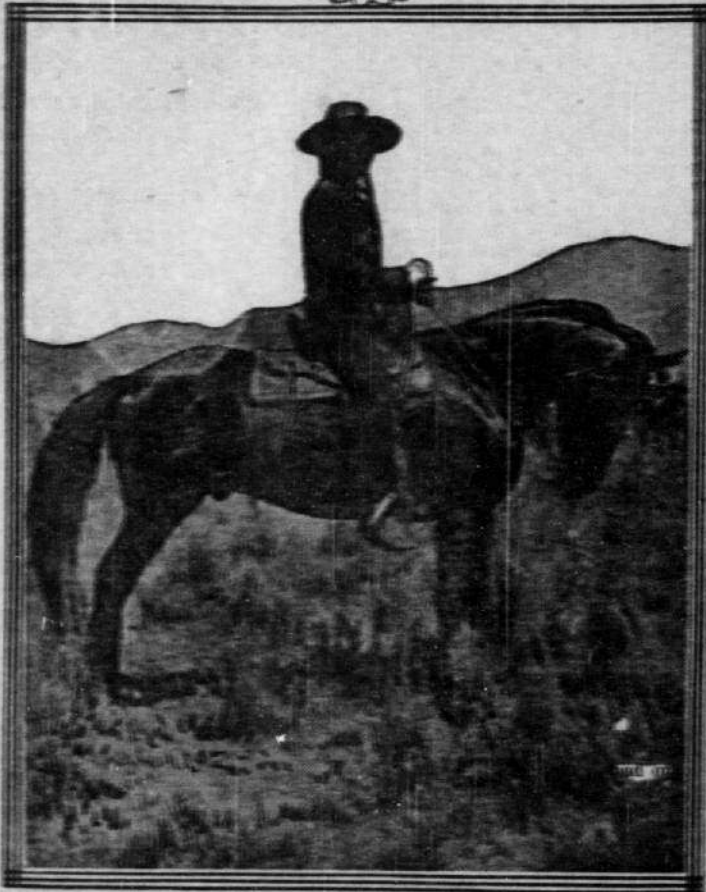


NAVAJO INDIAN POLICE



A NAVAJO POLICEMAN

IF ONE drops in at the office of W. T. Shelton, agent of the Navajo Indians at Shiprock, N. M., at any time of the day or evening the chances are he will find one or two five-footed Indian policemen on hand. They represent the "central detail" of the reservation police force. There are eight or ten others scattered among the left and mesa and this little band has done the outlaw and whisky selling out of a territory of 4,000 square miles in extent.

The Navajo Indian police are hard riders, game fighters and above all things else, faithful to their agent, whom they regard as a sort of walking edition of Uncle Sam himself, says a writer in the Los Angeles Times. They are little about the midnight salary of \$30 a month the government pays them for their services. It is for "non-uniform" (the tall captain), as they term Mr. Shelton, that they face more dangers than fall to the lot of the average city policeman, in any setting of hardships to which the comfortably housed metropolitan officer is a total stranger.

There is a certain element of pride in wearing the government uniform and in the authority it gives the wearer among his tribesmen—in any setting of hardships to which the comfortably housed metropolitan officer is a total stranger.

It would seem impossible for less than a dozen men to keep order and enforce the laws in a range of territory as extensive as a New England state, but the police under Agent Shelton have done it for eight years. Only once was it necessary to call upon the soldiers for assistance and that was in subduing an Indian outbreak. By all odds, who had gathered a number of supporters and was bent on leading a Baffin Hood expedition in the most inaccessible part of the reservation. When the outbreak was finally captured the Indian police were in the van and bore the brunt of the fire which the outlaw and his retainers directed at the representatives of law and order.

Choosing Candidates for the Police. In choosing candidates for the Indian police influential men among the Indians are picked. Following the example of those who selected frontier marshals from among the "gunners" in early days, Mr. Shelton has in several instances picked as policemen Indians who have been known as "bad." Some of the most valuable members of the force have been engaged in ugly outbreaks in the past, but the agent has been justified in his shrewd choice, for the damping of the official hate in every case served to eliminate the "vendetta" in the redskin's disposition.

One of the most zealous members of the force today was a leader in an outbreak in what is known as the "Four Corners Country," where the states of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico meet. Some "brave" Indians get into difficulty with a trader, who quickly rallies a dozen or more warriors to his support. Shots were exchanged and the cowboys were compelled to stand at bay in the hills, where it seemed probable that they would be massacred unless they secured aid. The trader volunteered an attempt to get through the conflicting lines of Indians and said he would bring a white bandoliered on a mule to him if he got through.

When the bandoliered returned on the hill the Indians saw it and realized what it meant. Two of them struck the trail of the trader and started in hot pursuit. One of the Indians is now a policeman. He tells today how he pursued the trader with murder in his heart and felt strong enough to kill all the white men in the world. But the trader halted just after rounding the brow of the hill and when the Indians came upon him he had them covered with a rifle and ordered them to throw up their hands.

"When I looked into the barrel of that gun," said the policeman laughingly, "I didn't feel strong any more. I felt just as weak as a little child."

The Indians both threw down their guns at the trader's direction, and after he confiscated the weapons he rode on to the nearest fort, and the cowboys were released. Since that day the old Ya-bee has been "strong" for the government, and most of the time has been a patient and efficient member of the Navajo police force. Others on the force have "records" which they have earned for by faithful service in behalf of the law.

The chief of the Navajo Indian police is Doctor John, one of the best doctors and most influential men generally in the tribe. The Indian has a weakness for cronyism, and Doctor John

Advertising Talks

AFTER MANY YEARS

Never Can Tell When Advertising Brings Results.

The man is not a ground; far from it.

He is a successful merchant on Canal street. He pays his bills, and does the right thing in other than financial matters.

But he does not know much about advertising. He advertises in nearly all the cheap dailies that are presented to him. With him advertising is an expense, and not an investment.

If he should, some day when he gets a little more money, ever go back to the soil, it is doubtful if he wouldn't kick on planting any seeds that would not come up the very next day and bring a huge profit.

When a solicitor for the "Fair Book" went to him to talk about the advantages to be derived from bringing several hundred thousand dollars to the city during fair week, he looked thoughtful for a moment and then said he would think it over.

Nothing would change that attitude. He wanted to think it over. The missionary for the fair went away and returned the next day, but the merchant's thoughts had been steered in the right direction.

"Nothing doing," said the merchant, when the hopeful solicitor showed him the nose in the doorway. "I have been looking over my books, and when he is told to 'get' an Indian he brings in the subject, no matter what unimportant part of the mountain or plains he has to travel.

Above all, he is strong for the government and the white man's ways, and uses his powerful influence in getting the Indians to spend less time dancing and more time cultivating their crops. Doctor John speaks few words of English, and most of his orders are received through the agency interpreter, but he is more valuable to the agent than many of the men who boast education at the white man's schools.

Several times the Indian police have had contacts with horse thieves who have undertaken to run stolen herds into the wilderness of the reservation. So many horse thieves have been captured by the Navajos that the horse stealing party now gives the reservation a wide berth.

Stamping Out Bootlegging. By stamping out bootlegging the police have rendered efficient aid. There is little or no liquor brought on the Navajo reservation. The white men engaged in this traffic have had an experience at the hands of the government agent and his police, and stick to the "dry" views regarding the reservation, where there is less vigilance in enforcement.

"If the Indian police are so all, it is in excess of faithfulness in carrying out orders," said Mr. Shelton recently. "I had that proved in a laughable manner not long ago. A tramp applied at the agency for work, but I told him there was nothing and he went on his way. That night I thought of something he might do if he were really in earnest about earning an honest dollar, and I told one of the Indian police to catch up with him and tell him that I wanted to see him."

The tramp didn't know what I wanted and refused to come. When he persisted in going on his way the Indian policeman stopped him, tied his hands and feet and came joggling back to the office with the tramp on his back. The tramp was furious and no explanation that I could make would soothe his wounded feelings. He accused the work I offered and finally I had to order him off the reservation by the shortest route—which didn't happen to be the one he was taking when the Indian policeman caught him.

There are no frills about the Navajo Indian police. They ride hard mouths of little ponies and ride them with little mercy. Some of the police are sheep owners and wealthy. Most of them are farmers and own little bunches of cattle. Big Max, Big Steve, Sherry, Red Goat, Black Horse and Oliver Jones are the names of some of Doctor John's assistants in preserving the peace of Navajo land.

Waterfall "Legion."

French mothers want a legion of honor for themselves. A petition to that effect has been laid before the senate, and M. Bagnald was commissioned to report upon it. He now declares that he finds the petition very interesting. French mothers demand a pension for each child they bring up. When a mother has eight children she is to receive a medal corresponding to the medals military granted in recognition of valor, and equivalent to the Victoria cross. The French mothers who bring up eight children ask for the badge of courage, and M. Bagnald, the senator, approves them, but he cannot hit upon a name for the new legion. The senate is to be left to choose the title. The pension claimed for brave mothers is not exorbitant. It is to be only 20 francs a year per child. "We commend their moderation," adds Senator Bagnald, and as spokesman of the committee he proposes the scheme to the ministry of the interior, with a strong recommendation for approval.

Cat Raised Brood of Chickens. A cat on a farm near Elizabeth, Pa., lost her litter of kittens and in place of them adopted a brood of nine chickens which she successfully reared by bringing food for them and cuddling close to them at night.

Regretted Womanly Limitations.

She gave an evasive thought to the hapless lot of men, who are always free to plunge into the heating waters of action.—Henry James.

mine, as there was a trussion over each door. We had been there a week, and was most ready for a square meal back on the old husband when something happened. About 1 o'clock in the morning I heard Sarah a-puffin' on the lock plus wall between the rooms as 'shoutin' like she was crossing of the back door as' no heat in sight.

"I like the four mighty quick, dinkin' of all I had heard about thieves an' murderers in Chicago, an' prances into Sarah's room. I finds Sarah in a panic, a-rocket' back an' forth on the side of her wenchin' an' screwin' bed, an' a-dittin' up her wits like all go-long.

"Oh, hey," she says to me, "I've been robbed. I hid up my new silk dress in a neat package and hung it on the wall there, an' now it's gone. Some man reached right through the trussion an' took it. I saw his hand."

"There ain't no use tryin' to console a woman for a new silk dress when it's been stole from her, so I didn't try. I just stood there and expressed my opinion of Chicago, from Kensington to High Ridge avenue.

"Now, hey," says she to me, when I stopped on account of havin' writin' more to say that was original. "The never get' back without that new silk dress. I'd be the laughin' stock of everybody. You've got to take enough of our money an' buy me a new silk dress. I'll save up eggs and butter money until I've paid you back."

"It might be a mistake," said I. "You lie quiet for a day or two an' maybe the party that took the dress will bring it back. In the meantime, I'll advertise it in the newspapers."

"So I went back to my room to put on my new suit, an' the vest wasn't under my pillow where I had put it. It was tucked away in a corner under the bed. When I looked in the trussie pocket there wasn't any more money there than a white snuff carry in his left eye. An' us with the hotel bill only half paid and the tickets back home gone, I could see the finish for the new silk dress.

"I ain't a-goin' to tell you what I said to Sarah for losin' of her dress, nor yet what she said to me for losin' of our money. She wouldn't get out of her room until I got money from home, an' I was mighty hungry before I thought of plodin' my new grid watch. But I put the advertisement in as soon as I could, and offered a reward for the return of the dress.

"So we went back home an' wait-ed eighteen years for that new silk dress to be brought back. Every body her Sarah's got in all that time looked to her like it had a habit about that dress in it, until she got it open.

"Don't be impudent," I used to say to her. "Give the advertisement a chance to persuade." So she waited, and I waited, and the other day it came."

"What's that?" demanded the merchant. "You never got that silk dress back again, did you? Where was it all that time? Who stole it?"

"It wasn't stole," replied Uncle Lee. "A man who was losin' the hotel reached through the wrong trussion an' got it. It was three weeks before he found out his mistake, and then there was no trader' the occupant of that room. Well, sir, not long ago, he bought some seed cotton of a farmer, and the farmer's wife went to the grocery and brought out an old, old newspaper to wrap them up in. On the way home he noticed the paper was dated World's Fair year, and so he read it, kind of to bring that time back to his mind, I guess. And there he saw the advertisement for Sarah's new black silk dress. After more than eighteen years that advertisement brought results! I heard you was talkin' about advertising, an' I thought I'd tell you about Aunt Sarah's new silk dress."

"Is that right?" asked the merchant.

"Sure!" The dress came back good as new. Didn't never been taken out of the package, so it was wrinkled some, but Sarah's wench' of it today. Made over? Why, yes, a little, but it's a pretty good dress yet. Wasn't that funny? After eighteen years."

"And if you don't get returns the same day," laughed the agent, turning to the merchant, "you think you have been defrauded."

"It begins to look to me," said the merchant, "as if you brought Uncle Lee in here to tell that story? Anyway, I'll take that advertisement. If it doesn't bring results for eighteen years I may be dead, but my son will be right here in business, and he'll get the benefit of it."

You never can tell when a properly written advertisement will bring results. A mail order man told a friend, the other day, that it was the advertising he did last year that was selling goods for him now.—Alfred B. Tower, in The Michigan Tradesman.

Floating Cannery.

A new phase of scientific management has been put into operation on our propulsive Pacific coast by the conversion of the good old ship Glory of the Seas into a floating cannery of salmon. There is the whole proceedings right on one floating spot—catching, cleaning, cooking, canning, bottling and then, when the hull is full of the season's pack of cases, a tow of the factory into port and the market.

Vans of the Deep Blue Sea.

One of the most unique battles ever witnessed between creatures of the sea occurred several years ago in the Pacific. Frank Bullen, a sailor, tells of seeing a duel between a whale and an octopus. The arms of the monster were entwined about the huge head of the whale. The octopus had eyes a foot in diameter, and a head large enough to contain 100 gallons. The whale was victorious.

Developing Norway's Resources.

Norway's government maintains a society engaged in the recruiting of men and women hands and developing the manufacture and use of peat.

A Nightmare.

"Oh, baby, I had a dreadful dream last night."

"What did you dream about?"

"I dreamed that in all the world there were no sleep windows."

Things Queer and Curious

Goats of the Pyramids



One of the things that amaze the visitor to Egypt is the pasturing attention of the natives. At the same time these brown boys are sometimes amusing, as when they keep about the pyramids like veritable goats.

ORIGIN OF HEAD HUNTING.

Head hunting, the greatest passion of the Dyak, has its roots in the superstition and in his idea of immortality and filial affection. A Dyak legend tells that "the daughter of their great ancestor, who resides in heaven, came the evening star, refused to marry until her betrothed brought her a gift worthy her acceptance.

"The man went into the jungle and killed a deer, which he presented to her, but the fair lady turned away in disdain. He went away and returned with a miss (orang-outang), the great monkey who lingers the forest, but this present was not more to her taste.

"Then in a fit of despair the man went abroad and killed the first man he met and throwing the carcass, head at her feet, exclaimed, 'This is the cruelty she had made him pay for, but to his surprise she accepted, and said that now he had obtained the only gift worthy of herself.'

"And to this day a Dyak girl will often refuse to marry a man who has not taken at least one head, and more willing upon the truth, she is obligated to furnish a fresh head to attend the spirit of any dead member of his family.

CHELSEA'S MYSTERY HOUSE.

One of the most eccentric establishments in London has just died in the person of Dr. John Martin Paine, at his ninetieth year. He was regarded to be very wealthy and the possessor of what has been known as the "Mystery House" in Chelsea, a large square building, with a drive descending to a mere garden. From the house he was slinging out in a jumble of trunks, suitcases and trunks, and there are endless cupboards, niches, and shelves, and all the rest.

The story goes that Dr. Paine was reconstructing the house for his wife, but when she died he gave up the task. It is nearly thirty years now since the house was completed and twelve years since it was arranged in its present style. The interior is so curious as to excite the fancy of the most imaginative. Many of the rooms are piled with the ceilings gilded, frescoed and painted in gorgeous style, but all are in a state of dilapidation.

ENGLISH TWIN WEDDING.

Twins figured very prominently at the wedding at an English town, in Cumberland, recently, of Robert Mitchell, a well-known local wrestler, and Miss Sarah Little, daughter of a local farmer. Both the bride and bridegroom were twins. The bride was given away by her twin brother and the bridegroom's twin brother acted as best man.

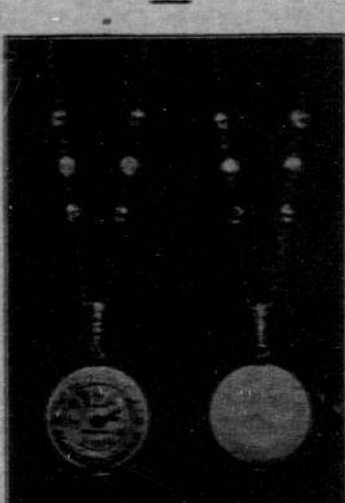
LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONY.

With the completion of a new submarine cable between England and France, successful transmission of telephone messages has been established between England and Brittany.

TALLEST MAN IN ENGLAND.

Frederick Knapp, a bookbinder at Dr. Barnard's home in Essex, is said to be the tallest man in England. He measured 7 feet, 5 1/2 inches in his working dress, and in only twenty-two years old.

WATCH INSIDE OF A PEARL.



Points on watches are commonplaces, but a watch in a pearl is surely a novelty. One has just been made by a Paris watchmaker after 25 months of work by his best mechanic. The pearl weighed 45 grains and was a perfect flattened sphere. Its diameter was 2 1/4 millimeters or slightly more than half an inch. The watch is 2 1/2 millimeters, or 4/10ths of an inch, in diameter, and has a compensating balance of 5-32nds of an inch caliber. It may seem strange, but the maker says the most difficult part of the work was boring the hole in which the watch was to be inserted in the pearl. This watch mounted in a pearl cost \$4,000.

ICELANDERS WELL EDUCATED.

Icelanders are now famous for their high standard of education. Every child of ten in this remote little land can read and write, neither subject poverty nor excessive wealth is seen, and crime is rare; and the latest step in the evolution of this remarkable people is the founding of a university at the capital.

VALENTINE COLLECTIONS.

A collection of 100,000 valentines made by an Italian stationer named King has been offered by him to the British museum. Some of the valentines are elaborate, comprising 700 parts, and priced at \$50 and higher. All these valentines were printed prior to the beginning of the present century.

TOT SPEAKS FOUR TONGUES.

Asker Torngas Martin, four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin of Roskilde, can talk in four languages. Her parents are Armandian, her mother understanding Armandian, Turkish, Greek and English. The child has picked up a wonderful knowledge of all four, it is said.

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND KINGS.

The late King Leopold of Belgium allowed the photographer and all his works. When his majesty met a man with a camera he always did his best to avoid him, either turning away or pulling his hat over his eyes. Queen Alexandra is favorably disposed to the photographers, and so was King Edward, provided they did not cause him any inconvenience. The queen of Spain is also gracious to the man with the camera. On one occasion a photographer followed her persistently. She sent one of her attendants to inquire the reason. The man's answer was irresistible: "I take photographs to gain my daily bread." The queen stopped, saying: "I did not know that," and allowed him to snap about her.

WATCHES MADE OF GRASS.

With the growing scarcity of wood, watch manufacturers are looking for a substitute. A stem made of dried grass is being experimented with in Europe.

FINDS STRANGE GEMS.

A magnificent mountain, through the center of which extends a perfect sea, more beautiful colored was found on the beach by J. P. Taylor, a California boatman, after the high tides had receded. He ventured out almost into the storm pitched breakers a second time to search the pebbles, and was rewarded with another remarkably white round mountain in the exact center of which is a drop of water that moves as the gem is turned. Each of the stones is as large as a thumbnail.

SNEEZING AS AN OWEN.

Sneezing nowadays generally indicates a chill, but in the days of old Greece it was a matter of concern and import. A sneeze between midnight and dawn was a fortunate sign, but between noon and midnight was most unfortunate. To sneeze to your right was lucky, to your left unlucky. Two or four sneezes were lucky, one or three very unlucky. Over four did not count. When people sneezed together while talking business it was regarded as a very good sign.

GEM PROVED UNHEALTHY DIET.

Attracted by the brilliant stone in a ring on its owner's hand, "Champion," a golden Wyandotte cockerel, prize winner at a number of poultry shows, the property of H. J. Hunt, of Washington, D. C., reached out his beak, pecked off the stone and swallowed it before Hunt could snatch his hand away. An operation and the effects of chloroform caused "Champion's" death.

MUCH OF AFRICA UNEXPLORED.

Although the white man has gone to almost all the ends of the world, there are still more than a million square miles in Africa, an element of its total area, which still remain unexplored. Most of this country lies within the desert of Sahara, although there are 20,000 square miles in

ARMLESS CHILD WONDER.

A strange freak of nature is little eight-year-old Mary Sullivan, the child of a Dutch-Girl couple, who was recently taken to the Nottingham hospital for an operation. Born without arms and with one leg deformed, she is able to do with her feet most things ordinary people do with their hands. She can brush her hair, wash her face and eat with her feet.

WATCH KEPT TIME 100 YEARS.

After ticking for upwards of a century, during which period it has accurately kept the time for succeeding generations in one family, a watch belonging to a Kentucky man has just been repaired in Waltham, Mass. For the first time in its existence was started on another owner.