

for the white, making about twenty cents for the wool of an averaged sized sheep. This past spring the flocks were for the most part in excellent condition. Both the quality and quantity of the wool averaged much better and, if the scale of prices may be applied to the Navaho's clip that has been promised to the sheep men in the rest of the territory, there will be an advance of $33\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. over last year's prices. Unfortunately for the Indian, he has heretofore been quite at the mercy of the trader, who has held his post for the money there was in it. For the three staple products of the Indians—hides, wool, and blankets—he has given low prices, while in return the Navaho has been paying ten cents per pound for his sugar, four dollars per hundred pounds for a poor grade of flour, and proportionate prices for coffee and for baking powder so badly adulterated that it has produced a widespread form of stomach trouble among the Indians.

This abuse is now about to be remedied at a new trading post established near the Little Colorado River where business will be managed more in accordance with Christian principles. It is in this vicinity that the Indians have been doing their pitiful best during the last two or three years to build ditches and a strong dam, whereby the infrequent rainfall or the annual overflow of the river might be conserved. Bravely they have labored in heat and cold and weariness, with few tools, often with insufficient food, and ever with heartache lest the land, being outside the reservation, might be taken away from them. Now comes the cheering news that the government will allot the lands to those who have improved them, that an expenditure of \$5,000 is ordered for an irrigation plant that shall include ditch, dam, material for conduits and mills, and that the Indians will receive pay for the ditch work which is now under way. As an illustration of how anxious the Indians are to work, the mining engineer reports that a number of them walked ninety miles to get an opportunity to handle a shovel at \$1.20 per day. The gen-

eral oversight of all this work is in charge of the Indians' faithful friend, W. R. Johnstone, superintendent of all the National Indian Association's missionary work in Arizona.

In none of the Indian nations is there a fairer division of labor than among the Navahos. While their most distinctive native craft, the art of weaving, is a feminine accomplishment, the men are not idle, and the threadbare term of "lazy buck," does not apply, save in sporadic instances. They build the hogans, and there is no hit or miss about these structures, which are supposed to follow the original model given by the gods and mythical progenitors of the tribe. They also care for the horses, cultivate their sterile fields, gather fire-wood, ply their crude but artistic trades of iron and silver smithing and lend efficient aid in caring for the children, which are more numerous than in any of the other tribes. A common sight is a fine looking old man, "packing" his bright-eyed grand-baby on his back or giving it a sand bath—the desert makeshift for water bathing.

The plan of the little mud and brush structures which the Navahos call *hacoonizoni*, "house beautiful," is always the same. There are three principal timbers in the frame securely locked at the apex by interlacing forks whose butt ends are firmly planted in the ground. The sides are formed of stout poles, and the whole is well covered with bark and reeds and earth. The door is made to face the East, that the house may be directly open to the benign influences of *Qasteyalei*—the god of dawn. Another point to be born in mind in selecting a site for a dwelling is that it be far removed from the hills of red ants. The reason given is that in the under-world these pests annoyed "Firstman" and the other gods who then dwelt together and caused their dispersal. The furnishing of the hogan is simple in the extreme. A pile of blankets, a hole in the earth floor for the "squaw" fire, a few tin cans and occasionally a smoke-blackened, battered coffee pot, a sheep-skin—which serves as a seat