

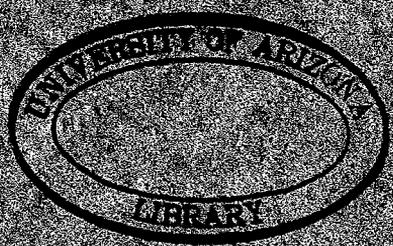
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TEN YEARS

1915-1925

Selected Editorials from
THE NATIVE AMERICAN

By
JOHN B. BROWN



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Superintendent United States
Indian Vocational School
Phoenix, Arizona



THE NATIVE AMERICAN PRESS
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TEN YEARS



JOHN B. BROWN

THE present superintendent assumed charge of Phoenix Indian School, April 1, 1915—ten years ago. Ten years is a short time in the work of cutting the Grand Canyon or in the development of a race of men, yet it is longer than the average term of office at one location for Indian school men and some things of importance have happened during those ten years. The World War had begun, but we were still two years from our entrance into its maelstrom. We entered, hastily and clumsily prepared but emerged with prowess and we are well on the road toward the payment of the bill.

Phoenix School has increased its average attendance from 700 to 850 with a percentage of Indian blood above ninety-nine. Of the ninety employees now at Phoenix School and sanatorium but eight were here ten years ago and five of these are academic teachers. We modestly believe that the work in most departments of the school is better than it was ten years ago and that better results are being secured. This is not a boast. The next ten years should also show progress whether under the same or a new leadership. Progress is normal and each ten-year period should be better than its predecessor.

Ten years ago the new superintendent of Phoenix School had a friendly letter expressing the opinion that the superintendency of a nonreservation Indian school offered a most comfortable berth. We have found it comfortable at times and in spots but never a berth.

Ten years ago we took upon ourselves the editorship of the *NATIVE AMERICAN* since which time we have covered topics reaching from "bath bricks" to the "over soul" and the "valetudinarian." For some of them we were soon sorry and others do not seem as virile and pungent as they once did. Some of them we have recently re-read and frankly enjoyed as they recalled incidents which had been forgotten. The work on the *NATIVE AMERICAN* has been a labor of love. It hasn't taken long to live these ten years. Here goes for the next decade.

THE GRAND CANYON

IT IS quite common for "writing people" who visit the Grand Canyon to begin by saying that no one can describe it, and then to immediately prove their statement by spoiling some pages of good white paper in one more abortive effort. We recently visited the Canyon for the first time, and with much difficulty restrain ourselves from making the usual attempt. We really think it would be educative to us and others and that everyone should write a description of this phenomenon. When it comes to printing the description, that is quite another matter, and for ourselves we some years since

secured the services of Zane Grey, whose word painting still stands as worthy to be copied by the Santa Fe railway, and by George Wharton James, both good writers and good advertisers.

Dr. Gray and Prof. John Vandyke will permit us to say, however, that the Canyon is a silent place and when undisturbed by the autobiographical babblings of the guide, it is viewed by silent men and women. Our school day adjectives are brought out and dusted off, our lips part but the speech remains as a potentiality. Like the good elderly woman of the hill country, sometimes we "just sit and think" and sometimes we "just sit," but mostly we think, and we dream wordless dreams.

As with any spectacle or event, we see and we think as we are trained to see and think, depending on the mental angle from which we approach. The painter sees color and form, the scientist sees strata and prehistoric life forms from which he reads the earth's history, the philosopher reads from the pictured story of combat between the rocks and the river.

At the same time the guide sees the trail, the curio dealer sees a customer and the garage man within sight of the Canyon sees the broken spring on the front of your Ford.

Leaving out the class which does not see the Canyon at all, the more we can sympathize with the scientist, the artist and the philosopher, the more of benefit, of growth and of happiness we gain. We consciously or unconsciously soon fit the impressions, inspirations or ideas into our own life's work.

Here is the thought, the analogy and the lesson that came to us out on Maricopa Point, one day, looking down at the chasm, one mile deep, eighteen miles wide and one hundred miles long with the thread of a stream at the bottom, the maker of the Canyon:

You and I, dear reader, are striving to be educators. For some few centuries we and our forebears have labored for the enlightenment and development of a race. As rays of light have reached us we have tried to radiate as well as to absorb. We have met with obstacles and discouragement. We have grown weary at the struggle and impatient at the slowness of mind and body sometimes shown by our co-workers, as well as by those whom we would benefit. We have toiled for a human generation and seem only to have scratched the surface of our humanizing, civilizing problem. Men still fight when they should love, destroy when they should build, weep when they should sing and loaf when they should work.

During this time, as examples of industry and patience, we have been pointed to the ant, the bee and to other frugal and praiseworthy workers of the smaller type. May we not, however, looking at the Colorado River and its work, even though inanimate and inarticulate, see an example which dwarfs all others into insignificance.

What did the Infusoria say in that remote geologic dawn when the personified rivulet was assigned the stupendous task of cutting the Canyon? We may rest assured that the writhing of their microscope molecules, could it be translated through the ages which measure the growth of species

and the origin of language, would signify, "It can't be done." And after the first million years of grinding, when but a small seam marked the surface of the mountain, we may in fancy again hear the protesting paleozoic denizens murmur in chorus, "What's the use!" Yet the stream which became the Colorado River promptly settled down to do its work from which it has never taken a vacation. And there today is the Canyon, so great and so wonderful that the mind of man cannot conceive of the time or of the energy expended in its making.

Our tasks today loom large in front of our restricted vision. The work of our few years seems to have had little effect, yet we esteem ourselves the lords of creation and the acme of nature's product. We fume and fret betimes attack and retreat, yet may we not, without being in any degree *satisfied* with our results, still take courage and gather hope from this greatest of nature's examples. Continue to consider the ant, thou sluggard, if thou wilt, but oh, thou pessimist, consider the Colorado.

ARE WE DEMOCRATIC ?

(1919)

WE hear much these days and very appropriately, concerning the necessity of making the world safe for democracy. Kings and princes are abdicating so fast that the list is no longer complete if a few days old, and nationalities that are but ill prepared for the experiment are to attempt self government for the first time. Our representatives at the Peace Conference, headed by our great President, are there not for the purpose of enlarging our area by a single acre but for the primary purpose of rendering secure the right of every people, including ourselves, to govern itself as it sees fit according to the judgment of its own majority. In the working out of this plan by the conference and the several nations in pursuance of the conclusions of this conference, it is becoming apparent in most cases that each citizen of these governments is to have one vote and that neither race, religion, finance, birth, color, or sex are to cut much figure. Of course all men are not equally able to govern, but on the whole it is probable that fewer national errors will be committed where the majority rules and where each person of sound mind and mature age has one vote and uses it.

Because we are now approaching this condition and because in our country we have no permanent castes or social strata, we proclaim our democracy and invite our European neighbors to copy us. In their gratitude for the fine help we have given them they have charitably overlooked some of our faults which as educators we might all do well to recognize and labor to correct.

The two chief factors in the education of youth are in our churches and our schools. Our churches may be sufficiently democratic to welcome men and women poorly clad and who contribute no funds, but they have not succeeded in convincing such persons that this is true.

Our schools lack in democracy when a majority of wealth decrees a form and expensiveness of dress or social activities which the majority of numbers can ill afford. The writer knows personally, a number of bright young

people capable of the highest scholastic advancement, who have been forced out of school prematurely because of this fact.

Small children, possibly the boys more than the girls, are the nearest democratic in their customs and standards, but even here lines of social cleavage soon appear. High schools, it appears to the writer, have been especially unfortunate in their inability to suppress many evidences of snobbishness and unhealthy standards of measuring personal worth. An unhappy student is not a good student and many have been made unhappy by the inability or unwillingness of parents to provide silk shirts and automobile transportation.

At the risk of being quoted by some future generation when we may be less friendly with the British than just now, the writer recalls the statement of a Rhoades scholar that Oxford University was far more democratic than our American colleges. In explanation he said that he knew and associated with two sons of English noblemen for over a year before he knew of their aristocratic birth. The Englishmen had not thought it necessary to mention it. At Oxford, said our informant, it was not difficult for a student to say he "could not afford it" when asked to join in any enterprise beyond his means. He lost no friend and no prestige. "Well, sir, sorry you can't go," would be the only comment and the only thought.

May we modestly attempt a little definition of democracy as we hope to see and will not our returning sons in uniform help us to realize the aim? May not democracy mean the willingness of society to take to its bosom all who are worthy and give them the chance, with their heads up and their hearts happy. To do the work they can do the best and live the best life they are fitted to enjoy? And may not this "Peace on earth" bring nearer to us that great genuine desire for "good will toward all men."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CRITICISM

THE writer realizes his own limitations in the matter of dramatic and musical appreciation, or possibly we should say dramatic and musical discrimination. We are able to enjoy both the drama and the music and that encourages us hope to that, given time and tutelage, we might learn to discriminate. To that end we ask but do not receive two things. First, as to music, we wish that those who entertain us and elevate us, would first talk to us in Arizona English, telling something about it. We know that words can not tell all about it. If they could we would not need the music, but the language would help us on our way. We know this, for on rare occasions a divinely inspired artist who studied men as well as the music, has done this successfully. A wise philosopher and student of education once said of his cult: "If a boy were an Assyrian brick he would have a better chance to be understood by the average college professor than he now has," and sometimes this patient listener wishes he, too, might be studied by the artist, and told in advance by language written or spoken, of the theme in the mind of the composer, that the source of his inspiration may happily be ours.

Second, as to both music and the drama, we wish that those who report the performances for the press might be competent, honest and courageous. We should so much like to check up our own impressions, with those of some one whom we recognize as authority.

Now this is what happens in our town: Lady McBeth gives a musical afternoon in which her daughter has a prominent part. Of course the reporters are not musicians and they have a date at the boxing contest, anyway, and no time to go. So Lady McBeth writes up the story of her charming daughter's recital, the day before it occurs, sends it with photo of her daughter, and it appears not in the advertising columns, sponsored by the author, but as the opinion of the paper whose real advertising columns must be truthful. The sad truth also is that the report of the boxing contest is no more trustworthy, as it is written by the paid representative of the fight promoter. The sorrowful thing about the poor flattering "publicity" stuff about amateurs or professionals is that while the public which it is desired to impress soon ceases to read it, the performer is in danger of taking the unqualified approval seriously and hence lose the opportunity for growth that would come from candid discriminating criticism.

Business and professional men are rapidly learning that honesty is the best policy, and that this "policy" is especially applicable to the matter of advertising. We believe that professional entertainers should learn this, and that newspapers would have a much more permanent and profitable clientele if they would require all "publicity" stuff to be paid for at regular space rates and leave their critics free to criticize. This latter would involve some care in assigning reporters to matters of which they had some knowledge and for which they have had special training. We freely realize that such competent critics are not always obtainable in comparatively small cities, but we believe all who think on the subject seriously would prefer no criticism at all, to that which is so seriously uninformed and unreliable.

DR. BUTLER'S POSITION

WHEN cats look at kings why shouldn't an Indian school superintendent join the anvil chorus which just now expresses its disapproval of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, in his condemnation of the Eighteenth Amendment?

The question of sumptuary legislation has been debated all the way from Maine to California, from district schools to Columbia and in Congress. The discussion has covered a period from the days of the Whisky Rebellion in Pennsylvania to the trial of the latest bootlegger in Phoenix. Whether we like it or not the conclusion is inevitable that we are moving *toward* and not away from the control of the individual's food, drink, and his general activities. All this is done in the belief that such control is essential to the general health and welfare of society. We have pure food laws, child labor laws, factory inspection, and even blue sky laws to protect our citizens against poison, poverty, and disease. All of these laws have been vigorously

opposed by the special interests which thought themselves aggrieved and by other objectors, conscientious or conscienceless as the case may be. A strong element always has objected to the infringement upon the freedom and rights of the individual and this element is always worthy of respectful consideration. It may and should compel careful consideration of every additional step taken by the public in its control of the individual.

Opposed to Dr. Butler's position, it seems to us, is the great and growing tendency of civilization to legislate for public health, scientific and industrial progress and public welfare. We ask and demand that the government educate our children, encourage invention and protect our health. We ask the State to restrain our neighbor from bringing infective diseases into our household. We demand quarantine regulations against plant and animal diseases involving the slaughter of cattle and the destruction of valuable crops. With all this, what are we willing to do or to sacrifice in return.

We possibly are moving too fast in the matter of sumptuary laws. Our ideas are ahead of our accomplishments. It might have been wiser to have concentrated our energies on the enforcement of laws already on our books than to have counted them as tasks already accomplished. Even Indian school superintendents sometimes allow their older buildings to fall into decay in their zeal to build new ones! However, the Eighteenth Amendment is a part of our fundamental law, becoming such after a century of open discussion through machinery provided in its own original text. No previous amendment to the Constitution has been revoked nor has such revocation been seriously considered. Dr. Butler and Columbia may wish we hadn't done it but we have done it and it is all in line with the great irresistible movement of the age. We cannot ask society to do everything for us and nothing to us. As with the male animal of the bovine species which sought to obstruct the locomotive, we may admire the courage of Columbia's president, and yet reserve the right to question his judgment. We may well pause for a generation of education in law enforcement before going further in our efforts to educate and reform society against the will of so large and so persistent a minority. We may with wisdom move more slowly, but we shall not move backward.

MEN AND SHEEP

(1919)

A FAVORITE text used by ministers of the gospel concerns the relative values of men and sheep. As the subject is usually treated the men have all the best of it. The good shepherd is everywhere extolled for his faithfulness and at times is also tested for courage, intelligence and endurance, especially in the story books. In the sermons the keeper of the sheep has his chief value as an example to the Shepherd of Men, the work of the latter being assumed to be of a much higher nature.

Nineteen hundred and nineteen years ago today "there were shepherds abiding in the field," and they had visions. It is a far cry, however, from the shepherd to the herders. We do not wish to depreciate the dignity of any kind of labor and we do not wish to make money the sole measurement of

values as applied to human endeavor, yet as a whole the money value is most prominent even in the minds of good men and the worker is measured by the amount of his pay. Further, intelligence and mental training are usually rewarded more than physical endurance or even faithfulness. The sheep herder has been faithful these recent days for just one big reason. Since we knew him eight years ago his pay has been more than doubled. An Indian Service official visiting in Phoenix states authoritatively that in Wyoming and Montana he is paid this year one hundred dollars a month *and expenses*.

We have become accustomed to seeing our more or less skilled Indian boys from fourth grade upward go out to milk cows or make hay and receive more pay than their teachers. We stand for this without murmur because we appreciate cows and alfalfa and feel that we have done good preparatory work for the boys, but some way we feel different about this sheep business. It is true that sheep are now valued as high as twenty dollars each. This is seven times as much as they were worth when the writer fed a bunch of Merinos some years since and sold the wool at nine cents a pound.

But the price of men is continually going up also. Good men are scarce, and the growing crop needs attention. The men and women who are to have charge of the children should be shepherds and not sheep herders, but should not serve at lower pay on that account.

PERSONALITY

THE efficiency fellows and trainers of salesmen these days as well as the trainers of teachers have much to say and to ask concerning the "personality" of the person under consideration. Just now Indian school employees who are complying with instructions are reading "The Personality of the Teacher." At a meeting of Phoenix school faculty members recently one instructor who had not yet read the book asked, "Just what do we mean by 'personality'?" and another who has not yet read the book suggests the following as a partial answer:

Personality or that kind of personality which is desired is that which causes others to like us, to believe what we may say and to do what we desire to have done.

Two Indian girls in a kitchen on an Indian school campus were discussing their teacher. One says, "I don't like her, she's me-e-an." This child's diagnosis we knew to be correct although she had had no personal difficulty with the teacher. Pupils went to that school room with lagging feet and sat with lagging minds. Why did they not like this teacher? There were a variety of reasons the first of which was that the teacher did not personally care for her pupils. She did not especially care for or respect Indians as a race. Not caring she made little progress toward understanding the minds of these young persons committed to her care. A winning personality must be interested in the activities, the pleasures and play of youth. This interest cannot successfully be feigned. Attention to personal neatness and dress is abundantly worth while—a new gown, a bright ribbon or a water-wave is as much

appreciated by a class of Indian children as by the members of an evening social gathering of older persons.

The personality of the teacher should be radiant. To be radiant we must have something to radiate—qualities worth while, ideas, ideals, and conscience gathered and developed by endeavoring to intelligently help our associates. A broad general interest in the betterment of all phases of humanity and a willingness to make some sacrifice of time, strength, and money in behalf of those who need it. The presence of a friendly smile that comes from within, all these are needed by the teacher who cares for personality. To indiscriminately advocate smiling is confessedly a delicate and dangerous proposition. We must smile with and not at those to whom we would offer our good cheer. If the right feeling is there the technique will take care of itself and there will be no need to practice before a mirror. No one will mistake a smile for a grin.

Are we sweet or sour, are we forceful or weak, are we firm and steadfast, or are we vacillating; are we morally honest all through or have we yellow streaks? Are we quiet or noisy, industrious or indolent? Do we become so absorbed in our work that we do not notice the flight of time or do we watch the clock? Are we healthy and radiant or are we frail and apathetic? Can we say "no" so pleasantly as to win a friend or do we say "yes" so grudgingly as to lose one? Are we courageous or timid; are we willing to take some personal risk in the interest of a good cause or is our motto a personal safety first? Do we contribute to charities or do we hoard money with the explanation that "charity begins at home." Have we the outpouring or the ingrowing soul? Are we optimists or pessimists? Do we carefully study the Golden Rule and endeavor to be guided by its precept? Are we kind? These and other questions of the sort must be faced and answered by the one who would answer the question, "Have I personality?" or "What do we mean by personality?"

THE KU KLUX KLAN

ONE of the writer's earliest recollections of newspapers is of *Harper's Weekly*, the first of all illustrated weeklies, and its cartoons by Thomas Nast. It was the time of "Boss Tweed" in the Tammany affairs of New York City, and of reconstruction days in the Southern States.

Among the outstanding features of that unhappy period were the activities of the original Ku Klux Klan. We trust that the common good sense of good citizens, without regard to section, will prevent history from repeating itself in this Klan business.

The Ku Klux Klan of that earlier day was strangely similar, in its inception, to that of today. It was begun as a cheerful, humorous method of joking people into right methods of living. Later the Klan saw things that needed regulating and, having the machinery, the surplus energy and the time, it proceeded to regulate them. Capitalizing the superstition of the Negro and of his unlettered white neighbors, the Klan, with its ghostly uniform, its weird ritual and sepulchral voice started out to frighten men and

women into being good, that is, good according to the ideas of members of the Ku Klux Klan. An organization that works wholly in the dark and which contains much of mystery contains elements of danger. The Klan started out with the idea and sincere desire to bring order to chaotic communities. Just the kind of order and the punishment to be visited on the violaters of order, depended on the character or whims of the Klan. Hence quite naturally, the organization which began with a sincere purpose, fell into the hands of adventurous, reckless, and often wholly vicious leaders who used its power for the wreaking of personal revenge. Thus the Ku Klux Klan of the early seventies became a national disgrace and was suppressed. Beginning with the aim of supporting and enforcing the law, it became itself a conspicuous example of organized lawlessness. Thus it ever is with mobs. The first one may be correct in its diagnosis and just in its punishment but its successors inevitably degenerate. When shall we organize as individuals and as groups, to support and enforce the law openly? We very soon should have fewer statutes but better observance of those we retain. Legislative bodies these days appear actually to make laws merely to see how they will work and without the will, public sentiment or the machinery to enforce them. We believe that the trouble lies at the door and within the heart of the busy business man. Afraid to report lawlessness or to back up the efforts of the enforcement officers, least it injure business and cost money. The bane of a police chief's existence is the man who wonders why the law is not enforced and who writes eloquent appeals under the name of "Pro bono publico" but refuses to affix his signature to a formal complaint without which officials are helpless. Let us openly and courageously get behind the men whom we have chosen and whom we direct to maintain an orderly civilization.

LISTENING TO MUSIC

AN accomplished concert singer and a teacher of voice recently sang for an Arizona high-school audience. Possibly one should say he sang at the audience, for comparatively few appeared to be listening with their minds and many not listening at all. The singing was artistically done, but of necessity lacked much of the finer features of good music, much of the appealing, sympathetic quality because of the annoying indifference of the audience. The entrance of a belated pupil at the back door, or the passing of an automobile was sufficient to distract the attention of the whole audience from a really fine performance. We forget too often that in music, as in speaking, the audience must actively and consciously co-operate if the program is to go as it should. Few high-school audiences have learned this and it appears to be one of the weakest features of our schools. The singer in question gave it as his opinion that he could not expect a sympathetic or attentive audience for high class music from young persons below the college grade, and with no desire to appear snobbish and with a sincere desire to spread the gospel of good music in a democratic helpful way, he avoids high-school audiences where practicable.

Well, so much for our boys and girls and their short-comings. But wait. A

week later we escorted the same musician to appear before a luncheon of business men. We introduced him in our most approved manner and he gave us what would have been a wonderful solo had we listened. We applauded, of course, and appeared on the point of being "peeved" that he did not respond to the encore. During the song we rattled the cutlery, exchange jokes and discussed the game in progress between the Giants and the Yanks. Among the most vigorous hand-clappers were the men who had been most industrious and audible conversationists throughout the singing. So there goes our theory that it is the heedlessness of youth that hampers our high school. It isn't the boys and girls; it's *us*. Among the erring ones at our luncheon was a high-school principal, and he is a good one, too, a leader in his community. Not a man in the lot would consciously show discourtesy to a fellow man. All were would-be boosters for the betterment of their community. We have one more chance. We mean to risk our own reputation and that of our associates by inviting the same musician to appear at the Indian school auditorium.

Teaching children, young persons and more mature men and women to listen to good speaking, or to good music, is not an impossible undertaking. We are reliably informed of a group comprising a few score of small children who had been so trained that they listened attentively, at the front of a large auditorium, to a series of high class musical artists. The artists did not expect it, and when they saw the children, invariably asked that they be separated and chaperoned so that the performance be not interrupted. The children were allowed to remain. The performance was not interrupted and the children listened with pleasure. It was all a matter of education, the work of a teacher who understood.

These few remarks do not represent a mere temporary fit of mental indigestion and should not give the impression that we permanently disapprove of our fellow men and fellow boys and girls. We believe that the thing that was in one place done for the children may be done in every school and in every town with groups of all ages and conditions, where there is just one diplomatic, divinely anointed, forceful and kindly leader who will set himself the task of putting across this really worth while educational program. It is a wonderful thing to learn to do one thing at a time and to *all do it*. It matters not so much within certain prescribed bounds of propriety, not so much what we do as how we do it, and a community which learns this great fact can move mountains. Let none applaud who has not listened.

MUSIC WITH OUR MEALS

MUSIC with our meals is all right, if we do one thing at a time. It is unfair to good music, however, to accompany it by the more or less audible eating of soup, the clatter of cutlery or the murmur of voices. Good music at a luncheon or dinner is quite practicable if we have it between courses or after the serving and eating of food is completed. Poor music, or any music that we do not feel obliged to listen to, would be better omitted altogether.

THE STORY OF JIM

(1918)

HE was an eighth-grade boy, age sixteen. In the fifth grade he had been one of the best in his class but later had been frequently absent from school and on this account had difficulty in passing his grade. He had planned to enter high school but put it off a year to visit in California. He learned to drive a car and worked some about a garage, but learned no trade. At the age of twenty-one he applied to the Secretary of Associated Charities in Phoenix for assistance while he planned to take a business college course. He was urged to do this but again put it off and went to visit friends in El Paso, Texas, where he had heard there was plenty of work. About once a year he showed up in Phoenix, each time a little worse looking in features and in dress. Recently the secretary saw him sitting on the curb with pencils and shoe strings in a hat, offering these articles for sale. He had joined the great army of the "down and out." He refused to recognize the secretary when she spoke to him. Jim is not merely in hard circumstances, not merely down and out and unfortunate but he has joined the underworld. He is the friend and associate of bootleggers, the social secretary of poor, painted, fallen womanhood. He is only about thirty years old but for every good purpose and for every chance for real and enduring happiness for himself he is through. Jim was not originally vicious. His fall and his failure were due solely to his lack of purpose, to his procrastination and his unwillingness to give up present personal pleasure for the sake of greater future good. He became a law breaker, a "down and outer" by the simplest and most common method. By shirking the monotony of daily duty in school or at work, by expecting his opportunity to be in the future instead of now and in some other place than here. He and his kind constitute one of the chief problems of mankind and one of the heaviest burdens society must bear. He got his start by "skipping" from school. He went a step further when he failed to learn a trade or stick to a job and he finished by joining the underworld. This is the story of Jim. It is not a fairy story. The writer saw him on the street last week.

THE STORY OF BILL

(1918)

BILL came to Phoenix at the age of seventeen after a common school course in a country school of the Middle West. His parents were unable to send him to high school or college, so he got a job as delivery man for a merchant in this new western town. Bill did not drive a self-starting truck but rose daily at five A. M. fed a yellow horse and grease a squeaking wagon. He appeared at the store at seven A. M. equipped for the day's business. He swept out the store. During the day when deliveries were slack and while he rested he sorted nails, dusted shelves and burned waste paper in the alley. After the store closed he went home and fed his horse and in the evening went back to the store to set up machines and study catalogs by a kerosene lamp. Catalogs describing things he had no business with and for which only the buyer had any use.

In a year the business grew so Bill was called into the store and another young man drove the yellow horse. Bill still came early in the morning and still went around after supper just to see if he had forgotten anything. Of evenings Bill frequently met the boss who kept the books, and the boss got the habit of saying about twice a year: "Bill business is pretty good, I'm going to raise you \$10 a month, you can count it from Christmas." Then came hard years with sales, but poor collections. Men were laid off but Bill staid. This went on for eighteen years. Bill married. Little Bills came, three of them, and each year the raise. Bill took no vacation for eighteen years; never thought to ask for it. Liked the business. Then the boss' health failed and after three returns to his store and as many relapses, he sent for Bill. "Can you run the business?" "Sure!" "All right it's awfully hard to give it up, but if you'll let me be floor-walker when I want to; well—your the boss." Bill is a grandfather now, though still a young and growing man. He belongs to civic clubs designed for public betterment and buys Victory Bonds. He is strong for good roads, prohibition, woman suffrage, and a clean plate. He loves flowers and babies. Neither is this a fairy story, but a bit of history modesty made known, and far inside the facts. The writer spent three days last week selling liberty bonds to business men in Phoenix, along with Bill.

THE END OF THE WORLD

RECENTLY, say on December 17, we witnessed another failure in the predictions of prophets who saw some planets headed for junction points with open switches and who, therefore, saw the inevitable end of the world. The fact that these predictions failed will not in the least deter the prophets or succeeding prophets from repeating the predictions as soon as there is time for the growth of a new crop of "suckers." These periodical scares are not entirely unattended by beneficial results. In Phoenix, one good woman who had been too busy for many years to do any reading, in view of the coming end, went to the public library and secured a supply of books which she read. She read them during that supposedly last week and after the seventeenth, the neighbors helped her with the neglected laundry and furnished the Christmas dinner. One very common, if not characteristic feeling of all these end of the world advocates and the first real symptom is that they quit work.

About the year 1000, much of Europe especially France was greatly disturbed over one of these ends of the world. It was a time of great turbulence and unrest. There was almost continuous wars. There was pestilence and famine. There were neglected fields, idleness and corruption. For some centuries charters for the gift of real estate and many official documents began with the phrase "in view of the approaching end of the world." The fatalistic prophets of those days like those of later dates were quite safe so long as they did not fix dates. In France the church is said to have encouraged this belief that the end was near and in consequence profited by large gifts. Rich men then as now sought to square themselves

for the fatal day by the erection of churches and by going on pious pilgrimages in atonement for their sins. Finally multitudes gathered in churches and churchyards in order to spend their last hours on earth in holy places. We imagine that there was as much disappointment as joy among those who from their feeling of ecstasy or terror, were compelled or permitted to return to their daily duties.

In the United States, William Miller, a preacher found evidence in the prophecies of the Bible that enabled him to fix a date in 1843 on which Christ would reappear and the world would end. Heaven was to continue, however, and the followers of Miller, numbering some thousands in the aggregate, prepared ascension robes, went to the housetops or high places and awaited the summons. Unfortunately history rarely records just how these people acted, looked or felt on coming down from these places of prominence or whether they were any wiser or more sane thereafter. Our guess is, however, that the same individuals were ready for the next similar prophecy with open minds and hearts.

Our chief objection to these prophecies and to those who credit them is to their economic, mental and moral waste. Why argue about it or why worry about it. Two men of our literary acquaintance had the right idea and there is no necessity for allowing them a monopoly. Jonathan Edwards resolved that he would "live each hour of his life as though it were his last." This from the great Edwards was a sombre as well as a pious resolve and one that he kept religiously. Of more practical type was that of the peasant philosopher who when plowing in his field, was asked what he would do if he knew that that day was his last. He rested a moment, looked at the hills and beauty about him, looked at the furrow behind and on the unfinished field before him—he then looked within himself before looking up to say "I should plow."

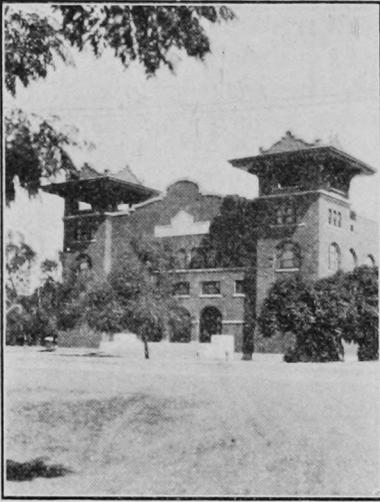
Jonathan Edwards probably would have prayed, as was his custom, yet who can say that the one was more religious or more ready than the other, whether it be for entry into a new order of existence or to remain on this earth to aid in the solution of its problems.

JIMMY'S SMILE

IN another column we reprint a news item and editorial comment from the *Grand Rapids Herald*. The subject is the value of the smile. We offer it because those of us in the Indian Service who still have the muscle occasionally fail to use it when we need it and our friends need it most. The smile muscle doubtless has another and a more scientific name as known to physiologists, but it will work even better under its homely cognomen. The muscle is classed as "voluntary" but it has been found that by cultivation it may be raised to the fine fellowship of the involuntary class. Let's cultivate the smile, always distinguishing it from the grin, which is reserved for the use of small mischievous boys who have big sisters with beaux.

OUR PART IN THE WAR

(April, 1917.)



MEMORIAL HALL

Built at Phoenix Indian School in honor of the students who served in the military forces of the United States during the World War.

I HAVE called you together in pursuance of instructions contained in a telegram from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in which he urges the utmost exertion on the part of the Indian schools in the production of food supplies, and gives somewhat definite instructions for carrying out this project. At another and smaller meeting, those of us directly connected with the farm and garden, will discuss these details. What I want to do now, and here, is to tell you how important it is that each man and woman, each boy and girl, does his part, and does his best. This part, and here will come the test of your patriotism, will in most cases be decided for you by some one in authority. Only those young men who are to join the army and the navy have much choice as to how they will now serve their country,

and their choice ends when they have decided which military arm of our defense they will join. After you are in the army or navy there will again be some one very close at hand to decide for you just what you are to do, and when and where you are to do it. The army is not a debating society. Discipline is more strict than you have known anything about and deserters from the army or navy are severely punished.

We are at war with Germany, and war means sacrifice. Germany is a most efficient and forceful foe. She is efficient, forceful and potent because of her sturdy individual manhood, and her wonderful organization. Each German man or woman is placed where he can be most useful to his country, and he stays put. He is told where to go, what to do and when to do it, and he does this without question.

In war we are in the kindergarten class because we abhor war, and have shrunk from it as long as we could do so with honor. Two years ago I objected to some of you young men going into the National Guard of Arizona, on the ground that the divided allegiance between that military organization and the school was not good for either. At that time you were told and the National Guard recruiting officer was told that if the time came when our country really needed us they might have any one connected with the school in any capacity, with my full consent.

That time in my judgment has now come. We have no music and no shouting at this meeting today, but I am here to tell you with the approval of the Indian Office, that those of you who are eighteen years of age, and physically fit, may go to the army or navy at any time. Now I want you to start right. You will not have to go in the night or escape down an alley in your overalls. Come to the office tomorrow morning at nine o'clock in your uniform, after excusing yourself to your principal or your industrial instructor, and you will receive a letter to the recruiting officer giving our permission for your enlistment. I want *you* to *know* why you are going, and do not want it to be merely because somebody else is going. War is not a picnic or a joy-ride. It is hard, serious business. It is not easy for me to tell you to go. It is not easy for your instructors to let you go. This will be a part of our sacrifice which the war demands. We men and women of the faculty may be called upon to go much further and make many other sacrifices. The boys and girls who remain here will be called on, must be called on, for extra duties. In the postal department it is already announced that there will be no summer vacations. It may be so with many of us. If so, let us welcome this small opportunity for service.

We hear much these days of mobilization. Mobilizing means moving with the object of getting together, concentrating and organizing the elements of successful warfare. The word formerly was applied only to the various parts of an army. Now the European war which we have entered is to be won by the mobilization of not only men, but our money, our shops, our farms, and the men in those shops and on the farms. Those men, too, though not in the army, are to be organized. They too are to go where sent and to do as directed.

Today, and as a guide for you all, from this hour, I must call your attention to the charge that the United States is the most wasteful of civilized nations, and to the suspicion that Indian boys and girls in our government schools are most wasteful of food and clothing. From our dining room daily goes to the garbage wagon enough good food to feed a hundred Belgian babies. Look on your plates this evening after you have eaten all you can eat, and many of you must say to yourselves: there is the food I have wasted, and for which waste somebody somewhere will die tonight. This is not a sob story, but just a plain statement of fact, and the only reason any of us commit such waste is because we do not think. Let us form the habit of thinking, at least three times a day, beginning now.

Let me remind you again that we have not begun to feel the sacrifices and privations that will be necessary to win this war. The goods and provisions now in warehouses it will require in many cases double the cost to replace and we shall have next year no more money than we have this year. Our country plans to spend five billions of dollars in this one coming year on account of the war, and to call for a million men. We are unable to imagine how much treasure this really is, and few of us can comprehend the meaning of a million men taken from productive industries and set to the work of destruction.

Our great President and his associates are carrying and must carry a tremendous load. They have shown great patience, their critics, think too much patience, before entering this war. These same critics usually turn upon a president and criticise him because he finally take the decisive defensive action.

My hope is that from pupils or employees there may be only unity of thought and action in support of our government, that the boys who go to war be cheered and sustained by the feeling that their action is approved by us all, and that those may be equally patriotic who remain to conserve and increase their country's food supply.

Lastly, let us remain calm, avoiding hatred, or acrimonious discussions, "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

WHAT WE THINK ABOUT IT

SOME weeks since the news was telephoned to the Phoenix Indian School that Company F, National Guard of Arizona, had been ordered to the Clifton mining district for strike duty. Company F is composed entirely of Indian young men who live in or about Phoenix or on nearby reservations. Most of them are former students of this school, two now reside at the school and attend high school in the city of Phoenix and one is a member of our graduating class.

Last winter when Company F was being organized there was much favorable comment and no criticism, so far as the writer knows, concerning the willingness of young men to enlist and their evident patriotism in thus volunteering to serve the State and, if need be, the nation. The writer, not as a writer, nor as an editor, but as superintendent of the Phoenix Indian School, objected at that time to the enrollment in this Indian company of boys who were enrolled as students here. This objection was based on the ground that such enlistment would lead to a divided control of these young men and that they already were being given instruction in military tactics by one of the leading and efficient officers in the National Guard, thus fitting them for any possible duties as citizen soldiers. It was further pointed out that boys going out to the city after night for drill, leaving duties at the school and returning at unusual and irregular hours, tended to disrupt discipline at the school and was bad for the boys who enlisted. The superintendent had no objection to the enlistment in this company of young men who were no longer connected with the school and much preferred such enlistment and its attendant duties to the same young men loafing about the poolrooms or questionable resorts.

For his attitude against the enlistment of school boys the superintendent was classified, in at least one quarter, "unpatriotic and un-American."

When disturbances in the mining district, in the judgment of the Governor and the military authorities of the State, demanded the presence of the National Guard, the first company ordered out was the latest company formed, viz., Company F. Whereat there was some criticism going the other

way from friends of these Indian soldiers and the friends asked: "Why was this young and inexperienced company chosen to put down or prevent riots—why were not the more mature organizations called to the colors instead of these boys of ours? What do you think about it?"

This is what we think about it. Some of the young men who enlisted in Company F may have done so in order to be enabled to attend the State encampment in August; others to go with the First Regiment band to the coast expositions or for other reasons not broadly patriotic, yet, if so, they were not unlike a great portion of any army, including the soldiers of the Civil War or the Spanish-American conflict of more recent date. Men and women have even been known to enlist in the Government Indian Service from motives purely curious or financial and yet become our most devoted and conscientious workers. We think that many members of Company F enlisted without any very definite idea that they might be called upon to expose themselves to the stones or bullets of striking miners or that they might have to stand as an active force for peace and order against an organization or mob of their fellow men, but that a touch of the real thing will give them and us a better understanding of our duties as citizens. We think the State military authorities made a good selection in calling first on Company F and that our boys will show up well in drill and deportment as well as in the sterner duties, should they come; in comparison with their Caucasian comrades who later joined them at Clifton.

We think military rules are necessarily rigid and arbitrary. The army is not a debating society and the good soldier, in the face of immediate danger to the State, has no time to ask "Why?"

During times of peace let us prepare to abolish war and its trappings but when we are enlisted and there comes the command to "fall in" let the left leg automatically lift at the "hep" of the commanding officer.

AN ATTORNEY AND HIS CLIENTS

WHEN we were younger and possibly more callow we were wont to classify our associates in this vale of tears as successful, or unsuccessful, good, bad or indifferent, worth-while, patriotic, unpatriotic, no-account, etc. We have not had time or disposition to do very much of this classification during recent years, but have noted since giving up the responsibility that the work has gone on most efficiently under the new plan whereby men are permitted to classify themselves. Here follows, we think, a case in point:

During the past three years the Phoenix School has made persistent efforts to improve the morals and conduct of its student body. Our employees force was to a considerable degree re-organized with that end in view. Some remained with us when the toil grew wearisome and the apparent rewards meagre, because interested in this form of missionary work. There also has been much good work along these lines by unpaid friends of the school and of the Indian.

At one time last summer after repeated and flagrant violations of the school rules and the moral code, a small group of girls was punished by a

method unsatisfactory to the parents of the unruly children—parents utterly unable themselves either to control or protect their wayward offspring. The mother of one of these girls sought or was sought by an “attorney at law,” one of the sort that has neither office nor telephone, who use rubber-stamp letterheads, and type-written signatures—the sort that every Indian superintendent knows. This lawyer wrote us two threatening letters, which have thus far remained unanswered, but another incident this past week in which the same attorney figures, suggests these few remarks.

Three years ago when National Guard men were not taken so seriously as now, three young men of this school enlisted without the consent and over the objections of the superintendent. They are said to be good soldiers now, but they had been repeatedly deserters from the Phoenix School, and deserted to enlist in the army thinking to escape discipline, and making of course, a bad guess. Now that the novelty of army life has given away to the seriousness of war, or yielding to the pleading of relatives and neighbors, these young men seek exemption on the basis of “dependent relatives,” their applications being prepared by the same rubberstamp attorney.

The captain of the company in which these young men are enrolled requested the superintendent of the Phoenix School to ascertain the facts as to the dependency of the relatives. One hour’s time sufficed to show that none of the men had at any time contributed an amount toward the support of their own or other family equal to half their present army pay. One of the three had an able bodied father living with an able married son, and there were two other healthy unmarried brothers in the neighborhood. A second soldier had no parents and his two sisters were married. The third had no dependents. All this the attorney could have known by a five-minute talk over the telephone, the use of which he could have secured for the asking, in fact any reasonable examination of the applicants themselves would have brought out the above facts.

There never was any probability that these three young men would be excused from military service on the grounds of their claims. The damage done is that of using the valuable time of army officers in looking into small cases and the injury to the morale of troops when they are discussing the possibility of their going home. Army men are working sixteen hours a day, at urgent, vital, exhausting duties, and the man back home ensconced safely behind the barrier of his age limit who for the few crumbs that such activities provide him, would add to the toil of such officers, or add to the homesickness or unrest of a soldier, has a very feeble understanding of his duties as a citizen. We have always studiously stayed away from courts and we know of lawyers and their ethics only in a general way. We have been told, however, that lawyers are deemed officers of the courts whose business it is to uphold law and government. We know that thousands of lawyers are just now rendering as effective service for the winning of the war as are the men in khaki, but we dare to suggest that the profession would do well to purge itself of such men as we have described. Out with him! Every one of him, and every where in this land—the man who “cooks up” or accepts

cases in which he knows that there is no merit and clutters up the courts and exemption boards which are already overcrowded. Arm him with a rifle, or a hoe, and send him forth to fight or to farm.

UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING

THE term "universal" as here used is of course subject to the usual discount and really refers only to that part of the universe under the jurisdiction of the United States and to men fit for army service.

During the recent and present discussion of military preparedness there have been two general plans. One contemplates strengthening and magnifying the National Guard or Militia and the other the concentration of authority under Federal control. It is not our purpose to expound the rather decided views we have as to the relative merits of the two systems but to refer to some of the advantages of general compulsory military training.

The writer is not a warrior nor an advocate of war. On the contrary he longs for the day to arrive when men, instead of murdering each other by wholesale shall devote their brawn and brain to the material and moral benefit of their fellows. Could we become mentally adjusted to the change there would be just as much enthusiasm, discipline and development in a drill with long handled shovels attacking a railroad grade or an irrigating ditch as there now is in a drill with rifles and bayonets. There should be and some day there will be in the human breast more joy in planting trees, building roads, and cultivating fields than there now is in the destruction of human life.

When war comes to a nation like ours we call for volunteers and get them. We get the best and most patriotic citizens many of whom are sorely needed at home and we leave at their homes many also who could better be spared. Moreover we send to their dangerous duty and possible death thousands of young men who have had no adequate preparation for the arduous service they must render.

Thousands of young men in the United States have never realized that their citizenship brought with it any duty or responsibility to or for the government whose protection we enjoy and on occasion specifically demand. A service of from one to three years in a Federal military organization so managed as to provide well balanced training of all the faculties would not only dignify the citizenship of the one so serving but would equally distribute the duty of military service among the patriotic. Furthermore, the lessons of promptness, obedience, system and sanitation now taught in our regular army are such that every man should be the better and stronger for the experience. It may be argued that many army associations are bad and war veterans have given us examples in plenty, but when military service should become uniform and compulsory, the average morality of the army would be just as good as the average of the community from which its members are enlisted.

Should some system of uniform, compulsory training be adopted there

should be not merely military drill but schools for the academic training of the unschooled. This would be as valuable as would be the physical development of those who had never worked and in the obedience and self-control of those who had never been controlled.

In matters of taxation and in other ways effort has been made to place the burdens of government on those best able to bear them or on those presumably deriving the most benefit from the government's aid or protection. In the matter of personal service, however, there has always been the grossest inequality. We learn to love the persons or the institutions whom we serve rather than those who serve us, hence let all who are physically able be required to render some of such personal service as entails personal sacrifice.

THE "KID" AND THE COLORS

(1917)

ALLEN B. BROWN, son of Superintendent John B. Brown, who went to France last May as an ambulance driver for the French army, has completed his term of enlistment with that organization and has just been commissioned a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery of the American Expeditionary Forces. The young man was constitutionally and by education, opposed to war and to all forms of carnage, and more than once rejected suggestions that he qualify for a soldier's life through the medium of West Point, but realizes that the times are different now. As an ambulance driver he learned as he says, "to go where he was sent." We believe that he may still be trusted to do this, and in time to exercise proper judgment in sending others. He has the "jump" on Napoleon, who began in the same service and in the same country as a corporal.

CONSCRIPTION IS RIGHT

(1917)

SOME weeks ago we wrote briefly in favor of "universal" military training, urging that the man who gave *himself* was the one giving most to his friends or to his country. There is now much discussion and honest difference of opinion as to merits, military efficiency, and justice of voluntary service, as against a selective draft.

In our judgment, there is little room for debate, if we pause to consider that a military organization depends for efficiency on putting each man and every man where he is most needful, and where he can be useful *instead of where he wants to go*, and when we boil it down, it is just this one thing or the other.

Eminent, honest and forceful men in Congress have argued that to adopt conscription is to Prussianize the American army and people, and object to the adoption of Prussian army methods. In answer to this we urge that we shall overlook several important elements of success if we insist on learning only from our friends. Peter the Great won his great war, because as he expressed it, Charles XII, his enemy, taught him how to fight. Much as

we regret it just now, the Prussian knows the war game much better than we do, whether we consider trench fighting, submarining or the broader aspects of creating, organizing and equipping an army.

This war is of and should be by the people. Conscription is democratic, if we apply it now. It can only be a reflection on our son's patriotism if he should be called a conscript after he has refused to volunteer. In the judgment of our friends the French, British and our own military experts, as well as our enemies, the Prussians, conscription will be necessary to the raising of an army such as we must have. We are wise from any viewpoint to put the plan into immediate effect. Every day of delay puts a thousand men into their places by guess work. We may grow red in the face shouting that the patriotism of American manhood has never failed the Nation in its hour of need, but this is merely muddying the waters. This war is not a torch-light campaign, but a business man's business, in which flag-waving will help, but in which each man should be where he is most effective. We can only get him there by the selective draft. The people appear to have educated Congress this time, and we all do well to have followed the advice of our good officers of the army and navy.

BUSINESS UNUSUAL (1918)

ALL this talk about "business as usual" is mere bosh, as applied to many lines of business that might be specified, and to use the quotation with such meaning is simply whistling to keep our courage up.

Of course it is necessary to keep the courage, and whistling may help some, but there must be more sane methods employed by some of us and there must be sacrifices, moreover, we must write new definitions of the word sacrifice.

When we get our minds and hearts into condition to face facts we shall realize that there are several lines of business that might be greatly curtailed or entirely abolished without seriously impairing the country's efficiency, or the individual's efficiency. Everybody who wants to be busy is busy *now* and has been for some years previous to our participation in the great war, many lines of industry are crying for the help of men and women and the cry will rapidly increase in volume and intensity as the colors call the most virile and strong of all our workers. These great gaps in our industrial army must be filled. Many men and women also who have not worked at all must get into production; many who thought to have retired from active effort must get back into the game and then, this is what we want especially to say: we must cease the manufacture for a time of many articles we do not really need to *win the war*. Our success in winning the war depends on our willingness to give up other things and other desired objectives.

Any man who looks around him can see our enormously wasteful methods in feeding and clothing our people. We are already moving towards the betterment in these matters. Our greater wastes still are in producing things we do not need at all and worse yet in the producing of articles known

to be positively injurious. We have decided to plug the hole into which we poured our grain for the manufacture of whiskey and we hope that the greater amount of grain now going into beer may yet be saved for the production of bread. Good scientific authority discloses that the food value of one five-cent sack of peanuts is equal to that of fifty-two glasses of beer. Let the hide go with the tail, the beer with the whiskey.

Acting on the principle of Artemus Ward when he determined to put down the rebellion if it took "the last one of his wife's relations," we might suggest the elimination of tobacco and the growing of corn and wheat instead. This would suit some of us who do not use tobacco but confessedly would lessen the efficiency of many for a time and we need them all with all their strength right now. Nevertheless we believe cigarettes might be spared and the use of tobacco greatly restricted.

"Business as usual?" No. We went down street yesterday and counted seven pool rooms. We would conscript every proprietor and put him in the army of fighters or producers. Every cue puncher should be compelled to shape his cue into a hoe handle or into a bludgeon with which to avenge the slaughter of the innocents of Belgium.

"Business as usual?" We saw in the same block women with a hundred dollars worth of clothes on them, and others better looking and more becomingly dressed, with one-fourth the money. We saw forty dollars worth of millinery on one head that would have looked better and been as comfortable with nothing, or with a fifty-cent hat.

"Business as usual?" We passed a jewelry store and it occurred to us that we might cease absolutely the manufacture of jewelry, and our watches might have steel cases instead of gold. We should have to keep most of the diamonds as they are good for little but display but we need not have men digging for more until we win the war and can afford to be wasteful again.

"Business as usual?" we entered a confectionery where we paid twenty cents for a pleasant concoction whose food value was less than one cent and whose thirst quenching qualities were not so good as water. There were in this establishment four men and eleven women. The concern is said to "make money," but the business ability and strength of the proprietor could make bread or grow cotton and he and the whole force might be so engaged without weakening the efficiency of any individual until we have finished with the Huns.

"Business as usual?" Men are still hiring other men to mow their lawns when the owners need the exercise and men are still waiting in barber shops much longer than it would take to shave themselves. Men all around us even in this self reliant western city are paying other men to do for them the things that they might well do for themselves. Do we delude ourselves or justify ourselves with the obsession that this makes business good? Our one big business necessary for the future of all business is the winning of this war. Let men in the army and boys in the Indian school cut one another's hair. Let's shave ourselves and let the barbers fight or farm. We can win this war if we want to badly enough, but we must make *it* our business.

THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN
(1918)

IT WOULD hardly be fair or healthful for the Phoenix School to say that it is *satisfied* with itself at having earned the honor flag, but it certainly is pleased with itself. We began Saturday noon at employees meeting and the only reason we did not finish in one hour is that some of the employees had duties which called them away from the table where subscriptions were being taken. By Sunday evening every employee on the school pay roll, including those temporarily employed, had bought a bond. There are seventy-seven of us, three positions being vacant. We have not yet found a way to assess and collect from these three vacancies. The seventy-seven, to date, have made purchases aggregating \$7,300, with several employees hoping to add to their subscriptions before the end of the canvas. Our pupils will add substantially to the total.

There never was before such unanimity of sentiment on any subject on the Phoenix school campus, and none hesitated for lack of patriotism.

The canvas is to extend until October 17. There is still much to do. We have done better than we expected to do. Now have we done as well as we can? We have reached the top of the hill and have the unspeakable Hun on the down grade. Every push now and every kick counts double. No such opportunity to use our dollars can come again to us or to our successors in a thousand years. Fully appreciating the splendid spirit shown here by our associates and the fine work our friends in other schools are doing, we want to still ask ourselves, craving indulgence: "Have we done all we can?"

Is it enough that all have bought bonds, or are there some few who still have available funds in hand or in prospect which are not yet invested in bonds? We have thus far found but one cause for hesitation, the fear that we may so far deplete our mobile finances that we endanger our credit. Now we never before felt as we do now, but it is about like this: We really ought to take some risk. If the soldier "over there," when he goes out to get the Hun, hesitated because the proposition was not quite safe and the Hun might get him, our army would not have the splendid reputation which it now has. One of our Phoenix school boys, following precepts preached to him here, went "over the top" and brought back three German prisoners. He never thought of playing safe. The only danger worth considering now is: That we may miss the best chance we shall ever see to use our dollars effectively. Let's buy another bond!

"LET THERE BE NO MOANING"

"All France is dressed in black and there is crepe on almost every door," writes "the boy" from "over there," yet he writes of the splendid spirit of the French as a thing heretofore unknown and as yet unparalleled.

Now this time is coming home to us in America very soon. Of course America will meet the test but would it not be easier, braver and better if we should in advance of the great casualty lists which are sure to come, resolve that we will not put on these emblems of mourning, but instead be

filled with that "solemn pride" of which Abraham Lincoln wrote to the mother who had given five sons to her country. Along with this pride should be the duty we owe to our friends to show courage and cheer in the face of adversity. We owe it to them and to our country to look at what we have and what we hope and fight for rather than to dwell upon and to ask our friends to note what we have lost. One feature of no mean import is the fact that in many cases the expense of mourning garments can be ill afforded. The wearing of mourning is intended of course as a mark of respect to those who have gone, but in this case those who go before will be men who above all else desire the success of the cause in which they give their lives. They would not have us do so, and they know best. The man who gives his life in this cause has seized the one chance in a thousand years and the boy of twenty whose fate or fortune it is to spend his life in this cause might have lived a hundred years at any other time without such opportunity for service. "Let there be no moaning of the bar."

THE UTILIZATION OF MAN POWER

(1918)

IN these columns we have recently expressed our opinion that we should not expect or desire to continue "business as usual," and that men engaged in the manufacture of articles not seriously needed should cease or suspend such operations, converting their efforts to industries directly connected with the winning of the war.

We suggest not a period of gloom or mourning, however great may be our anxiety as to the future, but rather a spirit of cheerfulness that should come from the employment of every able man in some effective and necessary industry. We would not eliminate play but would Tom Sawyerize our former toilsome tasks into games of skill and endurance.

The makers of millinery already are largely engaged in the manufacture of uniforms or Red Cross garments for soldiers, and many a former wearer of a David Harum hat, looks better than ever in a fifty cent lid from the "ready-to-wear" shop.

The watch makers are needed but the makers of jewelry must now make guns and bayonets, shots, shells, and shovels, revolvers, and other implements for the destruction of humanity's enemies.

In our humble judgment, there is no earthly excuse, these days for pool halls, pool tables, or pool players, and we have no prejudice against the game, aside from its surroundings, in normal times. Should those whose steady patronage makes such establishments profitable, not voluntarily relinquish the pastime, we suggest their early closing by whatever is necessary in the way of official edict, and that men now so occupied be permitted to compete in such hoeing contests or harvesting parties as their agricultural friends may arrange. Now we do not personally play pool or love the game, so just to convince ourselves of our own sincerity we concede that baseball, while needful for boys, is not necessary for adults of military age, and that men

beyond that age if able to play professional ball, are equally fitted for heaving bombs into the trenches of the Boches. Amusement and relaxation we must have, but at this safe distance from the firing line we grown-ups would better amuse one another at odd times in the vicinity of our own homes or places of duty. Railroads should not now haul our husky hired entertainers. We have always placed base ball slightly ahead of the mastication of food as a means of entertainment, but now, we propose to let the boys play such games as we witness. Let us lay off the hundred thousand dollar infield until after the war, and invest the amount in Liberty Bonds.

THE VISIT OF LIEUTENANT HENRI HAYE

(1918)

ON Sunday morning the twenty-fourth of March, with but a few minutes notice, the student body was called from Sunday school assembly to meet with faculty and band, at the out-door stage, where they were addressed by Lieutenant Henri Haye, of the French army, who has been on duty as instructor of artillery officers at Fort Benjamin Harrison, and later at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky.

Lieutenant Haye was a French reservist at the opening of the great war, engaged in the real estate business. He went at once into action and has been promoted for gallantry to the rank of first lieutenant. He took part in eleven major engagements, was thirty-nine days at Verdun, was wounded, and wears a French War Cross with five small stars on it which signifies that the decoration has been conferred on him five times. These details were not referred to by the Lieutenant who, in common with all really brave men, is exceedingly modest. The information came from a business man friend who accompanied him.

At the Phoenix School the seriousness of the German great offensive had just been told in the Sunday morning papers. The Sunday school lesson was almost a perfunctory performance in the face of the peril which confronted civilization. The air was tense with the feeling of anxiety and apprehension which filled every student and faculty member of the school. In the face of this same news which he understood so much better than we, with the memory of his own battles vividly present, and his early return to France—"to fight again"—as he expressed it, he stood before us with perfect composure and assured us of his confidence in the ultimate victory of the Allies.

Lieutenant Haye personifies the spirit of the French people. Seeing and hearing him helps us in some measure to comprehend the wonderful struggle his nation has made for its existence and in the cause of freedom. The Lieutenant's charming personality was doubly endeared to his Phoenix audience by his fine tribute to the American soldiers—"they are splendid fellows, in physique, in intelligence, in spirit in morale and in morals," said he, "and you may expect them to uphold splendidly the honor of your great country."



LIEUT. HENRI HAYE

THE WAR IS OVER

(November 11, 1918.)

THE Armistice dictated by the Great Marshal who has guided the Allied hosts to victory, has been signed by the Germans on the designated dotted line. Hostilities have ceased, the Huns are retiring to within their own border calling "kamerad," and all Germany, red handed though she be; puts up to President Wilson her piteous plea for bread. The war is over. If the surrender was not in so many words "unconditional," it was only because the Allies and the United States chose to name the conditions and so safeguard the fruits of their victory as to make a renewal of hostilities impossible.

The war is over, but the problems of peace are upon us. These will require all the care, all the thought, all the earnestness and all the conscientiousness of which we are capable. We must now not only feed our soldiers and our Allies, but to a great extent fallen and starving Germany. We do not trust her, but we believe her sincere in the one cry that she is hungry, and now that starving her is no longer a military necessity, the food will go forward.

Next to feeding stricken Europe we shall be called upon as an arbiter in adjusting boundaries for the re-making of her map, and by the force of circumstances, when the powers over there fail to agree, we shall act as *the* arbiter. In all this will come to the remnant of that once vain and imperious Germany, the surprise of her life. She will learn that we were sincere in our professions that we wanted neither territory, additional power or indemnity for ourselves, but only the right of ourselves and other aspiring, liberty-loving peoples to work out our own destinies. When this light breaks in upon the German mind, well may she exclaim: "Could I only have seen, could I only have known America!" In this bitterest hour of her history, drinking to the dregs of the hemlock she brewed for France and Belgium, she comes to the nation whose honor she outraged and whose strength she scorned, and with outstretched hands cried for bread. That she will get it no one doubts for a moment, provided only that she conducts herself with becoming humility. The war is over.

PHOENIX SCHOOL CELEBRATES

AT two A. M. on Monday, November 11, the Phoenix School was awakened by the blowing of whistles in the nearby city. We had been listening for two days for this pre-arranged signal which was to announce the signing of an Armistice by General Foch and the representatives of the German Government, hence, both students and faculty were on their toes in an instant to join in the impromptu celebration, lead by the school band. Following this, about every man, woman and child who could command or commandeer an automobile or "Lizzie," went to town to better hear the noise and to buy an "extra," the contents of which he already knew.

Influenza conditions forbidding a celebration in Phoenix, the school

decided to express itself at home, putting on a parade which was worth the largest audience, and which ended at the administration building by a brief program of community singing and impromptu speeches. Monday afternoon was declared a half holiday, a home talent football game was staged and the "flu" flew from our minds in the presence of the great joy of victory and peace with honor.

THE VICTORY LOAN

Are we honest? We try to be. What did we promise each other one year ago? What would we not have done to assure a victorious peace? What did we say in our prayers, in our closets all alone in the presence of our Maker? You know we promised to do and give to the utmost. Our prayers were answered affirmatively. We won. Now how shall we keep our promises?

The Victory Loan is not "paying for a dead horse," but for a living spirit and a living nation for the right to sail the seas and breathe the air of freedom. We bought that right. Our soldiers paid their part in service and with their lives. We bought our part on the installment plan. Up to date we have met our payments faithfully, but the man who fails on the final payment loses his whole investment.

We have invested more than our money. Our honor is tied up in this proposition. Shall we "finish the job"? We believe that we shall. and that we shall do it today.

JUST A LITTLE ANTI-CLIMAX

(November 11, 1918)

ONE man rejoices that the end of the war has come because he believes it is to be the end of all war and of the autocrats who may make war without the consent of their peoples. He rejoices that the nations and races may be free to work out their destinies under the guiding hand of modern, human and humane civilization. Another man rejoices that now the war is over the wholesale killing and maiming of men will stop, the nations will be fed and the wheels of progress and industry will turn again. Yet another man is cheered by the prospective early return to hearth, heart and home, of the soldier son—"the kid who was called to the colors," and who answered "here" first, telling dad about it afterwards.

Now comes the tale of the Indian Service man (?) whose first thought on hearing the blowing of the whistles that told of the great victory was that "now" he could have all the sugar he wanted.

We would not willingly convey to the public the impression that our investment in the war was personally or editorially a very large one, but the Allies who carried on our fight for three years are welcome to tear up the scrap of paper which represents our share of their indebtedness to this Nation.

GEORGE BELL

(1919)

THROUGH a letter from Jasper Bell of Okmulgee, Oklahoma, we learn that George Bell, a Creek Indian young man of that city and a soldier, died last week at Whipple Barracks, Prescott, Arizona, of pulmonary tuberculosis.

George Bell was first known to the writer as a pupil of Euchee Boarding School, Sapulpa, Oklahoma. On coming to Phoenix we find him in 1915 as a patient in our East Farm Sanatorium. After a full year of treatment and rest, he sufficiently improved in health to undertake regular school work and came over to the campus as a student. His efficiency in the mechanical line soon suggested his employment as assistant engineer where he distinguished himself by an unusual degree of intelligence, industry and maturity of thought. The boys learned to call him "Daddy" because of his seriousness and a steadiness far beyond his years. He was especially fond of electrical work and appliances, gas or electric motors, and all sorts of technical machinery. Unaided, he wired the superintendent's cottage for electricity four years ago and there have been no errors or faulty work discovered. Many knotty problems were solved by him. He knew no eight-hour system and repeatedly had to be pulled away from the work which he loved better than life, in order to have the rest and sleep which his body demanded but which his spirit so persistently refused.

When we entered the war with Germany, George Bell with a party student associates showed up at the school office next morning asking permission to enlist in the navy. They got the permission and the others went but George was rejected. He came back and for nearly a year applied to recruiting agents from El Paso to San Francisco, to Marines, Cavalry, Infantry, Flying Corps, and Coast Artillery, finally emerging triumphant with an order to join the "First Gas and Flame" regiment for immediate duties overseas. We were in the war desperately by that time and a lung more or less gone from the frame of a fighting man was discreetly overlooked.

George Bell fought the good fight as electrician with the trench mortars in several major engagements including the Argonne Forest. Obedient, prompt, self-sacrificing and efficient, we know how well he did his duty. Then he came back to us, jaunty, happy and apparently strong. He had gained fifteen pounds in weight and every inch of his "five foot two," a soldier. His discharge gave his character as excellent, and showed that he had not spent a day in a hospital. He was never absent without leave.

Returning to Phoenix, the popular soldier boy was offered many remunerative positions but resumed his old work in our power house. His health soon showed decline. He was sent to the Sanatorium but refused to stay. He was finally taken off the pay roll but refused to rest. Said he didn't need the money but wanted to stay with the job and school he loved. He stayed and was allowed to do just such work as he must do and as little work as he would consent to do. He was repeatedly warned and urged to place himself in a military hospital. About one month ago he finally consented to this plan.



GEORGE BELL

He went to Whipple Barracks, still hopeful, and sent a few courageous letters back to Phoenix. Now comes news of his death.

George Bell at the time of his death was about twenty-one years old. Before the war he had twice been near death from hemorrhages and once since his military service did he come back from the brink of the Great Beyond. At the last, with full knowledge that physical activity would result fatally, he found it mentally impossible to rest, and thus has passed on. Capable, cheerful, lovable and beloved, we have rarely known so fine a character nor felt so keenly the pain of separation.

LEE RAINBOW

(1919)

THE body of Lee Rainbow, son of Nelson Rainbow, a Yuma Indian, arrived from France recently and funeral services were held at Yuma last week. Lee Rainbow was killed in action on the battlefield of France. The Yuma Indians held the usual cremation ceremony after the regular military funeral. A firing squad was present from the troops stationed at Yuma.

Lee Rainbow was a student in Phoenix School and enlisted as a private, of his own initiative, after listening to his teachers talk on the causes and progress of the war. He went quietly and alone to the recruiting office. He was a full-blood Yuma, the son of a medicine man. The writer was in Yuma when the telegram came announcing the death of the soldier and heard this father, who spoke no English, say in his native tongue: "It's all right, I knew it might happen. I am not sorry he went." The father and his tribesmen, however, especially requested that the boy's body be sent home for the cremation ceremony.

We have advocated allowing soldiers' bodies to remain where they fell, but we approve in this case, the concession which Superintendent Odle and the War Department authorities have made to the wishes of the truly patriotic father.

WEBSTER BUFFINGTON

ANOTHER of our soldier students quite unexpectedly and un-press agentedly returned to us from the army this week. His discharge papers show a character "very good," absent without leave "none," and states that his service was "honest and faithful." It also shows Webster to have been in action at Chateau Thierry and in the Argonne Forest, which means that few new thrills can come to this infantryman of ours in the way of personal danger and calls for physical courage. A telegram received by Superintendent Brown told of the soldier being severely wounded in action, this is now known to have been by a machine gun bullet which caused a compound fracture of the lower jaw. Yet on his return he appears to be in good health and ready for any duty. Pretty fine for a young man who enlisted at the age of twenty after coming to Phoenix from Oklahoma for his health and spending a year in our East Farm Sanatorium.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

(1919)

SHALL we continue to "avoid entangling alliances" and refuse to mingle in European or world affairs or shall we take a place, not yet our place, as an influence and power therein.

We live and work and run our small courses in little worlds of our own. We who lived our simple lives on farms or in shops until by accident we found ourselves in the service of the United States in one of its minor activities, find after a few years that our vision is measurably restricted to our rather small official world. Our friendships, our correspondence and our thoughts center about this work and these workers of ours. Our very conscientious devotion to duty may be the cause of this, yet through and with it all, should we not remain citizens, interested in the future welfare of the white race as well as the red race and in the bigger and broader significance and influence of the flag under which we serve? In this spirit we offer the following suggestions:

The study of history shows us that men first concerned themselves with their own physical preservation, then for their mates and their offspring. The family grew into a clan and the clan into a tribe. All this time those outside the family, clan or tribe, were regarded as enemies who were legitimate objects for spoil and hatred. Tribe warred against tribe with rules of warfare most crude and cruel, while within the tribe the utmost kindness and self-sacrifice prevailed. Tribes became states and nations and with each gradual transition came an enlargement of friendships and a curtailment of the enmities. As civilization developed, economic weapons replaced the knotted club of the cave man, the strife being at times equally bitter and results equally effective even though the methods were more refined. Christ answered the question, "Who is our neighbor?" but the world has very imperfectly accepted His definition. Tariff laws trade restrictions and patriotism are now limited in their operations to the geographical boundaries of nations. True, we feel and express sympathy with suffering humanity everywhere when it is brought forcefully to our attention, yet we refuse to interest ourselves in the political, moral and economic conditions which are responsible for the suffering.

We long since learned that there was all sorts of pleasure in the habit of minding one's own business and we may be stepping beyond the boundaries of our proper editorial sphere but it does appear to us today that the extension of our helping hand and even the lending of our big stick to nations that know not the laws of humanity, is the next step in civilization. It may be a long time before we establish communication or diplomatic relations with the inhabitants of other planets but we should no longer cease to care what happens beyond a sea or mountain range or international border. Now if this be true our interest over there should not be merely academic or advisory. To be effective it must have machinery for its propagation and use. A knowledge of health laws is of little use to a community until backed up by police regulations. Moral laws for the cleaning up of a town, a state or a

ation are only suggestions so long as confined to churches and Sunday schools, and the piety of a school man is not sufficient to direct the thought and action of his institution unaided by practical and positive methods.

We are at the parting of the ways. Possibly this is always true in the sense that there are always at least two roads in which we may travel as individuals or as nations. We must decide now, however, whether our nation is to attempt to live alone or to extend its influence consciously and designedly beyond the seas. The responsibility for the decision and for its consequent course of action is the greatest that has confronted us during this half century. Our own small opinion is only one of the millions required to make up "public sentiment" but as such its vote is cast for the larger interest on the part of the individual and the larger influence of the nation.

THE CHAIN LETTER

THE sentiment is usually good and the intention is always good. We usually receive them from some very good friend to whom we invariably wish only "good luck" in every essential. Somebody has to be the goat, however, and break these chains or they would bind up the postal department until it could not function. Hence, we became a chain breaker, notwithstanding there be an array of generals and other fine fellows forming links therein. Our chain letter writer is busy helping mix concrete for the new swimming pool anyway.

SEQUOYAH

IT HAS just occurred to the editor of the NATIVE AMERICAN that had Sequoyah been so environed that he could have devoted as much time, industry and intelligence to a study and propagation of the English alphabet and language as he did in the invention and dissemination of his Cherokee alphabet, he might have rendered even greater service to his tribe and to the nation of which the tribe is now a part, and thus rendered his invention as unnecessary as it is now obsolete. Being half white this is another bit of strong evidence as to the effect of environment. George Guess was raised among Indians, hence became an Indian. Had he been raised among whites he would have carried to the Cherokee the white man's alphabet, or none, depending on the class of whites with whom he affiliated. These few remarks are offered with apologies to *The Interpreter* and to General R. H. Pratt but at the same time in full sympathy with the sentiment that placed in Statuary Hall the image of Sequoyah as the tribute of Oklahoma to its first great son.

DU PONT

(1918)

A RICH man named Du Pont was a few years ago elected to the United States Senate. He became rich by making powder. Because he had been a great business success, he was set upon and barked at, and it was intimated that he had bought his election. Now competent critics tell us that but for the giant powder mills he built, the cause of the Allies would have been absolutely lost. It is exceedingly fortunate for democracies that they cannot immediately do everything to successful men that they feel like doing.

HEALTH SEEKERS

THIS is the lay of a layman, and as it is to be read chiefly by laymen will make no attempt to give expert professional advice nor display a medicine man's vocabulary.

The great Southwest and the vicinity of Phoenix in particular has long been widely advertised as having a hospitable climate which almost unaided would restore to health persons suffering with tuberculosis. There is no question as to the superiority of the climate of Southwest Arizona as compared with other sections of the country for those who have been attacked by the Great White Plague, but large numbers of sufferers who come to this country in search of health make the fatal blunder of expecting the climate to do it all. Many remarkable cures have been effected. Some of the stories of bedridden arrivals and prize fighting departures are true. The writer has met personally a number of active business men who came to this valley years ago wholly incapacitated for productive effort, but many of the cures effected here might as well have been accomplished in other places had there been the same care and self-control exercised by the patient in his eastern home.

The writer's attention has been particularly called to several cases of "wealthy" Indians usually of the "unrestricted" class who come to Phoenix and sooner or later are compelled to appeal to the Indian school for assistance. One tubercular man and his wife came from Wisconsin with something over \$4,000 in available cash. They established themselves in comfortable quarters down town near the pool rooms and bootleg alleys. They ate at the most expensive chop houses and rather impatiently waited for the movie men to make their semi-weekly changes of program. The man spent his nights among the lowest habitues of the city, slept through the forenoon in a poorly ventilated house and after funds ran low spent most of the afternoon importuning the superintendent of the Phoenix School to get more money from his parsimonious guardian. He bought a seven-passenger automobile with which he proceeded to jump irrigating ditches and climb telephone poles backward. This man was a moderately advanced case of "T. B." and after climbing our office steps had just breathed enough left to "bawl out" his home superintendent and the one here for trying to manage his personal affairs. He sold the \$1,500 automobile for \$400 and went home with no physical improvement.

Other men both white and Indian come to this valley without sufficient funds to provide for themselves proper shelter and clothing. In winter we need fuel and the cold rains when they do come are often fatal to the unprotected. Persons have the impression that in this country it is always summer and that any kind of a shack or tent is a comfortable abode. It is true that the temperature rarely goes below the freezing point yet we find a real need for steam heat in our school buildings and in all sitting rooms about six months of the year.

Equally or more important to the health seeker is the ordering of his

daily life. Recovery means systematic self sacrifice, patience and an unflagging determination to get well at the expense of present personal desires. It means, for example, the cutting out of pool room pleasures and the tabooing of the movies. It usually means, and this is after all the most difficult for the patient, a prolonged period of absolute rest in bed.

The climate of Phoenix, the Salt River Valley and of the adjoining southwest is a wonderful help to recovery from tuberculosis, but those who would use it should come with either some funds or with some productive energy with which to earn funds and with a readiness to subordinate every personal desire and habit to the one great object. The climate cannot do it all.

ALTITUDE AND CLIMATE

(1918)

EVER since the writer has been in government service, men have sought transfers on account of climate. At Nashville, Tennessee, twenty-eight years ago man after man left the Weather Bureau on a kindly doctor's certificate to the effect that he needed a "change in climate." The truth was that the station was in charge of a nagging tyrant of whom and to whom a new assistant dare not tell the truth.

Then occasionally during the recent quarter of a century, we have known the reverse to be true. We know a man of small means who has moved a family to Phoenix, back to Missouri, back to Phoenix, and over to New Mexico, and back to Phoenix, who is now in Missouri wanting to return to Phoenix, all on account of "climate" and all within three years. During this time the climate at Phoenix and another climate in Missouri plugged away at their respective problems, producing boys and girls, mules, cantaloupes, cotton, hogs, corn and sorghum for the faithful who remained.

Climate is largely a state of mind, and the man who watches the thermometer is of the same type as he who watches the clock. The busy man forgets both. Business is good and he hasn't time to get warm or to quit. An Arctic explorer with Robert E. Peary once astonished us by the statement that the men of their expedition were selected from Alabama, Kansas, Alaska, Florida, or the Dakotas, in utter disregard of their native climatic environment but with the greatest of care as to physique and mental qualifications. The most essential thing of all, he said, was that the men's minds be so constituted and trained that they might endure the monotony of the long Arctic night.

Coming back to Phoenix, the writer who served nine years fighting snow balls in Minnesota and Montana, where we buried the water pipes six feet deep and drove our teams safely across the lakes in April—this same editorial "we" are annually compelled to listen to complaints of men and women, or boys and girls from Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas, Arkansas and Texas, who think they are suffering from the heat.

Now we have watched this thing for a good many years. We used to find Sunday when it was a day of rest usually the warmest day in the week. This was true for the very simple reason that we had little to do but to look

for a cool place. School superintendents do not usually have this trouble.

The foregoing general remarks are introductory to a statement with reference to pupils in the Phoenix School from different climates and elevations. There has been for years a prejudice on the part of Navajo pupils, for example, against coming to lower altitudes or warmer sections for school purposes. This antipathy has been fostered and cultivated at times by conscientious objectors among employees of the government. The somewhat primitive Navajo welcomes any form of argument which leaves him undisturbed in his native habitat and in the operations of his mind, hence he hears these climatic arguments and does not hear as he should, the clear call to Phoenix and freedom. He will not read this statement, but if it is read and digested by our friends who lead him and teach him, the remaining part of the task will be easy.

The Phoenix School population is composed chiefly of Pima, Papago and Maricopa Indians who live in Southern Arizona, mostly at low altitudes, and of the Hopi, Zuni and Apache of the northern sections of the State where the elevation is about five to seven thousand feet. The Hopi and Zuni have just about the same elevation and climate as has the Navajo. For some years now we have observed and insisted that the average health and contentment of the Hopi pupils here was fully equal to that of the tribes native to the Salt River Valley. The same is true of the Zuni.

During the influenza epidemic of last winter we found a fair opportunity to test comparative resisting power of pupils from the several sections of the State and we publish the result because it fairly represents general conditions and our previous experience as to the general health of pupils covering a period of several years.

At Phoenix School proper, not including the Sanatorium, about twenty per cent of the entire number had influenza. Of these the Papago, who come from the Salt River Valley, the Gila Valley and from Southern Arizona, had forty per cent of their number affected. The next largest percentage was the Pima, all of whom live in the vicinity of Phoenix, viz: twenty per cent. Next come the Apache with eighteen per cent, the Maricopa with seventeen per cent, and lastly of the tribes present in considerable numbers, the Hopi fourteen per cent. It might be of interest to add that the Hopi pupils have usually remained in the vicinity of Phoenix during the summer months working at the school or working on ranches under our realistic supervision, while employees or other residents of the valley who could conveniently do so, spent the summer or a considerable portion of it at the seashore.

An item of concern in all schools is the number of pupils who enter in parent normal health but who "break down" with tuberculosis while in attendance. We have made some study of this question and again have sought to collect statistics by tribes covering the past seven years.

The renowned Jerry Simpson once said, "Figgers don't lie but liars figger." We have tried to "figger" fairly and we find that the health of pupils from the northern section and higher altitudes has been actually better than that of the desert tribes who live with us on the lower levels.

If our Phoenix climate were all that its most ardent advocates claim for it, it would not cure the tubercular patient who spends his nights in the pool room and his days in Buick cars with bull dogs in the back seat, burning up the roads while the bugs are sapping his vitals. Climate can not do everything. It must have the co-operation of the patient.

The one who had a fair chance at birth and reasonably healthful early environment, may remain healthy or may regain health if he will live right and play the game, in almost any climate.

Climate is a state of mind. It is good to give the brow new breezes and the mind new pasturage at times. Vacations are good if they give us change of occupation, scenery and thought, and substitute some play for the daily grind, but it is not the aridity, humidity or frigidity we need for the "rejuvenation of the cosmos."

SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS

(1920)

IRVING COBB entertained himself and his friends by an excellent small book bearing the above title. In this he features the well-known tendency of those operated upon in a surgical way to talk about it and to lug the subject into conversations quite remote in their nature. We commend the work to those who need it. All need it who have had operations and we verily believe that the humor of the text should in some other cases render operations unnecessary.

Our present purpose is to speak seriously of the question which often arises in Indian Service hospitals. "To operate or not to operate." Recently there came to Phoenix School hospital an adult woman of middle age suffering with an acute attack of appendicitis. The woman was exceptionally large and presented a difficult problem even had the case had attention at the proper time. It would have been easy for our physicians to have refused to operate as most chances were against success. The operation was performed and although it was a serious case the patient made a good recovery. The husband is grateful and the neighbors say "good work." So it was, but, suppose the patient had died. Was the work any less good? The patient, it was adjudged, had no chance for recovery without surgical aid. These problems come to a busy surgeon every day. They come to Indian Service physicians less frequently. Should we adopt a "safety first" plan and play for a high average of recoveries, or should we take the chance.

Tris Speaker is center fielder for the Cleveland baseball team of the American League. By many good judges he is believed to be the best man playing that position in the whole baseball world. His fielding average is not always the highest, however, for this reason: when a fly ball goes within a furlong of his position, unless he sees another fielder going after it, he goes for it with every ounce of strength and all possible speed, keeping up the effort until the ball is in his mitt or on the ground. If he touches the ball with the tip of a finger but fails to hold it, he is charged with an error. He could slow down ever so little, just fail to touch it and save his record.

Tris speaker is great because he goes after every chance for success and keeps going until the issue is decided. Then, win or lose, he smiles and gets set for the next one! Does the grandstand sometimes roast him for making an error? Earlier in his professional career it did and on occasions the unknowing and unthinking do so still but true sportsmen who know the game of life will ever hail him as the greatest of his kind.

So should it be with surgeons. We need not sanction the practice of exploring men's physical interiors merely for the acquirement of skill with the knife nor for the satisfying of curiosity, as it is alleged some young surgeons have done, making a high average by operating on healthy persons, yet when one risks his reputation on the throw of the dice and is willing to undergo unmerited censure in the chance of saving human life, he displays a high form of courage.

Have we finished? Not quite. Others in our institutions must take their reputations in their hands at times when they go about their daily duties, and risk them in the interest of the possible greater good. The administrator of whatever form of trust must meet such problems and risk his fielding average.

Getting back to our beginning, our physicians are working in line with what we hope may be the spirit of the Phoenix School. Things may go wrong next time. Ethics will prevent them from explaining but we who are free from such restrictions feel that they have grasped the great idea.

THEN AND NOW

IN the pioneer days of the seventies "Doc" Craig saddled his flea bitten filly and with leathern saddle bags full of quinine and calomel went up and down the Verdigris valley of Kansas on what were termed in the local press "errands of mercy." His only rival was the writer's father who had been taught to roll blue mass pills on an inverted china plate. The doctor had received his training as a hospital steward during the Civil War when Carl Schurz tells us the surgeon was wont to wipe his knife on his apron and hold it in his teeth while assisting the next victim to the table.

In those good old days in that new country there was no appendicitis, no such word as tuberculosis, in fact few of the "itises" or "osises" had reached us, and there were but two common diseases viz.—ague or "chills" and snake bite. The ordinary treatment for these two diseases as nearly as can now be recalled was approximately the same—whisky and quinine, with emphasis where it best suited the patient. Smallpox never reached the community in question but we once had a "smallpox scare" and vaccination which is almost as bad and some authorities say worse. In this case the writer's father again featured by instructing the son as to the nature and efficacy of vaccination, explaining the process so carefully that the instructed one next day innoculated the entire enrollment at district school No. 15, using his trusty jack knife and securing the virus from the arm of Ed Walker who had been to the town doctor. Needless to say the vaccinations "took" but strange to say that while impartially applied there was one

case in which there was no reaction, that of the amateur surgeon. There were sore arms, explanations and parental apologies in plenty before the neighborhood was again at peace. Those days were the days of diet also and we had postum as a substitute for coffee although we did not know it by that name. Green coffee was "three pounds to the dollar" and no dollar in sight, so rye or wheat was roasted and ground as the basis for a very acceptable beverage.

They do it differently now and the Indian Service physicians are teaching the men who grew up in what we term civilization. Now the physician must have been a university graduate beside his years of special studies and the laws hardly allow a man to doctor himself much less his neighbor unless he possesses the necessary legal document giving him authority. There are now specialists for each disease and as the number of physicians increase new diseases are discovered. We are now forcibly vaccinated against smallpox and there is a chance to be voluntarily inoculated with samples of a dozen ailments due to as many species of germs. Yet with all this the real advance which is to lengthen the life and increase the virility of the race is in the line of what is ironically called preventive medicine, for it largely eliminates medicine. Teaching us to so live that we shall not need him is now the big work of the really big man in the medical profession. Confidentially, this big man need have no fear that he shall be out of employment for there is still "one born every minute" when it comes to caring properly for ones health.

TO THE PHYSICALLY DISQUALIFIED

(1917)

ONE of the elements that has operated to make medical and dental services expensive has been the mystery connected with the business. We pay most willingly for the things we know the least about. Memory carries us easily over the years and the distance to the spectacle of men fighting for a chance to pay a dollar a bottle to a patent medicine vendor for stuff worth nothing at all, merely and solely because of the successful bleating of the long-haired vendor who played a banjo. These reputable citizens paid cash for the nostrums, while the good family doctor who looked on regretfully at the harvest of cart wheels, had been waiting seven years for the money which he had earned and which he needed.

At present the doctors are too busy to be mysterious, even those who desire to be so. They are now very properly urging each man to take care of his own health, leaving the physicians free for those who must have him.

More and more physicians are speaking to the public in language which the public understands. They are doing this because now they are imbued with a desire to convey information and a message and not to impress people with their own superior knowledge. When writers or speakers of any profession, cult or business get this ideal of literary style, they begin to get results.

The science of health once meant to us the science of medicine, and we still refer to embryonic physicians as "medical students," but practice now far in advance of the older language. Army surgeons now distribute pamphlets that the hired man understands, and even the surgeons of the practical age do not know how many need this same simplicity and directness of speech.

Foremost among physicians who take the broader view of their profession are the officials of the Public Health Service in co-operation with the Army. Not content with weeding out the unfit they are now going after those who although now rejected, may yet make themselves "fit to fight." The pamphlet of information for disqualified registrants is worthy of careful study from men and women everywhere, whether or not they are of the draft age and condition.

The number of deaths caused by the war is small in comparison with lives lost by preventable disease. President Wilson aptly and forcefully says: "It is not an army we must shape for war, it is a nation," and then when the war is over the same rules of health will be in effect.

HEALTH HINTS

THAT theories concerning the cause of tuberculosis are not confined to members of the medical fraternity, was shown to the writer when he was serving at his first location on the Otoe Reservation in the year 1894. We hardly feel justified in having kept this information to ourselves all these years and can only plead in palliation of the procrastination that we have not been willful, but have told every one who asked us anything about it.

In company with the agency physician, we attended an Otoe funeral ceremony which concluded with a feast. Net beef in those days was purchased from the 101 Ranch at four cents per pound, hence the feast had been ample. Jim Cleghorn was the interpreter, and as he saw his fellow tribesman lying about smoking and digesting the dinner, he spoke oracularly as follows:

"See them fellers, Doc? See 'em layin' 'round there? I tell 'em 'bout that Doc, but they don't pay no 'tention to me. I tell 'em 'bout that but they just go on that way layin' right down after eaten' big dinner. I tell 'em wait 'round awhile and let dinner go down into stomach where it belongs. I tell 'em way they do their dinner goes down on their lungs and given 'em consumption but they don't pay no 'tention to me, Doc."

HELPING THE HEALTH OFFICERS

PHYSICIANS are no longer mere mixers of medicine. They still must be a little mysterious as to what they give us inwardly or we would not deem them worth their hire. They are beginning to feel that it is safe to let us know a little of what they have long known, viz., that much of the medicine they administer is for its mental effect and that he who lives right has little need of a physician.

It is one thing to know Nature's law and another to obey it. Physicians themselves are among the worst of Nature's law-breakers. They viola

most of the laws which they place on their statutes for the rest of mankind. The writer has attended medical banquets where the air was exceedingly bad; where the banqueters grossly over-ate. The writer also once visited a doctor who was sick in bed. He had not alone broken the law but had been caught at it, convicted and was serving his sentence. The doctor's room was in a condition that would sent any Indian school boy to the guard house. The same doctor declaimed and wrote forcefully and convincingly on the subject of cleanliness, sterilization and ventilation, holding hopefully out the panaceas with one hand while only half concealed behind his back he threatened his hearers with the germs of tuberculosis and arteriosclerosis.

All this in the way of a smile at doctors merely signifies that they are like you and me in that they do not always do as well as they know. In taking these random shots at the doctor, it is with the open confession that he knows so much more about us than we do that we send for him promptly when anything goes wrong physically.

Too many men in calling a physician expect him to do it all, feeling that the responsibility of the patient and members of his household ceases when the doctor enters the door. It is fine to have confidence of this sort in any expert whom we consult, but getting well or keeping well is a collaborative effort if it is to succeed.

About an Indian school the position, duties and authority of the physician are not always well defined. He is officially subordinate to the superintendent while professionally his guide, director and advisor. The wise and considerate superintendent will find it possible to support the physician and even obey him without loss of official dignity or prestige. Doctors know their own limitations better than they dare tell us, or better than we dare to have them tell us, but if we do not follow their advice in the main we will soon drive them into an attitude of "what's the use," and no longer do we secure the best service.

Getting up to particulars, when the alert physician sees unclean premises, smells noxious gases or discovers a delivery of tainted beef and reports it to the superintendent, the most prompt and complete handling of the case is essential to the physician's efficiency as well as our own. Let our own employees, pupils and neighbors know that the physician is a power to be respected. Let him, of course exercise judgment in the use of such power.

PASSING THE BUCK

RECENTLY there came to the office of the American Red Cross in Phoenix, an ex-soldier, of Indian blood, who had discharge papers showing him to have served in the British army, the British navy, the Canadian army, and and later to have been repatriated to the American army. It appears from the record which was about one month in catching up with the ex-soldier, that he came from Canada to Chicago, and was for a time at the Great Lakes Training Station. After discharge from the American army he was taken up at New Orleans by the Vocational Training Department of the Public Health Service. From that place, at his request, he was sent to a general hospital

at San Francisco, then again for vocational training at Los Angeles. The vocational trainers at Los Angeles found, as evidently all others had found, that the unfortunate man was a drug addict, and they placed him in a California state hospital for observation and treatment. From the State hospital the young man "escaped," his own story being that he was given three hours to leave the town. This hospital has refused to permit the patients's return, such refusal leading color to his statement that the "escape" was winked at, if not arranged by the authorities.

At Phoenix the Indian School was appealed to by the Red Cross, and we were asked to give him vocational training. A short residence here showed him to be entirely unfit for training of any sort, and his presence not for the general welfare of the school. Independently of us, however, he arranged with a Government vocational training official in Phoenix, to re-enter training, and was awarded an allowance of \$100 a month. After making this arrangement we were requested to give the man training at the Phoenix Indian School, however. A half hour's conference with the vocational training officers and the patient convinced the former that our Indian school diagnosis was correct. The superior court judge and the county physician agreeing, the man was committed to the State hospital for treatment.*

This brief statement covers only the barest outline of the latter part of this man's case and is given in the hope that we may encourage our fellow citizens to find a way to solve problems instead of simply passing them on. It was frequently suggested that we might give this man his small amount of money and permit him to "beat his way" to some other city, frankly, to do the same things over and over again.

When we think it over, the same principle is involved in the police systems of many of our cities when they pride themselves that the crooks are driven out of town. The simplicity of the mind that regards such action as virtuous or efficient is amazing! Such temporizing with crime or with vagrancy is nothing less than a confession of inefficiency or unwillingness to meet problems and solve them. The system runs through many public services in city, state and nation. When we want to do a thing and haven't the nerve to do it; or when we don't want to do it, and haven't the courage to refuse; when we would avoid the displeasure or the censure that follows the making of an unpopular decision, we much too often, in common parlance, "pass the buck." We do it when we wish to escape the heartache that somebody, somewhere must bear, and we do it when we pass on to others, employees with whom we are ourselves no longer willing to work. Many times have we resolved to sin no more in this particular line, and sometimes are we able to keep the resolution.

*Arizona State hospital permitted another escape. This was later repeated in Texas, New Mexico, and further east. The unfortunate man "Gabriel Hattins" died by his own hand in a New York city restaurant about two years after this editorial was printed.

PLAYING THE GAME

THIS is not for athletes. It is for sick men and women and sick boys and girls. Two letters on the superintendent's desk this bright spring morning tell of the approaching end of tubercular patients who, in the language of the physician, refuse to "play the game."

The rules of the game change from year to year as new scientific light is shed on the mysteries of disease. Twenty-five years ago the tubercular patient was urged to "exercise." Playing the game then meant to exercise. The present best knowledge of tuberculosis requires much rest and very little activity of body while the tubercular germs are active. Playing the game now means resting. It also means eating wholesome food and abstinence from unwholesome food. It signifies most of all, that the patient, being a contestant in the game does not make the rules, does not hold the stop watch and does not make the decision.

In the tubercular game, in the sick man's game or in the wounded man's game the goal is health and life. The penalty is continued disease or death. The contestant has no pace maker but is out for a record just the same. Sick or well, men love the admiration and commendation of their friends. These friends will applaud and love us whether we win or lose if we have played well the game. They should not be asked to love the sick man who will not play the game by rules laid down by his physician and as urged upon him by his wiser friends.

Physicians still know comparatively little of what they shall some day know, yet their knowledge now is so far superior to that of the average layman that said layman and his children should stop, look, and listen attentively before using their own judgment in preference to that of the physician. Children under the age of ten as well as men and women of fifty too frequently tell the physician what they will or will not do, and get away with it. Pupils in an Indian school, away from home, frequently get better treatment than do the children of educated, intelligent parents who insist on using their own judgment or emotions and who will not play the game.

The writer once, in the callowness of youth, suggested to his family physician that it must be difficult to treat sick babies or diagnose their physical ailments in-as-much as the babies could not talk. "Not at all," said the physician. "Babies are honest and candid. They tell you all about it. They keep nothing back. Babies are easy. It's when people begin to get wise that a doctor's troubles begin."

So, in civilization or out on the Indian reservation we run into the same difficulty. Not one in ten adult Indian tubercular patient secures an arrestment of the disease. This is admittedly largely due to his persistent refusal to "play the game."

The most important functions of sanatoria are psychological and disciplinary. Lacking in these, medical men make poor headway against such disease as tuberculosis, so insidious in its approach, so persistent in its attacks, so ready to renew its ravages at the first show of weakness and requiring on the part of the patient those qualities of mind which enable him with equal constancy to "play the game."

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN SCHOOLS

MEN training for prize fights or boxing exhibitions, as they are euphoniously termed, are willing to undergo the most severe drilling in order to make themselves physically fit. Likewise men in the army are compelled by their superiors who know the business, to order their daily lives after the manner of the Spartans. Soldiers have longer hours and harder work than do any laborers on excavations, buildings or track laying. Along with the muscular activity comes mental drill, periods requiring quick thinking and decision. Also along with it is a diet fitted to build the strongest manhood.

For the physical development of pupils in school, the lessons of the army are far better than those to be learned from the pugilist. The fighter is too often a dissipated man whose extraordinary strength has enabled him to survive; moreover, in any event, he usually trains for one fight at a time and between contests relaxes or relapses into mode of life the opposite of the one which he lives while in training. The soldier is trained for the longest possible life of the greatest possible effectiveness and this should be our ideal in the physical development of children.

In a school usually the ideal has been to develop an athletic *team* of super strength and ability, "to beat the other boys," the boys of another school in particular. We would by no means curb the disposition to excel. It is one of the most effective of stimuli in matters physical or mental, yet if the development of a successful team in athletics leads to the neglect of the student body as a whole, we are not using our limited resources to the best advantage.

Indian schools, as compared with other schools, are seriously hindered by lack of funds and by lack of men fitted for athletic directors. Too frequently we have a successful coach who cares nothing for the general physical betterment of the student body so long as he has eleven good ones to put into the line. Not infrequently is the coach comparatively indifferent to the moral fitness of the team members if they win games and thus glorify their instructor. An Indian school may have just about as good an athletic team as it thinks it can afford to pay for. The payment, beyond a certain modest degree of excellence is in damaged discipline and neglected school studies. The desired modest efficiency in the athletic line of competition is not difficult nor expensive to obtain and it may leave the needed time and strength of the instructor free to aid the general training of the greater number who do not even desire to "make the team."

The Phoenix school had this past year a successful football season with no game outside the school save one post season party in which we entertained to a tie an aggregation of all comers plugged up by a high-school coach for the occasion. The interest in our home games was unabated and some sixty boys participated. The basket-ball courts now occupy the attention of an even larger number of boys.

The foregoing activities, gratifying in themselves, leave still much to be done and in an effort to reach the other three-fourths we have resorted to our "tentative course of study." Score cards have been printed and one is given to each boy besides a copy is kept by the athletic director, in this

school the disciplinarian. As provided in the course, boys are classified by age and compete with others of their own class. Boys under fourteen, boys fourteen to sixteen, boys under eighteen and boys over eighteen. The events are the hundred yard dash, running board jump, running high jump, chinning the bar, and three standing jumps. Boys train at spare moments or hours and are tested weekly. The weekly try out and the fact that comparative records are kept is the main incentive to the physical activity of the greater number of boys. This is not solely in order to excel one another but each boy strives to excel his own record from week to week.

All this has been done before in the more progressive public schools and spasmodically in Indian schools. We hope that it is not to be a spasn with us and that in a modified form we may extend such training to our girls.

"THE VARSITY"

AN Indian school which has passed into honored history made many friends for the Indian and gained much respect for the red race in the East by developing a splendid football team. It had been erroneously assumed that the Indian was inferior to his white brother in physique, in mentality or both. Carlisle's football team dispelled many such illusions. Many of her best men were full-blood Indians. To respect for the football ability of Carlisle's students was soon added respect for the Indian's mechanical and industrial ability. The football team of Carlisle was the best advertising feature of and for the Government's earlier efforts at Indian education. Twice we saw the Carlisle team at its best, defeating the strong organizations of Minnesota University. They were superb. They played on even terms or better with Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvannia in those days and were dubbed "The Varsity" by sport writers who, letting the hide go with the tail commonly referred to that school as "Carlisle University." These writers did not know or did not want to know that the members of those splendid football teams were from classes from third to tenth grade academically, were many of them beyond ordinary university age, playing without any eligibility rules and far beyond the customary number of seasons. Many of these men were paid money or other valuable considerations or were on the official pay roll of the school. In many cases they were not in classes at all but were enrolled for the sole real purpose of playing football. They played such beautiful ball and were such an attraction at the box office that their opponents simply refused to be worried by these details.

We believe that the necessity for this form of advertising has passed. At Phoenix the "varsity" has gone the way of the baccalaureate sermon. Our football team is composed wholly of full-blood Indians in and below the tenth grade, none of whom have played football anywhere over four years. A group of some sixteen of these young men are designated as our "first team." They have no training table, their coach is the hard working disciplinarian who well earns his salary outside of athletics, gets his play with the boys, and finds joy in his work.

The amateur becomes a professional when he ceases to play and makes his athletic prowess a source of revenue. Football as a profession is short-lived and whatever may have been the justification for Carlisle's methods we hope to resist the temptation to copy them. Let our school boys play football as well as they can but when they are all through school or cease to be boys, let them assume the work of men, taking their play as a diversion and as rest from labors. Let the varsity stay in the university, and let there be no Indian university.

A SUCCESSFUL FOOTBALL SEASON
(1918)

WE once went on a most successful hunting expedition when four husky men spent two weeks looking for big game around and over the Great Divide between the Sun River Basin and the Flathead country of Montana. After six days of the hardest hiking we heard an elk "bugle" and took two shot at his fleeting form as he left among the pine trees for the great unknown. Our mulligan during that trip was from no larger carcass than that of the fool-hen and the blue grouse. Yet it was a successful hunt because all the men were sportsmen and so constituted that the proverbial "hunter's luck" was accepted philosophically. Killing things is merely incidental to a hunting trip, and quite a non-essential. The real thing is the comradeship, the camp life, the getting away from mail and telegraph, the hard hiking with mental rest, the sleep such as only the hiker knows.

This year our football season has been somewhat of that order. We have not played a game off the school grounds and have not played an outside team. We have had teams of our own of all sizes from Company F, with its bundle of purloined sox for a football, to Companies C, D, B, A, and Band. Their interscholastic strivings have been very genuine. More boys have been in uniform than ever before. There are no champions but there were no fights. We had games every Saturday. There was never a complaint of an official decision, although the games were played hard and somebody lost every time. There was one broken collar bone, one jaw out of place on Thanksgiving Day, just when the owner needed it the most, and many minor bruises, but no permanent injuries—many bumps, but no bitterness.

The Thanksgiving game was not advertised in the newspaper and no excursions were run into Phoenix. There were no lines before our ticket window before dawn of day. There were no visitors from off the school grounds, owing to the prevalence of influenza. Yet there was a grand-stand full of bright girls in red sweaters fringed by the boys in blue uniforms, and employees in what they had left from liberty loans and Belgian relief, all yelling their heads off for Band or Company A. The teams were evenly matched. From kick-off to the end the contest was hard and clean. At its close the march to the dining room and its turkey dinner was one of joy for victor and vanquished. The score? Oh, the Band had a little the best of it, but you would hardly pick them out in the picture and they are not the sort to blow about it.

THE SPIRIT OF CLEVELAND

(1920)

CLEVELAND, the city of Tom L. Johnson, Secretary Baker, "Drill Chips" and the "Indians" of the American League of baseball players had a celebration on the evening of October 13, 1920, that was almost equal to Armistice Day. Not satisfied with the usual hurrah and "hoey" attending the winning of the championship in baseball, Cleveland gave the players such trinkets as baby cabs, automobiles and houses and lots for a day or two, and then took a night off to tell them about it collectively in one of their beautiful parks. It is reported that fifty thousand persons, more or less insane, attended this meeting. Hats were thrown up and mashed up, some "used" clothing torn and hair accessories readjusted as a result of the happy, hilarious doings. Parents took their babies up to the players to be kissed, and for the day the presidential canvass was a side issue. Cleveland was baseball mad, or baseball happy, the dividing line between madness and happiness being a narrow one when we reach out among the superlatives.

Why all this insanity about baseball? We have looked into the matter a little and find that it is not so much due to the popularity of the great American sport, nor the remarkable performance of the Cleveland team as to the remarkable spirit of Cleveland.

For forty-two years this Ohio city has had a professional ball team, and for an equal period has wanted a championship. This year the whole community went out after it. After wining in their own American League by the narrowest of margins, and when they came home from Brooklyn with the score two to one games against them, the city met them as heroes and conquerors. The daily press said, "Brooklyn has the edge, but it remains to be seen how the Dodgers will re-act to Cleveland's marvelous rooting and support of the team." The reaction resulted in four straight games and the world's championship for Cleveland. The concerted enthusiasm of its population for other worthy causes has been equally effective. Only yesterday a Phoenix woman, just home from an extended trip, spoke of the beauty and cleanliness of Cleveland as compared with other cities, and the spirit of helpfulness, cordiality and success shown to strangers by its citizens.

Now we may be sure that there were thousands in that Cleveland celebration who did not know a base hit from a straight flush, but what they did know was that here was something big in Cleveland, for Cleveland and by Cleveland; something a large body of her sons and daughters did understand and believe in, so "come on, let's put it over!" That is the spirit of Cleveland, and the spirit which made Cleveland. It is the spirit that puts communities on the map. It will do the business in any city or state, or in a school. Believe that the other man's work or the other man's play is worth while whether we know much about it or not. Anything that gets fifty thousand persons together is worth looking into and the spirit that collected the same fifty thousand is a force that no man working for the benefit of humanity can afford to neglect.

Now just a little final suggestion, for this theme grows on us as we think

it over. We'll wager a coon skin that the Cleveland rooters never wasted a breath or a whoop on the short comings or defects of the Brooklyn team. We will hazard the opinion that no authorized, organized Cleveland rooter mentioned the bow legs of the Brooklyn shortstop, or the red hair of the opposing pitcher. We shall guess that neither epithets nor pop bottles were hurled at the umpire, but that Cleveland rooted for somebody, having learned that you could not overcome really strong opposition by snapping at its heels.

THE OLD ROMAN

"It ain't true, is it, Joe?" said the kid to Joe Jackson coming out of the grand jury room.

"I'm afraid it is, kid," said Joe.

Thus was cast down and broken the small boy's idol as one after another safety first member of the White Sox ball team made his confession of crookedness and dishonor in connection with the baseball world's series of 1919. The proposal to "break the heart of the world" caused a mild sensation in comparison with the effect of the confessions on the minds of the boys who idolized these really great athletes. The small boy will recover his equanimity in time, and the cleanest of American sports will be cleaner for the exposure. Meanwhile it seems to the writer that Charles Comisky, who then had a good fighting chance for the American League Pennant, and who promptly suspended seven of the best players in his team, should have a bronze statue in baseball's hall of fame. The suspension of these men extinguished the last glimmer of hope of winning the pennant and cost Mr. Comisky a fortune. Small men may argue that he had to do it to retain the support of the public, but his friends promptly state, and it is much more beautiful to believe that he took the action in response to his own conscience and in the patriotic interest of pure sportsmanship. We are educating young men. Much of their time and most of their spare time is taken up with athletic sports, and none of their activities has a greater influence on their future character. Should we not use with them the lesson to be learned of present sacrifice for the future welfare of clean sport, as exemplified by the action of "The Old Roman."

THE MOB SPIRIT

NO, THIS is not the story of the hanging the writer saw in Tennessee, of the Negro burned in Durant, Oklahoma, nor of the riots in Omaha Nebraska. It is a story of a football game. Most any football game and many a baseball game played in Phoenix, for example, between Indians and whites, or whites against whites. The lawlessness against which we protest and the evil for whose abatement we pray is the practice of "umpire baiting" or the abuse of officials who at our invitation are charged with the duty of arbitrating athletic differences and enforcing the rules. Our objection to what seems to us to be this senseless and unsportmanlike performance is based on the following facts:

First: Most officials are honest, want to appear honest and want the best team to win.

Second: The honest official does much better work if left to do his own thinking and to form his own judgment. Few are so thick skinned as to be unaffected by jibes, insults and innuendo and as a result of such attacks many men lose their balance if not their temper. Most officials make some errors and know instantly that they have made them yet the attitude of players and public makes it practically impossible to correct them. Such errors are multiplied if those who see them are inconsiderate or abusive or attribute improper motives to the one making the decision.

Third: The average spectator who so recklessly hands out the uncomplimentary verbiage to the official, has no intelligent knowledge of the progress of the game and does not pause to investigate beyond the fact that the decision is adverse to the success of the team which he desires shall win.

The writer in more callow days was wont to umpire baseball games and knows the sting of epithet and the peril of pop bottles hurled by men whom in civil life he had regarded as friends. He has long since forgiven and forgotten his individual tormentors, but the practice goes on until the wonder is that any decent man will consent to act for us. Possibly they are too busy to hear it all. We should hate to think they were so callous that they do not care, and we are glad we do not hear or know just what they think of us, on the side lines when we forget our manners, our sportmanship and our sense of fairness.

FOOTBALL AT PHOENIX

THE football season is again with us. In this as in kindred sports, Phoenix School has steadily maintained a team of good repute and good conduct, whether winning or losing. We have won enough from our strongest competitors to keep up our courage and have lost enough to keep us modest. This, we think, is about the best condition for our future state of mind even though it would be exceedingly pleasant to win all the time.

We have frequently been asked if we could not get together a team strong enough to win from the University of Arizona, and we have answered that we thought possibly we could do that but that the price would be too great to pay for the resultant glory obtained. There are tricks enough known to every football coach of even local renown whereby we could build up a team much stronger from a mere winning standpoint than any we have ever had. It would be possible, for instance, to keep young men beyond the school age, to play graduates of the school or to play young men who are on the school's pay roll and who, therefore, are not bonifide students. It would be possible to retain in school young men who have ceased to make any real progress in their studies or whose conduct was such as would not be endured except for the athlete's physical prowess. We have not consciously done these things in the past nor do we plan to do so in future.

One instance only will illustrate the point. Long enough ago to remove the probability of any personal pain because of the narration, an important football game was to be played in an Arizona city at some distance from

Phoenix by the Phoenix school team. The trip was a desirable one for the boys, who do not often get away from the school during the school term. On the day before the game the school principal reported the serious misconduct of a prominent and a much needed member of the team and suggested that in the interest of discipline, the prominent member be left at home. There was no hesitation on the part of the coach. The boy stayed in Phoenix while we lost the game cheerfully at the other town.

Our boys *play* football. They do not work at it. Compared with the finished performances of the best universities, their game would probably appear crude in the extreme. We have been asked by sympathizing neighbors to employ professional coaches, plug up the team and win all the time. We have replied that a football team may actually be too good for the good of the school. Maybe we are wrong but this is what we think and this is one reason for our not winning more games.

RUN IT OUT

ONE recent Sunday afternoon the editor was awakened from what had become somewhat more than a reverie, by a bunch of small boys playing ball on the athletic field. The words we heard were "Run it out! Run it ow-ow-ow-t-t!" at least that is as near as we can spell it, though there are no characters in the English language with which to express the urge, not to say agony in the mind of the voluntary coach whose voice and form cavorted about first base.

Those of us who watch ball games and those who teach the game know that the biggest task of the coach is to get the players to do their best at all times, in all parts of the game. Simple as it seems, self-evident as it seems, often as the examples are repeated, the old, old exhortation must be repeated over and over again "Run it out! Run it out!"

The game of baseball is less than fifty years old but grows more and more popular with age. It has changed but little in its essential rules during the past twenty-five years. One rule that has obtained all the time is that the batter must make a fair hit or successfully wait for four bad ones before getting to first base, unless by lucky chance he is hit by the pitched ball. The decision as to whether the man is hit by the ball, is out on strikes, is entitled to the "base on balls" or has made a fair hit, is made by an official known as the umpire. This umpire is sometimes good and sometimes very poor. He is sometimes very prompt in his decisions and sometimes he must wait till the course of the ball is fully and finally determined, before deciding, for example, whether a ball is fair or foul. In case of a fly ball he must wait until the fielder has completed his effort to catch the ball before declaring the hit or the out. In any event the batter is always coached to not wait for the decision but to hit the path with all possible speed, in the direction of the first base. Sometimes the batter acquires and maintains the habit of doing this and sometimes he refuses to learn, fearing that he may waste effort by running when he would be out anyway. On occasion these batters have been seen to look carefully after the ball to see whether the running

was really likely to avail them anything. When this happens we again hear the exasperated coach saying, "Run it out, don't look at the ball!"

We have seen the same principle illustrated in a dozen different ways, in as many different enterprises, games or projects during the years that have passed over us. We once rode a bicycle. At first we seemed to make no progress. We fell off as constantly as we mounted and seemed to stay no longer on the second day's attempts than at first. Then, for no reason in particular, we decided to stay as long as we could each time and not get ready to fall or look for a good place to land, merely keep staying and let the falling take care of itself. It was but a short time until we ceased to fall. One time with a superintendent of an Oklahoma agency, we were in a runaway with a frightened team, crossing the Canadian river and a rather dangerous approach to the bridge. Our driver deserted at the first plunge of the team, another passenger went over the side of the hack and the two of us were left in the rear seat. We stayed, mostly because we were then afraid to jump, but having decided informally to stay as long as we could, we soon reached a very tame finish on level ground, with no bones broken.

Twice within the past six months, patients in the Phoenix school hospital seemed to be reaching the "Great Divide," with every prospect of passing over to the western slope. In older days, and other lands it was the custom for the physician to "give him up." On the principle of running out the hit, however, those in charge of the patients stayed as long as there was life, and eventually won out. They did not stop to calculate on the chances of the patient, simply worked as well as they could, as long as there was anything to do.

When the batter sends up an easy infield fly, or misses his third strike, it is sure enough that his chances for reaching first base are not one in a hundred, but the running out the hit for the hundredth time has more than once won ball games and even league pennants. Moreover above all, it should be remembered that to run out the hits costs nothing. The quitter has nothing else to do anyway. He stands to win great stakes, who runs out the hit for the hundredth or the thousandth time, and he cannot lose, even though he does not score.

SUMMER

THE editor sat in his swivel chair and his soft-nosed pencil pushed easily as the thoughts came and secured immortality by getting onto the copy hook. After a time, however, the pace slacked, inspiration expired and a peculiar depression seemed to settle down like a pall over the sacred precincts of the sanctorum—perspiration appeared on the editorial brow and the editorial forearm when lifted carried with it the blotter on which it had rested. Conscious of failing vitality and effectiveness, yet unconscious of any sudden influence which had brought it about he paused, dropped his head on the unfinished task, raised it again, made a final effort to look about him and to think—and found that the electric fan had stopped. It was summer in southern Arizona.

FOUNDATION STUDIES FOR TEACHERS OF INDIANS

"You can not teach an old dog new tricks," says one proverb. "We are never too old to learn," says another.

We prefer the latter proverb or slogan as a guide. We have taught an occasional new trick to persons of maturity and being not exactly a new dog ourselves, still find it possible to learn. Here is something we think we have learned as we are getting fairly well into our second quarter of a century among Indians.

Many teachers, possibly most teachers, enter Indian school work with no special or burning ambition as up-lifters or special interest in Indians. The writer confesses himself one of this group. Most teachers who remain long in the Service do become interested and often much devoted to the work and to the race in question. This merely states that we are average men required by circumstances to seek first a means of livelihood.

Being in the service of the Indian race, however, and having become interested in the assimilation of its young persons into our body politic, what is our best avenue of approach? It is here that we now believe the most important introduction to success has been quite generally overlooked.

The Indian child is a conformist. He seeks no controversy with a teacher and on the surface accepts many of our new ideas of health, science, and religion, while in the back of his head remain the ideas of his ancestors. We start our work with the belief that all that he has inherited is wrong and must be uprooted, clearing the field of his intellect for the sowing of the seeds of civilization. We err in assuming that all his inheritance is harmful or that all of our so-called civilization is helpful. We err chiefly because we do not know what is in his mind from inheritance and early home training and saddest of all, we make no attempt to learn these things. The writer is here placing himself on the "mourners bench" and confessing himself one of those so erring, hoping thus to secure a hearing from his associates.

Abraham Lincoln was probably the greatest and most successful debater and teacher of mature men in American public life. He was great because he converted men to his beliefs. His plan was to first find as many points of agreement between himself and his audience as it was possible to find. He then had his hearers in proper frame of mind to listen to arguments on points wherein they differed. In courts of law he sometimes appeared to be giving away his whole cause, yet he won. So shall we win if we study Indian ethnology and history, Indian legends, Indian arts, religion, medicine, ceremonies and every possible phase of the older Indian life. Many of our devoted and potentially efficient teachers are grossly ignorant of these things.

Concretely we suggest and urge that teachers now in our service and those who enter our ranks, make a serious study of the ethnology of the Indian race and more particularly of the tribes with which they work. This can be done somewhat superficially by conversing with pupils and by visits to their homes but much more fundamentally by reading from the reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology. There are literally tons of these books and pamphlets to be had without cost by those who would show proper interest

in their contents. They are the result of years of study by intelligent and trained men whose whole time and thought were devoted to such investigations. We have in times past criticised the ethnologist for seeking to preserve Indian customs which we think should be discarded. We may do this again as we still think the museum the proper place for the perpetuation of many ceremonials. We do say finally and earnestly, however, that he who would teach must first make a study of his material.

MEASURING SUCCESS IN INDIAN SCHOOLS

"How big was Alexander, Pa, that people call him great?

Was he like old Goliath, tall, his spear a hundred weight?

Oh, no, my child, about the size of me or Uncle James,

'Twas not his stature made him great, but the greatness of his name."

—*McGuffy's Fourth Reader.*

THE above quotations from our old friend McGuffy and the lines which followed in the poem bring up the age-old question of what constitutes greatness, and the question of standards in measuring ourselves or our associates. The small boy in the poem gets much the better of his "Pa" in the dialogue by suggesting that "if killing people made him great" a local man recently arrested for murder should "kill a hundred more."

We all cherish an ambition to be great or honored among our fellows and we are proud, not necessarily vain, when any one suggests that our work or our lives entitle us to such distinction. The great teacher is rare, and he ordinarily waits and works long for recognition as such. Too frequently the reward comes too late to be useful to the teacher. We desire to be great teachers or at least to be good teachers and to have good schools. To be and to accomplish this we must have push, personality, ambition, education, training and then when we go to work we must have definite purposes and proper standards for testing ourselves and measuring our work.

In Washington City an important branch of our Government is the "Bureau of Standards" or the Bureau having charge of weights and measures. This Bureau has in glass cases carefully protected from heat, cold, corrosion, erosion, or other injury, the official yardstick, the official weights and the official measures of capacity for the nation. You may use cheaper or more accessible standards if you wish, but you may always go to Washington and correct your errors if you wish. There are no such definite permanent standards for measuring the work of a teacher.

The final test of a machine or of a theory is not whether it is beautiful or harmonious or attractive, but "will it work." The final test of a teacher or of a school is: will the products function as good citizens. Now, that is all very well, but if we wait for this final proof before deciding on a teacher's efficiency, our pupils are gone, our teacher has quit teaching and the whole process must begin over again. We must apply now and here such tests as are available and measure by such standards as we have with us.

Most of us teach as we were taught, or as we have been taught to teach. Somewhere in the line there may have been a really great teacher. If we

are the successors or descendents of such one let us not permit our work to degenerate as does the often written line on the copy book. Let us keep our eye on the copy at the top and not in line just above.

Let me call again on McGuffy:

“Tis royal fun cried Lazy Ned,
To coast upon my fine new sled
And *beat the other boys.*”

Beating the other boys was good, but it was not enough. Ned was lazy and confessed later in the verse that it was very tiresome to climb back up the hill. Comparative excellence was all he cared for and even when he obtained this it was quite obviously due to the “fine new sled” rather than to its owner. We should not be satisfied with merely equalling or excelling the work of some other teacher whom we know. He may be coasting on a very antiquated sled.

We should not permit ourselves to be satisfied with our work, either because it is new and different from any other or because we have done it just that way for twenty years and have escaped censure. A teacher’s work may be very poor and he may yet “get away with it” for years either because he has not been judged by a competent critic or because the one who knows desires to be humanly kind—aye, it may be because he knows that the supply of the divinely anointed and the truly prepared is so far short of the demand that a change would not relieve the situation. Beware of the critic, friendly or unfriendly, who deals in generalities. Do not let him escape until he has told you just what feature or method of your work is good or bad.

The alertness of pupils, their promptness in the mornings and regularity of attendance are indications though not conclusive proof of success. “Do the pupils read loud?” is a good question, but “do they understand?” is better, and “do these reservation Indian children speak English in conversation?” is better still. Early missionaries were wont to measure their success by the number of “praying Indians” whom they joyously counted by thousands before any impression had been made on the minds or any changes effected in the lives of these early converts. Are you teaching them a better way to live? Will they actually live better, fuller, more happy, healthy and more useful lives as a result of your work? I know a young teacher who had a pupil read aloud “*It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.*” The boy could be heard from a distance of two city blocks, but it later transpired that the boy had recently been thrashed, and was to be thrashed again after the trial if he failed to produce the voice. It was then clear enough that he was not giving thanks unto anybody, and that the “good things” were not for him.

We have not taught a thing until the pupil will do the thing voluntarily. We have not succeeded until we have inspired success in others. We cannot take complacent pride in a method that does not get results, and we cannot escape by throwing the blame onto the pupil or upon his environment. We

must fearlessly and honestly study our own methods and our own personality as well as that of our pupils, no matter how well connected we are socially or educationally; no matter how complimentary have been our critics. Above all, when we have adverse criticism let us not reject or resent it too promptly or too vigorously, even when tactlessly offered. The critic may be right even when his personality does not please us. It is a very wise man who is able to learn from one he does not like.

A great man, a friend of mine, once wrote "my heart goes out to the man who does his work when the boss is away." Your work is necessarily not closely supervised and for years cannot be accurately measured. You have not gone far or done much, however, unless you have influenced your pupils' conduct and activities outside of the school hours, at night, on Saturdays and Sundays, in their homes, during their school days and during the years to come.

I have suggested that we should not be satisfied with ourselves. Now let me close by expressing the hope that we may never become self-abased or discouraged. Our ideal is a lofty one and the road over which we would lead a race of people is a long road. The people, however, is a worthy people, and "it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive."

THE TRAINED AND FORCEFUL TEACHER

(A paper read before teachers' meeting at Sacaton, Ariz., November 3, 1915)

HERBERT SPENCER said no better thing than that man's first duty to himself was to be a good animal. In the trained teacher let us then have first the good animal.

Now let us not shy at this or side step it. Of course we do not mean that the ideal teacher is one in whom animal instincts, as we call them, are predominant, but we do mean that good health and training for good health and long life are paramount and immediate duties. The trained teacher must be healthy, virile, strong physically. She must not have what commonly are called "nerves." Persons who are nervous are usually quite proud of the fact. They are those who may be said to enjoy bad health. We are not yet among those who believe that all human ills are mental, but we do know that many of our worst ailments are superinduced by mental conditions.

I have suggested the good animal—the trained animal if you will. This need not infer the performance of circus stunts, but it does include the development of a physique trained to obey the will of a trained mind promptly and, through sustained periods. The last ounce of energy should never be expended by the teacher—leave that to the prize fighter or the football man. The teacher who reaches physical exhaustion at the close of each day needs to reorganize or quit the business. We need to ask ourselves seriously wherein the trouble lies—consult a good physician and tell him all we know about ourselves—use the advice he gives us. Indians are not the only individuals who fail to follow the physician's instructions. Chuck his medicine in the sewer if you like—he gives you

that because you demand it—but listen to what he says of bathing, diet, exercise, and sleep, or when perchance one divinely anointed tells us to eliminate both fear and hatred as an aid to good digestion.

So much for the good animal. Now the trained teacher, the sort that is essential in the schoolroom, must have quietness, dignity, poise. I do not know if there is such a course in the normal training school, but I have in mind the training of a horse as I once saw it in Nashville, Tennessee. The trainer's name was Professor Gleason (lots of professors in the south). He wore a high silk hat and long coat for advertising purposes, but under that hat he had a great idea—great because, unlike many of our ideas, it worked. Professor Gleason took an excitable, nervous horse, one who would break up buggies at the sight of a bit of paper in the road. He put that horse through a "course of sprouts" that make him glad to stand still while a newspaper burned under his nose and a pack of firecrackers touched off behind him provoked only an equine smile. How did he do it? Simply by making that horse stand up in front of the thing he feared until he got tired and disgusted with himself. Try it yourself. When you see things or meet persons you are afraid of, go up to them and stand there until your fears die out in you—yea, even though the gooseflesh do gallup down your spine, and your knees do smite one another! Be poised. Let the door slam or a dishpan be dropped behind you—know that not one time in a thousand is there any reason for you to jump, scream or make a scene. Whatever might have happened has happened just as the lightning when it strikes or misses us. We only find it possible to jump after the danger is past, so why jump at all. Apply this philosophy or this foolishness to small things. Let them not disturb your equanimity in the schoolroom and they will not so often occur. The trained teacher should not be noisy, but quiet in voice and demeanor—noise never made a noisy schoolroom quiet.

The trained teacher will eliminate fear from her system and, as rapidly as possible, from her pupils. We learn little from those we fear—we are kept too busy dodging them. We must believe in ourselves, in the security of our position, or in our ability to get another. We must have no fear of what others may say or think about us, knowing that our hearts are right and that when this is true no one can harm us but ourselves. We must know what our pupils are feeling and thinking and they will never tell us this as long as they fear us. We must train ourselves to see to it most religiously that no child is sorry for having told us the truth and the whole truth. Am I right about this? How does it square with your practice? Have you ever coaxed, cajoled, bribed and wheedled a child until he told the dreadful, shameful truth about himself and then thrashed him for it? If so, you were teaching him to lie.

The teacher of whom we speak must have charity, kindness, human sympathy—not pity. Look out for the words now and how we use them. Sympathy—not merely being sorry for your pupils. Be one with your pupils. Believe in them as worth while. Believe in Indians if you teach Indians. Believe that every man has his place in the sun and may be whatever he

will be. The teacher trained in the matter of sympathy must keep herself ever young. I have seen teachers too old at twenty-five and others abundantly young at sixty. Be at the ball game—not because it's a duty, but because you want to be there. You "don't care for such things"? There is something wrong with you. Now never say again that nobody ever told you. You may call me "old man" if you do it with affection and a smile but as the Virginian said: "Smile when you say it."

The trained teacher should be frugal, not wasteful, not miserly, not too conservative in expenditure for dress, for example. Spend something on a new gown or a ribbon—I don't know the names of all these things but I do know the general good result when it appears. Buy some of these and wear them for your children, not just when your friends from back east in Missouri come to visit you. Be frugal in that you prevent waste—waste of time, waste of words, waste of materials. The fact that you have paid for a thing gives you no moral right to waste it wantonly. Expend things—energy, money, material—but see that some good comes of it. Expend love; the more love and sunshine you liberate the more you have.

The trained teacher should be a Christian. I did not always think this essential, but long since saw that the genuine Christians were doing better work than I was and for twenty years I have been trying to join them. Understand you can not join all at once—I am not a very good Methodist in this particular. I believe in conversion all right, but even a Methodist has to be eranked up a bit now and then. The Christian teacher should use her Christianity in her business. I know of some who have their church letters "back east" in Kansas or Oklahoma and who feel that a request to teach a Sunday school class of Indian boys is a personal affront.

Are you a Christian? What difference does it make in your life, your work, your treatment of your fellow men? Your willingness to do for others—to do things you are not required to do and for which you are not paid? The Roman soldier, Salanus, in Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene," said of the early band of Christians: "Their miracles show that they have greater power than we, but not necessarily greater wisdom—they may have raised Lazarus but whether the dead sleep or wake I will not give them a thought unless they teach me to make a better use of my own life." Are you trained to a Christian life in reality or only in name—let us see if there remains any kernel in the shell we have preserved so carefully. Is it now and here teaching us to make a better use of our lives, or are we concerned merely in saving ourselves.

The trained teacher should be a good animal, should be poised, charitable, frugal, quiet, but she should also be scholarly. Some writers specialize on style so much and at so early a stage in a literary career that they overlook the essential of having something to say. The trained teacher should know some things definitely, even though subsequent ages should find the truth of today only temporary truth. Some truths are eternal and fundamental—these we should lay hold on and use. Some teachers specialize on method without having sufficient "mental material" with which to methodize. We

need continually to broaden our mental horizon by association with those who know things we do not know—who have had experiences different from ours and by reading standard books. Not always will we find things altogether new but things which we knew yet did know that we knew.

We are approaching the subject of self-improvement. Perhaps we are in the middle of it, variously known by its slogan, "Keep growing," "Be green at the top," and similar helpful injunctions, in all of which I concur actively, but with this qualification: Be not niggardly with this improved self of yours—expend it on your pupils. I know self-improvers who have gone regularly to city libraries to read good literature but who would not expend the energy necessary to tell their pupils what they have read. I have known others to spend money prodigally in party dresses for functions outside their schools and who evened the financial score by appearing in the schoolroom clad in an antediluvian, alluvial sweater. Let the trained teacher see that the culture she gathers is used in her business. This culture, like the love of which we spoke, grows by being used and accumulates by being expended.

The word "normal" means natural, or average, or did mean that originally. Normal methods mean a return to nature's way of teaching—not a bad way either. Normal schools, therefore, should train us to be natural. Nature's methods of teaching require that we use our experience or the accumulated experiences of our pupils. Socrates and the Man of Galilee were great teachers, for their methods were normal. The one drew his answer in the sand and left his pupil to read it—the other did not say "Do not stone her," but "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." The lesson stays with us longer when we ourselves have solved the problem. Normal methods! Know where you are going and what you are going to do when you get there.

So much or so little for the trained teacher—what of the forceful teacher as an essential? First, force is not noise. Where there is noise there is friction—listen to the squeaking axle—and force is wasted. The great Corliss engine with its hundreds of horsepower moves noiselessly. When the machine begins to rattle it indicates lessened efficiency. The forceful teacher is quiet and with a beautiful voice. The forceful teacher stands for something and not merely stands but moves for something—she is not merely waiting to repel attacks. I have known teachers whose only force was negative—strong enough to resist temptation or resist wrong, negatively strong but not able to advance the cause of righteousness. I have known others apparently operated on by no force but the force of gravity—attached as permanently to a chair as though it were newly varnished. This secondly of ours is brief because the properly trained teacher will also be the forceful teacher.

Now because there must be a thirdly and because I am once through the allotted topic, the teacher must believe in herself and her work. She must believe in it all through the week, the month and the year, not merely when in teachers' meeting or when writing theses. She will not do good teaching

while she is taking a correspondence course in stenography, while bearing the responsibilities of a household establishment or even while personally preparing a wedding trousseau. These things are good and essential at times but the time should be when we are off the teachers' pay roll. The teaching profession is a jealous master—we should respect it too much to misuse it. When we leave it for more alluring or more remunerative fields, let us leave it lovingly and regretfully, but leave it altogether and let it be known openly just when we have severed the relationship.

TEACHERS AND PUPILS

RECENTLY the writer and a classmate met two of their former teachers at an informal dinner party and walking home that night we discussed them. "How human they are!" we said, and we loved them as we knew not how to do when they were our teachers. I wonder what they said of us when we were gone, not because of any idle curiosity or doubt as to the genuineness of the friendship shown, but because I am studying teachers and their methods of reaching a sympathetic understanding with their pupils. The secret which we boys did not soon enough suspect is that these men were always human. We had always respected them but had never guessed that they in those earlier days could have cared anything particularly for us as individuals, or that the minor incidents or troubles in our lives as students could have been worthy of their attention.

Within a few days following the foregoing incident opportunity was given this same narrator to view the matter from the other direction. A former pupil told of trials and heart-aches of which his former superintendent had known nothing but which had he known in those earlier days would have given him an insight into that boy's character and into that of other boys, so needed and so vital as to be of a value incalculable. In the diner of a trans-continental train, meeting for an hour only with no guess as to when or where the next meeting may be, men talk more freely than when they daily occupy opposite sides of the same desk. So this man friend told his former teacher stories of his school life too intimate and too sacred, some of them too sad and to regrettable, to be re-told. That the more serious and inexcusable blunders committed by the teachers of this boy were not committed by or under the writer was providential rather than entirely impossible. The tale was wholly void of bitterness and not in any sense an appeal for sympathy. Its sincerity and truthfulness could not be doubted. The incidents from which the listeners learned most were those showing hasty and ill-considered punishments administered to a group of boys "impartially" without reference to the personality of the individuals and those in which severe punishments were administered for trivial offenses which the offender had openly and voluntarily confessed, even having the unusual courage to do this in the presence of his Indian schoolmates.

Most of the errors committed by the instructors in question were directly traceable to a lack of the patience, industry and self-sacrifice necessary to

secure a full statement of the truth from timid, diffident Indian boys. In other cases there was committed the unpardonable sin of having made boys sorry for having told the truth.

The purpose of this paragraph is not to complain of things that were or to exalt the conditions that are but rather to urge a getting together of teacher and pupil here and now. Eighteen years is too long to wait for the information which the writer received last week or of the proper understanding of a boy whose making into a man may be in our keeping. To do this we must first abolish fear and make a pupil know that honesty is the best policy. We might even admit in this connection that "we have tried both" without greatly shocking those who know us best or doing violence to the reputation which we may have acquired. Of course there will be individual pupils who will not show proper appreciation of such consideration but examples of ingratitude are not confined to Indian pupils and should not discourage or dissuade us. The establishment of complete mutual confidence between pupil and teacher may be a slow process but it is a necessary preliminary to the latter's usefulness.

INDIAN SCHOOL LIBRARIES

THE Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Chief Supervisor of Education, and those acting in clerical or administrative positions under the leadership of these officials have been liberal in the allowance of funds for the purchase of book by superintendents in the Indian Field Service. They have gone further than that. Recognizing the somewhat nomadic habits of Government's employees outside of Washington they have authorized and encourage the purchase of technical texts and reference books commonly recognized as the necessary tools of trade by up-to-date workers in our several lines. These books are kept in school libraries or held by the heads of departments in our larger schools for the use of employees or are loaned to the industrial employees as may be most expedient. All this is done with the hope that instructors will read these really good books in preparation for better work and better teaching.

Our Service is justly criticised at times for its lack of modern methods but in this particular it does more for its employees than does the average employer. Our Chief Supervisor in particular has exerted himself throughout a long period of years in a continuous effort to have our instructors acquire the reading habit. His efforts have been beneficial beyond doubt but a study of the use made of our libraries by employees outside the academic teaching force shows that much is still to be desired in this direction.

"I magnify mine office," once said a school wagon-maker at a convention of Indian school workers. The present writer doesn't remember anything else the man said and doesn't remember the man's name but he does remember the man's gray beard, strong frame, and clear eye and the great fact that this man compelled respect for his vocation. He compelled respect because he had read the history of his trade and had, by his general reading, connected himself and his business with the outside world, with other trades

and other tradesmen whom he had taught to respect him not merely as a worker with his hands but as a man with a mind which had also worked.

The writer once encountered an Indian school library on an Oklahoma reservation where the books were all in a glass case which was locked. No one at the school was able to locate the key and there was no protest from any employee during the year. Nobody had broken the glass! At another boarding school the writer once found the one Webster's International Dictionary covered with dust and cobwebs indicating complete disuse.

Should we not shake ourselves, gently or otherwise, according to our industrial needs in the matter of using our good libraries.

MY ARITHMETICAL WANIGAN

JONES the guide called it his "war bag" Jones the lumber man and former cookee called it his "turkey." Stone, the St. Paul lawyer, who had consulted literary authority as an absolving and anointing process of preparation for the hunting trip, called it his "wanigan" (please do not look these up in your dictionary—you may not find them.) They were all the same or similar and were all portable and pliable receptacles for the safe keeping and safe transportation of our several personal effects deemed essential to the expedition. Being, some of us, quite new at the business there was much discussion as to what was really necessary in the way of equipment. The more one reasons and discusses the more varied and insistent become his wants; hence in our preliminary conferences we soon prepared a list of necessities far beyond the carrying capacity of our pack horses as certified by the guide. In the process of elimination which followed the load was much reduced but at the end of the two weeks in the mountains there were many articles which had remained in the bottom of the bags undisturbed. The writer made other trips at later dates and then, following the advice of Stewart Edward White, dumped from his "wanigan" the articles remaining in the bottom which had been carried for as much as three successive years without being used.

In the same scribe's arithmetical "wanigan" there are articles which have been carried for seven times three years and which he now prays for courage to discard. As in the case of the high rubber boots, the alcohol stove, the fur-lined coat and the bottle of spavin cure carried on the hunt, it still is realized that there might arise a circumstance in which he would need his knowledge of partial payments, cube root, true discount, G.C.D., L.C.M., together or separated from fractions, complexed and compounded, but the chance now is so strongly against such need that carrying of the additional ballast is no longer justified. No attempt will be made in this paragraph to catalog the topics commonly taught as arithmetic to Indian school pupils which should be dispensed with but in the preparation of our revised course of study there will be missing some familiar phases of the subject, not because they might not be useful as intellectual exercises but because we fall so far short of doing the really necessary training of our pupils in this and other subjects and because there is still room for intellectual development in the arithmetical training that must be given.

ABOUT SPELLING

CONFESSEDLY English spelling is extremely difficult and unsatisfactory and should be reformed. Taking English as we find it, however, good spelling has long been regarded as an essential to even ordinary respectability in the company of scholars or cultured people. Bad spelling is variously regarded as a misfortune, an affliction or as an unpardonable sin. All these judgments are too frequently based solely on the use of the proper or accepted form of the word with little or no attention to the ability of the spellers to use the word. It is as if the one in possession of a fine shop full of tools—knew nothing of the purposes for which they were designed. As a boy the writer learned to spell “val-e-tu-di-na-ri-an” but has had no occasion since that time to use the word and hence knows no more of its significance now than when he “spelled down” the Rock Creek School by being able to line up the above letters and syllables in the foregoing order.

Is there any reason for a child being required to spell a word which he does not at the same time add to his vocabulary? We think not.

Assuming that we teach the child to use each word he spells and that we select words which he may reasonably be expected to need in his business, how shall the work be done? We know of one child who was transformed at once from a very poor to a fairly good speller by a change of method in study. She had been required to write and re-write her spelling lesson as much as twenty times because her spelling was so bad. It was not a teacher but a stenographer who suggested that the child write the lesson not at all or only once and that but five minutes be devoted to the ten or twenty words. The concentration thus required did the work, continues to do it, and may reasonably be expected to do it for others.

“THEM DUCKS”

JIMMY MCKEIG had a chum, Walter Sheppard, and in partnership as small Indian boys, they raised a pair of ducks under a sort of co-operative agreement with the superintendent's wife that when properly sized she would cook the ducks for the two boys. The boys watchfully waited and fed the ducks with a zeal not solely prompted by their lessons in “kindness to animals.” Several times they had suggested that the time for the sacrifice had arrived, but action being delayed, they appeared in full uniform one morning at the home of their prospective hostess and with evidence of real concern on their youthful faces, announced: “Mrs. Brown, if you're really going to cook them ducks you better do it pretty soon. One of 'em's pretty sick this morning.”

Fortunately for the relief of the two boys and the hostess' reputation for good faith, the duck recovered and the dinner engagement was kept. We wonder if Jimmy remembers it.

SNAKES

The writer took his annual vacation last month, spending the day near Old Camp McDowell, 40 miles up the Verde River from Phoenix. Walking across the desert toward the swimming hole a member of our small party saw a large rattlesnake traveling leisurely down a small ravine toward a large hole in the ground. A hurried call brought forward the Remington automatic and a load of quail shot carried away the menacing head of the reptile just before it reached shelter. A young man from the "East" wanted the "eight rattles and a button" and deciding that the hide should go with the tail we proceeded to remove the covering. Our surgery being a little crude, we accidentally made a discovery, viz., that we had killed a female of the species" on her way to a maternity hospital and but for our violent intervention there soon would have been seven rattlers rattling where but one had rattled before.

We know more about snakes as a result of this accident than from all our previous reading or other forms of instruction. The six little ones were all complete, coiled, colored and ready for business, about 10 to 12 inches long, encased in a soft egg-like membrane which contained rations. Differing from many other reptiles, rattlesnakes are born alive, "viviparous" the zoologist calls them, and they do say seriously that while still small they on occasion of danger run down the mother's mouth for protection. Running into a rattlesnake's mouth for safety suggests that all depends on who we are and the relations which we have previously established! Our point is that we once thought we knew things but now find out that we knew them temporarily and academically and hence most imperfectly.

We have lived in rattlesnake territory all our life, have had them thrown up to us on loads of hay and have similarly tossed them up to the other fellow just for fun. We have in younger, more venturesome days caught snakes by the tail and jerked their heads off. We have been entertained by the antics of Dobbin hitched to the hay rake when a rattler in the bundle of revolving hay behind him and under the driver expressed his disapproval of the whole hay-making proceeding. Our first recollection of rattlesnakes was when as a very small boy we slept with one in a clothes basket of shavings. The snake woke first and was leaving with considerable quietude when seen going over the edge of the basket.

We had read and forgotten how rattlesnakes came into the world but will not forget it again nor will any member of the party present at this recent revelation of the miracle.

OUR DESERT

"Desert, a barren sandy waste devoid of vegetation." This is the way we committed it to memory and used it in passing our youthful examinations in the "eastern" State of Kansas years ago. Kansas then located the desert in Arizona thus evening up the score with older geographers who had covered her own place on the map with the legend, "Great American Desert."

The term is relative and the location shifts as civilization and reclamation progress westward.

Contrary to our expectation, this desert is not deserted. There may be others that fulfil the lexicographers' requirements or ours might better fit the definition at other times, but this one now blossoms as the rose without being made to do it. Then, besides the blossoms of poppy and kindred plants at this spring season, there are at all times the giant cacti. These, as we saw them in the dusk, reminded us of sophomores practicing their orations or, as light and position changed, became headless, armless wonders or Venus de Milos, according to the development of one's imagination. Our desert is a thing of surpassing beauty.

ARBOR DAY

We are in receipt of an official document from the Department of Agriculture asking us to arrange and to publish the arrangement made for the observance of Arbor Day in special commemoration of our soldiers. The news item was for "Immediate Release." We are glad for any excuse to advocate tree planting and the proper protection of trees already planted. We had our Arbor Day two months since, but the advice of the Department of Agriculture is still good for those whose planting season comes later. We like to think of trees as having not merely life, but feeling, and the man who carelessly ties his hungry horse to a tree, or wantonly builds a fire at its root is not our friend. Even the moderate George Washingtons who hack trees with jack-knives or hatchets had better not be too truthful about it until our outraged feelings have had time to cool.

Plant trees and "palsy the hands" that would destroy them!

WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE

The Indian Office has issued an order restricting the cutting or destroying of trees at Indian agencies or schools. We breathe to this a hearty "amen."

We have seen the place in our service quite recently where one man spent two decades growing majestic rows of trees, creating an avenue where only cacti and greasewood grew before, and where another man, dressed in a little brief authority, blew in with his ax on his shoulder, girdled the trees to their death, and blew on out or up within a year, leaving the mutilated stumps to mourn his former presence. All our editorial and official life we have been personally planting and growing trees in the hope that they might shelter, feed and comfort not merely those now living but also generations yet unborn. Many of our plantings have been about Indian schools, hence we appreciate the effort our common superiors are now making to prevent their careless, ill-advised, or wanton destruction. It requires many years of patient care to grow a good tree, and we trust that when nature gets around to it she will so construct the average man to make him think several times before he cuts one down.

HELO-DERMA SUSPECTUM

On a recent desert trip we met for the first time on his native soil a Gila Monster. With the assistance of an associate traveler we got a string about the reptile's neck and brought it home under the back seat of the Ford. We immediately looked up the animal in Webster's International and found his proper scientific classification to be helo-derma suspectum. For convenience we at once shortened his name to "Helo" and the boys call him Henry. Despite the authoritative statement that he has venom in his lower jaw, our disciplinarian, Jacob F. Duran, promptly picked him up by the tail, stroked his back and caused him to flatten out in the sun like a mollified and happy horned toad.

Mr. Duran previously had as an office pet another individual of the same species which was quite gentle and friendly. On one occasion during the absence of his master this Helo had hidden himself behind the desk where he had been teased and poked by the boys who were trying to get him to come out. When Mr. Duran came home the animal responded to his voice and voluntarily came out.

We know full well that this sounds like another snake story, but these are the facts and they are not stranger than fiction nor strange at all, we consider the great amount of misinformation extant regarding venomous, near venomous and supposedly venomous animals and insects. The Hopi Indians handle rattlesnakes successfully and safely because they are not afraid of them and because these Indians treat them with kindness. Now we find that our Gila Monster is no monster at all, when shown ordinary courtesy and kindness. Scientists state that he has poison in his lower jaw but those who wait for evidence agree that he shows no disposition to use it under ordinary circumstances, but only as a last line of defense. The Gila Monster is from eighteen to twenty-four inches in length when fully grown. On the desert he probably eats birds' eggs and similar foods as under domestication he eats hens' eggs. About one egg a week is sufficient, which makes his "keep" cheaper than a canary and he requires no cage. He has no accomplishments but is beautiful and quiet. We commend the helo-derma suspectum to any one having the necessary sympathy and poise to win his confidence.

FISHING

Fishing isn't what it used to be. Trout fishing is a sport and I love it. The angler must hook a trout just before he bites and keep him coming. When he gets on the bank in the grass or among the bushes, every wiggle toward the creek. With catfish in the muddy streams of Kansas there isn't any wiggle. With the trout it is a gum shoe proposition. You must not let your shadow fall on the water and the angler must choose the right worm, or hopper. More than that a trout that jumps at a hopper today wants an angle worm tomorrow and nothing suits him the third day. Catfish takes whatever you have handy and holds to it until the fisherman finds it convenient to take him off. If it's all night or over Sunday

its all the same to C. Fish. We didn't have to hop slippery rocks or wear waders in fishing for cat. We cut a long hickory pole and sharpened the end. We stuck this in the muddy bank and stretched out on the cool earth to read or meditate, and watch the cork. We were disturbed at rare intervals only but when we did make a catch we cut steaks off it for the family and neighbors. Mountain trout are seven to ten inches long and we count six to the man when fishing for breakfast. A ten-inch speckled trout pulls and kicks like a mule. A ten-pound catfish rises gently at a suggestive pull on the line, to inquire what you want and when. Trout fishing is the thing for thrills, sport, and glorious fatigue but those old cat fishing days were the stuff for meditation and dreams.



CHRISTMAS AT PHOENIX

Christmas Day began early and beautifully at the Phoenix Indian School. The carols sung by a double quartette of young men soon after midnight awakened the campus to an appreciation of their melody and sentiment. The place in which we have lived is so well fitted for outdoor singing. The stillness and clearness of the night matched the peaceful motive of the hymns "Holy Night" and "Joy to the World." Then came the girls' chorus "Nazareth," and just before the early whistle the full military band of thirty-six pieces with the sacred concert at the out-door stage. We know now why Andrew Carnegie, who may have about anything he wants, chooses to be awakened by pipe-organ music. Thousands of men and women with more money than any of us here, are much less favored in the way of appropriate and timely music. The band played, it seemed, just a little better than ever before, and we learned too, that good music, like a good sermon, or speech, is a co-laboration between the performer and the listener. Our singers and our band had sympathetic listeners on Christmas morning.

During the day Christmas was not quite "as usual." There was no lack of the Christmas spirit, in fact, we believe that there was more of real readiness for sacrifice and service than ever before. There was, however, no big Christmas tree with its loads of gifts of a transient or doubtful value given in the hope that the recipient would similarly remember the giver.

Two teams of football boys from rival literary societies entertained themselves and friends by an energetic but good-natured contest in the afternoon, and at 5:30 the day's activities culminated in the usual "get together" dinner where the entire body of campus residents joined in the pleasant ceremony of waiting on tables in kitchen and dining room.

PEACE ON EARTH

We all these days pray that peace may come to the whole earth and that it that good will toward all mankind which is the foremost feature of the Christmas creed. In these expressions we commonly have most in mind the inexpressibly sad conditions which exist throughout the European war zone.

We wish to suggest and emphasize this Christmas Day that wars are not confined to those waged by armies in uniforms, equipped with 75-centimeter guns, noxious gases and similar engines of death and devastation but that wars and strifes, equally damaging and destructive, if not so spectacular, exist within states, within communities, between individuals and possibly even within one's own soul.

The writer has in mind a little town in Oklahoma where the love of life and the determination to get the best of the other faction at whatever cost led to the ruin of its commercial interests and its school system.

Any business or social proposition put forward by the residents or business men of the East Side was sure to be opposed by the denizens of the West Side. They would oppose it first and discuss it at their later leisure. After some years, when the town was dead beyond resurrection owing to the nearness of a rival where the business men pulled together, the rival factions of the deceased village, having exhausted their fighting strength got together for the obsequies. Like the kittens in Mr. McGuffey's Second Reader they

"Found it was better that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight."

so they slept. Hard times came, the bridge washed out, mortgages were foreclosed only to find values had escaped. Peace had been procured at the expense of life and the price was too high.

Similar conflicts have occurred between individuals in business, social and official life. The writer knew of two local newspapers growing where but one had grown before and where the soil would nourish but one anyway. The two editorial managers soon so warred with each other that the readers tired of the controversy, advertisers quit and, following the financial exhaustion of both, a third party took over the properties and who was facetiously called the good will of the two papers.

We are familiar enough in social life with individuals who peddle unfavorable facts concerning a neighbor's unfortunate past, for example, one who disapproves of the neighbor's present, and where said neighbor comes back with such vigor and success that both regret the stone throwing and learn that it would have been better to forget and start new than to start things.

In official life, including Indian school life, we know how often the desire to get even has overshadowed the desire for the growth and progress of an institution or cause and how inevitably the engagement in strife between two individuals has impaired or destroyed the usefulness of both.

We cannot hope to end the European War by this preachment and other duties make impracticable any attempt to settle townsite trouble or county seat controversies but we should deem the effort abundant worth while could we in this way advance the cause of peace between individuals and the smaller groups of men wherever they must live and work together.

Do we covet another man's job? Let us look about for a manless job and make one for ourselves by starting a new industry. If our brother is doing his work fairly well, let him proceed. Every energetic, efficient man finds the world's work too big for him and jobs by the score must be passed up because the worker is reaching the limit of his powers. Has somebody said something unfriendly concerning us or to us? Denunciation of such one may serve merely to confirm him in his error and in the interchange of the left-handed compliments we both burn up good energy which is much needed for better purposes.

The most beautiful and most hopeful thing about the Christmas sentiment is that it is a workable scheme, not merely during the holiday season, when even the Scrouges loosen up a bit, but every day in the year, at work, or play, in church, factory or school. We are on earth for a time yet and the peace for which we pray is that which comes to us here and now—and which abides.



INDIAN ARTS AND CEREMONIALS*

My experience as a reservation worker was with the Poncas, Otoes, and the Five Civilized Tribes of Oklahoma, the Ogalala Sioux in South Dakota, the Pottawatomie in Kansas and the Winnebago in Nebraska. As a school supervisor I came into somewhat less intimate contact with most other Oklahoma and Kansas tribes. As superintendent of nonreservation schools I have made many visits to the reservations from which pupils were received in the schools at Morris Minnesota, Ft. Shaw Montana, and Phoenix, Arizona. This constituency included some fifty tribes, but those whose homelife, industries and mode of life I have known best are the Poncas, Winnebagos, Ogalala Sioux, Chippewa, Pima, Papago, Apache, and the Hopi. My observations cover a period of thirty years during which time I have continuously striven to keep an open mind as to what form of supervision, control, assistance or lack of assistance was best for the Indian's proper development.

We Americans seem prone to divide ourselves into opposing camps and we insist that those who are not for us are against us. We object to a sane middle ground which usually is the safer place for civilization. Just now we have a cult among the students of Indian affairs which would "preserve all the Indian's ancient ceremonials with all his arts, and crafts, letting others contend that 'the Indian remain an Indian.'" Opposed to those who thus believe the chief end of the Indian is that he be emerged into our civilization as rapidly as possible without reference to the preservation of his arts or ceremonials. Most of those in the latter camp believe that most Indian ceremonials are a hindrance to the desired amalgamation.

Overlapping the dividing line between these two groups is a group of conscientious objectors to any form of dancing. A careful distinction should be made between objectors of this class and those who object to Indian dances or ceremonials for reasons chiefly economic. Many missionaries for example, are sincere in the belief that all dancing by Indians or whites is immoral in its tendencies.

I believe it abundantly worth while to encourage and perpetuate such native Indian arts as pottery, basketry, blanket weaving, and silversmithing. These are worthy of preservation not solely for purposes of utility but for the beauty of design. The Caucasian housewife would be all the better for some decoration of her own household articles of daily use. There is moreover nothing wrong, in my judgment, if tourists choose to purchase at reasonable prices, articles of Indian manufacture. Whole communities in Germany and Japan have been built up industrially on the

* First printed in "Every Woman"—1924.

manufacture of toys and things of more or less beauty which were quite devoid of utility in the grosser material sense. Reasonable persons do not object to this.

On the other hand there are some Indian arts and ceremonials which I would not keep alive. The weapons of Indian warfare are obsolete as the ethics of Indian warfare have had to be revised. The stone ax has gone the way of the bow and arrow. I saw two adult Indian men at an Indian fair in Gallup, New Mexico, this last September making a pathetic effort to hit a target with arrows in front of a grandstand filled with white men. A rabbit, a buffalo or a human enemy would have been perfectly safe. The Pima and Papago Indians of the Southwest have been agricultural peoples for unknown generations. Some of their arts are still applicable to their present lives and some are not. Their baskets are beautiful and useful but their plows made of mesquite tree trunks are obsolete. Their houses have been much improved from the wickiup of older days and need still further improvement in the way of light, ventilation and sanitation. The household arts of the Pima, Papago and other tribes have undergone many changes, mostly for the better. The matata or stone for the grinding of wheat by hand and the burro mill, its Spanish successor, are being superseded by the modern flour mill. The Papago had a ceremonial connected with the annual excursion to the Gulf of California where he traded wheat for salt. This ceremonial is falling into disuse for purely economic reasons. Salt from the local store is much cheaper and the storekeeper buys the wheat. Similar examples might be cited as to the Indian's means of transportation, and still other practices of these and other tribes. Progress in these lines may be resisted but it can no more be stopped than can the waters of our Tonto Basin by the building of the Roosevelt Dam. Those who plead that the Indian be permitted to "live his own life" must consider whether it is any more reasonable to stop this progress now than it would have been a generation ago.

"Let the Indian live his own life!" How about surgery and medicine? An Indian medicine man known as Dr. Sits-on-the-hill on the Ponca Reservation had a patient with a headache. The "doctor" shaved the top of the head, made several incisions with a dull pocket knife, put a cow horn over the cuts, plastered outside with mud to make an air-tight joint, then bled the sick man by creating a vacuum in the horn. The patient was seriously weakened by the loss of blood before the agency physician's accidental arrival mercifully intervened. Navajo medicine men even now conduct ceremonial "sings" of several days and nights duration in their efforts to cure ills of all possible sorts, including tuberculosis. In such cases custom requires the exhausted man whose one first need is rest and sleep, to remain awake and often upright in posture. Those who would retain all the Indian's ceremonials must endorse and perpetuate these and many kindred practices. The most careful students of arts and ceremonies of the Indian medicine men believe in the sincerity of the people as a whole and the same

would apply to many of the medicine men. Some Indian medicine men are plain frauds but this condition is not wholly confined to the Indian race. Indian medicine and surgery, however, are in such a crude state that it is manifestly a serious error to contemplate the continuance of the ceremonies connected with such practice as now exists.

In short, I believe that we should favor the progress of the Indian race and that the same measure of progress should apply to it as to other races. If I am correct in this, we the Caucasian race, have improved our medicine and surgery, our arts and our crafts. We insist on the freedom and the necessity for the further improvement. Why make the Indian an exception to the rule which includes all other races?

There are dances and other ceremonials which hinder the health and both the moral and industrial advancement of the race. I believe these should be eliminated not arbitrarily, but educationally. Some Hopi social dances are beautiful spectacles enjoyed by spectators and participants. I should retain these as long as the Hopi people want them. Their snake dance is a prayer for rain. I would teach them that the prayer does not make it rain and that most white men who go to see the dance do not regard it as a serious ceremony but as a heathenish spectacle for their entertainment. In time I believe they will give it up as they will other ceremonials which retard or make for immorality. The question of the immorality of the snake dance is still debated.

I favor keeping alive all native Indian arts, crafts, and ceremonials that may be helpful to the Indian in meeting the new conditions which confront him. I would as rapidly as possible induce him to drop all those which hinder such adaptation. For the preservation of those arts which are to be helpful in the future I would urge the co-operation of all good friends of human progress. For the preservation of arts, crafts, and ceremonials which are and ought to be obsolete, for the purpose of study, I would use the museums.

TO DANCE OR NOT TO DANCE

Supt. John D. DeHuff, our efficient neighbor of the Santa Fe School, raises a very pertinent question when he says, "Let the Navajo have his Yava-Chai, the Hopi his Buffalo Dance" etc. His address was to educators having in charge Indian young men and women and his belief is that these diversions are good for school boys and girls. Supt. DeHuff stated at the Flagstaff Conference that even at that date, boys at his school were practicing a native dance which was to be given at the Annual Fiesta for the entertainment to tourists at Santa Fe, New Mexico, last September. It was mentioned incidentally that the boys were to receive a hundred dollars for the exhibition. One can but admire the candor of the Superintendent even though he differ diametrically as to the wisdom of the project.

There has been much discussion of the dance question, most of which has "generated more heat than light," and yet it does not seem to be so difficult of solution or adjustment if we approach it with an open mind.

and with a willingness to grant reasonable freedom of thought and action to our fellowmen. First, as applied to ourselves, members of the white race may we not apply this test. If we dance, does the experience make us happier, better and more helpful to the world during the next day, week or year? Are we more cheerful, easier to "get along with," more filled with kindness toward our fellows? Are we better able to support ourselves and help our neighbors? Are our thoughts and actions tending more or less toward a higher plane or moral conduct? To a great extent happiness of the true sort and usefulness go together. If we are better, happier and more useful to society because of our dancing, by all means let us dance. If, as many good men contend, the dance excites passions that lead to immorality of thought or action, from such dance, may the one so affected be delivered. We maintain that the same dance may be good for one man and unsafe for another; also that a reasonable amount of a good thing may become very harmful when over done. We therefore maintain that the same dance may be good for a man at one time and in moderation, yet very harmful when carried to excess.

So much for the white man's dance. Now in what way does the dance of the red man differ? He too has his critics who regard his dances as heathen or pagan exhibitions and hence wholly bad. This class of critics is largely identical with that which would eschew all dancing. Then there are others equally conscientious who regard all the Indian dances as sacred ceremonies. A third class of observers uses Indian dances, Indian homes and in fact Indians themselves merely as specimen for the entertainment of an otherwise idle curiosity. Shall the Indian dance, along with Indian art and handicraft, be preserved? Personally we are quite willing that it shall be so. We are also quite willing that the southern mountaineer women retain their spinning wheels, their hand looms and soap kettles. Many of the finest traits of humanity are there developed and retained. We are more than willing that the minuets and square dances of our grandparents be revived. Our grandparents, however, including deacons in the church, made, sold, bought and drank whiskey and it bore no social odium when they drank to drunkenness. Society has agreed upon compulsory modification of many customs deemed perfectly proper by our excellent forbears.

On the writer's father's farm were two men who danced all night and said it was good for them, but the next day when they were found asleep between the corn rows, the farmer held an opposite opinion as to the effect upon the men and upon the crop. So, it seems, it is with the Indian dancer. If as often happens, he leaves his fields or flock for days or weeks at critical times to spend the time in all night dancing, the performance is a poor thing industrially, physically and socially and no amount of sentiment or sentimentally can change the fact. Moreover, while some of us may enjoy a waltz or two-step for an hour or so an evening and go to the next day's work in excellent or improved condition, Indian school boys with their prolonged and more exciting dances of the native type cannot

do so. They are comparatively useless for work or study for days in advance of the dance for and during those other days in which they talk it over and think in terms of their ancestors. The Indian dance held in the vicinity of a reservation boarding school during our days on the reservation was a period of sore trial for school men and women. It was a time of reversion to type. Desertions were the rule and school work was a farce. If the thing we got then, if those dances at that time and place were all right, the whole school proposition was wrong. All depends on the ideal and the point views. Men in the show business, men who desire to make money by entertaining the public, "went wild" over a dance which some of our boys once pulled off, but the results on the boys and in the school were so disastrous that we sought to forget it as soon as possible and not to repeat the error. Granting that for the pleasure of the Indian, the entertainment of the public or the study of the ethnologist, the native dances should be preserved, there is no necessity for the school boy to be kept tuned up and galvanized during the school year or even during vacation. A very brief review after his school days are over will regain for him his social and religious standing in the tribe if he returns to the reservation. If he does not return he will not need it and if he does not dance quite so much while in school he will not be so likely to return.

INDIAN EXHIBITIONS

The superintendent of Phoenix Indian School is ex-officio superintendent of the Indian division of the Arizona State Fair. In the latter capacity he is just now requested by a small group of Pima Indians to employ them to give Indian dances during Fair Week in connection with the Indian exhibit which each year is maintained at the Indian Building of the Fair. Indian dancing for pay is a present prevailing fad. We have had opportunity and importunity along these lines each year since coming to Phoenix. We are not especially shocked at the idea of Indian dancing. We have an Indian suit hanging on our walls given us by a grateful friend of the Black-foot tribe many years ago. Before the leggings shrank to a tightness unwearable we occasionally donned the suit and did an Omaha two-step for the entertainment of white men. However, the exhibition was not long, ceasing soon and automatically when it brought physical weariness. Neither the mind nor the strength of the dancer was occupied to exceed fifteen minutes before the dance and when the togs were again hung on the wall that night, the incident was forgotten. We believe that for about one generation after an Indian tribe has quit dancing, white men properly painted and clad should be substituted. The dancing would be comparatively poor but the white man is not hard to please. The poorest Indian dancing the writer has ever seen made a great hit in the Hippodrome of New York City.

The young man who brought this recent dance proposition to us is a graduate of Phoenix School of several years ago. He has been since

graduation, a farmer on his own allotment. We do not understand that he was to be one of the dancers but was speaking for a group of friends. The proposed dancers are not now dancing and it was explained need to do considerable rehearsing. There would have to be much mending, borrowing and making of costumes. There would be Sioux war-bonnets, Kickapoo medicine men's head dresses, and Apache war whoops to add to the general inharmony of color and sound. The advertisements and the barkings would make a plea for the religious freedom of the Indians and for the preservation of his sacred ceremonials. The Pima dancers would be casting up accounts each night to see whether they were making wages.

The present revival of Indian dancing has been engineered by showmen aided and abetted by some Indian superintendents whom we believe to be in error. Phoenix School, as at present organized, believes these exhibitions poor business for educators and real uplifters.



TO THE CLASS OF 1919

Contemplation of this motto of yours, has led me to think of mottoes in general. Mottoes and slogans and proverbs. Such things as we hang on our walls and forget or write on our hearts to remember. They are all precious or foolish as we view, interpret and use them.

"The mill will never grind with the water that has past," one of them used to say in my old district school room. And if we children thought of it at all we were content to let it go at that. Now we know while it may have stated literal truth, it overlooked the fact that there were other mills further down stream grinding away merrily and profitably with that same water, and if we refer to our own wonderful streams and our more wonderful valley, when all the wheels are turned and all the grists ground, we cause the desert to blossom and to fruit, with that same water, trusting a benign Providence to take the water back over the desert to the mountain to do the good work all over again. That is using opportunity.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," it is true, but some of us do not want to merely gather moss. Roll a little if you want to and have the rough corners bumped off, only have an anchorage to which you return for safety. Choose and use your mottoes. Interpret them and construe them from day to day as new light come to you. Do not permit them to be mere framed ornaments on the bare walls of an unused mind, neither should they become your masters. They may be and I believe will be guides, helps and inspirations for this class which we have learned to love and to trust, this class no member of which has brought us sorrow, shame or trouble, during his stay in this school.

TO OUR GRADUATES

You are completing the course of study in the Phoenix Indian School at a most critical moment in your country's history, possibly the most critical moment. You should also understand that it is your critical moment, not so much because of what may happen to you as because of what you may cause to happen.

Your speaker who delivered our annual address reminded you that the school was not designed solely to do good work for you but to fit you for doing good work for others.

Our Service Flag, which hangs before you, has on it sixty-two stars, indicating that sixty-two of our students are in the Army or Navy, giving all they have for the defense of our common liberty. It remains for those of us who stay in civil life to defend and support these men of ours to the utmost of our strength. It is not enough that you do not loaf, it is essential that you work to the best possible purpose, to useful and necessary purpose and that you conserve the products of your labor. The nation which has paid for your schooling is undergoing a sore trial, and is soon to demonstrate anew whether a government "of the people, for the people, and by

the people" shall endure. The rulers of the Nation have determined that men shall not grow rich as a result of this trial. This is a time when we are not to hoard but to save and spend. Save our strength from the inroads of disease and spend it in the great cause. Save food, clothing, and money, and spend it in the great cause. Five of your number are full blood native Americans, and the other one just as true and just as good; may you all go forth with the feeling that your freedom brings with it greater responsibility and duty than you have yet known. May you have for your motto that of the great business men's organization, which believes that "he profits most who serves best."



AN INDIAN COTTON GROWER

Juan James is a full blood Pima Indian, age 32, living near the Sacaton Agency headquarters, on what is known as "The Island," a tract of fertile land on which six years ago Superintendent Frank A. Thackery established what his young Indian friends are pleased to designate "The Progressive Colony." We are printing in this issue a picture of Juan and his modest home. This young man is called to the attention of our readers as entitled to the "top of column, first page," and he gets it in the Native American by being a good farmer and especially by reason of his cotton crop grown last season.

Twelve acres of long staple or Egyptian cotton of the Pima variety were planted. The water supply for the Juan acres was very uncertain. The ground had been well moistened before planting but after that received but one irrigation during the entire summer. Part of the crop received water from the Sacaton pumping plant and part from some available flood water from the Gila River. The plowing, planting, chopping or thinning of the cotton was all done by Mr. James, except an expenditure of \$18 for additional help. The crop was cultivated once each week during the long season. In no other way could so good a crop have been grown with so small an amount of water. This cultivation was again a personally conducted affair by the owner.

The cotton was picked by hired labor at four cents a pound. This was thirty-three per cent above the rates current in the adjacent cotton country but the neighbors demanded and received a better division of the profits. The pickers were paid every night, and the financing of these payments together with the weighing of the cotton required all of Mr. James' time.

The twelve acres yielded seven bales. Five bales have been sold, and with the seed sold, and the market value of the two bales remaining, the gross income amounts to a trifle over \$2,900. The fibre was sold at seventy-three cents a pound and approximately 8,000 pounds of seed at four cents. The crop being grown on land owned by the grower, with no charge for rent or water represented a cash outlay of \$500 or a net income of \$200 an acre. Charging rent and water we still find a profit of \$175 an acre.

Interesting as we find the story of this money making, the manner of its expenditure is an equally crucial test of the man's citizenship. Mr. James has had the advice of the Director of the Government Experimental Station, and of the Indian Superintendent at Sacaton, but has handled his own funds.

He has bought from the proceeds of his 1917 cotton crop:

1 cultivator	\$ 72
1 cotton planter.....	74
1 team of horses.....	250
1 Liberty Bond and War Stamps.....	500

and will spend approximately \$1,000 in the building of a new comfortable home. For this he has made the adobe bricks and has the money in hand in bank. Mr. James owns a mower and rake, a new stirring plow and

ormick binder besides pigs, chickens and three cows. He is not in and is financing this year a crop of twenty acres of cotton, ten acres of alfalfa and ten acres beans, melons, squash, corn and such. His family consists of his wife, Maggie Manuel, and two children. Thus is Juan James solving his Indian problem. He has no press agent and needs none. He does need and will have the protection of the government in the title to his land and water. He is not a citizen but he has made bales of cotton grow where only mesquite, greasewood and jack pines grew before, and should earn for his race more respect than all pale-faced statesmen, singers, artists, real estate men or Indian claimants who are able to trace their ancestry to Pocahontas.

ONE "INDIAN ARTIST"

Recently a Phoenix daily paper carried a news story of Harry Long, red Indian soldier, with a reproduction of an Indian head drawn by him while in the city jail. There was the usual sob-story about an educated young Indian, graduate, of course, who had just discovered his talent for drawing and for writing poetry. The Government really ought to do something for him, and prominent citizens were endeavoring to get action through the Congressman and the Indian Department. That's what the paper said, the information apparently all coming from Harry.

The young man who wrote the story may be a personal friend of the editor, but he was either very much hurried, very tired or very indifferent. Possibly he feared to spoil what he thought the public would think a good story. At any rate, he failed to check up Harry's story by telephoning the Phoenix Indian School.

Harry Long is not a graduate of Phoenix School. His highest attainment is fifth grade. His talent, such as it is, was well known here where he has many fairly good drawings. His drawings could easily be duplicated by a hundred other boys and girls whose records in other lines are much better than Harry's. There were several things wrong with Harry which should not print.

Harry was in the city bastille on a "drunk and disorderly" charge, and has been there many times before on similar charges. The police chief accuses him to be untruthful and wholly unreliable. As a student he was a failed deserter and a poor investment all around, and is so recognized by the fellow tribesmen at home on the reservation. He has simply run true to form. The suggestion that the Indian Department "do something for him" is silly twaddle.

The Phoenix School has failed in several honest attempts to educate the boys who showed real talent, and whose records as to study and conduct were consistently good. We failed because they did not, could endure a long period of hard, constant work required for the development of their really great gifts. Thus the better ones become farmers, plumbers, house painters, occasionally making a lead pencil copy of the president's portrait, or a water color memory sketch of a war bonnet. The poorer ones

go the way of the failures of their own or of any other race, the way of the down-and-outers, who contribute to the population and the support of the underworld.

We insist that this article should not discourage the artistic talent of any Indian young man or woman. We shall try again and always to secure any Indian student all the opportunity which he will utilize. Our point is that, as with music, sculpture, or with anything worthwhile, artistic talents or gifts are worth nothing to the world, except as they are trained and developed by a long process of study and hard work. Few of our modern Indian artists as yet have the persistence and continuity of purpose to do this work, hence very few have done work that will endure.

Indians are lovers and creators of the beautiful. In their basketry, pottery and blanket weaving the parents of our students prove this, but they were patient, industrious people who toiled for years to achieve their wonderful results. We do well to tell our students when they have talent, to encourage them to develop it, but we should accompany the information with a truthful statement as to the toilsome trail to be traversed if they would be an artist, and then follow up the suggestion by carefully and ceaselessly striving to develop that steadfastness of purpose which is the chief need of the race which we serve, but which is the first requisite to the attainment of excellence. John Milton wrote his great poems because of his imprisonment, and others have been imprisoned because of their poetry, but neither is true of our Indian young people, in particular the young men whose story is the inspiration of these remarks.

THE POPULAR PRODIGAL

"Harry Witcheway has just returned to this reservation and was a pleasant call on the agency office one day last week."—Pottawatomi Chief.

Harry's return was from an eastern city where he had sojourned some years within the gray walls of a state penitentiary, and the scars which he wore was a natural result of his release and return to his native heath.

The writer remembers Harry Witcheway as a bright school boy in his native village but who found the routine of school life irksome. His parents, yielding to his youthful importunities, provided Harry with a bicycle and after several lesser flights at comparatively low levels he became a deserter from school and hit only the higher altitudes in mingling with the white man's civilization in the cities. He joined a wild west show, drank bad whiskey, committed murder and was incarcerated as before explained.

We recall the return to the homefolks of other prisoners within our Indian school experience. Charley Ewing, Winnebago school boy, once publicly introduced his brother with the information that he was just out of prison for killing an Omaha and was going back home and "kill another Omaha." At old Fort Shaw on a party night there arrived at the school a member of the Blackfoot tribe who was returning from his year or two in the

He was rather the best dressed individual on the campus during the day, was unquestionably the most polished member of the social affair and was shown much flattering attention by both his old and his new friends.

These remarks are for the dual purpose of suggesting that the returning prodigal should not be made into a hero by his fellow tribesmen as is often the case, and on the other hand, to remind the erring young Indian person that the mantle of charity is ever ready not only in the hands of his fellow tribesmen but by Service employees—ready to be thrown over his transgressions. The Indian associates of the wrongdoer forgive with or without asking and often lionize most injudiciously. The officers of the Government and the workers for good government everywhere recall that the word penitentiary comes from the word penitent and ask that the returning prodigal act with becoming modesty.

One can feel very sure that Harry Witcheway got only good advice from the Superintendent of the Pottawatomie Reservation on his appearance at the Agency office and that he will be given prompt and ample first aid in the field of industrial opportunity.

The door of opportunity should be never closed. As long as the light is not out to burn, the vilest sinner should be allowed to return if he will and conduct himself properly. Evil-doing on reservations and in the cities, however, will be greatly lessened when we can arouse among our youth and pupils a better degree of discrimination between the worthy and the unworthy. We are all too sadly familiar with the cases of improper conduct or speech on the part of boys and young men which meet with no sympathy at the hands or from the mouths of our good girls. The sinners must serve a term for a time in the ranks and work their way back into respect and esteem which they have once forfeited.

“ FIVE DIFFERENT INSTRUMENTS ”

Carlisle Arrow, under head of “A Sioux Musician,” says: “A buckhoop is now quite a musician, playing five different instruments.” We reprinted the article in our latest issue, and then as it is often the subject of a second look at the paragraph, seeing some things we did not at first comprehend.

It hardly need to be reminded that the young man who plays five different instruments plays none of them well, and in fact, stands very little chance of ever becoming a real musician; certain it is that if he does approach his ideal, he must first mend his method. The writer has in mind not an Indian, who at the age of 12 desired to join a band. Boys are all joiners. He was directed to confer with the band leader, select an instrument, and report, after which the desired equipment would be forthcoming. He did so, and the purchase was made with the solemn agreement and repeated injunction that the selection being made there must be no change. This white boy, with some generations of comparative standing behind him tortured his cornet just two weeks, when he requested a transfer to the baritone section.

If we sometimes regret the necessity for parents, and if the teachers appear to be a handicap to our progress, here is a reminder of one of the justified functions, viz., to hold the youth up to his task when it begins to become difficult or monotonous and his neighbor's horn toots more melodiously. Then is the time for the diplomatic teacher to show the boy that one instrument well mastered is worth a complete band equipment, while the boy who is intermittently punished. Then also is the time for the wise boy to listen.

This tendency to jump from one thing to another with but slight consideration of reasons is not confined to the musical world and not confined to boys. The writer has seen a bunch of pigs fed corn on the ground from a wagon driven through a lot. As each new shovelful was thrown out, a hundred hogs would drop their half-eaten ears of corn and run to feed for the dozen ears newly available. We know a salesman, who has for many years worn out his clothing and health selling 57 varieties of goods, fire insurance policies to automobiles, and who seemed successful with each venture, yet who has gathered no moss. We know another who has become rich during a period of 30 years selling one little article, matches, cards, and matches.

There are too many Indian boys who play five different instruments and too few accomplished musicians. There are too many Jacks of all trades and not enough skilled workmen. It is true and properly so that the "finding" stage of a boy should have opportunity to know and "feel" the ordinary trades and occupations and that the prospective farmer, for example, should know the simpler operations of the common trades and not to be too dependent, but we should not acquire the habit of restlessness and worry when we see another doing his task well. Such is his lot, let him glory in his success and let us emulate, rather than envy him, magnifying our own.

BILL TRACY THOMAS

Bill Tracy Thomas of Maricopa Reservation on Friday last was sentenced to a term in the Federal penitentiary for sending an obscene letter through the United States mails. Thomas mailed the letter at Phoenix, addressed it to a young woman at Yuma, Arizona. It fell into the hands of a man named Odle who handed it to an official living at Phoenix. The postal inspector next took charge of the letter and finding Thomas out near Laveen sent him to jail. He now knows that it is not safe to send vile indecent letters by mail.

There are other Bill Tracys and they are not all in jail. Some of them are in our Indian schools and some are in public high schools and colleges. Only now and then does one of these unclean individuals meet proper punishment for his unspeakable and unprintable expressions. Years of experience with Indian young people convinces the writer that they are essentially different from other young people but that there is a general tendency on the part of young persons to lend a willing ear to

thoughts and expressions that defile. To counteract this tendency there must be concerted effort on the part of all teachers and workers among these especially committed to our care. Disease feeds on filth as truly in the realm of mind as in the realm of matter. Arizona sunshine is a strong germicide when it reaches the material disease breeder and the light of publicity for offenders against moral decency should have a corresponding effect. An inspection of the walls of most public buildings, especially laboratories, reveals a state of mind that needs fumigation. Written notes tacked now and then by students show the sad truth that the Bill Tracys are still coming on to fill the vacancies in penitentiaries which the Bills of Mercy will make when their terms expire.

We are often and always truly told that cleanliness is next to godliness. I have even been tempted to say that cleanliness is godliness. There is no question but that physical cleanliness is conducive to better morals and cleaner thoughts and that our efforts should begin with the cleansing and purification of the physical atmosphere and surroundings. This is not so easy as it looks. We may apply fresh paint freely enough but this is preventive rather than curative. The only way to clean our buildings so that they may stay clean and to purge our mails of obscene matter is to clean and disinfect the minds of our youth. When a tooth decays or a tree shows a rotten spot we dig out the decayed matter and fill the void with clean, gilding gold or cement. The filling must closely follow the cleansing. We may not parallel the process with our pupils' minds. If given the wisdom and strength to eradicate the disease, may we at the same time have the grace to fill the chastened mind with better things.



HOW ARE THE ROADS?

Two automobiles met in front of a hotel in an Arizona town on the Trail Highway. One was headed eastward, well plastered with adobe and with stickers on the windshield, showing that the occupants had Yosemite, Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, and other points and things of interest in our Great West. The second machine had these things you can see but the tourists met on common ground with the same question shared at each other in the same breath: "How are the roads?"

The reply to this question is no longer of interest to one who has recently spent a few weeks touring on highways of a transcontinental character. In the public camp grounds and in hotels, the condition of the roads is the chief topic of conversation and the more advice the traveler gets, the more he really knows. The same roads are described by men who have traveled them within the same half day as "good," "bad," "rotton," "passable," "impassable," according to the previous experience, mental condition, and motor equipment of the driver. As one tourist expressed it: "When the car's on the bum they aint no good roads." Likewise, when the tourist's digestion is good and the motor "hitting on all six," the skies seem blue and the roads smooth.

What shall we do when we get such opposite statements as to the conditions of the roads over which we have planned to pass. We confess that the matter gave us much concern for a time but we assert that we have solved the problem. We simply quit asking. We were going over the road anyway. We had all the tools and all the junk we were able to carry. The fact that we met the man at all was evidence that he got over the road and if it rained on him it might be dry for us. If he stuck in the mud, his plow and brush would be there for us and the evidence of his struggle would show us the places to be avoided. After we quit asking about the roads we found ourselves in a much happier frame of mind and traveled more comfortably. It is true there were rough places in the road, there were steep grades, there were mud holes, after we quit asking. But, there was no indecision, no more apprehension, no more waiting and looking for places which we never saw and the dreadful things that never happened.

So now, away from home and waiting for a train as the kaki-clad tourist passes and repasses, all asking about the roads, we moralize and want to say to them, "You are happier on the road wherever you go, if you do not worry too much about what there is ahead." Be your journey from Winslow to Holbrook or from the dim past to the unexplored future, the going will be better and the distance farther if we merely travel with hope and courage seeking not to know in advance, of all the difficulties which we are to meet.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS

Alex—Yes, we know "who was the superintendent that expanded the dozen bath brick as used in bathing boys;" also we know the boys, grown to manhood. More definite information is withheld on advice of counsel.

FRANKLIN K. LANE

the passing of our former Secretary recalls, first, his visit to the Salt Lake Valley and the Phoenix School, April 1, 1915. At that time Mr. Lane appeared himself to us by his wholesome democratic personality, by his optimism and evident unselfishness, tempered by a practical comprehension of our problems.

New men in public life, in our judgment, have during recent years shown at the same time the breadth of vision, the attention to detail and the humanitarian purpose of the really great man who has just laid down his life.

He left no estate," the daily papers say, and that sentence causes us to think rather serious thoughts. Mr. Lane's life was largely one of public service and for salaries less than one-tenth of those paid lesser men in private corporations. He served the United States Government, and through the Government, the people of the United States, during a long period of years. These were the years of productiveness and accumulation of successful business and professional men, and they were equally so with Mr. Lane, except that the products were not of the commercial type. His product was public service and his accumulation a fund of wisdom and philosophy, which was freely given to and for his fellow men.

He left no estate, but he wrote "The Making of the Flag" and wrote it with the patriotic goodness of his own heart. Workers in the Department of which he was the former chief may well be sustained by the thought that they shall have been successful if their work and personality will be known at a valuation approaching that of our optimistic, altruistic former Secretary.

GETTING INTO A RUT

When a man has done the same thing in much the same way for a long time his foes say of him and his friends fear for him sometimes, that "he is getting into a rut." The figure of speech was derived from the fact that on roads with narrow tires cut ruts in the dirt roads, these becoming deeper as traffic continues until the ruts are so deep that the driver must keep his wheels in them whether he will or not. This makes the going rather slow but it also enables the driver to "take it easy," knowing that the team will take care of itself. On the other hand the driver who is never ready to make a new road never makes much progress. His defense is that he has few wrecks.

Whether getting into a rut is a wholly bad thing or a wise precaution depends wholly on local conditions. We spent several years in northern Minnesota during which time we made frequent visits to the lumber camps. We found that the principal method of transporting logs from the forest to streams or lakes was by means of large sleds and that to prevent these from capsizing or fatally skidding, ruts were deliberately and carefully formed in the ice and snow.

Great care was exercised to have these ruts so deep in the snow that a sled runner could not get out of them. Each evening after the day's work a water wagon went over the road and sprinkled the ruts to freeze them and smooth for the next day's traffic. When by any chance in that business a sled gets out of a rut on a hillside, for example, they may recover them by use of a windlass or special machinery and the iron parts of the sled may be used again but they usually have to provide a new driver and harness. Getting into a good rut and staying there is great business in a logging camp.

There are restless progressive spirits whom the world needs to break new roads and there are others better fitted to stay in the ruts with heavy loads of raw material destined for the building. There are loaders of food and hay for the horses coming in over the tote roads through the snow. For them the breaking of new roads would be disastrous. We have always taken pride in thinking that we belong to the bunch that keeps the mind open to new ideas and methods, to the outfit that now and then breaks out a new road. However, it has just occurred to us to say a kind word for the man who gets into a good safe rut where he steadfastly stays.

READ THE PREFACE

Are we sometimes in such a hurry to see how the story ends that we read the last pages first? Are we sometimes so anxious to get at the contents of a text book that we neglect to read the preface, or is our reason for this common neglect the fact that we do not appreciate its importance?

Many books are arranged in series and it is then important that the explanation of the author's motive and method be studied in each volume and in the proper order. The day has passed when an author may expect a chance for success unless he makes a place for his product by showing a need. He must create a want, or reveal to the teacher or reader a need which the latter did not know existed.

In attending educational meetings one of our own most satisfactory practices is to spend some hours with the representatives of text book publishers and the manufacturers of apparatus. While not willing ordinarily to spend time with canvassers or agents, much useful knowledge of books and apparatus, and even of teaching may be acquired by spending a short time with the agents for standard publications. Publishers normally employ cheap, ignorant or irresponsible men to represent them.

The preface of the book is the representative of the author. If we find why the book is worth reading or studying. If the book really is worth our much of our attention, the foreword is doubly important, being an explanation and an argument in favor of the methods used in the pages that follow. We may be sure that the method is wrong and that the book will not fit into our own particular scheme of training. If so, we save time by dropping the text. On the other hand, we may become interested in a method which will become of great value to us but which we would not otherwise consider. If we would have a chance at the new good things we should

an ear to the traveling representatives of reputable publishers and equipment men. If we would know new books without too great loss of time, let us read the preface and give the author his day in court.

CHAIN LETTERS

Please do not send us chain letters. We have taken a solemn oath to break the chain and when the object is a worthy one and the letter comes from a worthy friend we hate to do this. We do not believe in chain letters any way. We have bought a Liberty Bond and contributed a little money and one man to the Army, but we did not send the fourteen cents requested for the antiseptic speciality. We have great confidence that the officials in charge will handle our small funds better than we could.

Once we drew morals and adorned tales by telling young people of the frugality of the ant and the prodigality of the grasshopper. This lesson ended by a dramatic recital of the death of the grasshopper when the frosts of autumn came, because he had neglected to store up food. We now learn that the grasshopper dies anyway when her appointed time comes and that no amount of feeding would carry her through the winter. Let us not be too hard on the grasshopper for living in the present. It is all right—for a grasshopper.

THE HOLLOW-HORN

The Agricultural Assistant of the editor's father, once upon a time doctored a sick cow for the "hollow horn," by splitting the cow's tail and tying a piece of bacon in the opening. After many years the counterpart of this performance comes back to us. Some months since it just now transpires a landscape man at Phoenix buried seven obsolete lawn mowers under campus flower beds on the theory that the iron would neutralize the alkali in the soil. The lawn mowers were discovered, and resurrected after a long search made necessary by a shortage in inventory. We regret that compliance with government property regulation make it necessary for us to forego any possible benefit to be derived from the buried clippers. The cases are quite parallel, for the hollow horn happens to be a disease that no cow ever had, but in its other essentials there is substantial agreement.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

The visit of Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson to Phoenix recalls his exploit in sinking the Merrimac in Santiago Harbor, making him the outstanding naval hero of that unequal struggle. It also recalls his earlier lecture engagements immediately following the close of the Spanish-American War during which engagements he was the most kissed man in America. It is said that while nearly all men like quail, it is impossible for the ordinary man's interest and appetite to continue for thirty days at one quail a day. Captain Hobson found the osculation great fun for

a few evenings, after which he found himself running into the law of diminishing returns. It is good for us not to have all we think we want even of the best things in life. Enough is usually too much.

WHISTLING INDIANS

The *Indian Friend* prints a story credited to the *Indian Leader*, which tells of a newly discovered tribe of Indians in the forest of northern California. The peculiar feature of these Indians is said to be that their only means of communication with one another is by means of whistling. Mysterious whistling coming in over telephones lead to the discovery. All this is interesting, whether true or not, but we feel it our duty to point out that Indians are not the only people who communicate ideas and emotion by means of whistling. The farmer boy who inspired the song, "Whistle and Hoe," probably whistled more vigorously than he hoed, but he expressed happiness, freedom from care, and buoyancy and that he was in harmony with his surroundings. "Hang it! the fish are biting, why should I worry about a few weeds in the corn." It didn't require an Indian's intuition to translate that whistle.

Then there is the case of a man whose wife required him to keep whistling all the time he was in the cellar, on whatsoever errand. That particular whistle was purely negative and gave evidence merely of what the man was not doing. In the court of domestic relations it is often necessary for a man to prove his innocence, hence we may here again score one for whistling as a means of communication.

There are professional whistlers who are so trained as to marvelously express other men's musical conceptions and in emotions, but the men we have now in mind are more primitive. By whistling in different shades of intonations and aspirations they express their own elemental and internal conditions. The loud shrill whistle accompanied by no surplus air, would signify for example "The Great Jehosophat!" or kindred words according to the early raising of the whistler and depending to some extent on whether or not the whistler had driven mules. A low whistle repeated rapidly with some air mixed in, like a microphonic copy of a locomotive whistling for a calf on the track, mean something like "Tut! tut! now that's too bad, you really didn't mean it?"

No, those California Indians are not the first to communicate by means of whistling.

P. S.—We have intentionally left out of the story,—the "Whistling Rufus" whose whistling merely conveys to the public the absence of ideas in the brain of the whistler.

GEB0 AND THE PUMP

It isn't often I talk about myself. Things do not always go my way and I have done many things I could not be hired to talk about. At rare intervals, however, during a fairly busy life, there have come to me ideas

qualified to rank as inspirations. Here is one, modestly but truthfully told. In the days of tandem bicycles, as one of a pair of newlyweds, I owned a tandem and with it a bicycle pump, known as a foot-pump. In those days the possession of a foot-pump gave the owner social standing such as now comes from four-wheel brakes and balloon tires.

Being the sole owner of the only foot-pump at a large boarding school I had many callers who sought the comparatively free air thus to be obtained for their bikes. They usually came on Sunday afternoons, just at the unsychological hour at which I seek my siesta. A chief borrower was one Charles Gebo, and the inspiration broke on one of those Sunday afternoons Charles being the victim I said, "Charles, you've been a pretty good friend, and if you will let me have it when I need it, I'll give you that pump."

Charles was overjoyed. My generosity so mellowed him that he felt kindly not only toward me but toward all his foot-pumpless fellow men. Anybody who wanted the pump was served cheerfully and when I needed inflations Charles would not permit me to exhaust myself at so menial a task as pumping up a tire. He did that for me, gratefully and cheerfully, as long as the pump lasted. That was twenty-five years ago, but I still think that was "using my haid." I would rather enjoy the things I do not have to have than to have things for others to enjoy.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS

Anxious principal: You state that there is a difference of opinion between your "high ups" as to the proper location of your winter supply of cordwood. You enclose no diagram or photograph but as we understand it you have twice been required to move the wood. You now have it just where it was at first. You don't know but you shall be ordered to move it again. You want to get the matter settled. What shall you do?

This is easy for us. A similar thing happened to us during the reign of the majors in Oklahoma thirty years ago this coming corn planting time. It was a ten gallon tank of kerosene. After the third move we put it on a wheelbarrow. In your case our plan should be adapted rather than adopted. Say for example, a bobsled or a Nash truck, according to meteorological conditions. We got the ideas from the frequent county seat elections in Kansas during the seventies when it was found economical to mount their small frame courthouse on an ox-cart.

There is nothing to the saying that "You cannot teach an old dog new tricks." Within the past year we have cured ourselves of the unpardonable sin of speaking of a college fraternity as a "frat" and have learned to say "he doesn't" instead of "he don't."

While on the subject of diction, why not some "jiner" organize a society for the prevention of the improper use of "affect" and "effect" Here's luck to the charter members and the Home Office of the S. P. I. U. of A. and E.

THE VALETUDINARIAN

The editor of the Native American as a boy had a local and inter-school reputation as a champion, or near champion speller. He makes this statement, not boastfully, but merely in the interest of historic accuracy, not having sustained the reputation with entire success in the judgment of more modern stenographers. In those earlier days when competition waxed strong and the good spellers went down like autumn leaves before or behind a frost, this same editor once as the representative of the Gravel Hill district, cleaned up and put to rout the Leatherman district, by being the only one to spell the word "val-e-tu-di-na-ri-an."

Again in the interest of scientific accuracy, and as a study in the line of how not to do it, we recall that neither the successful speller of the word, the teacher who pronounced it nor any one of those who spelled at it, had any conception of the word's definition or use, if it had any. Still more sad to relate, nobody within our recollection then or since evinced any curiosity whatever on that score.

Having become a teacher some few decades back, the word passed out of our memory for some years, and then reappeared and did duty in many of our pedagogical essays and talks as an example of words that had no place in a school spelling book. At times we confess to having rather faintly wondered what it signified, altho we never really cared or needed to know. In our pedagogical creed we rejected it on exactly that basis that neither we nor any of our associates ever needed it.

Now more recently we came across it again in a magazine article of value which we did want to understand. There was absolutely no clue. Out of a clear sky, with no anchorage stood a man who was "a valetudinarian." We thought of it seriously for the first time. Was he a criminal of deepest dye? Was he a hypochondriac, a metaphysician or a carpenter, for example? Or did the term refer to some physical peculiarity, such as clubfoot or bowlegs? Was he an artist or artisan, poet, peasant or priest? We wanted to know; we hesitated a moment, thinking of our vows that we "never would," and then came the blessed assurance that it was best to break foolish resolutions. The dictionary was on the table before us. We opened it, ran down the column past "valet" and other things we have never needed, and at last found that our old terror of spelling school days, the humiliation of the Leatherman district and the bugbear of all boys of a generation ago, was as common and as innocuous as the simplest monosyllable. A valetudinarian, my children is "a sick man."

We shall fear it no more, and when the telegraph company again annoys us by faulty service or autocratic manners, we shall use it.

A COMFORTABLE BERTH

(May, 1915)

The ex-officio editor of the Native American has had many kind letters since coming to Arizona and while this is not to be classed as a "card of thanks" he is not unappreciative. One letter, however, voices a sentiment

which he has tried so earnestly to combat during the past twenty years that he must again mildly protest. The writer of this wholly friendly letter expresses the opinion that "a pleasant nonreservation school is about the most comfortable berth an Indian Service man could wish for."

President Wilson referred to his inauguration as a day of consecration in contradistinction to one of triumph and in our small responsibilities we wish to be guided by the general sentiment which he then expressed.

The feeling which too often pervades the outside world, that regards a Government position as a berth, is a feeling that should not be allowed to gain admittance to the systemic structure of an Indian school employee. We do not need to consult the lexicon to know that a berth is a place in which to rest or slumber.

The Phoenix School offers excellent opportunity for service on the part of its employees and pupils. It is situated in the midst of Indian reservations inhabited by real Indians, a large portion of which has been unspoiled by Government aid. The state officials of Arizona believe in the future of our Indian population and the citizenry of Arizona now irrigates its inward anatomy with the same liquid that today pours for the first time over Roosevelt Dam for the irrigation of our fertile fields. Eastern states and their inhabitants who insist that in order to civilize the Indian we must get him into (their) civilization, should close their booze joints or revise their perspective. Arizona having now a republican form of Government its women voters may be depended on to keep her dry. Great and varied are our opportunities.

THE DISCIPLINARIAN

The position of disciplinarian in our Indian schools is generally recognized as one of the most important. We justly expect from the one holding this position that he shall keep pupils, in order, have them promptly present at meals, at classes and at work, pursue and return deserters, supervise athletics, bathing and other health requirements. We expect him by precept and example to teach good manners and inculcate good habits, in short that he shall make clean, industrious and courteous men of his boys—men who will be prompt to obey proper authority and gentlemanly even in failing to obey an improper order. The disciplinarian's efficiency is measured by the degree of his success in these lines and by the accomplishment of these most desirable ends without unnecessary harshness or severity.

The best disciplinarian is the one whose methods prevent the happening of the evil thing and whose presence and whose lengthened shadow causes the proposed evil to remain undone. It follows that this ideal disciplinarian is no one man but a composite of the good employees of a school.

The discipline or general tone of an institution is measured by the average degree of interest in such matters displayed by the whole employees force. Post a set of regulations for the management of a campus, read them to students and employees if you like, but let no one flatter him-

self that he has thus done anything in particular unless a very large majority of the school's employees are personally in favor of the rules and interested in their enforcement to such an extent that they will pay the price of personal inconvenience and effort necessary to prevent or report violations.

The disciplinarian is often looked upon as the one who can handle recalcitrants when others fail, yet those who fail sometimes turn the pupil over to the disciplinarian or matron with full and explicit instruction to these officials as to what should be done with the erring ones. This example of the failure who none the less would point out to others the way of success is by no means confined to the employees in the Indian Service. Such are found all over the world of business and finance, on empty nail kegs at the country store and on the coping of every county court yard. To secure real success, each employee must not only be a disciplinarian but THE disciplinarian when no other employee is about and an assistant disciplinarian all the time. This does not call for the carrying of a bludgeon nor for severity of manner, action or speech but rather for the constant, thoughtful, helpful, quiet energy and care which alone can mark the employee as great among his fellows. Respectful speech concerning fellow employees, whether we like them or not, is a fine start in this direction. Let us all be on the job realizing that discipline is merely self-control and that it is our work whatever be the wording of the position opposite our name on the pay roll.

GOSSIP

Marcus Aurelius learned from his tutor "To have few wants, to endure toil, to be industrious, to despise scandal" and, incidentally, to "mind his own business."

There were no normal schools in the time of Marcus, no appliances such as are found in modern school rooms, in fact, no school rooms. The tutor merely tucked the hem of his toga under his belt and walked afield with his pupil, teaching by precept and example the truths then deemed most essential to the pupil's education. Measuring the teacher's work by results, should we not grant a life certificate to the tutor of Marcus?

Any one of the above five particular accomplishments should entitle both pupil and teacher to distinguished recognition but those of us who work in institutions have seasons more or less protracted in which we feel that none of the five outranks the acquired ability to "despise scandal."

Marcus Aurelius was the associate of aristocracy and became a Roman emperor. Gossip, therefore, did not originate in Indian schools. Yet there have been times in the writer's experience when he wished it were possible to call back the shade of this old Roman tutor and put it on the pay roll.

Gossip or scandal we conceive to be the peddling of unsavory or damaging information or mis-information about one's associates for the personal

pleasure of the peddler. It never has for its object the betterment of conditions or the helping of one's fellows. It may be the result of ignorance or of malice but its effects are equally bad. It has been well said that the originator of a scandalous tale may be comparatively innocent but that the one who spreads and magnifies the tale commits a wrong without palliation or mitigating conditions. The same writer tells the story of the Chinese emperor who had a habit of beheading the messenger who brought him bad news and asserts that here might be found at least a suggested method for dealing with the candid friends who bring back to us the unkind thoughts which other friends are supposed to have expressed. The Chinese method may seem a bit drastic in these days of reform but when the messenger insists that he comes only as a friend and that his name is not to be used, we are inclined to throw up our hands and allow the officer to do his duty.

The courts of our land require that when we speak ill of our neighbor we may be called upon to prove first the truth of our statement and second that its publication was essential to the public good. We should make our moral law at least good as our statutes.

Gossip of the worst sort may be merely intimating things we have not the nerve to say or repeating things that they say coupled with an effort to escape responsibility by saying that we don't believe it. A pretty good test to apply to ourselves when tempted to criticize others is first to consider whether our object is to help the erring one and to better general conditions and next, whether the person in whom we are about to confide is the one who can better conditions and correct the fault.

Lastly, employees who earn their salaries earn a large proportion of them and earn gratitude for which money cannot pay by respecting and teaching respect for their associates. One sneering look or remark, one shrug of the shoulder or elevation of the olfactory organ may do more damage than a week's faithful work with the hands can make good. If your associates are unworthy of this respect let us make it a business proposition for which transaction the way is clear. Let their be a separation and a re-alignment.



SOCIAL RELATIONS

A correspondent asks the writer what to do in an Indian school to bring about and maintain proper social relations among employees. We are not sure that we know but have some thoughts along the line of how we should proceed and to such ideas our friend is more than welcome.

In a famous recipe for roast 'possum the injunction was "first catch your 'possum." Likewise, proper social relations depend first upon the selection of employees, men and women of poise who like to be busy and who do not demand that in addition to room, light, fuel and transportation they be furnished with amusement. These are persons who are well started toward a state of proper social relations with their fellows.

Emerson, writing on friendship, says something to the effect that the real friend is one to whom you need not daily renew and emphasize your allegiance and in whose presence you may keep silence without loss of mutual esteem.

You are the superintendent's wife—can you maintain a cheerful equanimity when the wagonmaker's daughter gives a party and does not invite your children, realizing that her government home is her castle just the same as your government home is yours? Or possibly you are the seamstress—can you calmly and cheerfully go on with your crochet work when the farmer and his wife pass your porch without wondering where they are going, when they will return or why they took with them the primary teacher instead of the principal?

Does your neighbor "fight a Ford?" Can you let him pass you and realize that his vacant stare is not consciously directed away from you because of your being "Fordless" and on foot but that he is even at that moment wondering if his salary check will meet his repair bill? Can you meet your associates with a smile so genuine that it is necessary to say anything in particular, a smile which says "I don't know where you are going nor where you were at 4 p. m. yesterday but I know you, believe in you and wish you well—I trust you are going on about your own business as I am with mine."

When we speak of society and social relations, however, we usually contemplate receptions, punch bowl parties, "passin' on" parties or similar functions. What shall we do at such gatherings or shall we have them? We think what we do less important than how we do it if we do it heartily and self-forgetfully, be it tennis, numblepeg, old maid or old hundred—and let us at such times get away from the one with whom we work most closely, learning to know and appreciate that other one whose work does not so directly touch ours and at whom perhaps we have looked askance. Especially should each social gathering have recognized leaders who shall be responsible for a definite program yet which in its carrying out should avoid the appearance of formality. A wise hostess will fix the hour for the beginning and ending of the evening's entertainment and her appreciative guests will move accordingly.

After all it is the every day mental attitude that counts for the most in bettering social relations among employees. The mind needs the stimulation and change of outside association with good people and good literature, yet at the same time it needs to rest itself rapidly and return refreshed to its regular job. A proper mental attitude may or may not cure asthma, rheumatism or broken limbs, but there is no reasonable doubt of its efficacy in improving conditions at most schools when employees take themselves seriously in hand with a view to such improvement.

AN ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP

Indians use the word "friend" in a very earnest way and, with them especially, should be used carefully. This does not assume that the Indian—man, women or child—always has proper knowledge as to who is his real friend but it does assume that the Indian regards the one who is his friend as the one who believes in him as a real man with a real place in the sun and who is willing not only to greet him kindly but to feel all he puts nominally into the greeting. Our friends are not usually those who say the most about it and may be those whom we see but rarely. They are those of whose loyalty we feel sure without the verbal assurances oft repeated. They are those whom we know will still believe us mostly good even when we have displeased them or when we have inadvertently shown them some little weakness of our own.

Our friends are quite commonly not those who tell us many secrets or who open up to us each small recess of their own souls. Above all else they are not those who seize with avidity upon each small grouch of ours and mix into it the poison that, if not promptly intercepted, infects our whole mental attitude. Our friend is not the one who encourages us to believe or suggests the idea, that we are being misused or discriminated against even though this be the truth.

If we work in Indian schools, or in communities of any sort, our valued friend is not the one who greets us most effusively on our arrival—who puts an affectionate arm around us that first evening and tells us all about it. Our real friend is not the one who writes us letters at the bottom of which he must write "Burn this." I think it was our good friend, A. E. Winship, who said in a lecture: "Don't put that at the end of any letter—burn it yourself."

Friendship is a wonderful and a beautiful thing, despite these statements as to what it is not, but in the Indian Service, or out of it, the friend who forms the subject of this sketch is the one who leads us to forget our injuries and who puts into our spine the strength necessary to overcome obstacles and into our hearts the sincerity of purpose which disarms and converts those who might else be enemies. Your best friend is the one who has faith in you. Also, as Commissioner Sells said at San Francisco: "Who tells the truth and does not deal in circumvention or deception," but who uses judgment and tact in the telling, leaving some of the dis-

agreeable facts as to our short comings for the discovery of our own conscience—one who never dodges an issue and yet who brings the bad news concerning ourselves only when he must do so.

BEARDING LIONS

“He bearded the lion in his den”

We do not know who he was, where the lion was, nor the exact length of his beard, but we do know that the expression is quoted in Indian schools and elsewhere when we refer to the heroic act of a man who approaches one who reputedly is difficult of approach. The lion in these cases is the one who so deports or so disports himself that we are afraid of him, or rather we shrink from the disagreeable exhibitions which we have learned to expect when we go to him with a business proposition.

The writer's experience with real Nubian lions has been exclusively when he and the lions occupied apartments separated by a substantial iron grating but he has even thus protected, noted the rising mane, the nervous switch of the elevated tail and has been terrified by the belligerent roar. We also have seen one man engaged in the exercise of “bearding” another and in the latter cases there are attitudes and demonstrations closely resembling the animal whose ferocity forms the basis of the illustration. The lion is quite docile when a larger animal approaches. At such times the mane hangs properly, and the roar is modulated even to a purr. It is even so with the genus homo who fain would frighten his fellows and yet who shows excellent control when it is deemed necessary for self preservation.

The writer has occasionally been called upon as an intermediary between two good employees who could not or thought they could not get together to discuss very ordinary business matters. An amusing if it were not a pathetic feature of such cases is that not uncommonly each regards the other as the lion and himself as the bearder. There are few men in administrative positions who do not welcome opportunity for thus harmonizing the efforts of their associates but it would economize time, heat and man power if each one was able to amicably approach the other at any time on any subject and if he could be amicably received however foolish, or wrong his proposal seems to be. If the proposal be foolish, we may gently interpose our wisdom and rejoice that we were consulted in time to prevent the folly. If the proposition involve a great moral wrong we shall almost invariably find our moderate firm opposition more effective than if attended by personal ill will and exhibitions of bad temper toward the one in error. Let us make the erring one glad he came to us instead of to some one who might have been less sympathetic or less courteous. After all “bearding” a lion, that is going into his den with the avowed purpose of removing a few hairs from his chin, invites disaster to ourselves and injury to the cause we represent.

In these times of trial let us use every ounce of strength constructively. We are all good. Let us all add bigness to our goodness. Only the small

ones will in these days quarrel with one another over our comparatively small differences.

A fight is more dignified than a quarrel, and if we must fight let it be against our great national foe in the fight that has been forced upon us.

WHAT CONSTITUTES COURTESY

Ralph Waldo Emerson is reported to have said that he would prefer to eat with a criminal than with a man who carried food to his mouth on his knife. So if we had been eating with the Sage of Concord and had we known of his strong prejudice in this matter, we should certainly have refrained from sword swallowing out of deference to his feelings if for no other reason. We have always had trouble in using all the table tools provided at fashionable functions, sometimes using too few and sometimes too many for the several courses. We know, and confess with some embarrassment, that these errors are due chiefly to our not placing sufficient emphasis and mental concentration on the very proper social requirements in these particulars. We know further that the fact that we are comparatively cheerful about it does not constitute pardon for our transgressions. We can only plead in palliation that our sins are not willfully committed and that we do care for the comfort of our neighbors.

There are thousands small ways in which the best intentioned men offend the sensibilities of their more highly organized friends and neighbors or those organized and experienced along different lines. One man innocently eats his soup noisily and another who would be shocked by the suggestion that he was not cultured, educated and genteel, smokes his cigarette in close proximity to one to whom the fumes are a personal affront. Neither of these men desire to be discourteous or unkind in any degree. Ask either for food or clothing or material assistance of any ordinary kind and the response is immediate. What then constitutes courtesy? What but consideration for the comfort and happiness of others or of the greater number when tastes are in conflict. It may be discourteous to smoke in the presence of one who abhors tobacco and it mitigates the offense not at all if the smokers asks leave after the lighted match is approaching the cigarette. On the other hand the writer has been where to refrain from smoking was almost equally discourteous in the judgment of the company as when the peace pipe was passed around the council tepee. There is no real culture that is not based on a desire to be kind even to the uncultured. This does not remove the duty to be cultured. After all, what is courtesy but cultivated kindness.

LOYALTY

(1918)

A good friend of the writer once wrote most thoughtfully and well on "Loyalty," as applied to Indian Service employees. He was particularly

happy and forceful, we thought, in the distinction which he drew between loyalty to a trust, to a cause or business and more cheap personal attachment or adulation of one's superiors in office.

In these troublesome times we must go even a step farther and ask for loyalty to not only the immediate institution which we serve and from which we draw pay, but we must show undivided and unflagging allegiance to the Nation and its allies in the Great War. Furthermore, we cannot afford to restrict our support to the acts and methods which wholly meet with our personal approval, nor may we speak against national policies merely because we do not admire the persons now charged with their enforcement.

To be more specific, we cannot be loyal employees of the government and spend our spare moment in criticising the adopted policies of the National Congress or the National administration. Once out in Kansas there was a justice of the peace who judged the prohibitory law as unconstitutional. Yet within the past few months the draft law has been so declared by persons having less knowledge of law than had the Kansas justice. Not knowing very much law ourselves, we deem it the part of wisdom and patriotism in times of peace or war to abide by the interpretations of the Supreme Court on matters affecting the Constitution of the United States.

Elbert Hubbard once wrote a great preachment entitled: "Get out or get in line." The thought still lives, and looms large on the horizon: "If put to the test, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness," said the Fra, and he said something that will last longer than the memory of the Lusitania, with which he went down.

If there are men or women among us who do not feel the necessity of Congress, our Cabinet, our Army and Navy, and who are not themselves ready to make some sacrifice without complaint, they should be dropped from our pay rolls. Further, should there be those who deem our government "no better than the Kaiser's" or who belittle the patriotism of our young men who combat Prussianism, if there are still among us those who give aid and comfort to our enemies by impugning the motives of officials in other departments of the Government, they should be rooted out from us as would be a cancer from the body, or a plague from the community. It is time to get in line or get out.

THE CHUMS—A FABLE

Once upon a time there were two chums and they worked in an Indian school. They had troubles and they told them to each other. By and by they made a great discovery and this discovery was to the effect that everybody had it in for them. Hence it came to pass that the two chums became more closely allied and knitted together. They interlocked their shields and formed themselves into a hollow square, as it were, to repel the attacks which they more and more saw coming.

The state of preparedness which the chums developed brought about its usual and natural results and it soon became known that somebody had said something about the two. Then and thereafter the two were busied in repelling assaults, in making counter charges and, during the lulls, in the manufacture of ammunition.

How did the chums become chums? By the simplest possible process—they were drawn to each other. One was an old employee at the school when the other arrived and she put her arm around the new one the first day, telling her all “about it” in a whisper.

MORAL—Do not tie up too soon or too closely to one lest you exclude some other good one.

AS TO CLASSES OF LABOR

In the markets of today there are certain classes of service known as skilled and unskilled labor. The classification is based not so much upon the peculiar ability or lack of ability on the part of the worker as upon the nature of the service to be performed. We have been accustomed to class certain mechanical trades as “skilled,” for example, carpentry, plumbing, masonry and various similar handicrafts or sub-divisions of these trades. On the other hand we have classed such work as ditch-digging, coal-shoveling and hod-carrying as unskilled labor.

The writer believes, yes, knows, if he knows anything, that these classifications are erroneous and that there is no form of labor but may be done better than the average man does it. There is no such thing as unskilled labor, albeit there are unskilled laborers.

The boy or girl in school who excuses carelessness on the ground that the particular work in hand does not demand or does not develop skill is on the wrong pedagogical path, just as surely as is the athlete who does not do his best on the ball field when “only practicing.”

The writer once took much pride in his skill in the use of the hoe and still thinks that in some lines and for limited periods of time he is difficult to distance or excel in the manipulation of the well-known garden implement. Just a few years ago, however, he met a cotton grower of renown who had seen many seasons of personal service in the field. In a rash moment a cotton chopping contest was arranged and at its close another reputation had gone glimmering. It was ours. There are not years enough left for this agriculturist to acquire the skill shown by that ex-cotton chopper, now president of a First National Bank, hence we salute him.

So on down and up through the professions, trades and jobs we have looked in vain for the work that did not acquire skill or where mind applied to the material task did not pay big dividends. We have not found it but have found instead not merely that all attempts to acquire skill in tasks, however, simple result in better production and further that manual or mental skill acquired in doing one thing exceedingly well is not all lost when we change from one form of work to the other.

WHEN THEY GO LAME

A young man graduate of the Phoenix School was on the recommendation of the superintendent, given a position as an assistant at \$25 and board. Without further recommendation from this school or his next employer he was promoted within a very short time to a position as disciplinarian at \$720 in a third school. Now, all within the space of three months, he has applied for admittance to Carlisle as a student. The young man has an excellent record as a student here, and we believe as an employee, but now this application becomes a part of the record and, it looks to the writer, does not add to its lustre. When a man is able to earn \$60 per month he is able to pay for all the further schooling he needs and should be required to do so. Application for free board, clothing, tuition and transportation lays such a one open to the charge of being unwilling to assume responsibility for himself. With the warmest personal friendship for this otherwise exemplary young man, it is urged that he use where he is, the training and ability acquired here and thereby grow not merely strong enough for self-support but strong enough to be an example to his fellows. No young man should find it necessary to be helped to more than one job—the others should demand him.

GOOD INDIANS

When General Philip Sheridan said: "The only good Indian is a dead one." He little knew how his thoughtless, or heartless, admirers would quote him and pervert his meaning. To the soldiers the "good" Indian was one who would not fight. In Sheridan's fighting days Indians had real grievances and put up real fights. When put out of one fight, if there was life left, they came back and fought some more. The term "good Indian" was generally applied to all Indians not on the warpath, and the term was used in no other way by men in the army, or by western people, all of whom lived in the vicinity of army posts, breathed the army spirit and spoke the military language. Sheridan merely meant that an Indian would fight until killed, using all the craft at his command. Sheridan was paying a high tribute to a worthy foe and it is high time that we ceased to perpetuate so gross a misconception of his famous epigram.

PEPPERY PEOPLE

Some day we mean to write an editorial on this subject. They are a most useful and virile class, whether despite or because of the peppery we do not know. They are usually quite proud of their peppery propensities and like to have their peculiarities discussed. They admit that their pepperness is a weakness, but they do not really think so. Especially do the peppery ones pride themselves on having it "all over in a minute," after an explosion.

Dear peppery ones: Unfortunately it is not all over for your co-workers. When you have got it out of your system you have just begun to get it into

that of your neighbor. It goes on then, stinging and blinding other good people who are just plain plodding, patient working folk, who are credited with having no "temper" because they have learned to control it. May we not suggest that the pepper be applied to the punishment of the job rather than the eyes and hearts of our friends.

LET IT COOL

We recently had an ill-tempered letter, not a "nasty" letter, but one of the few we get these days, which shows the mind of the writer to be out of tune with our own; syncopating rather than synchronizing, as it were. The temper of the letter this time was due to an error, oversight or imperfect information on the part of our correspondent. We had the goods on him and while the whole transaction was clear in our mind and its incriminating documents at hand we wrote our reply, soaking him "for fair" and showing him up in "our inimitable style" etc., to mutual friends. All this happened on a certain Saturday afternoon which the Federal Employees Union says should be a holiday, and when we, editorially should have been at the ball game. No mail went out Sunday, and by Monday afternoon the writing of the letter had served its purpose. The temperature, pulse and blood pressure of the writer was normal. The letter was torn up and nobody hurt. Some day our distant friend will find his error or time will more fully mellow his maledictions and all be well with our respective souls.

Writing sarcastic or ill-natured letters sometimes acts as a safety-valve for the writer, but, of course, no such letter should be permitted to get into the mail box. We have had one such in cold storage now for over two months, waiting for it to cool, so it will not have to be sent. It is accurate and clear, contains information which the other one needs, but if he had it now, it would do much harm and no good. We shall continue to let it cool.

LIFE'S PICTURE

A recent number of Life contains a picture of a dog family consisting of a mother and six puppies. All dog mothers are widows, it may be observed. This one was giving a few words of final advice to her puppies as they had reached the age when they were about to leave her and go out into the world. This, in substance, is what she said: "You are all going to leave me soon. You will be taken away and each of you will be given to some man. Some will go into the families of rich men and have warm fires to lie down by, rugs to sleep on and plenty of good food. Some of you may follow honest laboring men to and from their places of dusty toil, sharing their coarse but substantial fare. Others may be attached to the person of a tramp and be kicked about in a brutal way, starved and abused until the end. But with all this, my children, remember: Unless you are willing to attach yourself to some human being whom you are willing to follow through all circumstances and love to the end, despite the treatment which you receive, you shall be unworthy to be called a dog."

THE S. F. T. P. C. T. M.

We have a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. It is called the S. F. T. P. C. T. A. It is almost easier to be cruel than to pronounce the name of the society but its object is so worthy and its results so far reaching that we are strongly for it.

While we are organizing, however, and everybody's doing it, why not a society for the prevention of cruelty to men? We have known, strangely enough, persons who wept copiously at the punishment of a kicking mule, who thoughtlessly disseminated most cruel gossip or form of "catty" speech among their fellows of the genus homo.

Frequently we have written on the evils of gossip and have on occasion spoken at gatherings of Indian school workers on the importance of eliminating the practice from institutional and social life. In spite of our efforts, however, examples in our own midst continue to present themselves, showing us up as a partial failure. The failure to reach or to convince the erring ones appears to come from our having spoken usually in terms too general. The erring one never dreams that it means him. Hence it appears necessary to shock somebody.

Listen to what has just happened at Phoenix. It also happened in each and every institution and community of which we have knowledge. Three times within one day employees of Phoenix School told the superintendent that a certain pupil was in the hospital suffering from a disease ordinarily fatal within a very short time. Two of the three inquired if the parents had been notified but apparently none of the three thought to inquire of the school physician before repeating the story. The story probably has gone out to the parents of the boy, 70 miles from the railroad where mail reaches them three times a week. These parents love their children devotedly. They suffer indescribable pain, as all know who are familiar with reservation and home conditions in the more remote sections. Parents who do not read and who have no movies to attend or ordinary form of diversion, brood much over things like this. They have little else to think about.

Meanwhile the one who carelessly starts the story and he who repeats it without effort as verification, soon becomes occupied with other thoughts and the incident passes out of his mind. The boy, who was in the hospital with a headache, has resumed his position on the ball team long before the parents receive the correct information.

This is but one of many hundreds of stories all over the country; stories that go about doing their daily damage long after their authors have forgotten them. Let the slogan "Where did you get the facts?" be flashed on the screen before each careless peddler of unverified stories, however innocent the story may appear. Let children be trained in the habit of verification. There is great work ahead for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Men.

VESTED INTERESTS

We once heard an interesting debate on the subject of the tariff. A Senator from Louisiana, whose State and party had for some generations protest against a protective tariff, had made a strong plea for a tax on sugar, claiming that as the industry in his State had been built up on a basis of the existing Federal protective tax, it would be ruinous to remove the "differential" which had been in force for nearly a hundred years. Senator Ollie James, from a State which made no sugar, replied with much force and aptness that here was an industry which for a hundred years had been protected on the plea that it was too young to stand alone and which it now was supposed to further protect because it was too old to exist without the desired assistance.

In our Indian school work the writer once had the same argument presented to him by an employee who had successfully requested leniency for some years on the ground of inexperience and who later claimed a right to be retained on account of long service with an unblemished record. In this case the record was unblemished solely because an administrator had sought to be kind and patient, seeking to teach and help the employee toward success rather than to eliminate him.

Now and then a new superintendent comes to an Indian school or reservation and finds inefficiency or indifference where an equally capable man who had grown up with it, had not seen it. In his zeal to correct obvious defects the new administrator sometimes proposes a "clean up." Wants to "separate" or transfer everybody and start with a clean slate. If permitted to do this he does a grave injustice to some faithful and efficient workers who are in no way responsible for the unsatisfactory conditions and who could be of much help to the new superintendent by reason of their knowledge of local conditions.

To ourselves editorially and to our associates as their sincere well-wisher we feel moved to quote the wise words of a speaker at Phoenix School some years since. He was explaining why Company A that year had not won the prize as the best drilled company in the school battalion. This is the advice he gave to Company A: "Never think you know a thing so well that you do not have to do your very best." Then again to ourselves we say there is real danger that after twenty-five or thirty years in the same work, with promotions coming more rarely than would be desired, we may lose the power of initiative and unconsciously cease to grow. When we cease to grow, whether we realize it or not, the process of decay begins.

Let our daily prayers be that we may keep up such good things as we may have started, now and then initiating some activity which is in the line of progress. Let us never feel that we know our work so well that we do not need to offer the best that is in us.

GIDEON'S BAND

We had for a recent Sunday school lesson the story of Gideon and his chosen band of three hundred who put to flight the army of the Midianites. Gideon was the first general and so far as we know the last one who complained of having too many soldiers. His method of elimination also was unique. After the number had been reduced to the apparently hopeless size of three companies he had remaining a small band every man of whom possessed three qualities necessary to success. Faith, courage, and implicit obedience. The story, well known to some and not so well known as it should be to some others, is that the three hundred marched around the city in the night with lighted candles concealed in pitchers. That at the word of command they broke the pitchers, held up the lights and shouted with one voice, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." It does not require a great stretch of the imagination to conceive the consternation and fright of the superstitious Midianites. Gideon was a psychologist as well as a general and a fighter. He knew the mind of the Midianite.

Equally important, Gideon, it developed, knew his own men and their minds—call them "single tracked" minds if you will—but they were trained to obedience, loyal and unquestioning. As we studied this lesson story the writer's mind wandered a bit and wondered what three hundred men or boys of today would all wait for the word and then would all shout at once without waiting to have somebody else "start it." This brought recollection of a fable which we told our boys and here repeat.

It was once theorized by a theorist that if all the people in the world were to shout at once it would make a noise that would be heard on Mars. To test the theory some ship loads of chronometers were disturbed over the inhabited globe and the date, hour and moment agreed upon, at which all were to shout the word "Boo!" When the critical moment arrived quite naturally, all listened for the terrible noise and the only one who shouted was a deaf woman in the Fiji Islands. The world had never been so still since the morning stars first sang together.

In firing salutes the commanders of cadet companies dread equally the man whose gun goes off prematurely as a result of its owner's nervousness, and the man who waits for his neighbor. How many of us, even when we know what to do, are trained to do it at the proper signal without waiting to see what the other fellow is going to do or when he is going to do it? Did you ever lead a chorus? How many hit the first note? Did you ever sing in a chorus and did you hit the first note? Have we as boys stood on the bank above the chilly water while one repeated "One for the money, two for the show, and three to make ready and four to go!" only to see one little blue-skinned Gideon jump in all alone?

Gideon succeeded because every man of the three hundred had drilled himself to break his pitcher and shout his shout when the signal was given, whether any other man did it or not. Knowing what to do and when to do

it, he did not wait for anybody else to start it. By having that supreme degree of independence as individuals paradoxically they achieved the perfect unity necessary to success.

WHITTLING

A news item in a Phoenix daily paper states that new buildings are just being completed at the State Industrial School at Fort Grant, and that to prevent their destruction or mutilation by the boys, it is proposed to install at convenient places, whittling boards of soft pine. The plan is said to be proposed by the Secretary of the State Board of Institutions, his idea evidently being that the boys will follow the lines of least resistance and assail the pine boards in preference to the hard wood finishings.

Now, we are moved to make a few general and specific remarks on the subject of whittling. The whittler is the idler and idling is just the thing that got the boys into Fort Grant. Whittling is nature's protest against idleness, the last feeble struggle of the boy's better parts against complete nonentity.

Assuming that the Secretary or the reporter was serious in his suggestion we also assume that if his duties permit further consideration of the subject in its broader educational aspects, he will discover that where buildings are mutilated by whittling there has been gross neglect of duty on the part of the persons in charge. This does not signify that a guard with gun or knotted club should be stationed as a protector over the State's property. It does signify that boys whittle buildings because they have nothing else to do. To provide that something else is the thing. To provide whittling boards is a confession that we do not know how to handle the problem or that we are unwilling to put forth the necessary effort.

The writer has in mind public school and Indian school buildings where holes some inches in depth have been drilled into the brick at points where the leaning and loafing was most congenial. The depth and intricate ramification of these excavations gave proof that the idler had spent hours of time and tons of lethargy in this regrettable avocation. The record also showed convincingly that the school authorities had neglected the important item of arranging the boys' activities so as to utilize the time which had been so much worse than wasted.

About public schools the dangerous time is the recess period. Those who make a study of basements and sequestered spots know our meaning. About boarding schools and institutions, there are more of these recess periods and they occur at times when matrons and disciplinarians are themselves in need of rest. The remedy is to appoint only men and women of virility, good health, pep, and personality and to so arrange duties that these good persons may have their rest while pupils are in school or at work. Then when the pupils' play time comes let there be a responsible leader, rested and ready, to direct their energies. Let there be early rising, setting up drill, breakfast, the necessary bed making or housework, school work, play, vigorous play, the shower bath and rest. But remember, rest

is only for the boy who is honestly tired, not for the "born tired." There is a great fundamental difference between resting and loafing. The loafer whittles. The resting boy lies flat on his back and looks up at the sky or closes his eyes and dreams of the great things he is going to do. For him the days are all too short; he is doing things. Let us who would be wise leaders provide him, not with a bench to whittle on, but things to do.

MARATHON DANCING

If, as we believe, "Sin is misdirected energy," marathon dancing is a sin. We do not use the word sin in its theological sense, but rather to indicate the height of foolishness. Poor stuff, as it were.

We have in these columns, from time to time, expressed ourselves on the subject of Indian dances, dances by white persons employed in Indian schools and on dancing in general. These discussions have at all times been impersonal and uncolored by any strong personal desire of achieving a reputation as a censor of public morals. We would censor some of them all right if we could, but we realize the futility of the undertaking. We merely wish to say that our opposition to "marathon" or long distance dancing is based on the same principles as is our opposition to the practice of Indians when they leave their crops or livestock for protracted periods in order to attend their tribal dances.

We have known Indians to dance 24 hours continuously, but now the press dispatches credit both men and women with records which advance too rapidly for even the daily papers to keep up with them. The latest time we have noticed was 90 hours continuous dancing. We shall let it stand there regardless of what may happen before this paragraph is published for it is surely bad enough now. We shall not attend any of these exhibitions or contests, for the same reason that we will not go to see a two-headed calf, five-legged colt or other monstrosity.

We have not yet lost faith in what we are pleased to call civilization and hence we refuse to believe that there is any large element which approves of these weird endurance tests. We do hope that not too many of our Indian readers have read the accounts of the dancing contests, least they use the information to the confusion of those of us who urge moderation upon the Indian dancers.

We do not know what may have been the temptations confronting our unfortunate fellow citizens of the marathon dances, nor do we know of the rewards offered to the winners, but from this distance they appear to us as fools of the plain garden variety. Moreover we have no disposition to lessen the distance.

THOSE BADGES

One of the ex-officio functions of the Superintendent of Phoenix Indian School is to have general charge of the Indian exhibits and the Indian Day sports at the Arizona State Fair. This entitles him to wear during Fair Week a large badge. When we were younger we were wont to envy the

man who wore the red sash and rode a big black horse on the Fourth of July, and in somewhat less degree, the man with the ribbon badge on his bosom. Recent events have brought to us rather more of such decorations than we can wear with composure.

First came an N. E. A. badge by mail. This was pinned on the office window curtain but the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals badge had to be worn for a time at least. Then the Rotary Club has an identification button two and a half inches in diameter with the wearer's name on it and a special ribbon with "Ask Me, I Live Here." We joined the Red Cross and got a button. We bought two small Liberty Bonds and were given, impartially, two buttons the same size as those given to Rockefeller and President Wilson. Previous to all of this, while not a regular "jiner," we belonged to two fraternal organizations which furnished emblems, and an insurance company which permitted us in a similar way to advertise its business. We must have forgotten some of the buttons or badges we have worn and should wear as an evidence of the many good causes and good organizations in which we believe. We are in doubt as to whether we should hope for a further expansion of chest, or build a trophy room.

THOSE WEEKS

Some propagandist some few years since conceived the idea of getting the world to go in cahoots with him and devote a week especially to contemplative, agitative, and other considerations of the subject nearest the heart of the propagandist. The weekers were to lay aside or subordinate their usual line of thinking in things moral or economic in order to think and act for one week along lines carefully drawn for the observance of the period. The idea seemed to be a good one. All agreed that it was good to be kind to animals, so we had a week set aside by the proclamation of some executive, to be known as "Be kind to animals week." All went well. Public schools, pulpits and social gatherings featured the thought and we were kind to animals for a week. Then came fire prevention week. It was shown by insurance companies that 90 per cent of all fires were preventable. Insurance rates are fixed on the average fire hazard or average loss of property from fires. Public schools, the public press and civic bodies studied the prevention and ordinary careless men looked where they threw their cigarette stubs—for a week.

The idea proved so popular and it was believed so effective that it wasn't long till everybody was doing it. When we come to think of it is remarkable how many things need to be done differently, and how many things are done so indifferently. In fact it is deplorable what a poor fish the average human is anyway, in his thinking or absence of thinking and in his daily doings.

So, one after another of the good men and the good organizations having in mind the correcting of these conditions, asked for a "week" during

which all other men's thinkers were to tune in with the leaders in the "great movement." The weeks began to come in groups. There were for example the "Eatmore" weeks and the eatless weeks, depending on whether the reformers had something to sell or something to save. Arizona had its "buy a turkey" week because the turkey market was glutted and the turkey market was glutted because of an "Eatmore Beef" week and "Eatmore Bread" week coming just before Thanksgiving, which is always an Eatmore than you ought to week. There are already too many weeks for a year with only fifty-two in its calendar. They already so over-lap and inter-mesh that the patriotic citizen is confused. The Eatmore week in particular begin to pall and remind me of the time some Breakfast Food people gave away pictures as premiums with each twenty-four packages. As a newlywed and then dutiful husband, we tried to eat enough of the "timber" to ornament the walls of the new home. I got as far as a medium sized Baby Stewart and were reaching out for a twenty-four by thirty-five Sir Galahad when our digestion gave out. Let's abolish the Eatmore weeks, or at least arrange so that they may run concurrently, like a bootlegger's jail sentences.

Referring again to local conditions in Arizona, the economic and economical entomologist catching the spirit of the times and having some statisticians among them have sought to utilize natural forces in the eradication of insect pests. Particularly pestiferous during August are the depredations of the Harvester Ants. To save London Purple and the crops these officials now appeal for a "Step on an Ant" week. This latest appeal is the immediate cause of our protest.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

How much of the life of Abraham Lincoln can we understand and use in our daily business? How much of it can be understood and used by the boys of our schools, including Indian schools?

Most of us do not meet the privations which Lincoln met as a boy and as a young man. We have houses with four good walls as against his log cabin with one side open. We have electric lights by which to read papers and books printed in good type and edited to fit our previous training. We do not have to use a wooden shovel in lieu of scratch pads or black-board. We use the loose-leaf note book and fountain pen.

We no longer split rails. We do not need to do so nor could we afford to do so as both labor and material can be better used than for fencing. Abraham Lincoln would not split rails if he were living today.

What then can we learn from Lincoln today? We believe that it is to meet our problems of today not with the methods but with the spirit with which he met his problems of those eariler days. Give us Lincoln's courage, his wisdom, his honesty, his energy and his patience. Let us keep in mind his great resolve expressed by him in these words, "I will study and get ready. Some day my chance will come." One of our chief weaknesses is our unwillingness to work for rewards that may seem so far

in the future. We want our pay each night. We are like the horse which must have the oats dangling in front of him to encourage him to effort. We lack faith in the eternal fact that the principles of thought and action which largely led to the triumph of Abraham Lincoln, are still dominant. Let us study and be ready. Our chance will come.

AN "ADVENTURE IN CONTENTMENT"

The writer of these lines has been reading David Grayson's "Adventures in Contentment" during a recent period of enforced leisure; and one chapter in particular recalls an experience of his own. Grayson makes literature of the most common activities on the farm. The chapter referred to is concerned with the making of an axe handle. The particular point at which this philosopher's experience touches our own is that his task was an intermittent one; taken up at leisure intervals and completed after some months.

Grayson made an axe handle, whereas the present writer's product was a library table, three by six, craftsman design. When the axe handle was completed, to the satisfaction of the maker, it was placed in a conspicuous point of vantage near the fire place, where, as anticipated, it was soon seen by an old practical woodsman and farmer who lived near to Grayson who confesses himself an amateur. This good critical neighbor called and in the midst of some commonplace conversation happened to see the new axe helve. He picked it up, "hefted it," swung it in imitation of the chopping motion, squinted along its line and then expressed a whole volume of adverse verdict by looking up at Grayson and almost belligerently asking: "Who made this?"

The discomfiture of this adventurer came sooner than did that of the man who made the library table, but not less sure. The table was of heavy red oak, and was made up in the north country where the winter was long, and the birthday for which it was intended came in March. All the spare time of the winter was used by the amateur cabinet maker, all of the work being done by hand, with not the best of tools. The worker certainly learned to respect competent artisans in wood before he was able to make two tenons on one board fit two mortises in another board which formed the heavy built-up end of the table, taking the place of legs.

David Grayson took no more pride in his axe handle than did the writer in his table and as suggested our triumph was longer lived. For some years the table had the post of honor in the home living room and was the subject of many favorable remarks. Each time after hearing such remarks, or possibly some times in anticipation of the commendation, the amateur woodworker would modestly let it be known that the craftsmanship was his own. This went on at discreet intervals for several years. It was a good table and it did look good to its owner; furthermore, there was no reason to doubt the sincerity of its other friendly admirers.

Then came the shock and the awakening. The table was shown once too often and at the fateful time in question, to the wrong man. He was a cabinet maker trained in the older days when an apprenticeship meant something definite and long before correspondence school mechanics were the vogue. At the unpsychological moment, and there were others listening, the real cabinet maker was asked if he knew that "we" made it. He gave it another careful examination and then answered: "No, I didn't know who made it, but knew it was the work of a novice." It was a case of not getting just what we asked for but something equally as good—for us.

The moral to this little tale is: That we should not think to have earned a reputation for excellence in any particular line until our products have been inspected by someone who knows. Then after this confession and to restore our own equanimity, we return to David Grayson and the axe-helve. After his friend Horace had properly humbled Grayson by showing the imperfection of the handle, the owner summoned courage next day to "hang" the axe and to try it out in the forest. He was gratified to find it working well, despite its manifest and manifold defects and at last joyfully exclaimed: "It serves its purpose." So say we of the table.

SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT (1916)

The editor of *The Native American* was one afternoon of last week the guest of the Lungers Club at a gabfest on the lawn of the Carnegie Public Library in Phoenix. The subject of discussion was as to whether a large healthy domestic tom-cat could be so trained as to successfully combat a wild cat of his own sex. Mr. A. G. Gladney, formerly superintendent of the Indian school at Tuskahoma, Oklahoma, maintained that unless this could be done, civilization was a failure. The decision was against the position of Mr. Gladney but the latter demurred with such vigor as to leave the subject in perfectly good condition for another Friday afternoon.

GUM-CHEWING

The only possible benefit to come from the use of chewing gum is that it stimulates the flow of saliva and thus aids digestion. Now the fact is that saliva is secreted by the working of the jaws, whether the worker chews gum, alfalfa or a pine stick. Political speakers these days aid digestion and save the country simultaneously by the same maxillary movements. Gum-chewers are simply keeping time to the music of gum manufacturers who in their advertising have proven themselves the best humbuggers since Barnum—at least that's what we think about it.

WHAT WE DON'T KNOW

"What we don't know won't hurt us so long as we don't try to tell it," says a "filler" in one of our contemporaries this week. There's many a truth spoken in jest, and out of the mouths of babes come regularly the words of wisdom. We all know about this, but out of the fillers, the patent

outside or inside of newspapers and magazines, come bits of philosophy well worth consideration, even though the editor or the printer may have given them no thought but merely cast them into the column in his busy desperation.

"What we don't know" of course would fill many books, and yet the many things of which we know so little or nothing at all should cause us little worry and no humiliation so long as we do not essay to discourse on such subject. When we realize our complete absence of information we are comparatively safe and at the same time harmless. It is chiefly when we have partial knowledge, that we begin to skid. Few persons are really malicious and few really mean to harm their associates. Very few are indifferent to the welfare of the institutions with which they are indentified. At the same time few persons are deliberate homicides, but the individual slain by the gun that was not known to be loaded is just as permanently deceased as though the act had been willful.

"Isn't it dreadful about Mr. Johnson," exclaimed an associate one day in the Phoenix School. "Why, what's happened?" asked the Editorial We. "Why, didn't you hear about his having both legs broken?" No, we hadn't heard and with some caution mixed with our anxiety we repeated, "Our Mr. Johnson?" Being assured that it was our Mr. Johnson who had his legs broken, we could only feel that he was mighty careless to be walking on them, as we happened just then to see him coming across the campus. The reporter had failed to inquire into the apparently trivial detail of the man's given name. There are almost as many Johnsons as Browns and Smiths, and the broken legs were found on one of the other Johnsons.

Most gossip is not designedly damaging or malicious but is simply the careless output of undisciplined minds, not trained or accustomed to assuming responsibility for statements made. During war times when dangerous gossip of a sort to injure the credit of the nation or of its officials was especially alarming to thoughtful citizens, a society was formed for its suppression and the slogan of members was, "Where Did You Get Your Facts." How many erroneous tales which we have hastily accepted would have been rejected had we paused to ask that question. Try it on the next wonder tale or bit of damaging news which reaches you, dear associates.

GENERAL R. H. PRATT

(March 22, 1924.)

Press dispatches announce the death of General Richard Henry Pratt of Berkeley, California, on March 15, with the brief statement that he was the founder of the Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and was its superintendent for a period of twenty-five years.

To all who work among Indians, the passing of General Pratt is a matter of deepest interest. He was the father of the present Government Indian school system, having first taken a party of Indian prisoners of war to Hampton, Virginia, and later secured the establishment of the Carlisle school at the abandoned military post at that place.

For a quarter of a century General Pratt preached his slogan of "To civilize the Indian, get him into civilization; to keep him civilized, let him stay." In the advocacy of this principle the General was fearless and forceful to a remarkable degree. He always fought in the open, sparing neither friend nor foe and reckoning not at all the consequences to himself when opposed by men of prominence in political, social, or financial life.

General Pratt was an officer of colored troops during the Civil War and later began his regular army service as a second lieutenant. He was of splendid physique, over six feet in height, dignified and military in bearing and speech never in either stooping to small things or intrigue. He was kind and considerate with under-privileged races but always sane and helpful in his study of their needs. He had many friends among eastern philanthropists who in the earlier days contributed funds for his work, yet General Pratt never permitted such friends or such influences to induce him to "coddle" his Indian students.

Once since the writer came to Arizona, General Pratt paid a visit to Phoenix School. He was then over seventy-five years of age yet strong and virile in mind and body. He drove to Sacaton, Ft. McDowell and other nearby Indian reservations and in all ways showed the mental and physical alertness of the average healthy man of fifty. He had been retired several years previously as a brigadier general and was then living at La Jolla, California. He showed all his former interest in Indian welfare and was filled with plans and hopes for their betterment.

With all our quibbling over details, we have not gone far from the slogan of the founder of Carlisle Indian school in our study of methods for the amalgamation of the Indian into our social structure. The thousands of middle aged and mature Indian men and women who have profited by his strong courageous work might do themselves and him no greater honor than to erect over his tomb a rough hewn granite block on which should be carved, TO CIVILIZE THE INDIAN, GET HIM INTO CIVILIZATION—TO KEEP HIM CIVILIZED, LET HIM STAY.

A PLEA FOR THE PIMA

It has been the policy of the Native American to confine its discussions, particularly its editorial utterances, to matters more or less directly connected with the educational phases of our common Indian problems. The editor of this journal has always maintained that there was safety and a reasonable amount of pleasure in "minding one's own business." We have thus far particularly maintained a record along this line, we think, as applied to our near neighbors, the jurisdictions having to do with the Maricopa, Papago, and Pima Indians.

The thought now comes to us that possibly we have been a little too careful about this. The Phoenix School is teaching its boys how to irrigate land similar to that of our neighboring reservations and how to grow such vegetables, grapes, trees and crops as are suited to their soils and

ours. We have been compelled recently to see our graduates go home inspired by the teachings of our good associates on Phoenix School farm and garden, toil at leveling and preparing land for crops and then sit by the ditch waiting for the water that never came.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and when the Indian's heart is sick the light goes out of his eyes and the spring from his step. His patience has been greater than ours and greater than any virile race which we have known. He is soon to become a great asset or a serious liability in accordance with the answer we give to his plea for irrigation water.

No one outside the southwestern desert country can appreciate the value of water. We thought that we did appreciate it before coming to the Southwest but our nine years here have taught us that our previous appreciation was merely academic as compared with native denizens of the desert. Desert plants have learned to shed their leaves during the long dry periods and hang on to their frail footings in the dry earth until the rains come again. Desert animals dig their holes more deeply into the earth for moisture and coolness or make long journeys to the pools or streams not yet sunk beneath the sand. The primitive men, women, and children of the desert have learned by years of experience, to husband their slim resources. They store wheat a year ahead against possible drouth and they do not sell it to buy baubles or to go to circuses. They make the most of the water when it comes, even though some of their methods seem crude. They suffer silently and sometime slowly starve when the coming of the water is long delayed.

In the Papago country to the south of the Gila the only irrigation is by flooding their fields during and immediately following the rains. The Pima, however, from prehistoric times have drawn their water by dams and ditches directly from the Gila River. Their ancient systems are clearly marked on the surface of the sandy plains, much of the former irrigated area now having returned to the desert from lack of water. Rainfall is less in the lower altitudes of the Pima country than among the Papago.

The Pima are a home-building, home-loving, industrious, agricultural people. Given back the water that once was theirs, with their own hands and their own crude tools they would sustain themselves and add to the wealth of the Nation without a dollar of further Government aid. The construction of a storage dam on the upper waters of the Gila would give them this water which it now seems impossible to receive in any other way, and without taking any irrigation water from white settlers who acquired it in good faith.

No longer may we honestly say, "It can not be done." No longer can we say that good money paid out for irrigation systems is never repaid. The system of the Salt River Valley, costing ten million dollars, is meeting the payments regularly, will repay every dollar within the specified time, and after all construction charges are repaid will be self-sustaining from the sale of water power.

The land occupied by the Pima, without water and without hope of water for irrigation, is worth approximately nothing. The prospect of water or of an opportunity to buy water raises land values to \$25 and \$50 an acre, and when irrigation works are constructed which guarantee an adequate supply of "gravity" flow, the same land is conservatively worth \$150 an acre. There is about 40,000 acres of this land on the Pima reservation for which the proposed construction would provide water.

Apparently, friends of the Indians are aroused in this matter as never before, and we wish to assure those of our readers who do not have the first hand information, that this proposition is a practical one, urged in behalf of a deserving people whose past gives us every hope that expenditures made for them would not be wasted.

(Written 1924. The Coolidge Dam is now (1927) being constructed at an authorized cost of \$5,500,000.)

TABLE TALK

Do we wish in every way possible to promote harmony in our respective schools and the happiness of our fellow workers? Most of us do, and the two above propositions are very closely tied together. An unhappy worker is not an efficient worker, even with material things, and when our chief work is with that variable complex element, the human, the necessity for the radiation of cheerfulness is even more urgent. Be it known that the cheerfulness of that other one is just as important as our own in the general scheme of things and our own best day's work may be done by getting another into harmonious working order.

In institutional life one of the most effective means of securing harmony and individual cheerfulness is a well-conducted boarding club and one of the finest things about such a club is the practice which in some places prevails of treating one another as though they were company. When we have company we scintillate. We bring to our tables the latest good stories that we have read. We discuss the European war, the ball game, the latest fashions, Mark Twain's jumping frog story, college and school-day reminiscences. We commend the cooking even though we may have some lingering private doubts as to its being just up to the standard set by mother or by our favorite hostlery. We laugh at the jokes, quips and narratives, even though some of them have dropped from the spreading chestnut tree, because we know we soon are to bring out and put through their paces our own stories which are not so young as they used to be. When we have company we are glad for a time to be not teachers or farmers or mechanics, but just men and women.

In our childhood days we were sometimes, in fits of ill-nature, required to face a looking glass and invariably the frown gave way to a smile without great delay. There were no phonographs in those days but it is a "hundred to one shot" that could the voice and language which accompanied the facial expressions have been "canned" and reproduced for the child, the tones and sentiments would have shown a corresponding

amelioration. The best regulated family table is one where each member brings his best offering in the way of smiles, good nature, anecdote or news item and where criticism is reserved for a business session or family council. We have known tables at Indian school clubs where this practice prevailed and where a small fine was imposed upon any one who talked shop or criticised a fellow employee. At another table the ancient Roman sign of mercy, given by any member of the group, was effective. In the arena, as most of us have read, the spectators at the gladiatorial contests turned their thumbs up when the populace desired the victor to spare the life of the victim. There are many ways of reminding ourselves of the beautiful better way. The Golden Rule, if it should become an ever-present living exhortation, would do the business most effectively. On those rare occasions when we have the absent one at our mercy may we not learn to pause an instant before making the fatal verbal thrust and at that psychological moment will not some sympathetic soul give the signal—"Thumbs up!"

THE SAN CARLOS DAM (1926)

The morning papers of June 5 announced the passage by Congress of the San Carlos Bill. This provides a fund of \$5,500,000 with which to build a dam and main line canals for the irrigation of the lands of the Pima, on the Gila River. The dam is to be constructed in the Box Canyon near San Carlos Agency and the waters thus impounded will irrigate a total of 100,000 acres, the major portion of such lands being the allotments of Pima Indians under the Sacaton jurisdiction.

Since the writer came to Phoenix, over nine years ago, the water situation with the Pima has become more and more acute. The Gila River at Sacaton has grown cottonwoods in its main channel owing to the diversion of water by white settlers. Crops planted on faith in flood waters have parched and died, the Indian planter losing the seed which his family had sacrificed from its scanty food supply. This is not a sob story but the plain modest truth told by a friend of the Pima. The Pima himself merely takes up another hole in his belt and does not talk.

This little story, however, is a pean of victory. The San Carlos Bill passed and the Pima will have a permanent water supply for their fertile lands. Congratulatory telegrams are today passing from all over Arizona to our two senators and our one representative in Congress who have worked with vigor, wisdom and tireless energy for the passage of the bill. We said tireless because that is the usual term. We may guess more accurately that there have been days and nights of aching limbs and tired brains among these men on whom so much depended and who accomplished the "impossible" during the closing days of the session. The honor and love of the Pima and their friends should be and abide with Senators Ralph Cameron and Henry F. Ashurst and our own constant, sympathetic Congressman, Carl Hayden.

There will be no Sampson-Schley controversy as to who shall have the credit for the San Carlos Dam. There was one original and ceaseless booster from Florence, Arizona, Judge O. J. Baughn, for five years president of the "San Carlos Association" which he organized. He held annual celebrations at Florence and Casa Grande, and twice at Sacaton. At times the cause seemed hopeless and men went to these celebrations mostly because they liked the Judge, were sorry for his hallucinations and wanted some place to go anyway. Judge Baughn's optimism and persistence entitle him to a secure niche in the San Carlos "Hall of Fame."

Another name which must appear in large letters on the monument which the Pima will some day erect in honor of their friends, is that of Reverend Dirk Lay, militant missionary man of Sacaton, who so long has contended against the encroachment of the whites upon the water rights of the Pima and who since the introduction of the San Carlos Bill in the Senate has remained constantly in Washington, active, strong, and effective in his personal appeals and forceful public utterances. No man did better work with eastern friends of the Indian.

Now one more word and we shall leave the subject with the head line writers and the future historians. Out of the smoke of the Spanish-American War emerged heroes great and small, some of them somewhat singed by the flames of unseemly controversy. There also emerged the name and permanent fame of an obscure second lieutenant named Rowan. The man who carried the message to Garcia.

There is one man whose name has never been mentioned in press dispatches who furnished what proved to be the winning idea in putting across the proposition of the San Carlos Dam. The building of the dam had been urged for some years as a general reclamation project and was amply justified as such. About half of the lands to be benefited are owned by whites. The Indians were to benefit incidentally. It was assumed that politicians and statesmen would take more interest in the matter if the emphasis were placed on the development of arid lands for tax-paying citizens. There was one man who strongly held to another view. He said in a brief speech at the latest San Carlos celebration: "Let's make it an Indian bill. Let's put it squarely up to the American people on the plea of justice to the Pima. Let us enlist the efforts of civic organizations, women's clubs, welfare workers and friends of humanity. Let's go to it on the merits of the proposition as it affects the Pima Indians."

Rowan took the message to Garcia because he was a soldier in the regular army, whose duty it was to go where he was sent. The man who advocated the separate bill for the San Carlos Dam who secured the adoption of the plan and kept himself in the background while furnishing data to those

in charge of the bill did his work, too, in the line of duty as a servant of the Government and of the Pima. This modest, efficient hero of the San Carlos proposition is Superintendent A. F. Duclos, of Pima Reservation at Sacaton.

SLOPONTHEPANTS

Phoenix School for some years has bred registered Holstein cattle, Hampshire sheep, and Duroc hogs. In doing this we correspond with the secretaries of the several recording associations. Once a year these organizations hold elections for directors and the directors in turn elect a president, secretary, treasurer, and other executives. The executives organize a clerical force, collect fees for registration and expend funds for salaries, expenses, and in advertising the advantages of their particular breed of livestock. Intense rivalry exists between the organizations representing Jersey vs. Holsteins, Rambouilets vs. Hampshire, and Poland China vs. Durocs. The overheaders profit in proportion to the popularity of the breed. When hogs are high priced, improved breeding stock is in demand, applications for registration pour into headquarters and the cash register clicks merrily. The secretary has his salary increased and puts on more clerks. When bacon slumps revenues at the main office are reduced and clerks are dropped. The association takes up a hole in its belt and lives on accumulated fat.

When money comes in too rapidly and too easily the receiver grows careless in its expenditures and at times officials far from their employees are tempted beyond their strength. Some organize companies on the side and sell supplies to the members of the association or employ relatives at comfortable rates of pay. These abuses are likely to creep into any organization whose members are widely scattered and where few can attend business meetings.

Within the past two years two of the three associations in which Phoenix School is interested have had unseemly quarrels and contentions within their households. These quarrels are echoed to this remote point by the medium of letters requesting proxies for coming elections and setting forth the sins of the opposing factions.

Most recently war broke out within our esteemed Duroc Association and in the literature sent us by a secretary who would oust a treasurer and a treasurer who fain would give a permanent vacation to the secretary. In urging that practical sure enough hog raisers be placed in control a term was used that was new to our agricultural vocabulary but which brought back visions of the dear dead days beyond recall, down on the farm. One candidate for perferment and retention in office declared himself to be a real "slop on the pants" hog man.

We were not sufficiently informed to commit our unit of the Government service in favor of either party but understand that the first user of the term lost the election. Just what secret information the successful

one handed out as to his own more potent qualification, habiliments of aroma, we do not know. We are informed by the "ins" that the "outs" were ousted and that such abuses as had crept into the organization are to be corrected. We hope so.

Now finally, may we suggest that there is much of "bunk" in the "dirty farmer" sort of propaganda when men are candidates for office or position. A bookkeeper or a clerk is not necessarily less efficient because his hands are clean and the secretary of a Duroc association may do his work well and yet change his clothing when passing from the pen to the office. We should continue to honor the man whose clothing and hands are soiled by the clean dirt of honest toil but we are in danger of being imposed upon by some individuals who make these cheap attempts to play upon the supposed prejudices of farmers and their friends.

FIRE DRILLS

Drill as though it were a real fire. Practice anything as though it were real. Feel as though if we were a minute late we were to lose a thousand dollars or a human life. Know where you are going and go hard. Take it seriously. Hurry!

Use it for fire or fire drills only. This means me. It means me no matter how badly I need the pail, the ax, the ladder, or the hose. It means never use it for anything but fire and "never" means at no time however short. It means that your intending to return it soon does not explain.

That these suggestions are not unnecessarily arbitrary nor unusual, may be known that they are in force all over the world where a fire department has any efficiency.

Do not loaf about or lean up against the fire station. You might see something bright and want it. When the gong sounds the fire boys will need all the apparatus.

SORGHUM

The discussion of sorghum should not be hastily passed over nor confined to grain sorghums or other provender for the proper propagation of pigs. The word sorghum carries us back to the days of our youth when Uncle Billy Walker with his wooden mill propelled by a one-eyed mule squeezed the juice from the cane stalks and "biled down" the effluent in a home-made evaporator. Sorghum was the "spread" applied to the slices of bread carried for luncheon by pioneer children all over the new countries of a generation since when attending district schools and before the jam and sauces were provided by the growth of fruits or the advent of railroad. No dollar available, it was a mixture of wheat bran and sorghum molasses with their canned products.

In "grasshopper time," when coffee was three pounds for a dollar, and that served as a substitute which was the progenitor of Postum Cereal. Sorghum is the only really fit sweetening for Boston baked beans or for the coloration and sacharization of gingerbread.

We join heartily in the desires to improve the "grain sorghums" but cannot refrain from reminding our readers that boyhood will be a dreary period in the life of the race when we think of sorghum only as food for the birds of the air and the beasts of the field.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

June first, 1894, the writer disembarked from a Southbound Santa Fe train at Ponca Station, Oklahoma, and waded through the tall grass to the waiting buggy of the "Major," for the Ponca, Pawnee and Otoe Indians. The Major wore gloves and chin-whiskers, drove a spanking team of bays and impressed us at once as a man of consequence in his home county, as well as the dominating influence of the reservation. The Major's advice during the three mile drive to his office was that a new appointee should not talk too much. The advice was good and still is good yet was found to apply chiefly to the new Civil Service employees who would see things systems and methods which he did not understand.

There were under that jurisdiction at that time approximately seventy-five employees, about fifteen of whom were under Civil Service rules. The remaining superior sixty came from one county of a single State. There was a distinct stratification or classification of employee, social and official, and the upper stratum was not composed of the Civil Service people. In those days the "Major" was the whole works, and it was amusing to see him receive an introduction to the commanding officer of a near by military post, who was a mere captain.

When vacancies occurred in the industrial force twenty-five years ago, the superintendent of the reservation school would be instructed to meet the new man at the train. The superintendent would not know the man's name but would know where he was from. When the water pipes froze up, when the superintendent's back grew tired digging them out and he looked about for the industrial employees supposed to be helping him, he knew with reasonable certainty that he might find them at the agent's office, their feet on the Major's desk smoking the cigars left by the cattlemen. He could not be at all sure, however, that he could induce the men to return to the somewhat plebeian task nor that he would not later be taken to task officially for "lacking proper tact and force in the handling of employees."

Twenty-five years ago we took no account of dormitory space allotted to pupils, placed beds as close together as they could stand, closed down windows on cold nights and took into the schools any diseased child so long as he could walk. There were no hospitals or sanatoria outside the few non-reservation schools. There were small sick rooms in most boarding schools where teachers and other employees were detailed to "sit up" with children who were seriously ill.

There were conventions in these early days with really live issues before them. Dr. W. N. Hailmann was general superintendent of Indian schools. He represented a distinct forward movement and embodied the opposi-

tion to the spoils system as applied to schools. The improvement in the schools or the abolishment of partisan control was greatly forwarded by this great educator. Dr. Hailmann introduced modern primary methods of teaching, including the kindergarten. Not much is left of the kindergarten introduced by Doctor and Mrs. Hailmann, but many of the kindergartners became the wives of superintendents and thus have continued to benefit the schools.

A quarter of a century ago about the only chance a school man had was to be under one of the few remaining army officers who were detailed as Indian agents. Some of these known to the writer fell far short of the desired standard as moral examples to students and employees, according to common report, but they usually had few political axes to grind and would sustain a school superintendent in the control of subordinate employees so long as it did not interfere with the personal pleasure and perquisites of the agent.

Twenty-five years ago it was not a necessary preliminary to the appointment of a farmer that he had ever farmed, but he must have voted right and be able to laugh at the Major's jokes.

In the collection of pupils for nonreservation schools, representatives from the different large schools competed, schemed and tricked one another, covertly bribed pupils and reservation employees and used arguments that should shame a ten-year-old pupil. One would offer a long ride on the cars, and the other would urge that his school required only a short ride and in most cases the child was taught accurately enough, that his going to the nonreservation school was a favor to the big school and the employees instead of an opportunity for the child.

One of the greatest improvements made in our Service since the writer's connection with it has been in the quality of supplies and equipment. Who of the old timers does not remember the flimsy calico and the slim legged jeans pants, the musty flour and wormy prunes, and the hard, pegged plow shoes, which passed out of our Service a generation ago?

Truly the world has moved, and not backward. We live in a little world of our own, our Indian Service circle. In it we have met splendid men and women whom we have tested by the severe gauge of close continuous contact. We have formed friendships worth more than the salaries drawn. In the uphill climb toward better methods and better results, we shall be grateful if in the esteem of these friends we may have pushed a little and not merely ridden in the wagon.



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THE Indian will become an asset or a liability, as we cultivate or fail to cultivate his body, mind and soul with a view to fitting him for an honorable place in our social and economic structure. The purpose of this school is to introduce Indian youth to the opportunities and responsibilities of civilization and to acquaint his Caucasian brother with the sterling qualities of the native American.