

The Red Man.

HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

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THERE is subject for earnest thought and effort on the part of all Indians, in the speech made by the Hon. B. W. Perkins, on the occasion of the graduating exercises, May 14th. Mr. Perkins pointed clearly to the end and aim of the effort now being made by the Government for the general education of the Indian race, when he said: "There will come a time when the Government will consider its duty done to the Indian population of the country, and will withhold its helping hand,—when you who are here, and all other Indians will have to stand alone and live by your own efforts."

These are true words and well spoken. No one can gainsay them. Let every Carlisle boy and girl and every other educated Indian in the country read them and weigh well their meaning, then nerve themselves for the future, and be ready so that whether the day come soon or whether it be yet many years distant, it will work no hardship, for the reason that their tongues have been taught the language of civilization, their arms inured to labor and their brains to intelligent action. The sooner this day comes the better it will be for all concerned. Let the work of preparation be well and quickly done! Then let the logical sequence come and the Indian stand or fall on his merits without any further effort at different treatment to any other element of our population. This is fair and all that the most sympathetic friend of the Indian can ask, viz: that he be prepared for citizenship and then presented in full with that for which he has been prepared.

A. J. S.

RECENT AND ENTHUSIASTIC INDIAN MEETINGS IN NEW ENGLAND.

From a private letter written by Mr. Robert McFadden class '90, Amherst College, Mass., we take the liberty to print the following extract relative to a series of meetings held in the vicinity of and at Amherst, the largest of which occurred on the 25th and was presided over by the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Two of the Carlisle graduates, class '90., Howard Logan, and Jemima Wheelock and Julia Dorris our sweetest singer, with Miss Kate Irvine, attended the meetings, as will be seen below;

Mr. McFadden says: "Our meetings are over and surpassed my highest expectations. At the Mt. Holyoke Seminary I had the honor of presiding and all from Carlisle took part. Jemima's speech stirred up the young ladies. Julia's singing was applauded until she arose the second time, and Howard gave an extempore address, deep and thoughtful. The President of the Seminary told me that the whole Indian question and the Carlisle work had a new meaning.

Sunday afternoon we went to Smith College, General Morgan accompanying us. President Seelye had charge and there was an impressive dignity about

the occasion. After prayer and Scripture reading, Howard was introduced to talk on "What education had done for him," and in six minutes he answered it finely. Jemima then gave her speech and fairly stormed things. Julia sang and Miss Irvine told the young ladies what they could "do". General Morgan followed in a quiet, dignified talk. He gave Capt. Pratt and Carlisle strong words of praise.

I wish I had time to tell you of the evening meeting. Amherst has never seen anything like it. One hour before the time for beginning, a quarter of the church was full, and at five minutes before the service every chair that the church owned was occupied. Hundreds were turned from the doors, and when our mighty organ pealed forth "Come Thou Almighty King," 1200 throats opened for praise. A great college choir led the singing, professors and distinguished men of Amherst were upon the platform, as well as General Morgan, Jemima, Julia and Howard. The pupils did well and delighted the large audience. Gen. Morgan's speech for comprehensiveness, for earnestness, for pathos, for high moral ground, could have been equalled by no other.

This is but a hasty and superficial description and I will depend on Miss Irvine and the others to give you the details. One thing I know, however, and that is, Amherst to-day feels she has a "home" interest in Carlisle, which she never had before."

The Woman's Indian Association of Lancaster have sent a petition to Washington, urging upon the Congressman from that district the importance of passing the bill asked for by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the increased appropriation for Indian Schools. The *Morning News* of that city says:

It is a pity the ladies did not give others besides the members of their association an opportunity to sign this petition. They could have obtained thousands of signatures right here at Lancaster. No one at all acquainted with the good work being done at the Indian schools, and the much better work that might be done and therefore ought to be done, would hesitate a moment to endorse the request for increased funds for this purpose.

Not only is the appropriation asked for badly needed for repairs and improvements at the few existing schools, but from investigation of the subject by members of the Woman's Indian Association and others interested in the advancement of the red man, it seems absolutely necessary that a number of new schools should be furnished as soon as possible. There are to-day at least twenty-five thousand Indian children of school age for whom there are no school accommodations whatever. The Indians are learning more and more to appreciate education and to ask for it. It is the one thing to give them if they are now to be civilized. It costs much less than to fight them. They have a right to demand it. We have no right to withhold it.

During the exercises of the graduating class on the 14th, just as Levi Levering, Omaha, commenced his declamation the elements outside began to express emphatic sentiments of their own. The wind blew almost a tornado; the tall trees bent to the blast; the thunder rolled; the lightning flashed, and the transoms above the windows simultaneously made a dash for the casings. The whole vast audience was moved by the suddenness of the onslaught and the coolness of the speaker. Levi was unmoved. He forgot not a word. He did not hesitate, but with clear tones lifted his splendid voice above that of the warring elements.

Wallace R. Lesser, of Iowa has been appointed to be agent for the Sac and Fox Agency, Iowa.

WIDE AWAKE ON INDIAN SCHOOL MATTERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

C. W. Beach, Supt. of the Mission Indian schools Calif., manages his schools in a way that is commendable. He has organized a Mission Agency Teacher's Association through which he proposes to make the Indian schools on the Pacific Coast the best Indian day schools in the United States. The Association met for the first at Murietta, California, on the 16th of April and held a two day's and an evening session. Many valuable papers were read which elicited much discussion. They showed care and thought in preparation and such knowledge of the subjects treated as could be obtained only by experience in Indian schools. Much enthusiasm was awakened, and the teachers returned to their respective fields of labor more than ever realizing their responsibilities. Among a number of important resolutions passed were the following:

Resolved, That it is the unanimous opinion of the Institute that the plan of the National education of the Indians as outlined by Hon. T. J. Morgan, is both practical and wise.

Resolved, That each school prepare specimens of school-room work and needle work for the exhibit at the World's Fair, Chicago.

Bids for furnishing the Indian service with supplies for the next fiscal year were opened in New York on the 20th inst. Assistant Secretary of the Interior, C. E. Bussey, Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, T. J. Morgan, Mr. Woog, chief of the finance division of the Indian office and a number of clerks, were present to conduct the opening of the bids. It is expected that the contracts which will be made at this letting will aggregate something over \$2,000,000, and will include clothing, provisions, implements, hardware, groceries, in fact everything which the Government furnishes the Indians. The letting will probably occupy a month.

A mistake in the bill to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Oklahoma, etc., which passed both Houses of Congress and went to the President for signature, if he had signed would have legislated the great State of Texas out of existence and put it into the Territory of Oklahoma. In reciting in the bill the boundaries of Oklahoma, the word "west" was used where the word "east" should have been used. The error was discovered and corrected in the usual way by special act of Congress.

The *Indian Helper*, published weekly in the RED MAN office, is a letter to boys and girls giving all the local news of the school. All wishing an insight to everyday life at Carlisle should take the little paper, post paid, for the nominal sum of ten cents a year. (Five 2-cent stamps.)

The best account of our Examination Exercises that we have seen in outside papers is that written by Mr. J. S. Standley, member of the Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, and published in his own paper, the *Indian Citizen*. Mr. Standley is an Indian, a gentleman and a scholar.

The Senate has passed a bill to provide for the establishment of a court to investigate claims on account of Indian depredations. The president is authorized by it to appoint three commissioners, who shall receive \$6,000 a year each, and sit for four years from date of their first meeting, when the court shall be dissolved.

CAPT. AND MRS. PRATT IN JAPAN.

The following extracts from a private letter written by Mrs. Pratt, to her daughter, Miss Nana, and which we have taken the liberty to print, will be read with a great deal of interest by all:

THE VOYAGE.

STEAMER CHINA, PACIFIC OCEAN.

Sunday, March 23.

This is our most comfortable day since we passed out from the Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay, on the evening of the 11th. We were able this morning to take a walk upon a dry deck. Rain, snow and heavy westerly gales that have tossed showers of water over the upper deck have made it a hazardous undertaking whenever we ventured out for a walk.

Our steamer-chairs which we purchased in San Francisco have been of very little use to us; although we have struggled with the situation several times by having them lashed to a convenient support in a comparatively sheltered spot, then with our warm blankets about us we would try to imagine we were having a good time. Soon, however, we would go in doors to the social hall and try what our imagination could do for us there.

Along each side of the social hall is a continued seat where small people like myself can stand, and by clinging to the brass handles each side of the port hole I can look out upon the stormy sea.

All day yesterday as we looked out we could see the great waves as they rose mountain high and as they dashed over the deck blinding our view for a moment, then receding like so many Niagaras. I wonder this ocean was called the Pacific Ocean. We have been sailing on its bosom for a dozen days and have failed to find it pacific.

I try to remember that this is the month of March, which generally puts all nature into a turbulent condition. Therefore, in the sunny month of June when we return, we hope to find less action. One great source of comfort to us is that we are aboard the best and largest and also the handsomest steamer that sails on these waters. We have every comfort that can be given one on board a ship. We find here large state-rooms, roomy bath-rooms, most comfortable beds and everything scrupulously clean. Our table is supplied with everything, almost, that is good to eat and served as well as in the best arranged homes where refinement is the aim.

Headwaiters are all Japanese. The underwaiters and servants are Chinese as also are the sailors. There is something uncanny about these last as they go about their duties, there long swaying queues floating down their backs. Their voices, too, have an unearthly sound as they let them out when hoisting a sail, but seem harmless enough when one answers a ring with "You lingia bellee?"

Regardless of the fact that we are surrounded with every luxury and genial company we have not been altogether happy, possibly it may be owing to our digestion not being wholly seaworthy, but of this we may tell about in the future, when it may seem more amusing to recall the experiences. Just now the sensations are too real.

One of the most agreeable of our fellow passengers is a merchant of Canton, China—an American, who has lived in this Eastern country for twenty-seven years. He is ever ready to assist in any amusements suggested or any topic of conversation, and has given us much information

that is very interesting about China, and we are thankful to have so cheery a companion. There are also others we find very pleasant and interesting and whom I will tell you about some day. It seems like a long time since I have heard from my dear ones that I have left in what already seems to me far away America.

Our first week out I tried each day by setting my watch back a half-hour to imagine what was going on at Carlisle, but on Wednesday noon the 18th we dropped a day in mid-ocean as we crossed the 180th meridian, and it became Thursday the 20th; but we do not expect to lose our full allowance of days, as we fish it up on our return trip home, and then will have two days of the week of the same name.

The first mate sits at our end of the table and we find him very interesting. He is thoroughly wedded to the sea, and amuses us by telling of some funny experiences he had when ashore. He has sailed on all waters and feels like a fish out of water when on land.

A gentleman who sits at my left has been telling me he has been across the Atlantic eight times, and up and down both our eastern and western coasts, but has never seen such rough weather as we have had continually on this voyage, so we are thankful we are aboard such a great strong ship, and the mate gives us the comforting assurance that we have nothing to fear unless it be fire, and we need not be apprehensive about that as we have careful watchmen. Should the machinery give out or the ship become disabled that we be tossed about at the mercy of the wind, we have enough provision aboard to keep us alive sixteen years. Some consolation to know that starvation is not one of the evils to dread.

Each Sunday we have made some attempt at religious services. A Methodist missionary and his wife who have been in our circle are great aids, or have tried to be, but both have been too ill to do more than sing a little and offer a short prayer. Feeble attempts to sing some of our familiar hymns were so remarkable in results that I felt justified in letting my voice out.

Nearly all creeds and nations are represented among our passengers, but we Americans feel aggrieved because of the absence of our Gospel Hymns, from the ship's library, and the stars and stripes from the mast head, and this is an American mail-ship, but she was built in Scotland, therefore the British flag floats above us.

Arrived.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, March 25.

Sunshine and flowers, smiles and perfect manners, with the curios all about us make us forget the stormy sea and the misery of the past two weeks left behind only this morning.

Am I really awake or only dreaming? If I were in America just now it is likely I would be sleeping, but it is a bright day here in this land of the rising sun, and I surely must be awake or I should not be about such prosy business as writing out my experiences to send to my dear ones in Yankee land.

First, I must tell you of this morning. To do so in good order I must go back to last night. The setting sun peeped out from behind the gloomy clouds and gave us a cheering ray of light that lifted the gloom somewhat from our faces and set our hearts fluttering with the hope that we were nearing a sunny land. The first mate with his glasses in hand declared he saw land. At once, those who had their opera glasses with them felt so eager to be among the discoverers that they rushed out to scan the horizon. But alas! We had not the far seeing eyes of the mate, so we abandoned the effort and returned to our sofa.

After dinner we again went on deck as the sea had quieted down, clouds were clearing and we caught glimpses of the new moon. Soon the clouds were gone. Gratefully and admiringly we looked up at the planet and the bright stars, the first we had seen for many a day. Then our eyes would fall to the distant horizon,

where we could every half minute see the flashing light from a light-house.

I think we took almost as much comfort and satisfaction as though we were discovering a new country, as one and another would exclaim, "There! I saw the light flash."

Regretfully we went to bed, knowing we were to miss the novel sight of entering the bay of Yokohama by daylight. We slept lightly, and at half past two in the morning I was awakened by papa exclaiming, "We are entering the bay," and he at once climbed out from his crib. I urged that he return for another nap, promising that if he would not get up until five o'clock I would be ready to go up on deck with him, so with the prospect of getting me up at such an early hour, he returned for the extra nap.

At the appointed time, papa was ready, but "poor me," was dreaming of home, and I could not leave such visions for a dim one of Yokohama.

At half past six I was dressed, bonneted and cloaked, my bag packed and I ascended to the deck from where I looked upon the sights that awakened new thoughts and ideas within me.

Our ship was anchored about half a mile from the shore, and the harbor was filled with all sorts of ships—war vessels, our American sailing ships and the queerest kind of sailing boats wholly Japanese that looked as if a slight breeze would blow them over.

What attracted our attention most were the multitude of little bamboo skiffs that were skulled about with three or more skulls instead of using oars as we do, and they rode the waves like a piece of cork. We had great fun watching the Japanese boys piling our trunks into those little boats. We held our breath at times just as a trunk came flying out from the side of our ship. The light little boat would be tossed aside by a big wave, but somehow the alert little Jap would catch the trunk, and we breathed easier as the now loaded boat bounded off toward the shore, others coming and going with the same success.

Then we turned to say good-bye to our ship's officers, and tremblingly descended the flight of steps into a steam launch, not unlike a Gondola. We were soon ashore once more on firm footing with the world.

Leaving Mr. Morris and papa at the custom-house with our trunks, we ladies decided to go to a hotel, accompanied by a gentleman friend of Mr. Morris, who had come down to meet us. A brand new Herdic stood in waiting, but already I had seen the jinrikshas, and in one of those I declared my intention to ride, and the whole party were of the same mind. In half a minute we were being carried along over a smooth road seated in a little two wheeled carriage drawn by a little man whose size would indicate him to be a lad of fourteen years old instead of a man near forty summers for aught I knew. He wore a hat shaped like an inverted washbasin. His dress was slight, sandals of straw upon his feet.

Our way was along the bay or bund as it is called here. The view looking seaward is delightful this lovely morning. The great expanse of water glimmering in the bright sun-light and picturesque with the fleets of junks and fishing sampans intermingled with the large steam-ships and sailing vessels, but I was more charmed with the lovely residences on our right, with their low sloping roofs and artistic grounds in front. Flowers of every hue, shade, and size, and the cherry trees are in all their glory and in full bloom.

From viewing all this we are brought to the consciousness that we arrived, as our little man stops and lets down the jinriksha, which you are to understand is the name of the little carriage holding one person and drawn by a man.

A large irregularly shaped building is before us with broad piazzas, very much such a building for a hotel as we would expect to find at one of our watering places. The Grand Hotel although "very English you know" has Japanese servants, and when their English fails them they make up the difference by bowing very low.

Before I had been in Yokohama an hour I declared I was repaid for all the misery

I had endured at sea. I never can tell by my pen of all the interesting sights we behold. Our very first day has been one of fullest enjoyment and amazement.

Miss Haines and myself walked out after lunch with two English missionaries who had come to call upon our friends. We visited the bank and Post Office which are managed much in the same way as our own. Walked past many curio stores kept by our brother, the enterprising Yankee, and also by our cousin, the Englishman who is not less grasping. On we walked to the real Japanese stores that looked like fancy playhouses. I wanted better paper for my home letter so we stopped at the paper store. The whole front is open and a foot from the front is a raised floor, but we do not step up there. We are given a cushion at the outer edge to sit upon, and whatever we wish to buy is brought to us. The merchant sits in the centre of this little room, by his side a little charcoal stove and outfit for making tea. His pipe also is near at hand. He most politely bows his head to the floor and directs his two clerks to show samples of his letter paper. I select a box of letter paper, each sheet differently decorated with birds and flowers, and this roll of paper on which I am writing. Our missionary friends aided us by interpreting for us, also directing us how to count out our yen and sen, or in plain English dollars and cents.

Real Japanese Streets.

Thursday, March 28.

Last night as we sat chatting in our parlor, your father proposed that we take jinrikshas and visit the real Japanese streets as he had been through them in the afternoon. How you would have laughed if you could have seen us!

Five jinrikshas in single file as we went spinning through the narrow streets. Each of our men had a paper lantern in his hand which gave a glimmer of light across our way. Papa led off. I laugh now as I recall the wave of his bamboo cane, (a purchase he made during his afternoon trip) as he wished to call our special attention to some particular points of interest.

Friday 29, 1890.

Yesterday morning we were out again in line. Now we are six as we have a guide engaged to be with us during our stay.

Our friends had a letter of introduction to Mr. Booth, who is at the head of the Ferris Seminary, a school for native young ladies and under care of the German Reformed Church of America. We arrived in time to see the young ladies at calisthenics. I noticed that they handle their dumbbells with as much grace as our girls, and went through the intricate march without mistake.

Afterwards we heard them sing and saw the very little girls in the kindergarten room, but were too late to see them at their exercises for which we were very sorry as I am sure we should have been very greatly entertained.

These little girls looked so cute in their funny dress, and their manners were so captivating that we were greatly pleased. I noticed as we went about the building that if one of the young ladies came into the room where we were, she first made a most profound bow to the principal then to the teacher and last to us, and in leaving the room she would back out, bowing low at the same time.

We went into their dining-room while they were at dinner and my first impressions were that they were a lot of little girls playing tea-party as they sat on the floor at a table not more than sixteen inches high and about two feet wide. The dishes were very pretty blue china-ware. On each plate was a fish something like our mountain trout, a wee bit of salad and a bowl of nice tea completed the meal. There seemed to be plenty of rice and I suppose they could have another little fish if they wished, but I am told that they are delicate eaters.

We looked into their sleeping rooms. Nice soft mats were on the floors, lovely little dressing bureaus from two to three feet high with brass handles and fancy carvings. The indispensable mirror was there, but of modest dimensions.

Near the window but not so close as we are apt to place our tables is the cutest little bamboo stand on which is placed a vase and a bough of cherry blossoms.

I have been introduced to several Japanese young ladies and each one has said, "I am so glad you have come to Japan in our cherry blossom season."

The trees are certainly beautiful when in full bloom and the double blossom is remarkably handsome. The fruit does not amount to anything in this country, but the trees are greatly prized and highly cultivated for the flowers only.

We noticed the absence of beds in the sleeping rooms and were told that extra mats and quilts would be brought in at the proper time of retiring.

We returned to our hotel, and I was obliged to retire to my room and bed at once as I was suffering with a headache.

Saturday afternoon we left Yokohama under the care of our guide for Tokio, which is eighteen miles distant and is the capital of this wonderful country. It is a large city about nine miles long and eight wide and 1,300,000 population. We concluded to establish ourselves here, and had engaged rooms at one of the best hotels. Our ride over was most interesting. We passed rice fields, little patches of wheat and barley which grow in bunches or small clusters, then the mustard patches, the plants being several feet high and in blossom. I am told the mustard is greatly cultivated from which they procure an oil that they use in cooking.

The weather had been most dismal all day and we had been ready since morning to make this move, but had deferred from hour to hour hoping the rain would cease. At four o'clock it did slacken sufficiently for us to make the venture, and we reached the railroad station before the next shower. We were a little less than an hour making the trip.

When we reached our hotel here we found they were in the midst of their house-cleaning time. New paint and freshly papered walls made us shiver and we were afraid to stop there. We took council together and concluded to throw ourselves upon the mercy of our missionaries.

Mrs. True, who is at the head of the Presbyterian school for girls here had called upon us the next day after our arrival in Yokohama and urged our coming to her home at this school at once, as she expected to make a trip into the country soon to visit their mission schools scattered in out-of-way places. So after inspecting another hotel where the same conditions existed we decided to accept Mrs. True's hospitality.

Our friends thought best to go to their Friend's school. We had ridden to the hotel from the rail-road station in a two-horse carriage as Mrs. M. had a preference for the carriage. Now we gladly called the jinrikshas. Your father in one, I in another, and our cargo, as the men called our bags, in the third, we started off, my man ahead. The rain was coming down quite steadily but I was well protected by lap-ropes both wool and rubber ones. All jinrikshas have adjustable carriage tops like our own.

Swiftly and silently we were carried onward, up and down narrow streets that were dark and dismal enough, until my head began to whirl and I wished I could see your father so that I might know that I had a visible protector. Or, if I could only know that he was behind I would feel easier. I had been told the Japanese word for wait or stop, but it had gone from my memory. As there is an end to most things our dismal experience ended by landing us into the light and warmth of our Presbyterian mission, where we were most cordially received by Mrs. True, and we are enjoying true hospitality.

This is called the Sakuai school and is well located. It was formerly in another part of the city until a year ago ground was bought in this desirable locality. All the buildings are not finished yet. Indeed some not begun that are very much needed as they are crowded for room.

One of the teachers, Miss Milliken, from

near Philadelphia has most cheerfully given us the use of her room, and we are urged to make this our home until the rooms at the hotel are ready for us.

I want to tell you about this school and Mrs. True's work here, but it is a long story and I must wait until my next letter. I find so little time to write; there is so much to see and learn about, we already feel that our two month's stay is a very short time. I fail to make a daily letter as I had planned, and if my descriptions are obscure keep in mind that I am writing in haste and giving only a few minutes to it at a time.

A week this morning since we arrived and neither of us are over our first stare yet. Our mail goes to-morrow, but I shall continue to write whenever I find a few spare minutes and hope to send you better accounts of Japan life in my next letter.

Sunday was a bright sunny day and we went with Mrs. True to one of the foreign churches, as any church where the preaching is in English, is called. We stopped on our way at a Christian Japanese church to see the Sunday School. We went into the infant department where were perhaps forty little Japs, both boys and girls from four to twelve years of age. Also some very little ones in charge of nurse girls and older sisters.

The pastor's wife, Mrs. Tamaru, an educated Japanese lady, was conducting the school, assisted by one of the teachers from this school. Mrs. Tamaru was a graduate of Mrs. True's school and afterwards went to Elmira, N. Y. She graduated at that school and a few months ago was married to the pastor of this church who is a native and graduated from a college at Auburn, N. Y., and was at Princeton a year or two.

The little ones sang "Happy Land" and "Jesus Loves Me" with as much vigor as our American children. All the words in their own tongue, but the music was ours. We staid through the closing exercises which were conducted in the same manner as ours, all the classes assembled together.

We then went to hear the Word in our tongue. Just after we were seated my eyes fell upon Miss Bender whose face looked radiant at the sight of us. When the services were over we lost no time in clasping hands. She had heard we were here and came to this church, which is a long way from the school she is connected with, purposely to see us. Miss Bender has since been to see us and we are invited to go the Methodist mission to stay over next Sunday with her.

Mrs. True introduced us to a dozen missionaries or so, and we went to lunch at a Mr. Thompson, a missionary, who with his family has lived here twenty-seven years. They live very nicely. Indeed every one lives nicely here. Even the Japanese in their way.

Monday, it rained, and the chilly dampness gave me neuralgia, but I received a few calls—Mr. and Mrs. Morris and Miss Haines and Miss Bender and last and also least in size but not in interest Miss Kim Kato who is a professor in the native Government Normal School. She came to invite us to the graduating exercises, Tuesday morning, from 7 until 12 o'clock. We went at nine and were too late to see the school exercises but in time to see the calisthenics and the military drill. We walked through the museum and grounds and then into a large old temple where was still a Buddhist god and here in this sacred (?) place the diplomas were given out with much ceremony. We were greatly honored by invitations as aside from us there were none except the nobility and a few of the relatives.

Yesterday afternoon we took jinrikshas, and I must tell you right here in what fine style your father rides. He has two men to pull him, tandem, and the little children think him an object of great interest being so tall and large. We went to one of the parks, looked at the cherry blossoms the trees of which are in graceful contrast to the evergreen trees that are trained to grow in the most grotesque

shapes, which I suppose these people think very beautiful. In among the large naturally grown forest trees their temples are built.

We visited one of the largest yesterday, Zojaji. At the entrance we put on our woolen shoes which I had crocheted while on the steamer, for this express purpose. I had made them large enough to put over our shoes which answered the same purpose as though we had taken off our shoes and walked in our stocking feet, and certainly was more comfortable for us. The floors are beautiful old lacquer. I wish I could describe the ornamental ceilings and the panels so artistically wrought in arabesques and high relief. Perhaps I shall be better able when I have made a few more visits and become somewhat familiar with details. At present I am a little awed, if I may use the expression, by such grandeur, as I walk about in the "dim and holy light," and saddened at the sight of men and women reverentially bowing before the hideously ugly gods.

GRADUATING ESSAYS, CLASS '90.

NO FOOTSTEPS BACKWARD.

By Howard Logan, Winnebago.

Man is so created that he can think and act, and that he can express his thoughts in words, and that his actions find expression when they are completed. We are glad that we have these faculties and especially are we glad that we can make use of them on this particular occasion by telling you that you are to consider yourselves at home while you are with us and to examine us from every point of the compass, that you may not be misinformed as to our real object in our work at this fort of Indian civilization. We are trying to do what all men have been trying to do during the ages past and that is to improve ourselves as individuals and as a race of men. As we look back at the history of nations we find that this spirit of progress never lacked interest. It was a part of their nature and it is now evident that they did not lose the opportunity of developing it and use it for their greatest advantage. If this be not so what induced the Romans to conquer the world or the Grecians to fight for their independence? The ambitious nature of man dates back to the time of creation of man. This can be understood by the face that Eve ate of the forbidden fruit because she was desirous of becoming wise, she was not satisfied with the things she had already possessed.

As time wore on we find the same spirit displayed at Babel which caused the confusion of tongues. Many other illustrations may be given to show that the sentiment of the world from the beginning of time has been to push forward. The wonderful accomplishments of our day tell of the truthfulness of this fact more than words can.

To me the demand for advancement of mankind was like steam in a boiler. As steam presses harder and bursts the boiler when confined, so progress was equally powerful. When the steam of progress was trying to escape into a wider space to exercise its powers the people of the early fifteenth century thought that it could be confined without bursting the boiler and they did all they could to keep steam in by opposing its wise engineer—Christopher Columbus in his efforts to convince them that it must have an outlet by which the surplus steam could pass, to the result would be disastrous to the world.

He was not lightly criticized in his efforts but after many years of hard work he succeeded in making an escape valve, the objective point of his labors. He had the escape valve, but there were other things necessary to complete the engine. The cylinder and the piston, for instance, but he made these by an undertaking which had never been thought of by any man before. He made a piston rod between the old and new worlds thus setting the machinery of progress in both Hemispheres in motion. This engine is still working, improving every day in its machinery and power. Now the question

is what prompted Columbus to try to find a shorter route to the East Indies? Why did he not advise the traders with East Indies to continue in their old route, through mountains and deserts, and thus save himself from public ridicule? Why did he not give up when the world was looking scornfully in his face and mocking him for his ridiculous ideas, as they were then called? Was it by the spirit Remain as you are? No, it was by the spirit No footsteps backward.

Now, then, what do we owe this man for his unconquerable determination? If it were not for him you would not be here now; hence, there would be no Indian question for you to settle, but as it is there is one: one that has occupied the minds of men from the time of Columbus.

But what has been done for the Indian? Before answering let us ask the question, Has anything been done for the white men by the Indians? All those who know the real history of America will join me in answering Yes, a great deal. To tell it in a few words he has yielded him America, on which to establish the foremost nation of the globe. Some might say, No matter how long the Indian be owners of America they can never make any progress toward civilization.

If this is a true saying we would not have the pleasure of seeing such great and civilized nations as England, France, Germany and others. True civilization cannot be made in a day or in a hundred years, for when was it that your fathers used the tomahawk, bow and arrows for their defence in battle and burned the trunks of trees into forms of canoes to use in naval combats. Certainly it was many hundred years ago. But if then you had been told that no matter how long you owned England you would never make any improvements toward civilization, would you have believed it? No, you would not rightly have believed it as the present events prove.

Just so with the Indians, nobody claims to know their origin and how long they have been in existence. Who knows but they were created on this continent? Now realizing these uncertainties it is not just to expect him to fly when his wings are downy, for it requires time for down to develop into strong feathers, thus forming strong wings for the owner enabling him to soar among the clouds not till after repeated trials and failures. Still others might say we have worked to become what we are. I admit that as a fact, but my question would be, On what did you work? The only answer would be on the land which the Indians had given me. For you might work in the ocean for thousands of years without accomplishing as much as you have, but judging from your present skill and ingenuity you might have established a kingdom under the seas using the whales, sharks and other living things of the sea as your domestic animals.

Now to the question what has been done for the Indian in consideration of his self-sacrifice for the good of the white man? The engine which the early fathers had constructed by their blood, by their untold suffering, has been puffing away all these years, managed by able engineers changed every four years, fed by fuel from the head of the foremost thinkers of this era, with an escape valve—the Supreme Court, ever ready to expel the surplus steam which may in any way tend to lead the people astray. With the able mechanics—members of Congress, who are continually making new machines which are worked by the steam-engine Uncle Sam by means of straps—the Government employees, which are selected and adjusted by the engineers. There are many machines which are set in motion by the powerful engine; such machines as Free Trade, Protection, Ballot Reform, Civil Service Reform, Prohibition and others too numerous to mention.

But there is one machine which I want to mention particularly to show, or at least try to show what has been done for the Indians by the whites. To me this machine is in a form of a wind-mill, to sift grain. There are three sifters with which to dispose of the perplexing Indian

problem. The first one is the sifter of extermination. There was a time when the bullet held the foremost place as the best agent by which to rid the Indian problem, and the white men were not long in experimenting with it to see the effects that it would have on the Indians, and you know that when a white man tries to find out a thing his whole soul and mind is centered on the certain thing and he keeps pegging away at it until he exhausts the subject. Now, it seems to me that he has taken special care to be thorough in this particular case, for where are all the Indians that used to ramble in this beautiful valley of Cumberland? Where are the Indians that made the famous treaty with William Penn? Certainly not in Pennsylvania. In short, where are the Indians that were once the proud owners of America that used to roam in its woods, its prairies its rivers and lakes with the freedom of a bird? I am sorry to answer that his America is the reservation. His freedom is the Agent's Yes. The result of the experiment is plainly told by one of the great men and that is that the best Indian to deal with was a dead one. The Indians thought differently but had to submit to this civilizing doctrine, for what could a mouse say or do if the elephant says he is going to crush him under his foot?

But our hearts are lighter when we find that the second sifter is not so coarse as the first one.

This sifter is the Peace Policy of Grant. This great man perhaps had the ripest experience in regard to the bullet and its effects on the human body and treated the Indians as he would have them treat him; and I verily believe that he is our Abraham Lincoln, for he has saved the Indian race from utter destruction. He placed over them as you know, some of the best people in the country—the Friends, and they were Friends indeed, for from them sprung the doctrine that the Bible was a far better civilizer than the bullet.

But they have failed to solve the Indian problem. Why? Because the people did not give them much encouragement and aid.

We are joyful to know that the third sifter is the last one, and the one that will separate the grain from the chaff. This sifter is the recognition of his capabilities of becoming a man, if proper aid is given,—it is the Dawes' Bill.

We cannot tell the defect of a machine until we see it once in motion. So with this bill. It may have faults, but it is the first law in the history of Indian legislation, that gives the Indians as a race an equal footing with the whites. It has given him the "Star Spangled Banner" under which are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." What more can the Indian ask for?

NOT WHO, BUT WHAT.

By Rosa Bourassa, Chippewa.

Through the journey of our lives we meet with many different kinds of people, of different nations, denominations and character. The nation to which a person belongs should make no difference with regard to his doing good. We can each be good and do good whether we are Indians or whatever we are. As to the denomination we should each one feel it our duty to serve God in the very best way, but our whole life depends upon our character. It is what we make it, and if we want to be well thought of we should try our very best to keep it good and improve it each day with knowledge of good things. When once our character is spoiled it is very hard to regain. It is something that travels with us wherever we go, and if it is blotted in any way it will soon be revealed. If not made known by those who know us our actions will tell. Sometimes actions speak plainer than words. It is the thoughts of persons that lead them to act in such ways as they may. Keeping our characters good relates to what we are and not who we are.

Some people think that if our relatives

(Continued on the 6th Page.)

**THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXAMINATION
AND GRADUATING EXERCISES OF THE
CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL
SCHOOL.**

Wednesday the 14th of May was Carlisle's great day, this year: A day when a class of eighteen as bright and intelligent boys and girls as ever passed the grammar grade of any school in the country were presented diplomas by the oldest and largest Government Indian School, and at the hand of the highest official of the Government immediately over the Indians, the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Gen. T. J. Morgan. It was a day when hundreds of invited guests honored the school by their presence and enthusiastic interest in the Indian cause; a day when Carlisle was able to give practical evidence that her Indian students are not merely learning about things, but are dealing with them first hand, going down to the original source of knowledge, and that our methods create strong and independent thought in the minds of the Indian youth who have the opportunity to practice them. In short, Wednesday the 14th day of May, eighteen hundred and ninety is a day ever to be remembered by all who took part in the exercises or witnessed them.

Among the prominent visitors were Honorable T. J. Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Senator R. F. Pettigrew, of South Dakota, member of the Senate Indian Committee, and Mrs. Pettigrew; Hon. B. W. Perkins, of Kansas, Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, Mrs. Perkins and their son; Hon. S. W. Peel, ex-Chairman of the House Indian Committee; Hon. W. O. Arnold, of Rhode Island; Hon. M. H. McCord, of Wisconsin, members of the House committee on Indian Affairs; Gen. C. E. Bussey, Assistant Secretary of the Interior; Prof. O. T. Mason, of the Smithsonian Institute, and Miss Mason; Mr. E. M. Dawson, chief clerk of the Interior Department; E. O. Hell, of the Government printing-office; Mrs. Burrows, wife of Representative Burrows of Michigan; Mr. J. Jolly Jones, private Secretary of the first assistant of the Interior Department; Mrs. Cushman; Mr. T. W. Blackburn chief of the educational division of the Indian office; Dr. C. F. Postley and Miss Cook of the Indian office; clerk Thorne, of the House Committee; Miss Kate Foote, President of the Woman's Indian Rights association, of Washington D. C.; Representative H. C. Hansborough, of North Dakota, and Mrs. Hansborough; Superintendent Backus, of the Government Indian School, Genoa, Nebraska; Mr. J. S. Standley, of the Choctaw Nation, I. T.; General Boyd and Mr. Riddle, of the Cumberland Valley Railroad; and others.

As the special train from Washington did not arrive till afternoon, the shop and school-room inspection which came in the forenoon, were witnessed by those only who arrived the evening before, or who came early the same day.

According to the programme, at nine o'clock Mr. Standing, Assistant Superintendent, escorted the large number of visitors already gathered, first through the small boys' quarters, the hospital, and then to the printing-office, where fifteen Indian boys were busy running off the little *Indian Helper*, requiring two job presses at good speed, the power furnished by a small three-horse-power engine, managed by an Indian boy. Hands were pasting, wrapping, folding and mailing papers, the boy at the mangle addressing at the rate of 2000 an hour. Other boys were setting and distributing type and making up the forms of the *RED MAN*. When a young Arapahoe shoved a long column of type from the galley onto the imposing stone, with the skill of an old foreman, several who were watching held their breath expecting to see the whole thing go into a heap of pi, but pi, at that moment was farthest from the boy's thoughts, and he has had good New England teaching, too.

The party next visited in turn the paint-shop, the tailor-shop, the harness-shop, the ware-rooms, where goods manufactured at the school are stored, the tin-shop,

the shoe-shop, the carpenter-shop, the blacksmith and wagon-shop, and found the boys handy with tools in these departments.

That so much hand-work was taught when machinery could be employed and the work accomplished quicker and better, was commented upon.

"But these boys," replied one of the school attendants who overheard the remark, "must understand the underlying principles of machine-made articles, and should they be thrown back upon the reservation where machinery run by great steam-engines, to mortise and saw and plane boards, etc., is not available the hand work will come of great use to them."

"True," said the interested visitor.

"And, then, too," continued the attendant, "doing things by hand affords employment to many more than otherwise could be kept occupied, and prepares them more thoroughly to enter larger establishments where articles are manufactured by machinery, should such be their choice after completing the course at Carlisle."

"Do they ever go from this school into outside shops?" was then asked.

"O, yes, a few have worked in the great car-shops, at York, this State, and they gave excellent satisfaction. There is a Carlisle boy in Newark, N. J., who has worked there for several years at his trade, earning good wages. We have turned out printers who have earned fair wages at the case, and our blacksmiths and tinners have found employment outside. We have now four hundred Carlisle students supporting themselves as farm hands, in the eastern part of the State."

From the shops the party went through the large boys' quarters, and from thence to the girls' quarters, the sewing-room and laundry. The girls were found as deft as the boys in their various lines of work. The button-holes and fine sewing showed what they are capable of, in needle work.

In the school-rooms the usual oral examinations were heard in all the thirteen rooms, from the lowest grade where conversational and object lessons without books are carried on, to the highest grade where questions and practical illustrations in physics and civil government were entered into with intelligence and zeal that astonished many. In all the departments both of work and school, guests lingered or visited before the stated hour. Should they come in upon us at any time they would find the work going on exactly as they found it on this day.

From the school-rooms all went to the gymnasium to witness the calisthenic drill by a class of large boys. They performed the various movements with such artistic grace as to win the admiration of the visitors who applauded enthusiastically.

It was now time for the students' dinner, and the regiment of boys formed in front of their quarters, marched in columns of four, headed by the band to the center of the parade, then columned right to the dining-hall, making an impressive spectacle. The girls decked in long check aprons over their uniforms, filed in proper order from their quarters, and when all were seated the usual grace was sung.

In the old chapel, lunch was served to the visitors who seemed to enjoy the repast while the band furnished music from the band-stand.

It was in the midst of lunch and dress-parade that the train from Washington arrived, bringing many distinguished Government officials and friends. They, too, were served with lunch, after which all went to the large assembly room in the new school-building, where including our pupils it is estimated that 1200 people were gathered to listen to the graduating exercises, which began a little before 2 o'clock.

The platform was handsomely and invitingly decorated with potted plants, smilax and luxuriant palms, the class occupying seats on the floor to the right.

The graduating class is as follows:

Nellie Robertson, Sioux; Howard Logan, Winnebago; Rosa Bourassa, Chippewa; Jemima Wheelock, Oneida; Carl

Leider, Crow; Dennison Wheelock, Oneida; George Means, Sioux; George Vallier, Quapaw; Veronica Holliday, Chippewa; Percy Zadoka, Keechi; William Morgan, Pawnee; Lawrence Smith, Winnebago; Stacy Matlack, Pawnee; Levi Levering, Omaha; Benj. Thomas, Pueblo; Benj. Lawry, Winnebago; Julia Bent, Cheyenne; William Tivis, Comanche;

After the opening piece by the band and prayer by the Rev. A. Rittenhouse, of Dickenson College, on behalf of the Indian race, this particular school and our absent Superintendent, the following programme was carried out:

Greeting and Essay, "No Footsteps Backward,"

Howard Logan, Winnebago.

Chorus, "Men of Harlech" Barnby, - - - - - Choir.
Essay, "Alcohol and its Effects," - - - - - George Means, Sioux.
Essay, "Woman's Work and Place,"

Jemima Wheelock, Oneida.

Soprano Solo, "Blue Juniata," - - - - - Julia Dorris, Pueblo.
Declamation, "Ultimate America," Lyman Abbott,

Stacy Matlack, Pawnee.

Essay, "Not Who, but What," - - - - - Rosa Bourassa, Chippewa.
Piano Solo, "Twittering of Birds,"

Veronica Holliday, Chippewa.

Essay, "The Dawes Bill," - - - - - Dennison Wheelock, Oneida.
Glee, "You Gentlemen of England," Dr. Calcott, Glee Club.
Essay, "Montana," - - - - - Carl Leider, Crow.
Declamation, "Our Country," - - - - - Levi Levering, Omaha.
Glee, "Five times by the Taper's Light," Stephen Storace,

Choir.

Essay, "A Dream of the Future," and Valedictory,

Nellie Robertson, Sioux.

Cornet Solo, with Band Accompaniment,

Dennison Wheelock, Oneida.

(The graduating essays are printed in full elsewhere.)

**COMMISSIONER MORGAN PRESENTS THE
DIPLOMAS.**

After the last selection, the class were invited to the platform and General Morgan before presenting the diplomas made a brief but sensible, stirring and eloquent address. He esteemed it a great privilege as the representative of the United States Government to present diplomas to a class who had so well earned them. He congratulated the class on the completion of the course. "Some of you have been here for years and have been eagerly looking and longing for this day. How well you have improved your time has been proven by your eloquence, your music, your manhood and womanhood—all have shown that you have tried to do your part well. I wish the words of the beautiful prophecy we have heard might come true, (referring to "A dream of the future" by Nellie Robertson, printed elsewhere) and I do not know any reason why they should not in the large measure prove true. The same energy and determination which has brought you to this position to-day will make you true men and women in the world.

Cherish in your hearts loyalty to Carlisle! The civilization of the nineteenth century is represented in this institution. Carlisle means civilization, schools Churches. Think about it! Love it! Read about it and talk about it! You never can outlive the influence of Carlisle. As I look into the faces of the 500 Indian boys and girls seated before me I would that every one of the 36,000 Indian children in the land could have this same opportunity. (Applause.) Would that the United States might be generous enough to spend of its surplus millions sufficient for this. Carlisle stands for civilization, citizenship and culture. Would that when you go out from this place you might go out as citizens and not belonging to any tribe. Let us break down the barrier that divides the Indian from the white man!" The Commissioner then paid a high tribute to our absent Superintendent. He said that Capt. Pratt had changed the thinking in the United States on Indian matters, and turning to the class said "it has been worth your time to be here in contact with a man like that."

GENERAL BUSSEY.

When Commissioner Morgan had finished passing around the diplomas, he called upon General C. E. Bussey, Assistant Secretary of the Interior who said that he had met the Indians under many different circumstances. He had met them on the field of battle and had had his soldiers scalped by them, but he had never met them under circumstances as pleasing as the present. The intelligence and culture shown were really surprising.

He had had opportunity to help protect the Indian from injustice. At one time he was in command of an Indian company, and at another time he was sent out by the Government with provisions to some Indians, and having the conviction that they could be taught he got up on a stump and tried to teach them the way to get supplies themselves, how to raise different kinds of grain, etc. He was glad that the peace policy had been started, the policy of educating the Indians instead of trying to kill them. He was now more in favor of Indian education than ever before. He came with no expectation of seeing what he had witnessed. It has been one of the greatest demonstrations ever presented, of the fact that the Indian has a brain worth cultivating. He would return to Washington with broader and more correct ideas of the Indian, and more fully determined to do all in his power to advance the great work. [Great Applause]

JUDGE PERKINS.

Hon. B. W. Perkins, Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs was then introduced, and told of the pleasure the scene gave him. He thought it was cheaper to educate the Indians than to fight them, and that the "Dream of the Future," as was heard this afternoon, might come true: that an Indian might be President of the United States, in 1920. He brought out the thought that some time in the future, this Government which has been helping the Indian must withdraw that aid, that he would have the graduating class and all the other Indians see that they must work the same as any other citizens. "We must be prepared to meet trials when we go out for ourselves. If we conquer disadvantages we will become men and women of more stick-to-it-tive-ness. The Indian of the future is not to gain a living, but by hard labor, and when you do gain such a living you can proudly call it your own. Possess it! Cherish it, and live by it for it is yours. An intelligent mind will lead you to prosperity. Some time last winter Congress made an appropriation for the relief of some Indians in Dakota, who had had their lands allotted, but by loss of crops on account of drought were compelled to ask for aid from Government. Now, there were white men with their families on the borders of the Indian country who suffered by loss of crops just as much as the Indians suffered, but no appropriations were made for them. You are to be treated in the same way sometime. You must be prepared for this. Instead of the tepee there must be a Christian home. Instead of the knife, bow and arrows, there must come the farming implements; instead of ignorance and barbarism, there must be education and culture. The influence of the Carlisle School which was the pioneer Indian Training School of the land, means the final breaking up of the tribal relations. [Applause]

REPRESENTATIVE PEEL.

After Judge Perkins, the Commissioner called upon Hon. S. W. Peel, of Arkansas, ex-Chairman of the House Committee, who gave reminiscences of the earlier history of the Carlisle School. How though a friend to Captain Pratt, he did not at first agree with our methods of educating the Indians. He always favored Indian education but he thought that the place for the schools was nearer their homes and where their lands are. But repeated results similar to those seen to-day had somewhat changed his mind. He would favor all branches of Indian education. He endorsed what Judge Perkins said in regard to the necessity of learning to depend upon one's own resources for support. The district which he represents was left after the close of the war absolutely poverty stricken, but he had never seen a man of his constituents begging, and they had no poor houses to go to. They had worked their way upon their feet again with pure bone and muscles. He advised the Indians to learn to do the same. [Applause]

PROFESSOR MASON.

Prof. O. T. Mason, of the Smithsonian Institute then made a very earnest but brief address. He thought there was too

much of the brown stone front idea in the valedictorian's dream of the future. A brown stone front was not the thing for us to aspire to. He advised the Indian boys and girls to be ready to do whatever came to their hands for their race. His idea of success is for a person to find the place where he can do the most hard work and not feel tired. He made a strong and earnest appeal to the white people present for their sympathy and aid.

Congressman McCord made a brief speech and Congressman Arnold said a few words, after which the audience sang "America" and were dismissed by benediction pronounced by General Morgan.

At 5.30 o'clock the Washington special left, carrying back most of those who came with it. A few stayed over night. In the evening a reception was given the Graduating Class, and thus the memorable day was ended having, we believe, worked a great good for the cause of Indian education.

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

By Nellie Robertson, Sioux---Her Graduating Essay.

Dear friends, allow me to take you for a moment out on an Indian reservation as it is to-day. It is a place from which almost all signs of civilization and education are excluded, where broad acres of land lie uncultivated; a prison as it were, where our people, the prisoners waste their lives away in idleness, while their white brothers feed and clothe them. The only homes they know are miserable and comfortless log huts or tepees. Their amusements are of the wildest sort.

They delight in sun-dances and other barbarous doings where they can torture themselves. Their travelling is done by walking or on horse back. They are an ignorant and uneducated people. True many of the young Indians are being educated at schools, but what will they ever do? Will they ever be the means of bringing the Indians to live and do as the white men?

Now, friends, take another leap! This time over the wide space of thirty years, and see how time and persistent, untiring effort on the part of the young Indians to move on and take no backward steps have answered the foregoing question.

Look into a reservation now? Where are the broad acres of untilled land, the thick forest, the wild and savage people, the log huts and tepees?

The scene is greatly changed. Cities and towns have sprung up. Scattered here and there may be seen large and beautiful farms. The thick forests where once our fathers hunted, are laid out in lovely groves or are entirely cleared away. Where the log huts and tepees once stood are now farm houses, mills and factories. In one of the large farm-houses which stands on the banks of the Washita River and around which is a farm of 160 acres lives a Mr. Matlack. This old man has seen the summers and winters of fifty years. Twenty-five years ago he settled up this place and has been working until now he is worth thousands, they say.

In the place where once an Indian Agency stood is situated now a large city, and in this city there stand some five or six large mills. The owner of these mills is an Indian man. He is just now walking over from one mill to another, and as we watch him going slowly along with bowed head and folded arms, thinking perhaps of his many cares and trials, or perhaps, of his great success, we recognize him in spite of the gray hair and long beard as one of our class-mates—Mr. Benjamin Lawry. He is now a successful business man.

Schools and colleges have been established here and there. One of these colleges which is situated at Anadarko, I. T. is under the supervision of a celebrated Indian professor. He is considered one of the best teachers, of all branches of study. Professor Percy Zadoka, though no longer a young man is still an active and enthusiastic worker.

Every where we find educated Indians,

who are prospering in life. All their old ways have been put aside and they live as the white men do, enjoying their privileges and amusements.

In the city of Chicago, on one of the most fashionable streets of the city there stands a magnificent brown stone house. This we are told is the home of Miss Jemima Wheelock, the famous lecturer on woman's rights. This is the home of one who has done more for securing to woman her rights than almost any other woman in the land. For twenty long years she worked, giving splendid lectures, and now that she has accomplished the great and good purpose for which she worked she lives in quiet at her lovely home.

In the suburbs of the same city there is a large seminary for girls, which has long been known as one of the best schools in the city. For quite a number of years it has been under the charge of Miss Bourassa. She with her sunny disposition and pleasant ways has worked with the same will with which she used in days gone by to work her problems and learn her lessons. She has surely made her life a success.

One of the most prominent men in Congress this year is an Indian man. He is finely educated. By his great oratorical abilities, he has won for himself a fame equal to that of any statesman that ever lived. Rumors come to us that he is to be the Republican candidate for President in the fall campaign of 1920. He is now a middle aged man, with gray hair and a very dignified countenance, which strikes us as being quite familiar as we look upon him. At a second glance we recognize in him our old friend and class-mate, Mr. Carl Leider.

On a quiet street in the city of Boston, there lives a well-to-do family. The father is a rich banker. The children are well-behaved young ladies and gentlemen. The mother is no other than she who was once a member of our class and was known among us as Miss Julia Bent.

Passing down — street, in Duluth, Minnesota, one day, we were attracted by a sign in front of a large office which read thus—"Logan & Wheelock, Lawyers." The names are familiar ones to us and on inquiry we find that Messrs Logan & Wheelock are our old class-mates who graduated with honors at Carlisle thirty years ago. For many years they have been working in that city. Their great perseverance and ambition have made for them a place in the world where any one would be proud to stand this day. Aside from his duties as a lawyer, Mr. Howard Logan, who is a very fine artist, spends his leisure hours in his studio, a beautiful place where many of his fine works of art may be seen. Mr. Dennison Wheelock is a fine musician and spends much of his time in studying music, attending concerts or entertaining his friends with his own music. He also receives a salary for singing in a Church choir.

One of the most noted men of to-day is one who has done much toward improving the condition of our country and that of other countries, too, by building railroads and bridges. The name of Mr. Geo. Vallier, the noted civil engineer, is everywhere known as the man who built the wonderful bridge reaching from Galveston, Texas, to Progreso, in Central America across the Gulf of Mexico. Many other bridges have been built by Mr. Vallier, but this one is his finest.

Along the banks of the Hudson River, New York, in the town of Waterford there stands a beautiful house half hidden by the thick foliage of the many trees which surround it, the lawn, the lovely gardens and everything in and about the house showing to us the owners as a beauty loving people. This we are told is the home of a wealthy merchant and also that of Miss Veronica Holliday, who graduated at this school in 1890. She is one of the leaders of society at Waterford, and is liked by all who know her.

While in the city of Philadelphia one quiet Sabbath day we went into a large and beautiful Presbyterian church, where every week large congregations of people come to hear a celebrated minister. The

church was on this morning crowded with eager men, women and children. What was our surprise when the noted minister rose to announce the first hymn, to recognize in him our old friend, Mr. Levi Levering. He is now the Rev. Levi Levering. By his earnest and eloquent words he made one feel proud that they had the honor of being his class-mate.

One day we visited the office of the Press, one of the most widely circulated dailies of the day. While in the office we received an introduction to the editor of the Press, and to our astonishment we recognized Mr. Ben. Thomas.

One of the largest and best cultivated farms of Bucks county is owned by an Indian. It is a fine farm of over 160 acres, and Farmer Tivis so manages it as to produce from this farm, the best wheat, corn, potatoes and the best of everything. He also keeps a small dairy and his milk, butter and cheese are known far and wide as being the very best.

Across the Atlantic, in the old world, at Calcutta, there lives a very wealthy merchant. He is an American, and ever since he graduated from a business college twenty-five years ago, he has been steadily moving onward. His capacity for carrying on business is wonderful. He has grown rich so fast that he is called a millionaire, although he is still quite a young man. He spends his money wisely and liberally, and every one is proud to know Mr. George Means, and glad to own him as their friend.

We were much surprised the other day to meet one of our old class-mates in Washington. We refer to the celebrated physician, Dr. Morgan. For a number of years he has lived in Washington, doing much good work. Dr. Morgan is also a noted politician. He is a Democrat, and feels it keenly because the Democrats are not as progressive now as they used to be when he was young.

In a remote part of Africa there is situated the small town of Bihe. In this town a large school has been established for the purpose of educating the little African children. For a long time now one faithful man has been working and teaching. Prof. Smith proved himself such an apt teacher in America that when a good teacher was wanted here he was sent and is fast becoming successful.

Such is my dream of the future, and though it may seem to you now, only a dream, is it impossible for it to come to pass? Surely not when our friends at Washington are doing so much for our advancement, and when we have such an able and earnest worker among us as Commissioner Morgan.

With the hope now that at some future time we will come up to all our expectations of fame, property and success, we, who have spent many happy days and months here must bid adieu to our pleasant days of school.

Our honored Superintendent and worthy friend, for all the pains you have ever taken in our behalf, and for our education we most heartily thank you, and hope by what we do in the future to repay you for all your kindness to us and our people. We bid you a kind farewell.

Our friends and all other workers here our gratitude is yours, for all your kindness to us in past times, your care of us and your sympathy in all our work. We hope that you will always kindly remember us who now bid you good bye.

Our faithful teacher and friends can we ever repay you for all your kindness and patience toward us in times past?

When our lessons were hard and our problems still harder and all was darkness to us your kind hand pointed out the light to us and led us over many rough places. For this we thank you and bid you a most affectionate farewell.

To those who come after us bear in mind dear school-mates that the palm of blue ribbon is not gained without the dust of labor. "No excellence without great labor."

There is much to do and learn. And if you would be excellent you must work. Profit by our faults and always go forward and look up.

Teachers, friends and school-mates, we bid you a loving good-bye.

A CARLISLE STOCKING BASKET.

The question of how to clothe the feet was a puzzle to our ancestors.

It was easy enough to sew fig leaves together, or even to make dresses and coats out of cloth, to make tents and such things as require the simple joining of seams, but to shape a comfortable habitation for the feet, was no light task.

We have no reason to believe that stockings were worn at all, earlier than some period in Roman history.

The first and only intimation we have in the matter we get from ancient Roman paintings.

It is certain that stockings were not known in the cold countries of northern Europe, until the twelfth century when they were made of cloth, resembling the Chinese hosiery of present times.

In the fifteenth century the knitting frame was invented, and on it were knitted enormous silk stockings "to serve the double purpose of stockings and breeches," so we are told.

It was a long time before the common people could wear them.

They were manufactured for kings' courts.

But in process of time America took up the question and gave stockings to everybody.

She has no court to support in luxury, at the expense of her poor inventors. Her court is her people.

When we were girls, we were taught to knit stockings and mittens on long steel needles by hand.

Even boys were obliged to knit some, too, when "the chores" were all done.

But this occupation seems to be mostly a girls' prerogative.

We have often thought of our knitting days during play hours at Carlisle.

We wonder how much time there would be left for playing if the girls had to knit all the stockings that they and the boys wear.

Fortunately for them these stockings are all woven by machinery and their part of the work is only to darn them. No small part of the work we should think, and yet the little girls have lots of fun over it.

They sit and chatter together merrily as their bright needles fly in and out, stopping to play ball now and then with the small wooden spheres which are used inside, to darn over.

"How many stockings do you have to mend each week?" we asked.

"O, about 1800 or 2000," was the answer.

Just think of it, boys! Do you sometimes run about the quarters in your stocking feet? Even out on the verandas and up and down stairs, maybe out to the pump for a drink?

Spare your socks and think of the patience of those little girls at their thankless task.

"How do you know when to condemn the stockings?" we asked of the matron.

"O," said she, "that is easy enough, when they are too bad to be mended again. I used to condemn them all myself, turning them one at a time, but I found that if I left it to the little girls they took pride in darning almost to excess. So now I leave it all to them."

"What do you do with the old stockings," we asked.

"Why," the matron answered, "the long ones we cut down for the small folks' feet, and what is left we put away for slate rags."

That reminds us of an incident which occurred one day in the school-room.

A teacher in the primary department, noticed a very little fellow busy at something beneath his desk.

She tip-toed up behind him, and discovered that he was patiently unraveling his bit of stocking slate rag, and winding it into a nice round ball.

This gave the teacher a new Kindergarten thought.

When her little ones get tired, she sets them to unraveling out these old stocking feet.

E. G.

Strength of the Carlisle Indian School.

Total on roll.....	778
Boys.....	482
Girls.....	296
On Farms for the Summer Vacation or Longer.	
Boys.....	280
Girls.....	131
Total	411

(Continued from the 3rd Page.)

have been great and have been admired and sought after in society, we must be honored and sought also. Others look up to people that are wealthy more than those that are poor. Although it is very nice to have plenty so that we may give to those who have none, it is not wealth or fine clothes that make a person's character. A man may have gained his wealth in a dishonest way. Should he be honored in a case like this? He may be a drunkard, a gambler or anything but good and still be very affectionate. Such a person who may be of this disposition is blindfolding the people of this world, but he cannot blindfold God the Judge of all. The Lord judges the heart not the outward appearance, and on the Judgment Day the rich and the poor will all be judged alike. Our Saviour came into this world a poor man and remained so during his life on earth. Therefore we should not be discouraged and make life miserable for ourselves but try to get up in the world and be some body. There are many ways in which to do so.

Think of Napoleon Bonaparte, one of the greatest Generals in early history. It was not because he was of a noble family that he became so famous, for his father was only a lawyer. Washington and Lincoln are other examples of *what* they were and not *who*. It was not wealth that made them famous, for we all know they worked very hard to gain their position. All through their lives we have heard of many good deeds they have done for the good of so many people. They of course had a good education or they could not have done as they did, but it was not the education of the mind only that brought them such a fair future. It was the kindness and tender feeling toward others, that helped them on so fast. If they had the disposition of some, caring more for the good of themselves than the good of others they would not have been so famous. Our hearts must be trained and educated as well as our minds if we intend to be well thought of in this world and live happy in the next. Reputation is something that comes next to character. Character is what we make ourselves, what we *are*, and reputation is what others think of us. I am sure there isn't a person that would like to have others speak ill of them, although there are times when people tell stories that are not true, but we should not mind little troubles of that kind that come in our way, but do our best, for that is all we can do. Saying things do not always make them so. A good character and a good reputation are the main objects of our life, and if we have both of these there is no reason why we should fail in our undertakings. If a man hires another to work for him he would not want one who dressed in fine clothes every day and did not have a good reputation, but he would want one who could do work well. It is not *who* we are that carries us through this world but it is *what* we can do.

Would our Government be as it is now if the men who ruled it and helped to make it were men that might be represented as *who*? No, indeed! It was *what* that ruled this time. It was not because the soldiers who fought to save our country were wealthy and did it for their own good, but it was for the good of people and those that were in bondage. You will notice that half of the men if not more, that were soldiers were poor men. Was it because Abraham Lincoln was a wealthy man and had everything that he wished for that he did the good deed of emancipating all the slaves? No! It was the sympathy that he felt for those who were in trouble, and the thought that was in his heart to do right. They are human beings the same as any body, and God made them for a good purpose as well as all other things that He has made. You would not see us here to-day if it had not been for Capt. Pratt. It is *what* he is who has made things so prosperous within the last ten years. If it had been for his own good that he worked so hard to get us here he would not have been so successful, but it was for the good of ourselves and our par-

ents who if they had had the chance that we have, would not be the Indians that they are now. We are human beings. God made us for some good, and we have just as good brains as any one. All we needed was education and that every body needs in order to get along in this world. Just that one good act which Capt. Pratt did to get us here to school has benefitted our parents out west as well as ourselves. Because we are Indians is no reason why we should have no education, or enjoy as many privileges as others. It is not *who* we are that will prove best for us in the end but it is *what* we can do.

THE DAWES SEVERALTY LAW.

By Dennison Wheelock, Oneida.

The history of Indian legislation shows that the supreme object of the United States Government in dealing with the Indians has ever been to make them men capable of self-support and finally to bring the *Indianism* out of them; hence, laws have been passed, appropriations made, policies defined and treaties negotiated, each one more or less contemplating the end in view and backed with the supposition that by its operation so much of the problem would be settled. But the question Does the law to-day make the Indian a self-supporting man? is still apparently answerable in the negative. Why this is the case is more or less directly owing to the general character and provisions of the laws which have governed them; these laws in many instances being to the disadvantage of the Indians upon whom they operated. While the motives which induced the enactment of them may have been nothing less than kindly interest for the Indians, yet when we consider the results of the working of these laws many of us are forced to pronounce them failures. These laws have placed them on a footing of total helplessness and dependence, not being a guide and protection to them, and making it a difficult matter even to have justice and order preserved among them.

It might be stated then that the prime object of the Dawes Severalty Law is to bring them out of the entanglement into which they have been placed, inasmuch as it attempts to give them a chance at independence. But with reference to this important law it is of advantage to consider first, what it does for the Indians who as tribes and as individuals are ignorant of everything that goes to make up civilization.

Undoubtedly the one special advantage which it bestows upon them is the placing of them under the protection of the United States laws. The years that have passed over the reservations of the red men are mute witnesses of the fact that they have suffered injustice to an enormous degree. By not being under the law the thief has gone unpunished, the murderer to boast of his deeds while the white man has taken pains to capture every loose horse, cow, or pig that sets its foot off the reservation, knowing that the Indians could never legally re-take it. To make this statement clear an illustration will do: An Indian owning several horses let two or three of them loose on the road. After three or four days to his surprise one of them was missing. He could not account for its sudden disappearance, but after six months had passed he learned that it had gone off the reservation and was now in the possession of a certain white man. On claiming it he was refused on the ground that since the white man had kept it for six months and fed it as a stray horse the Indian could no longer claim it. The Indian therefore attempted to enter complaint in the court against the white man, but was told that he could not do so because the laws of the State did not have sufficient jurisdiction over the Indians to enable the court to carry out its decision if it was not in favor of the Indian. The only court then to which he could go was the Supreme court of the United States to which he did not care to appeal.

Aside from this great remedy which this law makes, the advantages derived from the change of the general con-

duct of Indian affairs are also of great importance and benefit to the Indians. The step which it takes towards the final solution of the question brings not only new ideas, new objects of aspiration and new duties to the Indians, but causes new hopes, new desires and new expectations in the minds of the American people, not only promising sympathy in times of necessity but genuine help. The abolishing of the American reservation system, brings the realities of civilization to their door; draws aside the authority of the chiefs and individualizes each member. Living upon a land which is secure to them induces the improvement and beautifying of it as a home while their manhood receives an impulse at the knowledge of being free. Their land is secured for twenty-five years by this law, and the importance of it with the Indians who are not educated and have no one to look after their personal interests as in the case of the more advanced tribes, may be illustrated as follows: An Indian having forty acres of timber land was asked to sell thirty trees for thirty dollars. Thinking it a good bargain, he concluded to do so and signed a paper which he thought was an agreement to give his trees away at the stated price, but which afterwards proved to be a deed selling the land on which the trees grew. No sooner did the Indian sign the paper than the timber dealer had it recorded and set his claim upon it.

But while these are bright presentations of the front a look of what is behind may be interesting.

Looking into a community of Indians whose lands have been allotted we find that the Government still assumes to control their property and the manner of earning their support. This probably has more weight with the success of this law, than anything else. The attempts at starting business on their lands by selling the timber the proceeds of which would enable them to purchase their farm implements, seeds and other necessities are intercepted by an order coming from the Department at Washington forbidding them to carry out their plans, declaring that since the land is held in trust by the Government for the twenty-five years agreed to, it will not allow them in any way to impair the country by the cutting of its timber and the selling of the same.

The Indians then must be expected to establish their carpet factory or shoe factory as the starting point towards earning the money for purchasing their plows, wagons, horses, houses, etc., which is an awful explosion of the common line of thought and which even a dream could not surpass in absurdity. Do we ever expect then to see them continue in the determination with which they may have started out? Do we expect to see within the twenty-five years of protection, grist-mills, saw-mills, sash and door factories and other industries booming among them, when the government itself hinders their first efforts to attain them?

While these are the advantages and disadvantages of the Indians who begin right from the bottom, the advantages and disadvantages of the more advanced are equally as many.

By this law the Indians are made citizens of the United States, therefore subject to its laws and of the laws of the State or Territory in which they may reside. By being subject to the laws, it is then to be understood that whatever the State or Territory requires of its citizens, the Indians are hereafter to answer those requirements. Among other duties and responsibilities which devolve upon them we find to be those which arise from the county government. This government must be to a degree in their own hands. How far they are capable of conducting this with justice remains to be seen, but it seems to me that even if they were all college graduates, their chances would be poor. Their citizenship allows them to appoint their county officers by ballot, but their land being under Government control is exempt from taxation thus leaving the payment of county expenses, such as building roads and bridges, school-houses and jails, etc., all of which

are needful, to be met with by taxation upon property which they may possess besides the land. What this taxation will amount to needs no high mathematical calculations considering the average valuation of their property and their chances for increasing it. That the taxation will fall far short of their needs is evident. What then does this mean to the whites who are residing in the county? It means simply that under the circumstances the great burden of building roads, bridges, school-houses, etc., devolves upon them to an unjust degree. The taxation assessed upon their property must exceed that of the Indians by the amount of land they may possess, which is a monstrous injustice. If the assessment amounts to \$60,000 or \$70,000 of it when their share is only \$40,000 the utter absurdity of hoping to make peaceable neighbors of the two races is plain. Attempting to justify this by increasing the rate of taxation of the Indians to balance the taxation of the whites for their land and property together is not lawful according to the laws of the State of Wisconsin and probably in the other States also, but the rate in all cases must be uniform. By this simple "rock of offense" then, that which we have so faithfully watched is made to become the source of another problem. We have expected to see the Indians rising rapidly in general improvement to the standard of other communities, but if the Government assumes control of their land is it reasonable for us to suppose that the Indians will ever be able to make any marked progress beyond what we find to-day?

This, then, is the condition of affairs in a country partially populated by Indians. This is the chance given them to improve and make themselves equal with the whites. While it is a step in the right direction, yet because it fails to take in all the duties of an American citizen, the greater the civilization of the Indians the more does it become an obstruction to their progress. If the Government proposes to supply deficiencies by continued appropriations then what has been true for the last fifty years will be true for the next twenty-five or thirty to come, that while an American citizen is happy in the knowledge of property wholly in his possession and transferrable to others at his discretion; while enjoying the receipt of prizes and awards for the best productions, the Indian in an effort of the same character and in the same direction is not only bothered with the protection of his land and is receiving no prizes or awards or any inducements whatever, but is handicapped in the extreme, influenced by the knowledge that as one of the ultimate results of his new departure the support of the Government would be taken from him. It is a question with me how many of the American people in the face of an offer of the same character would be willing to work? Satisfied with existing conditions I doubt whether many would be inclined to suffer themselves to labor.

Under such circumstances, then, what better could we expect of the Indians? And if these things are to be continued what different results can we expect?

If the Indians have failed to become what we want them to be in the fifty years that this plan has been pursued, it ought to be plain when we know what it does that no progress can be made until it is taken away.

In conclusion then I want to say for the more civilized Indians, let us give them citizenship!—American citizenship!

Let us no longer disregard their attainments by subjecting them to the regulations which are only advantageous with savages! Let us allow them to contend with the realities of independence and freedom! Then can we expect to see them enthusiastic in progress, battling freely with the spoils of the reservation system and imbued with the spirit of patriotism and devotion to country. Then can we truly say that the Indians have been admitted into the Republic to enjoy the freedom fought for by the American

people and won for the Government which was to be "for the people, of the people and by the people" and which declares "all men created free and equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. Then can we say this Government is sacred to all its people.

A WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD. By Jemima Wheelock, Oneida.

Dear Friends: I would like to tell you some things that might interest you, not because I expect to bring a new thought but only to recall some of the past events on the line of woman's work and place. I have been here for some time and I expect soon to return to my home. Last summer I visited my home in Wisconsin after five years' absence. When there I often went to see a woman who is now not less than seventy-five years of age. This brave woman lives all by herself. She has a house and a nice field, too. The fence that is around it was built by her own strong hands. I love that woman and I like to think of her. When she first saw me she did not quite recognize me, but when I spoke to her she seemed to remember my voice. She held out her hand and said, "Ah! Grandchild, my hands are so hard, and rough that I am almost ashamed to shake hands with anybody; but when I think of how much they do for me I am not a bit ashamed of them. I have toiled for many, many long and cold winters in this world, but thank the Lord that I never had to be helped by my neighbors. Everything that you see inside of my fence is mine and no one's else."

At another time I visited among strangers, and to my great joy I found a woman at one place busily engaged in hauling hay. In the Spring she plows the field and plants corn, wheat, oats, potatoes. Her hands were not any softer than a farmer's who works from morning till evening. Her husband was paralyzed and is therefore obliged to stay in the house.

Let us not think of women's weakness any more! Let us not refuse to let them have the same light that many distinguished men have had, and which has made them so great, so that their names will not soon be forgotten. Women who have no homes must work for their living, and this is where I wish to say a word or two for them.

The doors of the different industries should be no longer bolted to women, because they are women. It is not only necessary that the way be opened to them but it is right that they, too, should have the chance to make their way up if they choose. Woman has borne a great many heavy burdens since the time of Adam and Eve. Although as we are told it was woman who helped her husband to do a wrong deed, but as some writer says Why was Adam so weak? All intelligent people know what women have accomplished in the past. Chances are opened to women and have been opened to them for some time, and some have become doctors, clerks, teachers and even ministers, lecturers and lawyers; but the wages have not been and are not as they should be. There are women who work perhaps one-third more than men do and are paid only about half of what the men receive for the same quality of work, all because they are women and perhaps because they have no right to vote, but when they do get their rights and privileges, this will give them equal pay for equal work. They too should have the right to enter any profession for which their talents fit them, and have the right to vote, and also have a voice in the laws that govern them. They already pay taxes and it was taxation without representation that the colonists declared to be unjust, and so do we. I am glad to be able to say that the people of to-day are beginning to see that women can do something when the walls of their prisons are crushed to pieces.

The Chicago News says, "Oskaloosa, Kansas, has lived under women's Government for a year. The Mayor and all the members of the city council were wo-

men. Now they have retired from office giving way to masculine successors whom they helped to elect. A dispatch from Oskaloosa says that women's administration has been as good as the best and much better than the average. They have shown great firmness and a decided disposition to have their own way in official life. They retire with the good will of a large majority of the people. When those women took hold of the municipal government a year ago the city was in debt. Now it is out of debt and has money in the bank, with improved finances, improved streets and improved morals it is in a position to testify to the value of woman's government. Other cities in Kansas have reason to be thankful this Spring that women have the right to vote at municipal elections. The ballots were given to the best candidates in almost every instance. At Russel for example the women defeated the whiskey elements candidate for police justice and selected a prohibitionist."

I do not speak of a man's work in the world because that was settled long ago. But I do want the question of a woman's work to be settled, too. If our ancient women whose heads now lie low in their graves, could talk, they would tell us much more than I can tell you of the way they were treated. It burns my heart and I never fail to tremble with anger when I think of how much women have done and how little they were thought of and cared for in return. It is our working women's influence that has greatly helped to make the nations as they are now, and then, too, our brave mothers, more than the fathers are they who have brought up their sons and others to be the great people of which America is so proud, and yet there are people who still think it is useless to educate women, but I think when they are educated it makes the home pleasanter and the children better.

Women should have the same rights and privileges that men enjoy and must have them. I am very glad to have this chance of speaking to you and as I said before, not because I think I can give you any new thought, but simply wishing to add my voice so that I might be able to help to awaken the feelings of the world to a sense of their duty toward women.

The overturnings of countries and governments have been accomplished by men who spoke at the proper time and in the proper way and in most cases the overturning of the hearts and characters of men have been made by women who did their duty and spoke at the proper time and in the proper manner. In some places they have left their homes entirely so that they might learn something outside of Indian life. At the time when our forefathers used to like to move from one place to another women did most of the work and carried the tents, too, upon their backs, but now they live far better than they did in those days. The Indian men work now and women are no longer drudges merely.

Indians are divided into many different tribes and they are not all savage people as some of you may imagine. Some tribes are more civilized than others and it is of the savages, ways that I am about to tell you some things. Savage Indians like all other savages do many things that seem unreasonable to those who know better, but it does not seem so to them. There are Indians yet who live in States that lie along the Rocky Mountains and who have but little light to live by, do not know what it is to be educated. Those people sell their daughters. The price for a girl is two ponies, and each pony costs not much more than ten dollars. The Indians in New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Nebraska and several other States do not live in this way. To take the girls away from the savage homes is not an easy task. One of the employees here tells his experience of how unwilling the Indian parents are to let their daughters come to school. In one case a girl was on her way here. Her mother came on horse-back and when she got near the wagon where the girl was she

got down from the horse and caught her daughter by the arm and then held out a knife before the girl's face and said to her;

"If you will go to Carlisle I'll kill you and I will kill myself, too."

That girl is here to-day. Quite a large number of boys and girls who have spent their five years in some of these Eastern schools are now working among their own people, trying to lift them up to live in a higher life than they do now. Sometimes the returned girls are cruelly treated, because they would not go back to their native ways. In some cases the girls are compelled to go in the ways of their surroundings. They must dress like others. They must go to the night dances like the rest. If not, then they must do these things under the lash of their parents or friends.

Returned pupils have to meet many trials about which you know nothing, but dear friends, like the Christian Pilgrims we should not let trials keep us from learning things that are good for us to learn, but we will work for education until we have obtained it. We will take it with us to our people and will try to help them change their ways.

MONTANA.

By Carl Leider, Crow.

Montana was made a Territory in 1864, and since then her population is being rapidly increased every year. Here are the sources of the noted Columbia and Missouri Rivers, and other numerous streams in the mountainous regions that presents a charming appearance. Its scenery cannot be surpassed by any of the New England States. When Spring appears nature seems to be more alive there than anywhere else on the globe. The constant singing of thousands of birds makes the very country a paradise in itself. In fact, the locality where these birds wander is a paradise in the true sense of the word. The whole country is green with grass and heavily strewn with brilliantly colored wild-flowers with their sweet odor that alone tells that there is life and joy in that country. There is nothing more pleasing to the eye and the human heart than to look at these fields which the hand of the Great Spirit has turned about for the delight of humanity.

A few years ago Montana was inhabited by different bands of Indians, who wandered from place to place according to the change of seasons and to the places within easy reach of game. As these Indians were not peaceful toward each other massacres and horse-stealing were of frequent occurrence during those days. It is a great pleasure to an Indian warrior to lay his life on the plains never to rise again after a scene of fearful battle. There are many good Indians that would have lived to-day and enjoyed the benefits of civilized life had they not been so brave. Here, too, one of America's greatest generals fell a victim of these Indians. A braver man never lived. But before many years of this savage existence the dawn of civilization appeared before them and they fled to Canada at the North, to Dakota at the East and some to the edges of the Rocky Mountains in the West, leaving the land and giving way to a new light of civilization that would make even the wildest red man living contented within reach of its shadow, and would mould the conditions of the State into a higher and nobler period. They fled only to be brought back by a coming race whose words travel on paper and whose power is the Bible, to settle down and be fenced up within their familiar hunting grounds, to be fed and taken care of while the work of a new enterprise is going on. They are told of the time when they will be called upon to lay aside that blanket and to take a hand in building up a country that they misused and to till the soil of a land they had neglected and trodden under foot. The happy hunting days of the Indian are now a thing of the past. The sound of the war dance, the whistle of a sufferer at a sun-dance has passed through the air never to be heard again, but the memory of those days will still

exist in the minds of the old folks to tell their educated children, who will fly East alive and return exterminated Indians. The rush of events and political scenes in Montana will be watched by an interested people who will keep silent in the rear, but there is a time coming when they will take their places among the men of that State. Not many years have passed since the smoke of the pioneer was seen curling forth from his rudely constructed cabin down in the canyons or on the plains—the survivors of a canvas covered train that had made its way toward the setting sun.

As one approaches them one cannot fail to see the strong determination on the weather-stricken faces of those men, a determination not easily to be checked that goes forth through darkness and comes up with the rising sun followed closely by the train of civilization at their heels. They are the men worthy of praise for the cause they have boldly undertaken. When they die will they be honored by the erection of a monument of marble? No! But a monument that will command the resources of the surrounding country—a monument that will be looked upon with pride by its inhabitants, not a monument that men may go to look at but a monument that men may go to build in which they may have their being and that monument is a city that will stand forever upon their graves. Then come forth the rail-roads, the newspaper, the school-house, the Church, and all that goes to make up a prosperous community, as a writer says, "Nature hurries into her outposts while civilization only laughs with, I'll be there soon."

One who has not seen cannot realize the wonderful progress that has been made during the past few years. Let us look back to the fertile valleys where but a short time ago there was not an inhabitant living upon the soil, and yet to-day the vision is changed. In the same place stand flourishing cities with their steeples reaching to the sky above and rivers bridged. There cities are vigorous and growing and show the possible future of the State. It is marvelous to see a city springing up at so great a distance from the heart of civilization and growing with such great rapidity. Crowding its streets are seen men of every nationality and description who came from far and near to make homes in Montana and share its bounty which the State has so freely bestowed upon its inhabitants. Montana is being covered by a net-work of iron that comes from every direction. She has within her boundaries mines that have been carried on to a great extent and produce wonderful results. The surrounding mountains are seamed with ores of the finest specie, and to-day thousands of men are at work in these mines laboriously searching for the rich treasures which nature so long refused to disclose and are bringing forth minerals in the shape of gold silver and copper to send abroad for the public good. Montana to-day boasts of being a great mineral producing State. In the former years the country was covered from the extreme north and to the edge of the Rocky Mountains with buffalo, but they, like other hindrances to civilization have passed away, and in their feeding grounds to-day graze thousands of cattle, horses and sheep, the second great industry of the State. Helena, the capital city of the State is now being looked upon as the commercial and rail-road center. Although many hundred miles from any large commercial city like New York and San Francisco she is considered the richest city of its size on the face of the globe, by the deposits and miners and ranchmen throughout the country. Its banks are overflowing with precious metals from the surrounding mountains, from the gold-bearing streams that flow down from the Rocky cliffs, from the beautiful valleys teeming with herds of cattle, horses and sheep, from the endless fields of waving grain that produce nearly a hundred fold. The future of Montana will be looked upon with anxious eyes for

still higher and better results. She has had a hard struggle up the ladder for Stateship for many years past, but to-day stands uncovered from her territorial robe among these United States. Her star will shine brightly upon our glorious banner, but we cannot say that she has reached her prime of Statehood, but she is still growing onward until the day may come when she will be pointed out as the foremost ruling power of our United Government.

THE ONEIDAS WANT GENUINE CITIZENSHIP.

From a Former Pupil of Carlisle.

ONEIDA, Wisconsin 4mo. 25, 1890.

DEAR FRIEND: Since I have not written you a letter for such an extended period it is probable that you may have conceived an idea that I have either lost interest in Carlisle Indian School or that I have not been using the education given me while there, or have gone back on Carlisle altogether. But thanks, I have carried my education wheresoever I went, and have made use of it at every turn.

I have taught school two years and seven months since I left Carlisle and that will be three years next June.

Education wins the battle for me every time.

Away up in this part of the country we Oneidas are neighbors with all kinds of nationalities. We see French, German, Hollanders, Norwegians, etc., and sure enough through the English language, we understand one another in transacting business.

We are enjoying very pleasant weather. It is now seed time with us. The birds are back from the South to entertain us with sweet music during seed-time and harvest.

Clara (his wife, also a Carlisle pupil) and I often speak of Carlisle at which place we trust we have a great many friends and wish them success in all their undertakings.

Hon. D. C. Lamb of Fon Du Lac, Wis., Special Agent allotting lands to the Oneidas, is now issuing "Certificates of Selection."

The seeing class of our people are beginning to realize the defect of the "Dawes Bill" in their case. They want the genuine citizenship Bill or none at all. Go ahead until you are citizens of the United States, say I.

On the Reservation there are two Church Denominations represented, viz. Methodist and Episcopal. Some of our people wish to become Catholics and are they that apply for a certain portion of the unoccupied Reservation to be devoted to the use of a Catholic Church and school. Land not to contain more than the other two churches will occupy in the future. This is the topic of the day. Our population is about 1,700.

We have a Debating Society which meets every Friday, Joel Archiquette, Pres. It is having good attendance thus far.

Very Respectfully,
P. J. POWLAS.

THE GIRLS' QUARTERS.

It was a delightful morning. The students had marched to school in long regular lines that made you dizzy to look at. The newly mown lawns looked like green silken velvet, dotted here and there with small boys detailed to pick up the stray bits of note paper and such other harmless litter as is bound to deposit itself on any plot of ground.

Litter don't have a chance to rest itself, however, at Carlisle, before it is hurried off to its own place by the vigilance committee.

A dozen boys go about with a little lawn cart which is really quite ornamental in itself, and leave not a trace of trash behind them.

On this delightful morning we sauntered out to breathe the fresh air, and if possible give our readers a whiff of Carlisle air, too.

The dandelions dot the sod every where as thick as stars. The robins are hop-

ping about and chirping fearlessly for nobody even says "shoo" to a robin here, much less does anybody molest them.

Just in front of where we are standing and guarded by sycamore trees is the large building known as the Girls' Quarters.

It is two hundred and fifty feet long and three stories high. Broad balconies run the entire length.

These balconies present different aspects at different times in the day. In the early morning they are gay with red, white and blue. I do not think it ever occurred to the girls how patriotic they are.

They are not satisfied to display their colors on the Fourth of July and National holidays only.

After the bedding is aired, if there is time before school the girls run races and play on the porches, or gather in congenial groups to indulge in harmless gossip, compare lessons and chatter generally.

Especially are these balconies useful on beautiful or rainy days. It is as good as a long walk to run back and forth on them a few times.

We are curious to see the inside of this building whose exterior has such charms. So we wend our way across the graveled path and ask the matron if we may take a peep.

"Of course" she said, "make yourself at home."

We proceeded to do so, but found ourselves away from home and lost, directly. We thought it might be like the serpentine puzzles, and if we kept on we should come out somewhere, and so we did.

The room doors were nearly all left ajar. This was inviting and we pushed them open just a trifle farther, wide enough for an eye, something after the manner a wild Indian girl wears her blanket.

The girls love their rooms; you can see that without asking them.

The sense of possession has its delights for every one, testified to here by the flower-pots in the windows, the pretty piece of fancy work on the chair or bureau, and in the whole picture around you.

How like home it is! The walls are covered with engravings, many of them of the common, chromo type or even newspaper cuttings. These attached to the walls in artistic order, brighten the house.

We have no sympathy with the sentiment expressed in a recent public journal, that if we cannot have the best and most expensive of household adornments it is better taste to have nothing. We prefer to labor under defective taste and have simple beautiful things about us.

For instance, if we cannot look upon that masterpiece of modern art, "Christ Before Pilate," we may step into the girls' assembly room and look at its lithographic reproduction. In this assembly room one may gather something more than a bare hint of what a real picture gallery may be.

The cheap pictures, like the specks of gold dust which go to make up the precious nugget are no less gold because they are small.

The girls hoard up their simple Christmas gifts, and other keepsakes, and arrange them prettily on the dressing cases and little stands in their rooms.

We saw cabinet photo's of friends, tilted gracefully against ornaments. Now and then "one of our best boys" came in to view, wearing his base ball costume or in dignified attitude with his dress suit on.

All these little indications of good and natural taste on the part of the girls pleased us.

They are a happy crowd, those girls! One has but to look at them to see this. No "red eyes" with crying, no lagging listless steps, but all is life and merriment. These are our observations.

If they are unhappy as a habit, or as a frequent occurrence, we fail to find it out, or we have often asked the question of different girls, in a very sympathetic tone intended to draw them out, and the answer invariably is "No, I am happy."

It is a pleasant sight to see the girls on the grounds between daylight and dark playing at out door games—croquet, base ball, blackman, pussy-wants-a-corner, drop the handkerchief, London bridge, etc.

In doors they hop, skip and jump down the long halls deftly avoiding the corners of the many trunks which line the margins.

They have a piano and an organ, and on them make stirring music. Who can wonder that they love to keep step with the notes, the floors are so temptingly smooth?

They make good music, too, from little mouth organs. And then how the girls sing! Nobody can sing like a girl! Her voice has no undertone of sorrow, or of a wicked desire to excel. She sings as the bird sings, because she feels like it.

I do not know how long a time we spent in these quarters, but we found our way down before long, while casting lingering looks in at the doors we passed.

What a pretty idea it is to use their bright colored annuity shawls for table covers. They are just the thing, and she is a lucky girl who has one. They are not needed at Carlisle, to wear, as the uniform is the navy-blue circular lined with red flannel, while some purchase neat coats, with their own earnings.

After what we have observed, it is useless to intimate that the girls have a home mother to look after them.

How far she is to blame that the girls are not happier, or how far she is responsible for their being happy at all, we leave our readers to conjecture.

E. G.

THE SMALL BOYS' QUARTERS.

We have been in the habit of running into the small boys' quarters without ceremony, so we did not report ourselves at all, but ascended to the top story, knowing the children were at school, and intending to ask permission after we came down.

If we report every thing in splendid order we shall be disbelieved! The readers of the RED MAN will shake their heads and say "we know better."

There are 99 little boys in this house. It is their home. There are no carpets on the floors in whose meshes dust may hide. The floors are solid bare wood, which responds readily to the broom and the scrubbing brush.

"Naturally, what condition would you be likely to find such a house in at ten o'clock in the morning where there are no 'maids of all work' but the little boys themselves?" we think

We have been on intimate terms with boys for some years and think we understand them thoroughly. They are a well meaning, rollicking, don't-care class of mortals.

They usually leave their clothes on the floor where they get out of them, turn the sand, out of their shoes on the carpet wherever they happen to be, and leave things topsy turvy when they have hunted for something, and we had no reason for thinking that Indian boys were different from others. So we were prepared to find a different state of affairs, than what we shall truthfully describe.

Before we had traveled far we came to the conclusion that we were not acquainted with the particular kind of boys, who inhabited the quarters.

It was an off morning, they had expected no visitors, but we found everything as neat as a pin. We tried hard to see something out of place, something which should remind us that our previous acquaintance with boys had not deceived us.

At last we found one pair of pantaloons on the floor just where they parted company with the wearer.

We suspect that William Morgan, Sergeant in these quarters, deserves a good deal of credit for the good habits of his charge.

We noticed that the little boys have their treasures arranged carefully on the tables, with books and papers. They have their pictures on the walls, too.

One can hardly imagine how pretty the advertisement chromos are, till one sees them from across the hall, hung in just the right light to bring out their wonderful coloring. You see the "Roller and ice skates" the "Standard scales", "Pearline", and various soaps, starch, and a hundred such things. They all make sunshine for the boys.

When we met the matron on the next floor she apologized for the state of affairs. She said we "ought to come on Friday when things were in better order."

She took us into the bathroom, where we caught sight of three black heads above the water in a big bathtub.

The little fellows were enjoying the luxury of immersion. There are so many of them that a number must bathe every day to get around once or twice a week.

Their home mother has taught all these boys to scrub and sweep and make beds, and do every bit of their own work. It takes a long time to learn, but they triumph at last, and do the work well.

A dozen boys were given the Assembly room to clean one morning, and one little fellow was two hours scrubbing his two yards square of the floor.

He would scrub and mop, and scrub again, and then step back to see the effect. When he was done, his limited claim was as plainly marked as if it had been surveyed and staked.

As if they did not have enough to do to keep the house clean, these boys take the brush and dust pan and sweep the cracks between the bricks of the walk in front where the brooms fail.

Altogether, it is a wonderful boys' home, and the boys in it seem to be always having a good time. As far as noise goes to make up a boy's real happiness they are allowed to make their share at the proper time.

For instance, you have but to hold your ears half open on a rainy morning and you will think it thunders out of season.

It is nothing however but roller skates, on the long balconies. E. G.

Joel P. Mayes, Principal chief of the Cherokee Nation, is being criticised severely for his administration of affairs, which may result in his defeat at the coming election. The *Indian Journal* says:

He may have erred during his official career but in the main he has proven himself a safe and able executive and eminently worthy of the highest confidence of his people. Would that every nation in the Indian country had a Mayes at its head.

William Campbell, class '89, Carlisle Indian School, is studying for the law department of the Wisconsin University. He is now at White Earth Agency, Minn.

The appointment of James E. Helms, of Burchard, Nebraska, to be agent for the Indians at Santee Agency, Neb., has been confirmed.

John H. Waugh, of Jamestown, Dakota, has been appointed agent for the Devil's Lake Agency, North Dakota.

Wallace says that the Indians of Brazil change the feathers of a parrot from green to red by feeding it upon the fat of a fish allied to the shad.

The essay given by George Means of the graduating class will be printed next issue.

STANDING OFFER.

For ONE new subscriber to THE RED MAN, we will give the person sending it a photographic group of the 15 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TWO, TWO PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or, two Photographs showing a still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

(Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For THREE, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth fifty cents.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.)

Unless the required postage accompanies the names, we will take it for granted that the premium is not desired.