



CHARLES D. CARTER.



ROBERT L. OWEN.

# INDIAN RACE, PERISHING, GIVES NATION MEN of INFLUENCE

forms one of the brightest pages in America's athletic history. That he should excel in athletic contests comes as no great surprise, because nature has provided him with the physical equipment essential to success in that field.

Reference to a few members of the race who have won their way to positions of responsibility and trust will not be out of place right here.

Oklahoma, a State peopled with many tribes, naturally has more Indians engaged in business and professional pursuits than any other State. Many of these Indians have built up splendid businesses and are ranked among the best citizens of the State. Their integrity is unquestioned and they are active in any movement looking toward the betterment of the less fortunate members of their race. Many of the State and municipal

Robert L. Owen, a full-blooded Cherokee, Senator Owen is one of the ablest legislators at Washington, a splendid orator, strong in debate and convincing in his arguments. Tall, sinewy, with broad shoulders, thick black hair and snapping black eyes, he is the typical Indian. He has a winning personality and has a large circle of acquaintances throughout the country.

Representative Charles D. Carter, a Choctaw Indian, represents an Oklahoma district in the House of Representatives. Both are democrats.

Senator Charles Curtis, a Kaw, is one of the two men who represent Kansas in the United States Senate. Senator Curtis is a fine talker and holds the attention of his colleagues whenever he addresses the Senate. He is a republican. He lives in Topeka, where he has built up an extensive law practice.

Two Indians who have distinguished themselves in the pulpit are the Rev. S. A. Brigham, an Ojibwa, and the Rev. Frank Wright, a Choctaw. The Rev. Mr. Brigham is an ordained priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Rev. Mr. Wright, an evangelist of considerable reputation in the West. Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman is a noted author and lecturer.

Prominent among the archaeologists of the country is Arthur C. Parker, a Seneca Indian, for some time past the official archaeologist of the State of New York. Richard C. Adams, an hereditary chief of the Delaware, is grand sachem of the Brotherhood of American Indians. The first Indian to take out a patent at Washington is Nicholas Longfellow, an Apache, who has taken steps to protect a preparation for strengthening young trees.

A large number of Indians are employed in the government service, and in every case they have given entire satisfaction. Two red men are employed as postmasters—Joseph R. Sequichie at Chelsea, Okla., and Albert H. Simpson at Ellsworth, N. D.

Leaving the serious vocations in which the Indian has won success for the athletic field, where undying fame is the chief reward, the name of James Thorpe, a Sac

knowing there will be plenty of action any time they start.

"Tom" Longboat and Lewis Tewanima are Indian athletes who have established themselves as distance runners, each having won a number of grueling Marathon contests. Tewanima's progress in the athletic world has been extremely rapid. It is only a few years ago that he was roaming the forests, a member of the Hopi tribe of Indians. With a dozen other youngsters he arrived at Carlisle, and before he had been there a great while showed his class as a runner.

Baseball has opened up the trail to glory for a number of Indians, but none of the members of the race who took up this branch of sport achieved the fame that has come to John Meyers, of the New York Giants, and Charles Bender, of the Philadelphia Athletics. Meyers, a Mission Indian, is ranked as one of the best catchers in the great national game. He is one of the most popular players on Manager McGraw's team. Bender's claim to baseball glory is too well known to need repetition. A member of the Chippewa tribe, he is regarded as one of the greatest pitchers that ever entered the box. His wonderful performances putting him in the class with Mathewson, Wood and other stars of the diamond.

The New York Fire Department has an Indian on its roster of whom it is extremely proud. His rare courage in the face of great danger endearing him to his comrades. He is Seneca Larkie, Jr., and, as his name implies, is a descendant of the powerful tribe that once roamed New York State. At the fire which destroyed the Equitable Building last January he rescued Mr. William Giblin, president of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company, at great risk to his own life. Mr. Giblin was imprisoned in a steel cage and had

## In the Pulpit, as Business Men, in Congress, in Science and in Athletics the Red Man is the Peer of the White.

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GIVE the Indian a chance. This demand that America's legitimate children, the surviving members of a wonderful race, be given a square deal by the country which rightfully belongs to them grows stronger hourly. It is a plea that goes up from the heart of every patriotic citizen, a plea backed by love of country and sincere affection for the noble

and manly sons of the continent. On this continent but now making his last stand on the rim of a civilization that has taken all he had and given little in return. That it should be necessary to make such a plea for the lawful owners of this great land will seem strange to residents of other countries, but that prompt action

is necessary to insure them the small comforts to which they are entitled has been shown by the recent disclosures dealing with life on the Indian reservations, disclosures that brought a twinge of conscience to every one that read them. Investigation showed that the picturesque wards of the government were being neglected and that those delegated to look after their simple wants had been remiss in their duties.

While many uninformed persons have been accustomed to point out the uselessness of educating the Indian, basing their contention on the more or less popular belief that no amount of education can prevent the Indian from reverting to the barbaric life of his fathers, enough members of the race have made good after getting a chance to refute that belief. It may be true that many of them fail to capitalize the education provided by the government, going back to their natural state as soon

as the school door closes behind them, preferring to hunt, fish and roam the hills to struggling for a footing in the business world, but for that matter thousands of civilized white men fail to follow up the advantages of an education.

As against those red men who have disappointed their well wishers by throwing away the chance to win an honorable position there are hundreds of Indians who have fought their way to success in every branch of endeavor. These sturdy sons of the forest, handicapped by the blood of an ancestry that knew no restraint, have adapted themselves to the ways of civilization and are standing shoulder to shoulder with their white brothers on the firing line of the business and professional world.

In the battle against tremendous odds that stoicism which is one of their chief characteristics has proved a valuable asset, no rebuff being severe enough to stay their onward march to success. This

Schoenbut's arm. Schoenbut was bitten on the arm near the shoulder by a rattlesnake and persons expert in the action of rattlesnake poison testified that he would undoubtedly have died had it not been for the bravery of his companion. Although Miss Ernst had a fever blister on her lips and was well aware that, owing to this fact, she was endangering her own life in extracting the poison, she nevertheless repeatedly sucked the venom from the wound. The commission awarded her a silver medal for this brave action.

Numbers of women have received awards from the commission for saving persons from being burned to death and more than one has given up her life in a vain effort to rescue others from burning buildings. One of the most pathetic of these cases was that of Jewel H. Reed, a school girl of seventeen, who lost her life in attempting to save two women, fifty and fifty-two years old, from a burning building in St. Louis, Mo. The two women were servants in the home of Miss Reed, and the girl, who was on the lower floor of the house when the fire broke out, climbed the stairs through fire and smoke to go to the rescue of the two older women. The brave action was all in vain, for the girl was cut off from the lower floor by the fire and smoke and perished with those whom she had sought to save.

The commission recognized the girl's heroism by sending to her family the silver medal which would have been hers had she lived.

Another seventeen-year-old girl also figures in the records of the commission as a fire heroine. Thelma H. G. McNeel, a girl employed in a dentist's office, was not so unfortunate as Miss Reed in her attempt to save others. From her own apartment in Boston, Miss McNeel saw that a fire had broken out in the adjoining building. By way of the roof she succeeded in reaching the third floor of the burning building and found there two children, James D. and Alice Cooney, aged seven and three years respectively, who had been locked in a room while their mother was absent at her work. Miss McNeel carried the children up to the roof through dense smoke and succeeded in reaching the street with them.

Mrs. Minnie L. Meyers, the matron of a children's home at Riverton, Wash., also has to her credit the rescue of children from fire. Mrs. Meyer was awakened at two o'clock in the morning by an alarm of fire. She aroused the children on the first and second floors of the building and led them to safety. Three of the children, Annie Grover, Charles

## Frail Women Face Death to Save Others

THIS is not the age of heroism," say the pessimists. "Heroism disappeared years ago along with illusions and the home life and other old-fashioned things."

And then some day we happen across a true record of heroism—the official report of the Carnegie Hero Fund—and within the unpretentious volume we find a wealth of material of genuine human drama, real heroes and real heroines.

Since the Carnegie Hero Fund began to make its awards a great many women have been recognized as worthy of medals for their heroic deeds. Some of the most thrilling of these brief recitals in which the Commission chronicles the deeds of those to whom medals are awarded set forth the details of the courageous parts which women played in rescuing others from perils of every sort. Brief these details are, but dry they cannot be, for they conjure episodes of startling interest to all those who care to think of humanity in its more noble aspects. Most of these women are otherwise unknown to fame. They are many of them not the sort of persons who have appeared particularly heroic or interesting to their neighbors, who saw only their quiet outward aspect. The unknown housewife, soberly performing her daily round of commonplace duties, the little school-teacher or office clerk, faithfully drudging through the routine of daily life, the young woman student, often a "dig," quite without worshipping girl satellites in the little world of school or college—these are the kind of women from which the ranks of the heroines are to be recruited. When the moment comes for real service to be rendered at a cost perhaps of life itself, for one moment these steady, brave, self-sacrificing women flash forth into the light, do the doughty deed and then retire quietly again into their modest backgrounds.

One of the most persistently heroic persons ever awarded a Carnegie medal was Mrs. Marie V. B. Langdon, of Telma, Washington, who in January, 1907, saved the lives of three persons by rescuing them from freezing. Almost every one is satisfied with making one attempt to rescue others, but Mrs. Langdon, undeterred by the hideous fate of being frozen to death, which menaced her at every turn of the way she took through a terrible storm, made three separate trips to the point at which those whom she designed to rescue had fallen, unable to go further.

Mrs. Langdon was alone in her remote farmhouse one frightful day in the win-

ter when she heard, carried across the howling winds, the faint, pitiful cries for help which called her upon her courageous errand. The thermometer was 14 degrees below zero and all around were great fields of snow more than six feet deep. She had no snow shoes, but refusing to consider her own danger she went six hundred feet from her home in the direction of the cries. There, almost beyond possibility of rescue, she found Mrs. Gertrude S. Jacques, with one baby in her arms and another clinging to her. The woman had fled, with her children, from their burning home, the nearest house to the Langdon homestead. She had taken off her outward clothing and wrapped it around an older child who had been unable to go any further and whom she had been obliged to leave still further back in the snow-covered wastes.

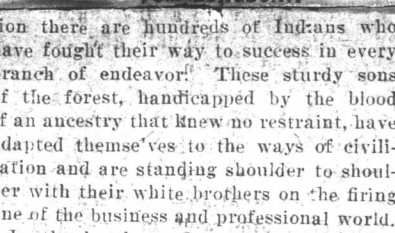
Mrs. Langdon put forth all her strength and half carried, half dragged Mrs. Jacques and her smallest child to the house. Then, waiting not a moment to recover from the terrific exhaustion caused by dragging her burden through the snow, she made her way quickly back and picked up the second baby, the one that had accompanied its mother.

But her task was not yet done when the mother and her two children had been safely sheltered under the Langdon roof. Mrs. Langdon made a third trip back into the fearful outside world. The third Jacques child was still off there in the snow fields, waiting where its distracted mother had left it.

Mrs. Langdon reached the child in safety. It was very still, but there was no time to make inquiries then. She began to stagger back with it, seeking to retrace her own footsteps in the beautifully cruel white snow.

Half way there she discovered beyond a doubt that nothing could be done for the third Jacques baby. It was quite dead, beyond the possibility of revival. There was nothing for the heroic woman to do but to lay the small burden down and make a last attempt to keep herself from falling into the delicious sleep induced by the terrible exhaustion and the cold. (She fought this off determinedly, and managed to reach her house at last, too weak to do more than sink on its door-step.)

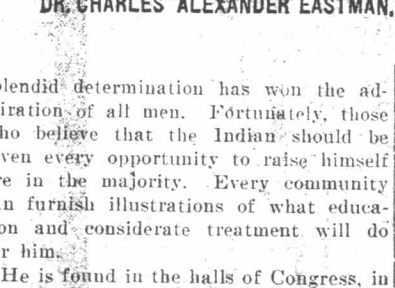
For this heroic action Mrs. Langdon was awarded a silver medal by the fund. From the depths of winter to the mid-summer picnic period range the records of the Carnegie heroine list. One of the first medals bestowed on a woman by the fund was given to Miss Lucy E. Ernst, twenty years of age, who sucked the venom of a snake from Henry E.



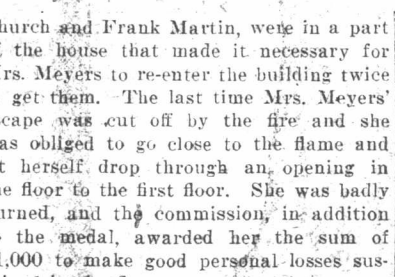
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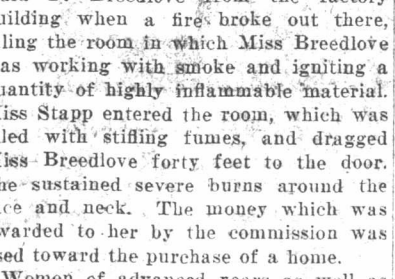
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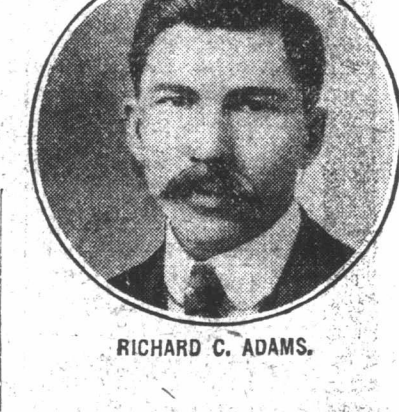
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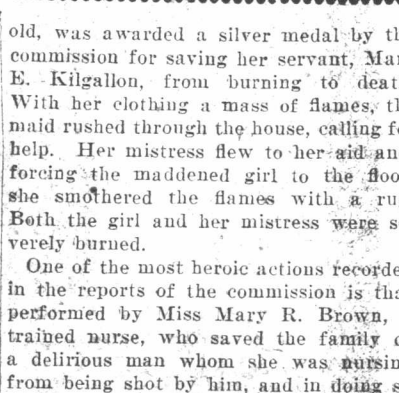
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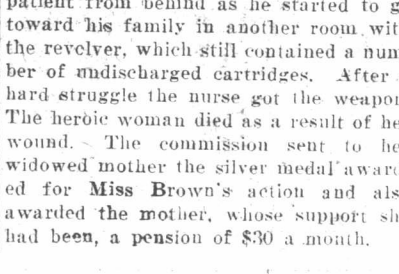
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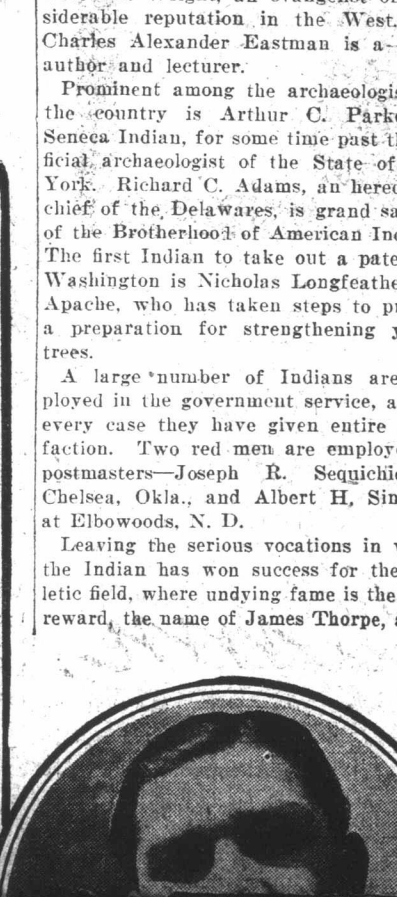
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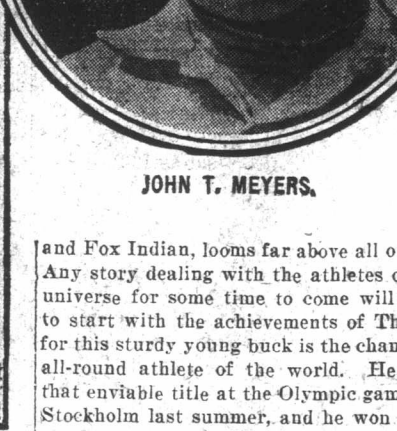
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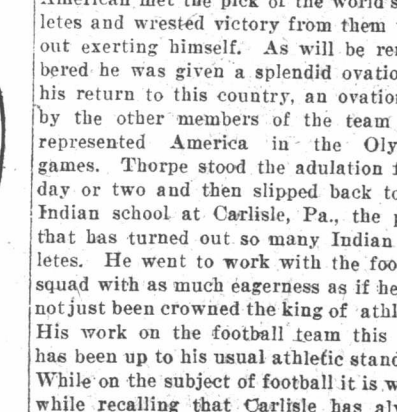
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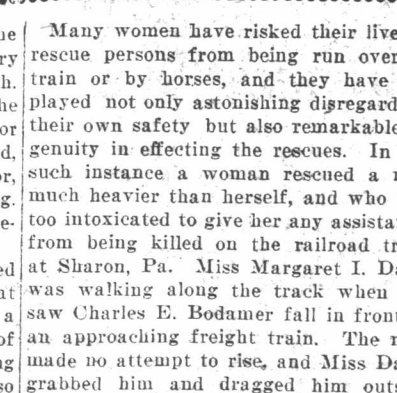
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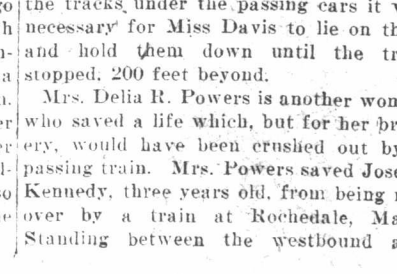
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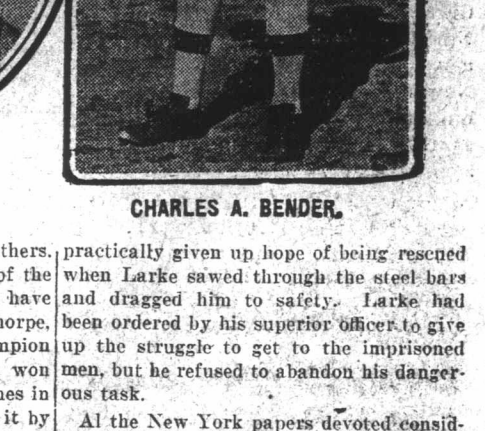
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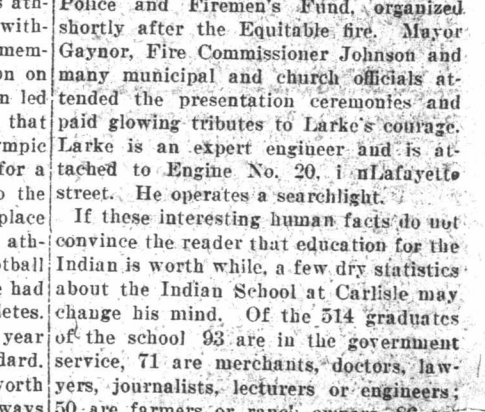
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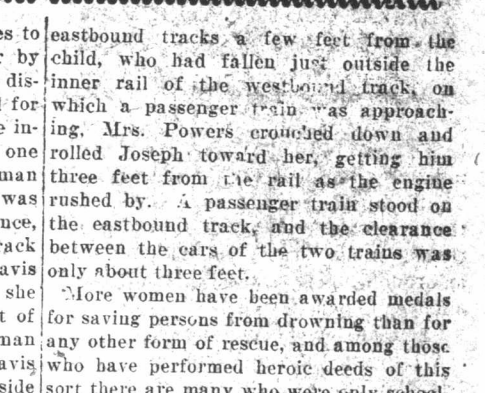
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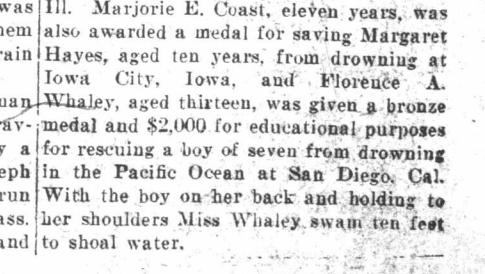
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