



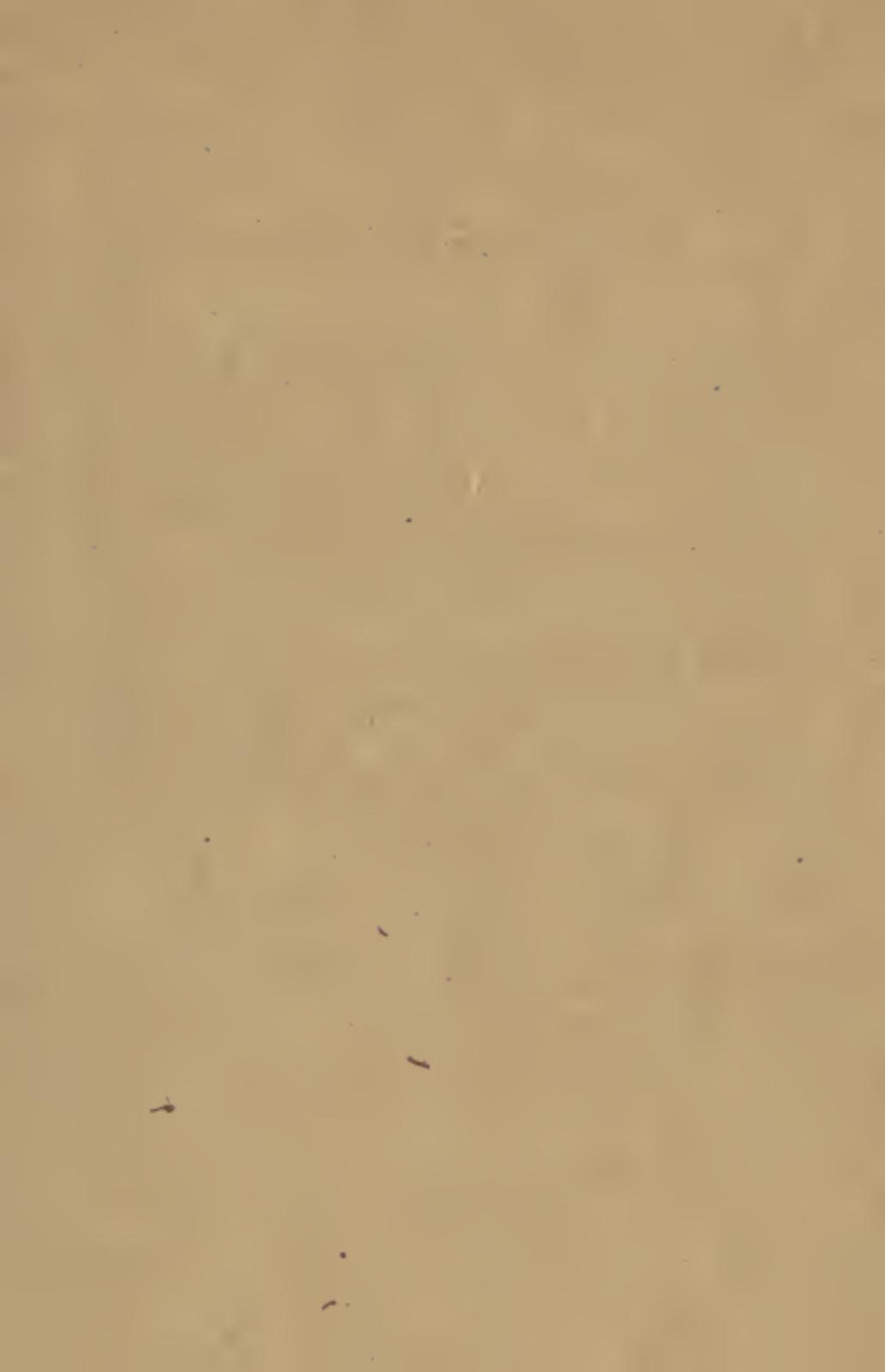
SANTA FE BY.

DESERT
MOUNTAIN
and
ISLAND

By Von Ogden Vogt.



SANTA FE BY.



DESERT, MOUNTAIN AND ISLAND

Two Studies on the Indians of Arizona

Two Studies of New Mexican Life

Two Studies on Porto Rico

BY VON OGDEN VOGT

PRESBYTERIAN HOME MISSIONS
Young People's Department
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



THE DESERT.

INTRODUCTION.

THE DESERT.

The desert of Arizona is topsy-turvy land. Things are strange.

Strange to see so far.

I never heard of anyone looking over from New York and seeing the buildings in Philadelphia. But in Arizona, you may stand on the edge of some flat topped mesa and those mountains you see so clear and blue are much farther away than Philadelphia is from New York.

Strange colors and lights.

Below you are ledges of rock, yellow and white, green, drab and maroon and tumbled piles of red boulders. Far to the left are cone like buttes shadowed and dark. The serrated cliffs that lie against the horizon beyond are not blue but rosy pink in the haze of heated air. Poised high above the next mesa, lonely in the sky, an eagle keeps watch over the great waste. The world is spread round you vast, silent and brilliant.

A strange forest.

Just across those low hills of chocolate and white is a forest turned to stone; acres and acres of chips petrified or agatized and trunks of great trees—Yeitso's bones the Indians say. For Yeitso, they say, was a great giant whom an ancient Indian hero killed.

Strange ruins.

In a narrow red canon with ruins of the cliff dwellers, stone axes, jars of clay, corn mills, sandals woven of yucca and other remains have been found. But the men are gone. They were gone when the Spaniards came in the sixteenth century but the houses they built still stand in those caves high up in the canon walls.



CLIFF RUIN—CANON DE CHELLEY.

Strange waters.

How far is it from your home to the nearest brook or river? Not many miles probably. But in Arizona, you might travel a hundred miles and then on a hundred miles more without crossing a stream. Only little springs or rain water holes. And then you would come to the Colorado River—not on the surface but a whole mile down, flowing through shadowy depths below shining

pinnacles of the Grand Canon, one of the wonders of the world.

Strange plants and animals.

The country is not all rocks and ruins. Sage brush, yucca and cactus, the "weed-that-was-not-scared," and thin grass grow in valleys; piñon trees, cedars and pines on mesas and mountains. There are lizards and rattle snakes, horned toads, ground owls, bears, coyotes, prairie dogs, gila monsters, beside ants, crows and rabbits.

Not all of Arizona is like this. Some parts are rich in fruits, especially southern fruits, as oranges, figs and olives. But the Indian country is a desert land of "magic and mystery," strange and far away.



GIANT CACTUS.

INDIANS OF ARIZONA.

NAVAJO.

Roving over the desert like the Arab, the Navajo is the American Bedouin. Like the Arab, he is lean and strong and a good horseman. He winds a cloth about his head to protect it from the beating sun, much as they do in the deserts of Arabia.



NAVAJO FLOCKS AT WELL OF JEDITOH.—*Santa Fe Ry.*

He sends out his sons to feed the flocks, like the shepherds of Israel, not by the cedars of Lebanon but the cedars of Zilh le jini or the well of Jeditoh.

With his children and grandchildren, his ponies and his sheep around him he lives in a little summer shelter of bows or in his winter hogan. This hogan is a circular hut of rough logs standing on end and slanting to meet at the center. The outside is covered thick with mud. In the cold nights on this high plateau, a bright fire on the ground inside warms the hogan and lights the

circle of dark figures sitting on blankets or sheepskins—for there are no chairs, beds, tables, stoves or lamps.

You might have to ride over the desert a whole day before you came to another hogan. Then you would find three or four of them near a water hole and a little cornfield. If one seems neglected, it is probably "chindied." Some one has died there and nobody will live in it again.

Not many Indians at that rate you say. But there really are over 25,000 in this Navajo tribe. They are said to have about a million sheep. How many would that make for each person?

It would be interesting to live awhile with this American Arab. You would go with him to the mountains to gather sweet nuts from the cones of piñon trees. You would ride to the traders with a pack of goat skins and a blanket to exchange for coffee and cloth.



NAVAJO FAMILY.

You would visit his relatives holding a "singing" all night over a sick man, and see the "medicine man" do more harm than good. Some day the Christian missionary will conquer this heathen superstition. You would go to a "chicken pulling" to see young men contest on horseback. The winner must reach over and pull up a chicken partly buried in the ground, while he goes galloping by. You would hear all the Indians laughing and joking. A few years ago you would have seen much gambling. The missionary has already stopped most of that. But even yet, many, many families of Navajo have never heard the name of Christ.

The map page will show the Arizona missions.

HOPI.

Hopi land is the strangest place in America. The Hopi lives in a village. Each village is like a gigantic house with a great many rooms, called a pueblo. These pueblos are built on the edges of lofty crags or mesas



WALPI—*Santa Fe Ry.*

and they look like great castles, five or six hundred feet above the desert floor. For example, Walpi is out on the end of a great promontory and the only way to get to it is by a narrow neck of rock less than a rod wide. There is one little path worn more than a foot deep in the solid rock, because people have been walking over it for ten generations. About 230 people live in Walpi now, all in that one building.

There are seven of these villages built on three great mesas that reach out from the northern desert like three great fingers. Oraibi, the largest, has

over a thousand people. Spanish explorers found these Hopis in 1540, long before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and called the country Tusayan.

And the people live almost as they did then. They are divided into Phratries or Brotherhoods and each brotherhood has several clans or large families. For instance, the Cloud Phratric has Rain, Lightning, Tadpole and Corn Clans. The Badger Phratric has Porcupine, Turkey Buzzard and Butterfly Clans. The Earth Phratric has Lizard, White Sand, Red Sand and Mud Clans. They have two chiefs instead of one, a Speaker Chief and a War Chief, elected by a Council of clan elders.

What do they live on? Mostly corn, which they raise in little fields by planting the seeds with their



HOPI GIRLS GRINDING CORN AT ORAIBL.—*Santa Fe Ry.*

hands deep in the sands of the desert valley. Other seeds they got from the Spaniards long ago, so that they have a few peaches, pumpkins and melons. They have made cotton cloth for many generations. The women make remarkable pottery and good baskets. Everybody has something to do. Down in the valley is a man building a little wind break of sage brush to keep the sand from driving over his corn. Farther up a boy is driving burros into a stone corral at the foot of the rock. There come three women with great earthen jars on

their backs, packing a little water five hundred feet up the steep trail. Here are two girls grinding corn, rubbed between a small stone in their hands and a big hollow platter.

They are small people but move quickly. The men wear their hair "banged." The young women who have not yet been married arrange their hair in elaborate whorls, imitating the squash blossom.

The snake dance is the most famous and the most horrid Hopi ceremony. For eight days antelope and snake priests are busy hunting for snakes, making altars, singing songs or drawing figures in the sand. On the ninth day they wash forty or fifty snakes in a pool, perhaps half rattle snakes, and then drive them together near a pile of sand. The priests come out in line all decorated with paint and feathers and charms. Each priest takes up live snakes in his mouth and hands. A helper follows with a snake whip to keep the snakes from biting. There are gatherers to catch those that get loose. The roofs and terraces of the pueblos are crowded with Indians watching while the priests parade up and down the edge of the mesa for about a half hour. Then they take the snakes down the side of the mesa and let them go north, east, south and west.



HOPI FLUTE
PRIEST.
Santa Fe Ry.

The object of the ceremony is a prayer for rain. They think the snakes will carry the prayers to the under world to the water serpent, connected with the gods of the rain clouds. They had this snake dance last summer and will have it again next summer. They have many gods and think a great deal about the Sky father and Earth mother. The children have dolls or katchinas, which represents ancestors and witches.

Notice the village names and missions on the map page.

PIMA AND PAPAGO.

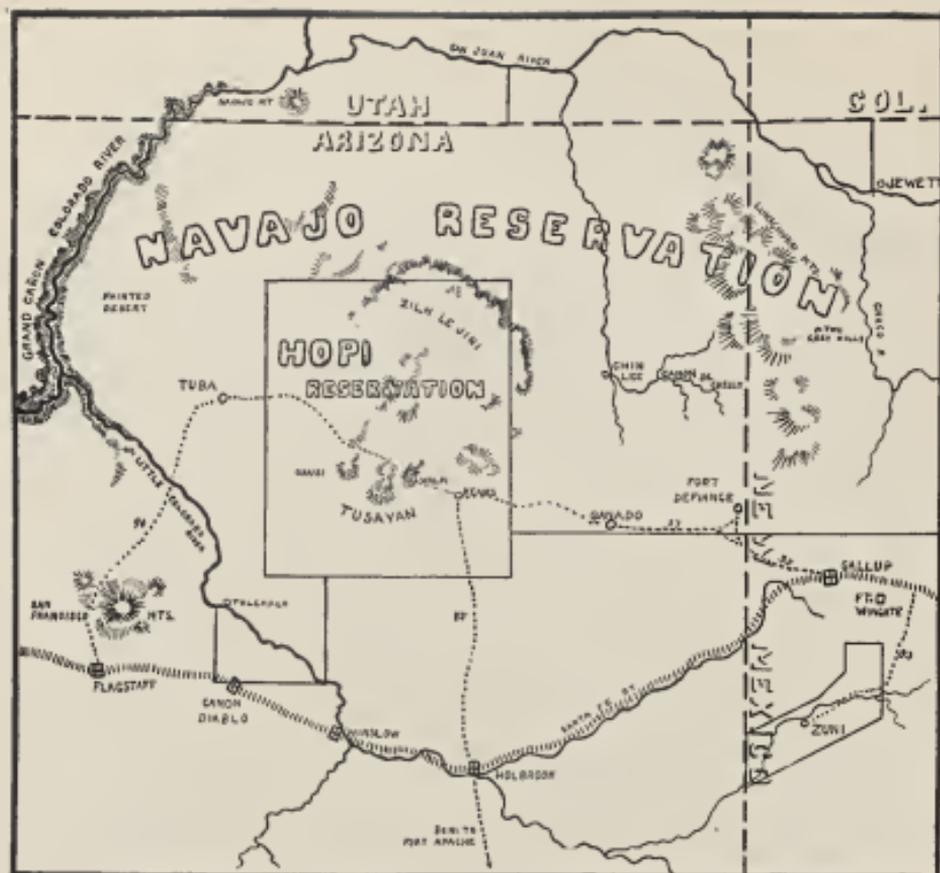
We ought to give thanks for the Pimas. Four fifths of the tribe are Christians and over half are Presbyterians. They are closer to the ways of the white man than most Indians. The Papagos are much like the Pimas. The two tribes have about 9,000 people. They live at the south of Arizona in the Gila and Salt River country. The Pimas are proud to claim that they have never shed white man's blood. Our school at Tucson has over 165 pupils. These people are very poor because of lack of water for irrigating their crops.

APACHE.

The Apaches have a reputation for being fierce and warlike. Many of them did live for years by raiding and robbing others of sheep and cattle and horses. But there are usually two sides to a story and they are said to be "among the finest and brightest Indians." Like other Indians, they are fond of games. They have contests in shooting with bows and arrows and in running. There are various guessing games played with pieces of marked wood. About 5,000 live in central Arizona and about 1,200 in New Mexico. The Lutheran Church has mission stations.

MOJAVE AND OTHERS.

The Mojaves are among the most depraved of Indians. About 2,800 of them live along the Colorado river. There is one missionary, a Presbyterian. There are also Yumas, Huallapais, Havasupais, Maricopas and Piutes, a few hundred all told in various places, with little help from any church.



Most of the map lies in the northeast corner of Arizona. The edge of the Navajo Reservation is the eastern boundary. Notice that this Reservation goes north to the San Juan River in southeastern Utah. The dotted lines are roads. The figures indicate distances taken from the Government post route map. In some cases mail goes part way by stage and is then taken up by an Indian rider. Next to Walpi on the first mesa are the villages of Sichumovi and Hano. The three villages on the second mesa are Mishongnovi, Shipaulovi and Shumopovi. Zilh le jini means Black Mountains. Some of the rivers are often dry, especially the ones flowing by Zuni and Chin Lee.

MISSIONS.

Navajo.—Baptist mission at Two Gray Hills. Independent missionaries at Moencopi and Canon Diablo. Protestant Episcopal hospital at Fort Defiance. Christian Reformed Mission north and south of Gallup. Presbyterian missionaries at Fort Defiance, Gaudo and Tuba, school at Jewett

Hopi.—Baptist teachers at first and second mesas. Mennonite Mission at Oraibi. National Indian Association matron near Tuba.

THE MISSION AT GANADO.

WHERE THE "ANESHODI" LIVES.

What does a missionary do anyway? We'll go to visit him and see. We leave the Santa Fe train at Gallup, New Mexico. Then for one whole day long we ride and ride and ride to Fort Defiance, Arizona. Here is the home of the Indian agent, an Indian school, a small hospital and a Presbyterian missionary. General "Kit" Carson had headquarters here long ago.

Again another day we must ride and ride over a great mountain thirty-five miles to Ganado. Ganado



BOY SKINNING SHEEP.—JOE ON HORSEBACK.

means "Flock of Sheep." There are just two homes of white people here. One is the post of a trader and the other the Presbyterian mission of Mr. and Mrs. Bierkemper.

I would like to see the boy that would not enjoy this trader's post. There are almost always a half dozen or more Indians and ponies about the place. Great piles of

goat skins and big bags of wool almost fill up one big room and another is full of Navajo blankets—red, gray and blue with stripes of yellow, white or what not.

The "Aneshodi's" house—that is the missionary's—is built of adobe bricks with a heavy mud roof. Close by is a little house for Joe, the interpreter. On the other side is an Indian hogan ready for Indian visitors to camp in. And the adobe stable for Tip and Star is important too.



NAVAJO WEAVER.—*Santa Fe Ry.*

HORSEBACK CALLING.

Saturday morning we saddle up to go out calling with the "Aneshodi." We ride to the traders and get a package of oatmeal for a sick girl across the mesa. Half a mile south we find a boy skinning a sheep. A little way beyond we come to a woman weaving a blanket under a piñon tree. She wants the missionary to write and find how her son is getting on at school in Fort De-

fiance. You see the Navajo can only speak their language. It has never been written down.

Now we must hurry, because it is ten miles to the "Corn Fields" where we are going. "Many Horses" has sent for the missionary to come down and show him where would be the best place to dig a well. The sun gets hot before we arrive but "Many Horses" is glad to see us. He and the "Aneshodi" tramp through the sage brush discussing the well. Then we see his little grandson. The little fellow does not seem afraid even if he is all tied up in his basket. His father is a silversmith and makes bracelets, silver buttons and rings which the Navajo like.

We go on two miles for dinner with a lonely trader and call on two or three other families before turning homeward. Late in the afternoon we reach the top of a large mesa to visit another family and they are all at home. A fire is burn-



"MANY HORSES" GRANDSON.

ing beneath a summer house of cedar boughs close to their winter hogan. The little girls are immensely delighted to see the "Aneshodi." They have a great romp together. Meanwhile their mother is rolling out bread with a big ear of corn and broiling strips of mutton over the fire. We help eat it. The father is busy making a pair of buckskin moccasins. Almost a whole sheep fresh killed hangs from a tree. When we start away they give us a whole leg of mutton for the missionary lady.

On our way home we stop to see "Grandmother."

She was the first convert at this mission. She is very influential among her people and helps the missionary a great deal by persuading people to come to his services.

SUNDAY SERVICE.

Sunday is the great day at the missionary's house. Early in the morning Indians begin to come and tie their ponies to the fence. By ten o'clock about fifty have crowded into the little schoolroom. They enjoy the hymns sung to them and then the missionary preaches. He talks very simply just as he would to little children. Then they want to hear the visitors speak. The



THE "ANESHODI" AND HIS
LITTLE FRIENDS.

"Aneshodi" calls on the visitors and explains that the Indians will be glad to hear his friends, although he does not want to detain them too long.

"Oh," says Johnny, a big fine looking Indian, "never mind that. We have come so far to hear your words and we have no need to return so soon."

After the service, there are such a lot of things to be done. Here is a young mother with a sick baby that needs medicine. A

young man has a bad toothache that he wants help for. While the "Aneshodi" and his wife patiently look after them all, we talk with "Grandmother" and others who want to know about where we live.

Here's a hard question. Shall the missionary feed these people that come on Sunday or not? You see, many of them come a long way and spend the day with

the Indians living nearby. This is not always convenient for the Indians that live nearby. Just now the question is, would it not be better for the missionary to serve a light meal of bread and coffee to get over this difficulty? What would you do if you were the missionary?

MONDAY SERVICE.

Monday is a busy day. The house has to be cleaned after so many visitors on Sunday. There is plenty of water in the irrigation ditch this morning and it must



GRANDMOTHER.

be turned through the alfalfa field before it runs away. The "Aneshodi" has sent for "Long Gunner" to come over and do this. The missionary has this field for two reasons; to raise hay for his horses; and to give him a chance to teach the Indians how to irrigate without seeming to teach them.

Meanwhile two Indian women, mother and daughter, have come twelve miles across the rough hills to use the missionary lady's sewing machine.

Early in the afternoon, come two horsemen galloping toward the house. One of them is chief "Many Horses" and the other a man who has a son working on the railroad sixty miles away. He has heard that an Indian has been killed on the railroad and he fears it is his son. So the "Aneshodi" comes in to reassure him. He explains that he knows where his son is, that he heard about the accident and that he would be sure to know it if it were the man's son. The old chief is fully satisfied,

tells the man so, and strides out to gallop his ten miles home.

Little La Bah-hê was just a bit afraid of the old chief. The Indians are very glad that the missionary always has one or two Indian children living in his home.

"There's La Bah-hê," said Chizba one day, "before you took him he seemed like a withered ear of corn. Now he is like a green ear."

That is what a missionary does. Isn't it skillful? There are only four converts here at Ganado yet. But day by day the missionary helps the Indians in many, many ways and they are friends. He goes once a year to the Phoenix school to see the Ganado children and then tells their parents about them. The Indians want a school at Ganado. One Indian said: "We know you people have a better way. We want our children educated. My three sons went far to school and all died. We want a school here." It is said that over 6,000 Navajo children do not have a chance to go to school.

About 5,000 Indians can be reached from Ganado better than from any other place. At ten places within twenty miles there are corn fields and water and Indians. These ought to be visited by a missionary regularly. And there is not one doctor for these 5,000, not to speak of still more Indians farther away on the desert without any doctor.

Mr. Bierkemper says the Indians need schools and doctors and help about roads and wells and farming but most of all, they need spiritual help. All the other things are useful but they cannot be uplifted without God and His good Son. They were the first Americans. We must give them the best America has.



PUEBLO VILLAGE OF TESUQUE.—*Santa Fe Ry.*

CHAPTER III.

SPANISH LIFE IN NEW MEXICO.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.—Yellow sunshine pours over the adobe walls of old Santa Fe. We knock at a door in a narrow street. Inside is a lovely little open courtyard with flowers and shady corners, in the home of our missionary, the Rev. Gabino Rendon. Good. He will go with us and we are to start in the morning early.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.—We are on the road with Santa Fe behind us. Ride among foot hills yellow and barren. About ten o'clock visit the old Indian Pueblo of Tesuque. Then more yellow hills. Pass long eared burros loaded with boxes of melons and bags of green chili for the market.

About noon we go over a ridge and there lies Nambe lovely in a little valley of green—patches of alfalfa and melons and peach trees. In the midst are flat roofed houses of brown adobe with casements of white.

More hills, spur after spur of red brown earth washed and worn. One is the "Hill of the Cross" where a large rude wooden cross stands, a wayside shrine. Soon below us is another green valley, and the village of Chimayo. White amidst the brown houses is the Presbyterian school and nearby the teacher's cottage. Six hundred people live here, and the Sunday School has about sixty scholars. Week after week the missionary

teacher and one of the elders take charge of this Sunday School. Near Chimayo is a curious old Spanish Catholic church. It seems like a foreign land.



TO MARKET WITH BURROS.

primitive place. They are just about to cut the wheat with sickles as Boaz did in the days of Ruth. And they will spread the grain on a threshing floor for goats or ponies to tramp out. Then they'll toss it in the air to winnow out the chaff which the wind drives away. Mr. Cordova, the evangelist who lived here last year, is needed for a larger work, and now there is nobody to look after the churches of these villages.



REV. GABINO RENDON.

Only five miles more. See that yellow spot in the

heavy forest on the next ridge? That is the wheat at Las Truchas, on a mountain bench almost 8,000 ft. high.

Pass a morada or a meeting place of the Penitentes. The week before Easter some of these Penitentes come out of the house wearing masks, with their backs bare and whip themselves with heavy thongs until the blood runs in streams and colors their white trousers all red. One or two in the procession drag crosses made of heavy timbers. Such people certainly need missionaries.

Beautiful sunset behind the Jemez Mountains across the Rio Grande. Purple hills to the southwest. Reach Truchas after dark in the rain. Warm welcome by the teachers of the school, after our forty miles up hill.

THURSDAY MORNING.—Truchas is glorious. Fold on fold, the ridges and valleys reach away below toward the



OLD SPANISH CHURCH NEAR CHIMAYO.

Rio Grande. Above is the towering head of Truchas peak, 13,275 feet high. Clouds have been sweeping over it and they have left the great mountain all white with snow—a splendid sight. We are all glad to find a new house for the teachers here. Mr. Rendon must go back to Santa Fe and from here we must travel horseback. Good fortune again, for Antonio Salud Vejil, one of the elders, will go with us and furnish horses.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.—Follow a trail in the woods

all afternoon up and down over five great spurs or ridges without passing a village. Suddenly far below us lies the valley of Rio Embudo, the "Funnel," a long strip of green with brown houses and red cliffs beyond. Further beyond is the black front of a great mesa and the level top reaching for miles and miles. Far, far beyond still we see blue peaks in Colorado. To the east and north rises the Taos range of the Rockies.

We twist and turn and slip and slide down the steep trail to the valley. Mr. and Mrs. Tomas Atencio welcome us gladly. In the evening the little chapel is crowded with people for the prayer meeting. Mr.



THE OLD SCHOOL AT TRUCHAS.

Atencio has charge of this church of ninety members and visits other villages. He is young and full of enthusiasm for his work.

FRIDAY. —

Ride up and up, by gully and gulch, and rocky shale cañon. Come about noon to the level green fields of Rinconis, the "Corners." Here is a net work of little streams and little villages, high on a bench of the mountains, like Swiss villages. One little stream, Rio Penasco, joins another little stream, Llano Largo, to form Rio Lucio, which joins Rio del Pueblo, where they form Rio Embudo, which plunges down off the mountain to join the Rio Grande, where we were this morning. You could guess that *rio* means river. Mr. Luis Bernal is licensed to conduct services at Penasco, Santa Barbara, Chamisal, Llano Largo and for the people of Pueblo. Over fifty Mexican boys and girls

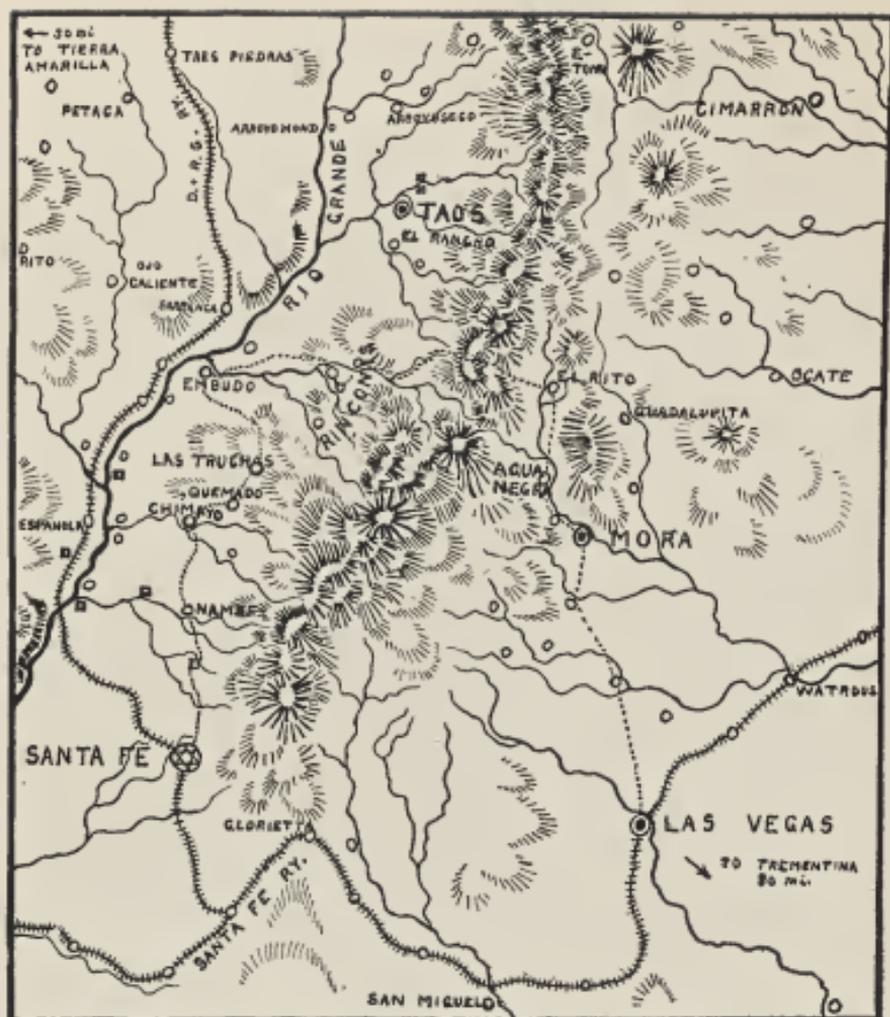
come from these little villages every day walking amongst the fields of wheat and beans to our Presbyterian school in Penasco.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.—Now we are in the high mountains and we plunge through the heavy forest over a spur and down into the cañon of Rio del Pueblo. The village seems very strange and foreign built around the four sides of a square, a true Mexican plaza. A Presbyterian family gladly give us a fine supper of eggs and fresh green chili and keep us for the night. They want to send two boys to the new Mary James School in Santa Fe. One has never seen the railroad.

SATURDAY MORNING.—Good again. Mr. Madrid came over the pass yesterday and finds us here. All these days since Tuesday we have been riding through the field of one minister, Mr. Rendon, of Santa Fe, cutting across great spurs of the mountains. Now we shall go over the range itself, across the Rocky Mountains into the parish of the Rev. Manuel Madrid.

Saddles at 7 o'clock and we turn towards the high mountains. The great forest rises on every side, pine, spruce and sometimes groves of poplar. Ten miles up, we leave the rough road and start to find an old trail that cuts off many miles.

SATURDAY NOON.—We are in a situation. Trying to reach a pass that seems to be ahead. But "wind-fallen" logs lie all over the mountain, hid in a young forest of quaking aspen. Slope of land almost forty-five degrees. Timbers lie so thick and high the horses can't jump them any more. Legs of one horse bleeding already. Pouring rain is flooding our yellow slickers, boots and gauntlets.



You can easily locate the region of this map by finding Santa Fe and Las Vegas on any map of New Mexico. The dotted line shows the route of the trip described in the chapters, through the stations of the Santa Fe and Mora fields excepting Ocate. The map covers the region of Taos field also, but that will need another study. The villages in the Rinconis district are Rio del Pueblo, Pcnasco, Santa Barbara, Llano Largo and Chamisal. The villages indicated by little squares are those of Pueblo Indians. There are 84 Presbyterian missionary pastors, teachers and evangelists for the Spanish-speaking work of the Southwest.

OVER THE DIVIDE.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.—Almost three o'clock, and we have just got out of that forest. Had to "back down." Warming by a fire while the horses get a bit of grass for a half hour. Decide to try for the trail again. Follow up a different stream for several miles. Wonderful flowers in these high mountains, cream-colored "Mariposa lillies," the red "Indian paintbrush," thousands of bluebells, and others of lavender and pink.

Reach a little open basin about one hundred yards across with five little trickling brooklets like a fan—the very source of the waters. Ten minutes more and we are over the divide, going down the other side of the Rocky Mountains.

Reach El Rito just before night-fall hungry as bears. Mr. and Mrs. Ortega receive us into their



CHURCH AND TEACHER'S HOUSE, EL RITO.

home, and a better kept farm house you will not find anywhere. It is good to be with some one who can talk English after several days of sign language with Salud Vejil, the silent. Mrs. Ortega had her education in the Presbyterian school. One of her brothers is away at college preparing to be a minister among these Spanish-speaking people.

SUNDAY.—Bright and beautiful. The people come early to the Chapel, some walking, some horseback, some whole families in big wagons. First Sunday School, then beautiful service, with about ninety-five people crowding the little building. El Rito has good farms and thrifty people. Most of the houses have roofs of wood instead of the leaky mud ones in most Mexican

villages. This is one place where the missionary has had a chance. It is lonely for the teacher, who is the only American for miles. She helps her Spanish neighbors in many ways. Mr. Manuel Sandoval is the worker here. He also looks after the Sunday School and the services at Agua Negra.

MONDAY.—Ride from El Rito to Agua Negra, nine miles, and then seven miles to Mora. There is a flourishing Presbyterian day school at Agua Negra and a faithful band of Presbyterians at Mora.

Decide that we do not have time to go thirty miles to Ocate, where there is a church of sixty-three members and a splendid Sunday School under Mr. Manuel Varcelon.



OUR HOSTESS.

Ride up a hill for a look over the valley, beautiful and plenteous with irregular squares of all the greens, fields of oats, peas and beans, grading into the yellow of ripened wheat. A line of cottonwood trees shows where the stream runs, and all the valley is folded about

with the deep green mountain forest that rises up and up toward Mora Peak and the snowy head of Jicarilla.

TUESDAY.—Start for the railroad with Mr. Madrid in his buggy. A good chance for a long talk as the ponies clip along. This is the way you come to know a man and admire him.

“I have often thought,” says Mr. Madrid, “about my people, that if we had not been under this Romanism there might be some great men amongst us. The priests have stood for ignorance instead of education.”

Here we are at Las Vegas, thirty miles in five hours, good going for rough mountain roads. Happy to meet the Reverend Norman Skinner, minister of the

First Presbyterian Church, Mr. Benedicto Sandoval and his wife, who have charge of the Spanish church, where also one of the oldest Mission Schools is held.

They take us over the old town. On the front of a big Catholic church is a large crucifix which the Jesuits brought here in 1874 from old Mexico.

“They had a great fiesta and tried to ‘run’ Mr.



AN ADOBE HOUSE.

Annin, the Presbyterian missionary, out of town. A lot of American cowboys and miners happened to ride into the plaza and saw ‘what was up.’ They pulled out their

pistols and said every man had a right there. And that’s how the cowboys saved the missionary.”

WEDNESDAY MORNING.—Mr. Madrid starts on a long drive for Trementina, eighty miles southeast. He certainly has a big parish to look after in these villages so many miles apart. We take the railroad to Santa Fe and complete the circle.



BURROS AMONG FOOTHILLS.

Santa Fe the romantic! Long ago the Spaniards came with grim faces set in casques of steel, Coronado’s men, venturesome rovers, lured on across the desert wastes to find the gold of Cibola. About 1600 they founded this La Ciudad de la

Santa Fe de San Francisco, the City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis.

Soon they built the old palace. For eighty years Spanish governors ruled in the palace. Then the Pueblo Indians revolted, drove the Spaniards out and held the palace until 1692. Then came more governors of Spain and Mexico up until Don Manuel Armijo left the land, when General Kearney came with an American army in 1846. Since then, American governors. One of them, General Lew Wallace, wrote Ben Hur in this same old palace. The government uses the palace now as a post office.



REV. MANUEL MADRID AND
MR. BENEDICTO SANDOVAL.

The Santa Fe of to-day has two splendid Presbyterian schools, for girls and for boys. The girls learn sewing, cooking, housework, and the boys farming and manual trades as well as the lore of books and the strength of morals and religion. Some are very poor when they come, and some come from the finest homes in the territory. Last year an officer of public instruction, although a Romanist, sent his own nieces to the Presbyterian school.

We meet two judges of the Supreme Court who travel over the territory, and they tell us that whenever they find a Spanish home especially lovely, they usually find a former pupil of one of these schools in it. So this foreign land with 300,000 people within our own land is being transformed by the missionaries and teachers to an American land with Christian institutions.



OLD PALACE AT SANTA FE.



ACRES OF CHEESECLOTH OVER TOBACCO FIELDS.

CHAPTER V.

PORTO RICAN SHOES.

Juanita de los Santos Rivera was just ten. Her father, Jose Maria Rivera, had only two acres—so very much better than no land at all. Coffee bushes grew on almost half of it, with a few orange trees to shade the coffee. Set between this and a tiny field of tobacco and another of sugar cane was the little house, thatched with leaves from three great palms that grew beside it.

“To-morrow, Miguel, to-morrow!”

Miguel Eduardo was the little brother of eight years. To-morrow, their father was to bring them each a pair of shoes, for it was the *Fiesta de los Reyes*, the Feast of the Kings.

How they had worked for the pennies to buy the shoes! Three days each week had they deserted the little *barrio* school and gone to the *hacienda* of Don Pedro to pick coffee. Sometimes they would miss a few ripe red berries on their bush and the *major domo* would be cross. They could pick scarce a peck in a day—and

eight cents was the pay for a peck. And in December, the tobacco fields were hot where they worked away picking off bugs from the broad leaves.

But to-morrow the Fiesta. And Miguel would go to the *hacienda* to hold the horse of some gay *caballero*. For on the day of the *Fiesta de los Reyes* the gentlemen and ladies of the big town come riding out among the hills of the country, parties of horsemen and horsewomen, talking and laughing along all the roads. Don Pedro would have a *baile* or native dance—and such good things to eat. But some people would stop even at Juanita's house. Don Juana, her mother, was all prepared to give them *dulces* of rice and guava jelly.



COFFEE BAGS.

The shoes came—out of the saddle baskets where the children themselves used to ride when they were smaller. The shoes were not “rights” and “lefts,” but both alike with pointed toes. Miguel put his on and went to the *hacienda*. Juanita put on hers, but—something was wrong. She could not eat. Her head felt queer and she did not much care about the new shoes—and soon the hot fever came.

But among those who rode along that feast day afternoon were two American teachers, come out to see

the merrymakers and enjoy the open hospitality of the country folk. They stopped to talk with Dona Juana Rivera—and then came a cool soft hand to the little flushed forehead.

“Courage, Juanita, you shall have a doctor to-morrow.”

“What?” said her father, “the doctor will not come to the country.”



SADDLE BASKET.

“Yes, he will. I mean the new American doctor.”

The doctor did come—twice, and then sometimes a pleasant young woman of her own people who had been trained far away in the big hospital across the island. And when the fever was conquered, what lovely stories the nurse told when she came—about a boy who had a coat with many colors and about the Good Shepherd.

Meanwhile her shoes, carefully tied with a string, were hanging from the rafters of the low ceiling. Miguel wore his once when his father took him to the village, two miles, on Sunday morning to get meat. They usually had meat to eat on Sunday, but this was the first Juanita was allowed to have. On other days they had rice and beans or sweet potatoes and *gandules*, much like peas, and often boiled green *mafafos*, a kind of banana.

Miguel came in shouting—“Oh, you should have seen the cock fight we saw on the way home.”

“Why, Miguel,” said Juanita, “don’t you remember the *senora* said that cock fighting was cruel.”



MIGUEL CARRYING MEAT.

And then Miguel remembered. But Juanita remembered another thing—about a school in the big town



COCK FIGHT.

where, perhaps, they could teach her to be as skillful as *la señora*, her nurse. But perhaps such a dream was foolish, her father was very poor. Still she was in the third grade at the *barrio* school and that was the highest grade. And her teacher who held the school in her own room at her home could not teach English for she did not know English.

When the week before Easter came they were all to go to the big town for the Carnival. The shoes were to come down and be worn. Miguel could hardly wait, for would there not be a merry-go-round and a band and confetti and clowns with



SUGAR CANE.

masques? But Juanita was wondering if she would see the *señora*, and perhaps even the school.

Early in the morning they started, carrying their shoes over their shoulders for they did not put them on until they came to a grove of cocoanut palms very near the town.

And she did see the *señora* and the school too—for all this time her father and mother had been waiting to find out about it also. Her father saw the boys and girls of the school, how clean and bright they were, and he was eager. His Juanita should come too. She should have the one pony he owned, to ride into the town each day, even if he must go to work all summer in the low cane fields of the coast where the poor water made him sick last year.

Tired and happy, they trudged home. Among other things they are glad to take off the shoes when they left town and be comfortable. No more misery for feet until the *fiesta* of the town's patron saint in July.

The shoes hung again from the ceiling until July. Jose Maria Rivera went to the cane fields but he did not get sick as before. So down came the shoes again in September and Juanita's dream of school came true. But she was favored, for even yet there is hardly any other big town in all Porto Rico that has a doctor who can go among the thickly populated hills of the country.

The things Juanita learned at school would fill many chapters. For one thing she learned to wear shoes. But the greatest thing she learned was the name and love of Christ.



This map covers but a very small part of the northwest corner of the island of Porto Rico, and only a very little section of the portion of the island for which the Presbyterian Church is responsible. The railroad running north and east from Aguadilla goes to San Juan, seventy-nine miles away. The map includes three townships, as indicated by the boundary lines. Ours is the only American mission in this region. The dotted circular lines indicate the divisions described in the chapter. The whole island of Porto Rico is 110 miles long and 40 miles wide, and it has about a million people. San Juan is 1,407 nautical miles from New York. There are 61 Presbyterian missionary pastors, teachers, doctors, and helpers for Porto Rico.



PANORAMA OF AGUADILLA.

CHAPTER VI.

MAP STUDY OF AGUADILLA MISSION.

Porto Rico, La Fiel Isla, The Loyal Isle, is interesting everywhere. We cannot go over the whole island, so for our visit we select Aguadilla, a place that Columbus visited and that illustrates the other mission work.

Aguadilla mission field includes about forty-two thousand souls. The Reverend Leland H. Tracy is the only ordained American missionary. For methods of work the field is divided into six mission districts indicated on the map, and we note facts about each one.

DISTRICT I.—The city of Aguadilla. Preaching in the Central Church by the missionary, and regular services at four points in the city conducted by the native helper, Mr. Soto. Flourishing Sunday Schools at Central Church and at Pueblo Nuevo. Day school near the

church with a hundred scholars, almost all of whom are in Sunday School also. Three American teachers. At Pueblo Nuevo, a sort of "shack town" within the city, is another day school, provided for privately. This winter



CENTRAL CHURCH.

a little boy of six in this school began to teach his parents to read, and from that beginning the whole family has been won for Christ. Fourteen young people are candidates for the church from this one little school.

There are also two Bible women for the city.

DISTRICT II.—The country immediately surrounding Aguadilla. Under the charge of another native helper, Mr. Roque. He holds services at Corrales, Caimital, Victoria and Espinal. Espinal has a large Sunday School and fifty church members. It is impossible to get all the one hundred and fifty scholars into the private house where the Sunday School is held. Church building badly needed. Corrales also needs a church building, "an anchor for their faith, otherwise it is almost impossible to build up strong Christians." Mr. Roque is a valued friend of the people and they trust him. Columbus is said to have landed at Espinal in 1493 on his second voyage.



BIBLE WOMAN.

DISTRICT III.—Centered at Malesa, which has a fine chapel and over sixty members. Mr. Lopez is the



SUNDAY SCHOOL AT ESPINAL.

worker. Regular services at Malesa, Ceiba and Avaneles, with occasional services at the other villages. A large, fertile district. Hopes to reach self-support soon and thus help to spread the gospel over the rest of the island. Ceiba needs a chapel, because a congregation of seventy-five have only the little ten by fifteen foot house of one of the members to meet in. A hopeful district with Protestant tendencies. Strong Sunday School at Malesa, where thirteen people are tithers.

DISTRICT IV.—A hard field because of opposition and indifference. Regular services at Aguada and Guayabo, where faithful members are. Development greatly hindered because of bad roads. A good helper expected soon to promote the work here.

DISTRICT V.—A good church of fifty people and Sunday School at Moca. Splendid services and Sunday School at Voladoras and services at Palmar. About ready to open up work in other *barrios*. Hindered by bad roads, but a promising region.

DISTRICT VI.—“Our poor neglected district, with no work of any sort. It is our hope, for we know the need there, and we know that soon someone will be raised up to preach to that people.”

Besides preaching at the church in Aguadilla, the missionary helps in special meetings over the whole region; for example, one week in Malesa with two services each day, a similar week in Ceiba, Corrales, Aguadilla, Aguada, Espinal, Moca and Voladoras. The whole Aguadilla Mission has over six hundred mem-

bers already, and more than a thousand different people come under preaching each week.

Porto Rico averages two hundred and seventy people for every square mile. The United States averages only twenty. Eighty-five per cent. of



CHILDREN AT CEIBA.

the people cannot read or write any language. “Two hundred thousand children are not provided with schools.” A larger part of the taxes of the island goes for school purposes than in any section of the United States. But not a public schoolhouse was built during the four hundred years of Spanish possession. It will take years before the public funds can provide adequate school equipment. There are but few doctors, and these do not go in the country districts. The Presbyterian Hospital at San Juan is a great blessing to the island. Mayaguez has a Presbyterian medical missionary, but many places, especially the crowded country districts, need clinics as soon as men and money can be found.

Surely we all want to help the great works of teaching,
healing and preaching amongst these people.



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