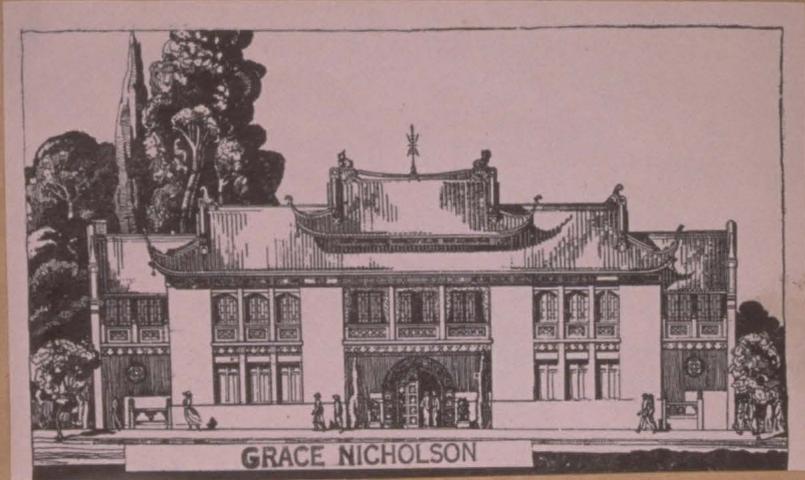




Album I

Abraham Mayer

44
~~36~~ photos









Arcata, Cal - Indians



Arcata Cal



Mississippi River
Indians



Wanaloose Isld. Columbia River, above Cascade Rocks ^{near Hood} River

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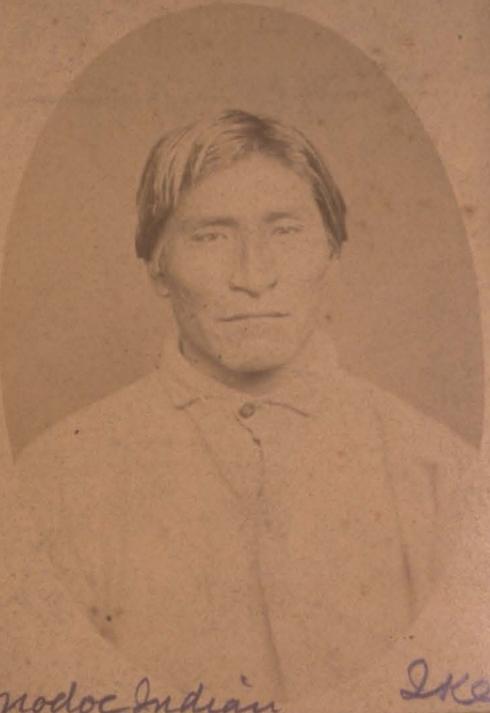


Modoc Indian Black Jim

BLACK JIM.

I certify that L. HELLER has this day taken the Photographs of the above
 Modoc Indian, prisoner under my charge.
 Capt. C. B. THROCKMORTON, 4th U. S. Artillery, Officer of the Day.
 I am cognizant of the above fact. GEN. JEFF. C. DAVIS, U. S. A.

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Modoc Indian Ike

I K E.

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 I am cognizant of the above fact. GEN. JEFF. C. DAVIS, U. S. A.

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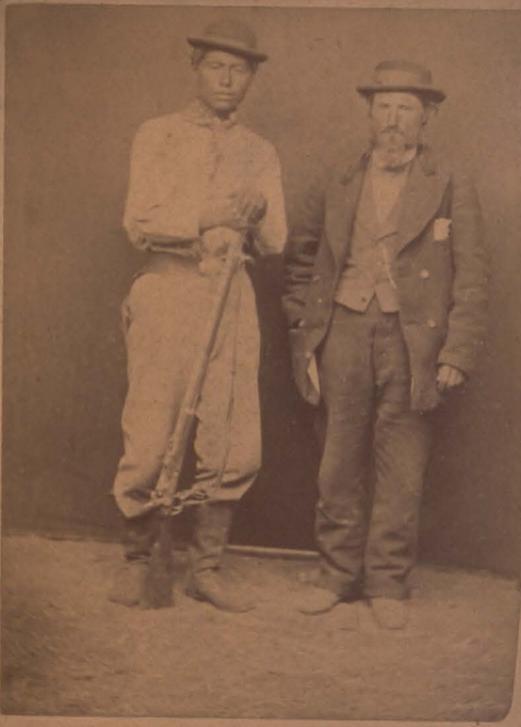


Modoc Indian Steamboat Frank

STEAMBOAT FRANK.

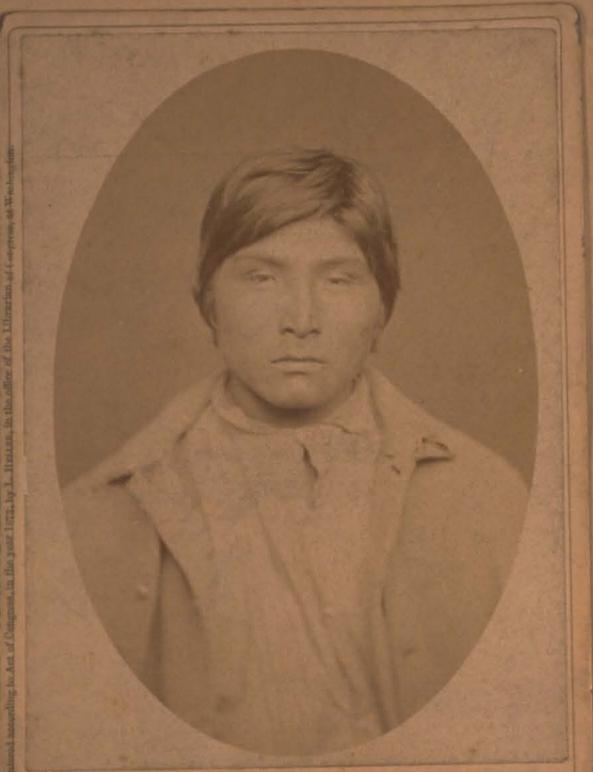
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BURGESS AND BOGUS CHARLEY.

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Capt. C. B. THROCKMORTON, 4th U. S. Artillery, Officer of the Day.
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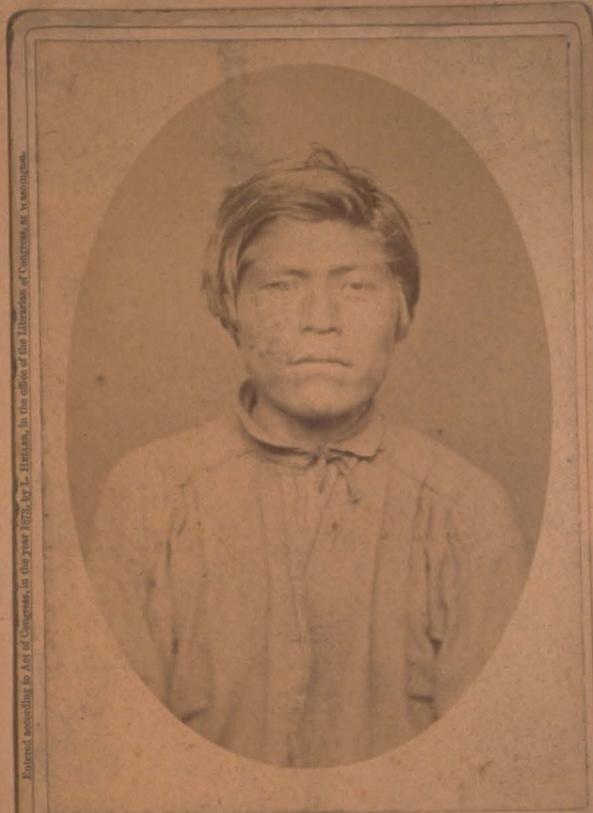
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BOSTON CHARLEY.

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Capt. C. B. THROCKMORTON, 4th U. S. Artillery, Officer of the Day.
I am cognizant of the above fact. GEN. JEFF. G. DAVIS, U. S. A.

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ONE-EYED MOSE.

I certify that L. HELLEN has this day taken the Photographs of the above
Modoc Indian, prisoner under my charge.
Capt. C. B. THROCKMORTON, 4th U. S. Artillery, Officer of the Day.
I am cognizant of the above fact. GEN. JEFF. G. DAVIS, U. S. A.

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211



STEAMBOAT FRANK.

I certify that L. HELLER has this day taken the Photographs of the above
 Modoc Indian, prisoner under my charge.
 Capt. C. B. THROCKMORTON, 4th U. S. Artillery, Officer of the Day.
 I am cognizant of the above fact. GEN. JEFF. C. DAVIS, U. S. A.



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of

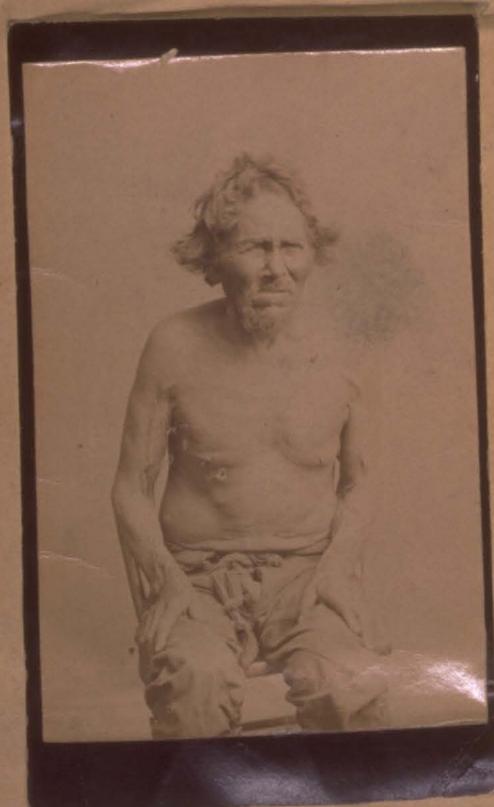
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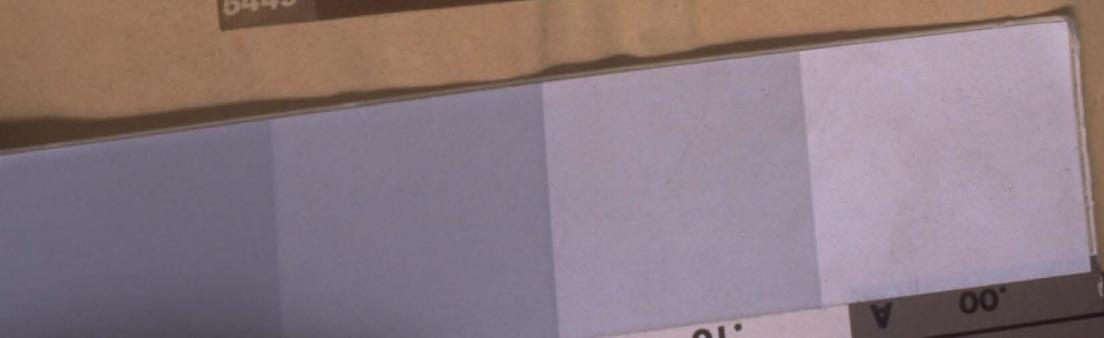




5449

Brave Bear.

1890



44



1890





An Apache Princess
Granddaughter of Cochise



136. Laguna, Pueblo Indian Village, A. & P. R. R., New Mexico.





Indian Village at ...



Chief of the Warm Springs Apache
Summer Co. Yuma

Color calibration strip with the following labels and values:

- 0.00 A
- .10
- .20
- .30
- .50
- .70 M
- 1.00

Color calibration strip with the following labels:

- C Red-Filter Negative Cyan Printer
- M Green-Filter Negative Magenta Printer



Prof Heller & his Indians

23

Binito Outche
Chiricohua Apaches





Warm Spring Apaches

Warm Spring Apaches



Yuma - Arizona





Ukiah Indians, Mendocino Co. Cal.

NIA A

**GROUP OF UKIAH INDIANS,
Mendocino County, Cal.**

1036

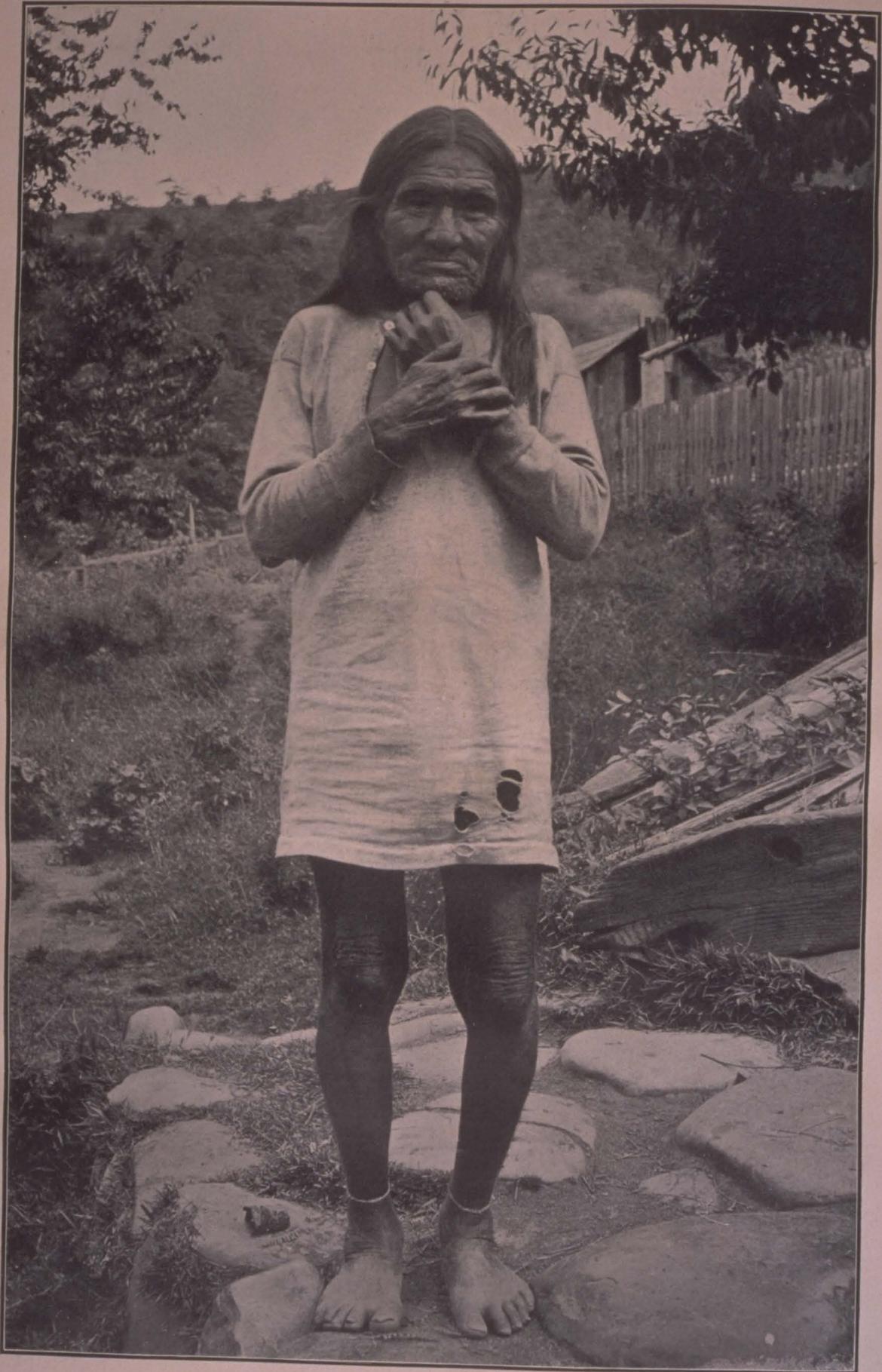
~THE WASP~

[DECEMBER 30, 1905.]

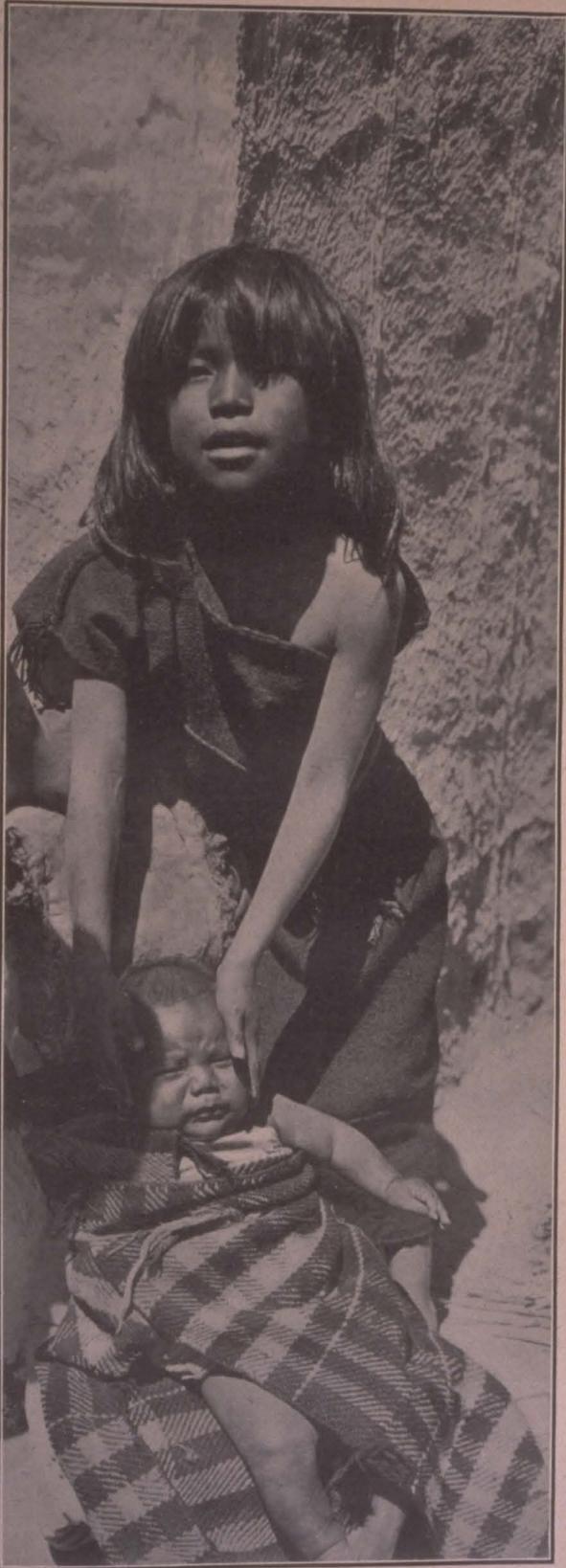


ALL DRESSED FOR NEW YEAR CALLS

California Photo-Engraving Co.



KAH-HAH, A WELL-KNOWN HOOPA RESERVATION CHARACTER



* * "A SPECIMEN OF PERPETUAL MOTION"

piece of bed quilt, yet no one of my readers can see, as can the one who made the picture, the wriggling and writhing of the body, the facial contortions, the "joggling" of the head, that made of that little piece of animate matter a specimen of perpetual motion. But the baby's sister saw it all, and with an intelligence born of experience in keeping still herself before the camera, she came to my rescue, and, taking the child's head, held it fast. I happened to be quite ready to make the exposure and shot like a flash, turned over the holder, and within a few seconds secured the second picture, which shows the wise girl looking up at me as much as to say: "Now you can get her; go ahead!" And go ahead I did. The pucker of the baby's lips, the half smile on the sister's face, the earnest look of the mother all compelled another shot. Then mercy seasoned hunting instinct and shame helped compel me to quit and let the poor baby seek shade and nourishment after its cruel experiences before the camera.

The next picture was made by Mr. Rose. The good nature of both mother and baby, the chubby face, arms and legs of the infant creased with good living and healthful outdoor exposure to air and sun, make it an interesting picture. Just across the street—for the Hopi Indians have streets, as all readers of CAMERA CRAFT are well aware—was an almost blank wall. But down to about three feet above the level of the street was a small rude peep door, and sitting or standing, I could not tell which, was a baby very much interested in all going on where I was. In a moment the

PHOTOGRAPHING INDIAN BABIES

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possibilities of the scene arrested me, but I knew that if the mother happened to be behind the baby, holding it, she, from the darkness of the room could see my every movement. The moment the camera faced her darling child there would be no work for the photographer. So while I changed lenses, I sent a messenger of peace with an offering to the mother and the request that she please "Si-witch-i-mi" (one of my Hopi names, given on account of my black beard) by allowing him to make a "sun-picture" of baby dear. My request was graciously complied with, for the mother sat still and did not try either to remove the child or to peek and see what was going on. The exposure naturally had to have time, and to make sure I exposed a second plate, which is equally good as this, though the position and expression are different.

They who deem the Indian cruel and blood-thirsty should see these Indians with their children. Their affection is deep and powerful, and though, from our civilized standpoint, we deem the Indian mothers neglectful of the child's best interests as far as food and cleanliness are concerned, no one can deny their sweet spirit and kind heartedness, and the influence this has upon the children. Open disobedience is seldom known and the rudeness of the smart American child, his impertinence and his selfishness are as foreign to the Indian child as the manners of a Patagonian would be to a Gladstone. I could write a "heart-to-heart talk" on this subject that would grace the pages of the Philistine, for I feel it very keenly that our so-called



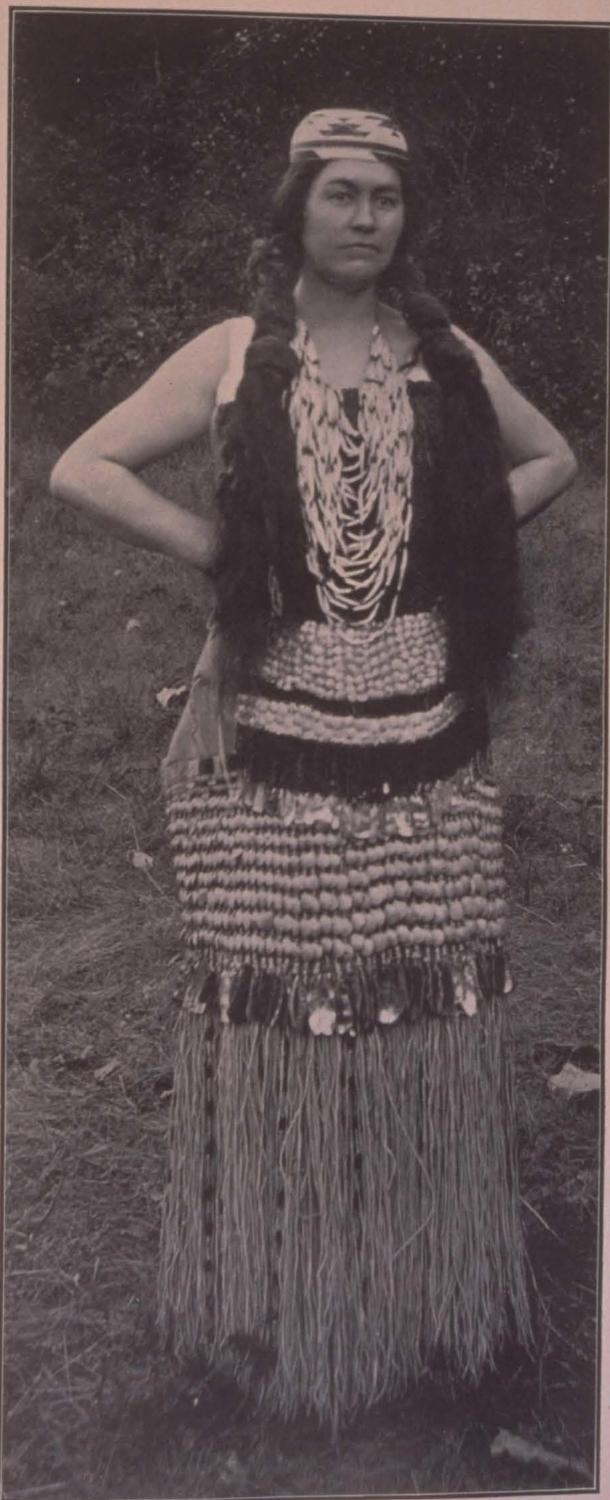
"CREASED WITH GOOD LIVING"

"DIGGER" INDIANS AND THE CAMERA 159

in the hall to make his speech. "It is not well," he said, "that a chief of the Brule nation should allow a paleface to pinch his features into many shapes, and to slap his cheeks and to dig at his eyes. So will my enemies do to me if I suffer a paleface to do this thing. Long Hair Buffalo Bill never meant that I should suffer this indignity when he sent me to his friend. I shall tell Long Hair of this thing."

The sculptor thought the time had come to stop. He asked the interpreter to explain to the foxy Iron-tail that few artists were millionaires. Iron-tail refused to believe that any friend of Colonel Cody's could fail in princely liberality, apparently, for he insisted that he was convinced that the sculptor was full of bad medicine. At last the matter was compromised with an agreement that Iron-tail would brave bad medicine for one calendar hour without stopping.

But all Indians are not so shrewd as old Iron-tail. For example, the Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune* says that not long ago an interesting lot of Pawnees visited the National Capital to protest against any change in the laws relating to the disposal of their allotted lands. Among them was a handsome young



A HALF-BREED BELLE

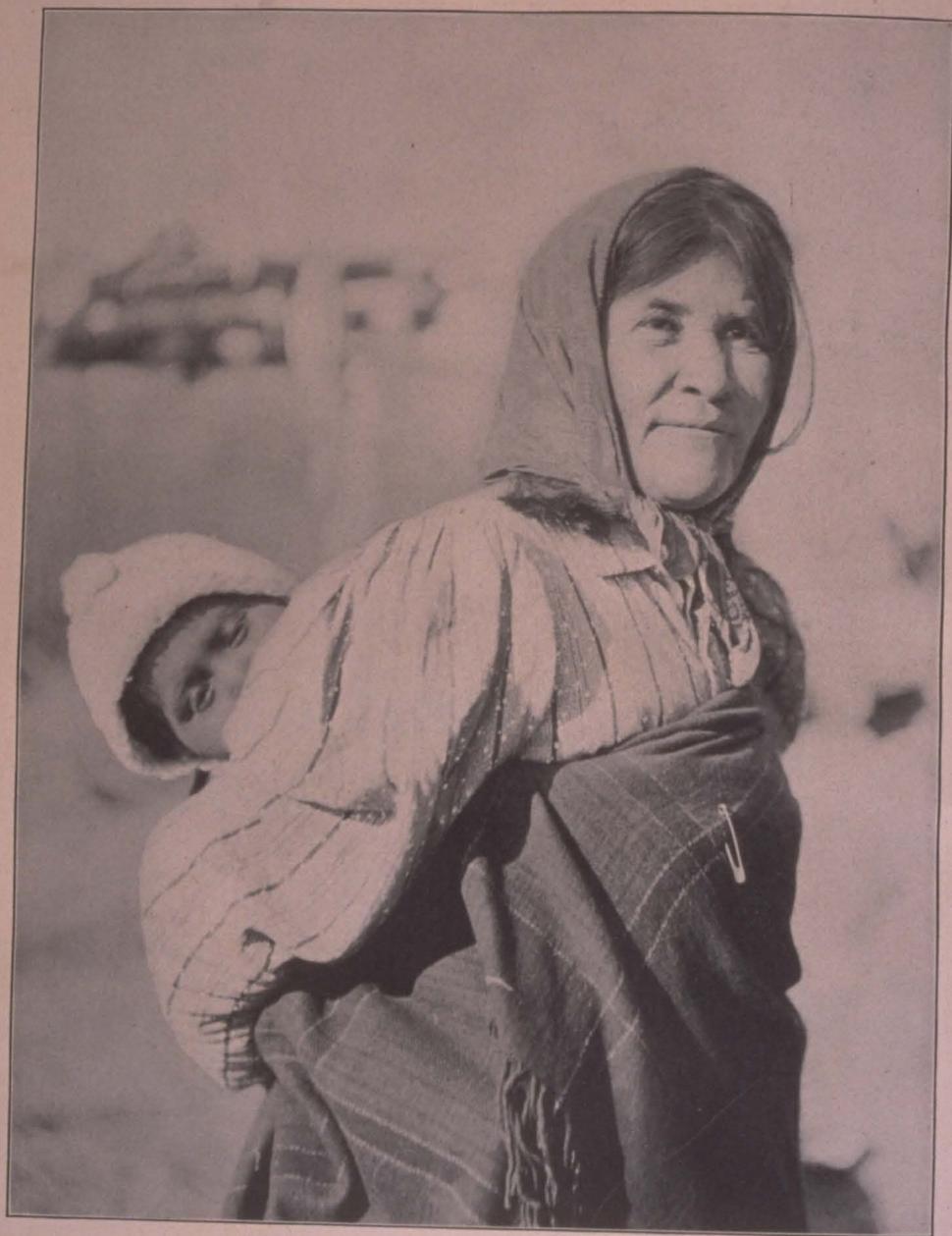


FIG. 4—A CHEMCHUEVI MOTHER

my readers who think of the Indian only as degraded and willing to do anything for money? You poor, ignorant white person, how I pity you for your erroneous ideas of the Indian. That mother loves her child as dearly, as passionately, as devotedly as you do yours, and nothing would have induced her to part with it to me. It is not the mother herself who carries this child. It is some maiden friend or relative, but fig. 6 shows the actual mother of my Wallapai pet. We were good friends, and she came to my camping place several times to see me. On this occasion, her babe in her arms, tied to the wicker-work za-ki-a or cradle, she became interested and sat



FIG. 6—A WALLAPAI MOTHER AND CHILD

Wallapai mothers themselves explain the whole matter thus to me:

"In the days not long ago, before the white father took so much interest in us, the Apaches were our deadly foes. We were a scattered people. Water being so scarce, we had to establish our homes wherever a little of that precious fluid could be found, so we were unable to band together for defense. But we did have signals, so that if one family was about to be attacked they could, if possible, send a warning on ahead to protect some one else. These cruel and wicked Apaches would watch and wait until the men were gone to their work, then they would steal up secretly upon them and slay them. It was then regarded as easy work to come and take the woman away as a slave, and many Wallapai women have thus been compelled to become the wives of their hated Apache foes. But though they wanted our women for their

down. The little one was sleepy, and I was fortunate enough to catch her just at a time when the mother was lovingly and interestingly gazing down upon her. What Madonna of great master, be he Italian, Dutch, French or English, ever had more genuine adoring love in her face than has this rude, savage Wallapai of the Arizona desert? And yet until quite recently Wallapai mothers were regarded as inhuman and cruel. Instances were cited where they had slain their little ones, and this was regarded as proof positive of their want of natural affection and savage ferocity. The facts are entirely the reverse, or rather, the facts of the slaying of their children are true, but the inferences are decidedly the reverse. I have had

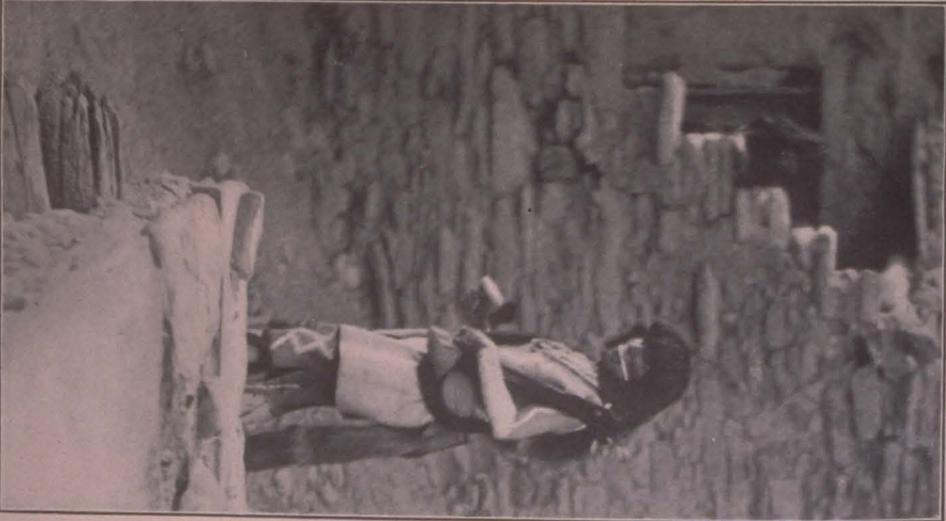


FIG. 7—HUNG HER UP ZA-KI-A AND ALL * * *

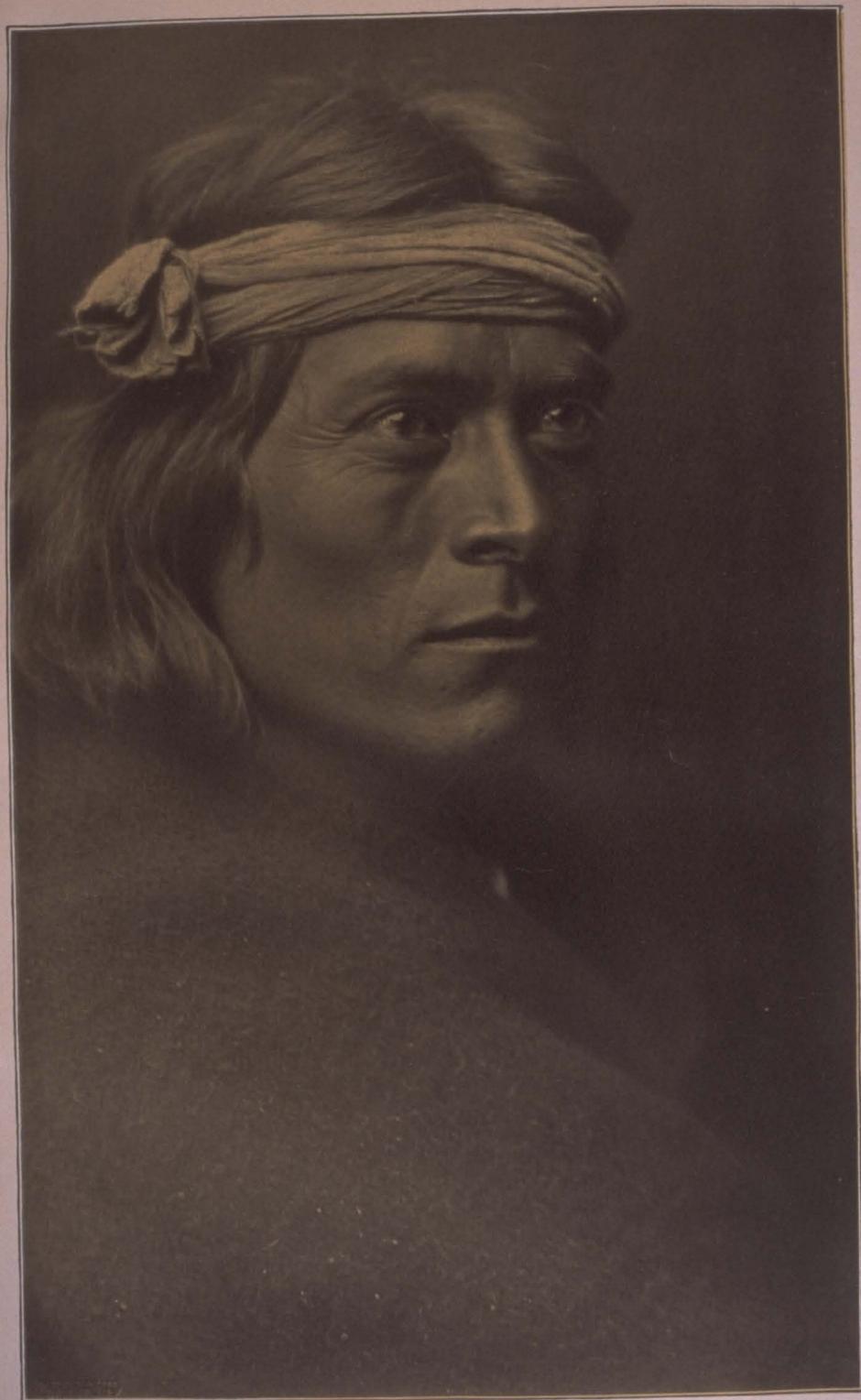
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Hopi children FIG. 2—ANTICIPATION *waiting for Candy*



A SNAKE PRIEST



Copyright, 1903, by E. S. Curtis.

SAT SA, A YOUNG ZUNI GOVERNOR.

A fine type of the Zuni men.



Copyright, 1903, by E. S. Curtis.

Old Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés.
Died September, 1904

Portraits of Indian Types

away the goods which they had captured— far more than they could use. While they were waiting, the boys and young men in had been carried away, soldiers were discovered coming, and a little fight took place, in which one or two men were killed. Then



Copyright, 1903, by E. S. Curtis. An Apache babe

Who cares little that he is the son of a vanishing race

sportive mood tied ends of the pieces of calico to their horses' tails and galloped wildly over the prairie, while the cloth, as it unrolled, swung out behind them in great curves. After one or two loads of plunder the Cheyennes ran away. When the Cheyenne had finished his story, I said to him: "Friend, do you know who those soldiers were?" He made the sign of assent, and then the sign "Pawnee"—Major North's



Copyright, 1903, by E. S. Curtis.

Eski De, an Apache.



Copyright, 1904, by E. S. Curtis.

Hos-Toe-Biga, a Navajo medicine man.



Copyright, 1900, by E. S. Curtis.

Hopi mother and child.

famous battalion of Pawnee scouts, who were then guarding the railroad. "Yes," I said, "they were Pawnees, and my close friend, almost my brother, was in command. I have often heard him tell the story."

So closely intertwined are the histories of the different plains tribes. The tale of some battle related to you to-day by a member of one of the two warring tribes may be heard again later from another man who

was present and fought on the other side. Thus, often, one may eliminate the personal equation from the accounts, and gain a clear and just idea of events.

Long before railroads came, and for a few years after that, almost the sole human inhabitants of the country were the Indians and the troops stationed at the distant and isolated frontier posts. Of trappers and hunters there were a few, but the fur trade



Copyright, 1900, by E. S. Curtis.

A Hopi snake chief, from the village of Hano.



Copyright, 1900, by E. S. Curtis.

"A Son of the Desert" is a Navajo boy.

while in the north-west they were made of planks wedged off from the trunk of the cedar.

In all the variety of their old surroundings the Indians were a simple people, happy if they had enough to eat, and taking little thought for the future, though when food was plenty they did make some provision against a time of scarcity. They are just as human as ourselves. They love their dear ones, pray to their gods, resent injuries and struggle for success. They are glad or sorry, depressed or hopeful,

slothful or ambitious, just as we are. In all respects they are men of like passions with us, but, lacking our training, they are unable to bear their part in the struggle for existence with the white man.

As long as the buffalo lasted the Indian was able to live his old life. He could fight the white man, and when overcome could run away, but hunger was an enemy he could not fight nor run away from; so when the game was exterminated, and the food supply was taken away, the change came. And what a change it was! Hitherto they





William Millmore, Geo. G. Haulsby, & Slickney

1898



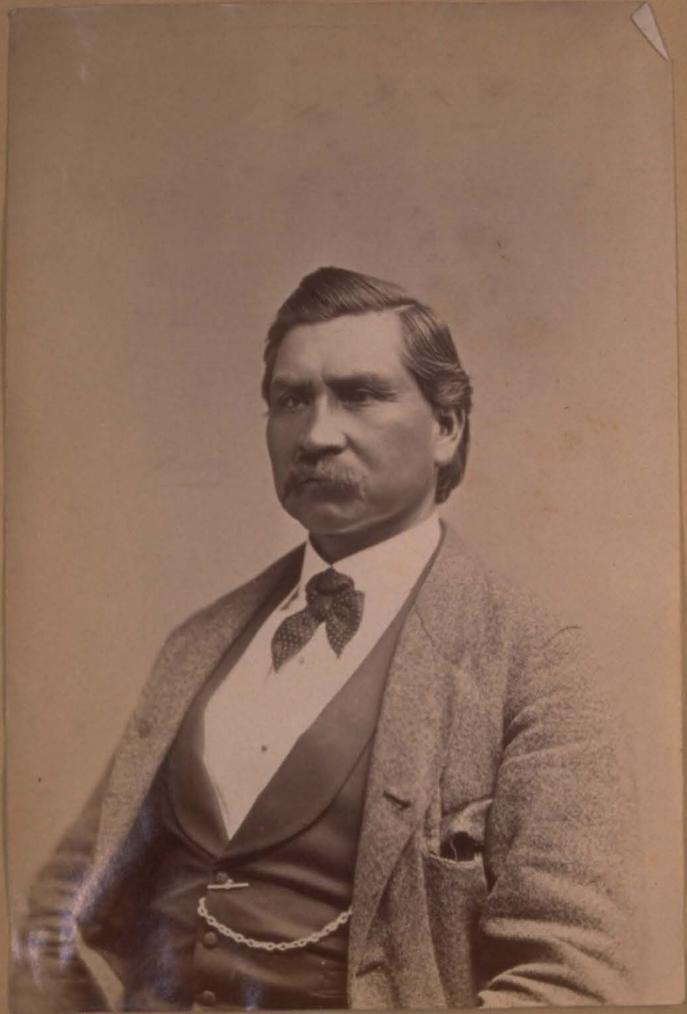
Canada on Kootenai River.

Upper Rampart House, on boundary line bet. U. S. &



William Millmore, & dog team at Fort Yukon 1898.





Dr Mackay Warm Spring
Indian



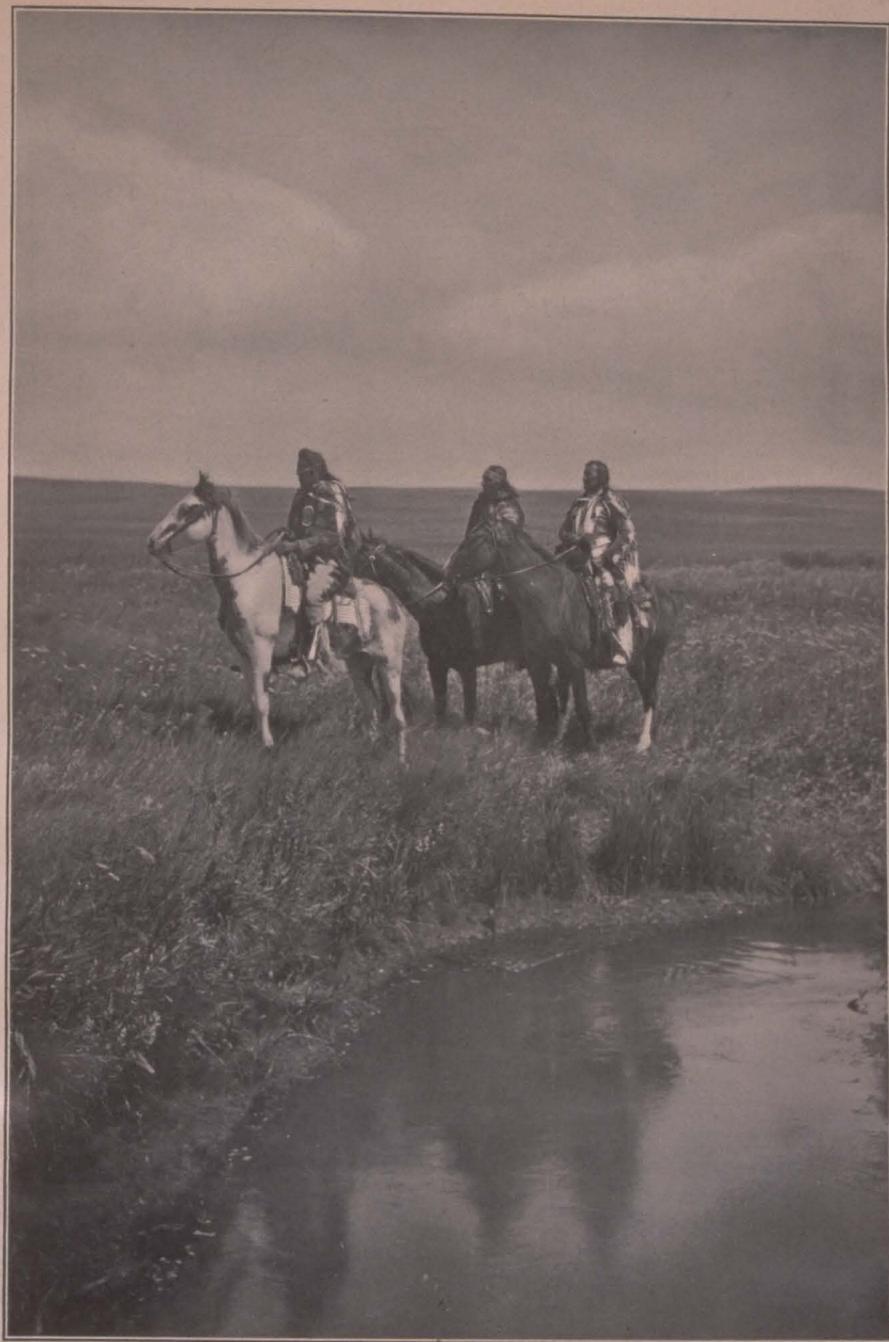
Donald Mackay & Dr Mackay



1898

1898





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THREE CHIEFTAINS.



IN A MOKI WINDOW
"PHOTOGRAPHING INDIAN BABIES"
by GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

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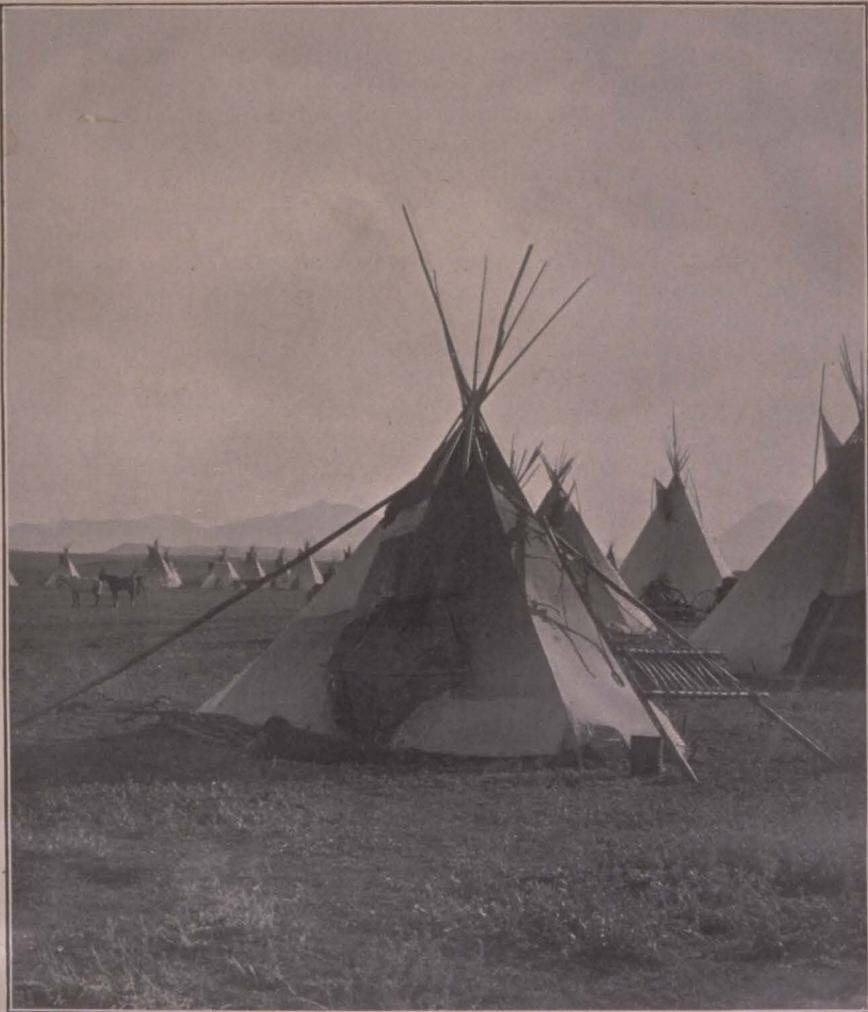
SCENE NEAR GORGONA.

From a sketch made in 1850 by Charles Nahl.



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LITTLE BEAR.



NEGATIVE BY E. S. CURTIS.

ON THE PRAIRIE.



69



COLOR PLATE BY OUT WEST CO.

SKETCH BY L. MAYNARD DIXON

A PUEBLO COUNCILLOR—JUAN REY



ALISA,
THE CHAMPION
WATER SLIDER.