

The Noble Red Man— Old and New Styles



TYPES OF EARLY AMERICANS. Painting by Carl Dodmer. From the "Pageant of America" Yale University Press.



A BLACKFOOT TEEPEE Underwood

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

WHEN the Illinois legislature in 1919 designated the fourth Friday in September as American Indian day and the governor of Illinois on July 28 of that year approved the measure, establishing the day as a state holiday, a decidedly forward step was taken in paying a just tribute to a race which has greatly enriched our national traditions.

The first celebration of American Indian day in Illinois, which brought together representatives from 14 tribes, saw also the first meeting of the Indian Fellowship league, an association fostered by various civic and patriotic organizations in Chicago. The purpose of the league was the promotion of more cordial relations and a better understanding between the two races by bringing to the attention of the whites the many accomplishments of the Indian and by giving the Indian a better idea of American life as he must live it in order to become an effective citizen.

Since this first celebration seven years ago, 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 as a general holiday, it is indicative of an increasing interest in the Indian and that interest has been added to by various large gatherings of red men from time to time in recent years which have attracted national attention. Notable among these have been the big reunion held in Tulsa, Okla., in 1924, under the auspices of the Society of Oklahoma Indians, which was attended by more than 10,000 members of 181 tribes in the United States, Canada and Mexico; the meeting of the first national Indian congress at Spokane, Wash., in 1925, where 30 tribes were represented; and the big pow-wow at Lawrence, Kan., last year when Indians from all parts of the country gathered for the dedication of a new stadium at Haskell Indian Institute.

Dr. Hubert Work, secretary of the interior, who was the principal speaker at the Haskell dedication, declared that the event was a forecast of further development of Indian progress. He pointed out the fact that the stadium project, which was financed entirely by Indians, especially the older Indians, was the first united effort of the red race to advance in modern sports. Since one of the greatest battles in the educational campaign among the Indians has been against ill health and disease, he looked upon the fact that the Indian realized the wisdom of providing for physical education as significant of even greater progress to be made by the red race in the coming years.

While at all of these gatherings there were enough councils and ceremonials, barbecues and native games, native songs and dances, tepees and tribal costumes to be reminiscent of the old days when the Indian ruled the continent, yet the striking fact about these meetings was that they were dominated by a new style of "noble red man" and that the underlying purpose of all was for the representatives of the various tribes to confer on how the Indian shall meet the problems of modern life when, as a part of the citizenship of the United States, is confronted with them. In the old days the Indians' leaders led them in ways of war; in these days they are leading their brethren in ways of peace.

Perhaps no more striking contrast between the "noble red man" of old style and new style, can be shown than in the case of two Indians whose portraits appear above. One of them is Kicking Bear of the Miniconjou Teton Sioux, a typical



BOARD OF INDIAN COMMISSIONERS



FRANCIS LA FLESCHIE Photo by Underwood

war leader of the old days, and the other is Francis Le Flesche of the Omaha tribe, who was recently given the honorary degree of doctor of letters from the University of Nebraska.

Kicking Bear (Mato-Bear; Wanartaka-Kicking), born in a Sioux tepee somewhere in the Dakotas, fought with his people, the Miniconjou Sioux, against the white man in the early Plains wars and was among those whom the campaigning of Gen. Nelson A. Miles drove across the Canadian border in the Sioux war of 1876-77 after the Custer battle. In 1879 Kicking Bear returned to the United States and surrendered to Miles, and he and his people were placed on the Cheyenne river reservation in South Dakota.

Late in the eighties an Indian fanatic in Nevada, named Wovoka or Jack Wilson, began preaching the coming of an Indian Messiah, who was to wipe out the white race and restore the land to the Indians. Delegations from various tribes visited him and were taught the ghost dance. In 1890 the ghost dance religion had spread to the Sioux and Short Bull of the Brules and Kicking Bear became its high priest. When some of the agents for the Sioux lost control of their charges during this religious excitement, troops were ordered into the country and the so-called "ghost dance war," the high-lights of which were the killing of Sitting Bull and the Wounded Knee tragedy, followed.

Upon the arrival of the troops some of the Sioux stampeded to the Bad Lands and defied the soldiers, and Kicking Bear was the principal leader of these hostiles just as he had been the leader in the ghost dance. Eventually, however, the hostiles were overawed by the number of troops in the field and were forced to come in to the agency and surrender to General Miles, who was in charge of the military. Kicking Bear and Short Bull with several others were held as hostages for the good conduct of the Sioux and later sent to Fort Sheridan, Ill., as prisoners of war. So Kicking Bull goes down in history as the principal leader in the last gesture of defiance against the white man made by one of the old-time type of Sioux war leaders.

Francis La Flesche, also was born in an Indian tepee on the plains of Nebraska. He was the son of Estamaza, head chief of the Omahas, and although as a boy of fifteen he was riding to the buffalo hunts with his people and living an aboriginal life, even though it was spent on the reservation of the Omahas, his footsteps were turned in the paths of peace. He attended a Presbyterian mission school on the reservation and there laid the foundation of his later education. In 1878-79 he accompanied the Ponca chief, Standing Bear, on his eastern tour and interpreted his presentation of the wrongs his people had suffered in the removal from their homes in South Dakota. During an investigation of the Ponca removal by a committee of the senate, La

Flesche served again as interpreter and attracted the attention of the chairman, Senator Kirkwood of Iowa, by the impartial manner in which he performed his work.

When Senator Kirkwood became secretary of the interior in 1881 he called La Flesche to Washington and gave him a position in the office of Indian affairs, a position which he held for more than thirty years. During this time he continued with his education and in 1893 was graduated from the National university law school. He also became interested in the study of the history, religion and folklore of his tribe, the Omahas, and collected a great amount of material on the subject which was published by the bureau of American ethnology of the Smithsonian institution. He has made ethnological collections for a number of institutions of learning and is a member of several learned societies.

It is such Indians as Francis La Flesche who are the "noble red men," new style. Others of his kind are Dr. Charles A. Eastman of the Sioux, a doctor, author and lecturer; the late Dr. Carlos Montezuma of the Apaches, another physician, writer and lecturer; Rev. Joseph K. Griffs (Chief Tahah) of the Kiowas, a minister and author; Dr. Sherman Coolidge of the Arapahoes, who holds a high position in the Episcopal church; Chauncey Yellow Robe of the Sioux, who recently initiated President Coolidge into his tribe and who is head of an Indian school at Rapid City, S. D.; Chief Red Fox (Skitahushu) of the Blackfeet; Thomas L. Sloan of the Omahas and a host of others, all of whom have risen high in their respective professions. Most of them have been actively engaged in the fight waged for citizenship for their people and they have seen their efforts rewarded in recent years.

The struggle for citizenship has been a long one. As far back as 1817 provision was made in a treaty with the Cherokees by which any member of the tribe who desired might become a citizen of the United States. The United States Supreme court ruled that the Fourteenth amendment to the Constitution did not confer upon the Indian, by severing his tribal relations, the right to become a citizen. No general law provided a means for citizenship of all Indians until 1887 when congress passed the general allotment act, which provided for the allotment of lands in severalty and declared all Indians born within its limits who shall have complied with certain conditions, to be citizens of the United States. The broad citizenship provisions of this act were modified by congress when on May 8, 1908, it passed the Burke act. Since the enactment of this law the issuance of a fee simple patent has been the primary legal requirement for citizenship of Indians.

It rests with congress to determine when and how the tribal relation may be dissolved and the guardianship brought to an end and whether the emancipation shall at first be complete or only partial. The Supreme court of the United States has stated that "citizenship is not incompatible with tribal existence or continued guardianship, and so may be conferred without completely emancipating the Indians or placing them beyond the reach of congressional regulations adopted for their protection."

The progress of the Indian in modern times has been greatly aided by the United States board of Indian commissioners, first organized in 1869 under a law which provided for the appointment by the President of ten "men eminent for their intelligence and philanthropy to serve without pecuniary compensation." The present board is composed of George Vaux, Jr., Philadelphia, chairman; Warren K. Moorehead, Andover, Mass.; Samuel A. Elliot, Boston; Frank Knox, Manchester, N. H.; Daniel Smiley, Mohonk Lake, N. Y.; Hugh L. Scott, Princeton, N. J.; Clement S. Ucker, Savannah, Ga.; Flora Warren Seymour, Chicago; John J. Sullivan, Philadelphia; Malcolm McDowell, Washington, secretary; and Earl Y. Henderson, assistant secretary. In the photograph above are shown (left to right) Samuel A. Elliot, Cambridge, Mass.; Gen. Hugh L. Scott, Princeton, N. J.; the late E. E. Ayer, Chicago; Mrs. Flora Warren Seymour, Chicago; Malcolm McDowell, secretary of the board, Washington, D. C. and Daniel Smiley, Mohonk Lake, N. Y.

THE LOVE SONG OF THE BELLS

(By D. J. Walsh.)

WE WERE sitting on the front porch of our Fayette street home talking over the events of the day. Dinner was over, dishes were washed and cares of the day were gone. Everything seemed as usual, with perhaps the exception of a peculiar silence on the part of Russ. He seemed expectantly quiet. I watched him in a puzzled way. Suddenly, as if from a dream, Russ moved and spoke. His voice was strange, peculiar to the domestic atmosphere of the group.

"In just two minutes you will hear it." The words were a murmur.

"Hear what?" I asked amazed at his sudden seriousness.

"A romance."

"A romance? Russ, are you crazy?"

"In just two minutes you will hear a romance, or what I believe to be a romance."

The words were sincere. Dad looked at mother with a troubled glance. I wondered what had come over the boy and yet I said nothing.

The following two minutes seemed as ages. The tenseness of Russ' mood, his strange voice and his strange words had affected all. At the end of the period the silence was relieved by the stroke of the chiming in the city hall many blocks away.

At the first stroke of the bells Russ put his finger to his lips to urge greater silence, although the stillness was already excruciating.

One, two, three and on to seven the chiming struck—and nothing happened. I started to breathe again.

"Aw, shucks! It's nothing but the chiming," I muttered somewhat disappointed, although I had really expected nothing.

"Sh—listen," warned Russ.

And then we heard it, the most amazing and awe-inspiring thing we had ever experienced.

Intermingled with the dying echoes of the chiming were the last bars of the old, "I Love You Truly." The notes could not be mistaken. They were low but audible and distinct, and with the fading echo of the bells were a thing of beauty. We gasped and for a long time no one spoke.

Finally dad recovered and attempted to break the situation with a try at humor.

"Just some shell tapping out a love song to his sweet Sheba," he offered with a hoarse laugh.

But his suggestion fell flat. It was not in keeping with the strange mood that the music had created.

"What do you make of it? When did you discover it?" I asked.

"Just a few nights ago. I heard the melody accidentally while attempting to weave a rhyme into the notes of the bells. I thought at first that it was idle fancy, but I find that the same music may be heard every evening at exactly the same time."

"Probably somebody sending a love song, as dad says," I conjectured.

"But you haven't witnessed the strange part of it yet," Russ said. "That music cannot be heard any place but here."

Of course we did not think that possible, but upon investigation the next evening we found that Russ was right. The music was heard on the front porch, but inaudible at the home of a friend less than a block away. Russ decided to investigate and the next evening hid himself in the town hall tower.

We were sitting on the porch waiting for the chiming that evening and were not disappointed. They were clear and unmistakable as before. Anxiously we awaited the explanation that Russ had promised to bring to us. A few minutes later he arrived, his face bore an expression of radiant peace. He seemed happy, though older.

"Well, who is the bird sending love songs to his best girl?" asked dad.

"Yes, or who is the guy that got gummed up the mechanism until it imitates Paderewski?" I added.

"Folks, it's a romance," Russ explained. "A beautiful little romance that has been going on under the very eyes of thousands for more than twenty years."

We were visibly affected as Russ continued.

"You remember the gray-haired old night watchman at the town hall? Just Frank, I believe they call him. Well, he has been climbing that tower to wind his clocks every night exactly at the stroke of seven. And in the overtones of the bells he taps out that little tune to let his little old mate at home know 'that he has climbed safely to the tower. She is an invalid, and each evening she waits patiently for news of her loved one's dangerous climb. Not until she is certain he is safe will she turn to her rest."

Every one remembered Frank. All that knew him loved him. He was the friend of every boy in the town. He was an ideal character for such a beautiful romance.

"But," I asked, "why is it that the music cannot be heard farther down the street?"

"Because it is overtone," explained Russ. "Overtone is the disturbance of fading sound vibration and can only be heard when the vibrations reach a certain speed. For that reason they can only be heard exactly the right distance from the source. The little old watchman taps those notes to be heard at his little home, which is exactly the same distance from the tower as we are."

The explanation was accepted. Each evening we sat on the porch waiting for the love song. We would never leave for an appointment until we had been cheered by the strains. They seemed to become a part of us and no one cared to admit how much we depended upon the music.

And one night in September we failed to hear it. We looked at each other in surprise. No one spoke for a while. Then, to camouflage his real feelings, dad asked:

"I wonder who scared the old beaver out of the tower?"

"Perhaps the old lady has wrapped a frying pan around his head."

"Maybe he's fallen and broken his neck."

"Wonder what she'll think when she doesn't hear it?"

Many were the conjectures as to the cause of the music's failure. None of them satisfied us, however, and the next evening Russ returned with an explanation.

"She is ill," he said, "and he is at her bedside."

Mother prepared a basket of food, and with a suitable vase of flowers Russ and I visited the home of the little old couple. The smiles of appreciation we received were a great reward for our visit.

A few days later we were overjoyed to hear the melody once more. The same old tune as clear and audible as before. Each evening we heard the strains as usual until one night in late December.

It had been a dreary day. The sky was overcast and the fall of darkness sent us indoors earlier than usual. But at seven we appeared on the porch in overcoats awaiting the cheerful chiming, although the stillness was already excruciating. But at the first note we dropped our heads. I looked at mother and saw a tear creep into her eye. I turned toward the wall to hide my own.

Slowly and sobbingly, as if a wall of a thousand heartaches, the music came. But the "I Love You Truly" was lost in strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

We understood. Flowers were sent to the little old lady's funeral as a token of the greatest and purest love we had ever known.

We did not expect to hear the chiming after that, although we subconsciously listened in vain. It was the following spring that I was visiting at the home of a friend in the suburbs of the city. We were sitting on the porch as the chiming in the distance began to toll the hours and I listened as if by habit.

I was amazed as well as overjoyed to hear the same old melody again, almost inaudible and yet I could make it out. The same bars of "I Love You Truly" that had cheered us for so many months.

I drove home at top speed with the joyful news. The following evening the family gathered at the home of my friend to hear the strains. Russ had gone to the tower to investigate. Again we heard it and attempted to explain the repeated melody. Some one even suggested that the old fellow had remarried and moved to another part of the city. A little later Russ arrived with an explanation.

"She is resting in the little cemetery at Diamond Grove and he has broadened the overtones to help his loved one rest in peace."

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Relieved His Feelings

"Had a good lecture on Alaska, didn't we," Zeke? asked one of Mr. Gorton's neighbors, meeting him the next morning. "To sit there by the radio peacefully as pie for two hours hearing him reel off the information was a grand rest for me, beat out with rambling as I be."

"It was a good enough talk," admitted Mr. Gorton, grudgingly. "but it didn't rest me any to speak of. Having to sit stock-still without a chance to get in a word for two mortal hours, I was pretty well worn out afterward. But I took the lantern out in the woodshed and by the time I'd split up a week's kindling I felt kind of rested and calmed down."—Kansas City Star.

Liquid Lenses Perfected

As substitutes for ordinary lenses, glass shells filled with liquid have been devised by a French inventor, who says that by his process an astronomical lens equal to the usual ground type that would cost \$100,000 and require years, to complete, may be made in a few weeks for \$1,000. The fluid substance is inclosed between two hard surfaces, and the new lenses may be used in opera glasses, cameras and microscopes.

Catty

Leading Lady—I could hardly get my slippers on this morning.

Chorus Girl—What? Swelled feet, too?

Pickled Onions

Pour boiling water over pickling onions to loosen them in alternate layers. Stone jar. Let stand hours. Chop fine after mix well. Let stand days, then drain. Place liquid in a kettle and bring to a boil. To every four cups add one cupful of good vinegar (5 best). Add one-half cupful of onion, two of ginger, one-half of mace. Boil to half the amount, then seal while hot.

Scrambled Eggs

Take one cupful of corn, one cupful of milk, spoonful of finely minced pepper, one tablespoonful of one-half teaspoonful of corn, pepper and half a saucerpan and cook. Beat the eggs and add milk, add to the corn and mix well. Add butter and milk, add to the corn and mix well. Add butter and milk, add to the corn and mix well.

Ginger Punch

Chop three-fourths of zantun ginger, add one cupful of sugar and one minute. Cool and add spoonful of ginger. fourths of a cupful of one-half cupful of lemon large pieces of ice. S chilled and add one quart Paris water.

Queer Doings

A soldier, who had been a railway porter before the war, on his return resumed his duties, and on being asked one day by a traveler if he noticed any changes since he left, replied:

"Sure an' Oi do, sor. The elven train now shartars at twelve; the express doesn't stop at all, an' there's no 'tisat train!"

True

The compositor in setting up a poem about Lindbergh spelled it "propeller."

"It's a mistake, I know," said he, "but it is only a slight mistake. Why all the fuss?"

"In an airplane poem you don't want anything wrong with the propeller."

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Mother's Care

Every occupation has its own life of him. The occupation that no man really has a himself about.

SEASONABLE

NOW that the must on, it is wise to ter use the surplus food. They make delicious rious dishes when served mushrooms are quite diary. They may pickled like any other

Mushroom C

Gather fresh mushrooms in alternate layers stone jar. Let stand hours. Chop fine after mix well. Let stand days, then drain. Place liquid in a kettle and bring to a boil. To every four cups add one cupful of good vinegar (5 best). Add one-half of onion, two of ginger, one-half of mace. Boil to half the amount, then seal while hot.

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Neer M

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GIRLIGAG

I hear men in Paris dark brown evening clo Reno Ritz. "Over here is a matter of taste"