

# AMERICAN INDIAN DAY



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

**W**HEN the legislature of the state of Illinois in 1919 designated the fourth Friday in September as American Indian day and the governor of Illinois on July 23 of that year approved the measure, establishing the day as a state holiday, it was the first official step taken toward paying a just tribute to a race which has greatly enriched our national heritage.

Since that time the event has been observed annually in Illinois and the idea of American Indian day has spread to other states. Although it has not yet become established either as a holiday or a day for general observance throughout the country, it is sufficiently well known to remind Americans of the present day of honor due to the "original Americans" and, on American Indian day, there may pass before us a pageant of those individuals who played a part in making the history of this nation and who richly deserve to be remembered for what they were or what they did.

"The mark of our contact with the Indian is upon us indelibly and forever," writes Norman B. Wood in his "Lives of Famous Indian Chiefs." He has not only impressed himself upon our geography, but on our character, language and literature. Bancroft, our greatest historian, is not quite right when he says, "The memorials of their former existence are found only in the names of rivers and mountains." These memorials have not only permeated our poetry and other literature, but they are perpetuated in much of the food we eat, and every mention of potatoes, chocolate, cocoa, mush, green corn, succotash, hominy and the festive turkey is a tribute to the redman, while the fragrance of the tobacco or Indian weed we smoke is incense to their memory.

On one occasion, according to Aesop, a man and a lion got into an argument as to which of the two was the stronger, and, thus contending, they walked together until they came to a statue representing a man choking and subduing a lion. "There," exclaimed the man, "that proves my point, and demonstrates that a man is stronger than a lion." To which the king of beasts replied, "When the lions get to be sculptors, they will have the lion choking and overcoming the man."

"The Indians are neither sculptors, painters nor historians. The only record we have of many of their noblest chiefs, greatest deeds, hardest-fought battles, or sublimest flights of eloquence, are the poor, fragmentary accounts recorded and handed down by their implacable enemies, the all-conquering whites."

If ever an Indian painter, sculptor or historian rises to tell the full story of the achievements of men and women of his race through the medium of expression which he chooses, what a magnificent record he can set down! In it will be the story of such patriots as King Philip of the Wampanoags, Pontiac of the Ottawas, Tecumseh of the Shawnees, Black Hawk of the Sauk and Foxes, Osceola of the Seminoles, Sitting Bull of the Sioux, Captain Jack of the Modocs and Standing Bear of the Poncas. In it will be the story of such great captains as Cornstalk of the Shawnees, Little Turtle of the Miamis, Red Cloud, Crazy Horse and Gall of the Sioux, Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, and Dull Knife and Little Wolf of the Cheyennes. As for orators, he can set forth the names of Logan of the Cayugas, Red Jacket of the Senecas, Sataunta of the Kiowas, and Running Antelope of the Sioux and be sure that they will compare favorably with those of any other race of men.

The speech of one of them has become immortal. For it was Logan who sent this message to Lord Dunmore of Virginia:

"I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man, Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

Although Sitting Bull of the Sioux is better known as a warrior and medicine man than as an orator, on one occasion he made a speech to his people in which he voiced a protest against oppression and a plea for human rights that deserves to be placed beside Patrick Henry's immortal "Give me liberty or give me death!" It was before a council of the Sioux held on the Powder river that Sitting Bull stood before his people and said:

"Behold, my friends, the spring is come; the earth has gladly received the embraces of the

1.—Sitting Bull, the great Indian patriot and medicine man of the Sioux, who is the subject of one of the important biographies of the year.

2.—A modern miss gets instruction in an ancient art. No Water and Young Skunk, two old Sioux warriors, show Miss Ellen Gunderson the correct way to use a bow and arrow.

3.—A procession to the medicine lodge on the Blackfeet reservation, Glacier National park in Montana. Few of the present-day Indians practice their ancient customs for other than commercial purposes. The Blackfeet Indians, however, still cling to many of their old customs, among them the ceremonies of the medicine lodge.

4.—A survivor of aboriginal days looks at a modern invention. No Flesh (left), ninety-one-year-old Sioux warrior, holds a cigarette lighter with which he has just lighted the pipe of Eagle Thunder (right).

sun, and we shall soon see the results of their love! Every seed is awakened, and all animal life. It is through this mysterious power that we, too, have our being, and we therefore yield to our neighbors, even to our animal neighbors, the same right as ourselves to inhabit this vast land.

"Yet hear me, friends! we have now to deal with another people, small and feeble when our forefathers first met with them, but now great and overbearing. Strangely enough, they have a mind to till the soil, and the love of possession is a disease in them. These people have many rules that the rich may break, but the poor may not! They have a religion in which the poor worship, but the rich will not!

"This nation is like a spring freshet; it overruns its banks and destroys all who are in its path. We cannot dwell side by side. Only seven years ago we made a treaty by which we were assured that the buffalo country should be left to us forever. Now they threaten to take that from us also. My brothers, shall we submit or shall we say to them: 'First kill me, before you can take possession of my fatherland!'"

A similar patriotic declaration, made under even more dramatic circumstances, should preserve the name of Chief Dull Knife of the Cheyennes imperishably in our history. After the surrender of Dull Knife and his people during the Sioux and Cheyenne war of 1876-77, they were sent to Indian Territory to live. The Cheyennes were mountain Indians, accustomed to the clear, pure air of the high altitudes, and in the lowlands of the south they rapidly sickened and died until two-thirds of their number had perished. Again and again Dull Knife appealed to the government for permission to

return to their old home in the north, but his appeal was all in vain.

Finally in desperation Dull Knife and Little Wolf, the junior war chief, resolved to leave their hated reservation. In the fall of 1878 they started north and although six lines of military barrier were thrown out to stop them, they cut their way through three of these lines before Dull Knife and a part of the Cheyennes were captured in Nebraska. They were taken to Fort Robinson, disarmed and imprisoned in an old barracks.

Army officers, acting under instructions from Washington, informed them that they must be returned to Indian Territory. Then, in the words of an eye-witness:

"The old Cheyenne war chief, Dull Knife, stepped slowly to the center of the circle, a grim, lean figure.

"Never when riding at the head of hundreds of his wild warriors, clad in the purple of his race—leggings of golden yellow buckskin, heavily beaded, blanket of dark blue broadcloth, war bonnet of eagles' feathers that trailed behind him on the ground, necklace of bears' claws, the spoils of many a deadly tussle—never in his life did Dull Knife look more a chieftain than there in his captivity and rags. He said:

"All we ask is to be allowed to live, and to live in peace. I seek no war with anyone. An old man, my fighting days are done. We bowed to the will of the Great Father and went far into the south where he told us to go. There we found a hyena cannot live. Sickness came among us that made mourning in every lodge. Then the treaty promises were broken, and our rations were short. Those not worn by disease were wasted by hunger. To stay there meant that all of us would die. Our petitions to the Great Father were unheeded. We thought it better to die fighting to regain our old homes than to perish of sickness. Then our march was begun. The rest you know.

"Tell the Great Father Dull Knife and his people ask only to end their days here in the north where we were born. Tell him we want no more war. We cannot live in the south; there is no game. Here, when rations are short, we cannot hunt. Tell him if he lets us stay here Dull Knife's people will hurt no one. TELL HIM IF HE TRIES TO SEND US BACK WE WILL BUTCHER EACH OTHER WITH OUR OWN KNIVES. I HAVE SPOKEN!"

Die fighting some of them did a few days later. But others escaped to their friends the Sioux, where they were allowed to remain. Among them was Chief Dull Knife and it is a pleasure to record the fact that eventually he did return to the land he loved so well and fought so hard to regain and there he spent the end of his days.

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## John Smith

By JANE OSBORN

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AT THE informal little dance in the club house that night Madge Upton was fully aware that a certain rather nice looking young man, apparently a stranger, was trying to get up enough courage to ask her for a dance. Madge was rather pleased to notice that he did not dance, though it would have been easy enough for him to introduce himself to some of the other men who would present him to more girls than he could possibly dance with. Madge watched him as she danced with the other men. And then she saw him walking toward the door that led out of the club house she said to the very young man with whom she was dancing:

"Oh, please excuse me, just a minute. There goes Mr. Smith, I want to speak to him before he goes."

The very young man released his timorous hold of Madge's slender waist and she danced her way between swaying couples to the young man in question.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, I want to speak to you. You are Mr. Smith, aren't you?"

Much to her surprise the young man said he was. She had intended to say that an aunt by marriage, she didn't want to make the connection too close, had told her that a certain young man named John Smith was going to stop at the hotel and would go over to the club house and had asked her to look for him. She had expected the young man would say that his name was not Smith but that he wished it were, and then she would say she was so sorry she had made the mistake—and he would say he was glad she had, and then she would smile and he would ask her to dance—and after that they would be as well acquainted as if he really were named Smith and her aunt had really asked her to look out for him.

"I have been wondering if you weren't the girl," said Mr. Smith. "You see my aunt said she had heard your aunt speak of you and that you were here and your aunt said she would speak to you about me. My name is John—John Smith."

"And mine is Madge Upton—"

"May I have this dance—or what there is left of it?" he said.

Madge was spending the summer holidays with a married sister who had a cottage at the summer resort not far from the hotel where John Smith was staying, and it was quite natural that thereafter Madge and John should spend much time together—natural for John since he was a stranger and natural for Madge since his only serious competitor for Madge's society was the eighteen-year-old Walter.

There were wonderful mornings spent together in the surf, afternoons sailing in Madge's catboat on the bay—evenings dancing together at the club house. Madge introduced John Smith to some of the other girls, but always with a "keep your hands off my property" sort of way, and she never planned any parties where John might get acquainted with them.

Incidentally John fell in love with Madge. He had come to the Marden hotel merely as a resting place in his trip by motor to a spot some two hundred miles further along the shore, where he intended to spend his three weeks of vacation. After he had dined he had strolled over to the club house, when the clerk at the hotel had told him that guests there had the privilege. He hadn't intended to stay, but sight of Madge made him linger.

Then one day—three days before the end of his vacation—he felt that the time had come to tell Madge that he loved her. He was somewhat troubled as he faced the ordeal.

They were sitting on the beach under the protection of Madge's enormous beach parasol which shielded them from the gaze of chance passers-by. Really a very appropriate—if not entirely original—setting for the important declaration.

Reversing the order of procedure that he had planned John Smith first told Madge that he loved her—and asked her to marry him. He was then ready for his confession—but Madge got ahead of him with hers. "I did a perfectly dreadful thing," she said. "I wanted to know you so much that I made up about my aunt—I've never mentioned her since for fear you would find out I had deceived you. It just happened that I hit the right name—but then Smith is not unusual."

"Still it is not my real name," said her companion. "As a matter of fact my name is Archibald Pepperell—I said I was John Smith for fear—" but the erstwhile John did not finish.

"Not Archibald Pepperell. You don't mean that you are the nephew of Mrs. Gordon Burke—"

"The same Archibald," he said.

"And Mrs. Burke is my aunt's very best friend—I've heard a lot about you—and all the time we have been both bluffing we might have been properly introduced."

"Then maybe you'll forgive me," suggested Archibald. "Maybe you'll marry me after all."

"Well, of course," said Madge. "I was rather counting on being Mrs. John Smith for life—not so easy to say Mrs. Archibald Pepperell, I'd always have to spell it out when I have things sent, still—"

But Madge got no further with her objections.

## Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim



Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food.

It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach. It builds up and strengthens weak, puny, underweight children, makes them eat heartily, brings the roses back to their cheeks, makes them playful, energetic, full of life. And no bilious, headachy, constipated, feverish, fretful baby or child ever failed to respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup on their little bowels. It starts lazy bowels quick, cleans them out thoroughly, tones and strengthens them so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

"Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 119 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas, says: 'California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it. I have proved that with my little Dorothy. She was a bottle baby and very delicate. Her bowels were weak. I started her on Fig Syrup when she was a few months old and it regulated her, quick. I have used it with her ever since for colds and every little set-back and her wonderful condition tells better than words how it helps.'

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, 'California' so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

### Beet Sugar

The first factory for the manufacture of sugar from beets was erected by Edward Lee Church at Northampton, Mass., in 1838, and the following year it produced 1,300 pounds of sugar. A few other factories followed, but all were failures. In 1870, E. H. Dyer erected at Alvarado, Calif., a factory which became successful in 1879 and marked the beginning of the modern sugar-making from sugar beets.

### Odd Postage Stamps

In the main hall of the South Kensington museum, London, is to be seen one of the most remarkable collections of postage stamps in the world. Every one of the hundreds of specimens displayed portrays some member of the animal kingdom in its native haunts. For the most part they are typical of the countries from whence they come.

### Ralph Waldo Emerson's View

Ralph Waldo Emerson, "the wisest of Americans," mentions the name of Shakespeare twice as frequently in his writings as he does that of his next favorite, Goethe. He is reported to have said, "I am always happy to meet persons who perceive the transcendent superiority of Shakespeare over all other writers."

### Hamlet's Sanity

Whether or not Hamlet was insane is a question which has disturbed critics for 300 years. It is interesting to know that most of the profound thinkers who have given the question deep consideration regard Hamlet as sane. It would seem that if Hamlet was insane there is no point in the drama.—Washington Star.

### Bird Sheep Herder

The yakamk, a species of crane, is used by the natives of Venezuela, South America, in the place of shepherd dogs, for guarding and herding flocks of sheep. However far the yakamk may wander with the flocks, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures entrusted to its care.

### Best Things Are Nearest

The best things are nearest: breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.—R. L. Stevenson.

### Man's Supremacy

Scientists tell us that what has lifted man above the brute creation with which he has so much in common is the fact that he can touch each of his fingers with his thumb! No other living thing can do that. Try experiments with your own hand, and see what a difference it would make if you could not do this simple-sounding act.

### Glaciers Disappear

The evidence indicates that hundreds of small glaciers have disappeared altogether during the last half century. The first "living glacier" discovered by John Muir in 1871 in the Sierra Nevada now has ceased to exist, it is reported.

### British Pun

"A new hat is like wine to a woman," said a magnate the other day. It goes to her head very quickly.—London Humorist.