

OUR 19TH ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES

—AND—

TENTH GRADUATING CLASS.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of March, the Nineteenth Anniversary and Tenth Graduating Exercises were held, during which 24 Indians—12 young men and as many young women, each received a diploma showing that the Carlisle Indian Industrial School Course had been finished and that the holder of the diploma was educationally equipped to take his or her place by the side of the average American public school boy or girl who is ready to enter High School.

In addition to the knowledge of books acquired at this stage of development by the average white boy or girl, these Indian students have the beginnings of trades and have the practical experience and information which fits them for the ordinary avocations of our American life; if a higher education is desired, they have a good foundation for that.

The Commencement for 1898 was made especially enjoyable and helpful by the presence of distinguished visitors from a distance. More than the usual number of Congressmen, representing the interests of the Indians, honored the occasion by their presence and their encouraging words on behalf of Indian education and the Carlisle way of accomplishing desired results.

The Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, William A. Jones, was here and made a lasting impression upon the 3,000 people who heard his brief but stirring address. Hon. Jas. S. Sherman, Chairman of the House Committee of Indian Affairs, was strong and eloquent in his denunciation of sophistry on matters pertaining to the Indian and in his clear reasoning as to the just and proper means to be used to bring about a speedy solution of the question.

Hon. J. F. Lacey, of Iowa, Hon. J. H. Stephens, of Texas, Hon. C. B. Landis, of Indiana, Hon. F. M. Eddy, of Minnesota, Hon. H. B. Packer, of Pennsylvania, and Hon. W. P. Zenor, of Indiana, all of the House Indian Committee, were present, and all except Representative Zenor spoke earnestly and in words most fitting for the time and occasion.

Dr. Geo. L. Spining, of South Orange, N. J., addressed the Societies on Tuesday evening on the subject "Abraham Lincoln," and Gen. Eaton, the father of the office of Commissioner of Education, was a welcome guest; also Judge Joseph K. McCammon, Dr. John Bancroft Devins, of the N. Y. Observer, Dr Lippincott, General Whittlesey, Dr. Duncan, President Shrigley, of the Williamson School, Dr. Edward H. Bigelow, Captain Stouch of the U. S. A., Rev. Sherman Coolidge, Edward Marsden, President Jameson of the Seneca Nation, N. Y., Chief Big Heart, of the Osage tribe, and others to the number of over 200, many of whom were people with whom our boys and girls have lived.

From the time that the special train from Washington and Philadelphia arrived on Wednesday afternoon, to the Wednesday evening meeting, we will give the description to Dr. Devins, Managing Editor of the New York Observer, who was an eye-witness, and whose impressions as recorded in an article just out, are most interesting and accurate. He says:

On Wednesday afternoon, the gymnasium was the centre of attraction for two hours, while the eight hundred students took part in the drill, calisthenics and gymnastics. The gallery was crowded with spectators. The exercises were under the direction of William G. Thompson, the school's disciplinarian. A Military drill was given by the large boys of the school, under the command of Mr. Thompson, and was followed by a march of one hundred girls, each carrying a wand, upon which appeared the national colors. Then came one hundred boys in white shirts and blue trousers. The students gave an interesting exhibition of Indian club swinging, but the basket ball game was the most exciting part of the athletic exercises; among the players were Wheelock, Hudson, Miller, Rodgers, Hawley Pierce and Seneca, well known to lovers of football. Tumbling, jumping, swinging, etc., followed the ball-game.

From the gymnasium the visitors went to the shops and spent an hour or more seeing what the young Indian boys and girls can accomplish. Congressmen from

the West, who are willing to have Government money spent in their districts, have expressed the belief that the Indian youth should be educated on or near the reservations where they are reared. The plea is that "industries" and not "psalm singing," to use the phrase of a member from Arizona, in a recent debate at Washington, should be taught.

If the Honorable member making that statement had accepted the invitation extended to all the members of the House, to visit the Carlisle School, he would have seen that the boys are taught these industries among others: carpentering, painting, paper hanging, tailoring, tinsmithing, shoemaking, wagonmaking, harness-making, saddlery, printing, baking and blacksmithing. He would have seen the finished product in each of these departments, or better yet, since he is an unbeliever in the efficiency of the practical education taught at Carlisle, he would have seen the boys driving pegs into shoes, printing papers and programmes issued by the school, putting a tire on a wagon-wheel and laying brick in a house, which

might have been a model tenement, if it had been necessary to erect such a structure so near the city of Carlisle.

It is said that during one of the recent racing seasons in Cumberland County, a trotter threw his shoe, and one of the Indian blacksmiths was called upon to reset it. After seeing how the work was done, an old turfman made this sage remark:

"That Injun ain't no slouch. He's learnt how to put metal on a horse's heels."

From the conversation heard at Carlisle last week, the blacksmith would doubtless have expressed himself in excellent English besides doing his work well. Many Government wagons and ambulances and much of the harness now in the service of the United States have been constructed by Indian boys at this school.

But interesting as was the work done by the boys and young men, that performed by the girls and young women attracted greater attention and more favorable comment. The girls are taught sewing, washing, ironing, cooking, baking, general housekeeping and nursing, and more than one Pocahontas is saving the life of John Smith as a trained nurse in the large hospitals throughout the country, though her name is not Pocahontas, and his name is not Smith. The kitchen proved the chief attraction for the majority of the people, men and women alike. Nor was there any mistake in going there. That it was as clean as soap and water could make it goes without saying; everything that a thrifty housewife could desire had apparently been done, and the soups, meats, bread, dessert and tea were enjoyed at supper time by the regiment of dusky youth and maidens, who after they had risen at a signal, sung two verses of a hymn.

In the evening, the gymnasium presented a complete transformation. Where the athletic exhibition had been held a short time before, platforms had been placed, and more than fifteen hundred chairs had been arranged for the students and the guests.

WEDNESDAY EVENING MEETING IN DETAIL.

Three thousand people, including our own students were assembled in the gymnasium by 7:30 o'clock. The marching in of the student body, as the band played Sousa's popular El Capitan, seemed to impress the vast audience, who applauded heartily.

Capt. Pratt, who conducted the meeting made these opening remarks:

As many of you know, these Wednesday night gatherings before Commencement Day at this Indian School, have been used for sort of class meeting purposes, as the Methodists would say. We don't have any arranged program. I ask the music people to indicate the pieces they would be ready to furnish when called upon; and as to speakers, I have notified some, while I call upon others to whom I have not said anything. We will begin our entertainment with a song by the school.

A sleigh-ride song accompanied by the band and sleigh-bells was given and thought to be especially appropriate, as snow to the depth of several inches had fallen during the afternoon. Capt. Pratt then said:

This is a gathering in the interest of Indians, and I think it very proper that the opening address should be by an Indian. I call upon Rev. Sherman Coolidge, a missionary of the Episcopal Church among the Northern Arapahoes of Wyoming, who will make a short address.

Mr. COOLIDGE.

It is a rare privilege to be called upon to address an audience of this kind, people who have in their hands the future destiny of one of the grandest nations of the earth, and whose territory stretches from ocean to ocean, and from the frigid north to the torrid south.

It is true, as Capt. Pratt has stated, that I am a missionary to the Arapahoes, who are living side by side with the Shoshones, their once hereditary foes. My father was killed by the Shoshones, but today we are making a new history on the same spot in Wyoming where I was taken from my people to be brought up and educated in American civilization; we are there today on friendly terms—the Shoshones and Arapahoes. That is the new history that is being made all through the country, from one end of it to the other, among these different Indian tribes.

When I was a boy about nine years old I was brought to New York City and I then saw the greatness of our people, and at the same time I felt instinctively that their heart was in the right place, and that if they knew the Indians better, they would give them every encouragement in their power. When I was eleven or twelve years old and still in New York City, news flashed across the continent from the lava beds that General Canby and his companions had been massacred and that the Modoc War had broken out. The papers cried out for the extermination of the Indians, but I felt that this was unjust and that they deserved a better fate at the hands of the American people. I am glad that there were friends among the white people who understood the Indians better and who came out and said that "the Indian was a man and must be treated as such," and as a result we have ever since pursued the peace and educational policy, until today the Indian can stand before the world and say in its broadest sense "Civis Americanus sum." [Applause.]

When I came through Chicago, a gentlemen, who did not understand the Indians, said to me:

"You can never teach Indians patriotism."

I said: "My dear friend, I have lived as man and boy in the State of Wyoming; and Wyoming with her bad lands and sage-brushes, and alkali plains: Wyoming with all these draw backs is still the land of my birth, and I love Wyoming; and when I receive my citizenship papers, I shall be proud that I am a citizen of the United States." [Applause.]

And if ever, as a citizen, the Indian is called upon to shoulder the musket for the service of his country, he will march and fight under the inspiring folds of her banner, and willingly offer his life upon the altar of the constitution. [Applause.]

My friends, I am very glad that I am here to say these words, because I have entered the ministry, the missionary and the lecture fields, to preach the gospel to the Indians and to make them better known to the white people of the United States, whose great heart I know is in the right place. I bid you all good night, and thank you for your attention. [Applause.]

CAPT. PRATT:

When I was trying to gather this audience, I had a hope that it was possible to get the President of the United States to come. The President said, Not this year, so I brought another President and he is an Indian. I now introduce to you, President Jameson of the Seneca Indians of Western New York. [Applause.] I call

attention to the fact that he is just as handsome as the other speaker. (Indicating Rev. Coolidge.) [Laughter.]

Mr. JAMESON:

I did not expect to be called upon to say anything to you this evening. I came here for the purpose of satisfying myself of what the Carlisle Indian School is, and I am glad to find that the school is better than I expected. [Applause.] I am interested in educating our people, and I am glad to say that there are more than one hundred from our Agency in the State of New York, who are here learning to become citizens of the United States. I know very well that the Captain, some years back, was in the field driving the Indians out of Texas, and now today the Captain is driving the Indians into civilization. [Applause.] There will be a time, and I hope that I shall be able to see all my people, no matter from what tribe they are—all the aboriginal race of North America, citizens of the United States. I have always said, give the Indians an opportunity to secure an education, and they will be abundantly able to take care of themselves. We know very well that many have failed in business; many whites as well, without being properly qualified, have failed in business simply because they did not understand it themselves. Therefore, if we, the aboriginal race of this North America, are ever to become citizens of the United States, in order to compete with the white man, we must first prepare for business, and thus prevent failure, and the only way to prepare for business is to get an education. It must be remembered that time flies very fast; middle age follows quickly after youth, and cares and responsibilities rapidly accumulate. It is therefore unwise to postpone a preparation for business. If we postpone it for any time, we may never succeed. So it is better that the schooling should be had while young. In getting ready, the head is as fully as much of importance as the hands; mere manual labor without skill, commands but a small price in the market. We are surrounded today with more intricate and elaborate business life than were our forefathers, and this new condition of things has brought about a greater necessity for the preparation which will fit one to manage one's own affairs intelligently and successfully.

We know very well that we can not always remain as Indians. The time is coming when we are to be made citizens of the United States. I was in Washington not very long ago on business, and it was at that time that the Indian appropriation bill was in the House, and I was a little afraid that no appropriation was to be made for this Institution. It would have been very unwise for Congress to have done that. [Applause.] But I am glad to know that Congress is composed of men that are interested in the Indians. [Applause.]

Here the Girls' Glee Club sang a song which was well received.

CAPT. PRATT:

The last speaker said something about my driving Indians out of Texas. That is a long time ago. Many of you remember two years ago we had as a guest a member from Texas, who was on the Committee of Indian Affairs, and who on this same Wednesday evening entertained us so pleasantly that every one remembered him. Now, when I was driving the Indians out of Texas twenty-five years ago, I remember very well about those people of Texas coming to our Post, at Fort Sill, hunting for their horses, ponies and cattle and even their children who had been stolen by the Indians. It so happens that we have with us again a distinguished member of the Indian Committee of the House of Representatives, also from Texas, who represents the very district through which the Indians used to pass, in those days a barren plain, now so populated as to be able to send a Congressman to Washington. I present to you the Hon. John H. Stevens, member of the House from Texas.

Mr. STEVENS:

The district I have the honor to repre-

sent had three counties that during the Civil War was depopulated by Comanches and Kiowa Indians: they stole hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property; murdered a great many of our citizens, carried into captivity scores of our women and children. But that is all changed. To-day, those Indians are upon reservations near where I live. I see them almost every day walking up and down past where I live. They are prepared to become citizens. They are ready for citizenship. Take the last report from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and from Major Bolder, who has control of that agency, and you will find that most, if not all of these Indians, are comfortably housed, in houses such as the white people have, indicating one of the advancements made by the Indians of the Southwest. The people of the United States are to be congratulated on the fact that they have a Carlisle School. [Applause.] I would much rather be the President and head of a great Institution like this, its originator, its designer, than to be President of the United States. [Applause.] It will be admitted by six million Democrats that every one of them think they would make a better President than Mr. McKinley, and fully three-fourths of the Republicans think they could do equally as well; thus we have plenty of material out of which to make Presidents of the United States, but we have very few such men as we find at the head of this great Institution of learning. [Applause.]

The great problem that confronts the people of the United States is the problem of education, and the most troublesome part of that problem is, what to do with the red and black races after they are educated? The people of the South and West, in which region these races are mostly mingled, are not equal to the emergency like the people of the North and East, and we are glad to have our friends of the North and East, come to our aid, and build up such Institutions as we find at Hampton and Carlisle, and take the load off the shoulders of the people of the South and West. Without education, we have pauperism in the white, red and black races. If you would raise a man up, you must educate his head and his heart, and education only is the power that will do it. Therefore, the move that we are making here, and which the United States Government is backing with its means, with the people of the entire country aiding and abetting it within their power, is in the right direction.

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My State is a large State, and we have both the red men and the black men there. We have one tribe, numbering hundreds, and yet those Indians have never had one cent from the United States. Our own State gives the same amount of money to those Indians to educate them as the white children draw; the same can be said relative to the black race. They draw the same amount of money that the whites receive; we divide it equally all around, and strange to say, yet it is true, the Indians only pay about three per cent of school taxes, and draw about thirty-five per cent of the school fund. We are working out the Indian problem, giving them the same chances as we ourselves have, and I am looking forward to the time when they will make good citizens, better citizens, perhaps, than the white men or black men. We can not take the old Indians, and educate them and raise them in a month, but we must take the young men and the young ladies, like these here, and you will see that in one generation the question will be solved; that is the way to solve it; let them have the same chances as the black and white, and we will soon have a solution of the question.

CAPT. PRATT:

We went first to Wyoming, then to New York, and then to Texas; now we will go to the farthest point of the United States. One of the most interesting characters of the north-west, the extreme north-west, is here on the platform with us tonight. Rev. Dr. Duncan, father of the Metlakatla Colony in Alaska.

Dr. DUNCAN:

It almost takes my breath away when

I see you, young men and young women, natives of the Indian race. Children, my heart goes out to you. I feel as though I was at home here. [Applause.] In looking at you, it seems I am looking at a beautiful orchard. Cherry blossoms and all kinds of blossoms seem to me to be right here. In looking at you, I wonder what kind of fruit we shall have from all these beautiful blossoms. It is the FRUIT we want. I want you to think what is before you. See what friends you have here: don't think all the white people are against you: the very best people in the country, and the best people in the world are for you, and I think the people who are against you are not worth having. [Applause.]

Forty years ago I was a young man. [Laughter.] I am now an old man. I have spent my life with the Indians. Forty years ago I left my home. I will never forget that home. I love it yet, but God directed my footsteps toward the red race. I found the Indians in a low condition. I don't want to tell you what took place either, but those poor Indians, in their low condition, although I was their friend, tried to take my life again and again. Often have I left my room, never expecting to go back again alive. I made up my mind that if the Indians wanted to kill me, I would give them the chance, but they have not killed me yet. Here I am. [Laughter.]

I was told by the Governor of Victoria, (when I arrived there I was a young man, and he pitied me,) that I would not be alive three months. I am here. [Laughter.]

I learned their language in 8 months; I didn't want to talk to them in broken English, so I learned their own tongue, and I taught them the Gospel in their own tongue from the very start; and the Indians afterwards accepted it, and we have now hundreds of Christian Indians believing in the Gospel, and living in their own comfortable homes.

Now, then, what becomes of that old song about the Indian, that they are no good unless they are dead. We have the best Indians living today. [Applause.]

I want to say to you, young gentlemen, be very careful of your future. You are not always going to live in a beautiful home like this; you will have to battle with the world; you will have to meet bad men and wickedness of every kind, but always look up to where there is strength, for there is only one source of strength for you, as there is for the whole of mankind. We all have to look up above to God.

We have but one Father; we are all the family of God. Look up to him for strength; call upon God when in trouble, and he will bless you, and bring these beautiful blossoms into beautiful flowers, and in this way some of you, I hope all of you, will live to see the wonderful change that will take place. May God help you and bless you, and may He abide with you forever. Prepare your way to Heaven. Never mind what men say, but look up. David says, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." Look up to God, for He is your light and your salvation; put your trust in God, for there is a Heaven for you as well as for the whites. [Applause.]

CAPT. PRATT:

I have noticed in my intercourse with members of Congress lately, Senators and members of the House, that when they have Indians in their districts, they talk of them as their constituents. I heard a gentleman this afternoon speak in that way of some of the people in his district, and he has a district with perhaps as large an Indian population in it as any other district in the United States. You will all be glad to hear the member from Minnesota, who is also on the Indian Committee of the House of Representatives, Hon. Frank M. Eddy.

Mr. EDDY:

Capt. Pratt has stated to you that this afternoon I spoke to him of my Indian constituents. That is true, and it is also true that I represent more Indian voters than any other man on the floor of the House. A large portion of those Indians have taken their lands in severalty, and have assumed all the rights and privileges of citizenship.

My one object in visiting Carlisle was to see with my own eyes this great Institution of which we have heard so much. There are two reservations in my vicinity, and I have travelled over them for the last thirty years, during which time I have had the honor of acquaintance with the chiefs of the tribes living upon those reservations. I have seen Indian children, young boys and girls taken from almost a state of savagery and brought here to Carlisle, and in a few years I have seen them return educated, trained, and able to compete with any race in every walk of life. I have seen Indian Doctors who received their education at this Institution, going among their own people, and among the white people, curing the sick, healing the diseased, not according to the ancient Indian usage of the old superstitious days, by beating the tom-tom, but with the appliances of modern medical science and aid, and skill.

I have seen Indian lawyers, who received their first education here, standing in the Court of Justice, and eloquently, successfully, and with ability, pleading the cause of their client, or conducting prosecutions, with as much ability and power as any lawyer in our State, and the bar of Minnesota is second to none in the Union.

I have heard Indian ministers tell the sweet story of Christ with the same eloquence, with the same ability, the same fervor and inspiration as any divine it has been my good fortune to listen to.

I am much pleased to note the wonderful facilities for intellectual training that you have at your disposal in this Institution, but you must remember that man is a threefold combination of the physical, moral, and intellectual nature, and all three of those characteristic traits must be developed. I know that every man and boy on our reservation is as much interested in the physical development of his countrymen as their fellow tribesmen are in other parts of the country, and you have no idea with what pleasure we followed the course of the Carlisle football team last year. [Applause.] OUR football team, we call it up on the reservation. [Applause.] Carlisle has demonstrated that she can take the Indian and in a single generation, fit him and train him so that he can compete successfully in all the walks of life with the people of any of the other races and color, and naturally I felt a great desire to see this great educational machinery which takes the diamonds in the rough and turns them out polished; and after visiting your Institution and witnessing the work you have been doing, I shall go back to my country, and to my friends I will say, that one-half is not yet accomplished, and what you have accomplished in the past will be nothing to what you will yet accomplish in the future.

I want to congratulate you on the wonderful work that is being done with the Indian in your midst, and as I am in a congratulatory mood tonight, I want to congratulate you on the fact that you have an Indian Commissioner who will watch over your interests. I want to congratulate the Indian Committee of the House upon the fact that they made a liberal appropriation for your future maintenance. [Applause.] And I want to congratulate our Committee, that we have Mr. Sherman of New York, who is the Omega of that Committee, who ever watches your interests with a jealous eye, and carefully guards them. I want to congratulate the House and Senate on the fact that they stood by the Committee in the provision that they made for you. I want to congratulate you upon your excellent Superintendent, professors and teachers, and I want to congratulate the school on the excellent proficiency it has attained; and lastly, I want to congratulate myself for this brief opportunity that was afforded me of making a few remarks to as intelligent and interested an audience as I have ever had the honor of addressing. [Applause.]

CAPT. PRATT:

Now, we ought to hear from the Band after that. Give us the best you have, Mr. Wheelock. If it will rest you, any or all of you feel free to stand up.

The Band played Overture "Caliph of

Bagdad," by Boieldieu, which they render so well and which never grows old.

CAPT. PRATT:

One of the best representatives of the Carlisle idea in the United States, is here on the platform tonight. He is from that far, extremely far, northwestern country, from the same country that our friend Dr. Duncan came. He came a long way for an education, and he has fought bravely for it, through college, through a law course and a theological course, and I could not enumerate all the other things he has learned. I invite you to hear Edward Marsden, of the Metlakatla Colony.

MR. MARSDEN:

It gives me real pleasure to be with you on this occasion. I am very glad indeed to have the pleasure of sharing with you these interesting exercises, and to have the privilege and honor of sitting on the same platform with one who gave his life for our salvation. He has spoken to you already, and I shall say nothing more about him. [Referring to Dr. Duncan.] The story of our Colony has been told, and I am very glad indeed to be here on this occasion, because the work that has been established here and carried on so marvelously, has always had my sincere sympathy. To bring a large number of Indian pupils, and raise them up to fight the battle of life, such as is being done here, is a work that is indeed worthy of the support of the Government and the people.

I wish, therefore, that the Carlisle School will never become crippled for lack of support at any time, and that the Superintendent and his Assistants will continue to see the fruits of their labors year by year.

When Plato was about to die, he thanked God for three things; first, that he was born a Greek; second, that he had a natural soul; and third, that he lived during the life-time of Socrates.

It seems to me on this occasion that as Indians, many of us should offer thanks, and should feel thankful for three reasons: First, that we live in this country, with all her imperfections, because the country offers to us so many advantages. This is the country over which the Star Spangled Banner floats [Applause,] and it is a country where the voice of the people is the ruling power. Then again, I think we should feel thankful because we have lived in this age, the greatest age in the history of mankind; it is a wonderful age; an age of perfect freedom and marvelous achievements; an age that has dispersed superstition from among our people, causing them to become more and more like the people of today. Then again, we are to be thankful that God has endowed us with certain abilities to make use of the opportunities that are before us. We are not all endowed with the same abilities; we can not all be lawyers, preachers, doctors, engineers, nor business men, but we can be one of these, or serve other callings. The fact that we can do something to support ourselves, is a cause for our gratitude and perseverance.

This is not the occasion for me to indulge in any serious thought, although I am very glad indeed to be here and share with these good and distinguished people the exercises of the Tenth Graduating Anniversary of this Carlisle School. I cannot help but refer to two pictures that a friend of mine called to my attention, and which I observed with so much care.

Picture No. 1 A boy of about fourteen years of age, dressed in his native costume; his hair is long, his face is dirty, and his ears have not heard the music of soap for a long time. He delights in trinkets and charms, and wears them as ornaments; he is imaginative and superstitious, and the sad thing about him is, he is a heathen,—a heathen. This is the Indian pupil as he first comes to the school.

Picture No. 2. A student who has attained the age of true manhood. He is erect and noble in stature and expression. He is dressed in the garb of a respectful and thoughtful citizen. His hair is short, well combed, and his ears are now fond of the musical sound of the water-basin. [Laughter.] He is polite and gentlemanly, and is master of some honorable trade. His boots are blackened, and

blackened around the heels too. [Laughter.] His teacher has helped to shape his character. His teacher has taught him the principles of a better and of a moral life. This is the Indian, the same Indian as he leaves the school and goes out into the world to face his own Providence, to fight his own battles; and friends, let us hope that he will enjoy the fruits of his victory and the blessings of his countrymen. [Applause.]

CAPT. PRATT:

I came from the State of Indiana. There is a member of the Committee on Indian Affairs from the State of Indiana here tonight. It so happens he comes from my own town, and it is therefore a peculiar pleasure for me to introduce to this audience a member of the House of Representatives from Indiana, Hon. Chas. B. Landis.

MR. LANDIS:

I have been a member of the lower branch of the National Legislature for about twelve months, and during those twelve months, I have not heard as good a speech as that gentleman who has just left the platform has delivered, (referring to Mr. Marsden.) [Applause.]

Indians! White people! I believe the Indians have the best of them. [Applause.] I wish I could say something befitting this occasion. To me it is one of the most interesting, and in fact, I can't remember as interesting an occasion in my entire experience. Capt. Pratt said that he lived in Delphi, Indiana, the town in which I live. Ever since I have known him, he has been writing to me to come to Carlisle, and all these years, I have been promising to do so, but have delayed until today, and now I realize that it has been my loss. I feel very much like a married couple of whom I heard a short time ago. [Laughter.] They eloped. A young boy and girl ran away at night, and were married. They remained away two or three weeks. Their parents were very angry with them for awhile, but in the course of days their passions of anger cooled off, and the young couple came back. Their fathers-in-law on both sides forgave them, and the mothers-in-law forgave them, and their aunts forgave them, and their uncles forgave them, and all would have been calm and serene and happy, but they could not forgive themselves. [Laughter.] That is the way I feel tonight about my failure to accept the many invitations the Captain has sent me to come to Carlisle. I can't forgive myself, and I must say, I don't believe the President of the United States knows what you have here at Carlisle, or he would not accept an invitation to go to Philadelphia and let Carlisle go. [Applause.] As between Pennsylvania University at Philadelphia, and the Indian School at Carlisle, I will cast my vote for the Carlisle Indians every time. [Applause.]

Now, as to the members of the Indian Committee, my kind friend, Mr. Stephens, has the reputation of being the fighting man; Mr. Sherman, the eloquent man; Mr. Lacey, the ladies' man, and Mr. Eddy, the handsome man, while I have the reputation on the Committee of being the modest man. I am only a country newspaper man; perhaps too modest. [Laughter.] This should be my place (indicating the reporters): not this (indicating the platform.) I want to say this, however, that never in the future as long as I am a member of the lower branch of the National Legislature, will I sit still in my seat, and permit any member of that body to rise and say that the education of the Indian is a failure. [Applause.] It is not a failure. The Indian! I don't see any difference between the Indian and the white man. The Indian, as we have seen today, can make a wagon; he can shoe a horse; he can build a house; he can make shoes; he can stand on this platform and deliver an oration; he can quote Latin; he can join a brass band, and play great music; he can play football; [Applause.] I don't know what more a white man can do.

All the Indian wanted was a chance; it is a little late in the day; henceforth we are going to give him a chance. [Applause.] We are going to take him into the United States. We are going to say to

him like the men who come from Germany, and from France, and from Italy, and from Scandinavia, who stay over here until they become accustomed to our ways; we are not going to refer to him any longer as a German, or a Frenchman, or a Scandinavian, but we refer to him as an American citizen, and that is the way we ought to refer henceforth to the Indian. He has demonstrated that he can become civilized and be a citizen; a useful citizen; an educated, Christian, American citizen, and I would not hesitate in saying that if the exigencies of the hour demanded it he could follow the flag and fight. [Applause.]

[To the students.]

Now, speaking of the flag, I don't know whether we can make as much noise as the white people, but I am going to ask you to stand up and give three cheers for the flag. No half-way cheering about this, either. Now, three cheers for the flag: Hip, hip; Hurrah!

CAPT. PRATT:

In my capacity as Superintendent I have to maintain something of the equilibrium of affairs constantly. You noticed early in the evening you had a song from the girls. I see on the list we have a boys' quartette. We will have that now.

Myron M. Moses, George F. Hazelett, Frank Shively and Clarence Butler, sang "Roll on Majestic Ocean," and were encored, responding with one stanza of "The Soldier's Farewell":

CAPT. PRATT:

It has been referred to here to-night that when the Carlisle appropriation was up in the House, an attack was made upon the school. It didn't hurt us any. I think it helped us very much, because our friends came forward and made a good defence, and when the time came, the majority was more than two to one in our favor.

MR. SHERMAN: Five to one.

CAPT. PRATT: Five to one, the Chairman of the Committee says. One of the gentlemen who stood by us then had visited the school but a little while before, and spent a couple of hours or more with me walking around the grounds, and from that he drew a picture that evidently had a great influence. I call upon Hon. John F. Lacey, of Iowa, member of the House of Representatives, and one of the members of the Indian Committee.

MR. LACEY:

It certainly was a pleasure to me to have the opportunity to defend the Carlisle School, and to defend it with what knowledge I had of its work and its necessities. A year ago, I cannot say exactly whether it was that or longer, I happened to be in this neighborhood, and I stopped off at Carlisle, with the determination of visiting the school. The strangers who are here today see the school upon dress parade; I mean the kitchens, etc. I visited the identical shops, the kitchens, unheralded and unexpected, and I found them just as clean as they are today. [Applause.] You have a great Institution here, and an Institution that has done, is doing, and will do good work. I have seen it written somewhere that the time would come when the swords would be beaten into plowshares, and barracks be turned into Indian Schools, or something to that effect. [Applause.]

We have several Indian Schools in this country, but they are not as successful as this school, in this particular. It is not the education of the head alone that is needed, but of the heart. You must educate the Indian's heart, as well as his hands and head, and that is done right here at the Carlisle School, as we can all see, and that is why this school is a success.

We have here tonight, two monomaniacs on the Indian question—my good friend Dr. Duncan, and Capt. Pratt. [Laughter.] These gentlemen have both started out with the same idea. When I saw Dr. Duncan this evening looking right into the faces of these bright Indian boys and girls, and talking to them, I felt he was talking straight into the hearts of every boy and girl here. He took 839 imaginative and superstitious Indians to a little

Island off the coast of Alaska, and made them Christian men and women, and this same intelligence and honesty of purpose I recognized in Capt. Pratt when he built this school and made an Institution of learning out of a deserted army barracks.

Now, what do we find here?

I am glad to see that these Indians are being educated in more ways than one; they are taught how to work; they are taught how to read and write, and understand all that education presents; how to qualify themselves in preparing for good citizenship in all respects, and to become citizens of America.

Now, for your future. When you leave this school, you have to go to work. You can't have the civilization of the white man without having its burdens and obligations.

It is the saving of wealth and the making of it, that makes men move forward, and cultivates civilization. That is the first thing you have to look to when you leave school, because you have to go out into the world and face the hard life of mankind, upon the same footing and plane taken by other men. And as a friend of the school, as a member of that Committee, I am glad to have been able to do something for the support of this school, and to speak a good word in its behalf; and it is a pleasure to be here tonight. I think it was a happy inspiration this evening that caused our good friend Mr. Landis to suggest three cheers for the old flag; and the cheers of these children fully convinced me that we are in times of peace now, when formerly it was nothing but oppression to them. We are carrying the red race into the freedom of American citizenship. You will have to face the same problems that we will have in the future, and we must give to you the same opportunities for preparation that we have. [Applause.]

CAPT. PRATT:

I have told the Chairman of the Committee sitting by my side that a very large number of the students of Dickinson College were in front of us, and he asked me just now whether we could not get a song from them.

MR. LANDIS, after a little pause:

Surely there is a Beta quartette here; it will be the first college that never had one. [Applause.]

CAPT. PRATT, after a little delay:

I fear they are too much divided. If you can give us a song we shall be glad to hear you. Are you ready over in the corner?

The Dickinson students then rendered a song, which was applauded.

Then yells followed by the various Societies of the College, which caused much merriment. The Indian School boys not to be behind gave their yell, "Hello! Hellee! Who are we? Hello! Hellee! Who are we? Hello! Hellee! Who are we? Indians, Carlisle," to which the Dickinson College boys responded amid much laughter.

CAPT. PRATT:

Last year I captured an old friend of mine, a friend of many years, and got him to come to Carlisle; and he was a hit, so everybody said. I thought so, too. He gave us a very fine lecture last night; one of the best we ever heard at the school or in the town of Carlisle. He is here on the platform, and there are nearly two hundred people here from a distance who did not hear him, last night. I want them to hear him. I introduce my old friend, Dr. George L. Spining.

DR. SPINING:

I feel very much like the Irish prisoner at the bar, who interrupted the Judge when he was giving a charge to the jury. The Judge turned to him, and said:

"Prisoner at the bar, I don't want anything out of your head but silence, and mighty little of that." [Laughter.]

That is the way I feel this evening, that the people don't want anything more out of me but silence, but the power of imagination is tremendous, and I feel as the old man from Vermont did.

There was a farmer from Vermont went out to California, and he heard that some man had made a great hit on pop-corn. He had planted his whole ranch of one

thousand acres in pop-corn, and harvested a tremendous crop. He put it all in one barn, and by some means or other, the barn took fire. The corn was well dried, and there was such a popping of pop-corn that it rained pop-corn all over that California ranch. It came down pop-corn a foot deep. He had an old mare from Vermont which was standing out in the field, who imagined that a regular old Vermont winter had set in, and taking a last look around her, she laid down and froze to death. [Laughter.]

I think that if some of our unconverted members of Congress were here tonight, they would feel that it was the Indians' inning; that the whole country was going with the Indians, and that it was no use to be a white man any longer. They would simply be overcome by the power of imagination and lie down, and perhaps freeze to death. [Laughter.] This is the Indians' inning in a great many ways, and they have had one grand inning tonight.

Nothing has touched my heart so much as the sympathy that has been expressed upon this platform by the representatives of large sections of this country, sympathies which have been expressed and pledged in behalf of the Indians and their future.

I have been struck with the adaptability of the Indian children; how they can turn themselves from one thing to another; with what nicety; with what perfection. Why, I was sitting here with my eyes closed, and hearing the quartette I thought that it was a real old Yale quartette that was singing tonight. Boys, you did well. Girls, you did better. [Laughter.]

Now, I understand these Indian children are taught to make their own clothing; taught to make their own boots and shoes, and taught a variety of other things, and we are turning out good American citizens from this crude material.

I said American citizens! Who is the American citizen of today?

Is he a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers?

Is he a descendant of the Revolutionary Fathers?

I was looking over the statistics of Chicago and New York sometime ago, and I discovered that in Chicago there are about fifty different nationalities absorbed in that city alone, and there are fully that number in the City of New York. Fifty different nationalities are pouring fifty different streams into our great Republic—Republic like the mighty ocean, all the streams pouring into its great breadth and depth; and so we take these different nationalities and assimilate them into one composite man, and he is the American of today, but I don't know that we are going to get any more patriotic blood out of this composite man than from these young Indians right here, the real Americans; and if ever the time comes for this country to go to war you will find no more patriotic element in all respects, than right here at Carlisle. [Applause.]

Just one word more. We have heard it said that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. Now, those who are here tonight have been amazed with the great work that has been performed in our midst, and let us carry the impression of this good work with us to our homes, and let us speak to every one about it; and whenever you hear the word said that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, point to Carlisle; point to the great work that is here being done; and I would say with reference to Capt. Pratt and his work, if you want to see his monument, look around you here, and if you want to see the monument of our brother, Dr. Duncan, look at that great Christian community, at one time low, degraded Indians, planted on an island in the Pacific Ocean. May God bless these men, who are our leaders in carrying out this great philanthropic and Christian work. [Applause.]

CAPT. PRATT:

We have kept you a long time, and have several speakers whom we expected to hear from, but there will be another chance tomorrow, and I think it best we close now; I bid you all good-night.

THURSDAY MORNING.

On Thursday morning, the school room and class work were open for inspection. Dr. Devins, in his New York Observer article says that "the feature of special interest to most of the visitors was the thorough training in American history which the students of all grades had received." The Sloyd room claimed a special interest, and the art display held the attention of many as they passed through Assembly Hall. The visitors were more scattered than in former years, proving more satisfactory to both teachers and pupils, as recitations went on.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, PROPER.

At 2 P.M., the Gymnasium was crowded to its fullest capacity. Had the building been twice the size of its present spacious proportions there would not have been room for all who desired to attend. Over 3000 people were within its walls, on the floor and gallery, when the student body again marched in, to the music of the band. When all were settled Captain Pratt said:

We will open these general Commencement exercises with an invocation by the Rev. Sherman Coolidge.

REV. COOLIDGE, prayed in part:

We beseech thee Almighty God for thy presence here this afternoon at this meeting. We thank thee for the opportunity given us of meeting together face to face. We ask thy blessings upon the people, teachers, friends, and Superintendent of this Carlisle School. Grant thy blessings, O God, upon the endeavors of the friends of our race. Grant that all our efforts may be consecrated to thy service, to our country, and to mankind. Grant us by thy benediction and grace that we may follow the footsteps of thy blessed Son, whom thou didst send into the world to work the redemption of mankind, and that we may look forward to thy blessing in the eternal world to come. Help us always to look to thee and depend upon thee that we may be successful, in the name of Jesus Christ, our only Saviour and Mediator, Amen.

CAPT. PRATT.

You all have programmes, therefore there will be no need of further announcement until we get to the end. We will now take up the regular program.

PROGRAMME.
 CHORUS—"New Hail Columbia" Chadwick.
 Band and School.
 ORATION—"Indians as Allies of the United States." Jacob Jameson.
 ORATION—"Benefits of the Outing System to Indian Girls." Martha Sickles.
 GREETING TO SPRING. - - - Strauss.
 Choir.
 ORATION—"The Ration System." Joseph Blackbear.
 ORATION—"How Many Steps in the Rear?" Lillian Complainville.
 HONGROISE—"Second Hungarian Rhapsody." Liszt. Indian Band.
 ORATION—"Has Citizenship Proved a Failure Among the Omahas?" Mitchell Barada.
 ORATION—"The Story of an Old Road." Anna Morton.
 PIANO DUET—"Sakontala Valse Brillante." Mabel Buck and Ida Swallow. Bendel.
 ORATION—"A People Who Would Not be Driven." Wilson Welsh.
 ORATION—"A Dash for Freedom." David McFarland.
 PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.
 Rev. J. A. Lippincott, D.D., LL.D.
 ADDRESSES—
 AMERICA—
 Band, School and Audience.

INDIANS AS ALLIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

By JACOB JAMESON, OF NEW YORK.

Some people think of the Indian and his tomahawk with horror, because so much has been said and written of the wrong he has done, and very little told of the good. Within a few years, he has been heard of as a farmer, as a blacksmith, and now, he is famous as a football kicker. But greater than all of these, he was a soldier, and more than once defended that glorious flag.

Pause for a moment to consider the American Indians as allies of these United States. When we reflect upon what has passed, we find in many cases the Indians were not idle. They were useful to your enemy, but as friendship with you grew stronger and stronger, they more than redeemed themselves. May that friendship now last forever. To be in peace and friendship, we must have harmony; without it, the family is broken

up, society suffers, sorrow and distress follow; war, bloodshed, and all evils result from the lack of it.

When the colonies were small, when the United States was but an infant, when the new settlers were in distress, Pocahontas, with her loving heart and hospitality, came forth and won the friendship of your race, which was of great benefit to them. In 1607, when the first permanent settlement was made in Jamestown, Virginia, Chief Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, said to Capt. John Smith: "Why should you take by force from us that which you can obtain by love? Why should you destroy us, who have provided you with food, and are willing to supply your wants if you will come in a friendly manner?" If the views expressed by the Chief had governed the intercourse between the races from that time, much of the suffering, torture and death, that accompanied the early settlements of our country would have been spared. It is not from tradition or story that we found our inspiration for bravery. I think it is a new, separate and different motive from that known in history. The wars of Caesar, Alexander and Napoleon were all for different motives. Caesar sought honor in glory, Alexander in dominion and Napoleon in both. All these men fought for personal honors, and their followers were not inspired by a devotion to country, but by a desire to obey their powerful leader.

In the conflicts between the United States and the European powers touching our territorial rights, the Indians enlisted in the American army; and when Detroit was in danger, an army of Indian allies protected and saved it from going to ashes. In the war of 1861, the Indians from many states furnished a large number of men. Indian Territory alone furnished three Indian volunteer regiments, numbering in the first regiment 64 officers and 1784 enlisted men, in the second regiment 66 officers and 1835 enlisted men, and in the third regiment 52 officers and 1437 enlisted men. They were officered by both white men and Indians; probably two-thirds of them being of the former class. These regiments were composed of Creeks, Osages and Cherokees. The records at the War Department further show that other Indians served in the various white volunteer organizations, but as they did not serve exclusively in Indian regiments, the number of tribes to which they belonged can not be readily ascertained. But the whole number of them in the military service for the Union, in proportion was greater than the whites furnished by the Government. One of the prominent Indian soldiers at that time was Gen. Ely S. Parker, who served as one of Gen. Grant's staff. These Indians fought not for personal honors, nor in self-defence, nor even in defending their homes. They had long ago solved the meaning of slavery, and knew the value of liberty. And for these, they did not hesitate for a moment to join the armies. When the time came for action, they marched by the side of their white comrades and fought, that you might have justice and that others might be free.

To-day, our friendship is a thousand times greater than ever before, though we are very small in number; if that glorious flag should be in danger, I can safely assure you, that the Red Man would not be the last to defend it. May those bright stars and stripes forever float, free and equal to the flags of other nations.

BENEFITS OF THE OUTING SYSTEM TO THE INDIAN GIRLS.

By MARTHA L. SICKLES, OF WISCONSIN.

Nearly all of the Indians are separated from civilization and kept together on reservations, where they have no chance to see what the outside world is doing. There they are fed and clothed by the Government like children, instead of being taught to be self-supporting.

Realizing the harm that this system was doing to the Indians, it became the policy of this Institution to bring its pupils into contact with civilization as far as possible, therefore in 1881 the Outing System began—the policy of placing Indian youth in the homes of white people.

It was very hard and discouraging at first to get anyone to take the pupils, who knew very little, if any, of the English language, and still less of the life of the people. But these difficulties in time were overcome, and the school now receives from three to four hundred applications for "outing students" each year, that cannot be filled.

Not only the pupils and the school have been benefited by the Outing System, but also the patrons and the Government have been benefited in many ways.

The pupils, by being placed in good American homes, get an idea of civilized life. There, they are introduced to a great many beneficial experiences. They first learn to take care of themselves while traveling alone and changing cars in large cities, such as Harrisburg and Philadelphia, when going to different parts of the country.

It would be impossible here, where so much of the work must of necessity be done by machinery, to teach the girls everything that is taught in the country homes. Therefore she is placed in families on farms and in boarding houses, at the sea-shore and in the mountains where she has every opportunity to learn general house-work and cooking. Those who are too small for this work, run errands, take care of children, and perform many other little tasks that their willing hands are able to do. She also grows in character and culture, gained largely by the country-mother's example and teaching. By being with her constantly, she falls into her ways of working, of conversing, and of using odd moments profitably. She is generally invited to join the family circles in the evenings, where she is at liberty to read or join in the conversation; or if she is going to school, she is helped with her lessons.

When a girl is at the sea-shore, she comes in contact with all kinds of people; the poor and the rich, the ignorant, the most refined and educated, are met along the beach, and she sees what kind of people make up the world. If she is in a family where a great deal of company is entertained, she gains experience in meeting strangers readily, by helping her mistress to receive guests and serve refreshments. In this respect, the girls have a better opportunity for learning etiquette than the boys, who are generally placed on farms, where the necessity of the situation directs his thoughts into the line of practical farming, such as plowing, sowing grain, harvesting, and taking care of stock.

When pupils stay in the country all winter, they are required to go to school at least eighty days. This helps them to use the English language readily, and because of this they can understand their lessons better and learn more. One of the girls in the second grade stayed in the country for two winters, going to a good public school, and last autumn when she returned to Carlisle was able to enter the seventh grade. There are many others who do as well in their studies. This shows what can be done with the Indian when taken into civilization.

A most important thing which they learn, is to economize. The Indians, like other uneducated people, are the greatest of spendthrifts; they have no thought for the future; to eat, drink and sleep, constitutes their life. Economy, therefore, not being a natural instinct, must be taught by experience and example; and they get both in the country. Their guardians advise them in the expenditure of money, and a list of the things purchased must be sent to the school at the end of each month.

Last year, seven hundred and twenty pupils, being placed in the different parts of the country, earned twenty thousand four hundred forty-eight dollars and thirty-nine cents, saving a total of nine thousand seven hundred fourteen dollars and twenty-four cents to spend through the winter, to attend lectures and other entertainments that they could not otherwise have enjoyed. They save the Government a great deal by buying much of their own clothing, paying their own minister, giving money towards the buildings that are needed here.

The people, who have seen or become acquainted with the pupils, become interested in the Indian education and visit the school. Even before they come and see what they are doing, they learn that the Indians are not what some of the historians represent them to be—lazy, fierce, and incapable of being civilized. The youth of the red race are capable of becoming useful citizens. The Father in Heaven has created all nations of the earth equal; has endowed them all with possibilities of development, as the germ is hidden in the acorn. Given the conditions and necessity, the Indian becomes a man, a woman, a worker, and a creator of life and beauty.

"THE RATION SYSTEM."

By JOSEPH BLACKBEAR, OKLAHOMA.

This is not a new subject to those who are interested in studying the condition of the Indian. We find that in the early part of the 18th century, when the foreign nations were in control of the various parts of the United States, they dealt with the Indians very much as they pleased.

In 1775, the Continental Congress passed an act which in substance was; that as the Indians depend on the colonists for arms, ammunition, and clothing, which became necessary to their subsistence, that there be three departments of the Indian, and in the following year the standing committee of Indian affairs was first appointed or organized in the assembly of Congress; and here began the vexing "Indian Question."

The first formal treaty made by the United States was with the Delaware Indians in 1778. In 1783 Congress ordered the Secretary of War to notify the various Indian nations of the fact that the United States Government desired to make a friendly treaty with them. This system of dealing with the various tribes of In-

dians as separate nations was continued until 1869.

In 1793, an act was passed by Congress authorizing the President of the United States to appoint from time to time such persons as he may desire as temporary agents for the Indians, and that they should reside among them in order to carry out their work. The main object was to promote civilization among the various tribes of Indians, and at the same time the United States Government began to furnish them with domestic animals, farming implements and also with goods and money. The cutting off of the hunting and roaming grounds of the Indians began in 1832.

In 1871, Congress ordered that the former treaties should be at an end, and then first, the Indians became "Wards of the nation." Then began the new method of dealing with them. Under the Indian policy of 1886-7 all non-reservation Indians were to be placed on the present reservations, and the present ration system was fully established and the rations were to be issued at stated times. Thus we trace the growth of the present ration system, which is the greatest curse to our people, and promises as to their mode of life to keep them Indians all the time. As long as they receive rations they will not change. It is not uncommon for the rations issued to be consumed in two days, and the balance of the intervals between the issues they have to struggle for their living or starve or steal. The conditions outside of their reservation do not have any effect upon them because they do not have any idea of the size of the world, or the advancement of civilization.

To illustrate the present condition of an average Indian, I quote the following from the census of 1890. "The 1811 Piegians of the Blackfoot Agency, Montana, all receive rations and have been receiving them ever since 1855, a period of thirty-five years. But little advance has been made by them towards self-support and they are simply like stalled oxen and are fed on the reservation by their owner the United States Government."

The cost to the United States Government of this tribe is enormous and many other tribes are placed under similar circumstances. If thirty-five years of this system has done nothing for the betterment of this people, does it not argue the necessity of a change in plan?

The purpose of our generous Government is to make a good American citizen out of the Indian, and it hopes to prepare him by keeping him in the reservation. I know by the experience of my own people that the Government's policy as seen in the reservation ration system cannot make a good citizen out of the Indian, but that it keeps him a pauper and causes the degeneration of his moral and physical being.

The whole continent was his, but his idea of home was that the waters yield him fish, the trees, his shelter and fuel, and the rolling prairies gave him food and clothes. All these conditions were simple, but when he was confronted by the bounds of his reservation, he did not even realize the necessities of life and failed to change his present condition. Since he does not have to work to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, he considers labor dishonorable. He boldly meets all calamities and even death, but he resists the tendered civilization of the white man and childishly allows himself to be cared for by his great father in Washington.

The present demands and requirements of civilized life make him realize that his existence is coming to an end. The curling smoke of his wigwam has vanished before civilization. One step outside of his reservation tells him that the clouds of smoke rising from these very forests are caused by the enterprising people of the towns and cities; it tells him that he must either labor with them, or die on the reservation.

One of the most striking features of this Indian problem is, that there are people who are continually denouncing the idea of abandoning the tribal organizations of the Indians.

So long as they remain in their reservations and as tribes, they will be Indians only. The only hope for us is in the individual; to break away from the reservation, forsake the rations and bring ourselves into civilization and citizenship.

Regenerate the young Indians and they will become good, self-supporting American citizens, and the ration system with all its other pauperizing agencies will be things of the past.

HOW MANY STEPS IN THE REAR?

BY LILLIAN COMPLAINVILLE, OF IDAHO.

As applied to the dusky woman and her fair sister, this question demands our interest and arouses our ambition.

Let us first consider the time each has had to advance in civilization, and see if it is hardly just to compare the steps between them. Our fair sister has had nineteen hundred years and more to become what she is today. Civilization was handed down to her from the Greeks, although

in a very crude state, long before the time of Christ, but it is to Christianity that woman owes her elevated position of to-day. Ancient history teaches us that they were very much degraded before the coming of our Blessed Redeemer.

Let us now turn from this vivid picture to obtain another view. When Columbus first landed on this great American Continent, did he discover a nation that was civilized and steadily improving? No, he came into contact with a nation in its most degraded form; a nation that was clothed in the skins of animals, the leaves and barks of trees and that obtained its living like the wild beasts of the forests.

With this strong contrast in view do we wonder that our fair sister is so far ahead? But we are proud to say that we can compete with them in many ways. You have inspected our sewing room and laundry and have witnessed our gymnastic exercises. Do they not speak for themselves? Ask our kind patrons, in whose homes we spend the summer, concerning many other points, those who have so generously given us their time in order to teach us the necessity of education and the true value of economy in house-keeping.

On entering an Indian tepee you would soon discover that the woman's spare moments are not spent in idleness. Women of different tribes have their own special work; some make pottery, others weave their own blankets, make beaded work and can sew beautifully.

We are here today to show you that we, as Indians, are endowed with understanding and the power of learning as well as other natives. We are not yet equal in intellectual growth and executive ability, but with time for careful training we can take our place on the great stage of life and perform our part as creditably as our fair sisters.

If I could describe all the wrongs, sufferings and hardships that the Indians were obliged to endure in the earlier times it would certainly present to us a very pathetic picture. In the Colonial days, when our white brothers and sisters came from the older countries to make this their future home, they drove our race, at the point of gun and sword, as far west as they possibly could and would have driven us further had not the mighty ocean interfered.

They very unceremoniously took the Indians' land from them, and because the poor Indians tried to defend themselves and their land they waged war against them. Instead of going among them and signing a peaceful treaty like our good William Penn, they pushed the Indians as far from civilization as they could and then expected them to be peaceful. Thinking they were performing a benevolent act, they gathered the Indians together and placed them on tracts of land we too well know as the Reservation.

Is there a nation under the sun, if kept from contact with other nations, that advances in civilization? The people who live in the secluded parts of Asia still have the same customs as they had a hundred years ago. The most civilized countries are composed of people from all over the world. Are we then amazed that they occupy the most prominent place in the world's history?

If the Indian woman continues to be an Indian and live on the Reservation, I am grieved to say that there is little or no future for her, as her life there is not much better than that of a slave. We hope the day is soon coming when our great Government will do away with all such affairs as annuities, rations, the reservation system, and let the stalwart dependent Indians look out for themselves.

If the dusky woman is allowed to take her place in the world and depend on her own resources, without the sneering jests of white people who call themselves civilized, the "Steps in the Rear" will not be many, and with the aid of the extended hand of her fair sister, she can walk with them side by side.

HAS CITIZENSHIP PROVED A FAILURE AMONG THE OMAHA INDIANS?

BY MITCHELL BARADA, OF NEBRASKA.

In years gone by, the Omahas were a happy people, living together, supplying their wants mainly by hunting. They have always been a quiet and orderly people. The men spent their time in fishing and hunting and the women did most of the work, as was the custom among all Indians. But this condition of affairs could not go on forever, for the country around them was becoming settled, and their game was fast disappearing.

Among the first to realize this was Miss Alice Fletcher, a lady sent out by Harvard College in the early eighties to study the Indians from an historical standpoint. She became especially interested in the Omahas, and after studying their ways of living, she thought their condition would be improved, if they were to have their lands in severalty, for then each one would have something to call his own, and therefore they would naturally take more interest in the pursuits of civilized life. Through the influence of friends, she got permission to

give to each Indian a piece of land, and a number of Indians received allotments, but on account of opposition on the part of some in authority, the work progressed slowly.

About 1887, Senator Dawes became interested in the matter. Thinking he saw a possibility of all the Indians in the United States becoming citizens, by having their lands in severalty, he introduced a bill into Congress providing that all Indians should be allotted lands. This bill became a law February 8, 1887.

In the meantime, the work under Miss Fletcher's care progressed, and about 1885 the Omaha lands were practically allotted. Almost at the same time the Government stopped the issuing of food, and they became citizens of this great republic. Thrown upon their own responsibilities, with almost no knowledge of what was expected of them, having as their examples a low class of whites, who went among them to profit by their ignorance, the Indians, instead of learning anything good from these people, adopted, among their other thriftless habits, that of drinking and gambling. Though they have the most of their reservation under cultivation, and many have built comfortable houses and are very successful farmers, intemperance is so manifest that the good effect is overshadowed.

Some people give this as a reason for saying allotment has been a failure, but we have only to look at those reservations where allotments have not been made, and there we see the same condition of affairs, or worse, in regard to intemperance. Therefore, no one can say with truth that the provisions of the Dawes Bill have been the cause of the lamentable condition among the Omahas.

Before these Indians became citizens they were very temperate, in fact they constituted a temperance league having one very effective law, and that was: that an Indian caught, intoxicated, on the reservation should be whipped. This law was enforced by the chiefs in such a manner that none cared to violate it. When they became citizens the Government passed a law making it a crime to sell an Indian liquor, but here is an example of its enforcement. A white man arrested on the reservation for selling whiskey to the Indians, was taken before the courts at Omaha and the judges fined him one dollar. The sheriff paid his fine and he was sent back to the reservation, there to carry on, in his way, the work of uncivilizing the Indians. This is one case. There are scores of others. One is enough to show you the fault lies not in the Dawes Bill, but in the way the laws governing the Indians have been enforced since they became citizens.

No white farmer can take a piece of land and get rich in one year, but it takes time, many years perhaps, before success will reward his efforts. So it is with the Omahas. You cannot realize the temptations they have to struggle against.

Perhaps years may pass before success will come to them. Yet come it will, the day decreed by God, when they will stand forth, not as Indian, but as men and women capable of caring for themselves.

THE STORY OF AN OLD ROAD.

BY ANNIE M. MORTON, NEW MEXICO.

The road to the north of us is a part of the old stage route, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and the west, and is called the Harrisburg turnpike. If it could speak it might tell the following story:

For nearly two hundred years I have been lying here in the great Cumberland Valley. I stretch from the Delaware River at Philadelphia to the boundary of Ohio, at Pittsburg. My days have been spent both in sadness and happiness and often the question comes to me, has any one ever taken the interest to recall all that has happened to me? In order to tell you of all my wonderful experiences I must take you back to the early days. I was first "educated" you might say or else "civilized" about the year 1818, and am still learning new things each day as I run so near great colleges and schools of Pennsylvania. Their students come over me talking of their lessons and experiences, walking in blissful ignorance over the old road not knowing the many strange things that have happened here.

During the Revolutionary War in 1776, the "1st Regiment of the United Colonies" was under the command of Gen. George Washington, and how often they too, have marched over the same road to their duties, for Carlisle was then the central point of influence and patriotic devotion. Again in 1794 during the "Whiskey Insurrection" Washington came over this same road, accompanied by Secretary Hamilton and his army of 4000 men. He was gladly received, both by the people and by the old turnpike road who had the honor of seeing him again.

I well remember the time Carlisle was the place where British prisoners were sent for confinement. Among these I recollect two men, Major Andre and Lieut. Despard, who had been captured by Montgomery near Lake Champlain. Many days they walked for six miles over this road on a parole of honor, but they were

not allowed to go outside of the town without the military dress. While here they occupied a stone house on Lot No. 161 at the corner of South Hanover St. and Chapel Alley.

In 1797, I had the great honor of carrying three royal men, exiles from Europe. They were Louis Phillippe, then twenty-four years of age and his two brothers, Duke of Montpensier and Count Beaujolais, who passed through Carlisle on their way to New Orleans.

The Hessian soldiers, captured by Washington, were brought over this road as prisoners. They were taken to the Barracks where they built the Guard House, which is one of the old land marks of this section.

The spring, which runs through the town, is named after the Indian Interpreter LeTort, who lived in a cabin at its source. He with many Indian tribes used to roam over this road. Indian relics, which can now be seen at the Smithsonian in Washington, were found in the cave on the Conodoguinet. These Indians have moved farther west, but their great, great grandchildren have now come to take their places in Carlisle. As late as 1861 an Indian family lived near the cave and their father went to fight with the Union soldiers. Even Benjamin Franklin walked over me at the time a treaty was made by him and other commissioners, with the allies of other western tribes in the year 1753.

I was first made into a turnpike about 1818, when the road bed was somewhat changed, but as all people change every seven years and we still know them as the same person, so I am the same old road, and haven't forgotten that Judge Watts, who had a great interest in farming introduced the first McCormick reaper in 1840.

Among those who attended Dickinson College in the early days was James Buchanan, who was afterward President of the United States. That he would occupy this high position never entered his mind when he was walking over this road with his college class-mates, among whom were Mr. Creswell, who in after years became Postmaster General and Mr. Taney, whom you all remember as the Chief Justice.

Even General Harrison went on this road, processions came out to welcome him and he spoke to the people. Then there were Daniel Webster and his wife, who came over this old turnpike road and no doubt were familiar with me, for I was with them, having taken them on their way several times to Philadelphia.

In 1863 General Fitzhugh Lee came with his large body of cavalry through Carlisle, leaving destruction in his path. To a great many of you, he is familiar and I can say the old turnpike road too remembers the frightened people and the deserted houses.

There are a great many others who come to my mind, but I wish to speak now of one who has lived by my side all these years, my good friend—Judge Henderson. He has seen my many changes and I am always proud to see him walking over the road which is so familiar to him. I have tried to repeat the old echoes of what has been lying here with me. They may seem dim and yet I gladly recall the days that have gone. The old wagons or Conestogas with their travelers have about ceased, but some farmers still have them without canvass covering and are often seen with their sheep and cattle going toward the mountains. With the bicyclists it is used a great deal, and their merry laughter and chatting as they ride over the road is to be remembered. There is still another vehicle that has taken the place of a Conestoga. It is the well known trolley, which daily runs past through the centre of the old turnpike with her passengers and going over the once haunted road and out to the Indian school. What a pleasure it is to see the happy faces, as they come and go looking out at me whom they think lies here so silently, never changing unless men take it into their hands.

Most of those who first trod over me have passed away, but there are a few who remain to interest and cheer others with their many adventures. Yet the old turnpike road will still remain with her travelers of to day, with the little winding places here and there through the great Cumberland Valley.

A PEOPLE WHO WOULD NOT BE DRIVEN.

BY WILSON WELCH OF NORTH CAROLINA.

You may be surprised if I tell you that there are about two thousand four hundred Cherokee Indians in North Carolina alone, and together, nearly as many more in the States of Tennessee, Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida. When they were discovered by the early settlers they were found all along the southern coast, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but later when the settlements began, these Indians moved eastward and settled in the several States of North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi, and remained there until the treaty was made in 1809 between the

United States Government and the North Carolina Indians. This treaty provided that all the Indians residing in the State of North Carolina should make their homes at the head of the Arkansas River, the place to be called the Cherokee Nation.

In order to have every one of them go, it was necessary to send soldiers; but some of the people hid among the mountains, and all of the others were taken to the place now called the Indian Territory. After that the number increased by some coming from the other States until there were just as many as there were at first. Another treaty was made in 1835, providing that all the Indians should go to the Indian Territory. Again, some of them went to the largest mountains and hid among the rocks until all the soldiers had gone. Then they came back to their own homes. When the danger was all over, they bought a piece of land from a certain wealthy man, and appointed him to look after them, something like a chief. He gave them more land, until they had large tracts for their own use.

The Eastern Band of Cherokees are a self-supporting people and are not considered Reservation Indians. Most of them are citizens of the United States, and all of them dress in citizens clothes. My people are on an equal footing with the white people in everything except schools; they vote and pay taxes as any citizen in the United States does. Two years ago, a Cherokee was appointed clerk in the Legislature at Raleigh.

In 1885, a school was established under the management of the Friends from Indiana. Before this time, the children went to the public schools, and five years ago the Government took charge of this school.

Their country in the southwestern part of the State is very mountainous; the Smoky Mountains being a part of the Blue Ridge, are about ten miles from the school. The chief occupation of the people is farming, but some have blacksmith and carpenter shops, while others are school teachers. The farmers raise fruit—apples, peaches and plums, and vegetables such as cabbages, potatoes, sweet-potatoes, turnips, peas, and peanuts. All raise cattle, sheep, and horses for their own use and for market. Pottery and basket-making are some of the oldest industries.

The Cherokee is the only tribe which has its own alphabet, that consists of eighty-six letters, and was invented by an Indian. These people who would not be driven from their homes have made wonderful progress within the last sixty years. The Western Band carried the alphabet with them; and today they print a paper in the Indian Territory, using the letters of this alphabet on the outside, while the inside of the paper is printed in English. It is about the same size as our school paper, "The Red Man."

When the Civil war began all the Eastern Band who were old enough went to war and fought, some on the Union and others on the Confederate side. These people knew that they could make progress without being driven to the Indian Territory; so they determined to stay where they were, surrounded by the white people and influenced by them. The Reservation Indians could do the same if they scattered among the free inhabitants of the United States. You might think that turning loose this large number of ignorant and unprepared people would threaten the peace of our communities. Until recently, not a year has passed but that we have admitted to our shores more ignorant immigrants than the whole number of Indians.

Many Indians are in the United States, but not of it. My people are here and are citizens. Why not let all the Indians immigrate to the United States?

A DASH FOR FREEDOM.

By DAVID McFARLAND, OF IDAHO.

We, the original Americans, stepped to one side to make room for the people that came to our country. We moved our camping grounds, taking our customs with us, and as the settlers grew in power they pushed us farther and farther back, we not even realizing what it meant. Becoming jealous of their advancement at times, we fought with them. We were defeated by their science and by superior organization.

After defeat the different tribes were driven to their hiding places in the valleys, mountains and the wild prairies. From there they made wars by single tribes, and moved still farther west; not profiting by experience; fighting among themselves; killing each other; thus lessening their forces, while the white people, or the "New Americans," were increasing in number, in wealth and in knowledge, till the day came when the real owners were set aside, not to be recognized as Americans, but as a savage and alien race.

For many years longer the Indians were free to live as they pleased, but more trouble arose as the whites advanced, always land-hungry. Again and again was the advance made, again and again the

Indians fell back; and at last Congress forced the law that the Indians should be under Government care. Some Indians declined to be under its care, because they had their own rights and leaders as well as their own ways of living. The Nez Perce tribe loved their savage life and wished to depend upon their own way of living. Listen to the simple story of their conquest.

On a branch of the Columbia river in Idaho there lived an unknown tribe. Though small in numbers, yet it was considered one of the bravest of the Indian tribes that lived along these rivers and valleys. In the year 1863, when the first missionary arrived among them, they received him kindly, and gave him a place to establish a little mission, where they were taught both in civilized life and Christianity. But when the Government ordered that the Indians should have a certain amount of land, and be governed by an Agent, there were many chiefs among the tribe, who as the Joseph brothers declined to go on the reservation. They thought it was wise to hold their own land and govern themselves. Joseph, a man of great energy and ability, decided to fight for his land and the freedom of his people. He became a leader of his tribe. Immediately the Agent told the Government that Chief Joseph declined to go on the reservation, and the army was sent to force him to do it. Before the army arrived, some of his braves killed the miners. Thus Chief Joseph and his band found themselves on the war-path in the spring of 1877. They struggled in vain for their land, and crossed the Rocky Mountains, their aim being to cross the line into British soil, and be free from the United States. For several months they were successful in keeping the army at bay, meeting great generals on the battlefield, but their forces were decreasing, and they lost confidence. When captured, there were only a few more than seven hundred left, and all were made prisoners for five years. When free, most of them settled in Washington, where they now live. All honor to this brave leader; he dared stand before the world and demand his rights. He has contributed to the pages of history a record similar to that of the heroes of other nations, when struggling for their homes and for what mankind holds dear.

The new generation of Indians is aspiring to something better than what their fathers did. We are fighting with our shovels and spades to drive away barbarism.

We are no longer set aside, but we are recognized by the Government as true Americans, and a part of the nation. We are surrounded by the people who are teaching us to be like them. We are building up character, and fighting to improve our condition of living. Some say that it is of no use to educate young Indians, they will never become useful citizens. How do you suppose an Indian can be a useful citizen, shut out from the world and its people? The cry to-day is, let us have liberty, let us have the right to receive citizenship, let the reservation be opened, and let the Indian go among civilized people.

We hope that the day is coming when the Indian question will disappear, and the Indians be recognized as citizens of the United States. The true Americans are living on the same soil and under the same glorious banner of liberty. Have they improved any? Did they have the same rights as the other people? We are all created equal and worship the same God, and here is our common country, "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Like our Chief Joseph, we must be brave in the contest, and "dash for freedom," along new lines, toward our goal, honored citizenship and Christian manhood.

CAPT. PRATT.

I feel like detaining you a little at this point in the program, and giving you a brief history, which, if I had looked over the paper of this young man, I would have had him put in. He did not know of it.

The fall of 1878, I was sent by the Secretary of the Interior to this band of Nez Perce prisoners that had been captured by Generals Miles and Howard, and sent down to Fort Leavenworth for safe keeping, to get fifty of their children to take to the Hampton Institute. I met Joseph, the chief one of the prisoners, and a more towering man I never saw. He refused the proffers of the Government to educate his children. He said:

"Give me a home for my people first, let me know where I am to stay, and then I will let my children go."

I got no children. I shall not detain you with a full account, more than to say this:

Joseph and his people were sent down into the Indian Territory to a climate so radically different from that from which

they went, that his people began to die rapidly. A man—a preacher, who knew something of him, and of his people—took up his cause, and went back and forth in these United States talking about it, and denouncing the act of the Government, until finally he made the Government and the people ashamed of themselves, and Joseph was sent back to his mountains, near his home in Idaho. The man who did that is sitting on this platform. He gave us a lecture the other night; he spoke last evening. I am not going to introduce him to this audience again. He is well known already. I mean Dr. Spining.

Before the next speaker is introduced, I want to say another word: When I came to Carlisle, I found a warm welcome in my mission from the people of the College. Its great President was the first to talk to our children. Dear old Dr. McCauley! He has gone to his eternal home. The professors were all kind to us. Finally I was attracted to one man. He came out and began to talk to the children, showing such wise interest in our affairs, that we became friends. Many times we walked up and down these walks, night and day, talking over the situation. He was taken away from Carlisle to fill a great position in the west, that of Chancellor of the University of Kansas. After being there a number of years, he came back east.

I have been in the habit of calling to this platform, to give the diplomas to each graduating class, distinguished citizens; people that the class would remember. Last year we had General John Eaton, who understood Carlisle thoroughly; this year we have Dr. J. A. Lippincott. [Applause.]

The graduates will please come up on the platform.

Dr. LIPPINCOTT.

I have witnessed many Commencement scenes. They are always full of interest; yet I do not believe that anywhere in my life I have been so deeply moved as in the Commencements held in this Institution; and that of today more profoundly stirs me than any other that I have witnessed even here.

Why should not great popular interest center in Commencement Day—the day in which our young people step out from the school and face the world? Here and today the interest is heightened into intensity of anxiety. I have not the time, neither can I command words to express the depth of my feeling. I see finger-boards upon the wayside pointing in opposite directions,—one out here, the way to civilization; the other yonder, the way to the reservation and the tribe. I ask myself, as I feel like asking each of these young men and young women:

Which of these roads do you take?

Which of these roads?

Will you take the path into civilized life?

Is that your way? Or, will you go back into the superstitious, degrading influences of the camp?

Which way do you go?

You must choose the one or the other. There is no middle ground.

Which is your way?

Is it towards civilization and citizenship? Or do you go back to be Indians again?

I say that the interest of the day culminates in an intensity of anxiety.

I stand here to greet you. If I could gather all the feeling of my heart into a single expression, it would be: I greet you with joy and hopeful anticipation. I do more than that. I gather up into my single voice the sentiments of these hundreds of men and women who are before you. In their name I offer you glad greetings upon your Commencement Day. Your circle of friends and well-wishers is greater than this. There are hosts of them who could not be here in person. These narrow walls could not hold them. They are sincerely your friends. They wish you well with great anxiety of desire. They might be counted by the thousand and they are scattered all over this broad land. They are thinking of us today—of this graduating class—and I do not doubt that

many of them, earnest Christian men and women, are this hour upon their knees praying for you,—praying that the doors may be opened to you out into the larger, better life, and that the way may be closed and sealed between you and the old camp life. In the name of all these I greet you.

I congratulate you.

There is room and reason for congratulation. A great and noble and liberal Government reached out its hand and lifted you out of the degrading depths of the tribal life, and brought you to the Carlisle School. Here are set before you the best forms of our civilized and Christian life. Here you learn, as otherwise you could not, the interest we have in you. It is not a mere report; you see and feel it. You find out for yourselves the depth and intensity of the feeling of our people for you and your people.

How great an influence this training school has exerted upon you perhaps you will never realize. You have taken its course of study. You have learned, each of you, some one of its industrial trades. You have earned some money by your own industry. You have been trained in habits of thrift and economy. You have learned to make what the white man wants and wishes to buy and to do work that he is willing to pay for. You have learned to take your place in the competitions of life side by side with your white brothers and to breathe the same atmosphere of liberty and manly independence. You can hold your own upon the athletic field, and in the factory; you can make for yourselves an independent living and have done it. Add to all this that you have been for some years under the judicious care of that great-hearted, capable man, Captain Pratt.

I congratulate you.

I know the old camp and reservation life. I have seen it. I have known this school from its first day to this. I know Capt. Pratt and his great work here. I congratulate you that you have been under his care. I trust you have caught something of his spirit.

And now, there is another thing that I want to say to you. The doors today are wide open to you as to other American boys and girls—the doors of opportunity. I remember the time when they were shut—SLAMMED in the very faces of young men and women of your tribes who desired to move out into the larger and better life of our people. These doors are wide open now. The highway leads out from this school, if you have the spirit to take it, into freedom, intelligence, Christianity, citizenship.

I congratulate you.

It is a wonderful thing for you and for your people—a wonderful thing for us—that you have not been schooled upon the reservation. I do not know upon what tender ground I may be treading, but I may at least express my individual and profound conviction: I believe that if this school with all its buildings, appliances, industries, its teachers, foremen and helpers, with Captain Pratt at the head of it, were transported into the neighborhood of one of the tribes or reservations, it would lose half its influence for good. Captain Pratt and his splendid corps of instructors and helpers would find their hands tied. Their influence would be greatly shortened. I will tell you why. You would have before you constantly a view of the life out of which the Government is trying to lift you. You could not forget it. You could not easily escape it. Here you breathe the atmosphere of liberty. You stand face to face with our Christian civilization. You can not go upon the street without meeting people whom you may well imitate. This is an education in itself. It gives edge and force to what you learn in school and shop. The educating influence goes on in the school-room, on the play ground, when you walk through the town—almost while you sleep.

I believe the idea of planting the school upon the reservation is a delusion, and the worst delusion of all is the planting of the typical American public school upon the reservation or in the tribe. The

unfortunate children will enter them INDIANS, and INDIANS will they come out. It could not be otherwise. All their surroundings tend to hold them to the old way of life. I believe the Government ought to send officers out into these reservations to gather up all children of school age. These ought then to be carried at least a thousand miles away into the heart of the best forms of civilization, free from all contact with barbarism during the period of education. Enough schools should be established to accommodate all without undue massing of the children together. These schools might then be supplemented by the admirable "outing system" and within one generation the whole undertaking would be so far finished that the end would be in sight.

Young men and young women, I congratulate you that this way is open to you today.

Now, are you going back to the old home?

Don't go! Don't go!

Will you recall the old Indian language?

Do not! It is worth nothing to you. It is worn out.

Do you keep the old shoe simply because it gave you protection and comfort once?

Throw it away!

Throw away the Indian language! English is good enough for me and for this great people. It is good enough for you. It carries a noble literature. Yours has none. You have mastered the English. Hold fast to it! Let the old go! Cling to the new!

Are you going back to the tribe again?

Do not go!

I will tell you what I did when I graduated from Dickinson College a good many years ago.

I went home and visited my father and took a last look at the old scenes, and then I went away to take up a man's work among men as best I could. My father's house was never my home in the old sense after that. Later in life I went to the great west and lived there for ten years. My father was willing, for he thought that every man must go where duty called him.

Do you not know that Captain Pratt's daughter lives in the far west, two thousand miles from Carlisle?

I never saw Captain Pratt shed tears about it.

I live within an hour of the Atlantic sea board; my older son lives in California within half an hour of the Pacific. We do not grieve over it.

This is the white man's way of meeting life's great duty.

Is the Indian's way any better?

I will tell you what to do. Make yourself a home and a decent, independent living here among the splendid opportunities of the east and then send for your father and mother to come and enjoy your home with you. That is what the white man does. Is it not good enough for the Indian?

But you are not to be Indians any more!

The Indian is DEAD in you.

Some one says that the only good Indian is a DEAD Indian and it is true. Be MEN and women, but not Indians!

Let all that is INDIAN within you die! Then you will be men and women, freemen, American citizens.

I have been talking seriously enough I know, and I have not time now and perhaps this is not the place to preach a formal sermon. Yet I want to say that there is a very deep truth in what I have just said. You can not become truly American citizens, industrious, intelligent, cultured, civilized until the INDIAN within you is DEAD. So one cannot truly become a CHRISTIAN until the old sin-life is dead. This is why St. Paul writes, "I am crucified with Christ [the old life of sin being dead] nevertheless I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me."

Come into this higher religious life. Let all the old—the superstition, ignorance, the degradation, the sin—die in you and let Christ raise you up into a life of true liberty and righteousness.

The diplomas were then distributed with a word of exhortation and of hope to each graduate.

CAPT. PRATT:

I want to say about the speech we have just heard, I never fired a bigger shot, and never hit the bull's eye more centre. [Applause.]

This occasion is honored greatly by the presence of distinguished men, and especially are we honored with the presence of the man who has been selected by the President to preside over the department under which we are placed. I have met him frequently, and I feel in my heart as grateful as I possibly can feel that he is here to crown this occasion. I asked him to speak last night; he would not do it, and I have had hard work to get him on the platform. He has been pleading with me all the time to let him off, and he has now asked me to let him out of his misery by calling him at once. I am going to do it. I have the honor to introduce the Hon. W. A. Jones, of Wisconsin, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. [Applause.]

Mr. JONES:

If Capt. Pratt realized how much concentrated misery he has injected into my life during the two hours last night, and also during the time I have been sitting on this platform today, I think he would have had some compassion for me, and permitted me to remain in the audience, as I asked him to do last night, but the same character of man showed itself in his treatment of me last night, as has been shown by his life work, namely, his persistent doggedness to carry out his purpose. [Laughter.] He threatened to carry me bodily to the platform, unless I came myself, and to avoid a scene, I consented to do so. [Laughter.]

This is my second visit to Carlisle. I don't mean the city of Carlisle. Let me tell you something that probably you citizens of Carlisle don't realize, that there are hundreds of people out west who have not the remotest idea that you have a beautiful city near this school. When we hear of Carlisle out west, the only thing that presents itself to our mind is the Indian School of Carlisle. [Applause.]

As I said before, this is my second visit, and there is something that has impressed me since I came here, and that is, Carlisle has got to be abandoned very soon; it has got to be given up. Capt. Pratt, do you realize that your conduct in running this school is suicidal?

CAPT. PRATT: I intend it to be so, sir.

Mr. JONES:

The conditions that present themselves here today are the germs of your own destruction. In looking over this audience, I see on the one side, the white race, the result of generations of civilization and education; on the other side I see a race that at one bound presents itself on an equality with a race that has taken generations to bring to its present condition. [Applause.]

In the exercises that we had last night, the eloquent speeches that were made showed that there was no difference between the red race and the white race, and if I were to judge of those who partook in the exercises, I should be tempted to tell you that the red race had the advantage. I was struck with the eloquent control of the English language by the representatives of the red race last night, and I tell you, Capt. Pratt, that you are bringing on your own destruction. It will be but a short time when there will be no need for a Carlisle Indian School, and your pupils will take their places with the rest of us as citizens, and not as Indians any longer. [Applause.]

There is one thing I will have to call your attention to in the matter of education. I had occasion to be in Hampton—which is not a strange place to many here in Carlisle,—and they showed me the different shops, the blacksmith shop, the harness shop, the wagon shop, and around the grounds, but I didn't see a single kitchen; I didn't see a single laundry; I didn't see a single sewing room. Now, my friends, that is all wrong. I don't know whether it was the result of an accident or what, but Capt. Pratt evidently heard something of my criticism of

the condition of things down at Hampton, because about the only places he wanted to show me were the kitchen, and the laundry, and the sewing room. [Laughter, as Capt. Pratt shook his head negatively.]

To me they stood out in bold relief compared with your shops. I must confess I was astonished at the meagre machinery you have here in the shops, compared with what you want, but I was very glad to see the conditions surrounding the girls.

The only way that we can solve the Indian problem is to educate the girls. We have no objection to your educating the boys; make college graduates out of every Indian boy in the land, but unless you educate the girls, the solution of the Indian question is as far away as it ever was. [Applause.]

I had the best father in the world; I don't believe a boy ever had a better father than I had, but he belonged to that peculiar sect, the old school Presbyterian, and all of you who know anything about that sect, will remember the condition of the boy. I did not dare part my hair in the middle. I did not dare take out my jack knife to whittle on Sunday. I would not dare whistle on Sunday in the presence of my father. That is the way I was brought up, but I would not be without that experience now. But it was my mother who taught me to lisp my simple prayer. It was mother who sent me to school. My father furnished the means, but mother's influence kept me straight, and today my only recollection of my early childhood days is the prayer that my mother taught me when a little child.

The superiority, so called, of the white race today is owing entirely to the condition of our mothers and sisters. [Applause.]

I have spoken a little longer than I wanted, but I want to say just one word more. In looking at the photograph on your leaflet, I see there are twenty-four graduates—twelve boys and twelve girls. Boys, did you have anything to do with this numerical figure? [Laughter.] I find also that the sexes are very near equal in the Carlisle School, and I hope it will always continue so, because as I told you before, girls, it depends on you to solve the Indian question.

CAPT. PRATT:

The Commissioner is right about it; if we can get the girls out into our civilization, the boys will surely follow. [Laughter.]

Another distinguished gentlemen present on this platform is one who was with us two years ago, and he got so well acquainted with our work on that occasion that he has stood as a bulwark when our appropriation was under discussion, saying many kind things about us: Hon. Jas. S. Sherman, Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs. His Committee has the framing of the Indian appropriation bill every year, and has charge of all the House legislation for the Indians. I present Mr. Sherman to this large audience with the greatest of pleasure.

Mr. SHERMAN:

I find that Commissioner Jones' idea of education corresponds with the idea of the Irish trustee of a school, who, being called upon to give an opinion on the subject, said that he believed in education for the boys, and learning for the girls. [Laughter.]

Those of you who listened last evening to the interesting and charming address of the distinguished gentleman from Indiana, Mr. Landis, and his remarkable *comp d'etat* in obtaining the assistance of eight hundred bright faces in bringing that address to a close, sharing in the applause that that close brought, will not be surprised at the idea of the old lady from Indiana. While on a visit to friends in Michigan she took sick, and was removed from the car to a hospital. The physician, seeing that she was about to die, called in a Divine, who said to her:

"My dear sister, do you know you are very sick?"

She answered:

"Yes, I do."

"And you are likely to die?"

"I suppose so," she said.

"Now, my dear sister, you don't want to live."

"Yes, I do."

"Why," he said, "don't you prefer to leave this world of wickedness and of pain, and of labor, and go to that life where all is peace and happiness and beauty, and where you shall live forever?"

"No," she said, "Indiana is good enough for me." [Laughter.]

Rev. Coolidge said last evening that he had heard some one say in his presence that the proper solution of the Indian problem was the extermination of the race.

I am sure there is no one who has witnessed for the last thirty hours these remarkable exhibitions of physical strength and mental ability, will say that in any sense, and it should forever silence such folly. Away with such sophistry! Is there anything in the present condition of the Indian race, as compared with what it was years ago, to warrant such a thought? I believe there is not. Why, thirty-five years ago there was not an Indian pupil in a school in this country. Today almost ten per cent of the red race are in schools, and almost three per cent are in Industrial Schools, and in this school at Carlisle.

This is the advance of about thirty-five years. Does that not give us ground for hope? The dawn is already broken, and the daylight of the Indian problem is here.

I think we can sing with the poet:

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

The beginning of the end I believe has come. I believe Commissioner Jones sees well into the future, and knows what yet has to be done. Carlisle will not be a thing of the past, Capt. Pratt, this year, or in a decade. The day of superstition and barbarism is past, but the beginning of the civilization of the Indian race is here, and it will be carried forward. The work begun by the white people will be carried on with the assistance of such women and such men as you are sending forth from your graduating class today, until the old days of superstition, barbarism and cruelty will have become things of the past, and the Indians will have their places side by side with their white brothers as Christian citizens of this great Republic. [Applause.] To no school will greater credit be due than to this school at Carlisle and to its splendid corps of instructors, who for many years have been united in this grand work. [Applause.]

Some of you will return to your tribes. Let me say to those who do, Let your light so shine before men that they will see that your good works will not only glorify your Father who is in Heaven, but will follow your example into good citizenship. Always keep your light in front!

"The lightning bug is brilliant,
But he hasn't any mind;
He stumbles through the darkness
With his headlight on behind."

[Laughter.] Remember that you have a duty before you; let the others at home follow YOUR example! Don't follow theirs, and whatever you do, do it well. They used to say some time ago that man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long. Nowadays, that has been changed, and it is, man wants as much as he can get and he wants it all the time. [Laughter.]

Those are the men with whom you will come in contact, and remember, my young friends, that the saying a thousand years old is just as true today as it was in the

past, that there is always room for one more at the top. Remember that this statement applies to every kind of profession, not simply to the lawyer, or to the doctor, or to the preacher, or to the teacher, but it applies as well to the farmer, to the blacksmith, or to the dressmaker, to every vocation of life or work, no matter how humble. There is ample room for you whatever your vocation may be—provided you put forward the energy at your command and the abilities you possess.

Now, one word for Carlisle. I know I am speaking my own sentiments, and I believe I am speaking the sentiments of those whom I represent, when I say this, Capt. Pratt: So long as the legislation relating to Indian affairs is in the hands of the present Indian Committee, and so long as the school shall remain under your charge, you will not have to ask twice for what you need. [Applause.]

I am very glad indeed to have been present here during these exercises. I am glad that so much interest is manifested in this school by all the citizens of this beautiful valley, filled as it is with historical scenes and land marks, and I am sure that with your home support, and with the support that this great Government will give to this school, its future will be even more brilliant than its past. [Applause.]

CAPT. PRATT: What more could I ask?

I have only one more speaker to bring before you. We have in the Congress of the United States, from this great State of Pennsylvania, a member of the House who is also on the Indian Committee. I saw him with his grip starting for the train awhile ago, and I urged him to stay through the exercises, because I wanted him to represent Pennsylvania before this Pennsylvania audience and this Pennsylvania Indian School. I call upon Hon. Horace B. Packer, member of the House from Pennsylvania.

Mr. PACKER.

Although I am a native of this State, having lived within its borders all of my life, yet this is my first visit to this renowned Institution. I came here, however, with a pretty good idea of its excellence and the great work Capt. Pratt and his assistants have been doing for your education in Christianity and civilization, but I must admit that since I have been sitting here and looking around, my interest has intensified hour by hour, and I have marvelled at the wonderful program that you children of the forest and prairies have rendered in so short a time.

There are a few people who are considerably prejudiced against these schools, who say that the only way to make a good Indian student is to catch him young. Now, my friends, I have had demonstrated here before me today that that statement is not true. Although we may succeed in civilizing the Indian quicker by catching him young, yet many of you have come here quite mature and have developed in a way that very few thought would be possible for you to do.

I am not going to detain you by any lengthy speech, but when I consider the small appropriation that the Government of the United States is making for this great Institution, \$111,000, and when I think of the large appropriation that our great State of Pennsylvania is making for the education of our children—over five millions and a half, and compare the State educational work with what is being done here for \$111,000, I cannot help but marvel at the great achievements that you have made. And as long as I am permitted by the Speaker of the House of Representatives to be a member of the Committee on Indian Affairs, I will support my Chairman in all his efforts to appropriate all that is necessary, or all that Capt. Pratt may think necessary to carry on this great work. [Applause.]

I wish that the Carlisle School were multiplied over this country. Every Indian boy and girl in the land should have the advantages that you enjoy today, which would fit them for the great responsibilities that await them in the future. I witnessed your drill here yesterday afternoon, and watched the difficult

movements you so gracefully executed under the leadership of the instructor, Mr. Thompson, who had you in charge. I have noticed the spirit of patriotism that lies in your hearts, made manifest after the references of one or two of the speakers today, and I know, my friends, that you will be proud to perform any duty for this country that you may be called upon to perform. We know not what awaits the future of this country. The future will determine that for itself. These we regard as troublesome times. The great patriotic heart of the nation is beating as it has not been beating for many years, and we trust that the Chief Magistrate of this country can avert any friction; yet if he fails to do so, I know the patriotic heart of the young Indian boy will respond to the country's call and push to the front in support of our nation, as well as the honor of the whole country as eagerly as the white man. [Applause.]

CAPT. PRATT:

Now, we of the faculty, if I may speak of the teaching and managing force of the Carlisle School as the faculty, and we students of the Carlisle School, want to thank you all for your kind interest and considerate attention throughout all of our exercises, and to say that we will be glad to greet you next year, because you have been good this year. There are other speakers on the platform, but they shake their heads, and I had better not persist further. Good-bye.

COMMENCEMENT VISITORS.

From Washington.

Hon. W. A. Jones, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Mrs. Jones; Hon. J. S. Sherman, Chairman, Committee of Indian Affairs, H. R.; Hon. J. F. Lacey, H. R.; Hon. J. H. Stephens, H. R.; Hon. C. B. Landis, H. R., and Mrs. Landis; Hon. F. M. Eddy, H. R., and Mrs. Eddy; Hon. H. B. Packer, H. R.; Hon. W. T. Zenor, H. R., and Mrs. Zenor; Miss Tonner, daughter of the Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs; General John Eaton, and Mrs. Eaton; Judge Joseph K. McCammon, Miss McCammon, Mr. McCammon, Miss Cobb, Mr. H. E. Devendorf, Clerk House Committee of Indian Affairs, and Mrs. Devendorf; Mrs. Elaine Goodale Eastman; Gen. and Mrs. E. Whittlesley; Mr. Rockwood, of the St. Louis Republic; Mr. M. C. Roach; Mr. W. R. Household; Mr. H. Cobough; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Willard; Mr. and Mrs. G. McMorris; Mr. B. Vail, Mr. Edward Rauchar, Miss Seibeker, Mrs. A. K. Quail, Miss Cullis, The Misses Chester, Mr. and Mrs. Obannon, Miss Smith, Mrs. Warner, Miss Ina C. Emery, Correspondent; Miss M. Arionetta Wilbur, Mrs. Mary E. Wilbur, Mrs. Lucy Anderson; Mr. Murchison, Mr. and Mrs. McQuiston, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Miss Lester, Miss Hodgkins, Miss Gennot, Miss Hadger, Miss Cummins, and Mr. Barbor of the Indian Office.

Others From a Distance.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Larocque, Mrs. C. R. Agnew, Miss Edith Agnew, New York City; Dr. John Bancroft Devins, Managing Editor "New York Observer," and Mrs. Devins; Miss Mary R. Hyde, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dr. George L. Spining, South Orange, N. J.; and Miss Spining; Judge and Mrs. W. N. Ashman, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Lippincott, Dr. Alice M. Seabrook, Mrs. Odin Edwards, Mr. Geo. Vaux, Jr., Mrs. Bartlett, and Miss Bartlett, of Philadelphia; the Misses Brockway, England; President Shrigley of the Williamson School, Lansdowne, Pa.; Mrs. Shrigley, and Miss Shrigley; Dr. and Mrs. Edward H. Bigelow, Framingham, Mass.; Mr. Edward Marsden, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Helen W. Mauck, Conshohocken, Pa.; Rev. Mr. Clark, Rosbud, South Dakota; Hon. T. F. Jameson, President Seneca Nation, N. Y. and Mrs. Jameson; Mr. W. C. Hoag, Treasurer Seneca Nation, N. Y. and Mrs. Hoag; Mr. Frank Seneca, Councillor Seneca Nation; Mrs. Hattie E. Poodyry, and Miss Pierce, Versailles, N. Y.; Rev. William Duncan, Metlakatla, Alaska; Mr. Ainsworth, Delegate from the Choc-taw Nation, I. T.; Rev. Sherman Coolidge, Shoshone, Wyoming; Rev. John Eastman, South Dakota; Chief Big Heart of the Osage Indian Tribe; Mr. Stanley Edge, former Carlisle pupil; Capt. G. W. H. Stouch, U. S. Army, Acting Indian Agent, Crow Agency, Mont.; Mrs. Stouch and Mr. W. E. Campbell, an Alumnus of Carlisle.

Farm Patrons and Others.

Mrs. M. Rich Jeanes, Miss May Graham, Mr. John C. Rich, Mrs. T. E. Robinson, Mr. Myra B. Nivin, Anna B. Niven, Mrs. J. C. Chambers, Rachel Larkin, Mrs. Jackson, Lucinda Way, J. F. Russell, Elizabeth Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Vanartsdalen, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cornell, Mrs. Dr. Sudler, E. W. Holbert, Misses Reeder and Gilman, Mr. and Mrs. Chandley Eves, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burgess, George W. Opdyke, Miss Anna M. Biles, Margaret Passmore, Mrs. S. E. Thompson, Watson P. Church, Miss F. Rubinkam, Mr. and Mrs. I. Hallowell, Martha Hollinshead, Mary R. Wilson, Deborah Leeds, J. W. and Mrs. Eppelman, H. M. Duffield, J. W. and Elizabeth Rubzy, Mrs. M. Satterthwaite, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilber Cook, and Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Chas. Cook, Lola Cook, Alice Hoopes, W. D. Hallowell, Jos. C. Sharpless, Frank D. Walton, G. W. Sharpless, Mary T. Peters, Mr. Grant Thompson, Mrs. Ferrier, Mrs. S. T. Coles, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Gill, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Belt, Wm. Greist, Mrs. Luther Baker, Mrs. Micky Geo. Coover, A. L. Holler, Mr. and Mrs. Fogelsanger, Mr. J. A. Lindsay, Mr. George Hilton and Sisters, Mrs. S. A. Brindle, Mrs. S. A. Bowersox.

THE RED MAN.

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Open Letters

From the many letters received about Commencement time, from persons accepting invitations and from others regretting inability to be present, we take a few sentiments of encouragement:

From Senator H. L. Dawes.

"I thank you for the invitation and I need not assure you how glad I should be to accept it," but * * (The Senator was not well.) I wish you, with all my heart a successful Anniversary, and a score more of them, and am really sorry I can't share them."

From Mrs. Dawes.

"I am sure that it will be as much of a success as usual, and we should delight to be a part of it."

Senator W. B. Allison, of Iowa.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to accept this invitation, and yet I fear that I will be so overwhelmed with work that it will be impossible for me to attend. I hope at some time in the future to be able to spend a day visiting the school, but you must not count on me now."

Hon. Knute Nelson, U. S. Senate.

"I have delayed answering your favor of Feb. 23rd in the hope that I could write you that I would come. I am still behind with my work. On this account, I regret very much that I shall not be able to accept your kind invitation. I wish you utmost success and prosperity."

Brig. Gen'l. and Paymaster Gen'l., U. S. A.,
T. H. Stanton.

"It would give me great pleasure to be present and I thoroughly appreciate the good work you have done and are now doing."

From Capt. Woodsen, of the Cheyennes
and Arapahoes.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN: I desire to acknowledge receipt of your invitation to be present at the Tenth Graduating Exercises March 1st, and to express my regret at not being able to do so. Chief Left Hand (Arapahoe) wishes me to inform you that he is very sorry he cannot come; he fully expected to visit Washington at this time, as one of a Delegation of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, but the failure of the Cheyennes to comply with the instructions of the Department, has resulted in the revocation of the authority to make the expected visit.

The Indians of this Agency have made rapid progress within the past few years, but we have a non-progressive element that serves to retard and hinder a more rapid advancement.

Ex-Assist. Commissioner of Indian Affairs,
R. V. Belt.

"I regret that we will not be able to be present. I am sure we shall miss much pleasure and profit, judging from my experience in the past. I hope this latest will be the best and most enthusiastic of all such occasions, and you and your co-laborers will gather from it renewed courage, strength and hopefulness, for the work in which you are engaged."

From H. M. Dyckinson, Union Theological
Seminary.

"I assure you nothing but the most imperative business would make me miss this opportunity. I trust you will kindly give me another opportunity."

From Edna Dean Proctor.

"I am slowly mending, but it will be impossible for me to be at your Anniversary, much as I should enjoy it."

Chin Pom Ye, the Korean Legation.

"I regret very much that I will be unable to accept your kind invitation for the Graduating Exercises, owing to the death of his Royal Highness Prince Tai Wan Koon, father of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Korea."

J. B. Wasson of the N. Y. Tribune.

"Please accept my best wishes for a brilliant and successful Commencement for dear old Carlisle."

From President Fetterolf, Girard College.

"I have about given up all hope of being able to attend your Commencement Exercises, but not of paying you a visit. In fact I prefer to visit a school during term time rather than on gala occasions."

From Justice Chas. E. Teale, Brooklyn.

"You cannot imagine how great a pleasure it would be to me to come, were I able to do so. I shall never forget the pleasant day spent with the Indians at Carlisle. It was one of the red letter days of my life. Looking forward, trusting and hoping that I may be able to visit you again some day, and at the same time fearing not, I am, etc."

From Lydia H. Price, a Prominent Minister in the Society of Friends.

"It would give me great pleasure to accept the kind invitation to the Graduating

Exercises at Carlisle, having long desired to visit that excellent institution; am sure it will be an inspiring occasion, but do not feel quite equal to the effort at this uncertain season. It is a great comfort to know of the good work thee and thy assistants are engaged in, for this much injured and long suffering people. Surely the fruits are already apparent and a fuller fruition is yet to be realized as the good influences are wider spread. With thanks and best wishes for the occasion."

The British Embassy.

"I am directed by His Excellency the British Ambassador to convey to you his best thanks for your kind and most interesting invitation for 3rd March, and to express his deep regret that he will be unable to accept."

Secretary Roberts, D. D., of the Board of
Home Missions.

"I have been anxious to attend one of those Commencements for a number of years, but have not been able. I am sorry to say that it will not be possible to attend this time."

Mrs. E. A. W. Robertson, a life-long Missionary among the Creeks.

"I have only time for a hurried note of warm thanks for the invitation to the Graduating Exercises of your school, and to say how I rejoice in the many proofs of the great and good work which it is doing."

From a Long ago Missionary to the Indians,
and at one time an Honored Member of
our Corps of Workers.

OBERLIN, OHIO., February 21, 1898.

R. H. PRATT, CAPT. U. S. A.

DEAR CAPTAIN: Your invitation to attend the Commencement of Carlisle Indian School, and your generous offer to remove all difficulties which might lie in the way of my acceptance are received, and deeply do I regret to say to you that in view of all my environments, wisdom dictates my declining to accept.

My general health is good, and remaining in the quietude of home I still enjoy life; but since my sister, with whom I had rested ten years, left me, and I am returned to the roof which I left to go out and battle with the world I find the changes that come to me have weakened my powers of endurance; and I feel quite sure of returning to my niece an invalid to be nursed, should I permit myself the continued joyful excitement that would be mine in going to Carlisle.

But, dear Sir, your invitation and generous offer of transportation, coupled with the assurance of continued hospitalities during my stay, have deeply stirred my soul, as they are to me the accomplished fulfilment of the promise—Trust in the Lord and do good . . . and thou shalt have the desire of thine heart.

Having a consciousness that in my weak fallible way I have endeavored thus to trust, and remembering the tender mercies of Him who gave the promise, to overlook our failures to be perfect before Him, I claim this as mine and feel that this day it is fulfilled to me.

Standing in this bright day dawn that has come to the Indian, I look back over more than a half century of darkness and sin and pollution and wrong brought by us as a nation to the Indian, to much of which I was eye-witness till it became the ruling desire of my heart that these wrongs be righted, but for years scarce a ray of light shot through the dark cloud that overshadowed them.

Today the dawn is so bright that I am led to think, no one of the great benevolent activities of the last half of the nineteenth century has made such rapid strides toward the culmination of the perfect day as has the civilization of the Indian, except that of the freedom of our slaves.

So standing as I feel I do on the threshold between two worlds, with many thanks to you for your great kindness and added regrets for my enforced absence, I shall rejoice with you and all your co-workers during your Commencement days, and it will require no great effort for me to imagine myself one of your number looking into the faces of the great men, the Chief Captain, the mighty men and Elect ladies, who have so bravely helped and are still helping to insure the full brightness of that glorious day whose coming is made real to us by the bright intelligent faces of the Indian youths who are the true representatives of their rising race.

Thus rejoicing with you I bid you a Godspeed in your work for the Indian.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. E. G. PLATT.

Supplement to THE RED MAN, March, 1898.

CLASS '98 OF THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.



SARAH L. FLYNN, Assinaboine. WILSON H. WELCH, Cherokee. JACOB M. JIMESON, Seneca. FRANK JAMES, Kaw. CLARENCE L. BUTLER, Omaha. MITCHELL BARADA, Omaha. CORA L. CORNELIUS, Oneida. JOHN WEBSTER, Oneida.
NELLIE O'DELL, Puyallup. JOSEPH BLACKBEAR, Cheyenne. ELLEN THOMAS, Chippewa. SUSIE HENNI, Cœur d'Alene. ANNIE M. MORTON, Pueblo. KAMIE C. OWL, Cherokee. RIENZI S. MOORE, Sac and Fox. EDWARD W. PETERSON, Klamath.
RALPH E. ARMSTRONG, Nez Perce. ANNIE E. GEORGE, Cherokee. LILLIAN T. COMPLAINVILLE, Nez Perce. DAVID MCFARLAND, Nez Perce. CHARLOTTE O. HORNE, Klamath.
MARTHA L. SICKLES, Oneida. CALEB M. SICKLES, Oneida. EDYTHE G. PIERCE, Ottawa.