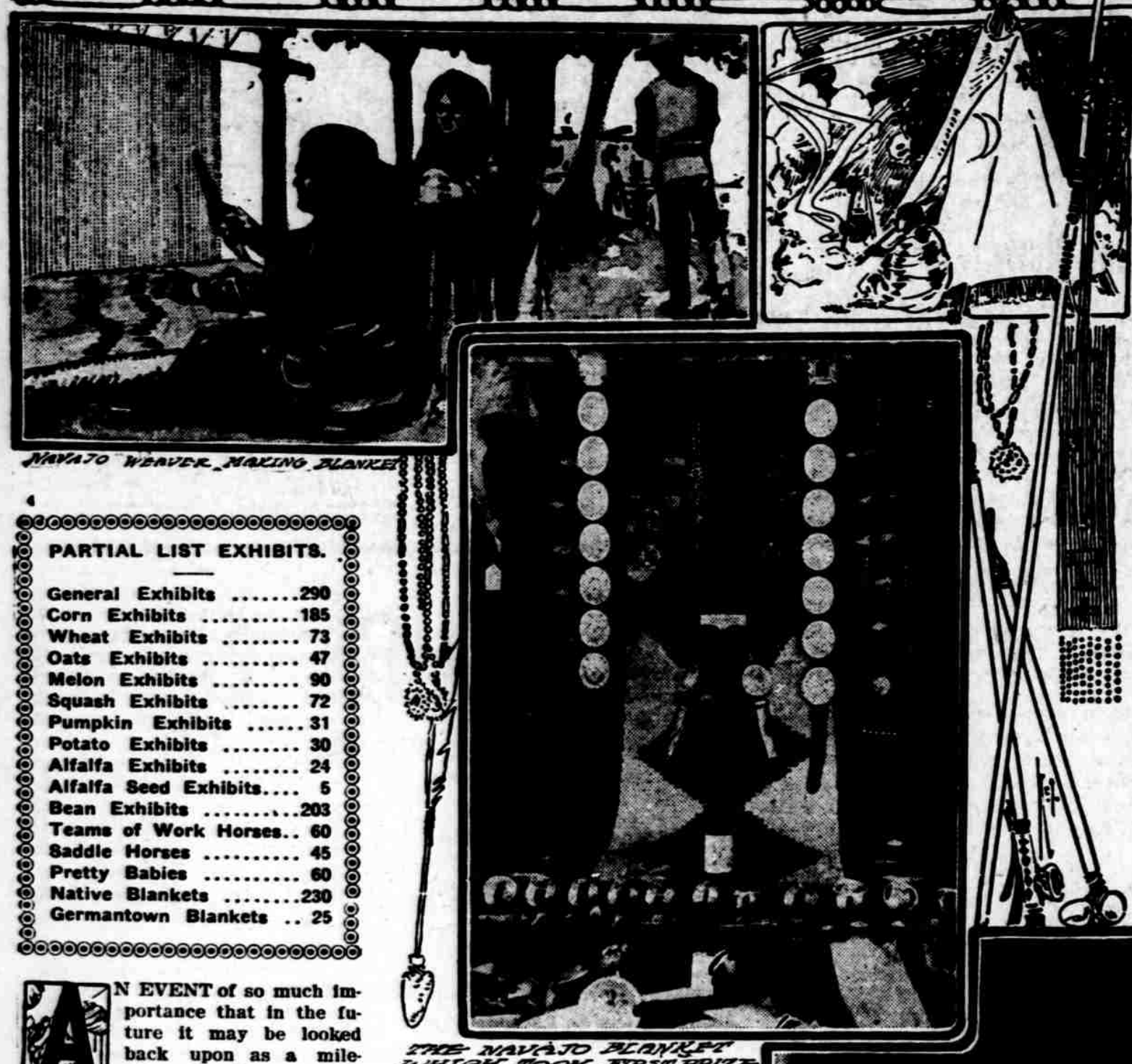


# The First Navajo Indian Fair

## The Red Man's Love of Contest in the White Man's Game

By Frank Staplin



THIS NAVAJO BLANKET WILL BE ONE OF THE PRIZES

AN EVENT of so much importance that in the future it may be looked back upon as a milestone marking the beginning of a new era in the progress of the southwest was the first Navajo fair, which was held at Shiprock Agency, New Mexico, recently.

At Shiprock the past six years has been a period of preparation, a struggle for a position of advantage from which the ignorance and superstition of a barbarous people might be attacked and the influences which have fettered them might be obliterated, so that, freed from its bondage, the Navajo race might take its place among the useful and beneficial elements of the nation, contributing its share toward the industry and enjoying its proportion of the advantages embraced in the common stock.

How successful this preparation for and beginning of their civilization has been is soon apparent to the observer who visits Shiprock, becomes acquainted with the superintendent and his assistants and realizes what they are achieving.

How important the civilization of the Navajo is to that section of the country is also apparent when it is considered that there are some 30,000 of them scattered over a reservation in New Mexico, Arizona and Utah, which contains a larger area than all the New England states and includes thousands of acres of fine agricultural, mineral and timber lands, and is almost completely underlaid with coal. The increase of their productivity means an increase in the output of the southwest. Their education and permanent settlement upon small homesteads will leave a large surplus of land to be sold to white settlers. Thus the work being carried on at Shiprock has many points which commend it to the people who are interested in the development of that section.

The holding of a fair this fall was not decided upon until about two weeks before it was held, and when the decision was reached it was so late in the season that it was necessary to arrange for it at once, thus less than two weeks' notice was given the Navajos by means of Indian police and messengers—barely time to gather up what they had on hand and bring it in without any preparation or opportunity to gather or make anything especially for exhibition.

Under these circumstances the amount and quality of the exhibits displayed was no less than remarkable. The extent to which they responded to the call to bring in their products was a surprise to Major Shelton, the Indian agent for this reservation, himself. He knew that they could and would make a very creditable showing.

Two hundred and ninety general exhibits were received and displayed, while several others arrived too late to be accepted. These exhibits contained from five to 60 articles each. Agricultural products formed the chief part of the exhibition, but by no means all, as the famous Navajo blanket was there in many styles and sizes, beautiful silver jewelry of various and unique designs, old blankets of great value, a few buffalo robes, valuable pieces of bead work and dozens of other products and curios, ancient and modern. Besides these general exhibits there was the live stock show, in which horses, milch cows, sheep and goats were numerous.

The sports consisted of foot races (the longest one five and one-half miles, in which 12 entered and four finished), horse races, games and amusements. Each evening the Navajos provided their own amusement by participating in several of their ancient sacred dances, which were both interesting and entertaining to the visitors.

As an example of how a list of prize winners at an Indian fair would read, the following extracts are given:

General exhibit of farm and garden products—First prize, double harness; second, single harness; third, the winner's name; second, disk harrow; Happy Jack; third, cultivator, Be-kin-a-be-gay; fourth, shovel, Do-be-bit-see.

Native blanket, all wool—First, cook stove, Kin-le-che-ne; second, 100 pounds flour, Lena Olliver; third, 50 pounds flour, Be-ka-da-na-be-ga; fourth, 25 pounds flour, Po-e-can-o-es-kin-a.

Cleanest Navajo baby—First, 50 pounds flour, Lena Olliver; second, 25 pounds flour, Host-to-see-see.

The Navajo blanket collection, like all other exhibits, was a fine one. It contained a few of the old-time bayatas, for which the Navajos were famous. These were originally made from the yarn obtained by unraveling woolen

which arrived at the office of the surveyor of customs for appraisal.

It was a dainty silken thing, lavender in color, which lay on the table of Cashier Thomas for two hours. The garment was sent to the custom house by the postmaster at Somerset, Ky., who received it a few days ago through the mail from Japan. He did not send in the address of the owner.

This was aggravating to the young women experts called in. "I know every woman in Somerset," one said, "and I'd just like to know who is going to wear that."

For half an hour it puzzled Surveyor Taylor and two or three of his men assistants to discover just what the garment was.

"It looks to me like the court gown of the queen of Zanzibar," said Clay Miller, who measures steamboats and superintends the loading of merchandise at the custom house depot.

"Don't you men know anything at all?" exclaimed one of the women clerks, pushing her way through the puzzled group. "Why, it's a kimono."

"What in thunder is a kimono?" inquired Deputy Sam Barber. "They don't have that kind of thing down in Bath county, where I came from."

Finally, when the officials decided that there was nothing dangerous about the garment, they started in fixing the value. It was estimated to be worth all the way from \$1.50 to \$150. The kimono was finally carried to a department store, where the silk

brations, is called Hooly, and is a feast in honor of Krishna. Caste temporarily loses caste and the prevailing hue is red. Every one who can afford it wears red garments. They throw red powder at one another, and mix it with water and squirt it from syringes on passers-by. This is taken in as good part as snow-balling is in northern climes.

Complimentary visits between the merest acquaintances are exchanged in Germany, and New Year's gifts are made to the servants. The eve of the New Year is called "der Sylvester Abend," and while it is deemed not unbecoming for the young and thoughtless to while away the evening by dancing, the day in more serious households takes on a semi-religious aspect. During the evening there is prayer at the family altar, and at midnight the watchman on the church tower blows his horn to announce the birth of the New Year.

The "Jour de l'An" is a great period almost all over France, and many of the customs common with us at Christmastide are transferred to New Year. In many parts of that country masquerading by children continues for three days, the youngsters going from house to house, singing and begging for small presents.

### DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

By CHARLOTTE BEAUMONT JARVIS.

Miserere! toll the bell,  
Let the earth send forth a knell,  
For a great soul takes his flight,  
None knows whither, in the night—  
Miserere!

Stretched upon his snowy bier,  
Dying like the good Old Year;  
And upon the midnight gale  
All may hear his parting wail—  
Miserere!

In the old king's chequered reign  
There were mingled joy and pain;  
Friends proved false, while foes were true,  
Sinners many, saints—a few—  
Miserere!

There were hearts that suffered wrong,  
Bore it bravely, and were strong;  
Hearts there were, so black with sin,  
Satan wondered at their sin—  
Miserere!

Garners full of fruitful store,  
Measures pressed, and running o'er;  
Famine in the streets at night,  
Doing deeds too dark for light—  
Miserere!

Rang the church bells for the wed,  
Tolled they also for the dead;  
In one home a joy was born,  
From another joy was torn—  
Miserere!

Such earth's sorrow, such its ain,  
All must end where they begin;  
Snow which wraps the New Year's feet  
Is the Old Year's winding sheet—  
Miserere!

Now his spirit goeth fast,  
Midnight hour will be his last;  
To your knees, earth's worn and weary—  
Miserere! Miserere!

The Boar's Head.  
The boar's head function at convivial Christmas feasts is a survival of paganism. The ceremony has always been performed with great pomp and the utmost seriousness. In 1711 King Henry II. did not scruple himself to follow the trumpeters into the banquet room, himself bearing the boar's head, at a feast arranged in honor of his son when he was crowned as heir apparent. The ceremony is still the most characteristic feature of life at Queen's college, Oxford, where it has been practiced ever since the foundation of the college in 1540. At the proper time a large boar's head, rowned and wreathed with laurel, say, mistletoe and rosemary, is carried into the hall, trumpeters announcing its arrival. At the head of the procession of fellows is the provost, and with the three bearers is the precentor, who chants the famous marcanonic carol, "The Boar's Head in Hand Bear It," the Latin refrain of which is sung by the entire company.

The Mistletoe Sprig.  
The mistletoe sprig was supposed to give power to perceive witches and wizards, and insured prosperity; to those whom the Druids disliked or wished harm, they refused the mistletoe sprig. No one could poison the holder of a piece of mistletoe, for the sprig would discover poison no matter how cunningly administered, and save the owner from all harm.

Ask Yourself.  
We ring the bells and we raise the strain,  
We hang up garlands everywhere,  
And bid the towers tinkle fair,  
And feast and frolic—and then we go  
Back to the same old lives again.  
So, Years Ago, Wrote Susan Coolidge.

Christmas Fairies.  
An old English tradition has it that at Christmas-tide, elves and fairies may mingle with humankind in the festivities, and the holly, bay and ivy are hung that the fays may find hiding places. They are also hung to afford a refuge to the woodland sprites who, at this season, are half-frozen in the forests.

# THE NEW ENGINEER



By DANIEL W. GALLAGHER

UNDER the old earth's outer crust—  
Mid bed-rock fragments and lava  
dust;  
Watching the axis turning slow,  
The Old Year stood at his dynamo  
In the power plant which time maintains,  
And numbered losses and figured gains.

"I've done quite well," said the aged seer—  
"My record's good as an engineer,  
I've kept things humming, above—below,  
Folks can't complain that I've been slow,  
And now I'm off when midnight calls—"  
Then he started doffing his overalls.

He washed his face and brushed his hair—  
Then leaned far back in his arm-chair  
In pensive mood till a sturdy chap  
Clambered up to the old man's lap.  
And said: "Old Year—they tell me you  
Are sorter thinking of getting through."

"Right you are," cried the aged man.  
"You talk awfully good, little Jan,  
Get into your duds and start right in,  
I will wait right here until you begin,  
For I wish to see if I rightly guess,  
Which of the levers you first will press."

Then Jan marched up to the dynamo.  
He passed the levers of "Want" and  
"Woe"—  
Nor touched the levers of "War" or  
"Fame"—  
Stopping the while to read each name:  
Then a handle grasped—as he turned to go,  
The Old Year's face seemed all aglow.

So when the dawn of that day began  
Man thought of his sixteen lesser man.  
With ready help and honest tear,  
For them that knew no glad New Year.  
'Twas the lever of Love in the midst of gloom—  
That Jan had gripped in the engine-room.

### Thoughts for the New Year

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up in the morning.—H. W. Beecher.

We are not in this world to do what we wish, but to be willing to do that which it is our duty to do.—Gounod.

It is the every days that count. They must be made to tell, or the years have failed.—W. C. Gannett.

Sobely and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, there never has been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope.—Phillips Brooks.

We may make the best of life, or we may make the worst of it, and it depends very much upon ourselves whether we extract joy or misery from it.—Smiles.

The darkest shadow of life are those which a man himself makes when he stands in his own light.—Lord Albery.

Our life is short, but to expand that span to vast eternity is virtue's work.—Shakespeare.

The hour that is gone I cannot recall, but to-morrow I will do better than yesterday; and all to-morrows shall be better than the yesterdays. Let us leave behind our low-railed past.—Dyer.

Life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or patient perseverance.—Liddon.

### THE NEW YEAR'S CHOICE

It is Well to Choose Wisely for the Time That is to Come.

Once, long ago, the Lord appeared in a vision of the night to a young man with the offer, "Ask what I shall give thee." And a decisive moment was that in which the young king weighed against all others the thing which he most desired.

Centuries lie between us and the young king, Solomon, but still—and especially on each recurring New Year—God appears to each of us with practically the same offer, "Ask what I shall give thee." And, as with Solomon, so with every heart, there lies the choice of the gift. Were the question an audible one, what would your answer be?

Each recurring New Year's, in effect, says: "Ask what I shall give thee." And the choice for the coming year may be our choice for all the years of life. It is by choice that men seek wealth and learning and by influence. And it is not a question of this and that, but of this or that. To choose is to decide between, to leave as well as to take. Therefore, what will be our choice for the year before us? God Himself asks the question, makes the offer.

What Shall We Do with It?  
We are entering into the New Year. What shall we do with it? God has opened wide the door, and we cross the threshold into a new palace of many beautiful chambers. How are we going to use his hospitality? He has brought us to a new harvest field of opportunities, and, with words of cheerful exhortation, he has placed us face to face with our tasks. In this harvest field there are few who really labor, although there is much to do. Are we going to be faithful to the Lord of the harvest and to ourselves, or indifferent, indolent and incompetent?

### WORRIED THE YOUNG MOTHER

Lack of "Progress" Might Have Proved a Serious Thing.

"When people in our part of the country select a family physician they stick to him," says an Illinois physician. "If he goes away they won't call in some one else if they can possibly help it. They have faith in nobody

but their own man, so long as he manages to be fairly successful. Last spring I went up to Chicago for a few days, much to the distress of a young mother in our town, who expects me to inspect her only baby every other day at least. The second day of my stay she telegraphed me to come home at once. Baby was sick—she told me the trouble—she didn't know what to

do. It wasn't an urgent case, I know, so I wired back a reassuring message, told her to give the baby a dose of some medicine she had at hand, and to fill out the ten words I put in 'Progress' admirable.' I always like to use a few words when I'm telegraphing—makes me feel that I'm getting the worth of my money, you know. When I got home two days later I went to see the baby.

"She's all right now," the mother told me, "but we were awfully worried. We had to rely on the medicine you

left, though. The boy at the drug store didn't have a bit of prognosis in the place."

Man Owns Wife's Dresses.

The question of who owns the dresses of a wife came up in the Brompton county court of Maryland recently and the judge decided that the husband is the owner. The man held that he had given the wife the money to buy the dresses in dispute and although they were not paid for it was decided that they belonged to him.

### CHINESE GIRL IN AMERICA

A snapshot of Miss Wu Ting Fang, taken while she was visiting recently, shows the young lady dressed quite in the style of the American girl, and apparently the same acute interest in the pleasant sport that her girl friends in Washington might feel. After all, it will be the women who will finally break down all barriers and make the whole world more nearly akin.

### A SLAP AT OUR SENATE

One of the friends of Representative Martin of South Dakota was making a strenuous complaint to Mr. Martin about the manner in which committee assignments were given in the senate.

"A new senator, however able he may be, has no chance," said Mr. Martin's friend, "but if he's a thousand years old he can get the best committee job."

"That reminds me," said the South Dakota member, "of what Seth Bullock remarked to me when I took him over to the senate one time. After looking them over, Seth said: 'Gee, Martin! That looks like a soldiers' home in there.'"—Rochester Herald.

### CUSTOMS MEN PUZZLED

It took five men and three women at the custom house and the silk buyer of a Louisville department store to fix the value of a kimono

BAKING ECONOMY

By the use of perfect baking powder the housewife can derive as much economy as from any other article used in baking and cooking. In selecting baking powder, therefore, care should be exercised to purchase one that retains its original strength and always remains the same, thus making the food sweet and wholesome and producing sufficient leavening gas to make the baking light.

Very little of this leavening gas is produced by the cheap baking powders, making it necessary to use double the quantity ordinarily required to secure good results.

In using Calumet Baking Powder you are bound to have uniform bread, cake or biscuits, as Calumet does not contain any cheap, useless or adulterating ingredients so commonly used to increase the weight. Further, it produces pure, wholesome food and is a baking powder of rare merit; therefore, is recommended by leading physicians and chemists. It complies with all pure food laws, both STATE and NATIONAL. The goods are moderate in price, and any lady purchasing Calumet from her grocer, if not satisfied with it can return it and have her money refunded.

THE EARRINGS.

He—Lydia, I saw a lovely pair of earrings to-day.  
She—O, where? I'm all ears.

To Spare His Neighbors.  
Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, discussing in New York her book on the rearing of children, said:  
"Children must be trained to be unselfish and tactful. Without this training the average child is an inconsiderate as a Dark Harbor fisherman the Maine folks tell about."  
"This fisherman, walking along the road one day, saw a very ugly man sitting on a fence whittling a stick. He stopped and looked at the man for some time in disgusted silence. Then he said:  
"Well, you're ugly for fair."  
"I can't help it, can I?" the ugly man asked, in a hurt tone.  
"The fisherman thought a moment. Then he said, indignantly:  
"You could stay in the house, couldn't you?"

Compasses in Sleeping Rooms.

It is a curious fact that no Japanese ever sleeps with his head to the north. The reason is that the dead in Japan are always buried with their heads in that direction. Consequently, in the sleeping rooms of many of the private houses of Japan, not to speak of hotels in larger cities, a diagram of the points of the compass is conspicuously posted on the ceiling for the information of guests.—The Sunday Magazine.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when absorbed it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescription from a reliable physician, as the damage they will do is too bad to be too good to be possible. It is the most common and successful of the system, as it is sold by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is the only remedy for Catarrh that will cure you. Buy only from F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. This is the Family Remedy for Catarrh.

Eve's New Costume.

"Oh, dear!" said Eve, after she had secured all the best fig leaves there were to be had, "I'm so unhappy."  
"Come, dear, cheer up," replied Adam. "Things might be worse than they are. We still have each other."  
"Yes, but now that I've got to wearing clothes there's no other woman with whom I can talk about them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Doing Her Best.

"Kipling says that a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."  
"Well, woman is traveling in the right direction. Haven't you noticed her present panatella shape?"

Getting Wearisome.

"Going up to hear that lecture on appendicitis to-day?"  
"Naw; I'm tired of these organ recitals."

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