

We find along the coast that Indians maintain their own stores, boat shops, and have homes of which no one need be ashamed. In spite of the fact that they have no voice in the government they pay their taxes without question, even after the Department of the Interior ruled that their lands were government reserves. However a change is hoped for; their efforts to acquire civilization must soon be recognized. A society along the line of The Society of American Indians, organized last winter, secured the hearty support of Governor Strong of Alaska to obtain proper recognition as Indian Americans and not American Indians,

The solution of their great problem is in their own hands. Their products are to be found anywhere between Pt. Barrow and New York. As a result they have found the key to the problem for which many are looking and which lies in the words of General R. H. Pratt, that grand leader in Indian education, "To civilize the Indian, get him into civilization and keep him there."

The securing of citizenship by these people will be a monument to the Big Indian Father, for it was his idea, instilled in the early 90s, which is now bearing fruit in direct action by the people in "The Land of The Midnight Sun."

FORRESTER ISLAND

More than a hundred years ago the Hydats and the Indians of Ketchikan had a war about who should have possession of Forrester Island. The battle was fought out on the Island and after a good hard struggle the Hydats won. The Island is between twenty-five and thirty miles out in the Pacific ocean and it is the home of different kinds of sea birds and ducks. They lay their eggs on the ground; they dig a hole in the ground about three or four feet deep and make their nests there. Some of the ducks do not make nests, but lay their eggs on the solid rock, while thousands of them make their nests of fine grass.

There is a log cabin on the island more than a hundred years old. The cabin is so old that when you feel the logs around the house they feel soft like flour, but the house is still standing. And there is a place where the the people, hundreds of years ago, used to go to find out how many more years they were going to live. The place is on a steep hillside. They take four stones and throw them to the steep hillside. Each counts ten years. If all of the four stones stay at the spot where they were thrown a person would know that he would live more than forty years and he would know that he was going to be lucky; but if a stone rolled from its position that would mean ten years off his life. They still go