WHY THE NAVAJO INDIANS MUTINIED

Government Order Forbidding Ceremonial Dances Urged Redmen to Call a Council of War—Story of Tribe That Has Inherited Many Strange Customs—Description of the Wierd Indian Dances—Braves Grow Discontented With Conditions Agents Have Imposed

Kenneth Macnichol in the San Francisco Chronicle.

THERE gathered at the Shiprock Indian agency, in northern New Mexico, several years ago, more than 500 of the most important members of the Navajo tribe. The object of the council was a protest directed against the recent government order forbidding the practice of the ceremonial and religious dances of the Navajo, a matter with which they thought the government had no right to interfere. Many minor questions were also discussed, particularly an order that had just come from Washington, to the effect that every male member of the tribe must have his hair cut after the prevailing fashion of the white men, and must also discard the blanket as an article of dress. One of the chief members of the department of Indian affairs was present, and there were many speeches made by the Indian orators, and by the agent and the department member.

The Navajos were greatly dissatisfied with the action of the government in matters that interfered with the personal liberty of the tribe, the gist of the Indians' speeches being "that they wanted no help from Washington; only to be left alone in the peace that they had held inviolate for 40 years," also, "that, remembering the treaty of Bosque Redondo and the promises they made, that peace would remain unbroken so long as Washington spoke to the Navajo with a straight tongue as men to men, and not as to foolish children with no minds."

At that time I was living with these Indians as an adopted member of the tribe, and was also employed in the government service at the Shiprock agency, so that my opportunity to see both sides of the question was good. The evening following the "talk" at the agency, there assembled in the adobe-covered, dome-shaped hogan belonging to Clah, my father by adoption, some 20 of the head men of the tribe for an informal discussion of the day's council.

One by one, they silently entered the hogan through the blanket-covered doorway, sitting on the blankets that were arranged on the earthen floor around a little fire in the center, where the smoke rose lightly to the round, star-studded opening above their heads. Tobacco was passed around the circle and for a long time the Indians smoked and meditated in silence, the firelight casting strong shadows on grave brown faces almost motionless, blanketed figures, the cedar poles that formed the framework of the hogan, and the blankets, sheep skins and cooking utensils that hung upon the walls, scarcely outlined in the dusky half-light. Outside, the night wind of the desert blew shrilly from the protecting mesa under which the hogan was built, scattering its accumulated burden of sand across the wide adobe flats toward the river, where the lights from the agency buildings glimmered feebly through the enfolding darkness. From the river, more than two miles away, come the low mutter of the hungry San Juan in flood, blended with the sibilant voices of the sage-brush, answering to the wind's rough touch.

Could Die Unafraid.

Inside the fire-lit hogan, Hoosteen Tsol, gray-haired judge of the Deer clan, broke the long silence, detailing in low, even voice the past history of the Navajo in their connection with the whites. Following him, the other Indians spoke one by one, discussing in all its bearings the relation of the government with the Navajos, the results of that day's council, and the stand to be taken in the council on the following day. During all the recital of the wrongs that had been suffered at the hands of the whites, there was no intemperance, no display of excitement, though the very air seemed heavy with suppressed emotion. The talk was all for peace, if peace was to be had; if not, the Navajo could die unafraid; their affairs were in the hands of Those Above.

Only once was this spirit broken. The young son of the wise old shaman, Tippay-clat-chin, who had once made a visit to Washington, on fire with the stories he had heard, spoke with the unthinking patriotism of youth:

"The Bellacona—Americans—are far away," he said; "only a few are near. The Navajo are many. They have many guns. Soon the Navajo may again own all the land!"

Ignoring the boy, Tippay-clat-chin spoke to the other Indians, as though in apology for the outbreak:

"My son is a know-nothing, very young. The youth speaks with the tongue only, loving the rattle of his tongue against his teeth. Friends, by the river are the sands. Go count the grains. The leaves of the cottonwoods whisper on the river's bank. Go, separate the voices. The stars are many; give each star a name. So is the number of the white men. Far lies the land of the white men, even to the great water of the sunrise. I have seen. The white men are many. They need the land. For the Indian there is no place."

That then is the heart of the whole problem; has been the heart of every Indian problem in the past; "the white men need the land; for the Indian there is no place."

Dispatches from Fort Defiance, in Arizona, announced that there was every possibility of a general uprising among the Navajos. At present they are the strongest tribe numerically in the United States, numbering more than 25,000, of which perhaps 8,000 are young braves who could take the warpath unincumbered. Their reservation in Arizona and New Mexico is larger than all the New England states, and not over half the Indians are on the reservation. Few of the Navajos are without modern arms, and they have recently been making extensive purchases of rifles and ammunition at Rhyolite and other Nevada points, presumably to be used in puncturing the skins of their white brethren. At present they are gathered in force at Canon Chelly in Arizona and at Chin-a-lee in New Mexico. Troops have been sent from Forts Defiance and Wingate to quell the expected uprising.

Not a Feeble People.

Are the people of the southwest to be again exposed to the terrors of Indian warfare? Are they again to be the victims of some new Geronimo? Acting in concert, these Navajos are not a feeble people. The land that they protect is the same land in which over 2,000 American troops hunted a mere handful of Apaches, never over 50 at one time, without success not a score of years ago. It offers the same obstacle to civilized soldiery and the same protection to those who know its dim trails, hidden water holes and unequaled natural fortresses. To the Navajo it is a home; to the white man it would prove a death trap. The Apache raids would be as picnic parties in comparison with what we might reasonably expect from the angered Navajos.

Ordinarily the Navajos are a peaceful people, and they can have no desire to again don the war paint that their fathers laid aside more than 40 years ago. Only under extreme provocation would they enter into what they know to be a hopeless contest to the end. But this provocation is not lacking. The cause of the present trouble, a question of land allotments, is only the culmination of a long series of grievances of which the majority of white men know nothing and care to know nothing. To the ignorant and unthinking they are only Indians—good when dead.

We have only to go over a portion of their past history to know something of the feelings that must animate these Americans Bedouins. Of their dealings with the early Spaniards little need be said. From 1774, when the Franciscan priests made an unsuccessful attempt to Christianize them, as they had already done with the conquered Pueblos, it was war to the knife and the knife to the hilt, the very name, Navajo, being a Spanish misnomer meaning long knives. As soon as the southwestern territory became a portion of the United States a treaty was made with the Navajos, which remained unbroken until the disgraceful killing of Hosteen Tchola by drunken white soldiers, a chief much loved by the Navajos and one of the principal signers of the treaty. On fire to avenge the murdered chief, the Navajos again went on the warpath.

Then ensued the Bosque Redondo incident, than which there is none in Indian history less to the credit of the white men. Even the deportation of the Mission Indians from their land in southern California was a white spot on the page of history in comparison with the darkness of that blot. Against the Navajos at this time were sent a mixed force of whites and Ute Indians, who with the Comanches, were the hereditary foes of the Navajos, under the leadership of Kit Carson and General Guy Carlton. The Navajos were defeated in two battles at Canyon Chelly and Canyon McElmo, the latter being a mere massacre, in which men, women and children were found penned in the box canyon and shot indiscriminately from the cliffs above, like rats in a trap. The Navajos still showing no signs of weakening, many of them were induced to appear unarmed for the purpose of ratifying a new treaty. Many of the head men were then shot down by the soldiers, being unarmed, and others, to the number of 8,000, were made prisoners and taken to Bosque Redondo reservation in eastern New Mexico, near Fort Sumner. At this time it was thought that not over 2,000 Navajos remained at liberty, but subsequent developments proved that not over half the Indians had been captured by this strategem, and those that remained at large continued hostil until 1868, when a new treaty was made and the deported Indians returned to the present reservation, after an absence of four years, nearly a third having died in that short time. The treaty made then has until now never been broken.

Horrors of Bosque Redondo.

Only last year, while I was again in the navajo country, staying for a short time with my dark-skinned friends, Jose Maria Jose, one of the nominal chiefs who was deported to the Bosque Redondo, told me something of the horrors of that journey. Riding along a sand-buried road in the Canyon Kimni-ole, under the blazing azure of the desert sky, I had questioned him concerning his experience, and of his acknowledged dislike for the civilization of the white men. Briefly told, this was his story:

"I am now an old man," said he, "I have lived long and seen many things. Now my arm is weak and my life runs away like water under the sun. Once it was not so my blood was hot in my eyes and my stomach was strong for fighting. To the old those above give wisdom when their tongues are swift in the council. I hold no enmity against my white brothers; they are strong; the Navajo are not many. Now the white man want the land of the Navajo. It will soon be taken. Those above have said.

"Long ago we fought with the white men. We were not conquered, but we knew that peace was good. After many seasons the white chief called a peace council. Then the Navajo came with sheep, horses and cattle, bringing their women and children. In one day there were many councils in many places, wherever there were soldiers; for each clan a council. Our hearts were glad. The fighting was done.

"To the council we came without weapons the peace smoke is the weapon of the council circle. In the Dghal (place for speakers) the wise ones (old men and leaders) stood. The white men are liars without honor. Our leaders were shot as they stood in the council. All who came to the council were put into corrals like horses, with their women and children.

"After many days they took us away. It was winter and very cold. We were hungry and the white men had no food for us. Crossing the mountains many died with cold and hunger. They were left on the road. I had married my first wife, and she died at Chichiltsa with my new-born son. My younger brother was shot. At Bosque Redondo there was much of the breaking-out sickness (small-pox) and many died there. The water was bitter and the cattle died while they ran. The Navajo were hungry and ate the flesh. Many more died in this way, for the flesh was poison. The Comanche stole our horses and killed many of our people, but they were not punished. There was no wood for the hogans and the children who were born died of the white sickness (consumption), because of the cold. There was a line made on the ground and the Navajo who crossed the line was shot. My brother died so.

"After a long while the white soldiers brought us back, for our brothers had killed many and were not caught. They gave us land and sheep for those we had lost. Our people were dead and those they could not give back. Since then has been peace. We remember our promises to Natani Nez (Tall Corn, symbolic name for the president), but the graves of our people are far. Our hearts are at Bosque Redondo."

In the face of such stories, and they are not uncommon, it seems a farce to talk to the Indian of the beauties of civilization.

Cause of Present Trouble.

The cause of the present trouble needs some explanation. It is supposed that not over one-third the Navajos are on the present reservation, most of the non- reservation Indians living on the eastern and southern borders. With the exception of a few bits of ground near the water holes, this land is useless save for grazing; almost useless for that; statisticians say that twenty acres are needed to furnish forage for one sheep. This land the Navajos have occupied for generations, daming the arroyos, improving the water holes, building irrigating ditches and stone houses and cultivating the ground; as near as may be working out the government's ideals for themselves, and without help; fast becoming a sedentary instead of a nomad people.

Now enters the Mexican and the inevitable sheep. Since the range in eastern New Mexico is played out and largely occupied by settlers, they draw closer to the Navajo country, even encroaching on the reservation. Sure of their influence with the territorial government, the large sheepowners send their peons—for the peon system is not dead in New Mexico—with thousands of sheep onto the Navajo land. There they take possession of the water holes and the Navajos' homes in the owners' absence, destroy the forage and the scant crops of the Indians, and this without let or hindrance. Two years ago President Roosevelt made a nominal addition to the reservation and would have stopped this for all time, but this land was again thrown open without investigation, through a petition signed by white men who were interested in the sheep industry. Then the government gave these Indians allotments, 160 acres to each member of the family. These allotments were supposed to contain the water holes, without which the range is useless, so that the Mexican herders would have to pay for water rights and damage to crops. This, on the face of it, was just, but the real result might be considered farcical, were it not so tragic.

When the question of allotments first came up, the Navajos had but little understanding of the motives of the government. At this time I visited Tomacito, a so-called "good" Indian, who had spent many years in improving his home on the Chaco canyon in New Mexico, and in response to his questionings I explained as well as I was able the intention of the government. Six months afterward I visited him again. He was living in a hastily constructed hogan in Escavado wash, and from a fairly prosperous man filled with hope had become a sullen desperado. Everything he had owned was gone with the exception of some sheep and cattle which he had sent to his brother on the reservation. This was his story:

"You are my friend and speak with a straight tongue. In the mouth of Natani Nez, the white father, is the forked tongue of the snake. The Noki (Mexican sheepherders) have taken my home and my cornfield. Their sheep drink the water that I made to stand on the ground. I went to Tsaito (Albuquerque) and spoke to the men who made the laws of the Bellaconas (Americans). The trader told me to do this. After many days I was told to come to a big stone hogan and I went. Many men were there and they asked questions and talked very fast. Then I was told to go away. The Nokis kept my land. The white judge gave them this right."

Tried before a Mexican judge and a Mexican jury, his case was simply thrown out of court.

What is there left for the Navajo but to fight? The case of Tomacito is not alone; there are many such. Always within the law they are being slowly despoiled of what is theirs by every right. Only a short time ago the government, strongly against the desires of the Navajos, gave a great eastern corporation the right to prospect for copper in the Cariso mountains, in the very heart of the reversation; practically the right of possession. The copper is there, as well as many other minerals; the white men need them; "for the Navajo there is no place." Of course, there will be no question of sharing the profits with the real owners. It is the beginning of the end.

A few years ago I rode for many days with Nekesabega, the Sandpainter, a head man of the tribe who makes the mystic sand designs for the religious ceremonies. The soft blue haze of autumn lay across the Painted Land, giving the desert landscape a weird effect of unreality; the world was filled with a sense of brooding peace. The plentiful harvest had been gathered; in all the land was no unkindness and no hunger and no thirst. The Navajos feasted and gave praise to Those Above. Each morning on that long ride, more than 1,000 miles, we rose early, and the hint of frost in the thin air coursed in the veins like rich wine. Over and over again, each morning, Nekesabega would sing one little snatch from the "Song of the Earth" that seemed to be his favorite:

Na-estsan I-ye (Earth Mother), Yattilitch I-ye (Sky Father), piltch ka' alisin sella (meeting, blending together), Houshto hi-ye (each the other helping); daitso nezhone (all is beautiful), daitso nezhho'ka' (all is every beautiful), daitso nezhone (all is beautiful).

They are not singing that song now, those dark-skinned sons of the desert. Out in hidden mountain canyons fires are being builded and naked warriors yell out wild, barbaric words, to the echoing beat of a skin covered tom-tom:

Pesch-ashike ne, shil ya-na (the flint youth, I am he), pesch-ashike she, ya-e (the flint youth); tsini nahatlitch kila (there where the lightnings strike) nihoka hastoyo-la (into the ground the foe is hurled), we-e-eyoni sini-ye (old ones with evil songs).

We are a great people; strong in numbers, strong in wealth, strong in knowledge—strong in pride and greed. They are a simple people; poor in numbers, poor in possessions; ignorant, as we count ignorance; but rich in simplicity and content so long as we allow them to remain simple and contented. Also they are a patriotic people, loving the wierdest, the most untamable country on the American continent; loving it so much that they will die for it if need be. And in this they have the advantage of their white brothers—they are not afraid to die.

We may kill; we may ravage and destroy—but in the end, we will be the conquered people, not they.

The City Girl.

From the Philadelphia Record.

A New York girl was out at our place last week, and it was the first time she'd ever been away from the white lights. Well, she wanted to go out and gather nuts—at this time of the year. I hated to expose her ignorance, so I merely said: "But can you climb trees?"

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, "haven't you any elevators?"

"SMOKING UP" IN SOCIETY'S RANKS--Continued From the First Page of This Section

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of a De Quincey, the dreams that lay behind the Door of a Thousand Sighs, were most interesting to strangers. Fascinating but dangerous, was the popular verdict upon opium which San Francisco passed, as it looked askance toward the monstrosity it had bred, and caught stray, pungent whiffs of the drug-cloyed air that swept beyond the confines of the accursed pale.

The Whites knew the danger perfectly well. They knew, perfectly well, how that reek of Chinatown seemed some time to gather in and forever keep some of their breed who lingered too long amid vapors that became less noxious with every breath the stranger drew.

But, so only that Chinatown kept to itself, poisoned within itself, assassinated within itself, gambled within itself and allowed itself to be peaceably marveled over by tourists and slumming parties, San Francisco was content.

Chinatown, her glittering Moloch, might take such victims as chose to immolate themselves upon its fiery vices; but Chinatown could always be restricted from reaching out and seizing more.

It has proved a mad philosophy—far more mad than the howling riots which prescient Dennis Kearney, doomed, in the interests of law and order, to his swift oblivion, precipitated on the Sand Lots.

For Chinatown, amid the echoes of earthquake and unparalleled, fiery ruin, while dire necessity demanded the exercise of every ion of the surpassing moral energy inherited by the whites from their iron-nerved forefathers, did not reach out and hale to moral overthrow the best, the most prized, the most guarded of the dominant breed.

It came, as might have been expected, in the way that was least expected. Not from Chinatown directly, but from the druggists, from licensed—and unlicensed—pharmacists of the whites' own race, the deadly drug has crept on insiduously to its pallid conquests, from the first vantage ground afforded by the romance and the mystery of the dens where it was to the manner born.

Today, in San Francisco, only the opinions, not the positive facts, of intimate observers can trace the vice of opium smoking from its extensive lodgment among the rich and educated whites back to its local origin in the reeking cellars and hovels, or into the down-flung, oriental splendors of the Chinatown that was, "before the fire."

No one can point out just when this handsome matron, under the protection of her husband and acting as hostess to a party of guests from the east, "hit" her first pipe in some gorgeous "joint" of the old days, just to see what it was like." No one can say upon what chaperoned occasion that lovely debutante, dared by her companions in a slumming tour, applied her pretty lips to the bamboo stem and, defiantly, breathed in the first acrid fumes, and gagged and coughed, and protested she could not see how any one could like a thing so repugnant as that.

Perhaps few among all the victims San Francisco now numbers, have ever hit the pipe within the stench-laden walls of a Chinatown den.

Yet those who know the truth, know that those who did were numerous enough to spread the contagion—secretly, intimately—throughout the various strata of white society, from the lowest to the highest.

No need, once the demand arose, for any neophyte to incur the contamination of the despised Chinese. Certain San Francisco druggists—certain druggists of all California, it would seem—have been only too eager to vend without dissimulation the poison which even the most reckless of the Chinese dared supply only after utterance of some magic sesame, like "open sha," the Chinese phrase for opium.

A significant picture of conditions as they are was presented recently by Charles B. Whi[illegible], secretary of the California State Board of Pharmacy, who for a year has been waging a war so relentless upon the instigators of the vice, both white and yellow, that the echoes of his attacks have been heard in the far cities of the East.

"Chinatown," he declared, "is now thoroughly alarmed [illegible]. There is not a single place in the district where a white person can buy opium. The only opium smoking in Chinatown is now done by the Chinese themselves.

"The violations of the laws against the indiscriminate sale of the drug are outside of the district, and that the vice is spreading in San Francisco is obvious to anyone who cares to give the subject serious attention.

"Among the new [illegible] young men and women of the smart set form a large portion. In the majority of cases where druggists have been [illegible] of selling the drug their chief source of income has been in the purchases of women who are able to drive up to pharmacies in their own automobiles.

"One now celebrated case attracted much attention. But to those engaged in the effort to repress the evil, things had already come to such a pass that the members of the state board ceased to marvel at the character of the persons rounded up in its raids.

"The vice is spreading so rapidly in California that the state should strive to have representation at the anti-opium congress, to be held in Shanghai next January. The purpose of the congress is to arrange for the cessation of opium cultivation. That California should be interested in its outcome is illustrated by the fact that 75 per cent of the prisoners she now maintains in her jails are addicted to the use of the drug."

A year's investigation has shown, in startling fashion, how Chinatown — so long tolerated by San Francisco, so long admired for its picturesqueness, yet so long despised for its danger—has not only gripped the mother city in an opium clutch that can not be shaken off, but has extended its baleful influence throughout the state, poisoning the community at large and corrupting the whole profession of pharmacy to the stage where the most reputable and prominent of druggists trade under the suspicion of being despicable poisoners, while many of their colleagues are under legal conviction for habitual indulgence or connivance in the crime.

The state board of pharmacy began the work of drastic purgation in San Diego in 1907, under the impulse of the direct necessity, and with the help of a militant secretary, who has proved himself as shrewd as he is courageous.

The campaign progressed gradually through the state, taking in all cities and towns of importance—like Oakland, Los Angeles and Alameda—as relentlessly as it was waged in San Francisco. On the very eve of the arrest of the pretty girl mentioned above the board had a record of 44 prominent druggists arrested and convicted of California's peculiar crime; and at the time no fewer than 22 other prominent druggists of San Francisco were under accusation in the local courts for the same offense.

The record of convictions was 100 per cent, a record never equaled in crusades against any other vice, and possible only by reason of the exceptional ease of conviction, due to flagrant repetitions of the crime.

Time and again individual druggists, known to make a practice of selling opium in violation of the laws, were warned, for the state board of pharmacy had no grudge against the profession and had ample pride in the fair fame of California. The druggists, so long accustomed to immunity and so long assured of a steady additional income from their crimes, coolly disregarded the most positive assurances that exposure and punishment awaited them.

Then, too, a considerable proportion of the druggists made it the rule to employ clerks, who were ordered to dispense the drug without question when it seemed that it was to be used for purposes of "dope," either for the pipe or in the form of injection, although those very clerks were utterly unfit to compound any prescription such as calls for the skill of the graduate in pharmacy.

The key to their persistence is the same one that has filled Chinatown, in San Francisco with wealthy Chinamen, members of the murderous companies whose bravos again and again have invaded cities as far east as Philadelphia, New York and Boston, for the plain purpose of blackmail and assassination.

That key is the enormous profit of the forbidden trade.

Opium, like cocaine, has attached to its retail sale the quickest riches that ever came out of deliberate poisoning. A tin of opium costs $6.50 to the druggist or the keeper of the den. That quantity, retailed in the doses called for by the habit's victims brings $30.

Some conception of the vast ramifications of the vice throughout San Francisco alone can be had from the admission of one convicted druggist, that the bulk of his trade was the sale of the drug, and his declaration that, forced to abandon its sale or limit it to the extent required by legitimate medical prescription, he must shut up shop. Before the earthquake one San Francisco pharmacy, destroyed by the fire, reaped profits from the sale of opium alone of $1,[illegible] a month.

No class of the people has been immune from the spreading contamination of that Chinatown which has always seemed to lie, so harmlessly virulent, within the narrow confines of its own section like a den of cobras, dangerous only to him who walks unwarily among them. The metaphor, so long cherished as an article of faith by San Francisco, has proved to be an ignorant, foolish lie.

A new comparison, in the light of the overwhelming evidence of the blighting curse, [illegible] which have fallen upon even the childish messenger boys hired by wealthy society women to buy the drug for which many of them dared not risk identification, has been found now by the alarmed people of California for that picturesque Chinatown which is struggling to emerge from the squalor nature plunged it into, in her vain endeavor to purge herself of the odium of its treachery.

They behold it as one of those feverish jungles of the far east, stewing horribly in the juices of its own corruption, yet ever breeding a moral miasma which spreads abroad over the purer land without, and never fails to bring down those of the whites who are most rash in their recklessness or most weak in their stamina.

Beside the revelation of the California board with regard to the prevalence of the opium curse, the exposure of the extent of the cocaine habit in New York city made in the course of the state senate's study of the drug labeling bill last spring appears almost trivial.

Cocaine sell at about $1.50 an ounce of 480 grains. The druggists usually dispense it in 20-grain quantities, and make the people bring them in from $10 to $11. The ranks of the girl habitues of New York's Chinatown include 70 per cent who are addicted to cocaine, and there are undoubtedly many among the more dissolute of the population and some among the more refined who are confirmed slaves of the more recently popular poison.

But the lost wretches of Chinatown are primarily there because of opium, and the percentage of cocaine fiends outside Chinatown confines in New York is infinitely less than the proportion chained to opium in San Francisco and other cities of California.

EDITOR CANDIDATE GRAVES' FAMILY

FAMILY OF JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, NEWSPAPER MAN AND NOMINEE OF THE INDEPENDENCE LEAGUE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

MUSIC AS A MEDICINE--By Hayden Brown, L. R. C. P.

THE extent of our perception of harmonious sound, and the depth of our expression of emotion will entirely depend upon the delicate character which our nervous system is capable of exhibiting, as it has been handed down to us by an ancestry. Some people do not possess any ear for music. They "do not know one note from another," as they will confess. Their sense of hearing is not sufficiently finely drawn in anatomical structure, to appreciate the fullest effect of certain sound waves; they are incapable of either the sweet and subtle variations and combinations of sounds, or the relationship of differences or contrasts to one another which constitutes either harmony or discord; they can draw no nice distinction or comparison between varied tones, airs, or rhythms. It does not follow that such people are stupid. They may be remarkably good business people, and often are. But inasmuch as they are likely, also, to have but a poor judgment of color, style, or character, their success will depend largely upon cool calculation amongst the most uncouth and clumsily cut objects, and they will not derive advantage from artistic conception, emotional predilection, or even from self-gratifying imagination.

Yet even animals can distinguish musical sounds from unmusical, quite beyond drawing comparison with utterances of their own kind. A dog will contentedly receive the sounds from one musical instrument, but perhaps howl at the suggestive tones of another, which may remind it of some distressing expression of emotion to its species. And birds will, of course, respond to musical sounds which resemble their own pipings or songs. Snakes and spiders, amongst a still lower order of living creatures, also give evidence of being charmed by music, although I do not for one moment believe that they perceive sounds as we do. I am of the opinion that spiders imagine music sound waves to have some associations with the rapid movement of the air caused by flies working their wings.

The favorable effects of music upon the mind or body—upon the latter through the former will usually be produced by the brightening, enlivening, inspiring, or cheering character of the major kinds, but the minor, sacred and sad selections will sometimes have an indirectly favorable effect, creating contrast for the major, for we know that oft-repetition without a certain amount of clear variation to contrast is apt to play itself out.

Music should be prescribed with due regard to the nature of the mental or physical affliction to be benefited; and as one of a medical scientist's remedies some cheering, stimulating, or encouraging assistance at one stage or another—particularly during convalescence—the brighter music is much more efficacious as one of a medical scientists' remedies than is the minor or sad kind. Even if depressants were indicated in certain diseases, one would hardly administer the musical order of them; for such an influence should only be exercised upon the completely healthy who might, once in seven days, or by one or two items in a program, require the contrast of extreme difference in order to produce a higher appreciation of the favorite kind. Nor would anyone, ill or well, ever require anything badly conceived or executed, for such would be an offense inartistic and wholly inacceptable to sane sensibilities, as well as repellant.

It is true that some diseases or conditions require no sounds or noises beyond what cannot be avoided, to deaden sounds of all kinds is often the doctor's and nature's study.

Minor and sounds are completely satisfying to some people. I have known the highly religious to be offended by cheerful music, being contented, satisfied and even pleased by sacred. But the medical scientist would hesitate before prescribing anything sad, even to pleasure at receiving the treatment, for such an one might be conceiving his imminent death to be a pleasurable consummation.

It is bright, inspiring, hopeful and cheerful music that will act beneficially as a treatment of many disorders. If pleasant sights and sounds are a joy in health, so may they be helpful in many cases of sickness and in most cases of convalescence. Should an air be familiar, a listener will derive happy reminiscence from fresh acquaintance and possibly from a varied interpretation of it. Sweet sound is one of the most powerful mnemonics we possess. Conjuring up, as it will, whole panoramas of the past and creating engaging visions of pleasant old times. Music will neutralize ennui and provide food for contemplation when a mind has no right to be occupied with worried forebodings. It will create a sense of restfulness in case of neurotic tension.

Should an invalid be weak depressed, sad or despairing, a well-chosen piece of music suitably rendered will make him feel stronger, better spirited, cheerful and hopeful. If he feels unhappy, discouraged, lonely and restless, another selection may help him to feel grateful, bright, comfortable and contented. The extraordinary influence which the mind exercises over the body must be studied in a large number of cases if an observer is to realize the effect of mental disposition or obsession upon pathological process of physiological disorder. A depressed mood will very frequently result in death when a person has arrived at a serious physical condition. Hence, cheerful surroundings are of paramount importance in the treatment of practically all disorders, and there are few readers who will not appreciate the almost commonplace observation that nurses and doctors ought as a rule to exhibit a cheerful and hopeful demeanor before their patients. There are of course exceptions, for some sick temperaments require the warming tone of austerity and gravity even to make them carry out important injunctions, and it may thus be next to impossible for attendants to sustain an attitude of all-smiles when deeply studying the patient's interests.

The reader will be acquainted with particular kinds of music that are inspiring and helpful. The soldier will feel strength coming to him as he listens from his hospital bed to the military band in the distance. The Scotsman will take stronger heart on hearing the bagpipes. The dejected will take courage and think of health and freedom when hearing from a sick room window familiar strains heard usually on gala occasions, the sound will bring pleasant memories to misery and persuade the weary that there are better times ahead.

In music we have a valuable treatment which—thanks largely to the extraordinary progress that has recently been made in the manufacture of certain kinds of instruments—is not now so very expensive to apply. The day is not far behind when a groaning and rasping harmonium was the only music that cottage or hospital ward could afford, its commonest contributions being doleful tunes. Then the piano became cheaper, but remained too frequently merely the stand for flower vases, there being too few people able to play upon it decently. But now we have wonderfully fashioned automatic musical instruments of various kinds—even the automatic violin is promised—which are so immensely in advance of the old handle-turned organs that almost any class of tune and any degree of tone may be enjoyed, according to the fancy of the listener. Indeed, such perfection has been attained that even the highest accomplishments of the vocalist are remarkably faithfully reproduced on the gramophone, while autopianos are enough to take away the real executant musicians' calling; nay, more, it is now said that concert-going is much on the decline as a diversion on account of so much well-executed music being performed by mechanical contrivances at home.

Where many cases of illness or convalescence of various kinds are congregated together, as in hospitals, those likely to be benefited might be wheeled into a particular music ward or room in order to take their gramophone and pianola applications, of a kind to be indicated by the physician according to the susceptibility of the sufferers. After a time shrewd scientific observers might find one class of music good for anaemia and another for hysteria, and so on. A few years ago some German and American enthusiasts endeavored to apply music as a scientific treatment in certain cases—when it was really too expensive to obtain, but today music is cheap in all countries, in a few years' time we may have auto-mechanical music-producers as common as electric batteries in our professional instrument's equipment and as frequently prescribed as light, inhalation or bath treatments.

A Tuscan Impresario.

His visage was of Tuscan hue,
He played from house to house
Those classic airs so old—so new—
By Mozart, Verdi, Strauss.
"The Beautiful Blue Danube" rolled
In all its crystal sheen,
And then that gem in memory's gold—
"The Wearing of the Green."

"O Paddy dear, and did you hear!"
The strain brings forth a thrill
Two names come singing to my ear—
"Oulart" and "Vinegar Hill"
'Twas there in bitter Ninety-eight
The color still was seen—
Hark! Well, that music's simply great!
"The Wearing of the Green."

"Oh! I met with Napper Tandy"—there
It sweeps across the years,
Sweeps grandly with resilient air—
A sympathy in tears.
And when some auto passed and laid
Its trail of gasoline,
That organ grinder sweetly played
"The Wearing of the Green."

'Tis the most disthressful country"—you
Can hear the centuries sigh,
Recall the men to dare and do
In glorious days gone by.
What though the impresario's soul
Did float by waves Tyrrhene,
One classic graced his music roll—
"The Wearing of the Green."

"And if the color we should wear"—
The past comes in review
Of men who bravely did their share,
And loved the labor, too.
And when the signorina came
With jingling tambourine,
She thought one name, one song had fame—
"The Wearing of the Green."
—Eugene Geary.

A Point of Agreement.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Two men met in front of a hotel one day and fell into a political discussion. They were ordinary, everyday sort of men, but one of them had a remarkable flow of polysyllabic language. He talked half an hour, and his companion listened in a doze.

"And now," the speaker pompously continued, "perhaps you will coincide with me."

The other's face brightened up. "Why, yes, thanks, did man," he answered heartily, moving toward the barroom door. "Don't care if I do."