THE RED MAN

An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians

APRIL 1915

CONTENTS

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THE EARLY FLY

THE early fly is here; you see him buzzing near; so take your stand with club in hand, and soak him in the ear. The early flies are worst of all the breed accursed; for they'll give rise to countless flies which cannot be dispersed. One active April fly, unless you make it die, will bring a slew, your meat to chew, and spoil the milk and pie. So, like the Maid of Ark, arise in helm and sark, and swat the flies between the eyes, from daylight until dark. Thus serve your native land, a swatter in your hand, and then your name in Hall of Fame, on sculptured stone will stand. There is no better plan to help your fellow man; a peril dies with dying flies, so swat them while you can. Just so you kill the brutes, the method little boots; one takes an axe and breaks their backs, one takes his gun and shoots. I know one earnest gink who drowns his flies in ink; some fellows boil their flies to oil—a first rate scheme, I think. But any plan will do, just so you kill a few each passing day, so slay and slay, with purpose high and true.

WALT MASON

A magazine issued in the interest
of the Native American

The Red Man

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Contents:

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OSCAR H. LIPPS, Supervisor in Charge.

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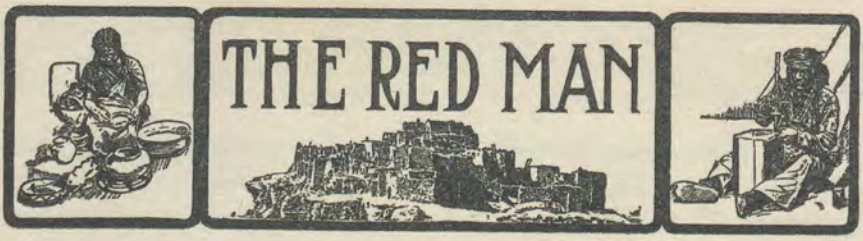
GIRLS' QUARTERS, CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL



Editorial Comment

The Everglade Seminoles.

ACCORDING to the last census of the Indian Office there were living in the Florida Everglades 562 Seminole Indians,417 males and 145 females. These Indians own 23,542 acres of swamp jungle. Their land, if it may be called such, possesses no possibilities for the future economic and social advancement of these people. The matter of reclaiming these lands by drainage involves so great an expenditure of money and is so speculative and problematical as to offer no ray of hope to these unfortunate and benighted people. In 1913 the Florida Legislature passed a bill giving to these Indians 235,000 acres of swamp land, chiefly valuable as a hunting reserve, but some of which is tillable and could be used to establish the Indians in permanent homes, advance them in the ways of civilization, and encourage them in agricultural pursuits. The Governor vetoed this Seminole reservation act on the last day of the session.

In this issue of THE RED MAN we publish an article on "The Seminoles of Florida" by Minnie Moore-Willson, of Kissimmee, Florida, which should interest all friends of the Indians. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Cato Sells, by causing the capture of Ashley, the white man who in cold blood murdered a Seminole Indian, has done much to establish the Government in the confidence of these people. Now if suitable land could be procured it might be possible for the Indian Bureau to gradually induce these poor, unfortunate people to advance in the ways of civilization. Never before have they had any confidence in Washington, and for this we can not blame them. They have suffered indignity and wrongs as far back as those now living can remember. Commissioner Sells has proven

to them that he means to protect them in so far as it lies in his power to do so. It would be passing strange and untrue to the known traditions of the Indian race if they did not in return place their confidence in him.

If the State of Florida will do its part—will deal justly, fairly and humanely by these, its oldest inhabitants and the original possessors of all its fair acres—the Government may at last be able to gain their full confidence and lead them out of darkness into the light of progress and civilization. Let us hope that full justice may be done to this remnant of the once powerful tribe who greeted Ponce de Leon in his wanderings through "the land of flowers" in quest for the fabled "Fountain of Youth" of which to drink meant life and love and youth and beauty.

Opening of the Colville Reservation.

THE Indians residing on the Colville Reservation in north-central Washington have been given their allotments in severalty. The commission appointed to classify and appraise the surplus tribal lands has about completed its work. The white man is waiting anxiously for the presidential proclamation declaring the unallotted lands open to settlement under the general homestead laws. The newspapers in towns bordering the reservation, claiming to voice the sentiments of the majority of the citizens of their respective communities, are freely expressing their displeasure at the delay. They see visions of rich agricultural lands, great areas of virgin forest, and peradventure, untold mineral wealth, lying dormant and undiscovered. The professional land locators, map purveyors, and dispensers of other "valuable information" regarding this elysium—this land of sage brush and hills, of precipitous cliffs and rock-ribbed canyons, of high mountain tops and isolated forests (for such is the character of the lands constituting the unallotted portions of the reservation)—are grievously disappointed over this delay. For, forsooth, why have Indians unless we can despoil them and fatten off their heritage? They are only Indians and will make no good use of the natural resources of the country anyway. Indian Service employees are blamed for the

delay on the eroneous theory that their jobs depend on keeping the reservation intact.

If these Indians could be treated with the full and just measure of consideration which is their due, the Colville Reservation would not be thrown open to settlement for at least five years, and it would be better for the Indian if the opening were postponed ten years. Practically all of the agricultural and much of the grazing land has been allotted. Less than three per cent of the surplus land is suitable for agriculture. There remains only the forests and the rough sage brush lands and there is very little water unappropriated by the Indians, and the homesteader who goes into that country thinking he has found the land of promise will soon discover that instead of bread he was given a stone.

We publish in this issue of THE RED MAN an article on "Industrial Conditions Among the Colville Indians" showing what is being done in the way of getting those Indians to settle upon and improve their allotments before the on-rush of the white man. It takes time, great patience, and persistence to get full-blood Indians to follow the white man's trail. These Indians are opposed to the opening of the reservation at this time. They want to be given more time in which to adjust themselves to their new conditions,—to fence their lands, to build houses, barns and granaries, plow fields, and learn more about intensive agriculture and how to make a living on their diminished holdings. They still remember what happened to their kinsmen, the Flatheads, when the white man overran their country and took away their common grazing lands and destroyed their stock industry and chief support before they had learned to adjust themselves to the new condition in which they suddenly found themselves. They want to be better prepared to meet the inevitable than were their kinsmen, and a glance at the illustrations published herein will show how earnestly they are endeavoring to improve the shining hours and to prepare to meet their fate as best they can. For as Chief Porter of the Creeks once said, "We know that in the end the white man is going to get all the Indian has, but why this undue haste."

Press Comments

WHEN the Navajo Indians began to make trouble about a year ago, General Hugh L. Scott had a talk with them and the difficulty was smoothed out in no time without firing a shot.

When the Mexicans were shooting up the town of Naco, Ariz., and even this pacific administration was driven to send a force of infantry and several batteries of artillery to the scene, General Hugh L. Scott had a talk with the Mexican leaders and they agreed to retire from the border and do no more shooting across the line.

When a Utah sheriff tried to arrest a recalcitrant Piute and brought on a battle between his posse and the Indians, General Hugh L. Scott went out and had a talk with the troublemakers, and in a few days returned with the Indians following peacefully along as prisoners.

Here is a unique military record. Such a man as General Hugh L. Scott is worth a good many dollars to the Government. He has saved more lives than either he or anyone else ever can know. Congress might well vote a medal of honor to General Hugh L. Scott and the peace societies might add a medal of honor of their own for good measure.—*Buffalo Express.*

HOUSTON B. TEEHEE has been appointed Register of the Treasury. He succeeds Gabe Parker. The only excuse for here mentioning either Mr. Teehee or Mr. Parker is that both of them are Indians. They are also both of them men of intelligence and integrity, but there are millions and millions of intelligent men and men of integrity in this broad land. But there are not so many Indians who have achieved such prominence in purely peaceful lines.

The office of Register of the Treasury has been peculiar in that for many years white men have not held the position. B. K. Bruce, the first negro to reach the United States Senate, was appointed to the place in 1881, and since that time the office has generally been filled by a person other than a Caucasian. That position and the office of Register of Deeds for the District of Columbia seem to have been set aside, in a sense, for others of our citizens than white men.

It is a long way from the savagery of the jungle to the handling of the currency for a civilized nation, and yet Mr. Teehee has

crossed the distance almost within the lives of men now living. He is a descendant of the Cherokee Indians who were driven out of the South and herded in the Indian Territory less than a hundred years ago—a good deal less—and to now have achieved such distinction is certainly a monument to the actual worth of the Indian and to the benign influence of the Caucasian race.—*Dayton (Ohio) News.*

IN TRULY characteristic fashion Brigadier-General Scott has put down the Piute Indian uprising that had already cost six lives and at one time threatened the safety of a whole community. When the alarmed citizens of Utah appealed to the Government for protection, General Scott—though he is Chief of Staff of the Federal Army—decided to look into the matter personally. He was unwilling to call out Federal troops to fight the infuriated redskins except as a last resort.

Accompanied only by an aide and an orderly he made the long journey to the Indian encampment on horseback. Friendly Navajo Indians located the Piute chiefs and induced them to attend a powwow with Scott, the "big war chief" of the President, who had come to investigate their grievances. As the result of that conference the troublesome Piutes will go back to their reservation and General Scott returned to Bluff, Utah, with their ringleaders as prisoners.

This exploit of putting down an Indian uprising almost single-handed proudly crowns General Scott's long record of similarly successful dealings with our nation's redskinned charges. Respected by the Indians for his fairness as for his valor, he has more influence with them than the whole army at his command. We should be all the more proud and grateful for his latest feat because it was accomplished by the exercise of his tact as a diplomat rather than his skill as a soldier.—*Philadelphia Press.*

FROM Wyoming comes the appeal of the Episcopal Missionary District for $34,270 to be expended, this year, to support the Bishop Randall Hospital, the Shoshoni Indian School and the clergy, and of the $34,000 the clergy are to take $26,000 for stipends and traveling expenses—leaving $8,000 for actual benevolent work! I blush when I find the Episcopal Church, the wealthiest in the na-

tion, making such an appeal upon such statistics when people are dying for want of food or clothes. The parishioners of Trinity, Grace and a thousand other Episcopal churches could send to Wyoming the sum needed and never miss it from their bank accounts. Cannot my friends, the clergy, realize the injury they are doing to religion by issuing such absurd requests as $8,000 for charities and $26,000 to administer it, and by pushing forward such exclusively denominational affairs when the whole world is harassed by real suffering?—*Town Topics.*

HOWARD M. PATTERSON, a Presbyterian minister among the Indians at Bluff, Utah, has written to Secretary Lane that the red men in his section "are not nearly so bad as they are painted, and I wish to see them get fair play from the Government."

Secretary Lane gave out the letter in connection with the recent Indian disturbances in Utah. Mr. Patterson charged that cattle frequently had been killed and stolen by white men who wore moccasins to throw blame on the Indians.

The minister said he wrote at the request of Mancos Jim, a poor but a good chief, who complained that a rich cattle owner had permitted stock to be driven upon his allotment. When the chief asked reparation, or that the cattle be kept off his land, Mr. Patterson said the stockman only laughed.—*New York Post.*

THE American Indian is finally coming to his own. For centuries he was written down as being cruel and uncivilized, until finally almost everybody had come to believe it. This bad reputation was put upon him chiefly because of his unpardonable modes of warfare. He got the name of fighting in an unfair manner. In his contests with the whites he and his fellows had a habit of slipping stealthily through the darkness and snipping off a victim here and another there, and without any regard as to whether they were men, armed for the fray, or helpless women and children. But the Indians had only crude and ineffective means and implements for inflicting injury. They could not travel far, and their bows and arrows were not very telling. Had they been able to travel hundreds of miles under the cover of darkness in airships, from which they could drop devastating, death-dealing bombs, killing, willy-

nilly, helpless and innocent women and children, or whoever happened to be in the vicinity, as one of the more highly cultured and civilized nations of the earth is now doing, they might have left a greater mark as warriors on the pages of history. As far as lay in their power they sought to conquer in about the same spirit of fair play that is shown by the up-to-date fighters of today. But that the Indians were heartless and uncivilized in their mode of fighting can no longer be justly asserted. Judged by present-day methods of warfare, they may have been a cultured people, imbued with a heaven-inspired desire to preserve and increase the light of civilization.—*Boston Herald.*

COMMON justice should compel the Federal authorities to be lenient with the band of Piutes that has strayed from the "reservation" and gone on the warpath. Whenever an Indian asserts his rights to go beyond certain limits set for him by this most paternal Government, he is a renegade. While he remains on the reservation he is "heap good Injun." It is one of the saddest ironies of an implacable Fate that the North American Indian should have been hunted into the "bad lands" and there made to remain while his lands have been apportioned out among an alien people. It is also one of the retributions of Fate that the descendants of the Indians should live to see the descendants of the people who originally deprived them of their country in turn dispossessed of it by recent comers from Europe. "The mills of God grind slowly," but in the end all injustice comes to the hopper for adjustment.—*New York Courier.*

SCATTERED along the Yukon and Tanana Rivers in Alaska there are upwards of five thousand Indians. From Eagle down to Nulato there is practically no difference in their customs and habits; the condition of the people and their village as found at one place is typical of nearly all the rest. All these natives are, and have been, self-supporting. In the winter they go back in the hills for game. They eat the meat and sell the furs; and some of them realize a goodly sum from their winter's work. In the summer the Indians scatter along the river in small camps, to catch the fish (mostly of the salmon variety) that run up the rivers. Their

catches are cured by a smoke-and-air process and then packed in bales. The king salmon forms an important part of their food supply, while the dog salmon is kept for their own animals or sold to the whites. All winter travel is by dog team, and dried fish is the principal canine diet. Where an Indian makes a good catch of fish and has more than is needed for his own dogs, he can find ready market for his surplus stock at an average of twenty or twenty-five cents a pound.

Between hunting and fishing, these Indians can make a comfortable living, and it would be unwise to take any steps that would destroy their self-reliance. It is of the utmost importance, however, to see that they are protected in their fishing and hunting rights and given at least "an even break."—*M. K. Sniffen in the Southern Workman.*

"WILD West" stunts will not be permitted at a fair which is to be held next fall by the Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians of the Wind River Reservation, near Lander, Wyo. Cato Sells, Indian Commissioner, has notified Indian Agent Norris that he does not believe the Indians should be encouraged to engage in rough sports. Therefore the broncho busting, sham battles, etc., which have been prominent features of preceding Indian fairs, will be eliminated from this year's program and the fair will be strictly an industrial exposition.—*Denver News.*

THE Indian race, of all races, needs men of superior education and cultivation and strength of character, men with storehouses of knowledge of the good things of life, men who could be sources of inspiration and to take it upon themselves to become leaders for good. The Indian alone can solve his problem. Not until he has learned the lesson of how to take care of himself and live the best kind of a life possible will he have his rights as a man among men and as a citizen of the country in which he lives. Not until he learns how to protect his person and that which belongs to him, will he be free from his deadly foes—ignorance, laziness, the hand of the grafter, and poverty. Such tangled affairs as were plowed up in the Indian country in Oklahoma just recently will never be stopped until the Indian himself can guard against them, and he never will be able

Old Home of Francis Camille—Colville Indian Reservation.

New Home of Francis Camille, Colville Indian, Built in 1912.

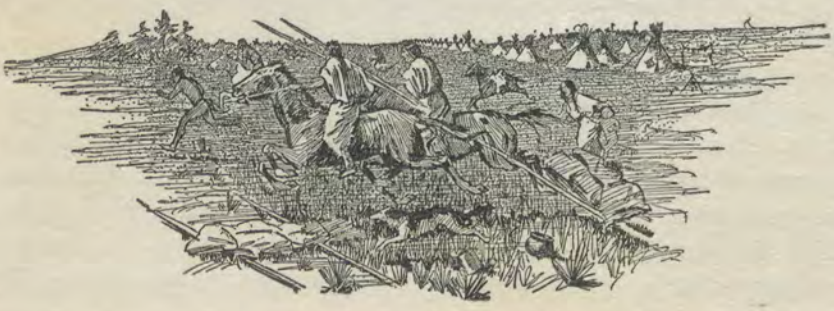
Old Home of Little Bob, a Full-blood Indian of the Colville Reservation. Typical of the Old Homes Being Abandoned by the Colville Indians for New and Better Ones.

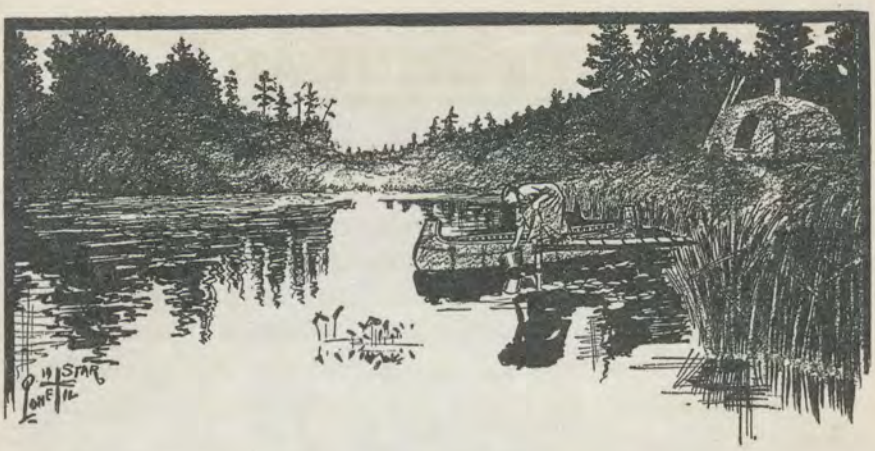
New Home of Little Bob, Built by Himself in 1913.

to do it until he is educated physically, morally, and mentally. If he is going to succeed in life he must learn to know and ever bear in mind the law that is enternal, "To him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." The Indian must learn how to lay hold of knowledge as well as of material and spiritual things.—*Southern Workman.*

ACCORDING to experts who, at great expense to Uncle Sam, study our North American Indians, the Piutes are not bad Indians. They are found to be peaceable, moral and industrious. While apparently not so bright in intellect as the prairie tribes, they appear to possess more solidity of character. By their willingness and efficiency as workers they have made themselves necessary to the white farmers, and have been enabled to supply themselves with good clothing and many of the comforts of life; while on the other hand they have steadily resisted the vices of civilization, so that they are spoken of by one agent as presenting the singular anomaly of "Improvement by contact with the whites."

It is a grave pity that a majority of the able-bodied Piutes in Utah should be defying inevitable fate, in arms against the United States. If the blundering of any Government officials is responsible for this situation the Washington administration should uncover all the facts. Justice, sympathetic justice, is what we owe to the North American Indians, the wards of the nation.—*East St. Louis (Ill.) Journal.*





Industrial Conditions Among the Colville Indians:

By F. F. Avery.

THE present industrial status of the Colville Indians is of special interest to those concerned in their welfare, partly because they are now quietly passing from one period of their history into another which it is hoped will be final in so far as their career as wards of the Government is concerned.

Allotments in severalty have been made to all duly enrolled members of the tribe, and the work of the commission assigned to the task of classifying and appraising the unallotted reservation land has also been practically completed. Doubtless a few months, at least, will necessarily be consumed in departmental examination of the schedules submitted by the allotting agents and the appraising commission; but when these final preliminaries shall have been disposed of, the surplus lands on the reservation are to be thrown open for white settlement, under such arrangements as may in the meantime be decided upon.

Unquestionably, this will be an event of much importance to the Indians, and will considerably affect their future industrial progress. How it will affect it remains to be seen, and will largely depend, of course, on the character and capacity of the white settlers who come onto the reservation and acquire the surplus lands. Also, the character, capacity and industrial condition of the Indians is of importance, if not of interest, to the said prospective white

settlers, some of whom may possibly see this article. For, if the Indians—who have been allotted all of the best land on the reservation, and who, willingly or unwillingly, are going to be kept in possession of it for a considerable number of years—are unintelligents, indolent and generally worthless, the matters of neighboring with them and doing business with them will not be pleasant, nor, for any but the "preying classes," very profitable. If, on the contrary, they are reasonably intelligent, industrious, kindly disposed and progressive, communities can be developed on the reservation which will be reasonably good ones in which to live.

Those best acquainted with the Colville Indians feel that the latter of these two hypothetical characterizations would be much more nearly accurate than the other concerning them. Of course, no possible statement as to these matters could be made which would be true of all of them. Some are intelligent and fairly well educated; others less intelligent and but slightly educated. Some are industrious and thrifty; others indolent and improvident. A great many are making gratifying progress as farmers, stockmen, and homemakers; and a smaller number are advancing very slowly on these lines, or perhaps in some cases are not advancing at all. The average is encouraging. On the whole, there is much progress, the reservation over. Many who only a few years ago had never farmed at all, and had raised scarcely any livestock other than cayuse ponies, are now cultivating considerable and steadily increasing areas of land, have gotten some good work horses and appropriate farm implements, and have small but increasing herds of good cattle. A smaller number have hogs and sheep, also, and many are raising poultry, planting fruit trees, cultivating larger and better gardens than formerly, putting up hay in greatly increased amounts for their livestock, building good fences around their allotments, and greatly improving their homes and manner of living.

To the casual observer, probably the most convincing evidence of progress on the reservation is in the large number of new homes noticable—most of them very modest, it is true, but vastly better than the old, which latter, also, are in many cases still in evidence. Of these new homes, contrasting with the old, it has seemed worth while, for several reasons, to take a series of photographs. This is in preparation, and has already become a very interesting collection

to the Indians themselves as well as to others. With it a series of industrial pictures also is being taken, and a few selections from both, typical of many others, are reproduced herewith.

It remains to be mentioned as an admission, in this connection, that, during the past three years, the rate at which material improvements have been made by the Indians has been accelerated by the disbursing of about a half million dollars of tribal funds to a part of them, in amounts not exceeding five hundred dollars per individual. But, even in that admission, or below it, there may be found a separate story of progress as real as that made by the Indians, and as important, inasmuch as it made that of the Indians possible. In the old days of Indian administration, the half-million dollars, with the still larger balance of the fund of which it was a part, would either have been distributed to the Indians in cash without safeguards or restrictions of any kind being thrown around their use of it, with the result that nearly all of them would have been promptly debauched and practically robbed of every dollar they received; or, the fund, or the interest on it, would have been doled out to them, old and young, sick and well, competent and incompetent, in the form of weekly rations of beef, bacon, coffee, etc., and issues of cheap calico, shoddy clothing, and other similar supplies, perhaps including heavy farm wagons and practically useless implements bought without intelligent reference to their wants or needs.

In the present instance, as the funds left the United States Treasury they were divided into individual accounts and deposited at good rates of interest (determined by competitive bidding for the accounts) in a large number of approved national and state banks, each of which was required to give ample bond executed by some strong surety company doing a nation-wide business. And since then every member of the Colville Tribe has been dealt with, or for, as an individual, by the superintendent and a carefully selected and tested group of field and office assistants who make it their special particular business to become intimately and really, acquainted with each individual, and to know his or her real needs habits, business capacity, etc., to the end that he or she may be given either restricted or unrestricted use of his or her money if either seems advisable, or, may be denied immediate use of it if there seems to be good reason for such denial; the Indian Office in

Washington reserving to itself the final decision in each case, excepting as to trivial amounts, but, as a rule, accepting the superintendent's recommendations.

In most cases, the funds of minors are being held for them on time certificates of deposit, the deposits of this class constituting the bulk of the money which has not yet been disbursed. In some cases, however, moderate expenses incident to education are being met from these deposits, and, in a very few cases, investments in cattle to be cared for by competent and trustworthy parents have been made for children. A number of old, sick, blind, or otherwise helpless or incompetent Indians receive monthly allowances sufficient to provide for their needs. A majority of the adult, able-bodied, and reasonably competent have been paid most or all of their shares, and either with or without supervision have spent them, those who were given the privilege of handling their funds without supervision being a small minority who had previously shown good business capacity. None of these have made other than reasonably good, or very good, use of their money. The bulk of the whole fund thus far expended has gone for work horses (mostly brood mares of medium weight), farm implements, harness, cattle of good grade, building material, wire fencing, and stoves, ranges, sewing machines and other lines of needed household furniture and furnishings. Practically everything which has been bought has been of good quality, reasonably priced. Equally important considerations are that everything bought has been really needed and also wanted. The articles obtained have gone into immediate use, and in nearly all cases have been properly cared for.

Of course, there has been some resistance to this program even from the beneficiaries of it, not to mention a few other individuals who had expected to profit greatly by wholesale distribution of the money to the Indians in the old way. On the whole, however, there has been less friction, and much less failure to secure the desired results, than might reasonably have been anticipated. The mere system was not "fool-proof" nor even such that it could not have been worked dishonestly. And it seems to me not inappropriate to remark briefly in passing, that admirable patience and tact, coupled with endless vigilance, attention to detail, and firmness on the part of the superintendent and the district farmers who have handled the applications for money and supervised the

spending of it, have been indispensible factors in obtaining the results which are in evidence, though under the old system all these would have been much less effective.

In some other ways, also, which will be only briefly referred to, the industrial progress of the Colvilles is now being very effectively promoted.

A part of a tribal fund which had been accumulating for some years from the sale of surplus lands has been invested in good stallions and bulls for needed breeding up of the Indians' livestock, these being distributed in the different districts, and for the present being left in charge of the agency farmers.

For several districts, threshing machines have been bought, which have greatly stimulated the raising of grain, the Indians in those districts having previously been unable to make any use of grain crops other than cutting them for hay.

In three districts which are partially timbered, sawmills have been installed, in which, under a toll system by which costs of operation are met, logs delivered by the Indians are sawed for them and the lumber properly finished, thus enabling them to obtain building material at very moderate expense, in fact, practically without monetary outlay, for use in building houses and barns and in otherwise improving their allotments. Excepting the plant in the Nespelem District, which is operated by water power, these mills are of a semi-portable type, and each, excepting that one, will be used in several localities, in turn. Also, it is intended to install one additional mill of the semi-portable type this year. At each of the three established mills Indians have delivered about one fourth of a million feet of logs during the winter just past, and are planning to use the product in the construction of buildings as soon as it can be gotten out for them. Similar amounts were delivered and sawed last year and have gone into new houses, barns, granaries, etc.

The Nespelem plant, located near the agency, includes a small roller-flour mill, which turns out a good grade of flour and is being increasingly patronized by the Indians who raise grain. In this district the flour mill is of importance because the Indian farms in it are an average distance of more than forty miles from the nearest railroad towns, which fact not only makes it unprofitable to haul out wheat, but adds a dollar per hundred pounds to the cost of flour.

This same fact, i. e., reservation distances from markets, in connection with some other considerations, including the inherited preferences of the Indians and the average character of their allotments, suggests the general industrial lines along which it seems best to guide most of them. As a rule, the allotments could not profitably be used merely for raising grain, even by experienced white farmers. But they can be made comfortable and reasonably profitable farm homes of a better kind than the typical grain farm found in this section of the country, that is, farms on which garden crops and fruits can be produced in great variety and abundance, plus sufficient hay, grain and alfalfa for maintaining moderate herds of dairy cattle, hogs and sheep, or for the wintering of still larger herds of cattle and horses, spring, summer and fall range for which, for the present, at least, is at hand.

How long the range referred to will remain available depends on the disposition which will be made of the unallotted timber lands, most of which are only rather thinly forested, high and broken,—not even potentially good agricultural land, but fine range for stock excepting during the winter, when they are always buried under deep snows. At least from the standpoint of Indian interest, it seems wholly desirable that these should be converted into a forest reserve, to be managed as the national forests reserves are, thus insuring wise, rather than unwise and uneconomical, use of the land; insuring, also, a permanent moderate supply of building material and fuel for both white and Indian settlers, and protecting the watersheds in which rise the numerous small streams which give the reservation as a whole much of its agricultural value and much of its charm in contrast with the treeless, semi-arid country around it. And, in spite of bitter opposition to this plan in neighboring communities, where, for a variety of reasons, there is strong sentiment in favor of throwing open every unallotted acre at the earliest possible moment, it is wholly probable that those very communities would eventually be among the chief beneficiaries of doing exactly what they are now demanding be not done with reference to these forest lands. If the said lands were agricultural in character, as perhaps they are generally supposed to be, of course the whole matter would be an entirely different one.

As this is an attempt to indicate fairly the actual industrial status of the Colville Indians, it is necessary to mention at least

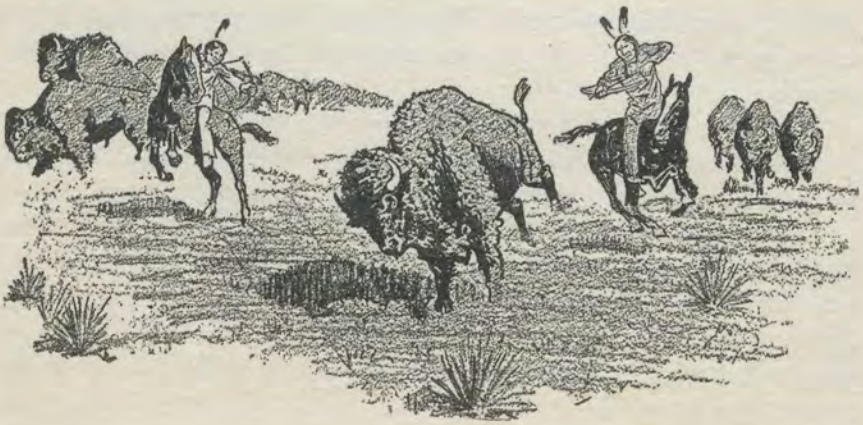
briefly one thing which is seriously retarding the progress of a good many of them, this being a disposition to drop home concerns early in the fall each year, and go off on long pilgrimages to the Yakima country or other hop fields, where a little ready money can be made—and spent—and a more or less hilarious good time can be had with old acquaintances from other districts. Of course all who have domestic livestock, poultry and crops not harvested know that it doesn't pay to leave them; but the habit is so old and the temtation so strong that many of them succumb more or less regularly.

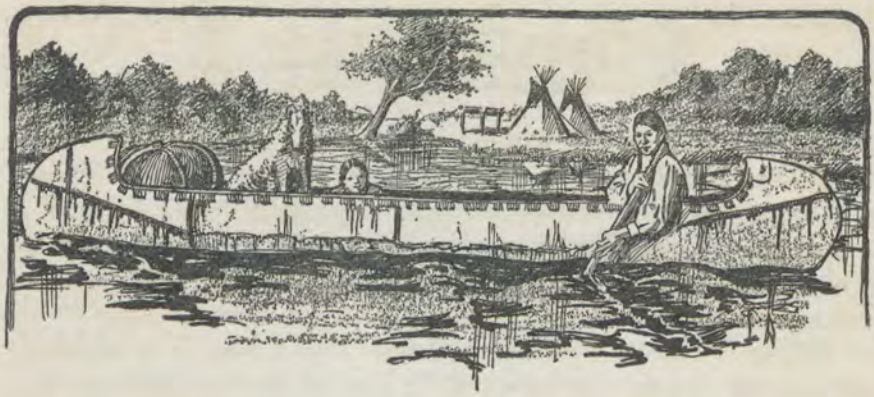
However, most of them are making some material progress even in spite of this handicap, and others are breaking the habit. For example, in a recent farmers' meeting, Billie Curlew, a full-blood of the Moses Columbia Band, a picture of whose modest little new home is one of the exhibits herewith, mentioned that, although there were a good many years during which he went to the Yakima hop fields every season, for five years just past he had not gone at all, explaining that now he had milch cows, pigs, chickens, and "lots of work at home," and that he could not go,—did not want to do so. A few days later the writer hereof found him, with his wife and his oldest boy, busily engaged in making comfortable beds and temporary shelter for three bran new litters of pigs, 22 in all, which had arrived a little earlier than they were expected, but as to which there was determination on the part of every member of the family to save every pig if care and attention could save them, as thus far they have. And Billie remarked to me that the next day he should begin the work of moving his old log house (see illustration) and converting it into a hog house. Also, he showed me a few acres of good land, appropriately located, which he said that he should sow to alfalfa this spring in order to have some hog pasture. Moreover, the day this paragraph about him is written, February 28, 1915, he has been at the agency to engage the use of a fanning mill and facilities for using formaldehyde solution as a smut preventive, in order that he may clean and treat fifteen sacks of seed wheat which he will bring tomorrow. But this is not all the grain that he will sow this spring, and he already has in about fourteen acres of fall-sown wheat. All told, he will have about seventy-five acres of grain this year.

Billie is mentioned merely as a case in which there has been recovery from "wanderlust." Many others are doing as well as he is,

and a very considerable number are farming, raising stock, and making material improvements on a much larger scale. In fact, in one extensive reservation district his farming would be rated as rather limited and his improvements as being "poor;" in spite of which fact, however, the writer considers both very creditable, and rates the effort made and the spirit shown by him and his family as being "excellent," in which latter connection, it is specially mentioned that each member of the family, particularly including Billie, seems quite as proud of a kitchen range, a cupboard, some nice dishes, a good bed, and an excellent sewing machine, all bought for the new home with some of Mrs. Curlew's money, as of the new house; these facts, also, being typical.

The matter of "graduating" a majority of the Colville Indians, as intelligent, thrifty, prosperous citizens, no longer needing any special supervision or assistance, calls only for continued progress along lines now being traveled with considerable rapidity. For many, this consummation can undoubtedly be reached well within the trust period to be prescribed by the first patents which they are to receive for their allotments.





The Seminoles of Florida; Their Rights in the Everglades:

By Minnie Moore-Willson.

Making Bricks Without Straw.

LOOKING backward through the rolling centuries to the land of the Pharaohs, we see a people making "bricks without straw."

As a theme, in the inspired records of the Bible, in the hieroglyphics of mute Egyptian records, wherever the story is told, it sums up wonderfully well the bitter experience of these people of bondage. Let us compare these vigorous descendants of Abraham, these Israelites, who had cattle, gold, jewels, an alien race in the land of the Cheops, with the aboriginal people of America. The people of Israel were given homes in which to dwell; they knew no hunger; yet, because of their merciless oppression by the Egyptians, their cry was heard and an avenging God delivered them from their bondage and laid low a mighty Empire.

Let us span these forty centuries and look from a heathen, luxury-loving land to a country the fairest the sun shines upon—civilized, Christianized, liberty-loving—our own fair Florida.

We see a scattered remnant of a once mighty race, not an alien people, not immigrants, but the decendants of the pure-blood native American, the original owners of all this wondrous country, our Florida Seminoles. Their council fires are burning low and only dull gray ashes are the reminders of the lurid flames of the once happy camp life.

The Seminoles' treaty rights have been violated, treaties as sacred as ever were made between Great Britain and America; no flag of country floats over his wigwam; he is being driven on and on, persistently pushed out of his little home by a brute force, totally unworthy of Floridians, and the white speculator says, "There is no land left for the Seminole; let him make bricks without straw."

The scorn of forty centuries looks back upon the Egyptian fields and "making bricks without straw" is a by-word among all nations.

Are we treating our proud red patriots of Florida any better than did the idol worshippers of Egypt in the days of Rameses?

We Americans are not only withholding the opportunity from the patient, helpless, and home-loving Seminole, but also the material and the straw with which to make a brick.

Florida's cruel treatment of her Indian population, during the past one hundred years, contrasted with the oppression imposed by the task masters of the Pharaohs upon the children of Israel, would make the Egyptian horrors grow dim as a fading twilight, before the gorgeous glow of a sunset as compared with the barbarity of our American method.

An Oppressed People.

THE Seminoles life is a mute story of an oppressed people. Sacred treaties have been broken like pipe stems by the whites; the Seminole, like the wild animal in his lair, has been hunted with blood hounds; he has been watched by the white man with his gun and chained in stockades for safe keeping, then huddled into a transport to be taken to a cold western country. Proud, and with broken spirits, sad visaged warriors and silent mothers with babes in their arms, saw the shores of their beloved Florida fade from view, hundreds died from exposure and broken hearts, for in all that band there was not one voluntary exile. These are a few of the many acts of injustices and cruelties that linger in the memory and in the unwritten history of the present Florida Indians.

We are today taking the last foothold in the land of the palm from them and for the grind of dollars are transferring it to land speculators and corporations. In the attempted and problematical drainage of the Everglades, a mocking echo resounds throughout the United States of America and so far as the general public is benefited the word FAILURE punctuates each million dollars ex-

pended. The problem of drainage still hangs in the balance with an equilibrium so fragile that the quiver of an eyelid would change its course while an inquisitive and purchasing public still waits for the answer to the riddle of the Okuchobee spynx who holds the key to this Egypt of America and the Florida Everglade Drainage Scheme continues to make heavy headlines for the Northern and Western newspapers.

Florida's Duty to the Silent Glade Dwellers.

WITH the bitter, century-long history of the Everglade Indians, most Floridians are familiar, and the past cruel treatment is forever gone.

We of the present enlightened day are responsible, but of the present life and conditions of the Seminole, as he is with us today, what shall we say? Can we as good Floridians help hearing the heart cries of this picturesque people, these descendants of the proud old patriots, who are like the crumbling ruins of a pillaged city, and lingering in the land of their fathers they still fear to tread where the white man encroaches? Liberty, justice, and the square deal have never existed for the Seminole.

No good citizen, no philanthropist, no Christian denies that the southern part of the Florida peninsula belongs by treaty and prior rights to the Seminole.

In this, the direst hour of these helpless people, we must appeal to the red-blooded citizenship, to the voters of the State, to an awakened people of democracy, and to the noble woman, whose work of humanity is putting human rights above all other rights.

Within six weeks another Legislature will convene at Tallahassee, and nearly two hundred Florida men will answer to the roll call. Shall the proceedings of the season of 1913 be repeated when another "Seminole Land Bill" shall be defeated by a veto? Shall a few thousand acres of water-covered areas be denied these home-loving Americans? Shall a few speculators be permitted to handle a States' honor and sully the fair name of Florida? Must we as a State face a crisis and have hurled upon us at some future day a retribution for our reckless dealing with human lives whose destinies were confided to us? We surely take a man's life when we defraud him of the means by which he lives.

The human race should have learned by this time that every act of injustice must sooner or later rebound and he that leadeth to

captivity shall go into captivity; "he that killeth by the sword must be killed by the sword," and that when the official operations of the State mechanism is permitted to play with the populace, we much know that in the long run that the State of Florida will meet a vengeance.

Must the fair State of ours, ours by adoption, too, be plunged into the crucible and suffer a chastening while she listens to that alluring and metallic voice of Commercialism ?

The solution of this troubled problem of a stranded people in the great morasses of Florida's swamps is simple. When justice, fair play, and the protection of law is given to the helpless, then will our consciences be eased and a bright page shall endure for all time in the history of Florida.

The bill setting aside 235,000 acres for the Florida Indians at the last legislature should be revived and passed. This bill provided that a reservation be set aside for the use of the Seminoles. According to the report of the committee on Indian affairs, "about 200,000 acres of the proposed reservation are of little or no account for reclamation purposes, and could only be valuable as a hunting reserve for the Indians, and further that no white man could ever make use of them."

The other portion of the lands are located in Palm Beach County and the proposition was to locate a farm on them, for according to the reports "some of these lands are tillable and would be used to advance the cause of civilization among the Indians and to encourage them in the knowledge of agriculture."

A Fragment of Seminole History.

TO-DAY the Seminole of the Everglades number about 600 souls; they are a very small fragment of the fearless and picturesque tribe as it followed the daring young war leader, Osceola.

These people are a very part of Florida and occupy a unique position, not only in Florida but in the world's history. With respect to the United States Government they have no legal existence, and justice has been a tardy laggard in recognizing these original Americans.

They have never been conquered by force of arms nor subdued, yet they live at peace with all mankind. They are homeless, yet they live on their own territory, land ceded to them by a treaty of

the United States Government. They love their Everglade homes and would choose death rather than exile.

The Seminoles at Home.

THE characteristics of the Seminole is to make his camp in some secluded spot, where the white man would least expect to find his habitation. The peculiar physical formation of the morasses of Florida make this very possible. The great Everglades, the immediate environment of the Seminole Indians, are bound to the past by stories both weird and strange, and are clothed in tales that are full of romance, and while there are thousands of acres of this vast aquatic domain that have ever remained terra incognito to the white man, the Seminole Indian, with moccasined foot, enters when and where he will, however fast the door of the swamp may be locked; he is the true key bearer and knows every foot of this mysterious morass. He can live upon the islets and small hammocks, he knows how to avoid certain sections during the wet seasons, and he does not need canals nor pumping stations nor diving bells to find this unsurveyed land, for with his light-draught canoe he goes when and where he will.

It would cost Florida but little to grant to the Seminoles a tract giving them access to salt water, with sufficient agricultural possibilities and located a safe distance from white settlers; his boundaries should be fixed and the strong arm of the law should protect him from the intrusive tourist, hunter, and trader, and above all should we forbid the sale of intoxicating drinks.

This much, at least we owe the descendants of the hospitable race that fed our forefathers where they came hungry and begging for bread on these strange and unfamiliar shores.

The Seminole's Condition Helpless.

THE condition of the Seminole today looks more helpless than ever before and he stands more in need of friends and sympathy. There is a gradual increase in the Indian population; their territory is narrowing and their income very much reduced. Drainage, new settlers moving in, and many more white hunters in their midst makes a greatly decreased supply of game. Added to this, many of their homes and fields have been confiscated by the whites and the Seminole ordered to "move on, move on."

The touching pathos of the story is that not one word of complaint or criticism is offered; without a whimper, he is vanishing,

facing the pitiable inevitable with the stoicism of his heroic ancestors and when asked the question "what will the Seminole do when the white man takes all your land, where will the Indian go?" with bowed head the answer comes soft and low—"we don't know—Indian go, go to Okuchokee."

The Seminole belongs to Florida. He is a representative of the pure blood aboriginal people and the one remnant of all the tribes of the American continent that retains all his picturesqueness and the customs of his ancient ancestors; his folklore is rich in story and legends, and in years to come students and ethnologists will wake up to a research of his priceless but unwritten records, while we as immigrants into his country will long in vain for a key to his mythology.

Only another thought, please. The Florida Seminole believes in the Great Spirit (God); he believes in God's Son; he believes in immortality; he is brave and fearless and he has a keen intellect; he has a passionate love for his children; he is courteous and kind to his women; his code is to "neither lie nor steal, nor cheat."

Dwellers from every land, from Scandinavia to the Congo, have a Christian welcome to our shores. The slums of Europe pour in upon us to fill our alms houses and to be supported by our taxes. During the terrible holocaust of the war when the "call to arms" resounded throughout the whole of Europe, thousands of aliens marched the streets of our American cities singing and shouting for the land of their nativity, eager and pleading for transportation to join their country's armed forces, not one true American citizen among them—still true to the Fatherland, the alien people—and yet our native American, our loyal, peace-loving Seminole is an outcast from sympathy and an "alien" in his native land. With it all, the Seminole has never ceased to be manly, and were any danger from a foreign country to threaten America, he would be a warm ally. "Yes, Indian shoot good," was his response when asked if he would fight, were war to invade Florida.

A Home-Loving People.

WHAT a world of interest, both romantic and tragic, hangs around the wigwams of a Seminole family.

A visit to a Seminole camp reveals many interesting little things that touch the heart and awaken the sympathy of the observer. The affection displayed by a stern-faced warrior as he cuddles his pap-

poose, convinces the most skeptical that in the fastnesses of the forest the heart of man answers to heart, as face to face in water. Old Tom Tigir, would take his baby boy from his tired mother's arms and softly croon a lullaby, swaying the pappoose backwards and forwards in his great strong arms, until the little fellow would fall asleep.

An instance of parental affection is recalled when the mother had recently died, leaving the father the care of the children. "One night," to quote from the narrator, "I heard muffled moans from the little palmetto shelter, which were followed by the frightened cry of a little Indian boy waking out of bad dreams and crying for the mother who could not answer. 'It-ki—It-ki—'(mother, mother) begged the little fellow struggling from under the covering. At once, the big chieftain grasped his child, hugged him to his breast, and pressed the little head to his cheek, consoling him with caressing words, until the calmed child was ready to be again rolled up beside his sleepy brothers."

In the gloom and wierdness of this big land of mystery, the Everglades of Florida, the Seminole still holds his councils; here by the flickering fire the traditions of the old turban tribe are taught to the youth; here, too, they follow the same tribal customs of the race of one hundred and fifty years ago. Here is instilled into the children the story of the broken treaties practiced upon their ancestors, and as the children listen to the glories of Osceola, and the tragic ending of their hero, the spirit of conservation is engendered and with swelling hearts they go on and on, resolute in their determination to avoid disaster by keeping aloof from the white man. Yet, with all, a seriously thinking public must realize today that these forest people can not go on much longer, for dynamite blasts shake the very pans and kettles hanging around the wigwam and the monster dredging machine is driving them silent or weeping away to the South, into other trackless wilds.

These big dredges seem to groan an accompaniment, as it were, to the echo of their throbbing hearts—the death song, the recessional of the Seminole. While this red race of Florida is at the mercy of the white man, and each day becoming more helpless, he is still proud as the old patriots.

An instance is recalled where a chief of the Cow Creek band died and a purse was made up for his family. With the suspicion

Full Blood Indians of the Colville Reservation Hauling Logs to the Saw Mill.

Log Yard, Government Saw Mill, Colville Reservation—Logs Cut and Delivered by Indians.

Indians of the Colville Reservation Threshing Grain—Outfit Owned by a Full-blood Indian.

Colville Indians Threshing Their 1914 Grain Crop with Modern Equipment.

that the money was from the Government, the older members held a council and reported "Money no want 'em; squaw no need 'em."

On the same occasion, with mouth watering-glances, the piccannins refused the candy and cakes offered to them; they had been forbidden by the elders to accept what the old Indians believed was from Washington, the home of the Big White Chief. These Seminoles ask no alms, desiring nothing but the land they believe to be theirs in the Oku-cho-bee country.

A visit from the silent dwellers of the Everglades always revives interest in the race, for they bring to the doors of civilization the story of their people, life in the swamp-hedged wigwams, of canals and the big smoke of the engines, invasion of white hunters, game scarce, reluctantly admitting, after much pressure, that now "Indians hungry sometimes; by and by piccannins hungry ojus (heap), we think."

Hungry in a Land Like Florida!

HUMAN sympathy today is vibrating in harmonious chords all over the United States in the interest of the Everglade Seminoles and the man who would show any opposition to a friendliness for them finds himself in the minority, and discredit reflects not on the Indian, but on the man himself.

A Lull in Everglade Land Sales.

WITH the lull or hush in the sale of Everglade lands, it looks from a moral point of view as if an Unseen Hand is writing on the wall and in some mysterious way a Court more powerful than all the courts of earth is directing a verdict, but withal it remains the duty of all Floridans to do their part, not only as a heritage to the coming generation of the Anglo-Saxon, but as a simple justice to the home-loving vanquished dwellers of the Everglades.

If we as good citizens allow encroachments to go on and no homes are provided for these persecuted people, if we permit a travesty on the Great Seal of Florida, by allowing its impress contrary to right and justice on all State land sales documents, certainly we challenge a retribution. The State seal makes the impress of a Florida Indian with outstretched arms welcoming the white strangers of other lands and the inscription reads, "In God We Trust."

Stem-o-la-kee, a Home-maker of the Everglades.

AS AN interlude in the sketch, a film, as it were, brought from the gray, misty Everglades, and lighted by the rays of civilization, is introduced here and makes a pleasing "moving picture" of a Seminole woman studied at close range. Stem-o-la-kee, accompanied her brother to Kissimee for the purpose of consulting a physician who had had great success with one of their people a year or two before.

To study this young Indian woman, far from her forest home, is a privilege seldom experienced. Under the influence of the home, Stem-o-la-kee, while making her first visit from the recesses of the swamps, soon showed her domestic instincts. For the time her native frontier nature was relegated to memories. She studied pictures on the walls, and the portrait of Osceola brought forth her vindictive fury. "Indians' big chief long time ago. White man kill 'em." She knew the perfidy of Osceola's capture as well as any American student.

She was an untutored child of the forest and became a most interesting study. Friendly and courteous, there yet shone out of her eyes an unapproachableness that made a gulf between the white woman and the red woman.

Nothing is so valued by a Seminole woman as her beads; they are worn as a badge of distinction and she never appears without them, so when the doctor ordered the removal of Stem-o-la-kee's necklace on account of the great weight, medical authority and savage superstition clashed. She reluctantly obeyed in part, by removing a few strands, but when a visitor would appear, she would in a twinkling don her best dress, add the discarded beads to her already heavy necklace, a twist of her raven hair, and she would appear at the parlor door, shy, but with eyes shining and with a pleasant smile, ready to give the usual gracious hand grasp.

This sun-tanned woman of the Everglades is tall, lithe and handsome for an Indian, and being the daughter of a chief, holds a position of distinction among her people. When asked why she had not married, with much spirit and twinkle in her eye she replied, "Men lazy too much, money no make 'em," but the look indicated that Stem-o-la-kee was only waiting for one of her own rank and the opportune time.

It is interesting to note here that since her visit two years ago, she became the happy squaw of a Seminole brave and now cuddles in great affection a chubby little pappoose.

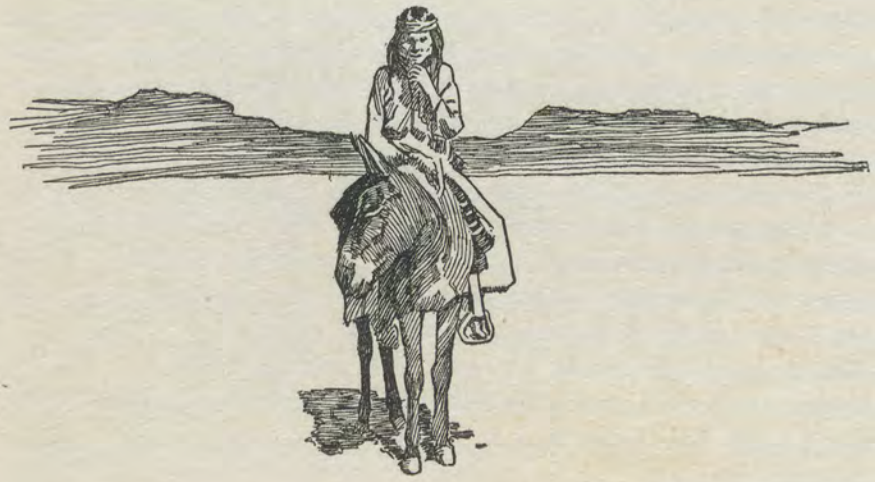
Agitation Will not Cease till Justice is Done.

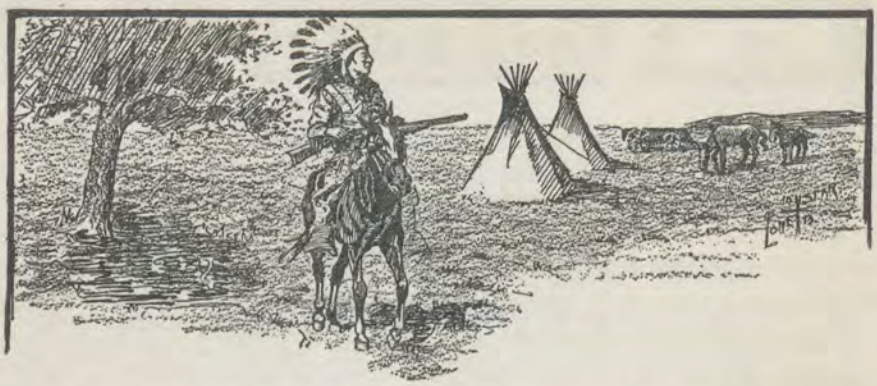
WITH such home-loving people, clinging with a desperate effort to their beloved Florida, what must we as Americans do but protect them.

May we not pause long enough in penitent spirit to consider our Seminole patriots whose tribe in Florida today is without a flag, without a country, without a home.

As the Stars and Stripes proudly herald liberty and independence to the corners of all nations, how can we be unmindful of that charity which begins at home?

The American people, and especially the people of Florida, can always be depended upon to do the right thing when fully aroused as to the true condition of these unfortunate people. This fact makes the appeal to the best citizenship of the country all the more necessary and the opposition may as well realize that the agitation will not cease nor the subject be settled until it is settled right and justice done the helpless and deserving Seminole, and thus white America may atone in part for a cruel century of dishonor.





Origin of the Mountains of California According to Indian Legends:

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

FROM time immemorial the folklore of the various races of the world has concerned itself largely with nature, and interwoven with the lives of tutelary spirits are found the most ingenious explanations of the origin of the earth, the sea, the mountains and other geographical demarcations. From the beginning of the literature of India, which is of very great antiquity, down through the changing ages until today, the same characteristic prevails. The Indians of North America have a mythology which is peculiarly their own, typical to a degree of the people whence it sprung, and the solemn majesty of the hills seems to have appealed especially to the reverential minds of the members of the various tribes. California is rich in tradition of this type. There is scarcely a prominent landmark but is identified in some manner with the spirits of good or evil which were worshiped by the native peoples.

Before taking up the origin of the hills it might be well to learn how the sun and moon were made, since they naturally occupied the place of greatest importance in the eyes of the Indians. Long ago, past the memory of any person, there was no light in all the world and a thick darkness overspread everything. This occasioned great confusion, for men and animals stumbled blindly against each other, and birds collided in the air as they passed. One day a hawk, being unable to see his way in his flight, struck against a coyote, who was likewise unable to perceive his approach. Now

both of these creatures were possessed of exceeding wisdom, and after both had stopped, with mutual apologies for the unavoidable accident, they put their heads together to devise some plan whereby they might improve this inconvenient state of things. After a long conversation and much discussion, they hit upon an excellent plan. The coyote went to a nearby swamp and gathered a great number of tules, which he rolled into a ball. These, together with a flint, he gave to the hawk, who flew with them straight into the sky. When he had reached a sufficient height he struck the flint and lit the ball of tules and left it there. It became the sun, whirling and circling about in a fierce glow of perpetual light and heat. He then returned to earth for more tules which the coyote was to have ready for him. But the latter was unable to find any more dry reeds, having used up all there was, so he was obliged to gather some which were still green. When the hawk carried these into the sky and lit them with his flint they burned only with a pale glow because they were damp. However, this would be better than no light at all during the night, and the bird ordained that they become the moon, with her cold, white fire. Thus it is that we no longer move in darkness.

A hawk was also instrumental in the molding of two long ranges which traverse this State. At a time when the whole world was covered with water the only living things to be seen were a hawk, a crow and a small duck. All three were very curious to know what lay concealed beneath the surface of the water, but since the two larger birds could not dive, it devolved upon the duck to seek the desired information. He dived down very far indeed and came to mud, of which he seized as much as he could carry in his bill. But as soon as he reached the surface he died, perhaps because of holding his breath too long. The hawk and the crow decided to make mountains from the mud the duck had brought up, and, each taking some, they set to work. They began at Teheechaypah (Tehachapi) Pass, going northward, the hawk on the eastern side and the crow on the west. It was a long and weary task but they persevered until they had finished, when the two met at Mount Shasta. Then the hawk perceived that the crow had cheated and secured more than his share of mud, for the mountains he had made were much greater than those done by the other. The latter was very indignant, but when he voiced his wrath the crow only laughed and

danced up and down, hugely pleased by the clever joke he had played.

Finally the hawk, paying no attention to the mocking comments of his rival, stood considering what he could do, and as he thought he absent-mindedly plucked a leaf of Indian tobacco and chewed it. Immediately wisdom came to him. Strengthening himself for the undertaking, he fixed his claws in the mountains and turned them in their entirety about in the water, like a great wheel, and left his dishonest competitor astonished and discomfited. As the hawk placed them, so they are today, the high Sierra on the eastern and the lower Coast Range on the western border of California.

The natives who lived in the vicinity of Mount Shasta had an interesting and unusual tradition about the peak. They believed that the Great Spirit made it before any other portion of the earth. He bored a hole in the sky, using a large rock, and through the opening he pushed snow and ice until the mass was high enough to form a mountain. Then he stepped from the clouds down the icy summit, and thence to the earth, where he planted trees and flowers. The sun, shining throught the aperture in the heavens, caused the snow to melt, and this in turn formed into rivers, which ran down the slopes of the hills and refreshed the trees and all growing things. Birds were made from leaves, which the Creator gathered and breathed upon. He next took a stick and broke it into many parts. The pieces from the small end were transformed into fishes, and those from the middle became all the differing species of animals, with the exception of grizzly bears, which were sprung from the large end of the wood. The bears were made rulers over all other animals. So strong and cunning did they become the Great Spirit came to fear their power and built himself a wigwam on Mount Shasta, where he and his family might dwell in safety while on earth. Their home is there still, although smoke may no more be seen curling up from the peak of their abode, the fire on their hearth having long since been unkindled.

All these things happened thousands of years ago. Long afterward there was an unusually severe spring, during which a great storm blew up from the sea. The gale was so terrific that Mount Shasta was shaken to its foundations, and the Great Spirit sent his little daughter to go up to the top of the huge lodge and bid the wind to cease, but she was bidden on no account to look

upon the outside world. However, the child could not resist the temptation to take just one fleeting glance without, and in that short time the wind seized her and blew her down the snowy declivity to the country of the grizzlies. A kind-hearted family of bears took her in and adopted her, raising her as one of their own. The grizzlies of those times walked upright on their hind feet and had a language peculiar to themselves, and were in every way a higher order of being. When the little girl had grown up she married the eldest son of her foster parents, and their children were the first members of the race of man. All the grizzly tribe were very proud of the new people, and they built for the young mother a fine wigwam, called Little Mount Shasta. They all lived together in great happiness for several years. But after a while the old grandmother became very feeble and knew that she had not much longer to live, but her conscience troubled her sorely and she was afraid to die until she had told the Great Spirit that his long-lost daughter was still alive. So she sent her eldest grandson up to the big lodge to carry the news which should have been sent years before.

The Great Spirit was overjoyed to learn that his daughter was not dead, and without delay he hurried down the mountain side to find her. So swift was his pace that the snow melted all along his course, and it remains even today thawed in occasional spots. The grizzlies, in anticipation of his coming, were drawn up in two lines in front of Little Mount Shasta, thousands upon thousands of them, their hunting clubs, which they always carried, under their arms. But, alas, the Creator had forgotten that his daughter was no longer a child, and when he found that she was married and that a new race had been originated his anger knew no bounds. He turned upon Grandmother Grizzly with such a look of violent wrath that she fell dead on the spot out of pure terror. All the other bears, beholding this tragic happening, set up a great cry of sorrow. And then the Great Spirit spoke. He commanded them to cease their clamor, and he pronounced upon them the dire decree that they should ever after be dumb and never walk upright again. He drove them out from their ancient home and locked and sealed the door of his daughter's wigwam and took her away with him to his own dwelling place, Mount Shasta, where she had lived as a child, and there she was forced to remain. But the grizzlies, when fighting for their lives, still stand upright as of old, and no Indian who claims descent

from them will kill one, even though he lose his life by not so doing. If one of these animals kills a man the spot is marked by a great pile of rocks, each person who passes casting a stone thereon.

The natives of Tahoe believed that the lake and the encircling Sierra were formed by a great natural convulsion, which occurred in the following manner: Once upon a time their people held boundless possessions and their power was unlimited; but there came a hostile tribe which defeated them in battle and enslaved them. Soon after this the Great Spirit sent across the earth a vast wall of water, which drowned both conquerors and conquered, all save a few survivors. The taskmakers then compelled those of the slaves who were left to build a great temple for refuge in case of another flood, and on top of this temple they worshiped a tall column of perpetual fire. Barely two weeks had elapsed before the earth was again disturbed, this time with earthquakes and thunderings, and the masters at once betook themselves to their place of refuge, shutting out the unfortunate subject peoples. The latter fled to the Humboldt River, where safety and peace awaited them. After they were gone, smoke and ashes burst forth from the land and the flames mouted to the very heavens, melting numberless stars, which fell down to earth and formed the ore for which men now seek.

The convulsions of nature did not cease until the mountains of the Sierra were molded from the chaos of the earth, and Lake Tahoe was formed. The castle built by the slaves was submerged in the newly risen waters, only the top remaining high and dry. The inmates, to save themselves from death by drowning, clung with desperate strength to the roof of their lodge and thought that there they would surely be safe. But a merited vengeance was awaiting them for the cruelty they had visited upon the tribe they vanquished. The Great Spirit in anger walked across the lake to where the peak of their castle was visible above its surface, and he seized the oppressors, every one, and cast them into the deepest recesses of a cavern on the east side of Tahoe, called Spirit Lodge to this day. There they remain, doomed to eternal imprisonment, and whenever the snows are melting upon the hilltops their wailing and their lamentations may be plainly heard by those of the world without.

Michael Ustah, a Full-blood Indian of the Colville Reservation, Cutting his 1914 Crop of Oats Averaging 60 Bushels per Acre.

Full-blood Indians of the Colville Reservation Stacking Their 1914 Hay Crop.

Old and New Homes of Billie Curlew, a Full-blood Indian of the Colville Reservation.

New and Old Homes of Pasco Sam, a Full-blood Indian of the Colville Reservation.

Alumni Notes.

Post card views of Alumni Hall, entrance to Indian School, and panoramic views of Indian School and Campus can now be secured at the Alumni store.

Red and Gold baseball caps, made especially for the Carlisle Alumni Association, baseball shoes, and other sporting goods are now on sale at Alumni store.

The March *Conwayan*, commenting on THE RED MAN, says: "You have one of the best Alumni departments of all papers on our list." We are deeply indebted to the *Conwayan* for the compliment.

In a recent issue of THE ARROW we announced that we would put out the first copy of the Alumni magazine about April 15th, but in view of the limited responses to this announcement, the officers of the association decided to postpone the publication until after commencement, when definite plans on this subject will be formulated.

Notes about Ex-students.

David Jolli writes from Belcourt, N. Dak., that he is farming and that he has done well since he left Carlisle.

Mrs. E. B. Buckles, nee Elnora B. Jamison, writes from Pendleton, Oreg., that she is employed as laundress at that place.

Solomon Bearlo writes from Watonga, Okla., that he is farming and doing well. He expects to visit Carlisle this summer.

Philip White, writing from Pine Ridge Agency, S. Dak., informs us that he is clerking in a store out there and getting along nicely.

Vicente Figueroa writes from Lebanon, Pa., that he is a cement finisher, and is glad to hear of the good work being done at Carlisle.

Henry Standingelk, who is farming near Ashland, Mont., writes: "I am married and getting along very nicely. I enjoy reading THE ARROW."

Robert Nash, who has completed his course at the monotype school in Philadelphia, was here for a few days visit the first of the month. Robert is now ready for a position.

F. M. Marques, who completed a course of four years in mechanical engineering on January 12, 1915, is now working for the New York Railroad

Company, and says that he expects to visit old Carlisle soon or during Commencement.

William M. Patterson, Jr., informs us that he is employed in concrete construction work and says: "I am thankful for what Carlisle has done for me. It has been a great help in whatever I undertake."

Word comes to us from Peter Jackson that he is night foreman in the Santa Fe Railroad shop at La Junta, Colo., and although he has a good position he is anxious to return to Carlisle this fall to continue his studies.

Mrs. Arthur E. Eide, nee Annie Coodlalook, writes to the Carlisle Press as follows: "Am sorry to bother so much, but I cannot go without my dear old school paper and THE RED MAN. I have changed my name and address."

Dr. James E. Johnson, class 1901, who married Florence Welch, class 1905, now of San Juan, P. R., sends his dues to the Alumni Association, and says in part: "We expect to make our Alma Mater a short visit next summer while we are on our vacation to the States. We are planning to tour from New York City to Wisconsin, our home State, in our auto and will include Carlisle as one of our stops and hope it will be our good fortune to meet many graduates and ex-students."

Mrs. P. A. Johnson, nee Julia Pena of Perris, Cal., writes: "I am very glad to be able to send in one dollar as a subscription to the Alumni Quarterly Magazine. I am getting along very nicely at my new home. I used to live in San Diego, but I like it better here, as I am living on a farm. I am always glad to hear about the progress Carlisle is making, and I hope it will continue. I will close with best wishes for success to the Alumni Association, not forgetting all my classmates, who are the present freshman class.

Thomas Medicinehorse writes to Mr. Carns, instructor in painting, as follows:

"I suppose you have forgotten me by this time and if not you may wonder what I am doing or how I get along since I left Carlisle.

"I am a family of six. I have a boy and a girl attending school and glad to say to you or to any one that I have a happy home, cultivating a large tract of land and self-supporting and always proud that I can say I have been to Carlisle to learn how to paint and farm. My wife have also been to Carlisle—that makes everything in our home clean and food well cooked for our children.

"In another year I expect to bring my oldest boy to Carlisle and to let him stay till he is better prepared than I was when I took up the life I am living.

"In these days I have often thought of General Pratt's advice in saying "Stay here." I realize now that I did not stay there long enough.

"These few lines leave me in good health and I hope they will find you the same. I am one of the boys you taught to paint."

PARTNERS

SAID a whiskey flask to a cigarette,
"I'd like to make a good-sized bet
That I can get more scalps than you,
Although your victims ain't so few."
Said the cigarette to the whiskey flask,
"Well, that's as easy as I could ask,
For I give kids their downward start;
Then you pinch in and do your part.
They come to you with burning thirst,
But I'm the fellow that see 'em first;
So most of them should count for me;
I'll take the bet; it's a cinch, d'y' see."
Then the whiskey flask had this to say:
"I never look at the things that way;
But I must confess you spoke the truth;
'Tis you that tackles the foolish youth;
YOU fill his system with dopey smoke;
I mould him into a first-class soak.
We work together far too well
To quarrel even for a spell."
So the whiskey flask and the cigarette
Shook hands together, called off the bet
And away they sauntered side by side
Hunting for victims far and wide;
In every corner of the nation,
Partners in crime and ruination.
So here's our warning, on the level,
Shun them as you would shun the Devil.

CARVETH

LIFT off the Red Man's burden—
Not with a tyrant's hand;
But with a righteous purpose,
By justice firmly stand.
Be watchful, brave, and earnest,
Let naught your hopes dismay,
Hold fast to truth and onward plod,
Where duty leads the way.