The Indian's Friend

The Organ
of
The National
Indian Association

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BASKETRY OF THE PIMA TRIBE.

By MIDA MARSA, PIMA.

The most important industry among the Indian women is basket making. There are many tribes who are engaged in this work. The materials of which the baskets are made, and the ways in which they are prepared are different in each tribe.

The Pima, living south of Phoenix and elsewhere, have been making these baskets for many years, and today if anybody wishes to visit the Pima reservation he will very likely see some of the women hard at work making these baskets. They are made to sell and for use about the house. Years ago when nothing else could be used besides baskets they made more than they do now. What are made now are sold to provide food and clothing for the family.

The designs which are seen on the Pima baskets do not necessarily mean anything, but are just to make them look pretty. They are not used for ceremonial purposes, as the baskets of some tribes are.

Basket making is not very easy work, for when one first starts to make a basket the designs that are going to be on the basket have to be kept in the mind. It takes less than a month to make one, the length of time also depending on the quality and size, as well as the skill of the maker.

The materials that are used to make a basket are the twigs from the willow and the cottonwood trees, devil's claw and the tall weeds that grow in wet places.

In spring and summer the woman goes from tree to tree and cuts these twigs; when enough have been cut, she sits down under the trees and works at them as much as she can before going home. What she has left she takes home. After she has rested she splits the twigs in halves, and each half is split again, so the one that is to be used is thin. When they are finished they are made into rolls and put away.

The devil's claw grows in warm weather and ripens about the end of the summer. It grows wild on the farms but is well cared for if it is needed. When ripe, it is gathered and made into a ball. When a woman wishes to use it soon it is buried in wet ground for a few days. After it is soft it is then taken out. The black part is taken off with an awl and the rest thrown away.

The weeds that are used for the starting of a basket are found in wet places. It is hard to get them, because they do not grow in abundance like other weeds. Sometimes a woman will go a long distance seeking for these plants. When she comes to the place where they are growing she finds that some of them have been destroyed by cattle, for they will often eat them. The stalks that are left standing are cut and put in the sun to dry. When dry they are split into two parts and tied up in a bundle and put away in a place where one can get them without much trouble.

The basket maker has to have a pan of water, a knife, an awl and the material that took so much trouble to prepare.

The baskets are made in different shapes, and the designs are symbols of different objects.

There are two kinds of baskets that are used to store grain in. One of them is made of coarse straw and the peeled bark of a young mesquite tree. It is shaped like an olla and comes to a small opening for the mouth. The purpose of this shape is to close it easily when any kind of grain is in it, so as to keep the rats and mice out. They are made in different sizes and can hold from five to eight bushels of grain.

The other grain basket is made of arrow-weeds. When wheat and other grains have been threshed and cleaned they are put in these baskets. They are placed high from the ground, so the gophers and other small animals cannot get to them.

The top part is covered first with a cloth, then brush and earth are thrown on top so the rain will not go through. This basket will hold from eight to ten bushels of grain, and will keep a long time if the basket is made solid and the covering put on well. These grain baskets have no designs like the baskets that are seen in stores.

The baskets of the Pima have made them known as among the best basket makers of all the Indians engaged in this industry. Of late years few baskets have been made, owing to the poor prices received from the curio dealers, but it is hoped that the industry will be encouraged by the white people, that the native art may not be lost.

The Origin of the Stars.

By JESSIE ROBINSON, Klamath.

Once upon a time there lived an old man who had fine looking daughters and sons. The boys would go out hunting deer early in the morning and the girls would cook breakfast. One would find acorns and make acorn soup, others would go out and carry wood on their backs, and when the boys returned they would have two or three deer with them. Then they would skin the deer and the girls would cook the meat, and then they were ready for breakfast. The old man would say that he wanted the heart and liver, because his teeth were all wearing out and he wanted something soft to eat.

One day the girls and boys said that they were all going out dancing. The father said that he was going, too, but they told him that he must stay at home, that they were going to dance around the world, and so they started out.

After they got far off, they saw him coming with his cane, and so they waited for him. They did not want him to join them, because he was too old to dance, but he said he was going along, so they finally consented and started out again. After they were quite a way off the old man said he was tired. They threw him in a pond and he became a turtle, and then his children became the stars, and they are still dancing above us every night.

THE INDIAN'S FRIEND.

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Paschal J. George, a former Chenawa student, is getting along nicely at the Tekoa School, Wash. He has a position which pays him $600 per annum.

It is said the Indians are going blind. There is trouble in store for any football eleven that take chances with the Carlisle football team on that supposition.—Denver *Republican.*

Mr. Shawnee received a nice letter from Nealy Olney not long ago. Nealy is still employed as stenographer in a law-office in Toppenish, Wash. He was recently elected secretary of one of the Sunday Schools there.—Haskell *Indian Leader.*

Mrs. David LaBreche, nee Minnie Perrine, a Piegan who went to her home in 1892, writes to Carlisle that she and her husband own a beautiful home on Two Medicine Lake, situated on the boundary line of the National Glacier Park, just at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Her husband owns the Two Medicine Lumber Company Saw Mill valued at $30,000. He also has a ranch of 2560 acres.

Left Hand, for many years chief of the Arapahoes, died at his home near Darlington, Okla., last month. He was 83 years old and one of the most famous warriors of the early days of the West. One of his most prominent fights was the destruction of Major Joel H. Elliott and nineteen men the day General Custer fought the battle of Washita, near the present town of Cheyenne, Okla.

Rose L. Wipper, a member of the Carlisle Sophomore Class has accepted a position at Columbia University to interpret her language to the college students. She will assist classes in anthropology to master the intricacies of the Sioux language.

From Pryor, Mont., an old-time student writes to Mr. Friedman: "I have not won great honors for dear Carlisle, but I have tried to live up to the teachings of the great school. I met obstacles and temptations when I came back, but I kept up a brave heart and tried to do that which is right. I have been married to John A. Glenn for thirteen years. We have four of the nicest children you ever saw, two boys and two girls, and of evenings they love to sit around me and have me tell them of my school days at Carlisle."

Wilson Doxtater, formerly a Haskell boy, is now at Sisseton, S. D., and recently wrote to a friend at Lawrence, Kan.

"I am on a farm, working for a white man, but when I first came in this part and asked for work some of the people turned me down because I was an Indian. It made me feel a little discouraged, till I struck a man that wanted a man just then, so he hired me until it froze up last fall. I have showed everybody that all Indians are not lazy and so far I have had six different farmers come and ask me if I was hired out for the season. I turned them down, because I was already hired."

In a recent letter to a friend concerning one of his recent trips, the Mr. Peairs, Supervisor of Indian Education, said: "My journey had scarcely begun when interesting incidents relating to former students of Haskell occurred. When the train pulled into Newton, Kan., I saw four large, fine-looking Indian young men standing on the platform and when the train stopped they walked into the Pullman car and engaged sleepers." Two of them were graduates of the celebrated Kansas school, and the other two had been greatly benefited by their association with these former students.

Paul White overhauled his boat recently, put a fine cabin on it, and installed a new six-horse-power Gray engine, says the Sitka, Alaska, *Thlinget.*

Being a loyal son of the nation's most famous Indian school, he named his boat the *Carlisle.* A few days ago he left with his family for Excursion Inlet aboard his staunch little craft, flying a Carlisle pennant and the United States flag. His voyage covers more than a hundred miles of the briny deep. Mr. White has worked all winter at his trade—that of carpentry—on the Sheldon Jackson School buildings, and will continue the work of his trade in the construction of a cannery warehouse during the summer.

Death of By-a-Hi-Le.

The New York *Evening Post,* June 10, contained the following letter from D. A. Sanford, Big Spring, Tex.:

Sir: Information has been received of the death by drowning, on May 12, of By-a-hl-le (or Pililly, as the name would be more correctly spelled), the Navajo Indian who, with others, was imprisoned without trial for twenty months, and released only after the Indian Rights' Association interceded for them, and obtained a decision of the United States Court in their favor.

One who has long known him says: "He was not a bad Indian. . . . I consider him to have been a greatly wronged man." Still others, who have known him for ten or twenty years, testify in his behalf.

The National Indian Association

ORIGINATED 1879.
FULLY ORGANIZED 1881.
INCORPORATED 1887.

TO AID IN CIVILIZATION, TEACH INDUSTRY, AND GIVE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION TO THE INDIANS OF OUR COUNTRY

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THE post-office addresses of The National Indian Association's missionaries, and field helpers of other Boards also, are for

Nevada: Rev. J. M. Johnson, Schurz.
Oregon: Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Peffley, Bly, Klamath Co.
Arizona: Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Schwab, Indian Wells.
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New Mexico: Mrs. Mary L. Eldridge, Mary G. Fisk Home, Farmington.
Mrs. J. H. Babbitt, Laguna.

ANY person desiring to purchase Indian baskets, or other Indian goods, may order them through the following persons, viz.: Mr. W. R. Johnston, Tolchaco, Arizona; Mr. Sam Pawika, Oraibi, Arizona; Miss Anna J. Ritter, Colony, Okla.; Miss Mary E. Dissete, Paquate, via Laguna, N. Mex.; Mrs. Mary L. Eldridge, Mary G. Fisk Home, Farmington, N. Mex.; Mr. C. H. Engle, Box 1203, Hartford, Mich.; Rev. H. C. Meredith, Lakeport, Cal.; Mrs. Sadie McFoster, Shem, Utah; Rev. John M. Johnson, Schurz, Nev.

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A set of Reference Leaflets consisting of selections from the above will be sent for ten cents.

Also sample copies of THE INDIAN'S FRIEND upon application.

Address the Secretary, John W. Clark, Room 931, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

News and Notes.

The June issue of The *Oglala Light*, Pine Ridge, S. D., appeared with a handsome cover printed in colors, designed by William Dietz—Lone Star—the noted Sioux artist of Carlisle. Mr. Dietz is the husband of an artist of at least equal celebrity, whose name before her marriage was Angel De Cora, Winnebago.

The old building which was the Girls' Home of the Sitka Training School became so downcast and sorrowful because it couldn't be as nice as its new neighbors that it recently made an attempt at self-destruction by catching fire from a spark on the roof. Some of the workmen, who were rooming in the building, by quick action and with the aid of a few buckets of water.

In the month of June there passed to her heavenly reward a lady who had been connected with The National Indian Association for many years—Mrs. J. F. Unger, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Unger was a life member of the Association, ever loyal and faithful to it, and for years active and greatly interested in its work, serving as a member of our Executive Board from 1883 to 1902.

We deeply regret to record the death of Miss Annie Garrigues, one of the most zealous members of the Bryn Mawr Indian Association, which recently occurred after an illness of less than two weeks. She had been active in the Association for over twenty years and was always one of the most interested of its members in any work or plan for the welfare and betterment of the Indians. She was a woman of strong Christian character, always bright and cheerful, and her loss is deeply felt by the Association.

Announcement was made at Lawton, Okla., June 24, by Lieut. Earnest Stecker, agent for the Southwestern Oklahoma tribes, in addressing the great Inter-Tribal Council of the Kiowas, Apaches and Comanches, that the Indian tribes of Southwestern Oklahoma will no longer recognize tribal leaders designated for many years past as Chiefs. No successor has been elected to succeed Chief Quanah Parker, who died four months ago, and none will be. His name will go down to posterity as that of the last of the Comanche Chiefs.

The Indians and the Book.

Miss Natalie Curtis, author of "The Indians' Book," has just concluded a course of lectures, the proceeds being devoted to purchasing copies of her book which she has presented to Indian boarding schools. The Indians themselves are

keenly interested in the writings of Miss Curtis, and the following letter from an Oregonian Indian is by no means the only one. "I think it is a great honor to have been with you, even for an hour, and I shall always think of you and remember you as one of our truest friends." Instructors in the government schools report that the "The Indians' Book," because of the familiarity of its subjects, forms the link between the savage and the new civilization he is attempting to achieve. Miss Curtis recently gave copies of "The Indians' Book" to all the Indians who helped her to make it a repository of Indian customs, rites, legends, songs and music.

Girl Guides and Guards Indians.

A correspondent recently wrote to The Denver *Republican*:

Empty and deserted stand the dozen buildings of the Teller Indian Institute. The last seventy students were divided into five groups, going to different destinations in the southwest. Superintendent Burton took charge of one party and three trusted employees were placed in charge of other parties. There still remained a fifth group of Indians to be taken to the Federal school at Riverside, California, and no one could be found to take up the task, until Miss Nina Burton, aged 17, second daughter of Superintendent Burton, volunteered to take charge of the party.

There were seventeen Indians in the party, ranging in age from ten years to twenty-two. Four of the group were young "bucks," all weighing nearly 200 pounds.

Miss Burton secured permission to carry a revolver, with which she is a dead shot, and with this and her ability to converse fluently in seven Indian tongues, she is making the journey.

The Statue of Black Hawk.

Lorado Taft's colossal statue of an Indian, which stands on a bluff above Rock River, near Oregon, Ill., was to be unveiled July 1.

Among those scheduled to make addresses at the unveiling were Miss Laura Miriam Cornelius, of Seymour, Wis., a granddaughter of Daniel Bread, and herself the last full blood princess of the Oneidas, and Dr. Chas. Eastman, who is also a full blood. Miss Cornelius, whose Indian name is Wynnogene, or "Ray of Light," will tell of the work she is doing in behalf of her race.

Mr. Taft has been at work on the statue for the last three years. Its facial lineaments are those of Black Hawk, the celebrated chief of the Iroquois, but it was the sculptor's idea to make the statue typical of the race of North American Indians.

Tuscarora and Mohawk Contest.

EDISON MT. PLEASANT, Tuscarora.

When the Tuscarora Indians migrated from North Carolina and joined the New York Indian Confederacy, they had frequent athletic games with the Mohawk tribe. Lacrosse was the favorite game of the two tribes. Before entering the game, the Indians of both tribes engaged their medicine men to bring them victory. The Tuscarora tribe never had one who might be considered a successful medicine man, therefore they engaged a competent medicine man from one of the neighboring tribes, usually the Senecas.

One season when the Mohawks had an excellent team, together with a competent medicine man, the Tuscaroras were in a dilemma as to how to secure a competent medicine man. The Tuscarora Indians are noted for their agility and warlike spirit. They were not to be daunted by the hardest struggle. It was after many conflicts that they were subdued by the whites in North Carolina. They were not to be daunted by the Mohawks in the athletic contest. Realizing the superiority of the Mohawk team, they resolved to win by their hired medicine man. They hired the medicine man from the Senecas.

The medicine man and all the athletic warriors held a council at midnight in an old barn. A faint light was used. The medicine man took out of his pocket a bundle wrapped in silk. A small bone was wrapped in the silk. He talked to the bone for a long time, in which he asked the warriors exactly what they desired. They asked for victory and for the death of the Mohawk medicine man. After he was told that they wanted victory, he gave a command to the bone to cheer the Tuscaroras to victory. The bone responded by faint drum beats and war whoops. All this time there was profound silence among the warriors. Perhaps some of them were frightened. After the drum beats and warwhoops ceased, he asked the warriors what else they wanted. They responded: "The death of the Mohawk leader." He took a knife and gashed the bone. The bone bled freely. It was the sign of death. After these performances he wrapped the bone again in silk and the warwhoops by the warriors ended the council.

Next day the contest took place. The Mohawks with their superior strength, could not beat the Tuscarora team. The Mohawk players said that when they went after a ball, half a dozen or more would be flying at the same time. When they did get one it was only a vision; a Tuscarora brave came along with ease and snatched the ball for a goal. This is how the Seneca medicine man and his bone wrapped in silks worked a victory for them. The Mohawks were helpless, therefore, and gave up in despair, after which, as the Seneca medicine man commanded, the Mohawk medicine man was stricken dead.

This closed the athletic relations between the Mohawks and the Tuscaroras.

The modern Tuscarora Indian athletes are considered dauntless by their white brothers. A few are classed with the best athletes in this country. while one is classed with the world's best athletes. The athletic teams tour the white communities, but they no longer can rely upon the medicine man with his magic bone, but upon strength, brain and courage.

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T. C. MARSHALL,
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As most out of town cheques cost ten cents for collection, postal orders as a form of remittance are more welcome.

JULY, - - - - 1911.

One of the most prominent characteristics of true evangelical Christianity is the practical and permanent effect that it produces upon those in whose lives it is a matter of transforming experience. And this is equally true in every land and of every race, thereby demonstrating its unique—some would say divine, character. The National Indian Association has always declared both by word and deed that the power of the Gospel affords the shortest cut by which the ignorant, debased pagan Indian can reach, in this life, the things that make for temporal happiness and prosperity for himself and his family, and become a useful member of the community in which he lives. More than that, the influence of the Gospel makes its acceptors self-sacrificing in their efforts to do good to others. The latest examples of this that have come to the attention of The National Indian Association are the Indians on the Klamath reservation in Oregon, among whom two of our missionaries are now laboring. The members of the congregation and the Sunday school have raised money themselves for the purchase of Sunday school supplies and for a bell for the church building, and now word has come that they have provided the money for the purchase of the portable organ for which our Executive Secretary made an appeal a short time ago. Most people are of the opinion that when a man's religion reaches his pocketbook there is good reason to believe in its genuineness—so far as that man is concerned, at any rate. If we should be reminded that the Indians, as a race, are always more or less inclined to be generous in respect to gifts, we can reply that abundant testimony to the same effect can be given by those who labor in heathen lands, where the people are not notably distinguished for that characteristic. Surely every friend who has contributed to the funds of the Association since that Klamath mission was opened must feel gratified at having a part in a work that has not only brought the gracious influence of the Gospel to bear upon the hearts, lives and homes of these Indians themselves, but made them willing to give their money that others may receive similar benefits to those brought them by the missionaries.

* * *

The article on the question of citizenship for the natives of Alaska, too, will be read with the greater interest, because of the personality of the writer, and the "living epistle" constituted by his life, in which all men may read of the outward temporal benefits that flow from the transformation of the inner life by the power of the Gospel of Christ.

* * *

Not only should such very practical evidence of success encourage and stimulate our desire to do all in our power to extend the operations and influence of the Association ourselves, but it seems to us that they afford a fresh ground of appeal to our friends and acquaintances—and to strangers, too, for that matter—to help us with their prayers, their influence and their money.

* * *

The summer season affords opportunities for this sort of personal "missionary" work, that are not met with in any other time of the year. At the hotels, on the steamboats, at many kinds of gatherings, it is possible—indeed comparatively easy—to place such a cause as ours before individuals who are under no special stress of business or social duties to prevent their hearing all we may have to say. So far as THE INDIAN'S FRIEND is concerned, the editor will be delighted to send sample copies to any friends whose names and addresses may be furnished to him.

News From Our Missions.

THE OREGON STATION.

The month of May in Oregon was cold and cloudy, with snow nearly every day for three weeks. Some of the stormy days were spent by Mr. Peffley in making screen frames for the cottage door and windows. He also made a coffin and rough box for an Indian who wished to remove the body of one of his children from one part of the cemetery to another.

The church pews have been put together and placed in position, and are now ready for painting. Three services were held in the church, two at the Piute camp, and two in private houses. Our missionaries also conducted a funeral service for an old Indian woman, sister to the woman who died in April and for whom a service was conducted by Mr. Peffley in the early part of the month. Writing of the event, Mrs. Peffley says: "We were notified of the death at eight o'clock in the evening of May 17. Quickly hitching the team, we drove through the stormiest night of the season to render whatever service we could to the family. After completing arrangements for the funeral, we returned home at midnight. Next day I made the shroud and baked bread and cake for the funeral 'feast,' which is always one of the features of these burials. At this 'feast' about 125 persons were fed."

During the month, the Piute Indians raised $28 for the purchase of the "baby organ," besides $5 for literature. A portable organ has been bought with the money, and it will greatly help our missionaries in the services held at the camps and in pri-

vate houses. Twenty-seven Indian families were visited by Mrs. Peffley, who spent about nineteen days from home for the purpose, besides a day and night spent by her in caring for a sick woman.

An interesting Memorial Day service was conducted by our missionaries in the church on Sunday, May 28, at which 105 persons were present. After the singing of "America," prayer was offered by Mr. Peffley and an address given by him on "Decoration Day: How it Originated, and Why We Love to Perpetuate It." Mr. Peffley writes of this service: "Five of the Modoc war veterans occupied seats on the platform, and three of them spoke in their own language of past events and of comrades laid away. They also referred to the many opportunities afforded the Indians of the present day, and expressed their earnest desire to have all the Indians improve them. The roll was called and it was found that fourteen of their number had been laid to rest during the year. The service closed with the singing of 'When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll be There,' and we went home praying that God would cause the seed sown in Indian hearts to bring forth much fruit to His honor and glory."

On Tuesday, May 30, our missionaries drove to Yainax, where they stayed over night, and the next morning held a brief service in the cemetery there. Afterwards the Modoc cemetery, four miles distant, was visited by them and a service held. A drive of about seven miles brought them to the Spring Creek cemetery, where they conducted a third service. In all three burial places Mr. and Mrs. Peffley assisted the Indians in decorating the graves with flowers. During the month the mission work was greatly helped by Mrs. Mose, Seargent Brown and Samuel Clinton, who acted as interpreters in the services.

The Arizona Station.

Mr. and Mrs. Schwab, our missionaries among the Navajos, have moved from Castle Butte to Indian Wells, the location decided on for the permanent mission buildings. The site selected is admirably situated for reaching the largest possible number of Indians in that section of the country. There is an adequate water supply, and a skilled adobe maker has been engaged to prepare the material for the construction of the needed buildings, work on which will be begun as soon as possible. Since the issue of this paper for June, the Pittsburgh and Allegheny Indian Association has contributed one hundred dollars, and the Morristown Association twenty-five dollars, toward the proposed hospital work. We hope that the balance needed will be forthcoming during the summer months.

During May our missionaries visited eighteen camps and traveled 310 miles. One hundred and ninety-eight Indians visited the mission cottage, and eleven sick persons were cared for. In a recent letter, Mrs. Schwab tells of the last public meeting at Castle Butte and of their moving to the new location. She says: "On May 20, Mr. Schwab visited the hogans and invited the people to attend a gospel meeting, to be held at the mission the following Sunday. About twenty came to the service and all listened with much interest to the gospel story. Once more we committed the word of God to Him who has promised that it shall not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that whereunto He sent it, so we go on with encouraged hearts and with eyes fixed on Him who is able to open the eyes of those who are blinded by sin and superstition. The people seemed sorrowful when we intimated that we should have to move from Castle Butte to locate at Indian Wells.

"The first of the following week we began packing our household goods and tearing down the little temporary cottage. By the end of the week everything was moved over to Indian Wells. We had an unpleasant experience coming over with the first load. When nearing the top of a steep place one of the horses got frightened. Mr. Schwab was walking and called to the horses to stop, at the same time throwing on the brake. But as the wagon had already began to go backwards, one of the blocks slipped out and the brake failed to work. The wagon went down an ugly 'wash' and nearly upset. Before it stopped I jumped out, with the baby in my arms, and in doing so fell to the ground. Neither of us was hurt, and we realized the protecting care of our Heavenly Father. The wagon did not go far before it stopped. For about three hours we tried to get it out of the 'wash' and finally had to leave it. Unhitching the horses, we rode to the trading post at Indian Wells. Next morning Mr. Schwab and some Indians went back and got the wagon out. We are now staying at the post until things can be more conveniently arranged."

Now that the Indians at our Klamath mission have themselves provided the portable organ for the work there, perhaps some of our readers will supply the money necessary to purchase one for the Navajo mission at Indian Wells. J. W. C.

An Indian to Indian Returned Students.

At the Seventh Annual Returned Students' Conference, held at Phoenix, (Ariz.), Indian School in May, the Rev. James Hayes, Nez Perce, gave an address, in which he said:

"I am an Indian, a full blood, and I know about Indians very well. When I was a young man I was very wild. I used to wear long hair, as you see some Indians do; I used to paint my face. I never was in school until I was twenty years old, and then I went to a mission school. I am a little different from you because I have a different language from you, but dear boys and girls, we have the same principles and we have the same God.

"I want to tell you about when I went to school. I was a very poor Indian. I had nobody to support me; I supported myself. When I went to school I lived by myself; I had a sack of flour, five pounds of peas and a little piece of bacon. I had no coffee, or tea or sugar. I lived thus for about

three years. Nobody helped me. I used to try and try. I wanted to learn something. Although I am not a very smart man, I am always glad I have been in school. I think education is much better than many other things that people work very hard to get.

I was a very bad young one, and for this reason I always think girls are better than boys, because I know myself I was a very bad boy. I do not know about girls, so I think they are better. Now, boys, we must try to lead our Indian friends to the right way and good way. When I was in school I made up my mind whenever I had some education then I would try to lead my own people to what is right. Since that time I always try to lead my own people to civilization and lead them to be citizens because I know that is better. We do not like to go back to old first Indians. Let us stand up on our own feet and see that we also go forward every day, even if we do not go very far at a time.

Since I came here to Arizona, two weeks ago, I have found many schools. I love the Indians and for this reason I am always glad whenever I see some white men lead them on and teach them what is right. I found in this country so many missions. Missionaries are better for the Indians.

"Some Indian men when they come back from school think: 'I am wise enough,' and drink whiskey, smoke-cigars and cigarettes, as some white people. Now, dear boys and girls, a long, long time ago I tried to be white, but I never can be white, but in just one way—I try to do what is right.

"When I get back to my own home I will tell my people about these people; that I have found the Indians very good Indians in this country and I am very glad. Now, let us turn and work with the white people. What the brother says: 'Believe your government, love your government,' that is all true.

"Thank you, girls and boys, for listening to me so patiently."

An Indian Delegate to General Assembly.

In a recent issue of the New York *Herald* were the particulars concerning Mr. Levi Levering, now in business at Omaha, Nebraska, and exercising splendid influence on his people:

"When the Omaha Presbytery honored Levi Levering by choosing him a commissioner or representative of that body to the General Assembly, the highest body in the Presbyterian Church, few outside the conference knew that Mr. Levering was a pure blood Omaha Indian.

"Mr. Levering was born on the Omaha reservation nearly fifty years ago. At seven years of age he attended the Government school at the agency. He then attended a Presbyterian mission school, conducted by Rev. William Hamilton for three years. He then spent nine years at Carlisle.

"On returning West, he attended Bellevue College for three years. While at Bellevue he took special work in English. He was a member of the college quartet and traveled through the West on a concert tour during the summer. As a member of the Young Men's Christian Association at Bellevue he made an address at Fremont, Neb., the direct results of which were that several young men made confession of their faith in Christ.

"From Bellevue Mr. Levering went to Fort Peck, Mont., to teach in a Government school, but was transferred to an Indian school at Fort Hall, Idaho, where he remained nine years.

"While at Fort Hall he married Miss Vena Bartlett, of the Bannock tribe and returned to the Omaha reservation, where he has been conducting a store for five years.

"Mr. Levering has a beautiful home near his place of business which is furnished with good taste and is a model house in every particular.

"Last December Mrs. Levering died of typhoid fever.

"Mr. Levering has been superintendent of the Blackbird Hills (Indian church) Sunday school three years, and an elder for two years. He represented the church at the recent Omaha Presbytery and his election as commissioner to the General Assembly followed."

Wedding at a Government School.

It was one of the prettiest home weddings that took place at the Industrial School, near Greenville, Cal., when the Rev. W. A. Armstrong, resident missionary, made Walter Potts and Ellen Reeves life partners.

Miss Ricks played the wedding march, to the strains of which the bridal party came down the stairs and took their position under the wedding bells in the girls' reading room, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion.

The bride wore a white princess gown with veil and orange blossoms, and was attended by Miss Lula Oshun, while Hensley Potts, a brother, attended the groom.

Never did a couple deport themselves with more dignity and good taste. They participated in the service without visible embarrassment, answering in firm, audible tones.

After congratulations, small tables were brought in and delicious fruit punch, sandwiches, ice cream and cake were served.

A few outside friends were in attendance and brought useful gifts.

Ellen has ranked high in school work this year, besides taking great interest in domestic science and sewing.

Walter is more than ordinarily capable, a fine singer and cornet player.

Every employe about the building took a personal interest in this affair, and no loved daughter in a home could have been more tenderly shielded and wisely counseled than this ward of the Government was by those in charge. And we will all watch, with interest, this beginning at housekeeping and home-making, counting all our care and toil as naught if they but fulfil in their home and lives the vision we have for their future.

THE NATIVE VIEWPOINT ON CITIZENSHIP.

By Peter Simpson, Alaskan Indian.

Among the many missionary enterprises which to-day fill the hearts of the officers and members of The National Indian Association with joy and with gratitude to God, the "Cottage Settlement" established by it at Sitka, Alaska, in the late nineties occupies a prominent place. In 1902, the Indian boys belonging to this Settlement, hearing that the Sitka Bay Cannery had refused to hire any natives the previous year, built fine new fishing boats, and, with Peter Simpson as a leader, and with a proper legal contract drawn by an attorney, sailed away to the Cannery. The Cannery superintendent came to the wharf, telling them that it would be of no use for them to land as he would employ no natives. But Peter said: "You think we are like those Killisno natives, but we are not; we are Christian natives." The superintendent looked again, this time at the boats. "Where did you get them?" "We built them ourselves." The result of the visit was that they took back an order to build two boats as well as a fishing contract for the entire season.

Peter Simpson has an article in *The Home Mission Monthly* for June, which we give below, and in a note at the head the Rev. Eugene E. Bromley, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Sitka, writes thus of him: "Mr. Simpson was a student in the Sitka Training School, now known as the Sheldon Jackson School, and at the present time lives in the Cottage Settlement on the mission grounds in Sitka. He has mastered the sawmill business and is recognized as an expert mill man. Besides being foreman in a sawmill that operates a part of the year, he has a boat shop of his own, where he does a good business. Last year he had the contract to build the Native Government School building here and carried the work through to the satisfaction of all."—[EDITOR.]

Why is it that the Indians of Alaska are not fit to become American citizens? They are the only original Americans; that is, the American Indians are the only native Americans on this continent. We native Alaskans want to find out why we cannot become American citizens. The natives of Alaska are self-supporting; we have not received one cent from the Government for our hunting or fishing grounds. If there is a discovery of gold on our ground we let it go without any trouble—what is the use of making trouble while the law does not recognize our rights, though we are under what is supposed to be a free people's law? When the self-supporting native of Alaska goes out to cut wood on his own hunting grounds he first pays a tax, or stumpage, into the United States treasury. If he goes out to cut logs for the sawmill he pays taxes, or stumpage, to the United States. If he goes into the sawmill business he pays taxes to the United States. If he goes into the general merchandise business he pays taxes to the United States. Some of the natives pay eight dollars road tax every year. Yet, when a native discovers a ledge of gold-bearing quartz, the mining law will not let him hold it in his own name; he must go and find his white friend (perhaps pay him a large sum) and take him to the place and have it put in his friend's name.

The principal ways the native has of making his living are by cutting logs for the sawmill, cutting cord wood, fishing, trapping and mining. It would help us very much if the Government would let us locate our own claims when we make a discovery of gold, and if we were allowed to hold licenses as pilots and engineers. We were born in this rocky country and know how to handle our boats, but we cannot go to the local inspector and obtain a pilot's or engineer's license; the law reads that only American citizens are allowed to hold such licenses on our coast. A white man —though foreign born—can obtain this privilege. He may only have fished for cod in the old country, while we live and travel everywhere in our canoes and boats, but are not entitled to manage our own power boats.

It is true that in fishing the law does not say that only the American citizen can fish; but I can tell where there are canneries that do not use one single crew of fishermen, but are using only the "scientific" way of fishing—of destroying the fish of Alaska and are not using any "scientific" way of increasing them. The "scientific" way of destroying our fish is the fish trap. After these fish traps have destroyed all our Alaska fish, the law will use its power to the fullest extent to punish any men using the same trap, just as the law is made to-day to protect the buffalo on the plains! It is a very strict law; a man using the "scientific" way of killing buffalo to-day—that is, using a Winchester rifle—will be punished with imprisonment or heavy fine. Alaska waters are not altogether filled with fish or salmon. Each stream has about a certain number of fish, say twenty thousand each year, and no more. Formerly each stream was owned by one family and they could catch and sell the fish to the canneries. Now the canneryman, in order to get rid of the native fisherman, has put in fish traps. The owner of the cannery claims that without the trap he cannot fill his pack. I say this statement is not true. I know a cannery where they put up one hundred and twenty thousand cases every year and they have been running for over twenty years without a single fish trap. I fished for this cannery for four years and they had more fish than they needed. This destruction of fish by the traps is the *cheapest* way for the canneries to get their fish, but the fish will not last more than ten years longer unless the Government takes some action to stop the use of the traps. And unless this is done the Government will then have to support the now self-supporting natives of Alaska. We are ready to supply any number of canneries with fish, and the white fishermen can work together with the native fishermen, as they have these many years both in fishing and logging and mining. But do away with the fish trap, and adjust the mining law, which says the native cannot hold his claim!

I am only showing the reader how the native makes his living, and saying that we want our rights. We have a right to be judged by our Christian and civilized lives. Do not look back so much at what the natives were twenty years ago. If you have anything to do with making the laws for Alaska, do not say that the natives

are not worth considering, or that they are not worth educating, or that they are not fit to become American citizens. I cannot say that *all* the natives are ready to become citizens—some are too deep in their old native customs. But there are large numbers who have been educated and trained in Christian schools. We wish to be heard and have the Government extend to us our rights.

Baptist Work among the Indians.

The work among the Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes,, and Apaches in Oklahoma, has passed the pioneer stage of winning the first converts, says *Tidings,* and is gradually growing into steady, faithful effort on the part of the missionaries to train the church members to live consistent Christian lives, to establish clean, orderly households and to educate their children, and in so doing to show to the non-Christian Indians that they are walking in the "Jesus road." Through the influence of these Christian Indians and the faithful presentation of the Gospel by the missionaries, there are constant additions to the churches.

The Hopi churches at the First and Second Mesas are fortunate in having Rev. Lee I. Thayer as pastor. Mr. Thayer has been of great assistance to the missionaries, in the completion of the church building at the First Mesa, which was dedicated last fall, and has also assisted in the erection of an additional house at the Second Mesa, which makes it possible to use one of the buildings for a much-needed hospital. The Christian Indians are settling about the mission at the Second Mesa* which will soon be surrounded by a small village of Christian homes. Both the Hopi churches are rejoicing in a number of new members.

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* It is always a source of pleasure to learn of the success of Indian mission work, especially when carried on at stations that were opened by our Association. The Hopi mission at the Second Mesa was started by The National Indian Association in 1897, and transferred to the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society in 1901.

The newer fields among the Indians are those in Nevada and California. In Nevada the work is among the Piutes near Reno and Fallon, with services at the Carson Indian School. The missionary has had the joy of leading a large number of the girls of this school to accept Christ as their Saviour. The missionaries working among the Monos in the hills of California have had the supreme happiness of seeing twenty-one baptized and a church organized, as a result of less than two years' labors.

An Indian Mother.

The Carlisle *Arrow* recently printed a letter from Mrs. Hattie Powlass Sweezey, ('07), Colony, Okla., from which these paragraphs are taken:

"On May 22 a little girl was born to me, under the care of Miss Mary Jensen, one of our dear missionaries. There was a conference here that week and when my baby was three days old, Miss Jensen took her to the church. Just before she started her talk on 'The Progress of Indian Motherhood" my baby was introduced to the members of the conference. I named the baby after Miss Jensen.

"For twelve years Miss Jensen has been a dear white-mother to these returned students who find it so hard to live good after they get among the old folks again. She is not a field matron, but is in charge of Mohonk Lodge, which is a home for the young men and women of both tribes, the Arapahos and Cheyennes.

"Mr. Reece Kinkaide, another of our misionaries, has found a way in which the girls and women of the two tribes can earn a good, honest living; he buys buckskin and cowhide and sinew and the many kinds of beads needed for Indian-work, and then hires the girls and women to make different things, such as moccasins, belts, and purses, hand-bags, Indian dolls, card-cases, lamp-mats, picture frames, scissors-cases and some very beautiful sofa-pillows.

"Many of the returned students, who had fallen and been discouraged, have been lifted on their feet again by these dear missionaries."

The Old "Dugout" Canoe.

By E. N. PEASE, "Seneca," Massillon, O.

One day when we were fishing,
Along our river land,
While beauties of the spring time
Smiled forth on every hand,
The Tuscarawas was quite high,
Its waters running swift,
We found an old "dugout" canoe,
Lodged in the river drift.

Though black and seamed and leaky,
To us boys it looked good,
Though heavy, and quite waterlogged,—
At least half full of mud.
We worked with it like beavers,
Stopped leaks, threw out the muck,
And when we had it finished,
It swam like any duck.

'Twas lower in the middle,
Than it was at either end;
And it broadened toward the center
With an easy graceful bend.
The heads and hands that fashioned it,
Knew how to shape a boat;
We were two happy urchins,
When once we were afloat.

We'd poles, but had no paddles,
With which to go up-stream;
But drifting with the current,
Was just one long sweet dream!
The fun we had in those days,
Seemed too good to be true—
We often went in swimming
From that old "dugout" canoe.

While drifting in the "dugout,"
We'd see turtles in the grass;
And slowly moving crawfish,
And suckers darting past.
And in the sandy places,
The water yellow-green,
Were catfish, chubs and sunfish,
Down in the yellow sheen.

The rapture of those moments,
No mortal now can know;
As, 'neath the drooping willows,
In the old "dugout" canoe:
And, playing we were Indians,
And "voyageurs" at war,
We chased our phantom foemen
Along the wooded shore.

Of all the joys and pleasures,
That fall to lot of man,
In search of wealth or pleasure
In life's brief, strenuous span,
There is no real enjoyment
Such as our boyhood knew
Upon the Tuscarawas
In that old "dugout" canoe.

Frank Cajune lives at Mahnomen, Minn., where he owns a nice six-room cottage. He married a Carlisle girl and has seven healthy children. Mr. Cajune says: "I had always been a day laborer until I moved to Mahnomen. I was elected Justice of the Peace and have held that office for four years. I have also been Deputy Sheriff for nearly three years and was defeated for Sheriff at last election. I am also clerk of the School Board."

"In the death of Selby Harney we lose one of the most progressive returned students of the Phoenix Indian School, and occurs the breaking up of another of the model Indian homes of Phoenix, where he resided with his wife, who is a former Carlisle student, and two children," says *The Native American.* The cause was blood poisoning, which developed unexpectedly from a small pimple on the face. "Selby was a Mohave-Apache and had been thrifty and frugal and had cattle and land at San Carlos. He was one of the successful young Indians whose death occasions sorrow both among the red and the white men."

Oregon Mussel-Shell Mounds.

The historic old mussel-shell mounds on the Siletz Indian reservation are giving way to present-day needs. These old monuments, linked with Indian tradition, and the relics of an ancient custom of the first dwellers on the Oregon coast, are being torn down to make modern wagon roads.

It has been discovered that the shells from these mounds, when properly spread out, make a roadbed which is as good as a macadam road, so the conical piles which have stood for centuries are being torn apart and scattered to improve the course of the rapidly-increasing travel up and down the Pacific Coast from Newport to the mouth of the Siletz River.

According to the traditions of the Indians on the Siletz reservation, the mussel shell mounds were erected centuries ago, far beyond the memory of the first white man who ever visited the Siletz country. It is the story of the present Indians that it was the custom of their ancient ancestors to go down to the beach every summer and catch mussels for part of their winter food. These bivalves could be secured in great numbers in certain places, and at these same spots the Indians camped each season.

After they had caught the mussels, they would place them along the shore just back from the beach until the heat from the sun cracked the shells, and thus spared the Indians the labor of opening them. They would then throw the shells up in conical mounds, there being thousands of shells in each mound. In the course of time several of these mounds were erected near each good place for catching mussels.

The mounds stand in groups along the shore for a distance of about six miles. They stand from one hundred to two hundred yards back from the beach. The mounds are each about twenty-five feet in circumference at the base and stand five or six feet high.

There is one tradition that the mounds were used as burying places for the Indian dead. But this does not appear to have been the case as a general rule and the mounds were apparently erected because of the necessity of having some place to throw the mussel shells so that they would not be scattered about promiscuously and thus take up the open space needed in drying other mussels as caught.

In one mound which was torn down a skeleton was found, and this started the report that these mounds were used as tombs. But the fact disclosed by this discovery that an Indian was buried in one of the mounds is believed to be merely due to the coincidence that one of the tribe died while the Indians were camped there gathering their annual supply of mussels and through some freak or whim his body was placed in the interior of a mound then in process of construction.

A stretch of road two miles in length has already been covered with these shells. The road is first graded and drained and then a dressing of shells about six or eight inches deep is spread on the road. When it becomes packed solid it forms a splendid roadbed.

It is planned to make the use of the old shell-mounds general in rebuilding this road and just so fast as funds are available for work in the road district in which this coastwise thoroughfare is situated the shell road will be extended.—*Oregonian.*

SPECIAL OFFER.

The Business Manager is pleased to announce that he has made arrangements by which he will send, for one year, to new subscribers,

The Native American
AND
The Indian's Friend
FOR
SIXTY CENTS

The Native American is issued by the United States Indian Industrial School at Phoenix, Arizona, and although much space is naturally devoted to matters of special interest to that Territory, it publishes many valuable articles by Indian writers.

The People of Puckered Moccasins.

By Stella Grenfell O'Donnell.

My mother was a daughter of the Ojibways, the tribe Longfellow describes in "Hiawatha," and I, who was born and spent my childhood among her people, am, by Indian law as well as by affection, also a daughter of the Ojibways. In the old days the tribes were known by the style of moccasin they wore. We who gathered ours at the top were called Ojibways or Chippewas, which in English means "people of the puckered moccasins." The Chippewas is the largest tribe north of Mexico. Our range is about the Great Lakes, one-half being in Canada and the other half in the United States.

Early in the seventeenth century the American and French traders came into the Ojibway country bringing beads blankets and firearms, and glass beads in place of the crude ones made of shells and bones. At first they probably used the original designs in their bead work, formed by straight lines only, but in effort to follow nature more closely they have adopted the curved line, designing leaves, flowers, and fruit. This distinguishes their work from that of all other tribes today. As a child I liked to watch the women with a broom straw dipped in paste, draw their designs on the material, then embroider it by filling it with beads.

POEMS OF
ALEXANDER POSEY
THE CREEK INDIAN

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Only the older Indian makes his wigwam of birch bark, but all use the soft, bright grass mats, which the women still make with great skill and taste, of rushes gathered from the hundreds of lakes in that section. The rushes are dried, dyed, and woven on a rude loom, much as the Navajo women weaves her blankets.

The Chippewas are an agricultural people, but in a primitive way. When the first crow flies they make sugar from maple trees; when the leaves are as big as squirrels' ears they put in their gardens of corn and vegetables. After this they go into woods and fields for berries or to dig snake root. By the time the berry season is over they gather wild rice and do their winter fishing. The berries and fish are put up in air tight birch bark boxes called *mucox,* and kept for the long, cold winter, during which the men are logging and trapping.

Like all other tribes, the Chippewas always believed in one great mysterious being, the *Geiche manito,* and many lesser that reside in animals. These they believed were quick to hear in summer, but in the winter after the snow had fallen they could not hear so well. That is why the Indians keep their legends for the winter fireside. They tell their children that if they tell them in the summer time a frog or a snake may crawl into their beds at night.

The Chippewa, though he has accepted to a great extent the religion of the white man, still clings to some of his old customs. The *medewiwin,* or organization of medicine men, which held absolute control in the old days still has some influence over the tribes on the White Earth Reservation from which I come. This organization meets regularly every fall, and often in the winter, in case any member is very sick. They make a long lodge of fragrant pine boughs, and in this the members meet and hold their ceremonies.

When I was a child I never let any of my hair go astray, for fear it might fall into the hands of the medicine men, who, by putting powder on the hair, and then tying it to a tree on a cold, windy day might cause much suffering.

Archdeacon Gilfillan worked among the Chippewas at White Earth, Minn. for many years, and started missions and trained men for ministry. Two of the churches he started at Ponsford and Beaulieu now have Indian clergymen. Through his influence the Government has bought some of the missions, to be used as schools, so that his work might go on.

THE WORK OF
THE NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION
AMONG OUR NATIVE AMERICAN INDIANS INCLUDES:

1. Direct undenominational teaching of religious truths in tribes where, almost without exception, no Christian instruction is given by any other organization.
2. Industrial work at all our stations.
3. Domestic arts, including civilized cookery, the care of the sick and tidy household habits.
4. Helping to right political wrongs; gathering of Indian children into schools; stimulating and preparing capable Indians for wise leadership among their people.
5. Loans of money to Indians to enable them to build homes which become civilizing and Christianizing centers of family life, or to engage in business.

The policy of the Association is to give its missions when well established, together with the property gathered, to the care of permanent denominational boards asking for them.

The Association has done pioneer work in fifty-two tribes, or separated parts of tribes, where Christian instruction was not given by other Societies. In all more than fifty buildings have been erected, and the missions, when well established, have been given one at a time to the permanent care of various denominational boards.

At least twenty-five tribes, or tribal remnants, yet remain wholly destitute of religious instruction. The Association will begin missions among them as soon as the needed funds are forthcoming. We ask you to help us in this work, which must surely appeal to every American patriot and Christian who possesses any accurate knowledge of conditions existing among the Indians of our country.

YOU CAN HELP

The work of the Association by your contributions. The receipt of all donations, whether large or small, will always be gratefully acknowledged.

The payment of $50 within the year constitutes the donor an Honorary Member.

The payment of $25 constitutes the donor a Patron.

The payment of $10 constitutes the donor a Life Member.

The payment of $1 constitutes the donor a Member-at-large.

The Corresponding and Executive Secretary, John W. Clark, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will be glad to furnish literature and answer inquiries.

Cheques should be made payable to Anna Bennett, Treasurer.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto the Trustees of The National Indian Association, a corporation under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, its successors and assigns, the sum of

FORM OF DEVISE. (Real Estate.)

I give and devise unto the Trustees of The National Indian Association, a corporation under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, its successors and assigns, clear of tax, all that (here describe the real estate)