

"Petticoat Rule" Is Navajo Answer To Strange Problems of Tribal Life



Women rule the Navajos! Strange as the costumes may seem, it is evident from the keen eyes and voluminous skirts (No. 1) that "Petticoat Government" predominates. The Hogan (No. 2) is built to please her majesty, and to show her strength she plays at "tug of war" (No. 3). There is tenderness within her breast, however, for as shown here (No. 4) the Navajo woman will care even for ailing lambs. The Medicine Man (No. 5) usually has "the last word" with them all!

By JOSEPH A. BURSEY

THE Navajos have a simple solution for divorce! For instance:

If Tom Dodge of New Mexico comes home and finds his saddle and saddle blanket outside the front door he will know that he is practically divorced from Mrs. Dodge, his pretty American wife.

Mr. Dodge is Chief of the famed Navajos of Arizona and New Mexico! He is also the Americanized son of the great Chee Dodge; a university graduate; member of the state bar association, and for awhile member of the law office of Francis C. Wilson.

It is quite possible that Mrs. Dodge is a very happy woman, for her husband has remained a loyal Navajo and in his tribe the woman is supreme!

It is just as true today as it was a hundred years ago that the Navajo Indian woman occupies a proud and dominant position. She is within her rights when she claims her offsprings for her own clan instead of her husband's.

Among the Navajos a man and a woman belonging to the same clan may not marry. Thus when the man marries he goes outside his own clan and knows that his children will become a part of his wife's group instead of his own. He knows, too, that the sheep and the home belong to his wife!

WHEN the woman grows weary of matrimonial association all she need do is to place her husband's saddle and saddle blanket outside the hogan door, and when he returns he knows, without argument, that he is *persona non grata!*

This seeming return of the rule of matriarchy carries responsibilities for the woman, however, along with the privilege of "ruling the roost." Navajo women cheerfully accept these burdens and tend the flocks, shear the sheep and weave the blankets! The blankets of late years have come to be a great source of income and so are important in the scheme of things. Tending the sheep doesn't annoy either, for the mother heart of the Navajo woman often prompts her to huddle ailing lambs under her spacious skirt—or if necessary to nurse them at her breast as she does her children.

The Navajo brave and his mother-in-law never see each other! This is one of the unbroken rules of the race. If the man and his mother-in-law are about to meet by accident, some one always prevents it by calling out, "There's an owl over there!"

The sentence means just one thing, and both the woman and the son-in-law change directions immediately.

The husband's prestige, incidentally, is measured in horseflesh, for the reason that social standing is rated according to the number of horses owned. The men buy their wives with horses—and for this reason the Navajos hang on to about 60,000 horses for which they have no use!

Their taboos are as powerful as their faiths. For instance, they do not kill snakes, since they believe that man was once a snake. They never shoot bear or hunt them, simply because they like them.

THE entrance of a hogan always faces east—which expresses their indebtedness to the sun.

A Navajo will never live in a hogan where a person has died. When a man is very sick he is moved from his own hogan to a shelter or an unused hogan and is dressed in his best clothes, regardless of how painful this is. The patient's wishes are not consulted. After he is dead, the hogan door is walled up, a hole is cut in the north side through which the corpse is moved and the hogan is burned. Choice possessions of the dead man are carried on his horse to the burial ground and buried with him.

For four days after the death, the family sits outside chanting prayers. Then they undergo purification, which rite ends, as all prayers of the Navajo—"In beauty, it is finished."

Most of the Navajo ceremonies are chants to bring about cures of various sorts. The Eagle Chant cures flesh infections, the Red Ant Chant cures wounds received in battle, and the famed

Mrs. Brave Parks Hubby's Saddle Outside Hogan to Let Him Know He's Unwanted; Children Belong to The Wife's Clan

In-dah Chant is used to "lay the ghost of an enemy."

Each Navajo wears a fetish bag around his neck filled with turquoise matrix. Thus, instead of investing their savings in a bank, they invest in turquoise and jewelry, and it is not unusual to see a woman wearing her wealth around her neck.

THEIR costumes are as distinctive as their other characteristics. Men usually wear close-fitting trousers with a velvet jacket. Navajo women wear a velvet jacket and a skirt that may measure 15 yards around the bottom. Many times the woman will have on six of these skirts, with the newest always on the outside.

Both men and women wear heavy conchas belts around their waists. Even small children dress exactly as their elders do. It's a curious sight to see a three-year-old girl dressed exactly as her mother.

The reservation embraces some 11,200,000 acres in Arizona and 3,000,000 acres in New Mexico. The Navajo has been given additional land from time

to time, but now the Indian Service says he needs more.

IT'S true that his once-fertile plains and valleys have been overgrazed. Erosion has set in on some of the land. Last year the government induced the Indians to give up some of their sheep and goats in order to reduce the range load. This they did reluctantly, but they still wanted to keep their horses.

It takes 400 tons of water to grow one ton of dry forage. Yet along comes 60,000 head of horses for which the Navajos have no use and each of them will eat eight pounds of range forage a day and drink eight gallons of water. Five sheep will grow fat on the same amount of food and less water, and five sheep spell income.

That is the reason the 45,000 to 50,000 Navajos say they need more than 14,200,000 acres of land. Since the drought of the last few years, the carrying capacity of the range is less than it was in normal times.

But there are many sides to the problem of Na-

Young Boulder, Colo., Girl In "Met" Debut They Wouldn't Let Her Sing Carols — Now She's In Opera!

ANOTHER lovely singer of the Metropolitan Opera Company comes from the West—Josephine Antoine, brilliant young soprano from Boulder, Colorado.

Interviewed in New York City, she dropped into a deep chair for a moment, and opened a box containing yarn and needles. Her fingers flew at the practical task of crocheting an afghan. A blond young lady—with deep blue eyes—she is practical as well as artistic and talented.

The telephone rang. A masculine voice reminded her of a luncheon date. She was one hour overdue.

"My dear!" she cried. "I'm sorry. Really I am, but I'd forgotten. Completely forgotten. Can't we make it some other time?" Her eyes opened very wide, and she gave a slight shrug.

"No, there is no man in my life—no one I'm lighting Chinese lanterns about—yet! I've been given a gift, and doesn't the Bible say something about using gifts that are given to us?"

Her debut was made in New York as Philine in the French opera Mignon, and she is now scheduled to alternate at the Metropolitan with Lily Pons in coloratura parts.

MISS ANTOINE is a thoroughly Western product. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Antoine, she was born with a perfect stage name. One of the achievements of which the young singer is proud was the honorary degree in music conferred on her at the University of Colorado. Another is the interest taken by her many friends.

"A group of my friends came all the way from Boulder to hear my debut. Of course, mother and father came, and my music teacher from home, Alexander Grant, a grand giant, six feet four inches tall! There was a thrill in knowing all those people were interested enough to make that long trip to hear me!"

Criticism is one thing she can take, and like. "I've always been glad for mother's frank and rather severe criticism," she continued. "It's been good for me. I think defeat is good for one once in a while. It was fortunate that I was defeated in the Atwater Kent contest in 1928—I'd never have finished college if I'd won. As it is, I finished school, got my degree—then won the contest, and have a musical career."

She believes that things happen just about as they should. Defeat comes to keep one from going in the wrong direction—before one is quite ready for the right.

WHEN a child she began singing on every occasion. Her father gave her a fox terrier and a donkey for playmates to make up for the lack of other children living nearby—and there was quite

a bit of childish singing to her two companions.

Laughing merrily, Miss Antoine recalled Sunday school days. "It was always my ambition to be one of the group chosen to sing Christmas carols—



From Boulder, Colorado, to the Metropolitan Opera in New York is quite a step, and here's a lovely lady who made it without, figuratively speaking, taking a long breath. She is Josephine Antoine, shown in the costume of Philine in Mignon, in which she made her New York debut.

but I wasn't one of those selected. That was another of the things which was good for me, because it made me want to sing all the more."

Believing that the modern girl can succeed at almost anything she cares enough about to work at, Miss Antoine has practiced what she believes.

"I've always wanted to sing," she concluded. "I think it has to be that way with anything that you are going to do well. I wanted it enough to teach piano to earn my voice lessons—and I still want it enough to take no measure of the time that I practice."

vajo expansion. New Mexico is a large state, containing some 78,000,000 acres. The government in one form or another owns about 32,000,000 acres. The state owns some 13,000,000. That leaves less than half of the area subject to taxation. Some people have objected to giving the Indians additional lands for that reason; then there is the question of mineral rights to lands in the proposed extension and the rights of the white settlers must be given a hearing.

IN ALL, it's a big problem, and there are those who contend that the Navajo should settle down and learn to irrigate his land and live like a Christian gentleman should, instead of wandering all over creation without a permanent home in which to rest his body.

But whoever saw a Navajo who wanted to rest, anyway?

Footman at Coronation Of Edward VII Now Trucks Feed In Tacoma

By F. M. Lockerby

TO most Americans, the coronation of a king is a nebulous account of pageantry of which they read, but never see—except in a motion-picture news reel. But to Henry Tuson, who sacks and trucks chicken feed in the Tacoma, Wash., warehouse of the Washington Co-operative Egg and Poultry Association, a royal coronation is as much a reality as is the prosaic job that now occupies his attention each day.

For Henry actually participated in a coronation! Not, of course, as a principal, but nevertheless in an important role. He was footman to King Edward VII when that monarch was crowned King of England in 1901.

The recent press accounts of the coronation of King Edward VIII in London recall vividly to Henry Tuson his participation in the coronation of the present British monarch's grandfather.

"It was a grand affair, he said, and many paid as high as five and six pounds just to get permission to peer out of the windows of the business houses that the king's carriage was to pass.

"I sat on the top of the royal carriage, my arms folded stiffly and wearing plush knickerbockers, cutaway coat and a high silk hat with a spur on it," he relates. "When the carriage stopped, I would get down from the box, open the door, carefully lift the laprobe from those within, then, holding the robe in the left arm, I would help the court ladies out with my other hand.

"Our carriage, of course, led the others. The carriage of the late King George V, then the Prince of Wales, followed just behind ours."

Tuson recalls that King Edward VII was in many ways much like Edward VIII. He was a great sportsman, and Tuson says he took the monarch to the races many times.

TUSON became king's footman because he came from an old and established English family. His father at one time had 100,000 pounds, according to Tuson, but was unlucky in real estate. Tuson then found employment as a hall boy of the Honorable Lady Grey Edgerton. He took a position in the king's service a year later. He remained in the king's service for four years, then moved to Canada and afterwards came to the United States.

Interesting is Tuson's description of preparation for the day's work as a royal footman in the time of Edward VII. It was necessary for him to wear the fancy braided knickerbockers, cutaway coat, high silk hat and other elaborate regalia.

In winter time he wore a short thick fur coat to protect him from the heavy mists. Each morning it was necessary for him to mix lavender and white powder together, then put the mixture in his hair to give it a white appearance. Sometimes he wore a wig!