

(Continued from Page 1.)

ters, and always find the commissioner ready to listen to their ideas.

Valentine appears to be a man with a purpose, and he brings to its accomplishment, besides fine mental furnishment and broadening experience, just enough worldly wisdom and sang froid and just enough tincturing of sentiment and concept of ideals to constitute a good mixture for the uses of an Indian Commissioner.

Commissioner Valentine, speaking the open words of this article, was relating an experience he had on the Umatilla Indian reservation in northeastern Oregon. He had gone there—he spends one-third of every year among his Indians—to settle some important matters concerning a deposed agent. He was talking with the Indians about the affair. Finally, Philip Minthorn, a well known Indian of that reservation, spoke for his fellows:

"We found you had sent us an agent who was not right. We wondered at first whether you didn't send him purposely. But we talked it over, and finally decided you had just made a mistake, and we decided we wanted you to come and be our agent. We know you wouldn't come for what the government would pay you for this work, so we decided we would make up the balance from our own money, and offer you enough to bring you here to us."

Valentine doesn't indulge in "mushy" talk; yet he dwelt on that incident in a way to give one an insight into his character; and one wouldn't hear him tell it and know specifically of his official record, without coming away impressed that he had met a man who cared for more than his salary and the social side of official life and the poli-

tical prominence it brings.

If here is not an official who purposes to do good things for the wards of the government, then better judges than I must size up his character.

Heretofore, the public has found it as hard to break through the crust that encased the Indian office as for a prisoner to break out of jail. Newspaper men applied the augur; they used dynamite; they resorted to diamond drills; but always nothing resulted.

Nowadays, the commissioner's room is wide open; a newsboy may gain access.

The commissioner sets apart two hours a day for detail work; the remainder of a long day—longer than that of most officials—is devoted to getting ideas and studying policy. In other words, he applies to his office the exact principles of management which must be adopted by successful business men of large affairs.

He bosses 6000 employees, and of them 1200 are Indians, serving their own race, in some instances with brilliancy.

His purpose? To lead the Indians gradually to better concepts and to land them finally just as high on the plane of civilization as their capabilities will make possible.

His agents on reservations will not trend toward the luxurious style of living. They will live in cleanly, sanitary houses, and in sensible manner; but their houses, and manner of living will be within the comprehension of the Indians, and there will be nothing in the life of the agent to which an ambitious Indian may not attain.

Indian farming lands will be leased as heretofore; but there will be less leases from year to year, and just as rapidly as possible, the Indians will be encouraged and assisted to build neat homes for themselves and to farm their own lands.