THE RED MAN

An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians

SEPTEMBER 1915

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Published Monthly by THE CARLISLE INDIAN PRESS

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Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
  And make me a man again, just for tonight;
Let me shake off these vile rags that I wear,
  Cleanse me from all this foul stain that I bear;
Oh, let me stand where I stood long ago,
  Freed from these sorrows, unknown to this woe;
Freed from a life that is cursing my soul
  Unto death while the years of eternity roll.

Backward, turn backward, O fast flowing stream!
  Would that my life could prove only a dream!
Let me forget the black sins of the past;
  Let me undo all the folly so fast;
Let me live over the dark life that is gone,
  Bring back the dark, wasted years that are flown,
Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight!
  And make me a man again just for tonight.

Backward? Nay time rushes onward and on;
  'Tis the dream that comes back of the days that are gone;
I yielded my strength when I could have been strong:
  I would fly, but, alas, I had lingered too long!
The hell-hound had seized me—my will was not mine,
  Destruction was born in the sparkling of wine!
So, in weakness, I totter in gloom to the grave,
  A sovereign in birth, but in dying—a slave.

A magazine issued in the interest of the Native American

The Red Man

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TULALIP FISHERMAN AND SALMON

Press Comments

COMMISSIONER Sell's report that the Indians have been furnished three times as much seed this spring as usual attests the progress of the economic programme of his department. Within the year the Indian Bureau has purchased $1,500,000 worth of cattle, horses, and sheep for its wards out of their own moneys or from reimbursable funds; and to one tribal reservation in Montana alone have been sent nearly ten thousand blooded cattle. Under what Washington calls "aggressive encouragement" this reservation cut and stacked five thousand tons of hay last summer. Another $1,500,000 will be spent within the next twelvemonth, for by the use of Indian resources the Bureau can partially overcome the handicap in the reduction of its last appropriation. The *Red Man* speaks with warmth of a new plan of disbursement of tribal funds, whereby a careful investigation of every member of the tribe determines whether he is to have restricted use of his allotment, unrestricted use, or is to be denied immediate possession of it altogether. The needs of the Indian are many, and his education, the improvement of sanitary conditions, and his protection against white aggression demand a more liberal grant of Federal funds; but with means now at hand much can be accomplished in industrial and agricultural improvement, and Commissioner Sells and Secretary Lane seem to have found a way.—*New York Post.*

WE believe that the boys and girl in Indian school are not sufficiently impressed with money values, the value of labor, the cost of materials, and how much it means to make a living for themselves. Too often they learn how to spend but have little idea of how to get the money. They come home from school with cultivated tastes, but with no notion of "paying the freight." They at once begin to yell for "their funds," want to sell some land or get a patent so they can borrow at a bank and give a mortgage.

Hampton, Tuskogee, and a few other schools have the idea, and we must all come to it if we are to be worthy of our place. We are too often

up-to-date with the leaves and flowers of education, and not sufficiently awake to the roots, trunk, and deep sturdy growth needed to supply the nourishment for life. Too many of our schools produce cut flowers stuck in a glass of water, rather than deep, rooted plants able to stand against the winds and rains of life and bring forth fruit.

At Shawnee we are trying to learn how to make an honest living We want to grow to be strong, healthy citizens with both feet planted in the dirt. We want to be worthy of respect and confidence, able to think for ourselves. This is our idea of what an education should do for us.—*The Indian Scout.*

A PARTY of tourists passing through the Osage Indian Reservation in Oklahoma, last week spied a group of squaws and papooses at a way station. Squalid and dirty, robed in faded blankets and cast-off clothing, they presented a pathetic appearance.

One lady remarked: "The poor things; they look half starved. I thought the Government took care of these unhappy creatures."

Wherewith she tossed them a handful of small coin for which the kids scrambled, while the squaws looked on and grinned.

The lady went upon her way with a comfortable feeling that she had, at least, fed a hungry mouth or two.

We hope she doesn't see this; we hate to burst a rainbow bubble. But those self-same Indians enjoy an annual income of $2,500 for every man, woman, and child in the tribe, from leases on their oil lands.

Lo! the poor savages, indeed!—*Des Moines News.*

THE report comes from Auburn that a party headed by Arthur C. Parker, of Albany, while excavating on the site of an ancient camp of the Algonquins at the foot of Owasco Lake, discovered the ruins of a fort once occupied by the Cayuga Indians and have already unearthed more than 100 relics.

No mistake was made in appointing Arthur C. Parker State archaeologist. A descendant of a Seneca chief, his knowledge of the Indian language and his prestige with the Indians on the reservations of this State have enabled him to make New York's collection of Indian relics the finest in the country. The collection already in the State museum is of immense value and it will be still more complete before he finishes his labors. But the collection of relics illustrating the ancient life and customs of the aborgines is but a small part of what he has accomplished. He has gathered many ancient traditions of the Indians of this State

and preserved them in State museum bulletins that are intensely interesting and crammed with information.

Many traditions and myths of the Indians of this State would have been forever lost to posterity had it not been for his enthusiastic and intelligent labors. His services to the State cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents.—*Albany Argus.*

IF you meet an Indian or a set of Indians, do not make signs in order to try to make yourself understood. If you do the chances are that you will make a double-barreled fool of yourself and the Indians will give you the laugh. We are reminded of all this by the story which comes from Sioux City, Iowa, where two college students from the East saw a number of Winnebago Indians. The white students tried to converse with the Indians by means of the sign language. The Indians looked at one another, but said nothing. The students made more signs and engaged in all sorts of ridiculous contortions and gestures. Finally the Indians thought it was time to end the joke, and one of them approached the white students, extended his hand, and in the best of English said: "Walker is my name. My friends and I are home from Carlisle for the summer. I am certainly glad to know that you have come to the Golden West to spend your vacation."

The trouble with the simple-minded students from the East was that they did not realize that the Indian has been progressing. Government schools for Indians, such as the one at Carlisle, are responsible for the great change that has been taking place among those of the American aborigines who have survived during the last several centuries of European occupation of their land.

Graduates of the Indian schools, according to accounts from Oklahoma, are taking great interest in the development of their land and in the improvement of conditions among their people, and what is especially gratifying, they are showing good will toward white men.

"Lo, the poor Indian," is an obsolete term. Its substitute is "Lo, the educated Indian."—*Allentown (Pa.) Item.*

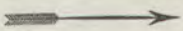
IT can hardly be possible that those who still persist in talking of the passing of the American Indians and who seem to be remarkably successful in getting their articles published, take the trouble to acquaint themselves with the facts. The truth is, if Government reports are to be trusted, and there is no good reason for doubting their accuracy in this respect, instead of passing, the American Indian in the United States is just coming into his own. Of course he is ceasing very largely

to be the picturesque individual he was seventy-five, fifty or even twenty-five years ago. If it is the Indian of the "Wild West" type that is meant, he assuredly is passing, and his passing is no new thing to anybody who knows either the West or the Indian. Visitors to the trans-Missouri region, to the great Southwest, or to the great Northwest, are probably greatly surprised in these days because they do not see blanketed Indians around the railroad stations or Indian villages in their trips into the interior. The blanketed and the nomadic Indian are rare sights in any part of the United States today. Yet Indians are to be seen in plenty if one look for them in the right places, and if one happen to be expert in discerning the Indian from people of other dark-skinned races.

Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, comes pretty near summing up the entire matter when he says, as he told a representative of this newspaper recently: "This spring we have furnished the Indians nearly three times as much seed as during any previous year, and there is every indication that they are becoming thoroughly aroused to their industrial opportunity. This is true not only along farming lines, but quite as much, if not more so, in stock raising."

There is ample evidence going to show that the Indians are becoming very successful farmers and stock raisers. But no limitation need be placed upon the Indians' capabilities that is not placed upon the capabilities of the white man. In public life and in public office, in the professions and in the trades, Indians are quite as prominent and quite as successful as whites today, considering them relatively. There are many Indians now in responsible positions in the State and National Governments. The advancement of the Indian in the last twenty-five years has been remarkable, and in no way is it more promising than in the fact that he is ready to take the work that lies nearest him, quick in the mastery of its details and ambitious to succeed in it and to progress beyond it.

The Indian is not going; he is coming.—*Christian Science Monitor.*



IT IS not generally known that there are several Indian reservations in the State of New York. One of these reservations consists of six hundred and forty acres and has as inhabitant—one Indian.

It may be asked, What business has the Federal Government upon a New York Indian reservation? Because these Indians have rights which antedate the making of New York State, and which are therefore the business of the Federal Government.

There are about six thousand five hundred Indians in the State. They are divided among widely separated reservations. Some of these

are of particular interest; for instance, that near Southampton, Long Island, where the rise in value of land has been prodigious, owing to the nearness of a notable summer resort. The Salamanca Reservation is also of especial interest for the reason that the city of Salamanaca stands on it.

It is supposed that the reservations do really reserve the Indian land from white settlement and from the danger which besets the Indian in the form of liquor and yet the records go to show that the Indians are not much worse off with regard to the liquor vice than are the whites.

Some of the reservations preserve the old Indian traditions, language, customs, and manners. It is even claimed that a few Indians in the northern reservations of the State do not understansd the English language.—*Outlook.*

SPOPEE, the Piegan Indian who gained wide notoriety by reason of a murder trial in which he was defendant and was convicted and then pardoned, is dead. Spopee had been made the theme of a song and story because of the romantic trial, there being a wide belief thet he was innocent of the crime in that he killed in self-defense.

After conviction Spopee was sent to the Federal prison at Leavenworth, but because of his peculiar conduct he was taken from there to an asylum at Washington, where he was detained until his pardon.—*Duluth Herald.*

THE California Indian living in tribal relations or on a reservation is not entitled to attend the public schools of the State, according to an opinion received recently by Edward Hyatt, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, from Attorney-General U. S. Webb. According to the opinion of Webb, Government reservations are districts apart from school districts, thus discriminating against Indian youths who desire educational advantages.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

LAUDING the system of Indian education in the United States as being superior to that in vogue in other schools and colleges, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, of Boston, son of ex-President Charles Eliot of Harvard and member of the National Board of Indian Commissioners, evoked considerable enthusiasm at the Congress on Indian Progress.

Dr. Eliot said: "I can truly say, after mature investigation and deliberation, that the Indian system of schooling in this country is the best America has.

"The Indian system recongizes that education is not the accumulation

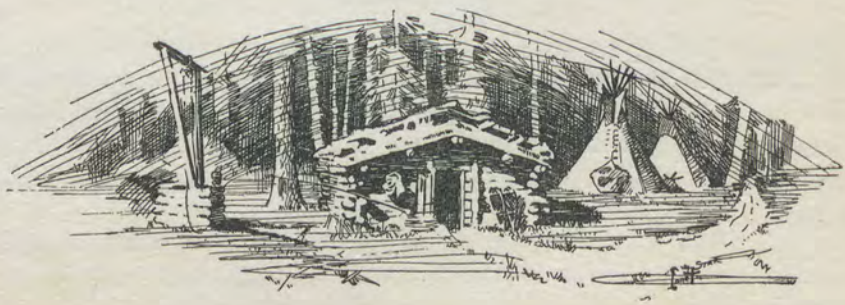
of facts, but the interpretation and application of facts. The end of the Indian's education is not the acquisition of knowledge so much as the acquiring of power."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THERE are still living in New York State, and on State reservations, 4,451 Indians, and of these relics of the numerous tribes that populated the State in the days of which Cooper romances nearly eight hundred are pagans, and as many do not speak English. In ten years the Indian population has declined by more than six hundred. But that there should be the large percentage of pagans among these Indians in a State full of churches and Christian agencies that send large contributions abroad every year for evangelization work is a discredit.—*Newark Star.*

TITLE to 64,000 acres or land valued at more than $1,000,000, comprising the odd-numbered sections in the Spokane Indian Reservation, was decided in favor of the Indians and white settlers, who had obtained Government patents to the land, by Federal Judge Rudkin, in the Federal District Court here. The Northern Pacific Railway was the plaintiff in the suit.

In his decision, Judge Rudkin says:

"To repudiate the claim of the Indians at this late day because of technical rules of law of which the Indians were totally ignorant would be an act of perfidy such as the Government has never been guilty of in all its dealings with the numerous tribes of Indians within its borders."—*Portland Oregonian.*



Indians of Puget Sound:

*By Dr. Charles M. Buchanan.**

THE Indian of Puget Sound stands unique in Indian history. Ever has he supported and subsisted himself. Never has he been supported or subsisted, either by the Federal Government or by the State government. There is a very common local misapprehension that the Government feeds, clothes, and maintains the Puget Sound Indian, but that is a mistake. The Government does none of these things and has never done any of them. The Indian has supported and maintained himself. No Indian has given more to the white man—no Indian has received less. Even during the Indian war the Indians of the Tulalip Agency were the friends and allies of the Government. They maintained, under Pat Kanim, a band of eighty friendly Indian scouts cooperating with the military forces of the United States Government. (See pages 173–175 of the report of the Adjutant General of the National Guard of Washington, 1892–93, giving the "Muster Roll of Friendly Indians of the Snohomish and Scanamish Tribes," where the name of Pat Kanim, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, "leads all the rest.")

The treaty of Point Elliott was made by Governor Isaac Ingalls Stevens at Mukilteo or Point Elliott, Washington, January 22, 1855 (12 Stats., 927). This treaty provided for the Tulalip Agency and its reservations—Tulalip, Lummi, Swinomish, and Port Madison (or "Old Man House"). By such said treaty the Indians

*Superintendent Tulalip Indian Agency.

of Tulalip Agency ceded to the white man all of the land lying between the summit of the Cascades on the east, the western shore of Puget Sound on the west, Point Pully or Three-Tree Point on the south, and the international boundary line on the north. This area includes all the land lying in the *Counties of Snohomish, Skagit, Whatcom, Island, San Juan, most of King, and a part of Kitsap*—the very choicest and most valuable portion of the State of Washington, including the cities of Seattle (named after one of our old Indian chiefs), Everett and Bellingham—in fact *all* of the many cities and towns on the east side and some on the west side of Puget Sound north of Tacoma. That is to say, the Indians of Tulalip Agency have donated to the white man all of the great townsites of Puget Sound, Tacoma and Olympia alone excepted. No Indian has given more—no Indian has received less!

Under Tulalip are direct descendants of old Chief Seattle, Chief Pat Kanim, Chow-its-hoot, Goliah, and other well-known chiefs, who were among the original signers of the Tulalip treaty. Chief Seattle is buried in our cemetery at Port Madison and Chief Pat Kanim is buried in our cemetery at Tulalip. Many Tulalip school children and their parents are the now living representatives of the ancient Indian donors who gave an almost priceless gift to their white neighbors. Against such neighbors the Tulalip Indians have never raised their hands in tribal war or bloodshed. The hostile Indians were of other tribes and treaties.

The Indians of Puget Sound were a self-supporting people because they were and are a fisher folk, subsisting on the bounty of the sea and the game of both sea and shore. Long before the advent of the white man to this vicinity these Indians maintained valuable fishery locations and depended thereupon for their "daily bread." When the white men first came they made no attempt to dispossess the Indian from his natural resources—on the contrary they affirmed these resources to the Indian by solemn treaty pledges. It is a right that is vital to these Indian people, a right that has been neither questioned nor disturbed for over half a century—until now, until within the past five or ten years. Since the days of recent more serious settlement, however, these locations have become the causes of endless disputes and endless attempts to dispossess the Indian by legal technicalities and quibbles. Some of the old people for years maintained the firm faith and belief

PRIMITIVE INDIAN DWELLING AT TULALIP—AN OLD MEDICINE MAN AND HIS WIFE

WINNING TROOP, ANNUAL COMPETITIVE DRILL, 1915.—CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

that: "The Great Spirit gave these things to us and no man can take them from us!"

The Puget Sound Indian was, in the very beginning, much less liberally treated than most other Indians of the country. His reservations (especially under Tulalip Agency) were pitifully diminished in size when compared with others elsewhere and he was, moreover, left to subsist and maintain himself—which, to his credit be it said, he has done. This treatment aroused no resentment. The Indians of Tulalip Agency accepted these diminished reservations in good faith and violated no part or portion of the faith now and then always maintained by them with the white man. They have never tribally shed white man's blood, they have never fought the whites but have always cooperated with the United States Government. Nevertheless these diminished reservations were, in part, with neighboring Indians, the direct cause of the Indian war of 1855—56, which war was fomented and aided by the Indians of the Puyallup Agency to the south of us (*and their reservations were thereupon increased.*) The Indians of Tulalip Agency accepted the diminished reservations in good faith *because their treaty solemnly guaranteed to them the more important and more valuable fishing and hunting privileges which they valued more than land.* This was vital because it assured them their daily bread, their very means of subsistence and existence. Now, however, that the whites occupy, utilize, and capitalize both land and water, there is a very distinct tendency to crowd the Indian from either or both—not only land and water, but also the birds of the air.

Naturally and inevitably the aborigines inhabiting the littoral are largely dependent upon the bounty of the sea for support and therefore become a fisher folk—as happened in this case. For this reason the United States Government found these people a self-supporting people and they have since so remained. Never have they been fed, supported, or subsisted by either Federal or State government—a position unique in Indian history. The natives' natural larders have been chiefly the shell-fish and fishery locations which usually adjacent to the mouths of the great rivers of this vicinity. These resources have hitherto been sufficient to subsist and maintain our Indian people. Such resources, however, have naturally lessened with the advent of the white man; more recently,

the use of large capital, mechanical assistance, numerous great traps, canneries, etc., and other activities allied to the fishery industry, have greatly lessened and depleted the Indians' natural sources of food supply. In addition thereto the stringent and harsh application of the State game and fish laws to the Indians have made it still and increasingly precarious for him to procure his natural foods in his natural way.

Much of this has been done under color and allegation of law. An empty larder, however, is an empty larder. The pinch of poverty and hunger are none the less severe because the man who has taken your means of subsistence has done so under cover of law and the appearance of legal right. The Indian is aware of no defect, default or transgression on his part—*ergo* he argues, it must be that that transgression is upon the part of the white man—*post hoc propter hoc.* One by one his richer and remoter fishery locations have been stripped from him while the law appeared to hold him helpless and resourceless. Driven back to his reservation by the discriminatory operation of the white man's game and fishery laws (which may apprehend an Indian seeking a duck for dinner for his family), he is compelled to utilize the fishery locations immediately adjacent to his reservation. Now the aggressive whites are seeking even these and driving him (still under cover of law, perhaps, but none the less certainly) from these. The fishery rights adjacent to the Lummi littoral have been held in common by the Lummis from ancient times, and it is from these that the white man is now seeking to oust him. To this he naturally objects for several reasons, (1) it deprives or seeks to deprive him of a natural right, (2) it deprives or seeks to deprive him of his ancient and natural food and food supplies and his treaty rights relative thereto, and (3) even the aboriginal fisherman cannot fish on shore, on land. The Lummi Indians therefore, as a body, protest vehemently against the encroachments of the whites upon their ancient fisheries and especially those immediately adjacent to their reservation regardless of such rights as the *white man may have given himself* in the premises.

If the white man takes from the Indian the latter's natural means of support the white man is in honor and in equity bound to supply the Indian with other and immediate means of support. It is neither a full nor a direct answer to this question to state that it all comes about by the operation of great natural laws, such as the sur-

vival of the fittest, etc. It has come about by the operation of laws which the white mam himself has made for the white man's benefit. The Indian has never been given any power to make laws either for himself or for others.

The executive orders establishing the reservations of Tulalip Agency stipulate low water mark as the shore boundary line. Beyond that the Indian is in the jurisdiction of the State, technically; and yet beyond that he must go to secure his fish or his ducks, the natural foods upon which he lives and has always lived, and which the treaty guarantees to him. The State issues fishing licenses and under the protection and permission thereof the white licentiate may approach the immediate littoral of the reservation and occupy in this manner the ancient fisheries of the Indians immediately adjacent to their reservations—*and to the exclusion of the Indian therefrom.* Is this "*in common*?" Where then is the Indian to fish—in his forest? Is it after all to be a case of

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb
But don't go near the water."

When the treaty was made our Indians called to the attention of the white treaty makers that the Indian's interests lay in the water as much as, if not more than on land. He expected the treaty to take care of his interests in that respect and he believed and still believes that it has done so. Article 5 of the Treaty of Muckl-te-oh or Point Elliott (12 Stat., 927) provides as follows:

> The right of taking fish at usual and acoustomed grounds and stations is further secured to said Indians in common with all citizens of the Territory, and of erecting temporary houses for the purpose of curing, together with the privilege of hunting and gathering roots and berries on open and unclaimed lands. *Provided, However*, that they shall not take shell-fish from any beds staked or cultivated by citizens.

The Indian claims that the above article secured and still secures to him special privileges, for a Federal treaty is the paramount law of the land. In the Alaska Packers' Association case in Judge Hanford's court (Seattle, Wash.) the judge held that the treaty guaranteed to the Indian common rights in State territory subject to the same restrictions as might be imposed upon citizens at such

point. This determination appears not to have been subsequently confirmed. In the case of Winans (U. S. vs. Winans, 198 U. S., 371), there appears to be a direct reversal of this holding.

These things all tend to show not only the struggle that is being made by the Indian for his ancient right and ancient food but also the struggle on the part of the State to take this from him *even on his own reservation* as is seen in the case of George and Ross at Lummi and even more recently in the arrest of Casimir Sam (a Tulalip Reservation Indian) for shooting ducks for his own subsistance on the immediate waters of Tulalip Reservation.

The contention has been made that the cited Article 5 of the treaty guarantees to the Indian the same privilege (including licensure,etc.) that it does to a citizen, but when it is borne in mind that the whites outnumber the Indian in this State more than 10 to 1 and when it is further borne in mind that most of the valuable fishery and hunting grounds are adjacent to if not in the Indian country, and that trap locators may apparently acquire ancient fishery locations and exclude Indians, the guarantee of equality is more apparent than real—it is shadow rather than substance. Referring to the session laws, Washington, 1909, page 143, competent attorneys contend that the requirements for licensure are qualifications of citizenship and residence that can not be met by a reservation Indian and therefore a reservation Indian is debarred from a lawful license, while citizens of the State may readily obtain them. Is this holding rights in common? There can be no doubt but that the Indian is being thereby deprived of his treaty rights. If we take from the Indian or permit to be taken from him the treaty guarantees of his natural larders, his ancient food, his ancient fisheries, then the last reliance, the last resource of the Indian is gone and we are in honor bound to furnish the Indian with that means of self-support, or its equivalent, which we have taken from him.

Until very recent years the local game wardens and the local courts have pursued a liberal policy in administering the game and fish laws *so far as their application to local Indians were concerned and even when those Indians might be technically guilty of violations of the letter of the law rather than its spirit.* It is admitted and recognized that this was primarily Indian country; that this environment had years ago determined the necessary modes of existence and subsistence which the inhabitants must follow; that

these modes were directly and vitally dependent upon the resources of the local environment, and that the Indian was inevitably subject to these conditions. When the white man came he too was dependent upon the same condition and his subsequent development of the country was a development of the natural resources of the country, all of which were more or less involved in the Indian's manner and means of existence adjacent to salt water. The expleitation of the great natural resources (especially the timber and fishery resources) made increasingly precarious and difficult the Indian's maintenance and subsistence of himself—*he has always been self-supporting*, be it said to his credit! This crucial condition increases with time—it does not diminish. It bears with especial rigor upon the older Indian to whom no other way or manner of life than the old one is either known or reasonably possible. The Indian of Puget Sound has always lived chiefly upon fish, shell fish, ducks, berries and *feras naturas;* his dependence upon them has been not occasional but continual. He has therefore always taken them when and where he could—not because he chose to do so but because he must do so to live. He did not do this for sport or pleasure but for daily bread, as other men work at their daily tasks that mean and bring subsistence. All of these things appear to have been realized, until recently, by those officials charged with the execution of the State laws pertinent thereto. Consequently the Indians were harassed by no technicalities or quibbles of abstract law where life and living were concerned and had to be concerned. But that happy condition and wise administration appear to have passed away and a new time has come in which the Indian himself is game with no closed season in his favor. It is too bad indeed that the Indian does not have the good fortune to be a migratory duck so that he might have the protection of some special legislation that he might be given at least a fighting chance for his life and his living too! Of course the Indian cannot be actually eaten but life is as precious and as necessary to him as to a duck.

The State administration of its hunting and fishing affairs is now in the hands of its fish commissioner, who has shown no predilection for Indians. The county wardens are the deputies of the fish commissioner who is State game warden *ex officio.* How drastic, harsh and unjust a policy this official is pursuing may be judged by

consulting some of his cases. I refer more particularly to the Judge Hardin decision in the case where Patrick George and Dan Ross, two Indians of Lummi Indian Reservation, *fishing within the bounds of Lummi Reservation, were arrested by him and haled into court and thus subjected to the annoyance, humiliation, and expense of an unnecessary defence* in addition to the valuable time which they lost from their fishery operations. In this case the superior court held against the State fish commissioner and in his anger thereat he threatened to re-arrest the same Indians and bring them into court again and again for the same offense by virtue of arbitrary use of plenary power vested in his office. It may be judged therefrom (when attempts are made to pursue Indians on their own reservations) what drastic steps and courses may be pursued against Indians off their reservations. Such courses destroy the former cooperation between reservation authorities and the local State authorities in these matters. This drastic and unreasonable activity is depriving our Indians (and particularly our needy old people who depend upon the hunting and skill of themselves and of their young men) of their natural food which now renders them and has always hitherto rendered them independent of Government maintenance—self-supporting and self-subsisting. The drastic construction and application of the game and fishing laws will deprive him of much of his means that have made him independent and self-supporting. To take away those means will ultimately drive some to beggary or to theft. We rely upon the same treaty rights as obtained in the Mattson case. We think they cover. The treaty covers both fishing and hunting. These subjects are administered by the same State officer in State territory and many, if not most of the provisions of the State law are similar or parallel if not identical.

The first act in this State relative to Indians fishing is found in the Session Laws, 1891, page 171, *and has never been repealed so far as I am aware.* Indeed, this same provision is now to be found in Rem. & Ball., sec. 5207:

> Nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent citizens of any State having a concurrent jurisdiction with this State over or upon any rivers or waters, from fishing upon such rivers or waters; *provided that this act shall not apply to Indians.*

Here a specific exemption is made in favor of Indians, recognizing the necessities of the case, admitting the necessity for his

maintenance of himself in his old and accustomed way so far as securing his accustomed food at accustomed places and in accustomed manners is concerned. Hunting is a part and parcel of the same necessitous condition and is specifically recognized as such in the treaty. In the State the two subjects are handled and administered by the same department and official. It is believed that the same exemption in favor of Indians was intended in the matter of game even though it is not so specifically set out as is the question of fishing. Indeed, many persons are under the impression that such a specific exemption of the Indian exists even in the game laws (though I do not find it myself except by implication). There is a substantial public sentiment with the Indians in this matter and opposed to the games warden's action and these substantial citizens suggest that we send a representative committee of intelligent Indians to call upon the legislature and ask the legislature to make the implied exemption of hunting by Indians an express and specific exemption.

In September of 1913, 10-G, the County Game warden, through one of his deputies, arrested Casimir Sam, an Indian of the Tulalip Reservation, for duck shooting in waters that we claim are a portion of Tulalip Reservation (which question is now involved in our case against the Snohomish River Boom Company at present pending in the Federal court). Casimir Sam was arrested, taken away and placed in jail in Everett to be held for trail. The deputy game warden then came upon the reservation and forcibly removed the ducks which he alleged had been killed *off the reservation*, and the deputy warden swore to this in his complaint. A change of venus (for prejudice) was secured and a jury trail demanded. The jury declined to credit or accept any of the evidence offered by the game warden or his deputies (all of which was untrue in every material point, upon cross-examination the deputy even admitting that he did not actually see Casimir Sam shooting) but did accept the evidence offered by Casimir Sam that he was upon his reservation and within his rights. The jury exonerated and acquitted the Indian and repudiated the game warden. Yet this wrongful arrest of Casimir Sam by the county game warden deprived the Indian and his family of his liberty and earning capacity for several days, humiliated him and subjected him to the unnecessary (otherwise) expense of $50.00 for an attorney to defend

him and prove his innocence—which said amount was raised by subscription and paid, for Casimir had no funds. The sum was subscribed chiefly by interested Indians and myself—no outsiders were asked to contribute, though there was and is a strong local sentiment in favor of the Indian in this matter.

The Indians' equitable rights in all of these instances are strong, undoubted. But it is not solely upon the equities of his case that he must rest—the preponderance of conclusions of law as well as those of findings of fact are usually with the Indian. The Superior Court of the State of Washington in and for the county of Whatcom has repeatedly so decided. The most recent of several cases were those against Dan Ross and Patrick George (both Indians of the Lummi Indian Reservation of Tulalip Agency), for alleged unlawful fishing without a license. These said cases were tried before Judge Hardin of the aforesaid court on October 29th, 1913. The issues were not decided by a jury trial but the cases were heard and decided by the Judge strictly on the legal issues and merits. Judge Hardin delivered a long, written opinion in the said cases on Tuesday, November 4th, 1913. The newspapers gave extended notice to it at the time, deeming the cases of much importance—as, indeed, they are. The Judge passed upon the cases from the standpoint of the treaty and also construed the provisions of the State constitution and the enabling act under which Washington territory was admitted into the sisterhood of States. The rights of the Indians, under the pledges and guaranties of their treaty as aforesaid, were featured strongly in the presentation of the cases in court. Judge Hardin concluded his opinion as follows:

> If it be conceded, therefore, that the point where the defendants were fishing was *without the reservation,* yet the ground where they were fishing at the time, *being a usual and accustomed place of fishing by the Indians at the time of the making of the treaty,* the defendants would have, by reason of article 5 of the treaty, the right, in common with white men, *to fish thereat and without license from the State.*

There is complete recognition of both cause and effect, without quibble or equivocation. The judge states clearly the special privileges of the Indians and clearly assigns and allocates them to the aforesaid treaty. The judge further stated, orally, at the time,

that to his mind the law was so plain that it did not admit of any controversy.

The rights of the Indians have been recognized in many ways and have been affirmed by many courts—Federal as well as State. The following citations are given as of especial interest in this connection:

U. S. vs. Winans,	198	U. S.,	371.
Seufert vs. Olney,	193	Fed.,	200.
U. S. vs. Taylor,	3	Wash. Ter.,	88.
Harkness vs. Hyde,	98	U. S.,	237.
In re Blackbird,	109	Fed.,	139.
U. S. vs. Kagama,	118	U. S.,	375.

Hitherto much reliance if not sole reliance has been placed by our opponents on the Alaska Packers' Association case, heard by Judge Hanford, and in which the judge affirmed that no special or peculiar privileges accrued on these points to the Indians by reason of the Indian treaty! The case of U. S. vs. Winans (*supra*) completely reverses Judge Hanford's holdings, however, in the aforesaid case. The Seuffert vs. Olney case, the U. S. vs. Taylor case, both of them, refer to the treaty and are strong decisions. Indeed, in the U. S. vs. Taylor case (3 Wash. Ter., 88) an injunction was granted restraining a property owner from maintaining a fence that cut off access to fishing grounds *which were some fifty or sixty miles distant from the reservation!*

The requirements to obtain State licensure are citizenship, or a declaration of citizenship, and a residence for one year prior thereto; the present act has a provision that nothing in the said act shall prevent the issuance of licenses to Indians *who possess the qualifications of citizenship, and residence hereinbefore required.* How then can a reservation Indian possibly obtain a lawful license? If the conditions of the State laws make it impossible for such Indians to obtain such licenses, why should the Indian be penalized therefor? Why should the Indian be punished for failing to do what the State laws make it impossible for him to do?

Prior reference herein has been had to the fact that the first act in this State relative to Indians fishing is found in the Session Laws of 1891, at page 171. This act has never been repealed and is now found in Rem. & Ball., Sec. 5207. It reads as follows:

> SEC. 5207. Nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent citizens of any State having a concurrent jurisdiction with this State over or upon any rivers or waters, from fishing upon such rivers or waters; provided that this act shall not apply to Indians.

"*Provided that this act shall not apply to Indians!*" That has not been repealed, but is it observed?

In 1909 the legislature, in the act relative to the taking of salmon and other food fish and providing for licenses, has the following in Session Laws of 1909, page 143:

> Provided that nothing in this act or any other act shall prevent any person residing in this State from taking salmon or other fish by any means at any time for consumption by himself and family.

Has that act ever been repealed?

What, then, gentlemen, are we asking and why are we asking it? Our reasons have all preceded this portion of our statement. It only remains to state that which we must earnestly beseech of the law givers of our State, for we wish to be, as we have always been, law abiding and law respecting with all due respect and loyalty to duly constituted authority and properly enacted law. We ask you to make it possible for the Indian to live, to live lawfully, to live lawfully on the food and food sources which he knows, has always known, and which are or should be at his disposal, to make it possible thereby for him to live at peace and in good will with his white neighbor and ancient friend. This we ask, this we beseech of you, to rewrite into the laws of our State, to confirm again to the Indian the exemption privileges conferred upon him by the first act in this State relative to Indians fishing (Session Laws, page 171). This has never been repealed and is now found in Rem. & Ball., Sec. 5307. Confirm to the Indian also the privileges of the act of 1909 found in Session Laws, 1909, page 143. Also please make the requirements procedent to licensure more explicit and less ambiguous, and since the conditions embodied in the requirements of the law make it practically impossible for reservation Indians to lawfully acquire a lawful license, please have that fact stated explicitly beyond doubt and peradventure. In order that the laws may state more clearly and explicitly their plain purpose and full intent on all of these points, we ask, in the name of our ancient friendship, in the name of our present wardship, and in the name of our future citizenship, that the proper and necessary amendments be

made to the said laws and acts to make further quarrels, clashes, and litigation both unnecessary and undesirable on these said points. We not only wish to live, we must live—it is the wish, the desire, and the design of the Great Spirit that we do so, for to that end and purpose has He placed the Indian here and watched over him. It is equally important not only that we live but that we live in peace, harmony, and friendship with our white friends and the laws which *they* make but which *we* have not the privilege of making. In the name of all these things, friends and neighbors, do we ask you to open your hearts to the Indian and in your minds to generously and kindly remember us who were your ancient friends and allies in the only Indian war that this vicinity has ever known. That is the proud history of the Indian tribes of the Tulalip Agency signatory to the treaty of January 22nd, 1855 (12 Stats., 927), at Mukilteo, Washington. Friends, to your friendly hearts, to your kindly intelligence, and to your generous spirits do we, your ancient and faithful friends, confidently appeal our case.

Indian Dances in the Southwest:

By Herbert J. Spinden in the American Museum Journal.

THE numerous dances of the Pueblo Indians are never entirely free from a religious idea. Some are so deeply religious that they are jealously guarded from all profane eyes and are held at night in underground lodges. The war captain's men keep watch at every road so that no outsider can glimpse the masked dancers impersonating gods. Even in the underground lodges the faces of the uninitiated children are covered while the dance is in progress so that they may hear but not see. This secretiveness is most developed in the villages along the Rio Grande, in New Mexico, where the native religion has encountered the opposition of the Catholic church for nearly four hundred years. Other dances are held in the plaza of the village, and here visitors are usually tolerated, while on the annual feast day of each pueblo they are welcome to a more or less innocuous entertainment.

The characteristic dance of the Pueblo Indians are strikingly different from these wild gyrations that we associate with the nomadic and warlike plains Indians. There are, to be sure, a number of such dances—Enemy dances they are called—that have been taken bodily from this or that wild tribe and are known by the tribe's name, such as the Cheyenne dance, the Pawnee dance, the Navajo dance. These foreign dances are mostly concerned with war and are not regarded as having any important religious character. Yet it is significant that title to use them was obtained by purchase or trade before the dances were included in the village repertory. Of course the foreign songs had to be learned by note and a special set of costumes made in keeping with the place of origin.

In one of the introduced dances that is popular at Taos—a woman's dance and therefore not gymnastic—there is first in the center a chorus of men. Some of these sit around a large drum which they beat in unison, while others kneel and mark time by scraping notched sticks that rest on a log for a sounding board. Around them in a circle, or half-circle, are dancing girls. They are not in their every-day Pueblo attire of woven blanket dress with colored belt and white deerskin boots but in the fringed deerskin of their plains-bred sisters, with moccasins and leggings. Scarcely lifting their feet from the ground, as they keep time to the song and the throbbing rhythm of the drum and the notched stick instruments, the girls move around the circle using their two hands in a graceful ward-

ing-off motion. Outside the circle of girls is a larger circle of men in blankets, each resting his right arm across the shoulder of the man in front and all moving in a direction opposite to that taken by the girl dancers. These men represent Pueblo Indian visitors at the camp of the plains Indians. The girl dancers and the inner course of men are the hosts who provided the entertainment.

While the steps in many Indian dances are simple in the extreme, there is a delicate pulsing rhythm that effects the whole body and makes the dance almost impossible of imitation for one of another race. Dances in which both men and women appear is perhaps more common among Pueblo Indians than elsewhere in North America. There is rarely the slightest body contact between dancers of different sexes and never an embrace such as characterizes our own dances of pleasure.

Pueblo dances proper are mostly concerned with rain, fruitful harvests, and abundant supplies of game. Much of the prescribed regalia represents clouds, falling water, and blossoming plants. The symbolism is worked out in feather headdress, embroidered aprons, painted wands, etc., and is magical or coercive in character. Wild animals are supposed to be pleased by dances in which they are mimicked and to allow themselves to be killed in return. All the persons chosen for important dances have to undergo four days of preparation and purification during which they are isolated from their townsfolk. The religious heads of the villages, called "caciques," are masters of ceremonies and the war captain and his men are watchers, warders, and providers.

The public dances in the plaza are more or less processional, but the advance is very slow and the footprints in the dust shows how the dancers have inched their way. There are definite spots for stationary dancing and here countermarching is used to make new quadrille-like formations.

A good example of this sort of dance is the so-called Tablita dance, which takes its name from a painted tablet representing clouds that is worn on the heads of women. It is a spring and summer dance connected with maize and is designed to bring rain for the growing crops. The costume is especially devised for this occasion and every detail of dress has a special import. Of course, variations are to be noted from one pueblo to another. On the great feast day of Santo Domingo in August this dance is celebrated and several hundred persons take part in it. Besides the man and woman dancers, who are divided into two divisions according to the social groupings of the clans, there are Chiffoneti or Delight-takers in two orders and a number of individuals painted to represent special mythological beings. The Chiffoneti are clowns whose naked bodies are painted with broad stripes of black and white and whose hair is smeared with mud and tied with corn husk. The ostensible pur-

pose of these clowns is to make merry and to do what mischief they can, but in reality they are the only persons who can conduct the gods of rain and fruitfulness into the villages, and they thus occupy an important esoteric place in Pueblo religious life.

The Buffalo dance, the Deer dance, and the Eagle dance are examples of mimic animal dances. Headdress and body coverings are made when possible from the skins of the animals in question or color is used where skins cannot be worn.

At the secret dances held at night in the underground lodges the dancers wear masks and impersonate the mythological beings. Most of these have definite and well-known characteristics and are at once recognized. Although dances of this sort in the Rio Grande region cannot be seen by outsiders and must be studied from information and native drawings, still similar ones are danced in the open in the Hopi villages of Arizona. The dramatic instinct comes out strongly in some of these secret dances. This is particularly true of the ceremonies preceding the arrival of the masked dancers who represent mythological beings. These mythological beings are supposed to live in the underworld and to come up through lakes and springs when they visit the upper world. The Chiffoneti or clowns are the intermediaries between mortals and these gods.

The caciques determine when a masked dance is to be held and they select the dancers. The latter are locked up for four days and are purified by fasting and ablution. At the appointed time all the villagers go to the underground lodge and seat themselves in readiness for the performance. Soon two clowns appear at the hatchway in the room and come down the ladder. They make merry with the spectators. Then one says to the other, "My brother, from what lake shall we get our masked dancers tonight?" "Oh, I don't know. Let's try Dawn Canyon Lake. Maybe some Cloud people are stopping there." Then one clown takes some ashes from the fireplace and blows it out in front of him. "Look brother," he says, "do you see any cloud people?" They peer across the ash cloud and one says, "Yes, here they come now. They are walking on the cloud. Now they stop at Cottonwood Leaf Lake." Then the other clown blows ashes and the questions are repeated. Thus the Cloud people are drawn nearer and nearer until they enter the village. The clowns become more and more excited and finally cry: "Here they are now!" and the masked dancers stamp on the roof and throw game, fruit, and cakes down the hatchway. When the masked dancers enter, the children are covered, but the older people drink in the divine presence with the palm of the hands as one scoops up and drinks water. These masked dancers may not talk, although they make peculiar sounds. Their wishes are told in pantonime.

Indian Grape Pickers in California:

By D. Bartlett Drown, in The Overland Monthly.

PEOPLE who live in Southern California will tell you that an Indian is about as interesting as a lump of dirt. That may be so, but even a lump of earth may have an absorbing interest for the person who deigns to examine it closely. Nearly every autumn of my life since babyhood I have had such a chance to observe these Southern Indians. I have seen them come to the vineyard districts, lay their camps, live, work, and play, but have not seen them depart, for they did that while I have slept—and none of these things have they done as the white man. Let me tell you of them as I have seen them.

In the quiet valley of El Cajon, late September had come with its Indian summer haze. It was grape-picking time. The grapes hung heavy and rich upon the vines, beneath the reddening leaves, awaiting the hands of their Indian pickers, when through the drowsy air I first heard the "pfad, pfad" of horses' hoofs, and the sound of rattling spokes and loosen tires. Then through the dust appeared scrawny little horses, with tired, filmy eyes, struggling forward with a big lumber wagon loaded with ponderous Indians. The wood of the wagon looked like boards on a much trodden bridge, except where a portion of the original vivid blue remained, and by the way the wheels shook it looked as if they would soon fall to pieces and leave scattered over the road the occupants—flabby squaws, stolid men, and grinning children, all dressed in gorgeous colors of red and blue set off by huge spots of dirt.

The wagon had not been long in view before a group of braves on horseback dashed by, spreading across the road as irresponsibly as a group of school children. In good-natured tones they shouted something back to

those in the wagon, but they were going so quickly that only a few words could be understood.

More vehicles loaded with Indians came into sight and caught up with the first, and as the leaders, coming to the crossing of two roads, perilously dashed around a corner toward the west, they followed.

A short distance past a great pile of rocks, a creek crossed the road. On its borders grew willows, cottonwood and sycamore trees, while beyond in all directions were vineyards.

Here the procession of horsemen and conveyances halted. The men sprang from the wagons and unhitched the horses, while the children tumbled out easily, but only after much exertion did the fat women manage to arrive safely on the ground.

By the time the women were out the wagons had been hauled up to the sycamores and the tongues propped up against the peeling trunks. Young men led the horses towards the rocks, picketed them to trees on either border of the road, and raced back to camp. There they cut willow branches and rapidly built a windbreak, facing the north, and thatched it with twigs.

When the screen was finished they collected stones, and in the dry, sandy couch of the creek built a crude fireplace. Now, according to their idea, the camp was complete. Some of the men sat down on the the sand and talked; others studied the lay of the land, while their chief went to make arrangements with the vineyard owners about the picking.

The chief, whom the Indians called "Captain Fred," and the ranchers "Indian Fred," was a tall man, but his well-expanded chest and limbs made him seem dumpy. He had a big mouth which could be either widened into a childish smile or shortened into grim determination. His brow looked like a newly plowed field, for it was brown like freshly upturned soil, and it was deeply furrowed. Father Time had done that plowing, and, though Father Time was "an old hand at the job," those furrows were far from straight.

In a few minutes Indian Fred came before a large ranch house. He stopped and uttered a loud "Who! Who! Who!" like the hooting of an owl. In answer to the call a man came out at the front door.

"How do you do, Fred?" he asked. But the Indian only grunted and put one broad hand over his chest. For his own people this gesture was impressive, and secured him respectful attention at once. The rancher, however, only smiled at the large, fat hand with stubby fingers so widely stretched apart that the bright calico showed between them.

"When can your men come, Fred, and how large a force can you let me have?"

"Man over there," pointing to the north, "must pick his grapes.

INDIAN WORSHIP—DANCERS, JEMEZ PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO

(Copyright Photo by Schwemberger.)

VIEW IN AN INDIAN PUEBLO OF THE SOUTHWEST

Maybe one day—maybe three day." Waving his hand toward the creek: "They all come to you then."

"All right, Fred, come as soon as you can."

The Indian's mouth let out a short, deep guttural sound which seemed an acquiescence, and, with a mixture of a waddle and a stalk, walked to the camp under the willows.

There, one of the roaming Indians had brought a package of beefsteak, wrapped in a brown paper, and an old woman, with claw like hands, had stretched it across the stone fireplace, and was roasting it. She poked the meat with a long bony finger, while the rest of the Indians sat on crossed legs and taciturnly looked on. Now and then one of the children would run shouting to drive away a dog who, scenting the cooking flesh, had come to investigate.

When at last the meat was done the hag picked it up, and Indian Fred, with his sharp grape knife, cut and dealt it out to the waiting ones. Greedily they devoured it, and for long after it was eaten they squatted upon the ground in silence. The last light of day was gone, and darkness was masking everything but what was close by the fire; even there, shadows were stealthily moving, and a haze of ashes was beginning to veil the red coals when one after another the Indians fell asleep just as they were. They lay there like logs, with no covering but their scanty clothing, no pillows but their hands.

Beyond, were what seemed to be bushes. In reality they were the dusty, aching horses who had dragged their ropes across the road and lay there on their sides, there to be frequently awakened by night travelers who hesitated to drive over the stretched ropes. But nothing disturbed the Indians. They were tired, for the journey down from the mountains had been a tedious one; dust had lain on the road thick and soft as flour. Mountain fires had kept the thermometer high, and no wind had softened the heat. Yet now the air was balmy and a merciful breeze fanned both Indians and sore horses into deeper oblivion, which lasted until earth was again visible.

At five o'clock the morning was warm, though a thick fog filled the air. The Indians watered and restaked their horses, ate a sparing breakfast, and then all but the old women and children started for work. The wrinkled squaws remained by the fire while the children played and ran around, grinning, giggling, and shouting at passers-by.

Meantime the others, led by Fred, had gone to the vineyard. Fred pointed out where each should begin work, and, two at each tray, they commenced picking grapes from the dew-wet vines. When one tray was filled, another was begun. Laughing and chattering they kept at the picking all day,but frequently stopping for drinks from a brown jug placed under the protection of a vine.

The sun was setting when the Indians left off the work and walked up the long avenue under the cypress trees. Then men and women joked with each other; some of them ran races; while the children went ahead, calling back to them, screaming, and turning on and off the water taps which were fixed about a hundred feet apart along the avenue.

At the croquet grounds the men stopped, for they saw scattered balls and mallets leaning against a summer house. Their curiosity was aroused. They understood that there must be some connection between the mallets and the balls. So they seized the mallets and wildly hit the balls. Simply to hit, hear the sound, see the balls roll, more than satisfied them. It struck them funny—so that the usually self-contained men shrieked in astonished merriment and rolled over the ground in amusement.

But duty comes before pleasure—even for an Indian. It was time to water and retake the horses, so the men reluctantly left the grounds to take care of the ponies. They went towards the rock pile, untied the long black-hair picket ropes, coiled them up like lassos, and hung them on their arms. Then each man jumped upon his horse, and urging it to a gallop, tried to get to the water-soaked wooden trough before the others, yet they arrived there together, and tumbling from the horses' backs, opened the gate, and led the creatures to water. As the sturdy animals took long drinks the men leaned on the barbed-wire fence, solemnly and dumbly regarding them. When the horses were satisfied there were more races, for each owner wished to be first to reach the staking grounds, so that his horse should have a choice plot of grass on which to feed.

Meantime from the camp in the creek was ascending the odor of brown beans, blended with the savor of roasting steak, while at intervals came a smell like onions. Darkness had been growing, and at this moment the camp fire was the only source of light, though a lanquid moon, with barely enough light to keep herself visible, was in the east.

The men came in, stretched themselves full length on the ground, and were handed their portion by an old woman; the women were left to get their own, while the children stood around, waiting for their turn, and, when opportunity offered, slyly helped themselves.

Supper was soon over, and with it all work for the evening was done. There were no dishes to wash, for they had used none. So they lay about on the ground till about eight o'clock, when their sport began. The children huddled up to the fire and the men, together with the women, formed in a circle about the fire as a nucleus. Their voices were the "orchestra which discoursed sweet music for their dancing." With this vocal accompaniment, with bodies oscillating to the music, with swaying arms, now erect, now crouching, they danced about the glowing fire. From the western hills came the hungry hollow howls of a prowling coyote;

now arose the short, sharp barks of vigil-keeping dogs; the low of an awakened cow added a note of mournfulness.

The witch-like singing of the Indians continued. The melody in a minor strain was sustained by the braves; the grunts of the old women kept time; above all, the clear voices of the young women played an obligato. As the time passed, the strain grew softer, the dance more dreamy, as one by one the Indians dropped out of the sport and fell asleep, until at two o'clock they appeared like grave mounds in the lingering shadows caused by the fire.

Soundly they slumbered and much they needed to, for the next day, and the next, for the following six weeks was spent as this one. Each day saw the early rising, the poor breakfast, the work, the return to camp in the evening, the watering of the horses, the pungent-smelling supper, and the night dance and song.

But one evening late in October all the grapes were picked. The rancher called the men to him and gave them each a cent and a half for every tray which they had covered with grapes.

The Indians took the money and went back to the creek—but, though it was supper time, they ate nothing—instead they came and handed to Fred their earnings, until altogether he had eight hundred dollars. Then he divided the men into two groups. Each of these selected four from their number, and those eight representatives, together with Fred, who bore the money, proceeded a short way up the creek from the main camp, and on the dry sand built a roaring fire from cottonwood and sycamore stumps.

Fred arranged the two parties in lines facing each other, with the fire between, and laid on the coals some herbs, which gave forth subtle gaseous fumes, temporarily affecting to the mind. The group to the windward grumbled, but the chief answered it by saying: "Ump, that piece game—Ugh, you stay there—morning, wind change." Having thus given his decision, he pulled from his pocket the bleached thigh bone of an eagle, ran through it a dirty string about two feet long, tied the string in the center about the bone in a hard knot, and handed this, which he called a "peon," to the nearest man at the head of the line to the windward. Three more white bones he treated in the same manner; then he fixed four bones, painted black, likewise, and handed them to the same person. Next he gathered fifteen sticks, and, retaining them in one hand, with the other he took a blanket, carried on that arm, and handed it to the man to whom he had given the bones.

The two division of Indians knealt. Fred stood where he could see both. Members with the side with blanket and peons kept the blanket up by their teeth, so as to hide their hands. Then they took in each

palm a peon, the string of which was wrapped around the wrist—so that the bone could not be changed to the other hand by any sleight-of-hand trick; folded their arms over their chests, and, with a toss of their heads, threw the blanket to one side.

Each of the other set in turn tried to locate the bleached bones. For every lucky guess they made Fred gave to them a stick; for every mistake the other side got the stick. When all the white bones were found, the other side took its turn at guessing. So the game continued till all fifteen sticks were distributed between the two parties.

Now the game began in earnest. The first set which guessed were at it again. They narrowly watched the hands of those with the peons, hoping that a player, growing tired, might show more of the string than that part around his wrists, and, if he should, to locate the peons by the markings on the strings. The other company was too wary. It could not afford to lose now, when the sticks had been given out. It was determined to have the honor of winning that game, and it wanted the eight hundred dollars.

At midnight the game was still going. One side had then fourteen of the fifteen sticks, but just when the game seemed almost ended, a happy conjecture was made by the losers, and another, and another, till again the outcome was doubtful. No weariness was shown; no talking disturbed them; the guessers sat with folded arms while the peon-holders silently swayed back and forth; and Fred stirred the coals and put on more stumps. The flames, blazing up, frightened away a prowling coyote.

Though it grew lighter the game continued; the sun rose but did not disturb the nine men under the trees; noon hour arrived, yet the Indians felt no pangs of hunger; the sun had set and still the game had not ended.

It was again dark, and the chief built a new fire so that the players might see the strings of the peon-holders—if they could. The words of the aboriginal song continued to go out away from the cheery light and brightness of the fire into the darkness—

"Many—a—many—se—vah—
Ugh—ga—ugh—a—Ugh—a-a—"

At eight the monotony of the chant was broken. A loud whoop announced to the Indians in the big encampment that the game was finished. Like ants attracted by molasses, they suddenly swarmed about the peon-players to learn the outcome. In short, guttural words the chief told them the result; he told them also how near to losing all the winning division was at the hour of midnight of the previous day—then he apportioned the eight hundred dollars among the members of that side.

As they went back to the camping-grounds no particular demonstration was made; the losers seemed no more sullen than before; the winners looked no happier. When there, they lay down, with heads towards the west, and in a few minutes they were oblivious of the game just played, of life, of everything.

The same rancher, who perhaps had passed by the evening before, knew that the game was over; for through the willows he saw no more the group of eight men seated upon the ground with the stocky figure of their captain standing guard—and the song, peculiar to peon, had died. In the main camp he discerned the sleeping forms, and inwardly determined that in the morning he would bring them some raisins to take back with them to the mountains.

But on the next day the old camping ground looked lonely; the windbreak still stood, but it sheltered no people; the rock fire place was there, yet it contained no animating fire. There were no wagons under the sycamores; no horses dragging their picket ropes across the road; no children running around—only scattered ashes, cast-away clothing, and tin cans. A skinny cur with a stubby tail between its legs hovered near, but that was the only sign of life.

That evening no singing broke the silence of the night, and a cold wind shook the branches of the willow and the sycamore.

Changes Brought About in Indian Children Under My Instruction:

By Rose C. Hall, Principal Warm Springs School.

THE school in which I am employed is an isolated one. Seventeen miles distant is the nearest town which brings us in touch with the world without the reservation limits. The older Indians have some intercourse with people and things outside the reservation; the children under our care have practically none. On entering the school work here the past year, I was struck by the paucity of ideas amongst my pupils, ideas regarding anything outside their daily routine of work. Details of this work and a few reservation occurrences made up the sum total of their waking thoughts and conversations.

After a few weeks' work amongst these Indian children I determined to bend my energies in class room and out, to giving them something to think of other than the trivial happenings of dormitory life and reservation gossip. By means of pictures and maps, (mostly literature about Central Oregon issued by railroads) an interest was awakened in towns and sections of the State surrounding us, while the hardships of white settlers on the plains eastward from our agency enlisted ready sympathy amongst my classes. Comparison was frequently made between the many comforts an Indian child in a boarding school like theirs received and the few luxuries enjoyed by the white children distant but a few miles.

Here we began reading a county newspaper and soon grew familiar with the questions of moisture, planting, harvesting, yield, and quality of products in districts close to us; of municipal problems debated in different towns of these districts; of questions paramount in our county affairs and the many issues placed before the voters of the county to decide. Frequently I asked for my pupils' ideas for or against measures affecting the welfare of the county and have often received pertinent suggestions as to what they would do if called upon to decide important issues.

It was not a difficult step from adjacent regional interests to those of State, Nation, and foreign countries. Here, a daily newspaper in the hands of fourth, fifth, or sixth grade pupils is an all important educational factor. It is a daily link with the world at large and is looked for just as eagerly by these older pupils as it is looked for by the writer; and the daily discussions of events, per-

sons, and places in its columns pave the way for articles of interest and merit in other periodicals accessible to students. Hitherto they had turned the pages of such periodicals chiefly in quest of entertaining pictures or what promised to be a thrilling tale.

The discussions of and interest arising from the perusal of a daily by pupils is a pivot for attaching knowledge in many ways—for instance, the daily reports of the Japanese controversy, the Mexican situation, the Panama Canal, are supplemented by any articles appearing in magazines or other periodicals relative to these subjects; and geography, history, literature, and language interests are quickened by such readings.

The Mexican situation means more to my pupils because we have discussed and read of Mexico as the Spanish found it—the civilization brought thither by the Spaniard, Mexico under the rule of Diaz, and its present unsettled condition. We have become familiar with Mexican cities and districts from frequent mention in war reports, and have a more intimate knowledge of its people from the daily acts of its war leaders. Its mineral wealth, agricultural products, etc., are more vital interest to my classes when discussed in connection with newspapers reports of destruction of mining properties or high prices of foodstuffs.

From our newspaper readings we obtain a phase of geographical knowledge not emphasized in text books. For example: We are learning of the coming and goings of vessels with Portland as a haven; the trade routes such vessels follow; the cargoes with which they are laden; to what nation they belong.

We find a great number of Japanese freighters traversing the Pacific. Pictures, stories, of old and the new Japan have developed the pupils' interest in the Japanese. Their commercial activity is attested by their numerous boats at our ports. Japan, her people, exports, imports, take on a new interest to my classes in connection with her vessels anchored at our gates. The Samurai, the Rodins, the Shoguns, have held their attention as a fairy tale would.

Supplementary reading purchased from the pupils' own resources have helped wonderfully in this connection. The cost of such reading is trifling and the pupils are proud to own their own books or booklets. The book is placed entirely at the owner's disposal on its termination as a class text. The pupil then takes it to the dormitory for a second perusal or for reference. Eventually the book finds its way to the child's home.

Again, I have found that poems with a decided rhythm and swing

are keenly interesting, eagerly memorized by the pupils with whom I deal. The average Indian child enjoys the activity expressed by such poems, and on their presentation absorbs readily any information relating to incidents therein mentioned. Very recently a class read "The Skeleton in Armor." Much of the poem was memorized without a request for so doing. Passages in the poem led to talks and readings of sea adventures of many nations, of many ages, down to the Buccaneers of the Caribbean. The Saxons in Great Britain; the Romans in the same place; the Norsemen in Danish America; the English and Spanish of modern times; the North African pirate as well as those of China have followed in the wake of the "Marauders" in Longfellow's poem.

Quite often a poem of such character is brought to my notice by a member of some class, with the request that we read it together. A poem entitled "Lapland" appearing in a January issue of the "Independent" was recently so chosen. Making no comments I wrote this poem on the blackboard. On the following day I asked how many had liked the poem. Every one had liked it. How many had cared to memorize any part of it? More than two-thirds of my pupils had memorized the first three stanzas—a few the poem complete. In addition to this they had looked in geography and atlas for all they could find relating to Lapland and were eager for further description from me. It was then suggested we buy some supplementary reading on Lapland which would tell us still more of the "country under the northern star."

The purchase of a lantern and slides by the school within the past few weeks has helped materially in interesting pupils in travel, history, art, the world's progress. It has visualized the great outside life as no description could.

I have found in these and similar ways that the Indian child responds readily to outside influence; moreover, such influence properly directed by a teacher can be made an important factor in his mental development.

DINING ROOM IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT—CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

NEW DOMESTIC SCIENCE KITCHEN—CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

A Full Blooded Indian Priest:

From the New York Sun.

THE Rev. Philip B. Gordon, a Chippewa Indian priest of the diocese of Superior, has been named a missionary and lecturer to work among the Indians by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, president of the Indian Bureau of Catholic Missions.

Father Gordon is at present attending the Catholic University of America, at Washington, preparing himself for the work he will take up in the near future.

The honor of being ordained a priest was but once before in the history of the country accorded to a red man, and that a descendant of the great chief Hole-in-the-Day should be chosen spiritual adviser to the Chippewas was not only a fitting tribute to the young priest but to the memory of his great-great-grandfather, who as head chief of all the tribes in Wisconsin and Minnesota three generations ago was noted as a man of rare judgment, and to whom was entrusted the selection of all the reservations in the twin States.

The old log house where Ti-bish-ko-gi-jik (the Indian name of Father Gordon) was born is still standing at Gordon, the little village in Douglas County, Wisconsin, which received its name from Antoine Gordon, father of the young priest. In the heart of those primeval woods in the St. Croix country Father Gordon was born twenty-nine years ago. His mother came from the Les Courtes d'Oreilles band of Chippewas, one of the last bands to be reached by the missionaries. Her Indian name is Ki-ta-ge-kwe, which means "The Deerslayer," and she was for many years a pagan, but is now a Christian.

From the district school of his native town it was but a step to St. Mary's Mission School on the Bad River Reservation, to which place the parents of Father Gordon had moved. Here he remained for four years, working on the lumber camps near by during the winter months. As he expresses it in his characteristic fashion—

"I disappeared from civilization and the madding crowd's ignoble strife nearly half a year, but it was good to get near to nature."

It was during this period, when but 15, that he took the teacher's examination for a certificate for Ashland County, Wisconsin, succeeding in his determination to secure the coveted bit of paper. After graduating from St. Mary's School he entered the State Normal at Superior. Later he attended the Military College of St. Thomas at St. Paul, Minn., where under the patronage of Archbishop Ireland he remained for five years. After a year in the St. Paul Seminary he went to the American College at Rome, and there finished his course in philosophy, after which he went to Innsbruck University in southern Germany, near Munich, where he spent several years. While in Europe his summers were spent

in Touraine with an old French curé who acted as his private tutor, and to whom Father Gordon feels he owes much.

Upon his return to America he spent another year in the seminary at St. Paul, Minn., and for three months previous to his ordination Father Gordon went into a prolonged retreat in the Abbey of St. John's with the Benedictine Fathers.

On December 8, 1913 (the feast of the Immaculate Conception), Bishop Koudelka, surrounded by a great body of clergymen, ordained Father Gordon to the priesthood.

On this occasion, as well as that of the young priest's first solemn mass, Indians and father missionaries came from all parts of the Northern States, from Canada, and from the Dakotas. The picture of the first mass read on the Bad River Reservation was a picturesque one indeed, as the long line of chiefs filed singly into the Mission Church, then the long line of distinguished clergy, and finally the first priests of the Chippewa nation. The Very Rev. Dr. Moynihan, president of St. Thomas College, and one to whom more than any one else Father Gordon attributes his wonderful success, preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion, while the Rev. R. Oderic, now the oldest of the Indian missionaries and who had baptized Father Gordon, preached in the Indian tongue.

At an Indian banquet which followed the bishop presided and speeches were made by several missionaries. The Indians presented an entertainment during the afternoon and thus was passed what will probably go down in history as the most momentous event in the annals of the Chippewa tribe.

For several months following his ordination Father Gordon labored on his native Chippewa missions, but later was invited by the Rev. William H. Ketcham of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, Washington, to prepare himself for the broad work of missionary for all the Indian in the United States.

Despite the fact that he appears like any American and that he can speak several foreign languages fluently, Father Gordon is still close to the primitive Indians of America. While at college he was most active in athletics, winning the college monograms in football, baseball, and basketball, and has not lost any of his old-time love for the great national sports, taking intense interest as well as pride in watching Big Chief Meyers smash out a two-bagger or Jim Thorpe fan out.

At the present time he is compiling a manuscript copy of the Indian side of American history.

Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the record of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep the mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from they spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide they feet to heaven.

WALTER MALONE

NO man who does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise.

PRESIDENT WILSON