

Each band or village has practically two homes, one in the valley and one in the hills. The Indians occupy their valley home as long as water is available for domestic use (including stock watering) but as soon as this becomes exhausted, which occurs every year, they are compelled to retreat to their mountain home, where wells have been dug by hand, frequently several hundred feet deep. The necessity of shifting in search of water from the valley to their mountain village has given to these people the name of "Nomadic Papago," but this is a misnomer, as wherever an assured water supply for domestic use in the valleys can be obtained, there one finds a permanent abode.

The "genius of necessity" has developed a tribe of industrious, independent, law-abiding, self-respecting people. In the past they have received practically no aid from the government—in fact they have never asked for any, for in no sense are they beggars, yet they are grateful for kindness shown and are quick to perceive and adopt improved methods. The two chief things needed by the Papagos are to be protected, and to be let alone. Seven thousand people are extracting a living from an area which, owing to its aridity, would not support any other race. But the Papago needs protection from the more aggressive whites, and especially from the Mexicans who come across the border, and needs it greatly. Already Mexican cattlemen and a few white men are beginning to cast longing eyes on this, to them unappropriated domain of the United States.

The Papago Indians have occupied this inhospitable country from time immemorial, have wrested a living from a barren soil, and every right of justice and equity demands that the Indians be protected in the continued use and occupancy of their ancestral home. If thus protected, they are capable of working out their own destiny. Past experience has shown that they are industrially able to take care of themselves. Too much supervision and injudicious interference may result in irreparable harm. You cannot teach the Papagos anything about farming or irrigation in their own country, if their peculiar system of collecting storm waters can be called "irrigation." Rather should we go to them to be taught, and truly can we learn from these primitive people many valuable lessons in thrift and, aye, even manhood, for the Papago is a manly fellow, every inch of him, and they are all six footers.

A little well-directed instruction, a little kindly guidance, and above all friendly and firm protection in the possession of their native soil will make intensely happy a tribe of people who, through past efforts and self-sacrificing industry, deserve every good thing that can be bestowed upon them.