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An Illustrated Magazine by Indians

THE RED MAN

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The Red Man

M. FRIEDMAN, Editor.

VOLUME 6 DECEMBER, 1913 NUMBER 4

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A Study of Navajo Indian Life

By Joseph F. Anderson, in Salt Lake Herald.

RIGHT in the heart of the great Southwest, occupying a reservation of more than eighteen million acres in Arizona, Utah, and New Mexico, thrives the largest tribe of Indians in North America. The Navajo Indian Reservation is three times as large as the State of Massachusetts, twenty-six times the area of Rhode Island, and more than half as large as England and Wales.

UPWARDS of 27,000 Navajos occupy this arid area, according to the latest Government census. Because of the scattered pastoral life of the Navajo and the roughness of the country, the population can only be estimated. The population, however, is rapidly increasing, for the Navajos are one of the very few tribes in America that are thriving under the restraints of reservation life.

The tribe has been influenced but little in its industrial, social, and political life by the intrusion of the paleface. It is this fact which makes a study of Navajo life intensely interesting, as a modern example of primitive life and customs practiced on a large scale.

It has been the policy of the Government at Washington, since the Navajos were finally conquered by Kit Carson in 1863, to interfere as little as possible with the civil life of the tribe. Their system of government is surprisingly advanced. It is almost a pure democracy in which the chief and his subordinates hold their positions by popular vote, and the tenure of office hinges on their good behavior. The tribesmen have never hesitated to depose an incompetent chief and elect a successor, who by prowess and superior wisdom possessed the confidence of the people.

THERE is no class distinction in Navajo land; all have the right of equal suffrage. One may rise from poverty and obscurity to power and prestige. There is no hereditary office. When a

chief dies his son may, or may not, succeed him, depending upon the will of the people.

The Utah archæological expedition, headed by Prof. Byron Cummings, of the University of Utah, gained an intimate acquaintance with the Indian tribes of the Southwest. The Utah expedition, of which the writer was a member, found the Navajo tribe to be an unusually strong, virile, industrious, and intelligent type of red men. Due to the influence of their contact with whites of the better type, they are rapidly forsaking the meaner propensities acquired from the early Spanish explorers.

The person who now seems to be influencing the Navajos most is Mrs. John Wetherill of the Kayenta trading post in Arizona. This cultured woman wields more power among them than any chief. She is the real leader of the Navajos, holding her position as a recognition by the Indians of her sympathetic interest in their life. No queen could be more loved by her subjects. She is at once the judge, physician, interpreter, adviser and best friend of her devoted wards. She knows their language perfectly and has so aided them in modifying many of their festivals and ceremonies as to rid them of the more gruesome and cruel features. She has even been able to exercise an uplifting influence on their marriage and divorce customs, which has not been easy, for the Navajos have long been accustomed to changing wives or increasing their number as often as they were inclined. A young brave of 23 years, who was with the Utah expedition as a horse wrangler, had three wives, one or two of whom he had divorced and remarried repeatedly.

Mr. Wetherill also has the confidence of the natives. He is to them the embodiment of all that is best in the western frontiersman. The Wetherills are the only white family living within a radius of seventy-five miles of Kayenta. Indians come for miles over the desert to trade, visit and gossip at Kayenta. It is the Navajo metropolis and the Wetherills buy from the Indians whatever they wish to sell. The Navajos exchange their hides, blankets and pine nuts for flour, coffee and sugar.

Social Customs.

THE social customs of the Navajos are peculiarly primitive. He is a conservative trader and knows how to drive a good bargain. As media of exchange, they use beads, silver ornaments

of their own handiwork, goats, sheep, horses and anything of value. Garnets and turquoises are convenient forms of native money. Until recent years they even bartered in slaves, but through the influence of the whites, this practice is gradually disappearing. Mexican silver coin is preferred to United States money because the Mexican dollar is the larger. A Navajo will seldom accept a check or a bill for he is unable to determine its value and besides is suspicious of paper money. They have a tendency to exravagant borrowing and are always willing to sign a promissory note. The signature is usually an X and the thumb print of the signer on paper or a substitute for paper.

As with most aborigines, the Navajo is not always ready to redeem his pledge and his failure to do so often brings about a disagreeable situation, frequently ending in a quarrel. He is an "Indian trader" and thinks it his privilege to "trade back" at will.

Self-torture is not uncommon and is practiced in some of their ceremonies. They are prone to demonstrate their stoicism by self-scourging or by subjecting themselves to ordeals of endurance for the purpose of arousing admiration and to inure themselves to pain.

The Navajo enjoys a good joke and after he loses his natural reticence he laughs heartily. A man with keen wit is held in high esteem by them and a huddlechezzly (humorist) never lacks company.

Incline to Honesty.

HONESTY is becoming a leading virtue among the Navajos. Petty thieving is almost entirely absent, but the less scrupulous among them will sometimes perpetrate a theft on a large scale if there is little danger of detection. Once, detected, however, he will frankly confess his deed. During all his travels among the Navajos, Professor Cummings has never lost a single article of his equipment. The camp could always be left with the assurance that bridles, guns, tools, and food would be undisturbed.

Both women and men smoke. When the early Spanish explorers penetrated the country in 1539 they found the natives smoking the leaves of plants, using hollow reeds as cigaretts. Since tobacco has been introduced it is preferred to the native plants.

Their method of salutation is not elaborate except in the meeting of relatives and friends who have been long separated. At such

a meeting close relatives will sometimes embrace each other. They never shake hands nor kiss except where they have been taught to do so by "Pelicanos" (Americans). Ordinarily in meeting they simply face each other with a pleased look, and remain silent as a rule. When enemies or persons unfriendly to each other meet, there is no sign of recognition unless the animosity is so great as to provoke a quarrel.

Their methods of transportation are primitive. They travel on desert mustangs, on burros or afoot. The endurance of a Navajo is remarkable. A native can trot all day alongside a horse, with little food and water, and will show little fatigue. The Navajo is a child of the desert and adapted by nature to survive in a land of thirst, scanty food and a torrid sun.

Superstition is a ruling factor in Navajo life. Numerous taboos, bugaboos, mystic myths, and legends enthrall the minds of these credulous people.

All water animals are taboo. The Navajo regards it a serious religious offense to shed the blood of or eat fish, ducks, beavers, otters or any aquatic animal. Eggs are also banned.

To whistle after dark may bring great disaster, they believe, and all whistling is confined to daylight hours, during which time the Navajo whistles profusely and often beautifully. The natives who were with the Utah expedition were horrified when a member of the party whistled at night to attract a lost comrade. They believe that spirits of the other world give them warnings, manifested by ringing in the ears, belching, biting the tongue, and numerous other happenings. For instance, a journey will often be abandoned if a ringing in the ears is felt upon starting out. Religious rites, chants, and songs out of season are considered to invite disaster. Game and legends out of season are scrupulously avoided.

Avoid Mothers-in-Law.

THE most troublesome "taboo" of all is one which prohibits a man from looking upon his mother-in-law. They believe that those who violate this "taboo" will in time become blind. This, they declare, is the reason that there are so many old people among them who are blind. For a man to be blind is to them absolute proof that he has at some time seen his mother-in-law and that he has incurred the wrath of the gods. But there is a natural reason for so

much blindness among the Indians of the desert. The glaring sunlight, intensified by its reflection from the many-colored sands and cliffs, in time is destructive to the strongest retina. Explorers in the country protect their eyes with amber-colored glasses.

In order to avoid being seen by her son-in-law the mother arranges to visit her daughters during the absence of the husband from home. The daughter, unaccompanied by her husband, may visit her mother's home at any time and remain as long as she desires without being called for by her husband, whose only recourse is to send a friend or a relative for his squaw.

What "Taboo" Forbids

THE "taboo" forbids the killing, by shedding blood, of a bear, coyote, wildcat, eagle, and snake. These animals are either to be avoided or killed by strangulation. Carcasses of all kinds are "taboo" unless used for food.

The corpse of a relative is to be carefully avoided and the path from the death "hogan" to the grave should not be crossed until obliterated by time.

The birth of a child during an eclipse of the sun is considered a bad omen and the wrath of the gods can only be appeased, they believe, by the killing of the child at birth. During an eclipse it is required that everyone remain in absolute silence.

Manifestations of greed or gluttony are religiously avoided. Hoarding is so strongly "taboo" that misers are unknown. Some of the Navajo women own herds of sheep, goats and horses, but they do not hoard their wealth. The men own only their personal effects, for the woman is the head of the family in Navajo land and she owns the herds and controls the children.

Intermarriage of relatives and clansmen is discountenanced. To be married according to custom, a youth must select his bride from some clan other than his own.

Object to Being "Snapped."

ALMOST invariably the Navajo will object to being photographed. They have been told by their medicine men that a camera is an instrument containing evil spirits which enter the body of the person who is photographed. They also believe that one who is photographed loses his strength and that the strength which

is lost goes to compose the picture taken. It is almost impossible to induce them to pose for a picture even for a money consideration. They know so little of the mechanism of the camera, however, that it is often possible to get a good picture without being discovered in the act. If a Navajo discovers that his picture has been taken, without his consent, his rage is terrible and the unfortunate photographer does well to save his camera from being demolished by the offended savage. Old Huddlechezzly, one of the horse wranglers for the Utah party, deserted the expedition in the desert for a whole day, at a critical time, because he discovered that an attempt had been made to photograph him.

Courtship.

COURTSHIP is done on the Miles Standish plan. The young man is usually ready to marry long before he is 20 years old. When the young man is ready to court his prospective bride he keeps entirely away from her "hogan" for it is considered bad decorum for a young man to visit his bride before they are married. So he comes on his courtship by proxy, usually enlisting the services of an uncle, to bear messages of love to his Priscilla. The period of courtship is brief and when the young brave has summoned enough courage to "propose," he goes with one or more of his relatives to the girl's parents bearing appropriate presents for them. Still the young man is silent and custom demands that his relatives plead his cause. This they do by extolling his virtues, recounting his deeds of bravery and skill in the chase. The presents are offered to the girl's parents only. If they are rejected, it means that the young man's suit is denied; if accepted, the marriage contract is complete and the time for the ceremony is set at from five to ten days after the engagement.

The presents given usually consist of from five to fifteen horses. The parents do not regard marriage as a sale of their daughters, however. To them it is merely a sanction of the gift, by tradition. Novajo children are much loved and well treated by their parents, who never chastise them by corporal punishment.

The Marriage Ceremony.

THE marriage ceremony is always performed at the home of the bride's mother, but it must be in the absence of the mother, for

the mother-in-law "taboo" is effective after the engagement. Relatives and friends assemble at the "hogan" for the event.

The ceremony is elaborate, beginning with pollen-painting of the bride and groom. To them pollen is the emblem of life and fruitfulness. Then follows the ceremony of hand-washing, followed by the eating of a dish of corn gruel by the bride and groom. This over, the priest leads the assemblage in addressing an appeal to the sun, the moon, the "he-and-she-rains" and all the other divinities. Any deviation from the precise sequence of events in the ceremony, or the omission of a single word from the chants and prayers, they believe incurs the lasting displeasure of the gods.

After the ceremony the guests give advice to the newlyweds and are profuse in their predictions of a long and happy wedded life with "plenty of corn and meat to eat."

Woman Rules Family.

The Navajo bride is always well treated and occupies a position of dignity in the family—in fact she is the head of the family. The line of family descent is maintained through her and the children belong to her clan and must take her family name. She perhaps does most of the work, but the Navajo husband is not as lazy as the men of most Indian tribes. He tends the horses and burros, helps hoe the corn and will often help his squaw tend the papoose.

The bride's mother seeks the earliest opportunity to visit her daughter without being seen by her son-in-law. This visit usually occurs as soon as the "hogan" for the young couple has been built. A man may avoid the "taboo" of the mother-in-law in cases where the mother of the bride is a widow or divorced. He may take advantage of such a situation by first marrying the mother and later her daughter. In this case the mother does not have the relation of mother-in-law to her daughter's husband—but she is the wife of her daughter's husband.

The Navajo's are polygamists and not subject to the Edmundson-Tucker law, which applies only to citizens of the United States. Often a young Indian will marry all the female members of a family, including the mother, if she happens to be a widow. The number of wives he may take is limited only by his ability to provide for them. The marriage ceremony is performed only when he marries the first time. All additional wives are taken merely by common

consent and without a ceremony being performed. There are authentic cases where women have married more than once. Women have the same privilege as men in marrying the brothers of their dead or divorced husbands.

Divorce Customs.

DIVORCE is readily brought about without ceremony. The husband and wife may separate at any time with or without mutual consent. The divorced couple may reunite at will without ceremony and repeat the separation and reunion as often as they wish without the interference of any Navajo law.

Every Navajo woman is a thorough suffraget. It is she who determines where the "hogan" shall be built, where the sheep and goats shall be herded, when and where the corn shall be planted and what the household expenditures shall be. When the husband wishes money, wool, skins, or blankets with which to buy ammunition, tobacco, or trinkets, he must go to his squaw and represent to her his needs,and he is sometimes compelled to plead like a child for a little spending material.

The women are usually able to enforce their decrees effectively. Recently the squaws of a small Navajo group wished to move their "hogans" from an arroya to the brow of a near-by mesa. The men demurred, but the women were insistent and determined to move alone to the mesa, leaving the men behind. The strategem was effective and the submisson of the men was complete, for the women had occupied the mesa but a few days when the men left the arroya and followed their wives to their new home.

No Property Squabbles.

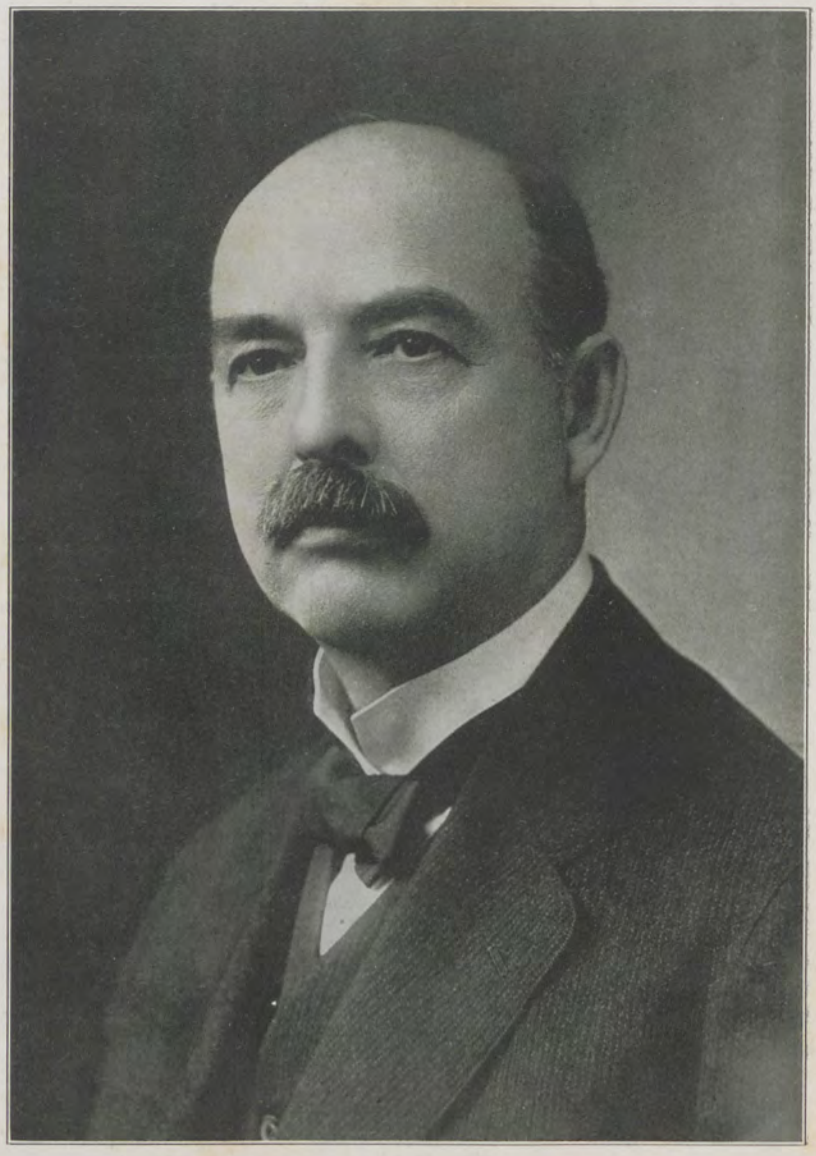
THERE are no property squabbles or alimony suits at the time of divorce. The children and the property belong to the wife, who, when her divorced husband has gone, lives alone in possession of the "hogan" and property until an "affinity" comes along to woo her. The former husband goes to his own clan and lives with his relatives, or goes to some other clan in quest of a new wife. Although the Navajo is virtuous in sentiment and strongly disapproves adultery and prostitution, divorce is often caused by infidelity as well as by the interference of mischief-making relatives.

Virginity and celibacy are not common. The Navajo glories in

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN, CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

The value of the vegetables raised on this six acre flat during the past growing season was $2,602.18

Showing Students at work in the Truck Garden of the Carlisle Indian School. This ground was drained and reclaimed from waste ground which was insanitary. It is now a model truck garden



HON. CATO SELLS
Commissioner of Indian Affairs

a large family and infanticide, abortion, and race suicide are almost unknown. A birth is a great event in a Navajo family and is attended with great ceremony in which the medicine man leads. The birth of twins is considered a sign of special recognition by the gods. A voiceless birth is held to be a bad omen and the child is immediately killed by hanging it to a tree. A child prematurely born is disposed of in the same way, as a sacrifice to appease the displeasure of the gods evidenced by the premature birth. The death of a child or an adult is always followed by four days of mourning and in either case the "hogan" in which the death occurred is forever abandoned and a new home built.

The Navajos have a splendid code of ethics, which has for its basis, however, the return of equivalents. They are true to friends but treacherous and cruel to enemies. Crimes are punished according to a sort of Mosaic notion of justice. The Navajo does so well under his own system of government and social life that it is not likely that the Government at Washington will radically interfere.

The home of the Navajos is in the scenic land of the ancient cliff dwellers—a broad tableland of wide spaces, lofty mesas, deep canyons, and tortuous arroyas. They have left the cliff dwellings of the country practically undisturbed, regarding them with a superstitious awe. One of their legends recites that the cliff dwellings are the deserted homes of a great people who are now their deities and whose descendants the Navajos, in part, are. The mummified remains of cliff dwellers and their relics indicate a possible connection with some of the tribes of the Southwest, particularly the Hopis, the Zunis, and the Navajos.

Uncle Sam Is Using the Red Man to Fight Beef Trust:

From the New York Herald.

UNCLE Sam is looking to the Indian to help solve the beef problem. By giving the red man substantial aid in raising the quality of his cattle, and encouraging him to augment the herds that are now found on the reservations, it is believed that a long start can be made toward overcoming the present shortage which is sending retail prices steadily upward.

The United States Government, seeing an opportunity to aid the Indian and thereby reduce the cost of beef as well as fight the so-called Beef Trust, is turning to the red man as a cattle raiser and aiding him in every way with a threefold purpose.

There are something more than seventy-one million acres included in the various Indian reservations, over which the Government has assumed guardianship. Most of this land is adaptable to grazing. A good deal of it is fit for nothing else. Some of the reservations, like the Crow and Northern Cheyenne, in Montana, contain the finest grazing lands in the West, and shrewd stockmen pay high prices for the privilege of leasing huge tracts on which to graze their flocks and herds.

But, instead of leasing his lands to white men, there is no reason why the Indian himself should not become a successful stock raiser. Many Indians in the West have proved their natural ability as stock raisers. From time immemorial the Indian has been a raiser of ponies, and in the Southwest he has followed the sheep for generations. The Indian is a natural horseman and herdsman. But, un-

fortunately, he followed some crude ideas, which tended to keep down the value of his stock. He has not understood the prime necessity of keeping his cattle or sheep graded up to standard. A "dogie" has looked as good in his eyes as a steer of the heavy, beef-yielding type.

In order to correct these wrong ideas and set the Indian on the right track as a stock raiser, the Government has begun the work of weeding out the inferior cattle and sheep on the reservations and substituting stock that will command better prices in the open market. Advertisements calling for bids on nine thousand head of cattle for the Crow Reservation have been published. Indian agents have begun the work of improving the breeds of sheep and cattle in the Southwest. The beef cattle and improved sheep will be purchased out of Indian funds. Wherever it is possible for the Indian to utilize the grazing possibilities of a reservation he will be encouraged to take up stock raising as a buisness.

The Indian reservations are peculiarly adapted to livestock raising because of their sparse population. The tide of white settlement has surged all about them. The reservations are surrounded by farming communities, but most of the Indian lands are guiltless of the omnipresent barb wire fence. It is possible to care for large herds of cattle under the same conditions that obtained before the "nester" had put in appearance and restricted the range of the cattlemen. One can travel for miles over larger reservations, like the Navajo or Crow, and not see a fence or a sign of a human habitation.

The plains Indians of the Northwest have shown especial aptitude as cattle raisers. The Northern Cheyennes, who have done little as farmers, have made a good start in the stock business. The Tongue River Reservation, the home of this great fighting tribe, is an ideal grazing range of about 460,000 acres. Several years ago 2,000 cows were bought for breeding purposes, and upon this purchase the cattle industry of the Indians has been based. The cattle are owned by 442 Indians, each having an individual brand. The aggregate stock amounts to more than 6,000 head. In spite of heavy sales, the stock of the Northern Cheyennes is steadily increasing. Cheyenne beef has been able to command the best prices, and some of the Indian cattle owners have waxed independently wealthy. The marketable steers are gathered annually and shipped to Chicago. Individual returns are made by commission

merchants, and payments are made in full to the individual owners. In this way the Indian is kept interested in his work and a spirit of independence is fostered.

The Blackfeet in Montana are also achieving remarkable results as stock raisers. The Blackfeet recently received $60,000 as the proceeds of the annual "beef gather," or $64 for each man, woman and child in the tribe.

The Government has begun the work of improving cattle breeds among the Crow Indians for the reason that this tribe has taken most naturally to stock raising, and occupies a reservation that is peculiarly adapted to grazing. The Crow country consists chiefly of rolling prairie land. It is watered by the Big Horn, Little Big Horn and other good sized streams. Only a small portion of it has been thrown open to white settlement. The grazing lands of this reservation are much sought by white stock owners. Bidding for grazing privileges has always been spirited, and the last leases brought thousands of dollars more than the leases of the previous year. The Crows derive an annual revenue of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or about one hundred dollars a member of the tribe, from grazing leases alone.

The Crows have always been famed as the finest horemen among the plains tribes. In early days their pony herds were the envy of other tribes. The Crows were such adepts at raiding the herds of their neighbors, the Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Shoshones, that they were known as the "pony stealers." Most of the other tribes could not afford to carry a great excess of horseflesh, for the reason that their grazing facilities were not of the best, but the Crows with their rich pasture lands, in the fertile Big Horn country, numbered thousands of mustangs, and as wealth went among the Indians they were the Rockefellers of the plains tribes. It has been a hard struggle to induce the Crows to give up their ponies and take to raising cattle instead. But one Indian agent after another has persisted, and the horse sales held at Crow Agency and the various sub-agencies have pretty well depleted the Crow pony stock. A few bands of wild, unbroken mustangs still roam the reservation, but these are being gradually gathered in at the semi-annual roundups and the hills are being restocked with cattle.

The first movement to put the cattle business among the Crows on a firm foundation was started by Indian Agent S. G. Reynolds,

several years ago. At that time all the cattle belonging to the tribe were owned collectively, under the I. D., or Interior Department, brand. Agent Reynolds summoned the best riders and ropers among his red horsemen, and literally combed every acre of the great reservation for cattle. The roundup lasted for weeks, and not a hoof escaped the vigilant Indian cowboys. As fast as the cattle were rounded up the I. D. brand was changed for individual brands. The cattle were allotted in severalty, and each Indian was given to understand that he would be responsible for his own brand.

Since that time the cattle holdings of the Crows have increased in number and quality. The semi-annual roundups are patterned after the stock association roundups, held by white stockmen in the West. The Indians, who are represented by brands, call a meeting and elect roundup officers. Wagons are sent out, in charge of the various roundup bosses, who have absolute authority over the cowboys assigned to their outfits.

It was the writer's privilege to go out with one of these roundup outfits from Crow Agency. There were about twenty cowboys, all Indians, in charge of Curly, the celebrated Crow scout who was with Custer, and who has won fame as the only survivor of the Custer massacre. Curly, a sturdy, well set-up Indian, is one of the chief stock owners among the Crows. He knows the cattle business as well as many a white stockman. Under his direction the big chuck wagon was loaded with supplies. Tents and beds were taken along for the members of the outfit, and, drawn by four sturdy horses, the big wagon rumbled across the hills toward the grazing country at the headwaters of Talluc Creek, one of the little streams flowing into Little Big Horn. It was June, and the hills were green, owing to abundant rains. The cowboys galloped on ahead, under Felix Bear-in-the-Cloud, who shares "boss" honors with Curly. They scattered and began to drive in the first day's "gather" for branding. They rode all day without anything to eat, and late in the afternoon began to straggle in, driving cows and calves to the appointed place where the round-up wagon was to be met. The cooks, two Indian women, one of them the wife of Felix, were busy preparing supper. They kneaded biscuits on the tailboard of the mess wagon, and cooked them by reflection in a substitute for a Dutch oven, in approved camp style. There were dried, or "jerked" meat, coffee, and a stew made out of roots.

In the morning the songs of the pony herders were heard before sunrise.

The cowboys, in their "store" garb and broad felt hats, looked like white cowboys as they roped their mounts. The ropes were cast snakily into the mass of milling horses. One by one the mounts were brought out and saddled. There was a lively few minutes of "buck jumping," accompanied by much yelling on the part of the Indians. But none of these splendid horsemen was unseated or even in trouble. The cowboys galloped off into the hills and the day's work began.

Meantime the pony herd was taken back to the flats that stretch from a mesa whose edges have been carved into strange, fantastic forms by the rains and plains winds. Two or three cowpunchers stood guard over them, while others guarded the nucleus of the herd. In camp all was quiet. The night herders were rolled in their tarpaulins, asleep under the wagon. The cooks were digging roots on the slopes of a near-by hill.

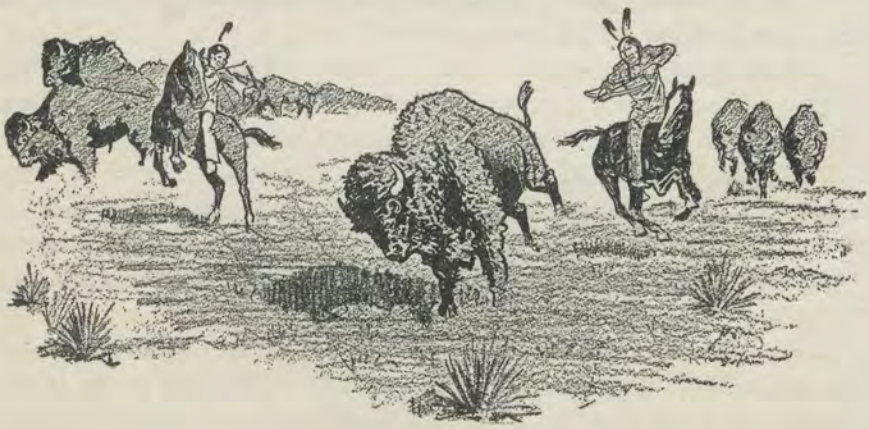
Soon the cowboys began to straggle back with cows and calves for the branding. By the middle of the forenoon the herd had swelled to considerable proportions. The hill country surrounding the camp had been pretty thoroughly "combed" by the alert horsemen. The Crows, like other Indians, do not spare horseflesh.

The horses were wofully jaded when they came in. Fresh mounts were selected at noon. Then Felix Bear-in-the-Cloud and Curly held a consultation. They decided that the branding had better begin. The roping was done by Red Star and Mail Bearer, the best riders and ropers on the Crow Reservation. These men have won bucking and roping contests in which the best white cowboys in Montana have taken part. They were smartly attired in cowboy rig. Solitary eagle feathers drooped from their white hats. Mail Bearer's hair was worn in braids. His boots were of the approved cowboy pattern. His bridle and other horse trapping were silver mounted. Red Star is a taller, darker Indian than Mail Bearer. He is an inveterate smoker of cigarettes and deftly rolls "the makings" with one hand. Mail Bearer and Red Star entered upon the roping with the enjoyment of artists who have found their real work. The other Indians looked on silently but approvingly. Into the herd the ropers plunged. Ropes twirled snakily above the bawling cattle. Deft casts were made, and both Indians emerged from the herd dragging calves roped by the hind legs.

Seldom do these deft handed cowboys miss a cast. Calves dart here and there, but the relentless horsemen always pursue, and when a snakelike rope darts forward a calf is caught and always by the hind leg. The ropers dragged the calves to the branding fires which had been started and the "calf wrestlers" got busy. Sometimes there are laughable struggles with half grown calves, and the "wrestlers" are flung about in comical postures, while the Indians laugh heartily. One of the "calf wrestlers" was Chicken, a sturdy, muscular Indian, built like a middle weight prize fighter with an aggressive pompadour. Chicken is a natural born comedian. I saw him flung here and there by a sturdy calf, but he never relaxed his hold. His face was contorted in comical grimaces and shrieks of laughter came from the "stolid" Indians. But the bigger and huskier the calf the more cheerily Chicken entered the fray. He kept up the fighting all the afternoon, and his freshness at the close was a tribute to Indian endurance.

The bawling mother always follows the calf to the branding fire. There is a hiss and the smell of burnt hair and flesh, and the wail of the calf rises to a pitiful shriek. The mother plunges about frantically. If the mother happens to be unbranded the mavericks are both given a general brand. The proceeds of their sale will be equally distributed among the association members.

After the branding there is supper at the camp and the evening is spent playing cards and an Indian game, played with balls on a wooden tray. But fatigue soon overpowers the players, and the cowboys creep to their tarpaulins early.



Robbing the Indians Must Cease:

Commissioner Sells Plans to Conserve and Develop the Indian and His Property.

THE reign of graft in Indian affairs must end. That is the edict of Cato Sells, United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, business man, lawyer, banker, public office holder, and above all a red-blooded, two-fisted fighting man.

Ruling over the affairs of a fast dying people who own $900,000,000 worth of the richest grazing, oil, and mineral land of the West, Sells has determined that the Indians shall no longer be the prey of a vast group in whom the spirit of graft was rampant—"carrion," he calls them.

The heartless grasping of "attorneys" and "guardians" administering the estates of Indian children called most strikingly to Sells' attention the need of reform, and a quick one. While white children's estates are ordinarily settled at a cost of only three per cent, the average price on Indian children's estates has been 20 per cent. These children are the richest average children in the country; their properties often are $50,000; and frequently this entire amount has been grafted by the unscrupulous.

"I am going to put a few of these men in the penitentiary as an object lesson," Sells has declared, "and I'll see that some more go if there is a continuance of this ruthless raiding of Indians."

He feels that Oklahoma has had graft stamped into its very nature. Now he is working toward a complete reorganization of the Indian affairs system, so that the 300,000 Indians may have a fair treatment, so that their lands—the grazing lands—shall yield more cattle and more returns.

New leases of Indian lands to cattle kings, oil operators, and miners will be at new figures. No more will the rich fields of the Osages go at $3 an acre; hereafter they will command $50 or more. This is only part of the ambitious program of this man who directs

holdings vaster than the steel corporation. His is a constructive idea.

The defective cattle and sheep of the Western ranges owned by Indians are being wiped out and replaced by sturdier strains under Sell's direction. He is opening up these lands to profitable investment instead of to grafters.

He is seeking to upbuild the strength and education of the remaining Indians. Thirty-four industrial schools for Indian children are now under his care, and there are likely to be more before his regime is ended. Irrigation lands, too, are opening rapidly. Many of the Indians are having their opportunity to cultivate these places, but heretofore they have been sent in without proper equipment. Sells proposes that this system shall end, and that the Indians shall have the same opportunity that the white men have.

The job of Indian Commissioner, with him, is a business proposition. He answered an altruistic call when he took the proposition, for he had retired from active business, and had planned to settle down in Texas, the State he has lived in ever since he left Iowa, after a brilliant career as a United States attorney.

Secretary Lane let it be known that he wanted a man of ability, not a job-seeker, a man of red blood and purpose, not a weakling. He heard of Sells and his fight against pension grafters in the Middle West, and he found that Sells was indeed a regular fighting man, with ability, altruism, enthusiasm. And that's how to-day Secretary Lane has a man on the job of Indian affairs fourteen hours a day, and that's why a new era is dawning in Oklahoma and the other Indian States.—*United Press News Item.*

Some Indians I Have Known: Na-bi-quan (The Ship) or Rev. Samuel Madison, the Faithful.

By J. A. Gilfillan.

THE subject of our sketch was born in the Ojibway village of Gull Lake, Minnesota, about the year 1850. He was the son of a very distinguished man, Shay-day-ence, the Head Grand Medicine Man of all the Ojibways. In the year 1852 the missionary, James Lloyd Breck, opened a mission in Gull Lake, and gathered the Indian children in school. Many of them were kept in the mission building as in a boarding school. Among the number was the subject of our sketch. Although his father was violently opposed to the missionaries and the mission, yet he wished his son to be "learned in all the learning of the Egyptians," that he might have all the knowledge of the whites, as well as of the Indian, when he succeeded him in the high office for which he designed him.

Na-bi-quan has told me that his earliest recollections were of lying in Dr. Breck's own room, tended by his own hands. Little did he think that he was tending a future minister of his church, one who should be a missionary to the very people whom he was trying to save, one who should be clad in the same holy garments that he was wearing and prosecuting his work. He could hardly have thought that possible. Na-bi-quan must have been then about five years old. He told me that he had forgotten all Breck's sayings and all his readings of holy texts but one: "Thou shalt purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; Thou shalt wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Somehow that remained imprinted in his mind. After a while in 1857, this mission and school were broken up by the machinations of an Indian trader whose gains were interfered with by the mission, and from the same cause Breck was forced to fly from the Indian country and leave it for good, after having been with them for five years; but he left a mark that was never wiped out, and as the missionaries of other religious bodies told me, did more good than the combined force of all other missionaries who had ever been among them. He was assisted by a large corps of lay helpers, men and women, blacksmiths, farmers, school teachers, matrons, etc., who taught the Indians what was useful for them to know.

But he did not forget his Indian children and Indian people when driven out. When in the early 60's, he had established his great schools in his new base, Faribault, Minn., he went back to Gull Lake and got some of his old Ojibway scholars and brought them to Faribault to the number of perhaps 30 or 40, and kept them in his boarding school. At the same time, he put perhaps a similar number of Dakota children in the same school—the Dakotas were then living about Faribault, and at the agencies West—and here these two first became brothers in the school of Christ.

Na-bi-quan was one of the Ojibway children brought down, and stayed in the boarding school two years, learning to understand and speak English tolerably well. I was afterwards told that he was the most faithful scholar they ever had.

Returning to the Indian country, at the age of perhaps twelve, he followed the life of the people there, living in a wigwam, and making a living by picking berries, hunting, fishing, etc. In due time he married, chosing a girl because she was, he told me, the only virtuous girl in his village, and he knew them all. By this time the whites were getting very close to Gull Lake. They were not the good farmer whites who would have been a blessing to them, but those of a frontier town of the Northern Pacific Railroad, drawn from all quarters by the building of the road and the expenditure of large sums of money. The town was mostly composed of saloons, dance halls, and gambling places, and the poeple were mostly those who occupied themselves in such business. What a life the poor Indians were likely to lead among such people may be imagined. But in 1873 good befell them; they moved 110 miles to the beautiful White Earth Reservation, where were all good influences, and most of the bad ones cut off.

Here Na-bi-quan was recommended to the writer as having been the most faithful boy they had ever had in the schools at Faribault. Being of blameless life, a Christian, and speaking English, he was taken to be trained to become a minister and missionary to his own people. This training extended over three years. The Bible, especially the new Testament, was about the only text book used. Nearly every Sunday during those three years, Na-bi-quan held services and preached to the Indians in the new settlements of Pembina and Wild Rice River, which were a distance of 16 and 18 miles, respectively, from White Earth. In summer, this was very

nice, driving over the flower carpeted prairie, but in winter it was often excessively cold, as there was hardly any timber, and the wind had a terrible sweep over the wide prairie when it was 20 or 30 below zero. Na-bi-quan suffered, but he was faithfulness itself, and kept on. In 1876, after three years' instruction, he was examined and found sufficient, and with two other Ojibways was ordained deacon in the church of St. Columba at White Earth.

On January 1, 1877, he went with his fellow deacon, Rev. Fred W. Smith, and his family, to the great Indian village of Red Lake, 90 miles to the northeast, to start a mission there among the Red Lake Chippewas. It was a three days' journey, through an uninhabited wilderness, and they slept out, though it was 20 and 30 below zero. Their coming created quite a sensation at Red Lake. Into the large traders' stores, which had been provided for them for dwelling and church (there was then no church building, Red Lake Indians being very primitive), the Chippewas crowded in such numbers at meal time that there was hardly room to move about the cook stove. Here were strangers who had the great luxuries of tea, pork, and other things, while the Indians had only fish day after day, and corn cakes made from pounded corn. It was, therefore, very natural that they should be attracted and show their friendliness to the new-comers by offering to partake of their good things with them, but it was hard on the finances of the young men, whose salaries were only about a dollar a day each, with which to support themselves and their families. But soon the Indians learned the spiritual work that had brought the young men there, and soon a spiritual harvest was reaped, for thanks to the self-denying labors of Na-bi-quan and his companion, about 20 adults wished to become Christians and were baptized.

The following summer a frame church was built, and in June Na-bi-quan and his companion went below to attend the Annual Council of the Diocese. Returning, they loaded a wagon with provisions at White Earth, as things were excessively high at Red Lake, and started on their 90-mile journey through the wilderness. They came to a place where a large tree had fallen across the road, and as they did not have time to chop it, they proceeded to lift the loaded wagon over it. "Now," said Na-bi-quan, with characteristic self-sacrifice, to his fellow clergyman, Rev. Fred W. Smith, who had been his old companion at Gull Lake and also one of Breck's boys

in the school at Faribault, "you are delicate and do not lift very hard, but I am strong and will lift with all my might." They got the wagon over, but Fred Smith noticed that that night Samuel Madison sat dejected by the camp fire. Soon the blood gushed in large volumes from his mouth, there was a severe hemorrhage, and that was the beginning of the end. He got to Red Lake, but there were continual hemorrhages, and after lingering for some months he died.

While the pressure of sickness hung heavy on him, he had a continual and severe series of conflicts with his ghostly enemy, who, taking advantage of his bodily weakness, tried to make him despair. It was all about his having gone back, or rather having been forced to go back by his father, into the Grand Medicine Lodge, when he returned to Gull Lake from Faribault, a boy of ten or twelve. Satan told him that was a renunciation of Christ after having been baptized and that he could not be forgiven. But surely a boy of ten or twelve could hardly resist the pressure that was brought to bear upon him by his father and friends, and was not to be blamed so much as those who made him do it. Surely that weakness might be pardoned in a boy of ten or twelve. He had lived such an upright life that when he searched it in the light of approaching eternity and the judgment, he could find nothing to dismay him but that act at ten or twelve years. Who can say as much?

But his end was peace, and thus he closed his very short but fruitful ministry. A likeness of him stood in a stained-glass window in the beautiful church of St. Columba, White Earth, whence he came, and where his body lies, and the most beautiful little frame church in northern Minnesota stands to his memory at Twin Lakes, on White Earth Reservation, "The Samuel Memorial Church." There, in the church named for him, the sounds of prayer and praise rise in his own Ojibway tongue Sunday after Sunday without ceasing. Looking back to see what Samuel Madison was we find that he was two things, holy and blameless in his life, and faithful. He was not brilliant, but he was a wheel-horse, always at it, patient and faithful. His patient faithfulness in everything good, one day after another and the next day after that, was his distinguishing characteristic.

In person he was short and stout, with a round, full face and quiet, pleasant voice. Never excited, yet he was merry, and as one

of his fellow Ojibway clergymen said, "Lived a merry life as long as he did live." Yet it was a quiet, peaceful merriment, hardly noticeable.

The writer remembers two sayings of his. He was explaining how there could be the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, yet only one God. "See that lake," said he, pointing to a lake. "Sometimes it is water, sometimes ice, sometimes snow, yet one lake." The analogy is not perfect, but he had thought the mystery out for himself. Another time he said, "If I could believe that I might pray to one who was born of a human father, and a human mother, as I was born, Iwould believe the day would come when someone would pray to me."

Samuel Madison has long been with the one who tended him with his own hands in his own room, when he was a very little boy, but the memory of him here on earth is fragrant, and it is blessed for the gentle, loving, sweet, and faithful spirit that was in him and for the good that he did.

Archdeacon Gilfillan; His Life and Work:

FOR the 75 years just ended there lived a man to whom Duty was synonymous with Living, but in whom great abilities were combined with a modesty which kept him as unknown as his successes and virtues would allow. Yet as a finale to his labors we present this brief story of his life, for as he once wrote: "We should not forget those who have lived, loved and struggled before us, even as we would not ourselves wish to be utterly forgotten."

He was born in Gorticross, near Londonderry, Ireland, in 1838, his father being a surgeon in the British navy and his mother a yeoman's daughter. At the age of 17 he went to study medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and two years later was persuaded to go to America to enter the banking business of his uncle. In this for seven years he tramped over southern Minnesota and worked in

the counting-house, acquiring a knowledge of business which later enabled him to handle with accuracy the funds of the missions.

At 27 he determined to study for the ministry, and went to the General Theological Seminary, in New York, from which he graduated with high honors, especially in languages. Returning to Minnesota, to keep his promise to Bishop Whipple, he was sent to organize the first Episcopal parish in Duluth. People still remember his year and a half there. Then he was sent to Brainerd, at that time the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and a settling-basin of criminality. The first three ministers sent had returned hopeless; he worked there a year and more, till the railroad moved on, and then was sent to White Earth, among the Ojibways. Here, as he expected, he stayed for 25 years, for there was no harder place, Indians being in those days not only wronged and despised but hated.

To learn an exceedingly difficult language with no text-book or teacher was his next task, accomplished in three years by writing down myths told by an old man who pantomimed the meaning. The missionary came to speak the language better than any white man, to dream in it, and to translate a shortened prayer-book into it.

In 1873, his first year at White Earth, he met Harriet W. Cook, a minister's daughter, teaching in the Government school; in '77 they were married at her home, Ripon, Wis.

While still studing the language, the Missionary was training up young Indian men to be missionary deacons, and these now began to be sent out, two by two, into the "grand medicine" or heathen villages. There were in time seven of them trained by the Missionary, and through them a large part of the Minnesota Ojibways were Christianized. The Missionary's task was to travel almost continually from one station to another, directing the work. He went alone and unarmed through the wilderness, afoot, on horseback, by canoe, by snowshoes, later somewhat by wagon and sleigh, with mercury frozen in winter and through the terrible mosquitoes of summer, ever in the midst of contagious disease, with the vilest food, with fresh dyspepsia to overcome during each two days to a week's "rest" at his home station, White Earth. He would keep an appointment at any cost whatever. Among the whites he visited each new settler, had charge of a church in Richwood, and went among the lumbermen, bringing them to sign the pledge and to ask for and read the

New Testament, for he had a wonderful power over rough men. In 1891 he was made archdeacon.

Yet he could play like a child with his children in those days, or hugely enjoy the first fortnight of a vacation. He could write with power, and did continually, about the mission work. When he came into some property, in 1882, he gave up his salary and much more to the cause. The Indians loved him and all northern Minnesota believed in him.

But the wilderness finally conquered his health. In his 60th year he moved with his family to Washington, D. C., not to retire, but to "doe ye nexte thynge." He went with the Gospel to the hospitals, asylums, jails, and poor farm, to the barracks of the marines, and among the Jews and the city firemen. Then the Esther Memorial Chapel, in Congress Heights, D. C., needed a pastor, and for five years he made his time theirs.

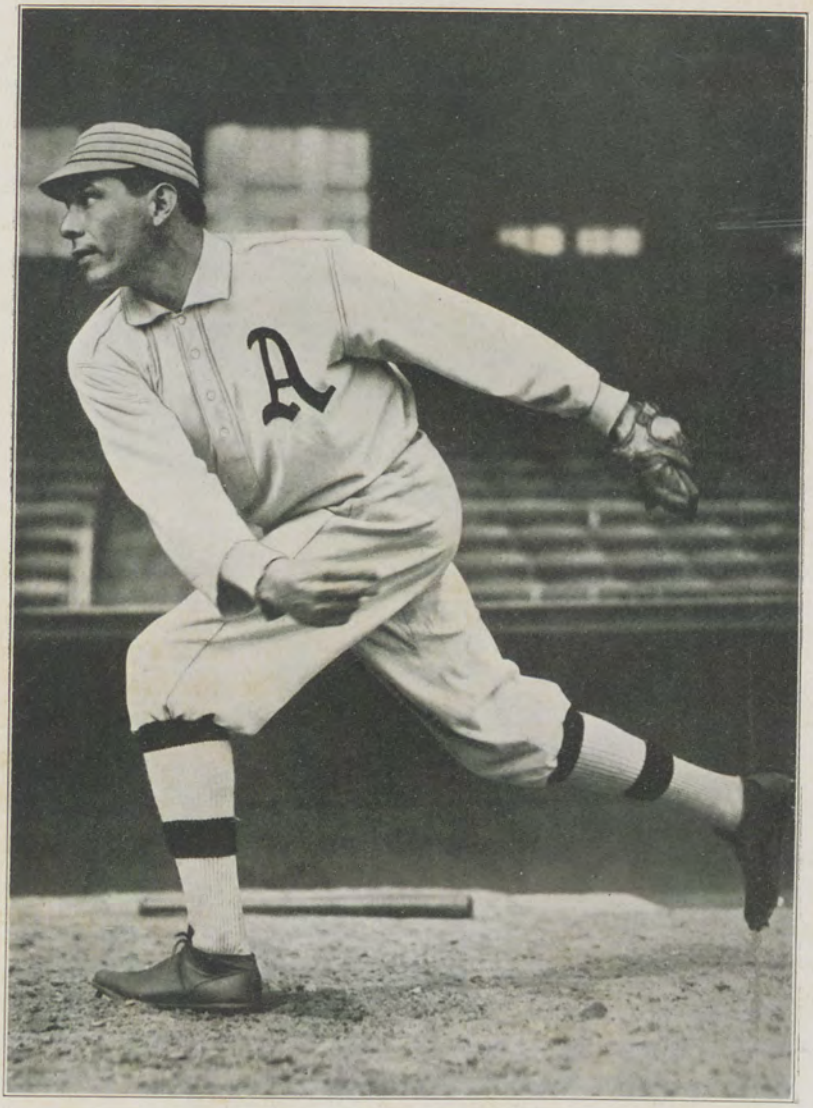
Not strong enough to be all the time on his mission rounds, he made lists of the personal and place names of the Ojibways, with translations, for the Bureau of Ethnology, wrote booklets on their customs and folk-lore for the Minnesota and North Dakota Historical Societies, and published a series of sketches called "The Ojibway." And he frequently pleaded his Indians' cause before committees of Congress, Presidents, and Commissioners.

In 1912 he removed to New York. He still had the vigor of a man of 60, but shortly after this his final illness began. The acute period of it was brief, and his death, on November 18, 1913, was quiet.

"Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home,"

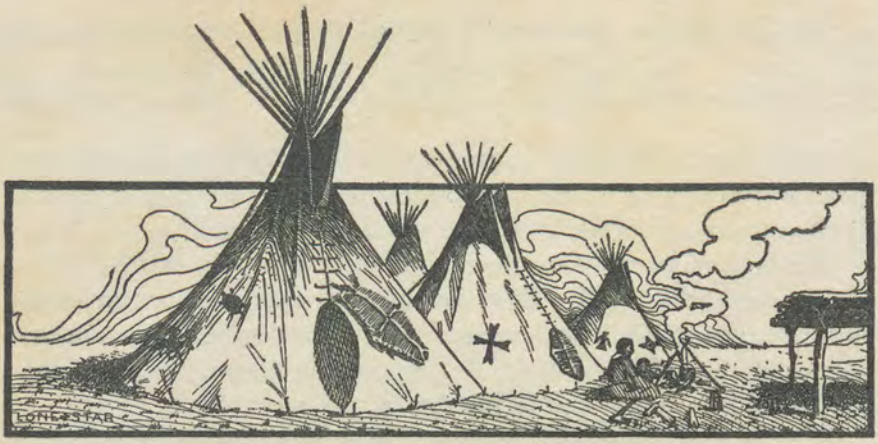
he could truly sing. He quitted a world which had never attracted him, except as a field for work, now no longer possible, and for his family.

He leaves a wife, two daughters, and three sons, one of them studying for the ministry. S. C. G.



CHARLES BENDER, CARLISLE GRADUATE, CLASS 1902
Premier pitcher with the Philadelphia "Athletics"

ARCHDEACON GILFILLAN



To the North American Indian:

By Arthur P. Wedge.

WHENCE art thou, thou we call Indian? What land gave thee birth?

From the womb of what race didst thou spring? Where thy cradle?

Art thou of the Orient? Did thy forebears cross the Strait long æons ago?

Across the ice came they, or in rude water craft; or found they land from continent to continent?

What drove them forth from native soil; wanderlust, call of wild, famine, or fiercer, more warlike peoples?

Why did they swarm, seeking new hives and fields from which to make the honey of a new life?

What turned their steps toward the North and East, and was the journey slow or fast? Passed there years, or generations between that day they left the land of birth, and that day, feet pressing western soil, they turned their footsteps South and East?

Whence art thou, O, Red Man, and yet not red; Indian, and yet it may be not of India? What land gave thee birth? Whence comest thou?

It matters not. Thou art here, and for generations upon generations thou hast wandered North and East, and West and South over this great land.

Alike thy tribes, yet so unlike. In speech so different, in skill so varied, in habits so diverse. Thou art here, proud, dignified, patient, mystic man.

What have we done with thee? With outstretched hand, and

word of welcome thou didst greet us. How have we returned it? Thy hospitality so lavish, how have we repaid it? Thy trust and confidence so childlike, how have we requitted thee?

What have we done to thee? Taken thy land from thee? Yea, and in this did we well. Well for thee and other hives of men waiting to swarm. Well, in the march of civilization, in the conquest of the world. Took from thee this continent, and great and rich. In this did we well. But in the taking, did we well?

By force, by fraud, by murder foul and awful, by prostitution and debauchery, by mile posts of whisky bottles marking the way from ocean to ocean, by broken pledges. Call we this well?

Long, long thy patience; slow, slow thy trust to doubt changing. Thy wrath at length so great, thy cruelty so terrible. Who shall wonder?

God grant that somewhere to-day, in home of white, or tepee, hogan or cottage of thine own people, there dwell the youth, able in day not distant, to tell the story of thy wars, thy massacres, thy revenge, as story is. Story of child-race love and patience, rewarded as we, the white race rewarded thee.

Thou art here. What have we done with thee? Taken from thee this great continent by trickery and fraud, taught thee that a promise broken is better than a promise kept, given thee hell-brewed firewater to steal from thee thy manhood, and make thee what thou never wert—savage. Taken from thee the male, the tasks of centuries, and filled thy hands with new tasks and strange; removed from thee thine age-long vision, and left thee blank, forbidden this, and this, and that, and then have called thee lazy.

Debauched thy daughters, yea and thy wives, and taught both thee and them the power and scorching of white man's lust. Given to thee diseases foul and dreadful. Called thee equal, and denied thee human rights. Whipped and scourged thee to tasks as slave, thou who wast never slave. What have we done to thee? This, and this, and that.

What have we done to thee? Have felt the sting of conscience the sense of justice, the tug of heart strings. Have seen thy helplessness and thy need. Have learned to call thee, brother, and have felt the kinship of love for thee and thine.

Have sent to thee our choice and high, from church and school, from store and office, to succor thee, and teach thee, white man's way.

Have stood as protector between thee and thy foes, and have moved the machinery of government in thy behalf. To thee, the Great White Father gives his pledge and love, even as those that call him chief. Have spent our wampum at nation's capitol, and in all the land where thou art, for those giving to thy need, thy future, their services and their lives.

Have bidden our pressess print for thee; our factories move their looms in thy behalf, our engineers and artisans plan and build for thee. What have we done to thee? Alas, this; and yet, this.

What wilt thou do with thyself? Wilt thou take our deeds, of good, of bad; our omissions, our commissions, our stupidity, our blindness, our service, our love, our best even as our bad, and use it all, yea all for thine own best?

Wilt thou see the door, and wide and high, now open before thee? Wilt thou look, and looking enter through it into opportunity and fulfilment? Wilt thou see that the glory of thy yesterday is fading fast, soon but golden memory? Wilt thou understand this, the night of transition, and see the dawning of new and better day, day of thy great greatness?

What wilt thou do with thyself? Wilt thou take all this, the good, the bad, the light, the dark, the teaching new, the ways so strange, and fusing all, both in, and with thy mystic being, make thyself, as thou canst, potent element in the amalgam of the great new race—American?

The Frog and The Fire:

By Domitilla.

CHAREYA was the name given by the Cahrocs to the Creator of the world, which he made while seated on a stool now in posession of their high priest or medicine man. He often appeared to the latter, they say, wearing long white hair falling about his shoulders, a close fitting tunic, and a medicine bag.

When Chareya produced fire he withheld it from the Charocs for insubordination. He entrusted it to the care of two vicious old hags who were to guard it vigilantly forever, lest the Cahrocs should steal it. This crafty people tried by every means for years to obtain the precious gift, but their most secret and desperate methods were always discovered in time. Sudden and dire misfortune followed every effort. In spite of repeated failure they were not discouraged, but more determined, and applied to their wily friend the Coyote for help. He laid this plan:—From the land of the Cahrocs to the home of the witches he stationed a long line of animals; the strongest near the cabin, the weakest farthest from it. Then he hid a Cahroc near by, gave him precise directions how to act, and trotted up to the door whining and howling to be let in out of the cold. Thinking no harm could come to their trust from a half frozen creature the witches let him in. He stretched himself out in front of the fire and was soon breathing heavily in a deep sleep; really he was awaiting the signal agreed upon from his assistant. When it came the Cahroc made such a terrific onslaught on the door of the little lodge that it was about to fall in when the furies rushed to drive off the intruder. At this the Coyote sprang up, seized a blazing brand, and flew like some strange celestial body in the dark, down the trail, leaving a shower of sparks behind him as he ran.

The old hags seeing how easily they had been tricked, turned in pursuit with the speed of the wind. The four legged torch bearer would certainly have lost the race, for he sank exhausted just as the flying witches were about to snatch the brand. But the Cougar fresh and quick whipped it away, and the Coyote wiping the soot from eyes and throat and catching his breath rolled over and over in glee as he saw the catlike springs of the great Cougar lengthen the distance between him and his pursuers.

On flew the witches, gnashing their toothless gums; on sped the

Cougar as he passed the torch to the Bear. The Bear gave it to his neighbor, he to the next, and so on along the line to the end. Down the long line of animals panted the crones, as they forced their shaky old bodies in fruitless endeavor.

The Squirrel, last but one, outran them, too, but had his tail so badly burned that it curled up over his back and sorched the skin between the shoulders before he threw the burning wood to the Frog. The poor little Frog received the brand when it was only a stub and hopped along so clumsily that the hags gained on him. In vain he doubled himself at every spring and stretched a very high leap. He was caught. When he entered the race he was short and broad, covered with a smooth green skin, his eyes were beautiful and large, and his tail long, flat, edged with a filmy membrane and tapering to a point. When the bony fingers of the hags squeezed his tiny body it grew thin, his smoked-dimmed eyes started from his head, and his little heart beat violently.

But the end was not yet. With a great gulp he swallowed the fire. With a last wild struggle he slipped through the hand that held him, dived deep, and swam long under water to the home of the Coyote, who had entrusted to him the final victory.

At what a cost he fulfilled his trust. The long handsome tail had gone forever; only the tadpole of all his race wears one now. And it was a weak little phantom of his former self that spat out the fire and bits of wood at the feet of the Coyote.

It is because the little martyr spat out this fire and these bits of wood which he had fought so hard to secure that the Cahrocs have ever since enjoyed their long coveted fire. Whenever the flame grows dim they strengthen it by rubbing together two pieces of wood which makes the spark that kindles new logs.

Editorial Comment

Finding Work for Indians and Indians for Work.

AN educated and progressive Indian from Minnesota, in sending in his subscription for THE RED MAN, makes the interesting and valuable suggestion that every reservation to which Indians return after having been educated should have facilities for finding employment for Indians. An agency of this kind, to which would be specifically delegated the finding of employment for Indians on the reservation, as well as the placing and encouraging of the returned students who have been away to school, would accomplish much good. It would, in time, become a contributive factor in the economic development of Indians. An employment agency, sympathetically and energetically conducted, would be of especial use as an aid and encouragement to the hundreds of young men and young women who have been away to some nonreservation school and are returning to the reservation full of energy, ambition, and hope. The conditions which they meet at home are, in many cases, very different from their school life. New problems are to be met, employment found, and a definite beginning toward self-support made. It is when the Indians first return from school that great good can be accomplished and their energy and high ideals turned into profitable channels, which will aid the individual and be of service to the tribe.

While it may not be possible or desirable for every reservation to have a specially employed agent who gives his time entirely to such work, there are many reservations, especially the larger ones, where an active interested, broad-gauged employee, with a large vision of service, and executive ability, would be of inestimable assistance to both the old and the young men and women. Such a person could give practical suggestions to the returned students who desire to settle on their allotment and take up active work as farmers and stock growers. He could keep in close touch with the surrounding settlements, investigating and recording the need of the reservation for workers, and profitably place those Indians who desire to work. Careful organization would create a larger demand for Indian workers. On those reservations where the number of Indians would not warrant the employment of a person exclusively for this

work, the position might be combined with some other position so that a man could give a portion of his time to this important task.

The extent of the Government's investment in Indian education during the past twelve years, or from 1901 to 1912, inclusive, amounted, in the form of appropriations for Indian schools, to $44,200,000. The thousands of returned students and graduates of these schools, who have a good education in the elements of knowledge, and training in some productive industry, constitute a very heavy investment on the part of the Government. The time of their return to their homes on the reservation is an important turning point in their lives. They should lose no time after their home coming in getting into profitable employment wherever this employment is to be found. This is, therefore, not only a large human problem, but has far reaching property and economic relations.

The average white boy or girl from high school or college, who returns to his home, finds a parent, relative, or friend with a knowledge of the world, to give him extended guidance, wholesome advice, and possibly a good start. On the other hand, the average Indian boy or girl returning to his or her home finds an indulgent parent, generally without experience in matters of this kind, and must depend on himself and his own initiative and judgment for a suggestive career. At this time when our most prosperous and progressive schools, such as the school systems of Cincinnati and Boston, are placing such an emphasis on vocational guidance and the proper employment of the students when their school days are over, the lesson should not be lost in the Indian service, where the need of such intelligent supervision and suggestion is even greater than in the public schools.

This is a local problem, which is present on each reservation, and can be best handled by a man or woman who makes an intensive study of the local situation, remaining with the task, and becoming an available and recognized agency for rendering this important service.

Concerning Ex-Students and Graduates

"THE People's Cleaning & Dye Works, James Downs, Proprietor, Cushing, Okla.," was the letter head on a communication received from this ex-student, in which he states: "I have a nice business that I learned from the Carlisle tailor shop, for which I am very thankful."

MAYME MODER, a former student who returned to her home last year, writes that she has made arrangements to go to Chicago immediately after the holidays to take training in one of the large hospitals there.

THROUGH a letter we learn that Marie Paisano, who finished her term at Carlisle in 1913, is doing good work in the sanitarium at Laguna, N. Mex.

LAWRENCE ISHAM, an ex-student, has recently been appointed disciplinarian at the Ft. Sill Boarding School, Lawton, Okla.

A LETTER from George Grinnell informs us that he is working at the trade of blacksmithing at Elbowoods, N. Dak. He says: "I am doing well with what I learned while at Carlisle."

RETURNED STUDENTS MAKE GOOD IN RAILROAD WORK.

Indians who have been educated at Carlisle and at other schools in the Service are in the railroad shops and in various capacities as employees of railroads in the Southwest. The Santa Fe Railroad employs many of Carlisle's former students, and they are considered faithful, efficient, and trustworthy employees. They are in the railway shops and in the various stations all along the road. The *Gallup Independent,* under date of September 11th, has the following item about John D. Archeluta, a former Carlisle student, who is employed in the Santa Fe shops at Gallup:

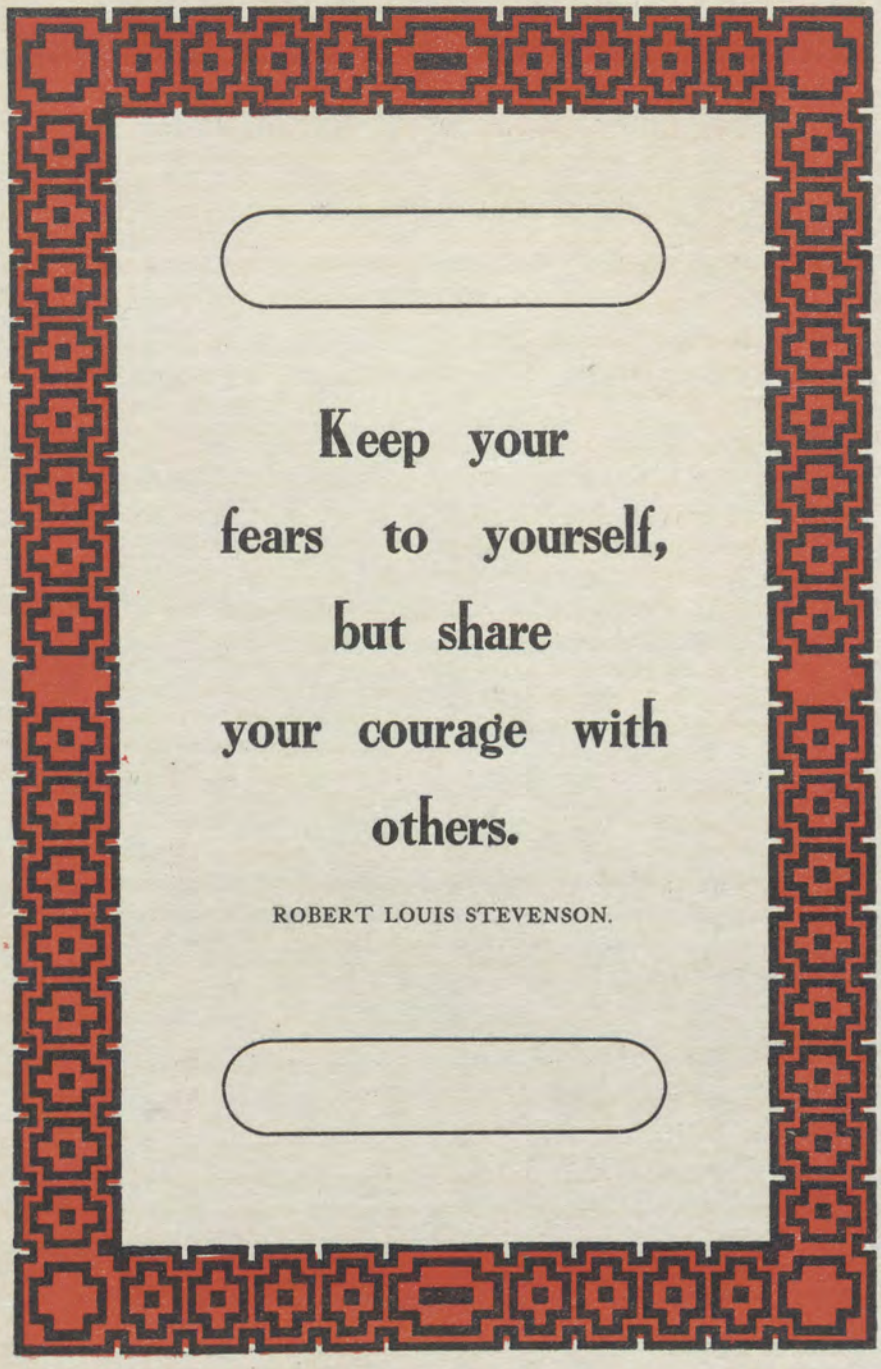
"John D. Archeluta, a full-blooded Pueblo Indian, and one who is a credit to the American or red race, is now employed as tool room man here. John is anxious to master the locomotive, and no doubt it will only be a short course of studious application that will land him at the height of his cherished ambition. Prior to coming here John was in the Government service at one of the pueblos in close proximity of this place."

LILLIAN E. PORTERFIELD writes from the Indian School at Greenville, Cal., where she is employed as seamstress, that "THE RED MAN and ARROW are both like letters from my Alma Mater, and I want never to be without them."

BEVERLY B. DECORA is living at Black River Falls, Wis., and writes that after leaving Carlisle he enrolled with the Railway Institution for a course of passenger brakeman. He has finished the course and has received a diploma from the institution. He wishes to express his thanks for all that Carlisle has done for him in the way of an education.

FRANK DOXTATOR, an ex-student, who has been in the Navy for some time past, writes from Guaymas, Mexico, that upon the arrival of his ship, the U. S. S. South Dakota, in the United States, he will receive an honorable discharge from the U. S. Navy with the rating of oiler. He says that wherever he is employed in the future he expects to uphold the good name of Carlisle.

HENRY BLIND, of Geary, Okla., writes: "I wish to continue taking THE ARROW so as to keep in touch with the happy times they are all having at Carlisle. I am a former student of Carlisle and what education I received there has helped me a great deal. The Carlisle Indian School has turned out some useful Indians to the white man's life. I am making my own living by farming and adhere to the teachings I received while at Carlisle."



Keep your
fears to yourself,
but share
your courage with
others.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The Carlisle Indian School

Carlisle, Pennsylvania

M. Friedman, Superintendent

HISTORY

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

PRESENT PLANT

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

TRADES

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

ACADEMIC

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

OUTING SYSTEM

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

PURPOSE

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

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

RESULTS

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