of the liquor trade among their race and to devise ways of helping the old and the needy. That contrast tells the story of a half century of progress, and the work will not be undone.—*Collier's Weekly.*

Our Indian Wards:

By Will M. Maupin in Midwest Magazine.

HERE are two classes of citizens who have worked grave injustice to the American Indian. The larger of these classes is comprised of those who have looked upon the Indian as easy and legitimate prey for exploitation, as having no rights the white man was bound to respect. The other class is composed of those who have, in mistaken zeal and hysterical impulse, sought to place the Indian upon a pedestal. Between the two the Indian has suffered much and almost wholly without warrant. The larger class has been pried loose from its prey of centuries, and the smaller class is growing less pestiferous because sensible and right-minded men and women have taken the sensible course of treating the Indian—and the sensible course is founded upon justice.

It has been said, and presumably with good warrant, that the Indian never broke a treaty made with the white man, and that the white man never kept a treaty made with the Indian. Whether this is true or untrue, the fact still remains that the Indian, the first settler of the country and its original owner, has been the last to be welcomed as a citizen. America's doors have been thrown open to the peoples of all the earth, the land has been given to them by the millions of acres, and they have been made citizens even before they had become familiar with the design of the Nation's emblem. But the Indian, from whom all this land was taken by force, and who was here centuries before his whilom masters dreamed of a western continent, has until very recently been denied citizenship and the right to own land in his own name and right. While the

BOYS' DORMITORIES, GENOA INDIAN INSTITUTE.

ACADEMIC BUILDING, GENOA INDIAN INSTITUTE.

exploiters of the Indian were arousing the public conscience by their very acts of robbery and rapine, the sentimentalists were also arousing the public conscience by their intemperate demands for favors for the Indian. Between these two forces, working from opposite angles upon the public conscience, has come the present method of dealing with the Indian question, and while the Nation has by no means reached perfection or been able to establish exact justice, it is at least working along right lines towards a desirable end, and with gratifying results—gratifying alike to the nation at large and to the Indian in particular. We no longer condone the idea of thrusting the once free Indian into a small corner deemed worthless for the use of the white man, there leaving him to be the prey of so-called Indian agents and Government contractors. Nor is there any longer a demand that the Indian be petted and pampered. The program now is to fit the Indian for citizenship, give him an equal chance with the white man, and then let him work out his own destiny—just as the white race has been working out its destiny.

Because we have treated the Indian unjustly for centuries, it is now incumbent upon us to make restitution so far as it lies within our power to do so. We can not give back to the Indian the land we wrested from him by force and by fraud, nor would we if we could. He could not, nor would he if he could, use it to its best advantage; therefore he had to give way to those who would. And the time is not far distant when the white man who will not use for the benefit of mankind the land he controls will lose that control and be compelled to stand aside and see it taken over by those who will use it for the betterment of mankind.

It would be unwise as well as unjust to give the land to the Indian and then turn him loose without education or preparation to work out his own destiny. And it would be foolish in the extreme to believe that under these conditions he would be able to accomplish anything worth while, surrounded as he is. But put upon an equality with the white man through a system of education that will make him the equal of the white man as a producer, there is nothing to stand in the way of the Indian becoming a good and useful citizen. This can not be accomplished in a day, perhaps not in two generations. But already the Indian, on the very threshold of the new regime, has demonstrated that he is better material for good

citizenship than some we have welcomed with open arms to our hospitable shores, and vastly better than some we compelled to come here and then thrust citizenship upon as a political expedient. He has an advantage over one class of citizens in that his blood is no bar to social recognition; on the contrary, some of America's best citizens boast of their Indian blood. In intellectual capacity he ranks high; he is naturally proud and reserved, and not a mere imitator of those whom other races naturally look up to, and he has a race record running back through the centuries that reflects credit upon him. So much for the status of the Indian.

What about the Indian's future? When we have made amends for the injustice of the years, may we not expect that the Indian will take his place among the best there is in American citizenship? Perhaps the best answer to this query is to be found in the results already achieved in the comparatively few years we have been treating the Indian justly and humanely.

The Government maintains a number of Indian schools, commonly known as Indian industrial schools, wherein Indian boys and girls are not only given the training and education given the children of citizens in the public schools, but are also taught useful trades and vocations—farming, dairying, gardening, domestic science, mechanical trades, etc. The best known of these schools are Carlisle and Haskell, but it is only in publicity and size that these two institutions excel the Genoa Indian Industrial School, located at Genoa, Nebraska. And it is of the Genoa Institute that this article deals.

What is now Nance County was originally a reservation set apart for the Pawnee Indians. But as the tide of immigration flowed westward the white man began casting longing eyes upon the fertile cedar valley, and when the white man wanted what the Indian was entitled to, it was very easy to dispossess the Indian.

In a short time Congress decided to send the Pawnees to the Indian Territory and throw the Pawnee Reservation open to the white man. Of course the Indian was not consulted. The decision was made in 1873, and in 1874 the Pawnees were herded and sent on the long journey to Indian Territory, strange to them, a new climate and a new environment, and wholly without those things to which they had been accustomed for generations. A mission school had been maintained on the reservation, located at the

agency, which is now the beautiful little city of Genoa. The mission building was begun in 1864 and completed two years later, and was constructed of brick burned in the vicinity. It was the regulation mission school of that time—what the children were taught from books was offset—and worse—by the example the whites set in their treatment of the Indians. When the reservation was opened and the Indians had been sent away the mission school building was for a matter of ten years used by the whites for school purposes. Then the Government decided to sell the 160 acres it had retained. At this time Congressman Valentine conceived the idea of a Government-owned and controlled Indian school at Genoa, and succeeded in having Congress take the matter under consideration. It took several years to get the desired results, but finally the Government agreed to establish and maintain the school, stipulating, however, that an additional 160 acres be provided. The owners of the needed quarter section, who had paid $2.50 an acre for it, put the price up to a prohibited size, and the Government balked. Then Congressman Valentine visited Genoa and called a mass-meeting of citizens to consider the matter. These public spirited men and women quickly raised the money, bought the quarter section and deeded it back to the Government for school purposes. In 1883 a contract was let to repair the old building and add two wings, and the work was completed in the spring of the following year. In the fall of 1884 the Genoa Indian Industrial School was opened, and about eighty Winnebago, Sioux, and Omaha Indian children enrolled. Colonel Tappan was the first superintendent.

But this was only the beginning. Prejudice, ignorance, and a systematic course of dishonest intercourse with the Indians had to be overcome. Then, too, the Indian had to be convinced that the new school was not another scheme upon the part of the white man to further despoil him. If took years to break down this suspicion—but it has at last been accomplished. There have been seven superintendents at the Genoa Institute during its thirty years.

So much for the history of the foundation of the school. Let us now deal with what the school is doing for the children committed to its care. The present superintendent, Sam B. Davis, has spent twenty years in the Indian Service, the last eight as superintendent at Genoa. It is admitted by those who have been familiar

with the school since its foundation that Superintendent Davis has done more than all his predecessors to enlarge the school, both in ability to accommodate pupils and in the general scope of its beneficial work. This is not said in a spirit of derogation of his predecessors—Superintendent Davis has had the advantage of an enlightened public sentiment, backed by his own intimate experience in the Service. Today the Genoa Indian Institute has a plant valued at one-half million dollars, consisting of 360 acres of fertile land, forty-one buildings, an electric light plant, a complete water works system, and a thorough school equipment. Practically everything used by the pupils is manufactured or produced in the school—clothing, harness, bookcases, printing, carpenter work, meats, etc. And in the production of these things the boys and girls are taught useful industries. In other words, it is a vocational school in the best sense of that term, the pupils being given a common school education equal to that of the ninth grade in the public schools, including music and drawing, and also taught to be self-supporting—farmers, dairymen, horticulturists, carpenters, blacksmiths, harness-makers, tailors, stockmen. And the girls are trained as nurses, housewives—trained to be good wives and mothers, than which there is no higher goal to which women may strive.

Superintendent Davis has some peculiar ideas about what advertises a school such as he manages. He is not adverse to athletics. On the contrary, he encounages them, and the school has more than held its own in baseball, football and basketball. The boys and girls are not lacking in opportunities to become proficient in athletic sports, and the school playgrounds are equipped in a manner calculated to arouse the envy of public school children. But Superintendent Davis prefers to have the Genoa Indian Institute known as a school that excels in other lines than athletics, and because of this he points with pardonable pride to the fact that the Genoa Institute's herd of Holstein-Fresian cattle and Duroc-Jersey hogs can not be excelled by those of any other public institution, white, red, or black. By some peculiar logic not understandable by common folk, the Nebraska State Fair Association has ruled out exhibits from institutions supported wholly or in part by public money. This is a comparatively recent ruling, and prior to its promulgation the Genoa Institute had a confirmed habit of walking off with the chief prizes in the classes wherein it exhibited.

And while the school is barred from exhibiting its cattle and hogs at the Nebraska State Fair, it is welcomed by the State fairs in Kansas, Iowa, South Dakota, and Minnesota.

If there are those who imagine for a moment that these Indian boys and girls do not take kindly to agriculture, dairying, stock-raising, domestic science and kindred branches, they should visit the Genoa Institute and see what is being done. Superintendent Davis has just moved into a new residence built especially for the use of the superintendent. It was designed by an Indian, and much of the work was done by young Indians leaaning to be carpenters. The visitor will see a magnificent orchard, cared for by young Indians who are setting a pace that the sons of white men will find trouble in equaling. He will see, in proper season, a magnificent farm cultivated by Indian boys who take great pride in their work. He will see a dairy herd that will rank with the best anywhere, and become acquainted with a dairy system that would serve as a model in any public institution. He will see Indian boys designing and making useful articles from wood and iron; see Indian boys making harness and clothing, and see Indian girls who are capable of more than holding their own with their white sisters in the art of cooking and housewifery, to say nothing of sewing, mending, nursing, and playing the piano.

There are 400 pupils in the Genoa Institute at the present time, and this is the school's present capacity. They come from widely separated regions, but the majority are from Nebraska, and include members of the Santee, Winnebago, Pawnee and Omaha tribes. The age of admission is six and the age limit is twenty. And if you imagine that the little Indian boy or girl is not just as bright and intelligent and receptive as the little white boy or girl you are mistaken. The writer, on his recent visit to the Genoa Institute, heard one little Indian girl, not yet seven years old, stand up and read from printed sentences upon the blackboard. She was admitted to the school last October, and when admitted could not even speak English. And when she stood up to read her eyes snapped and she seemed as alert and as eager as the best of her white cousins. The visitor who knows only the "reservation Indian" or the Indian existing only in the imagination of writers who never saw an Indian outside of a "wild west" show, is inclined to believe that easily 90 per cent of the pupils at the Genoa Institute are mixed

bloods. But this is not the case. Quite the contrary. The reason for the natural mistake is that the Indian boys and girls, neatly dressed, with hair combed and brushed, and hands and faces shining from regular ablutions, look vastly different from the "reservation Indians" of long ago. The same difference may be seen among white children. As a mere matter of fact the only difference between the Indian and the white child is the one difference in color. The Indian boy takes as naturally to running and whooping and handsprings and marbles and swimming as his white cousin; and the Indian girl is just like her white cousin in the yearning for dolls and long dresses and bows in her hair and high heels on her shoes. The Indian boys take to baseball quite as naturally as the white boys, and the Indian girls take as kindly as the white girls to sitting in the grandstand and cheering their side on to victory.

The school day is divided into two periods—work in the school room and work in the industrial departments. Those who do school room work in the forenoons do industrial work in the afternoon, and vice versa. Discipline is based on strict military lines. The boys old enough to do so make their own beds and take care of their own rooms, the girls doing the same. Ordinarily the pupils are costumed just like the pupils in the public schools, but upon "state occasions" they are uniformed neatly. The dormitory system is used, the smaller pupils occupying large rooms and the older pupils being quartered three to a room, each pupil occupying a separate bed. The corps of instructors and all matrons, assistants, and employees are under the civil service. The health of the pupils is conserved, and an accurate record is kept of each one's physical condition as long as the school life lasts. If a pupil does not show the natural increase in weight, height, etc., the proper remedy is at once applied. The policy is to secure pupils who will remain during the entire course of instruction, all the eligible children in a family when possible.

During the vacation periods the young Indian boys readily find employment with farmers in the surrounding country, and they receive top wages. Many of them secure employment as carpenters, and they receive the same pay as their white fellows. The truth is that the young Indian mechanics are often given the preference because they are not given to "soldiering" when the boss is out of sight. The output of the harness shop is not sold in competition with the product of local shops, but in some instances is sold to

local dealers, and is always in demand because it is always of excellent make and material. While the writer was on his recent visit to the school he saw the boys just finishing the work of storing away 275 tons of ice for the use of the institute.

The auditorium of the school seats 500, and has a main floor and balcony, together with a well equipped stage, upon which is a fine piano. There are several pianos at the institute, and the pupils are taught music. The institute band and orchestra are the pride of pupils and management.

The Indian Newsis published monthly, and all the mechanical work thereon is done by pupils. The printing department is not nearly so well equipped as it should be, but the work turned out by the apprentice printers is really remarkable when one takes the conditions into consideration. The yearly catalogue, all programs and announcements, and practically all of the school stationery is turned out of the school plant. Uncle Sam would be doing just the right thing by investing about a thousand dollars in new material for the print shop. The writer saw three Indian boys at work in the print shop—a Santee, a Winnebago, and an Omaha.

"Twenty or thirty years ago a mixture like that would have resulted in a fight," was Superintendent Davis's smiling comment when he made known the tribal relations of the three stalwart young fellows.

Indian boys cutting out and making clothing, Indian boys shoeing horses and repairing wagons and machinery; Indian boys building bookcases and wagon boxes and repairing buildings; Indian girls cooking and baking and sewing and playing the piano—these are sights just as familiar at the Genoa Indian Industrial Institute as they are at similiar schools maintained for white children. About the only difference discernible is the superior discipline at Genoa.

Do children take kindly to the instruction and the discipline? The writer did not ask the question of Superintendent Davis. There was no need. The answer came from all sides as the boys and girls met him with a smile and a cheery "good morning," and the larger boys touched the brim of hat or cap; came in the happy shouts of boys and girls as they slid over the ice upon the playgrounds, played "shinny" or ran races during the recreation periods; came in the smiling faces of the larger boys as they worked around the barns and feed lots; came from the smiling faces of the girls as

they prepared the noonday meal, arranged the tables in the big, airy, well-lighted dining hall, and got ready to serve the smoking viands. Those who were working had the appearance of being in love with their work, and those who were playing played like children who were encouraged to have a good time. Swings, and slides and teeter-boards and giant strides—all the apparatus of the up-to-date playgrounds—are provided in abundance. But from their very entrance the pupils are taught that life is not all play; that it is a responsibility that must be faced.

"We are training these children to become useful, responsible citizens," said Superintendent Davis. "It is not a philanthropic work, either, but a duty we owe to them and to ourselves. It is to our interest as much as to theirs to properly educate and train them; to teach them self-reliance and instill a proper sense of responsibility."

If those in authority in high place were thoroughly familiar with the work being accomplished at Genoa Institute and similar institutes throughout the country there would be greater liberality manifested in the matter of maintenance. The present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Hon. Cato Sells, formerly of Iowa, is manifesting more than usual interest in his work, probably because of his first-hand knowledge of Indian affairs; second, by his broad-mindedness and progressive spirit. Not all of our commissioners, usually appointed for political purposes, have proved as fortunate selections as Commissioner Sells. The more thoroughly the people understand the scope and success of the work carried on the greater will be the facilities offered for its advancement.

If you are interested in really productive work, in instruction along the lines of useful endeavor, you will enjoy a visit to the school so ably presided over by Superintendent Davis. Do you love live stock? Then you will enjoy looking at the Holstein-Fresian cattle at the Genoa Institute, champions and prize-winners in many a prize ring; at the red hogs whose pedigrees are as straight as a string, and so roly-poly that one is almost compelled to poke one and listen for the squeal or grunt in order to locate the head; at the proud and prancing Percheron horses and brood mares that would carry off ribbons in any competition. Are you interested in agriculture? If so, you will be delighted with a visit to the Genoa Institute, where you may see fields tilled to the limit and producing crops above the

average of surrounding acres; with the well-kept and productive orchard, and with the garden that supplies the school with vegetables the year around.

And do you love "just folks"? If you do, then a visit to the Genoa Institute will be a rare treat, for there you will meet a big, wholesome, whole-souled superintendent who knows his duties and loves to perform them; alert, interested instructors who are proud of their positions and tireless in their efforts to rightfully perform their tasks; and last, but by no means least, four hundred Indian boys and girls, eager, intelligent, industrious, who are being molded into a citizenship of the future of which the Republic will be vastly proud.

Pictures speak a universal language, and what the writer has tried his best to set out in printed words and fallen far short of doing properly, the accompanying pictures will accomplish. It would not hurt the children of white men and women attending our public schools to have the industrial training along with the "book learning" that these Indians boys and girls are getting.

Some of these days—perhaps—we will give our boys and girls in the public schools something that will better fit them for citizenship than mere "mental stuffing," something that will instill an ambition to do things worth while, to create useful things—to be producers, not drones; "isers," not "never-wasers."

Metalluk: The Last of the Ananagunticooks:

By Charles E. Waterman.

THERE is a fascination about the first and last of things —the alpha and omega. There is a romance about things obscure and uncertain. Metalluk is the last of the Ananagunticooks and his life is obscure and uncertain. It touched the white man's at certain points and impressed him, so his descendants are trying to pierce the mist of years and find out what manner of man he was.

The Ananagunticooks once roamed the valley of the Androscoggin. They were there when Weymouth coasted what was to be the Province of Maine, and saw far off mystical white hill-tops piercing the sky. They fought for King Philip, and after his death harassed the settlements for many a year. It was a losing fight, however, for the whites increased while the reds decreased. After Lovewell's battle, the Sokokis followed the Saco north, ever north, to its headwaters in the White Hills, filed through a notch between summits into the land of the coureurs de bois about the banks of the St. Francis. Depressed by loss of red neighbors and oppressed by gain of white ones, the Ananagunticooks followed the Androscoggin north, ever north, over the Height of Land to the St. Francis.

The coureurs de bois admired the daughters of the Sokokis and Ananagunticooks, so they said, "Stay!" Form a new tribe from the remnants of the old ones, forget heathen rites, embrace those of the Master of Men, and become followers of St. Francis.

A new tribe was formed—a union of Sokokis and Ananagunticooks; but the first never forgot the Saco, nor the second the Androscoggin. Every now and then a homesick sanup and squaw would steal away to the White Hills and look down the lost valleys.

Metalluk was a child of the new tribe, but his parents were of the lost Ananagunticooks. Around the cabin fire he heard of the enchanted region across the Height of Land—a region of lakes and rivers—the land of his fathers, but lost to him.

All romance is founded on the relation of a man to a woman. The romance of Metalluk is no exception. He wooed and won a maiden of his own tribe; but she had another lover—a decadent descendant of the sons of France. Although Metalluk was successful in his suit, the Frenchman was loath to acknowledge it, so a combat ensued in which the Frenchman was slain. The outcome was satisfactory to Indians, but Canadian law took another view of the matter.

Thus Metalluk and Oosilla were outcasts and murderers. Where should they go? There was but one land they knew—the land of their origin. Why not go there? Where else could they go? So hand in hand they crossed the Height of Land into the forest beyond, until they came to great lakes, the headwaters of the Androscoggin.

They settled on what they called Mooselucmaguntic. The forests round about were dark and tomb-like—"our tombs," moaned Metalluk; but the waters of the lake laughed and forced even the last of the Ananagunticooks to smile in reciprocation. Taking the hand of his dusky bride, he said:

"Here it is good to live! Here mere existence is a pleasure! Here we will be happy though the last of our kind!"

They were happy for a time, for forest and lake have ever been kind to red men. Metalluk shot the young fawn that Oosilla might have tender meat; also the mother doe that she might not mourn the loss of her offspring. Here he trapped the otter that Oosilla might be warmly and softly clad. Here he captured the eagle that her mantle might be adorned with feathers.

Summers smiled and winters frowned; but at last there came a season worse than they had known. The snow came down in mountains and the cold was intense. Man and beast was locked in the embrace of winter. They shivered and cowered, unable to move.

Hunger and cold were personal foes of Metalluk that winter, and they won a victory over Oosilla.

It was in the midst of a snow storm that she died. The air was filled with white flakes. They eddied and whirled and waltzed in fierce winds, filling the crevices in the rugged bark of old trees, so the chickadee and nuthatch looked in vain for food. They found all the crannies in Metalluk's lodge, and lay in white ridges across

Oosilla's bed. Every separate flake glistened like points of ice in the faint glow of the red man's fire, and chilled—chilled unto death.

Seven days sat Metalluk by the side of his dead wife, waiting for the storm to clear. When it did clear, fully even with his chin lay the snow. There could be no sepulcher then. He must wait for spring.

Tenderly he lifted the body of Oosilla to the roof of his lodge and suspended her body by birch withes. The smoke from the fire took the place of embalmer, and made her appear as though encircled in a transfiguring cloud, made dimmer by Metalluk's tears. Sometimes when lighted up by flicking flame she took on the semblance of life to mock him.

Three months was the vigil before he could bury his dead beneath grass and violets—and such a vigil, haunted ever by that word, alone—haunted ever by the thought that henceforth he was the last of the Ananagunticooks in the land of his fathers.

But Metalluk lived many years, hunting and trapping among the lakes and the streams which ran into them. Many times he fell in with white men and entertained them at his lodge. He was so tall and dignified, so brave and hospitable they could not help liking him, and were sorry to see his long black hair turn white and his body bend with succeeding years. In his youth, by some misfortune, he had lost the sight of one eye; and one day a hunter walking through the forest came upon the old man carefully feeling his way. His hearing was yet acute and detecting footsteps, he straightened up and said:

"Me can't see! Me can't see!"

A sapling, which he had bent in setting a snare, had sprung up hitting him in his good eye, blinding it forever. The hunter led Metalluk out to civilization and over The Height of Land to the waters of the St. Francis, where lie buried the hopes of all the Indians of eastern Maine. Here, too, he lies; and over his grave a kindly priest has raised a stone with the simple inscription:

"Hic jacet
Metalluk."

Perhaps his soul roams a happy hunting ground in some region of spirits; but, be that as it may, the headwaters of the Androscoggin is his parthenon, for every lake and stream in that vast reservoir is known by a name of his coining.

The Indian Day School as a Community Center:

*By Key Wolf, A. B.**

S IT possible for the Indian day school to become a community center? Some say that it is possible, and others that it is not. I can see no reason why the day school should not become the center of the activities of an Indian community to the same extent or even greater extent than the rural public schools are the centers of activities of their districts, if the persons in charge of such schools put forth the proper effort and show the right kind of enthusiasm. In making the school a community center, the teacher should have in mind the economic, educational, and social development of his people. There is no surer way of accomplishing this development than through community meetings held at the school. At these meetings the teacher acts in the capacity of advisor and instructor to the Indians, while they are urged to take up and discuss their economic problems in their own way For the problem of Indian development is the Indian's alone, and he can do more to solve it than any one else if he is only aroused to see the necessity of it. One must not expect to accomplish much in a year or even two years, for the Indians are naturally distrustful of the teacher. They must first learn to respect him and feel that he is really working for their interests, before they will accord his plan the trust and enthusiasm necessary to its success. No set rule can be formulated as to how to gain the Indian's interest and confidence, as that depends more upon the teacher's personality and the receptivity of the community.

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*Teacher Day School No. 8, Pine Ridge Reservation, S. Dak.

Before adopting any plans for making my school a community center, I spent the first year in studying conditions among the Indians of my community and also the Indians themselves. As a result, I found that, on the whole, they were very interested in how they might better their economic conditions. Therefore, to take advantage of this interest, I planned a series of community meetings at which questions of economic interest to them would be discussed. At the first meeting, although all the patrons of the school came out, a majority came in a pessimistic and doubting attitude. I explained fully my objects and plans, giving the subject for each meeting to be held during the year, and for the purpose of finding out if the Indians really desired such meetings I called on each person to give his opinion in the matter. They all expressed themselves as pleased with the idea but seemed not to understand clearly the object and method of holding such meetings. I then asked the questions. Among others, the following questions were asked: "What does the Commissioner think about this?" "Will the agent let us hold these meetings?" "Will the farmer give us a permit?" "How much do we have to pay?" When they were assured that there would be no objections to the meetings from any source, and that the Commissioner heartily approved of the idea, they were ready to go forward. Our subject for the night was "Health." Contrary to the generally accepted opinions the Indians expressed themselves as desirous of having the housekeeper and teacher visit their homes and advise them how to arrange and keep them in a more sanitary condition. As one expressed it, "I know we cannot do good work if we don't have a big body, and I like for people to advise me on these matters. We like to have the housekeeper come to our homes and show our wives how to keep them right. I don't want people to quarrel with me when I am wrong. I want to do what is right."

The next meeting was held in November, and at that time the subject "Whiskey and its Evils" was discussed. It is interesting to note here some of the views which some of the Indians, especially the older ones, expressed regarding the drinking of whiskey. Chief Birdnecklace said: "A long time ago we did not know whiskey. With the white people came whiskey. The Government should stop them from making whiskey. If there were no whiskey in the world the people would be well off and feel good. We must teach

our young people not to drink it." Policeman Blackbird said: "We all understand what you said about how whiskey hurts us. All we have to do is to leave whiskey alone. We cannot find anything better than that." Another said: "My name is Cloud Horse. I am a full-blood Indian, sixty-four years old, and I have believed God and I am temperance for twenty-four years now. I never kill anybody, and I never steal anything and I never tell lies. What I am afraid of is the fire from the heavens, and a big cyclone and a big blizzard and a big water. I act this way because God has looked and watched on me. Cato Sells, if you are true you had better stop the whiskey. I send my love to the Commissioner, Cato Sells." All who talked declared themselves in favor of nation-wide prohibition.

It had been my intention to have only six meetings during the year, but the patrons had become enthused with the idea and desired that we have the meetings monthly. This we decided to do and, on the dates when I had no special subject planned, I gave the patrons the right to select their own subjects. At the December meeting this was done, and the subjects assigned by the committees in charge were: "If a person has cattle, how may he increase them?"—Lieut. Shorthorn. "If a person has land, how may he become rich?"—Key Wolf. These subjects were of special interest to them, since they all own land, horses, and cattle. They were urged to take good care of their stock and improve their breed. An article by Commissioner Sells relating to live stock owned by Indians was read at the meeting. Talks made in the general discussion showed that the Indians had taken the advice given them in the right spirit and were going to try to profit by it. Baldeagle said: "I want to say a few words about both subjects. Now we had better try and get the advice of those who talked tonight, because they have told us what is good and what is bad. Some of the Indians know nothing about their land and live stock. Now, if we improve our land and increase our cattle we will soon have good houses and barns. We want to raise good big horses so they can do more work and be more useful. It is pretty hard to start at first but we ought to do the best we can about the farm. We ought to have good water and put up hay for our live stock and take good care of them. If we don't they will be scattered. We ought to fence our land and put our live stock in pastures. We ought also to raise fowls and hogs be-

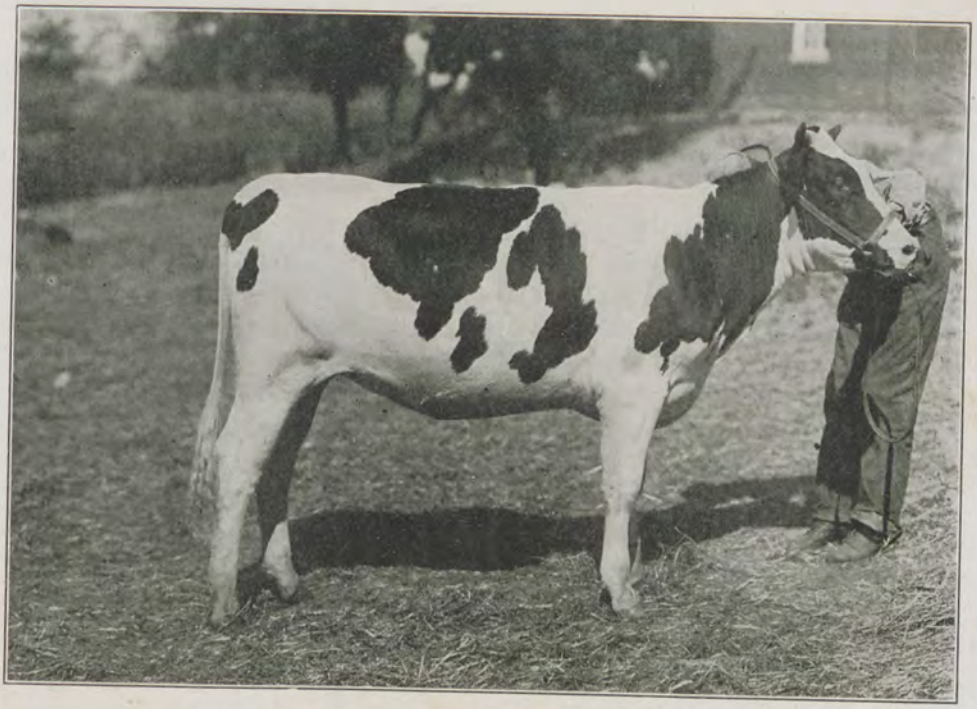
sides cattle and horses. Next, I thank the school children for their recitations. I hope they will learn more. We ought not to have he school children stay away from school."

In January the subject of "Citizenship" was taken up. Here, I took the opportunity to impress upon the older Indian minds the need of an education in making good citizens. In the round-table discussion which followed, I was surprised to hear one of my patrons urging the Indians to send their children to school every day, because I had been having more trouble keeping his child in school regularly than any other. However, the meeting seemed to have made a good impression on him, for his child has never missed a day since.

From these expressions and others made at the meetings, I feel that the Indians are coming to think more of their economic future and are eager to grasp all advice that will help them to use their opportunities to a better advantage. Of course, all improvement along these lines will be slow, but in visiting their home I find that sanitary conditions are improved. Also, there is a different attitude and feeling toward the teacher and housekeeper. I am expecting more direct results from my spring meetings, when the subject of gardening in all its phases will be taken up. I am not satisfied at all with the methods used by the Indians in my community in gardening. They all plant in their crude way, but leave the rest to nature and the insects to care for. I feel that if I can induce them to use modern farming methods, I will be more than repaid for all my efforts during the year.

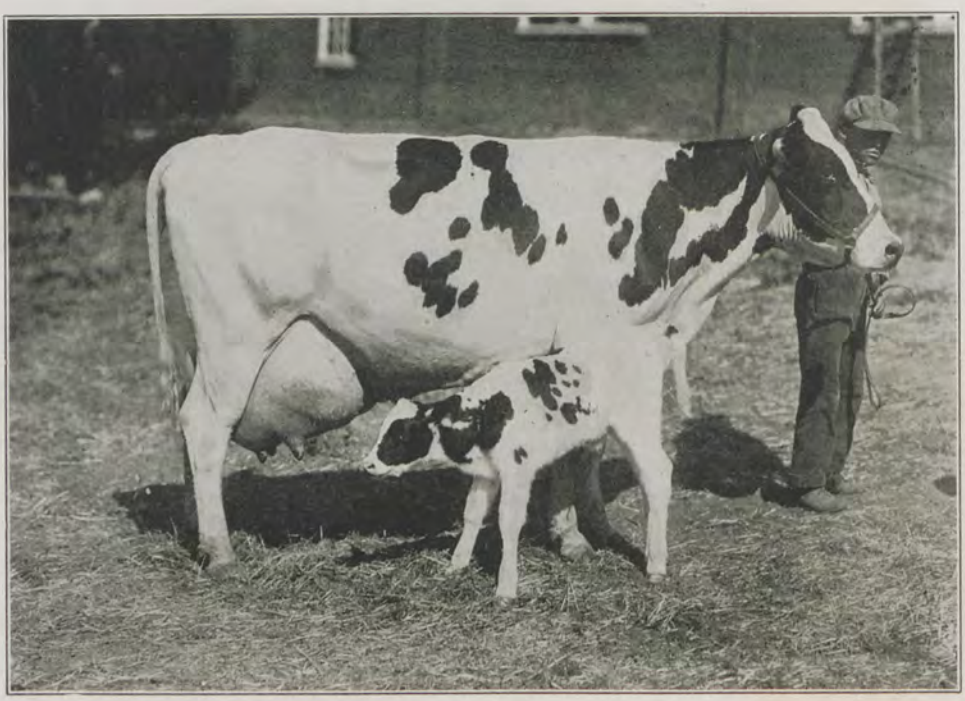
Next year I have planned to enlarge the scope of my meetings, paying more attention to the educational development of my community as well as the economic. At present the dance house is the center of all social activities, not so much, I think, because the Indians care for that kind of amusment, but because they have no other place to meet. Several social events will be arranged for old and young alike, where games, indoor athletics, etc., will be indulged in. Along the educational line, a portion of the school library will be set aside for the use of the community. In addition to this, several monthly and weekly magazines, as well as two daily newspapers, will be added by the teacher. At each meeting current events will be given by some returned student or the teacher. Through these methods the day school will in fact take its proper place as the leader in the development of the Indian community.

Sewing Room, Genoa Indian Institute.



First in Class, Junior Champion, Nebraska State Fair, 1912.—Genoa Indian Institute.

First Prize Young Herd, Nebraska State Fair, 1912.—Genoa Indian Institute.



First in Class, Senior Champion and Grand Champion.—Genoa Indian Institute.

New York's Indian Problem:

From the New York Press.

THE INDIAN problem is one that New York has had to deal with in all of its three centuries of development and settlement, and while to-day it is not as important as it was in the Colonial days, when the savages on the warpath were a menace as well as a problem, there is still a problem to be solved. The problem is one which has engaged the attention of the members of the Legislature for many sessions, and the friends of the red man have taken sufficient interest in the matter to see that he gets something approximating fair treatment from the more powerful whites.

Since the time Peter Minuit, the shrewd Dutch Director General or Governor for the Dutch West India Company, put through the deal for the purchase of the Island of Manhattan from the aboriginal Delaware Indian inhabitants, who called themselves Manhatanis or "people who lived on an island," giving in return goods to the value of 60 guilders or $24 (about $120 in present values), the Indians have had right after right taken away from them by force or by unfair dealings. The hundreds of thousands of Indians who once inhabited this section now number 6,046, and the work of taking away what little property or rights still remaining to them goes merrily on.

The Indian Rights Association is doing its best to get a fair deal for the New York Indian and incidentally for other Indians throughout the country. According to M. K. Sniffen, recording

secretary of the Indian Rights Association, there is a big Indian problem in New York State.

Since Colonial Days.

"THIS problem is here," says Mr. Sniffen, and it is one of long standing, reaching back to Colonial days. It promises to remain unsolved for a long time to come unless there is an awakening of the public conscience and a demand for its solution.

"The chief difficulty in solving the problem seems to be the division of authority over the New York Indians between the State and Federal governments, each of which exercises only limited jurisdiction, leaving to the Indians a considerable measure of autonomous government, in accord with tribal law and regulation. Not infrequently these are radically opposed to the State laws and repressive of social and economic developement.

"The 1910 census shows that there are 6,046 Indians in the State of New York, about 200 of whom, the Montauks and the Shinnecocks, live on Long Island. The Shinnecocks, of whom there are 150, have a reservation of 720 acres near Southampton, L. I. There are six other Indian reservations in the State of New York. There are the St. Regis, on the St. Lawrence River, in the extreme northern part of the State, in which there are 14,640 acres; the Onondaga, with 6,100 acres, and the Oneida, with 350 acres, near Syracuse; the Tonawanda, with 7,549 acres; the Tuscarora, with 6,249 acres; the Cattaraugus, with 21,680 acres; the Oil Spring, with 640 acres, and the Allegany, with 30,469 acres, all in the western part of the State. The total acreage in these reservations is 87,677 acres.

Title in fee for these lands runs back to the grant of the Massachusetts colony by the King of England, and became involved in the controversy between New York and Massachusetts growing out of a later grant to the New York colony that overlapped that of the Massachusetts colony. By a compromise between the two States New York was given jurisdiction over the disputed territory, while Massachusetts retained the pre-emption right to the lands occupied and claimed by the Indians. This pre-emption right was disposed of to Robert Morris and later was acquired by the Ogden Land Company, which now claims to own the fee to much of the land at present included in the New York Indian reservations,

particularly the Allegany and Cattaraugus, the Indians having only the right to occupancy and that so long as they maintain tribal relations.

Indians Claim Full Title.

"THE Indians, however, claim the absolute ownership of the land, subject only to the right of the Ogden Land Company or its assigns to purchase whenever the Indians shall elect to sell. The Tonawanda Reservation of 7,549 acres is an exception in that the Indians acquired the title to this by purchase and the title is held in trust by the Controller of New York. The Tuscaroras also have absolute title fee to their 6,249 acres.

"The New York Indian problem is emphasized by the fact that the Indians are segregated from the rest of the population of the State by statutes and allowed to maintain a separate political status, and that the status of the lands is such as to greatly hinder development and progress."

The United States Government continues to fulfill many of its grants to the Indians made by treaty when the tribes were numerous and powerful. Every year the 273 Oneidas in New York State receive eleven yards of cotton cloth from the Government. Some of the other tribes also receive gifts consisting of calico and sheeting.

The tribal custom and habits of the Indians are dying out gradually, as they assume more and more the white man's ways and settle down to become farmers or craftsmen, taking up various trades and callings. One of the interesting customs still in vogue among the Cattaraugus and the Tuscaroras is that the mother of the different clans and the old women of the clans select the chief of the clan. The chief is selected and retains office for life, unless he does something detrimental to the welfare of the clan. He is then desposed by the mother of the clan and the old women and another chief is selected in his place. The different clans on the Tuscarora Reservation at Lewiston, Niagara County, are the Bear, the Wolf, the Turtle, the Sand Turtle, the Snipe, the Seal, and the Beaver.

The Indians of New York State, according to investigations made among them by committees appointed by the New York State Legislature, have become civilized and Christianized in a large part. Investigation by these committees showed that the Indians

had abandoned the religious and ceremonial dances and that whenever such dances were held they had no special significance to the Indians participating and were danced to get money from white visitors to the reservations.

St. Regis Tribe on Increase.

THE question of the Indian's rights to citizenship is one that has perplexed statesmen for many years. It was found that some of the New York Indians had solved this question by voting. They were haled before the courts, and when the case was taken to the United States Court of Appeals that tribunal ruled the Indians had a right to vote and committed no fraud. The Indians have been exempt from taxation and the right of the ballot has been finally settled in some instances by taxing the Indian who votes. Many of them vote notwithstanding they have to pay for the privilege.

Hundreds of words which have crept into the English language and are used daily have been taken from the Indians. The Algonquins alone have given 140 words to the English language, some of the most common of which are:

Caucus, chipmunk, hickory, hominy, moccasin, persimmon, opossum, pappoose, pemmican, mugwump, powwow, raccoon, skunk, squash, squaw, Tammany, terrapin, toboggan, tomahawk, and totem.

That in some instances the improved conditions of civilization do help the Indian is shown by the St. Regis Indians, who have doubled in number since 1840.

Some of the Cattaraugus follow the teachings of Handsome Lake, a prophet who came to them about 100 years ago and represented that he had a divine mission. These Indians are called pagan Indians and do not lend themselves to the ways of the white man as well as the Indians who have adopted Christianity.

Handsome Lake, Seneca Prophet.

HANDSOME LAKE, a Seneca Indian, has had more influence on the members of his tribe than any other man in the last two centuries, and his influence is on the present-day Indian problem. He established a new religion for them, and the missionaries, who found themselves making good headway against the Indian teachings handed down from olden times, have had difficulty in

overcoming the teachings of a prophet whom the grandfathers of the tribesmen living to-day saw and knew.

"The Seneca prophet whose influence is strong on his tribesmen to-day was born," says Arthur C. Parker, a full-blood Seneca Indian, who holds the position of secretary-treasurer of the Society of American Indians, and who is an archæologist of no mean repute and is one of the best informed men in the country on the history of the Indian, "in 1735, in the Seneca village of Conawagas, on the Genesee River, opposite the present town of Avon, Livingston County. He is described by Buffalo Tom Jemison as a middle-sized man, slim and unhealthy looking. He was a member of one of the noble families, in which the title of Ganio'daiio (Handsome or Beautiful Lake, the title of the sachem name held by the prophet) is vested, thus holding the most honored Seneca title. What his warrior name was is not known, and neither is it known just when he received the title and the name by which he later became known. He belongs to the Turtle clan. Later he was 'borrowed' by the Wolf clan and reared by its members. His half-brother was the celebrated Seneca Indian, Cornplanter.

"His name appears on a treaty made with the Government in 1794, but whether he took an active part in the negotiations and debates that led up to it is not known.

"From Handsome Lake's own story and from tradition it is known that he was a dissolute person and a victim of the drink habit. When the white men took over the Genesee country and the Indians were transferred to other sections of the country Handsome Lake went with his tribesmen to the Allegany River settlements. Here he became afflicted with a wasting disease, which was aggravated by his indulgence in alcohol. For four years he was a helpless invalid. His bare cabin scarcely afforded him shelter, but later he was nursed by his married daughter, who seems to have treated him with affection. His sickness and his circumstances afforded him much time for reflection, and it is possible that some of his precepts, later communicated to his tribesmen and which they made their rule of conduct, were formulated at this time.

How His Revelation Came.

"HIS own condition could not fail to impress him with the folly of using alcoholic drink, and the wild whoops of drunken

raftsmen, passing along the river near his hut, could not but continually remind him of the power of liquor over thought and action. In the foreword of his revelation he tells how he became as dead and of the visitation of the 'four beings,' who revealed the will of the Creator.

"After this first revelation he seemed to recover from his illness, and immediately began to tell the story of his visions. He became a temperance reformer, but his success along this line came not from an appeal to reason, but to religious instinct. The ravages of intemperance for a century had made inroads on the domestic and social life of the Senecas. It had demoralized their national life, and had caused his brother chiefs to barter land for the means of a debauch.

"Handsome Lake was a man past the prime of life, a man weakened by disease and the inroads whiskey had made on his constitution. Yet he assumed the role of teacher and prophet. In two years' time his efforts were conducive of so much reform that they attracted the attention of President Jefferson, who caused the Secretary of War to write a letter commending the teachings of Handsome Lake. This letter was construed as a recognition of the prophet's right to teach and prophesy.

"Handsome Lake's teachings did much to crystallize the Iroquois as a distinct social group. The frauds which the Six Nations had suffered and the loss of land and ancient seats had reduced them to poverty and disheartened them. Poverty, the sting of defeat, and the hostility of white settlers all conspired to bring despair to the Iroquois. It was little wonder that the Indian sought forgetfulness in the trader's rum.

Overturned Old Religious System.

"HANDSOME LAKE stalked from the gloom of such conditions, holding up as a beacon of hope his divine message. He became a commanding figure. He created a new system, a thing to think about, a thing to believe. His message, whether false or true, was a creation of their own, and afforded a nucleus about which they could cluster themselves and fasten their hopes.

The prophet's teachings created a revolution in Iroquois life. With the spread of his doctrines the older religious system was overturned, until to-day it is to be doubted that a single adherent

remains. Handsome Lake's followers were few at first. He was despised, ridiculed, and subjected to bodily insult. Failure to live up to his tribe's idea of what a prophet should be caused persecution. Cornplanter, his half-brother, continually harassed him. To escape his enemies he decided, about 1812, to leave Cold Spring, where he was living, and to go to Tonawanda. He was accompanied by his immediate family and by many of his followers, who settled with him.

"He remained at Tonawanda four years and became many times discouraged. He became reluctant to tell others of his revelations, and, though his tribesmen gradually became more friendly, he seemed loath at times to proclaim his revelations. He was invited to visit the Onondaga, and this he did, though, according to his visions, it necessitated the singing of his 'third song,' which meant that he should die. Finally, in 1815, he decided to accept the invitation of the Onondaga. His prediction of his own death caused many to join the party when he started to walk to the Onondaga.

"The first camping spot of the followers and the prophet was the old village of Ganowages. Here upon retiring he commanded the company to assemble early in the morning. At the morning gathering he announced a vision. At the next camping ground he announced another vision, and he was much depressed when he approached Onondaga. On his arrival he was unable to address the people because of his distress, so that it was said, 'our meeting is only a gathering about the fireplace.' Efforts were made to cheer him up, but he told those who tried to help him that he was going to a 'new home.' After a most distressing illness he 'commenced his walk' over that path which had appeared before him. He was buried under the council house with impressive ceremonies, and his tomb can yet be seen, though the house has been removed.

Prophet's Followers an Influence.

"THE followers of Handsome Lake constitute an influential element in the life of the Indians, and the other tribesmen are affected by their belief whether they are willing or not. Handsome Lake crystallized as a social unit the people whom he taught, and those who follow him to-day constitute a unit that holds itself at variance with the social and accepted systems of the white communities around them. They assert they have a perfect right to

use their own systems. They assert they wish to remain Indians, and have a right to be so and to believe their own prophet. Among the Onondaga and Tonawanda Seneca they hold most of the offices, although they are in the minority.

"When the material conditions of the followers of Handsome Lake are held up to them they say that poverty is the badge of the true follower of the prophet, who will suffer much in this world that his condition in the 'world above the sky' will be in direct contrast.

"I have many friends among the followers of the prophet, and I have learned much of their old-time lore from them. I have been loyally entertained by them, and have mingled in their homes and have received many honors from them. There is virtue in their hearts and frankness that is refreshing. If there were no engulfing 'new way' and no modern rush, no need for progress, there could scarcely be a better devised system than theirs."

CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL BAND, 1915.

An Interior View of the House of Dr. James E. Johnston, Carlisle 1901, and Mrs. Johnston (nee Florence Welch, Carlisle 1905) in San Juan, Porto Rico.

Girls' Basketball Team, Genoa Indian Institute.

Alumni Notes.

The illustration for this number is an interior view of parlor and dining room of the home of Dr. James E. Johnson, class 1901, and Mrs. Johnson, nee Florence Welch, class 1905, in San Juan, Porto Rico.

Miss Evelyn Pierce, class '10, now of Haskell Institute, expresses her regret in not being able to attend the commencement exercises and says in part: "I sincerely wish that this class will leave the old school with the determination to make good in whatever work they may do and that they will do nothing to injure the name of Carlisle."

Helen Lapolia Cheago, of Phoenix, Ariz., writes in part: "The education which Carlisle has given me has meant a great deal to my life. I feel I owe a debt of gratitude which I cannot repay. It has been said that there is much advantage in our disadvantages. Surely, they tend to make us stronger. I know it from my own experience. I am quietly earning my living, and with the help of my brother we are supporting our dear mother and father, who are quite old."

Issac R. Gould, class '07, of Unga Island, Alaska, writes to THE ARROW as follows: "I caught five silver foxes last winter on Unga Island, three females and two males, and have started a fox farm. These animals are valuable and have been sold in Canada for as high as $15,000 per pair. At present I am engaged in catching codfish at $52.50 per thousand. My best wishes to all my friends and classmates."

William L. Paul, class 1902, who is a strong employee of Mr. Guy LeRoy Stevick (son-in-law of Gen. R. H. Pratt), of San Francisco, Cal., in a letter to Mr. Stevick says in part: "Gradually we are getting our office here squared around, and as we do we will catch the fair wind of the business breeze, and can then be only concerned to keep our ship headed so as to get all wind our sails can stand and thus come safely to harbor in the port of business called 'Success.'

"When Mrs. Stevick writes to General Pratt, it will please him to know that one of his big football players and a man who thinks a great deal of him and has followed out fully his theories, has just been elected the mayor of Aberdeen, Wash. This, you remember, is a town of some 18,000 people. His name is Jim Phillips, called by the people of the town, Judge James M. Phillips, as he served several years as police judge and justice of the peace.

I am sure General Pratt will remember him, if not him, then he will remember his wife, who used to be Earney Wilbur. She was one of the brightest and best girls ever at Carlisle. Needless to say they both stand high in the estimation of all who know them."

The Alumni Banquet.

On Friday evening, May 22nd, the annual Alumni banquet was held in Alumni Hall. The new Alumni dishes bearing the Alumni monogram in red and gold were used for this occasion. Covers were laid for seventy guests, and a seven-course dinner was served by the girls of the Domestic Science Department under the able management of Miss Keck. Among the prominent guests present were Commissioner Sells, General and Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Meritt, wife of the Assistant Commissioner, Judge and Mrs. Biddle of Carlisle, Mr. Sniffen of the Indian Right's Association, Father Gordon of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Hawkins, daughter of General and Mrs. Pratt.

Throughout the evening music was furnished by different members of the outgoing class. Mr. Chas. E. Dagenett, class '91, president of the association and toastmaster of the evening, called upon the old members to stand in memory of those absent, also to stand a second time for those members who had gone to the Great Beyond.

Miss Ella Petosky, class 1904, was called upon to welcome the class of 1915. Miss Petosky delivered a short but inspiring talk, giving to the class the oft-repeated advice to "aim high" and out in the world to expect to be judged by merit alone. The next speaker was R. H. Pratt, who informally, in a few well-chosen words, dedicated Alumni Hall and paid the class of 1915 a high tribute, saying that he expected to see one of the members become President of the United States. Following General Pratt's talk, Commissioner Sells made a forceful speech, laying special stress on *efficiency* required of young men and women of the present decade in order to succeed. He stated that he had given persons of Indian blood high positions, not because they were Indians but be cause they were efficient. Mr. Lipps talked also on efficiency. He stated he had nothing of a personal nature to gain in accepting the superintendency of the Carlisle school, but that his paramount object was to turn out efficient young men and women.

After the close of the speeches, Mr. Dagenett proceeded to initiate the class of 1915. The members of the class were asked to stand while Mr. Gus Welch, class 1912, vice president of the association, placed the class picture immediately under the 1915 banner, thus completing the twenty-seventh graduating class picture and banner hanging upon the walls of Alumni Hall.

Owing to the lateness of the hour, only a short business meeting of the Alumni was held after the banquet. The hands of the Alumni clock were pointing the hour of midnight when an adjournment was taken.

KEEP YOUR RECORD CLEAN

So live, my son, that when you start
A fight of any kind
Your enemies can never find
A crooked action on your part.

So live that they may freely roam
Into your past, and snoop about,
And comb it with a fine tooth comb,
And never dig a blamed thing out
That's mean or fraudulent or vile.

Though every man is sure to make
Many an error and mistake,
If you have lived upon the square
You still can make your fights and smile
And never worry, fret or care
How much your foes may try to cast
The calcium light upon your past.

But if you haven't played the game
Your foes will find your hidden shame
And you will get the bitter blame,
And get it good;
And though your fight be just and right
—Good night!

And so it's simple business sense,
Although the pressure be immense,
Although temptation may be keen—
I say it's simple business sense,
To keep your Record Clean.

BRETON BRALEY

BROTHER, you say there is but one way to worship the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

RED JACKET