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THE INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1906

A Little Journey to the
Sunny San Juan



Commissioner Leupp's
Annual Report

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

050

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Mail is also taken by north-bound trains at 7:05 p. m. and 8:31 a. m., and by south-bound train at 8:00 p. m., not scheduled to stop at Chilocco station.

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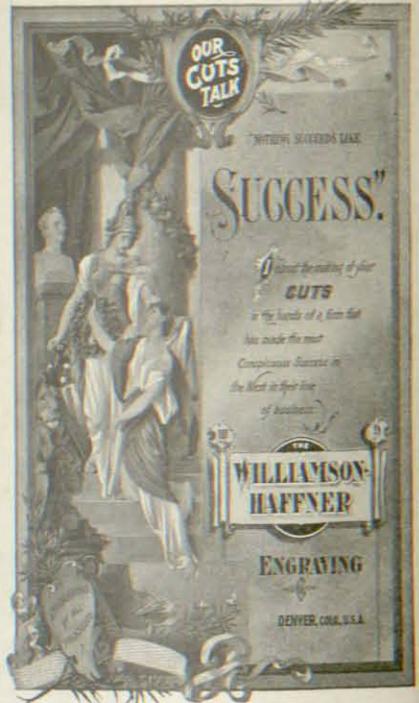
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Arkansas City, Kans.

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No. 894 local freight, departs	8:00 a. m
No. 893 local freight, arrives	11:30 a. m
No. 849 Passenger, arrives	4:00 p. m

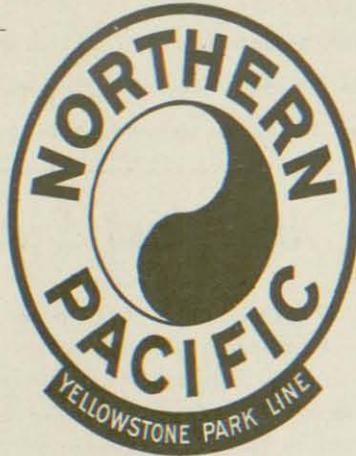
No. 810 makes close connection at Dexter with fast train for Coffeyville, Pittsburg, Nevada and St. Louis, and for points on the Iron Mountain route south of Coffeyville. Also with fast express for Colorado and Pacific Coast points.

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Chilocco History and Description

THE CHILOCCO INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, established by the Honorable James M. Haworth, the first superintendent of Indian schools, after whom our assembly hall is named, was opened for pupils in January, 1884, in the large building now known as the boys' home. Its location is on a beautiful tract of land, 3 miles in extent north and south, and 4½ miles east and west, in Kay county, Okla., but bordering upon the Kansas state line, about six miles south of Arkansas City, Kan. Large as this school reservation seems to be, it is all either under cultivation or utilized as meadow or pasture. Chilocco is a money-order postoffice; it has telephone connections both north and south, and flag stations on the "Santa Fe" and "Frisco" railway systems—both railroads running through the school lands.

The school plant now consists of some thirty-five buildings, principally of stone, mostly heated by steam or hot water and lighted with electricity, with modern conveniences and equipment. The stone used in their construction is the handsome magnesian limestone, quarried on the reservation. The water and sewerage systems are first-class.

This is known as the best equipped institution in the Indian Service for imparting a practical knowledge of the agricultural industries so much needed by the majority of Indian boys. The principal crops are wheat, corn, oats, broom corn, sorghum, millet, alfalfa, and prairie hay. The beef and dairy herds contain about 1000 head. Over 10,000 gallons of milk were produced during the last quarter, and most of the beef and pork used during the last fiscal year was raised and butchered at the school. The large orchards, vineyards, nursery and gardens afford means of practical instruction in all these closely related industries. There is a large amount on hand of budded and grafted nursery stock, of best varieties, which will be sold cheap to other schools, or to Indians who will plant and care for it on their allotments.

The trades school includes instruction in blacksmithing, horseshoeing, wagon making, carpentry and cabinet making, shoe and harness making, painting and paper hanging, printing, broom making, tailoring, stonecutting, stone and bricklaying, engineering, plumbing and steam fitting; also the domestic arts, such as sewing, dressmaking, baking, cooking, housekeeping, laundering and nursing. Instruction, rather than money making, is the object. Nearly the entire product, however, is utilized by the school.

The literary course is designed to give a thorough grammar school training. Music and military tactics are included in the course. There is a library of 1,300 volumes, especially selected to meet the requirements of this school. Religious instruction, while nonsectarian, is not neglected, and the object of the school is to graduate Indian young men and women with well formed characters, as well qualified as possible—industrially, mentally and morally—for successful competition with youth of any race or color. Base ball, foot ball, tennis, basket ball, etc., are encouraged, but no attempt is made to organize professional teams. The school band is in frequent demand at neighboring towns. The present attendance is about 700 pupils, from 40 different tribes of a dozen different states and territories.

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THE INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL

VOLUME SIX

FOR JANUARY

NUMBER THREE

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO SUNNY SAN JUAN

THE HOME OF THE SHIPROCK NAVAJOS

BY O. H. LIPPS

AFTER traveling for five hundred miles over treeless prairies, rugged mountains and sandy deserts, the San Juan Valley looms up on the vision like a dream of an enchanted Elysium. Here trees laden with luscious fruits, broad acres of cultivated fields, from which have just been harvested bountiful crops of hay and grain, greet the eye on every side. Commodious farm houses rise up here and there amid their green groves of cottonwood trees and dot the little valley along the river with evidences of that quiet plenty and easy comfort known only to the thrifty yeomanry of a favored agricultural country.

The commercial center of the valley of the San Juan is the frontier town of Farmington. This is a quiet little town at the junction of the La Plata and the San Juan rivers in New Mexico, about 60 miles southwest from Durango, Colorado. It was established many years ago as an Indian trading post and to it the Indians still resort when they get money enough ahead "to go to town to trade." The town is courteously calm and seemingly sympathizes with the solemn grandeur around it. In this country nature seems to consecrate a great deal of time to reflec-

tion and meditation and the people apparently, in return, cultivate the receptive spirit. After all, Farmington is a good town. It has plenty of water and healthy atmosphere and the people appreciate them. They even predict that one day Farmington will surpass Pueblo in population, enterprise and industrial greatness. To the casual observer little argument is needed to convince him of the reasonableness of these predictions.

Twelve miles west of Farmington, on the way to the San Juan Indian school, we pass through the Mormon village of Fruitland whose people appear to be as prolific as the soil on which they live. Its chief renown lies in the fact that it is the home of one of Brigham Young Jr's. plural wives. There are some very nice brick residences in Fruitland, and a brick Mormon church (and dance-house) under course of construction. Also one country store, whose chief business seems to be buying wool and blankets from the Indians and selling them flour and groceries in return.

The Mormons may take their religion with a wink when it comes to ritual and ceremony, but they all work at some useful occupation. Even a Mormon Bishop does not consider that he is exempt from doing useful manual labor.

Most of their praying seems to be done through work and it is generally understood that they never complain of their prayers not being answered.

The Navajo Indian Agency and school for the Navajos of the San Juan is located 35 miles west of Farmington, the nearest railroad point. It is about 90 miles southwest of Durango, Colorado, and about 20 miles east of the Arizona line.

This is a busy little village on the banks of the San Juan, reared amid groves of huge cottonwood trees. Here a new agency and school is being built under the supervision and management of the superintendent of the reservation, Mr. W. T. Shelton. The agency buildings are of adobe and logs, the intention of the superintendent being to give the Indians a practical object lesson in building good, comfortable buildings out of native material, such as they themselves can easily obtain for their own houses. The school buildings under course of construction are of brick and stone and modern in every way, being fitted with plumbing, steam heat and acetylene gas lights. The location is an ideal one and when completed the San Juan school will be one of the most desirably located reservation schools in the service.

The San Juan Navajo Reservation consists of that portion of the old Navajo reservation lying north of a line drawn east and west through the center of same to the eastern boundary of the Hopi reservation. It comprises about 6,000 square miles as follows: 2,000 square miles in New Mexico; 3,000 square miles in Arizona; and 1,000 square miles in the southeastern part of Utah. These lands are mostly suitable for grazing purposes with many thousand acres a barren waste. Only a small portion of the reservation is suitable for agricultural purposes,

most of this lying along the San Juan river from the eastern boundary of the reservation near Farmington, to Bluff City, Utah, on the west. Small tracts of land near the foothills can be farmed by utilizing water from the small springs which abound for irrigation.

Extensive forests of pine timber are found in the Carrisco mountains, located in the central part of the reservation, and in the Lukachuka mountains in the southern portion of the reservation.

Immense veins of bituminous coal are found on the reservation just across the river from Fruitland, where the San Juan has cut its way through the mesa exposing a vein of coal about 200 feet wide and 30 feet thick. Evidence shows the field to extend some 50 miles to the south, making the most extensive coal field in the southwest. The Navajos have for years been mining this coal in small quantities for their own use, but their methods were very crude. The superintendent has recently had the mine opened up by an experienced miner, so that the Indians now find profitable employment in supplying the agency and school with coal for fuel.

Shiprock.

Shiprock is the name of the post-office at which the San Juan agency and school is located. It is the metropolis of the reservation and to the Navajo, the "Hub of the Universe." It takes its name from a huge rock eight miles east of the agency which at a distance very much resembles a large ship on the ocean. It is 1600 feet high and casts an evening shadow of 65 miles. The Navajos think that it is the home of some evil spirit and they will not go near it.

Shiprock is also located near the centre of the ancient Aztec ruins. There are thousands of these ruins all



SUPT. W. S. SHELTON.
Who is Building the San Juan School.

over this section of the country and, until within the past year, when an order was issued prohibiting it, a great deal of valuable pottery was yearly dug from these ruins.

It is just 20 miles from Shiprock to the "Four Corners," where the four states of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico meet, the only instance where four states meet at right angles.

Shiprock now has 15 buildings, 13 of which were built by Indian labor. There are 200 acres of land in the school farm; 12,000 fruit trees are now in the school nursery ready to be transplanted. The land here is excellent river bottom land and is all under ditch. Much of it has already been leveled for irrigation. Streets are being laid out and graded, several new buildings in course of construction and in another year San Juan will be one of the most attractive Capitals to be found any-

where in the Indian country. Mr. Shelton and the Navajos are doing good work. All the Navajo needs is a good leader and they have that, and prosperity and improvement are everywhere visible.

Population.

The population of the Navajos under the San Juan Agency is estimated at 8,000. Not all of these live on the reservation. There are about 2,000 children of school age practically without any educational facilities. There are about 180 Navajo pupils in attendance at the Fort Lewis school in Colorado, and the San Juan school when completed will afford accommodations for 100 more. There are a few pupils at the Grand Junction school and a few in a Mission school just off the reservation, about 250 children in school altogether, leaving the remaining 1750 growing up in the ignorance and superstition of their fathers. The old Indians are very much opposed to sending their children away to distant non-reservation schools, but evince a willingness to send them to school where schools are provided for them on the reservation.

Morality.

The Navajo Indian, generally speaking, is robust, healthy and little given to enervating vices. He does not use intoxicating liquors and it is a very rare thing, indeed, to see a drunken Navajo. There are very few violations of the liquor law on, or in the vicinity of, the reservation. Polygamy is still practiced by them, but is being discouraged by the Government and is gradually growing into disfavor among the better class of Indians. The Navajo is industrious and entirely self-supporting and ever has been. He receives no gratuities from the Government in the way of annuities or

rations. You may take 8,000 people anywhere you find them in the United States and you can not find a community of this size, rich or poor, high or low, more free from indolence, vice and crime than are these primitive people of this mountain desert country, located

the effect of close contact with civilization would have on these people.

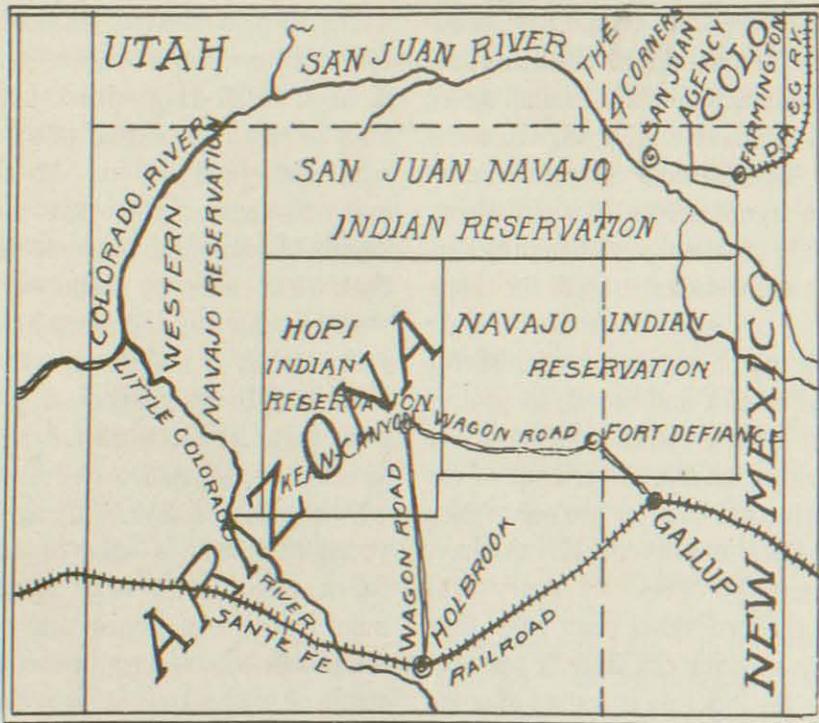
Just now the attention of the public is being directed to the Winnebago Indians in Nebraska. Miss Beecher Scoville, grand-daughter of Henry Ward Beecher and a special repre-



A TYPICAL NAVAJO WEAVER AND LOOM.

so far from civilization as to be almost beyond the pale of the law. There are Indians in remote parts of the Navajo reservation who have never seen a white man. Recently two young women were brought in to the San Juan Agency who had never seen a white woman. It is difficult to say just what

representative of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has recently been gathering data on the condition of these Indians. Their reservation is located just across the river from Sioux City, Iowa, in a rich agricultural country in the midst of civilization. We would naturally expect great things of these



MAP SHOWING DIVISIONS OF THE NAVAJO RESERVATION.

Indians, especially since they have rich lands and interest bearing bonds in the Government treasury and twenty years ago were sober, industrious and with bright prospects before them. The results of Miss Beecher's investigations are said to disclose the astounding fact that only four Indians on the entire reservation, who have attained to any considerable age, are free from the use of intoxicating liquors. There are about 2,000 Indians living on the Omaha and Winnebago reservation. It is also the fact that the tendency of most all other tribes living in the midst of civilization, rich in lands and money, is to drift along in the same direction. Thus it would seem that in order to take away from the Indian, you need only to give to him freely. The royal road to pauperism for the red man is through the vaults of Uncle Sam's treasury.

When General Sherman held the Navajos as prisoners of War at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, in 1867, it was

his intention to send them to Oklahoma and there give them a reservation where they might have plenty of grass for their flocks and rich soil for growing their corn. The Indians objected so strenuously to this proposition that they were finally permitted to return to their old reservation in Arizona and New Mexico. It is interesting to speculate as to the outcome of the Navajo had he consented to take the rich agricultural and grazing lands of Oklahoma instead of returning to his desert home. It is more than likely that the Navajos would have been about like most other tribes in Oklahoma today. The Navajo does not work as a matter of choice but as a matter of necessity. With him eternal labor is the price of life—and liberty.

Progress.

Under the new management of affairs on the reservation, the Navajos have made rapid progress. A little more than two years ago Superintendent Shelton was placed in charge of

these Indians with temporary headquarters at Farmington. Until this time they had been under the Indian agent at Fort Defiance, Arizona, 100 miles away. They seldom saw the agent and the agent seldom visited them. They were practically without any supervision and were left to shift for themselves. They had no schools for their children, no physician to administer to them when sick and no one to protect them from the greed and avarice of the encroaching whites. All friends of the Indians in that country are unanimous in their assertions that the Navajos have made more progress in every way during the two years just past than they have during the twenty previous years. Mr. Shelton is a man of great energy and enterprise, has plenty of "bay horse sense," business ability, and knows how to deal with the Indians.

The Navajo does not get something for nothing. For a wagon he works 50 days, or 25 days with a team; for a set of plow harness 12 days; for an axe 1 day, and so on. At a great many agencies, under this rule, one supply of tools and implements is all that would ever be required. They would remain in the ware-house for years. But it is different with the Navajo. He considers it a privilege to be permitted to work for a wagon or other implements. Not every one who knocks and says, "My agent, my young brother!" is allowed to work for a wagon. He must be a good man, industrious, honest and upright. An Indian who is lazy, or who lies, steals or makes trouble, is not allowed to work for tools or implements, especially for a wagon. Supt. Perry at Fort Defiance has practically the same rules regarding issuing supplies to In-



A GROUP OF NAVAJO STUDENTS OF THE CHILOCCO SCHOOL.

dians. Nothing is given away. Every thing that goes out of the ware-house, every wagon that is repaired at the agency blacksmith shop must be paid for in work. Roads are made, bridges built, improvements of various kinds are made, all for the betterment of the reservation and the Indians.

There are now 12 large irrigation ditches in operation supplying water for about 6,000 acres of land, and about 12 smaller ditches covering about 3,000 acres, all with water rights filed. These are of inestimable value to the Indians, as nothing can be grown in their country without irrigation.

The Navajos of the San Juan raise annually about 5,000 bu. of wheat. This they thresh out by tramping

with horses. They also raise corn, beans, pumpkins, melons, squash, etc., which they store away for winter's use. They grind both their wheat and corn by hand with stone metates. Aside from farming and stock-raising, blanket weaving and silversmithing are the principal industries of these Indians. Almost every Navajo family possesses from 100 to 1,000 sheep. Most of the wool from the sheep is woven into blankets by the women, for which they find ready sale at the traders' stores.

Keep the missionary barrel and soft sentiment away from the Navajo and he will manage to get along. He is a deserving Indian, but all he needs is a chance to earn a living and he asks for nothing more; he is willing to do the rest.



ABOUT INDIANS AND OTHER PEOPLE

Ret Millard has been named Osage agent to succeed Capt. Frazt.

From his ranch in the Wichita mountains comes the statement that Quanah Parker, the chief of the Comanche Indians, is perhaps on his deathbed.

Mr. Harold A. Loring, supervisor of native Indian music, is confined to St. Anthony's Hospital, Pendleton, Ore., recuperating from the effects of a recent operation.

Geronimo, the Apache warrior and scout, who is 76 years old, has for the eighth time become a benedict. Mrs. Mary Loto, an Apache widow of 58, became Geronimo's wife during the Christmas holidays.

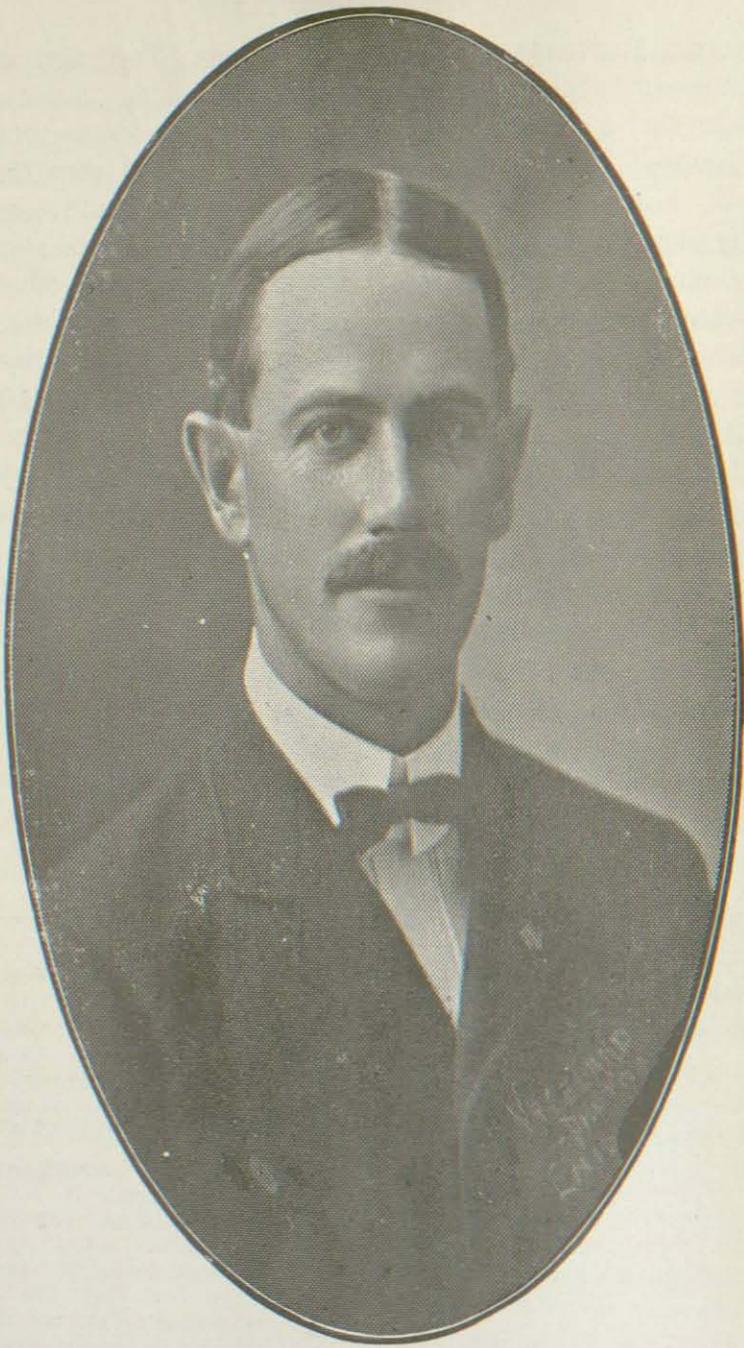
George Fields, a Cherokee Indian living in Indian Territory, has been married three times, and is the father of 36 children, 26 of whom are living. He is 60 years old. He has the largest family in the Cherokee Nation.

J. D. Benedict, superintendent of Indian schools in Indian Territory, has resigned. Inasmuch as the Indian schools will have to be closed if there is no legislation for their continuance after March 4, it is thought no one will be named at present to succeed him.

Superintendent Haddon of the Comanche Indian school, Col. Randlett, former agent for the Comanche Indians, and other officials have recommended to Secretary Hitchcock that a quarter section of the school land adjoining the city of Lawton, be awarded to that city for townsite purposes. The city needs to extend but cannot because of Indian allotments and school lands on all sides.

Plans for the new boarding school to be erected near Bismarck, N. D., are nearly ready for the building. The buildings at the school will consist of two large dormitories, one large school building, one employes' quarters, two work shops and a pumping station. Unless the plans are changed the water supply will be pumped direct from the river, but Capt. Downs has suggested to the department that it might be cheaper and better for fire protection to use the city water.

Forty years ago the first day of this month, Henry Martin Tupper began the work of establishing Shaw University. This institution has grown until she is now the largest Baptist institution in the world for the education of colored young men and women. The leaders of the colored Baptists of North Carolina, a majority of the educated clergy, many ministers in other states and several missionaries to Africa, received their training at Shaw University. She has rendered a grand service to North Carolina and the world and we commend her for her continued and persistent efforts in training her students to be God fearing, law-abiding, quiet, industrious and self-supporting citizens.



Cut by Courtesy of "Oklahoman."

OKLAHOMA'S NEW GOVERNOR, CAPT. FRANK FRANTZ,
Inaugurated at Guthrie, January 15.

CAPTAIN FRANK FRANTZ, baseball fan, Rough Rider, postmaster, Indian agent and governor, comes of Swiss ancestry, and was born May 7, 1872 at Roanoke, Ills., although his father was born in Virginia. The Frantz family first became identified with America before the revolution, settling in Pennsylvania and later moving to Virginia. Henry J. Frantz, father of the captain, immigrated to Roanoke, Illinois, and it was here that Frank Frantz was born and later, in 1880, the family moved to Wellington, Kansas, where the father died. When the strip opened in 1893 the family moved to Enid, where they still make their home. A further sketch of his life will be found on page 30. Captain Frantz was married in 1900 to Miss Matilda Evans, formerly of Kansas City, who was living in Enid at the time of the marriage. They have a family of three children, two sons and a daughter. Mrs. Frantz is a charming young woman. Captain Frantz is a young man to assume such an important position; a position with such grave responsibilities. While not educated in the school of practical politics, Captain Frantz has gained a knowledge of the world, its people and their methods, which his friends are confident will enable him to steer the good ship of state away from the rocks that have troubled his predecessors.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF INDIAN SCHOOL
CHANGES FOR NOVEMBER.

Classified Service—Probational Appointments.

Letha Lane, Sac & Fox, cook, 450.
 Emma Johnson, Salem, teacher, 600.
 Katherine Nelson, Pima, teacher, 540
 Mollie Allen, Warm Springs, cook, 500.
 Louise McCarthy, Tomah, teacher, 480.
 Antoinette Duclos, Lembi, teacher, 720.
 Mary A. Shaw, Little Water, nurse, 600.
 Edith N. Sampson, Haskell, teacher, 600.
 Rosa Baker, Rainy Mountain, baker, 360.
 Florence Fithian, Santa Fe, teacher, 600.
 Harriet Green, Sac & Fox, laundress, 420.
 Annie M. Freeland, Tongue River, cook, 500.
 Anna B. Hopkins, Sherman Inst., nurse, 600.
 Belle McClelland, Salem, asst. matron, 540.
 Artie S. M. Grinner, Red Lake, matron, 520.
 Nora D. Eaton, Grand Junction, cook, 500.
 Henry Vertreace, Carlisle, Blacksmith, 900.
 Emma I. Edgerton, Osage, asst. cook, 400.
 Nettie E. Mathew, Cherokee, teacher, 540.
 Agnes S. Campell, Pipestone, teacher, 540.
 Gertrude R. Nicholson, Pine Point, teacher, 540.
 Mary T. Hayes, Red Lake, assistant teacher, 540.
 Clement J. Chase, Panquitch, Ind. teacher, 600.
 Minnie Duncan, Ft. Lewis, assistant matron, 500.
 Mayme C. Christensen, Umatilla, laundress, 400.
 Thomas Brownbridge, Rosebud, blacksmith, 600.
 Blanche Rainwater, Cheyenne, seamstress, 500.
 Nathaniel L. A. K. Slamberg, Pine Ridge day school, physician, 1,000.
 Kate M. Campbell, Rapid City, seamstress, 500.
 Katheryn M. Gohen, Crow Creek, seamstress, 500.
 Edwin A. Palmer, Mescalero, Industrial teacher, 720.
 Mamie M. Hassebrock, Sac & Fox, Iowa, assistant matron, 420.
 John M. Fischer, Sherman Institute, band and musical instructor, 720.

Classified Service—Absolute Appointments.

Johh C. Foley, Siletz, teacher, 600.
 J. Etta Hicks, Uintah, matron, 540.
 Sarah J. McAllister, Crow, cook, 500.
 Clay L. Doyle, Hayward, gardner, 600.
 Grace M. Bailey, Klamath, teacher, 600.
 Mona L. Johnson, Jicarilla, teacher, 600.
 W. P. Ryan, White Earth, engineer, 800.
 Francis M. Fischer, Carson, teacher, 540.
 Olga O. Ault, Mescalero, laundress, 500.
 Joanna Hope, Red Lake, seamstress, 480.
 Tacy A. Collett, Omaha, seamstress, 420.
 Susie Aspaas, Ft. Lewis, seamstress, 520.
 Lillian Malaby, Cheyenne River, cook, 500.
 Charlie D. Barnett, Jicarilla, carpenter, 720.
 Carrie E. Beers, Cross Lake, teacher, 480.

Clay Montgomery, Sac & Fox, kindergartener, 600.

Estelle B. Gregg, Truxton Canon, teacher, 600.

Mary E. Balmer, Crow Creek, house-keeper, 400.

Arthur D. Van Tassel, La Pointe, engineer, 720.

Clarence D. Fulkerson, Rosebud, physician, 1000.

Candace A. Sheen, Winnebago, assistant matron, 420.

Classified Service—Excepted Positions—Appointments.

Emma Kirk, Klamath, cook, 500.
 Nancy Mole, Lembi, laundress, 420.
 Isabelle Preston, Yainax, cook, 500.
 Samuel J. Baskin, Yanton, farmer, 600.
 Ida Wilson, Klamath, asst. matron, 480.
 Gertrude Brewer, Salem, laundress, 540.
 Mary Christjohn, Wittenberg, baker, 360.
 Rose Enemy Boy, Belknap, laundress, 480.
 Eva J. Preston, Seger Colony, teacher, 720.
 Maggie Platero, Albuquerque, asst. cook, 480.
 Robert Leith, Chilocco, asst. carpenter, 600.
 John B. Trowbridge, Hayward, physician, 400.
 Frank L. Morrison, Genoa, asst. engineer, 600.
 Frank Moore, Pawnee, industrial teacher, 660.
 Lillian S. Bear, Rosebud, kindergarten, 600.
 Irene Whitehead, Shawnee, seamstress, 450.
 Harry Wilson, Klamath, industrial teacher, 600.
 Hugh Woodall, Chilocco, industrial teacher, 600.
 Oliver Gebeau, Flathead, industrial teacher, 600.
 Guy W. Jones, Flathead, industrial teacher, 600.
 Asa Little Crow, Chilocco, night watchman, 400.
 Horace B. Warrior, Grand Junction, baker, 400.
 Cornelius, H. Wheelock, Osage, asst. engineer, 600.
 Clara Naranjo, (Ind.) Jemez, housekeeper, 30 per month.
 Louis Anning Moore, Vermillion Lake, physician, 500.
 Jennie C. James, Sherman Institute, housekeeper, 500.
 Ellen A. Bearss, (white) Western Navajo, financial clerk, 720.
 Gladys Barnd (white), La Jolla, housekeeper, 30 per month.
 Jennie Maskishtum, Neah Bay, housekeeper, 30 per month.
 Mary A. Wynkoop, (white) Moencopi, housekeeper, 30 per month.
 Lucy Rattlingtail, (Ind.) Cannon Ball, N. D., housekeeper, 30 per month.
 B. Annistatia Hoover, (white) Fort McDermitt, housekeeper, 30 per month.

Classified Service—Separations.

- Daisy Wilson, Moqui, cook, 540.
 Alpha C. Sowers, Carson, cook, 540.
 Mary Williams, Chilocco, nurse, 600.
 John McMullen, Salem, teacher, 600.
 Ambrosia Adams, Pine Point, cook, 400.
 Amelia Andrews, Lemhi, laundress, 420.
 Gratia I. Craig, Yankton, teacher, 660.
 John Nywening, Salem, physician, 1000.
 Olga, O. Ault, Mescalero, laundress, 500.
 Charles W. Sowers, Carson, engineer, 800.
 Eita Hynes, La Pointe, school clerk, 840.
 Alice B. Preuss, Ft. Lapwai, teacher, 660.
 Edna H. Short, Pine Point, teacher, 540.
 Charles T. Kronk, Rosebud, blacksmith, 720.
 Benjamin F. Bennett, Carlisle, farmer, 720.
 M. E. Blanchard, Crow Creek, matron, 600.
 Mellie Hollingsworth, Albuquerque, cook, 600.
 Mary M. White, Grand Junction, matron, 600.
 Snyder D. Freeland, Klamath, farmer, 600.
 Artie S. M. Griner, Red Lake, matron, 520.
 Jessie H. Bates, Sac & Fox, laundress, 420.
 Myrtle J. Williams, Warm Springs, cook, 500.
 Ada Zimmerman, Leech Lake, teacher, 660.
 Sara J. Porter, Riggs institute, teacher, 600.
 Lillie B. Crawford, Ft. Shaw, asst. matron, 600.
 Attie Davis, Rainy Mountain, asst. matron, 400.
 Mary A. Wynkoop, Western Navajo, matron, 600.
 Alvena E. Wiemann, Pottawatomie, seamstress, 500.
 Clyde D. Johnson, Grand Junction, engineer, 840.
 Regna C. Hendrickson, Phoenix, asst. matron, 600.
 Mattie L. Higgins, Cheyenne River, asst. matron, 500.
 Charles P. Teare, Flathead, industrial teacher, 600.
 U. E. Gyllenband, Jicarilla, industrial teacher, 600.
 Cora F. Peters, Chilocco, domestic science teacher 660.
 Duncan D. McArthur, Ft. Mojave, superintendent, 1600.
 Charles W. Wells, Colorado River, industrial teacher, 720.
 Edward W. Kent, Sherman Institute, band and musical instructor, 720.

Classified Service—Transfers.

- Cora B. Cadwell, from Santee, cook, 420, to Chamberlin, asst. matron, 500.
 Nathan L. Caulkins, from White Earth, carpenter, 600, to Pipestone, carpenter, 600.
 Mary E. Disette, from Albuquerque, field matron, 720, to Paguete, teacher, 720,

Stacy Hemenway, from Klamath Agency, physician, 1000, to Yainax, physician, 1000.

Mabelle M. Brown, from Pine Ridge, asst. matron, 400, to Ft. Totten, asst. matron, 500.

Thomas J. Stack, from Pawnee, (Indian) teacher, 660, to Grand Junction, Disciplinary, 720.

Elisha J. D. Melhinch, from Sisseton Agency, lease clerk, 720, to Sisseton school, clerk, 900.

David Henry, from Morris, shoe and harnessmaker, 600, to Leech Lake, Shoemaker, 600.

Jean O. Barnd, from Hoopa Valley, teacher, 660, to La Jolla Day, Calif., teacher, 72 per month.

Leonidas Swain, from La Jolla Day, Calif., teacher, 72 per month, to Hoopa Valley, teacher, 660.

Horton H. Miller, from Western Shoshone, superintendent, 1400, to Fort Mojave, superintendent, 1600.

John J. McKoin, from Umatilla, superintendent, 1600, to Western Shoshone, superintendent, 1400.

Herman C. Haffner, from Grand Junction, disciplinary, 720, to Fort Lewis, asst. superintendent, 840.

Robert J. Bauman, from Cantonment industrial teacher, 600, to Seger Colony, financial clerk, 1000.

Willena S. Ezelle, from Grand Junction, asst. matron, 540, to Sherman Institute, housekeeper, 500.

Charles L. Woods, from Ft. Belknap Agency, physician, 1200, to Havasupia, superintendent, 1200.

James E. Armstrong, from Phoenix, teacher of agriculture, 1000, to Haskell, teacher of agriculture, 1000.

Fred W. Atkins, from Chamberlain, industrial teacher, 600, to Cantonment, industrial teacher, 600.

Flora F. Cushman, from Upper Lake, teacher, 60 per month, to Maricopa, Ariz., teacher, 72 per month.

John Allen (Ind.), from Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, blacksmith, 600, to La Pointe, blacksmith, 600.

Classified Service—Excepted Positions—Separations.

- Lillie Essex, Yainax, cook, 500.
 Emma Kirk, Klamath, cook, 500.
 Martha Enos, Pima, teacher, 540.
 Charles Kennedy, Carlisle, fireman, 420.
 Katie L. Brewer, Salem, laundress, 540.
 Lydia Doxtator, Wittenberg, baker, 360.
 Charles S. Hood, Yainax, blacksmith, 660.
 Nancy Saunooke, Oneida asst. matron, 400.
 Martha Horne, Hoopa Valley, baker, 500.
 Ida Wilson, Klamath, assist. matron, 480.
 Eunice Blakeslee, Shawnee, seamstress, 450.
 Fay Fitzpatrick, Yainax, asst. matron, 480.
 Beulah Smith, Round Valley, seamstress, 500.
 Sophia A. Smith, Tongue River, cook, 500.

Oliver Gebeau, Flathead, industrial teacher, 600.

Stella Hall, Jemez, housekeeper, 30 per month.

Lillian S. Bear, Rosebud, kindergarten, 600.

Hugh Woodall, Chilocco, night watchman, 400.

Effie MacArthur, Ft. Mojave, financial clerk, 900.

Lola Fanning, Western Navajo, financial clerk, 720.

Minnie E. Swains, La Jolla, housekeeper, 30 per month.

Edward Le Compte, Agricultural, industrial teacher, 600.

Helene Bellin, Cheyenne River Day, housekeeper, 30 per month.

Unclassified Service—Appointments.

Peter Larsen, Chamberlain, laborer, 540.

George Blakely, Cross Lake, laborer, 500.

Joseph K. Jarvis, Mt. Pleasant, laborer, 400.

Unclassified Service—Separations.

Frank L. Morrison, Cross Lake, 500.

Vincen Brown, Kickapoo, laborer, 480.

John W. Green, Chamberlain, laborer 540.

George Crvickshank, Sherman Institute, laborer, 600.

Classified Service—Reinstatements.

Lydia Fielder, Otoe, teacher, 660.

Ellen Hill, Crow Creek, matron, 600.

David L. Maxwell, Omaha, farmer, 600.

Grace P. Smith, Rice Station, teacher, 600.

Katherine H. O'Brien, Kickapoo, teacher, 540.

Kate Anderson, Western Navajo, teacher, 660.

Maggie J. McFadden, Umatilla, matron, 540.

Wm. Elsepenter, White Earth, Carpenter, 600.

Samuel T. Woods, Haskell Institute, blacksmith, 720.

Emily J. Griffith, Grand Junction, asst. matron, 540.

Poor Lo as a Farm Hand.

A. P. Johnson of Carnegie has employed several families of Kiowa Indians to pick his cotton, says the Anadarko Democrat. They have pitched their tepees in his yard, and the Indians, big, little, old and young, are at work. They are not fast pickers, but they take an interest in the work and do a good job. He pays them every night, and they all seem mighty glad that they have some money that they have earned by work.



CLASS IN PAINTING AND INTERIOR DECORATING, CHILOCCO, 1905-6



HON. BIRD S. MCGUIRE,
DELEGATE TO CONGRESS FROM OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

Bird Segle McGuire, republican, of Pawnee, was born at Belleville, Ill., in 1864, and when but a child of two years his parents, Joel and Rachael McGuire, moved to Randolph County, north central Missouri, where they resided upon a farm until the spring of 1881, at which time they moved to Chautauqua County, Kansas. After remaining there a few months Mr. McGuire left home and lived for three years in different parts of the Indian Territory, a part of which is now Oklahoma, being engaged a greater portion of the time in the cattle business. Having been able to save a small sum of money, he returned home and entered the State normal school at Emporia, Kansas, remaining for two years; then

taught school several terms and entered the law department of the University at Lawrence, remaining one year and again returning home to Chautauqua, Kansas. In the fall of 1890 he was elected county attorney of that county, and served four years, or two consecutive terms; at the expiration of the last term, in the spring of 1895, he moved to Pawnee County, Oklahoma, and practiced law; in 1897 was appointed assistant United States attorney for Oklahoma Territory, in which capacity he served until after his nomination for Congress. Was elected delegate to the Fifty-eighth congress, and re-elected delegate to the Fifty-ninth congress.

MISS REEL'S ANNUAL.

The report of Miss Reel, superintendent of Indian schools, to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the year ended June 30th, 1905, has reached THE JOURNAL. A very interesting part of this report are the photographs reproduced to show the advancement being made by Indian students in different parts of the country.

Among other things, Miss Reel has the following to say, which we publish in the interest of the service:

Many of the Indian tribes have reached such a state of civilization that it would seem advisable to endeavor to induce them to establish district or neighborhood schools, especially where Indian and white settlers are living in close proximity. The majority of the Indians in the vicinity of Wyandotte, Ind. T., are capable of transacting their own business. They have large tracts of excellent land, much of it well adapted to farming. The white settlers are near neighbors and several day schools might be established here which eventually could take the place of the boarding school. These Indians are mostly mixed bloods, who should be compelled to care for their children as do their white neighbors.

In educating the children at the day schools we are at the same time educating their parents and relatives. The civilizing lessons absorbed by the pupils during the day necessarily leave their impressions upon the home. The prejudice of the older Indians gradually disappears and they learn to appreciate the benefit and advantages derived by the children from the instruction received at the school.

A vigorous extension of the day-school system is earnestly recommended. By bringing civilization to the door of the Indian instead of attempting to take him to civilization you strengthen the family ties and early sow the seeds of industry and self-reliance.

There has been a steady increase during the past seven years in school enrollment and attendance. The average attendance has risen from 19,915 in 1898 to 25,104 in 1904, and the ratio of attendance to enrollment from 81 per cent in 1898 to 85 per cent last year. While the number of schools remains about the

same their capacity has been enlarged from 25,944 to 26,161.

During the past year the progress made, while not especially striking in any particular direction, has been steady and substantial in nearly all branches of school activity. We have endeavored, by personal talks with superintendents and teachers, by temporarily taking up in many instances the actual work of the class room, and by the issuance of circulars of instruction, to strengthen weak spots wherever found, to simplify and unify existing methods of instruction, notably in teaching English and agriculture, and to encourage the workers in the field to take greater interest in their work and to strive to bring it up to the highest standard attainable. We feel, however, that much remains to be done, and we also feel that when the Indian school-teachers become familiar with the educational policies recently outlined by you and realize that it is foolish to force upon an Indian those studies which have no relation to his environment, and which he can not turn to account, a great step forward will have been taken and a new day will have dawned on the Indian's journey along the pathway of civilization.

GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.

There seems to be a peculiar fascination about a Government contract and the widespread belief that a person who secures a contract from the Government is certain of large profits and easy work. As a result, there are many inexperienced persons who are continually seeking contracts and who, out of their ignorance, frequently succeed in getting into very embarrassing situations. There is nothing more irritating than the effort of inexperienced persons to try to get a contract, and if by chance it is awarded to them, they seek not to execute the work as required, but to shirk the obligation incurred.

The Reclamation Service, having a new class of work, has been put to much trouble and expense by inexperienced or speculative individuals who have, in some cases, made bids ridiculously low and have insisted on having the contract awarded to them in spite of the warning of skilled men that they would incur large losses in carrying out the work-specified. These people do not and will not understand that the contracts they enter into are very carefully guarded, and that no discretion or leniency is possible after the contract is signed. They seem to forget that an

employe of the Government cannot modify the contract, no matter how onerous it may be, and that their property and that of their friends who have gone on their bond must be taken by the Government in default of the work.

The warnings given these people frequently have been treated with contempt, under the belief that the engineers had some friend they wished to favor. In several instances the lowest bidders have been frequently told that they could not do the work for anything like the amount offered, and that, if they entered into contract they must fulfill it to the letter and spirit. They have laughingly retorted that they know how to do business; have executed bonds, and then have awakened to the dismal fact that they must carry out the law and obligations and can not secure relief. One poor fellow who should have known better, secured, after great exertion, a contract for hauling supplies over a high mountain range. He put all of his possessions and that of his friends, into an excellent equipment, but discovered too late that the price he had bid was far below what it would cost to feed his horses and maintain his equipment. He has begged time and again to be allowed to give to the Government all of his

property, the results of years of hard toil, if his friends could be relieved from liability; but unfortunately there is no way by which relief can come to him, and he must day by day see his property eaten up, the bonds being so complete and the terms so exacting that he cannot escape.

In other cases men seek to slight their work, or to induce inspectors to pass it, without full compliance with the terms. There thus results a continuous and exasperating warfare; the man losing money and the Government agents insisting that he perform his work according to specifications.

There is no desire on the part of anyone connected with the Government to let a contract at less than a fair rate, with reasonable profit. It is far better for all concerned that the contractor make fair wages for his men and a small return upon his capital invested. The engineers of the Reclamation Service, having spent the best part of their lives in such work, know as a rule very nearly what it will cost, and they view with apprehension the incursion into the contracting field of men who have never had experience and who are enamored with the idea of getting a job of this kind.—Maxwells's Talisman.



RED CLOUD. THE GREAT WAR CHIEF.

BY ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

The splendid freedom of the wind-swept plain,
 Mother of tawny herds, whose presence made
 A people's wealth, when roving undismayed
 The skin-clad hunter feasted on the slain—
 The lust of battle, when the pigmy train
 Of white intruders, helpless and afraid,
 Scattered before thy calvacade—
 This most proud hour thou wouldst recall—in vain!
 Great things were thine—the cunning of the snake,
 The courage of the eagle—strength in war;
 Honors in council—but thy day is done!
 A hated race thine heritage shall take;
 The prairie groans beneath their iron car,
 And on thy forehead shines the setting sun.

—Selected.

NEWSY NOTES FROM EVERYWHERE

Hundreds of Indians in the southwest who formerly refused to work are now earning average wages in manual labor. Poor Lo has decided that pay day is one of the paleface institutions worth borrowing.

Peter Bird Chief, a ^{Cherokee} Comanche Indian, living near Clinton, Okla., has been very successful in farming this year, says the Kansas City Journal. He has already gathered and marketed more than 700 bushels of corn and has more to place on the market. There are a number of the Comanches trying to follow the white farmer's footsteps, and many of the cotton fields were dotted with the redskins this fall.

Many strange Indian tribes live around Hudson Bay. The Creek and Nascopple Indians are among these tribes who have a peculiar custom in regard to their dead. As soon as one of their number is dead, the surviving relatives place the dead one in a box which they beg from the Hudson Bay company. In this box are placed, with a loaded gun, a powder horn, a tobacco pouch, a flint stone for striking fire, the snowshoes for travel and an axe.

During the French-Indian war of 1754 the French offered a bounty for British scalps. In the same year a bounty of £100 each was offered by the authorities of the several colonies. In 1755 Massachusetts granted a bounty of £40 for every scalp of a male Indian over twelve years of age and £20 each for the scalps of women and children. In 1764 John Penn, grandson of William Penn and governor of Pennsylvania, offered a bounty of \$150 for every "Indian buck" killed and scalped.

Miss Allie Hart, the daughter of Dr. Hart of Winnebago agency, has forsaken her Indian bridegroom, John Blackhawk, with whom she eloped a short time ago, and returned to her father's home. Blackhawk is a frequenter of Indian dances and pow-wows, and his conduct was so disgusting to the young wife that she very sensibly returned to her parents. Dr. Hart has been recently transferred to the Pacific Coast, where the family is again united.—Flandreau Weekly Review.

The Indian mother is very accommodating. If her infant wishes to cry she lets him do so. She does not, like the white mother, rush to the child when he begins to howl and try to pacify him. She lets him howl till he tires of

it and ceases of his own accord. It is because crying brings them attention that most children cry. The young Indian does not get the attention, so he soon cuts out crying entirely. With crying, kicking and squirming eliminated there is really nothing left for him to do but remain calm and look dignified. This is what he does, as a rule.

Of the fifteen long-term Indian prisoners now incarcerated in the United States penitentiary at McNeil's Island, Puget Sound, twelve who have been there for less than three years are in the last stages of consumption, and none can live more than another year. All are under sentence from ten to twenty years. Warden O. P. Haligan, in discussing the situation, says: "From my experience with the Alaskan Indians and Eskimos doing terms in the institution, I am of the opinion that the majority of both races have hereditary tuberculosis and that the confinement develops it."

An Indian has been known to carry a letter from Guazapares to Chihuahua, Mexico and back in five days, the distance being nearly 800 miles. In some parts where the Tarahumaris serve the Mexicans they are used to run in the wild horses, driving them into the corral. It may take them two or three days to do it, sleeping at night and living on a little pinole. They bring in the horses thoroughly exhausted, while they themselves are still fresh. They will outrun any horse if you give them time enough. They will pursue deer in the snow or with dogs, in the rain, for days and days, until at last the animal is cornered and shot with arrows, or falls an easy prey from sheer exhaustion, its hoofs dropping off.

The political controversy in the Cherokee nation is expected to be finally settled by the decision of the United States Supreme court this month. The quarrel has already resulted in the impeachment of Chief William C. Rogers, and the election of a successor, Frank Boudinot, whom Rogers refused to recognize. The controversy represents the struggle of the full blooded Cherokee Indians for recognition, upon the eve of the dissolution of the tribal government, as opposed to the intermarried citizens and mixed blood Cherokees, who are increasing every day. Caucasian blood already predominates among the Cherokees and this infusion threatens to wipe the full-bloods off the face of the earth in a short time.

The Osage Indian agent has received instructions from the interior department, to notify all the bankers and traders operating in the Osage Indian nation that the department will no longer sanction the loaning of money to Indians at any higher rate than that fixed by the statutes. This decision refers to all persons or firms who may loan the Indians money, and all are advised to govern their transactions with the Indians accordingly.

Accompanied by the sole survivor of a band of Yaqui Indians killed in a recent raid in Mexico by government soldiers, Dr. Frank J. Toussaint left El Paso for his home in Milwaukee, where the Yaqui, who is a youngster of 11 years, will be educated. A few days after the raid in which the band was killed, Toussaint, who is in charge of the Lachumata mine, in Sonora, Mexico, found the little Indian near the mine. He fed him and since then the lad refuses to leave him. The boy is named Zaco, and is a son of Juan Paredes, an Indian chief, and nephew of Colorado, the former chief of the Yaquis. All of the boy's kin perished in the Yaqui war.

The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico have a day for thanksgiving and prayer contemporaneous with that of the paleface. Their prayer is a dance. That is the Pueblo Indian method of praying to the Great Spirit. The prayer-dance is held in the latter part of November, according to the phase of the moon, by which their days are regulated. The festival is known as the "Rabbit Hunting Dance." Each village has a festival. There is a general attendance of Pueblos, and whites are admitted as spectators. The villages of Zuni, Acoma and Taos, being remote, are seldom visited by white people on these festivals, but the one at Isleta, a few miles from Albuquerque, is more generally attended, especially by tourists.

The care of the Indian child is as simple as its dress. It receives little attention outside of the giving of nourishment at stated intervals. Occasionally, once a week or in every two or three weeks, as may be most convenient, several of the Indian mothers make a little bathing party and go to some pool or stream and give the babies a bath. There are none of the little luxuries of the bath of the white baby, such as scented soap, soothing powders and the like. The little ones are loosened from their bonds, their rap is removed, and they are laid in the shallow water of the pool or stream to kick and splash and disport to their hearts' content, while their mothers chat upon the bank near by. After a time they are removed and dried.

Ponca Agency Items.

Work will soon begin on a new water system for the Agency and school, which is a much-needed improvement.

The remaining Ponca tribal land, consisting of 26120.40 acres, has been allotted to 156 new allottees and 354 old ones; this work was accomplished by Mr. George A. Keepers, special allotting agent, in a very satisfactory manner and the same has received the approval of the Honorable Secretary of the Interior.

The Tonkawas are rejoicing over the birth of a son to Railroad and Mollie Cisco, members of that tribe. It is said to be the first birth for nearly three years in the Tonkawa tribe, which has been rapidly diminishing in numbers, as reported in THE JOURNAL in a special writeup of that tribe by our correspondent.

The Christmas tree and entertainment held at the Indian school on Saturday evening was excellent in every respect. A large number of the Poncas were in attendance evincing much pleasure and interest therein. Superintendent Noble wishes he had a suitable hall for his entertainments so that the general public could attend and thereby become better acquainted with the aptitude and progress of his Indian pupils.

The Ponca Indians are going into camp east of White Eagle to engage in their annual Christmas and New Year Celebration. Feasting, dancing, giving gifts, and the discussion of general matters of interest to the tribe will occupy their time. Several extra police will be sworn in by the chiefs for the purpose of maintaining order, and everything is expected to move along smoothly without any drunkenness or rowdiness.

Commissioner's Civil Service Report.

Summary of report of changes in the Indian School Service for November, 1905:

No. of appointments	80
No. failed to accept	47
No. absolute appointments	21
No. Reinstatements	10
No. Transfers in this service	20
No. Transfers from this service	1
No. Promotions and Reductions	9
No. Temporary appointments	43
No. Resignations	37
No. Indian appointments	32
No. Indians resigned	24
No. Laborers appointed	3
No. Laborers resigned	4
No. Marriages	0

A JOURNEY TO HOPI LAND

By Rev. Charles M. Sheldon in *Christian Endeavor World*



THE Hopi Indians are doubtless in some respects the most remarkable and interesting Indians in the world. Their natural surroundings help to make them so. Gail Hamilton once wrote a little essay entitled "Twelve Miles from a Lemon." But these Indians not only live

several times twelve miles from a lemon; they dwell, on top of a great rock mesa three miles from drinking-water and many more miles from fuel of any sort, in stone houses of three stories, where the family that lives at the top climbs to bed or to dinner over oak ladders hundreds of years old, or up narrow steps laid in the wall of the house, up and down which two-year-old children, dogs, chickens, and other animals meander in turn without ever falling off, as far as the records of the centuries have shown.

Imagine a people living a community life, which, however, is not polygamous; setting the pattern, without meaning to, for the style of flats in modern cities; bound together by a bewildering number of secret traditional ceremonies, the significance of which in their details not even the Hopis themselves understand; cultivating little corn-fields five, ten, twenty miles distant; and dependent almost wholly upon this slender crop for a living in a country where it rains once or twice in twelve months, and the rest of the time looks like the parched, dried-up cinder of a volcano that went out of business about the time Moses crossed the Red Sea with the children of Israel.

The village of Oraibi straggles out over the top of this eminence so nearly like the desert in color that at a short distance it is hard to distinguish it from the rock itself. The approach to it is up a sandy trail, which of late years has been disfigured by a modern mountain road. Most visitors to Oraibi get out and walk when the horses begin to go up this modern road, for the reason that they have a strong desire to get back home whole, instead of in the little pieces that would be gathered up at the bottom of the crag if the horse should slip a trifle as the wagon rolls out

over a hanging rock at the sharp turn near the top.

Once in the village the visitor finds every view a picture. A blind man could get good photographs at Oraibi. There are no streets in the strict meaning of the term. No sewer system, no trolleys, no electric lights (or bills), no water works, no saloons, no grocery-stores, no daily newspapers, no jails, no courthouses, no schoolhouses, no ordinances, no parks, no banks, no taxes, and no politics.

If the United States with its railroads, machinery, trusts, clothing-stores and Kansas should suddenly drop into the bottomless gulf, with the exception of Oraibi and a few square miles of desert around it, the Hopi would go on calmly in his ceremonial way and never notice that anything had happened, living just as his ancestors have lived for the last—no one knows how many hundreds of years, on his own resources, which, pitiful and astonishingly meagre as they are, have nevertheless kept him alive to the present day.

Down Underground.

Scattered about in various open spaces in this unique village are underground rooms called kivas or kewas. Out of the opening of the underground rooms project the two prongs of a ladder sticking up in the air ten or twelve feet. Down in these underground rooms, lighted and ventilated by this one opening, the Hopi men spend a large part of their time, weaving rugs and belts for themselves and the women; for the Hopi men are the blanket-weavers, as the women for their part make the pottery and help build the houses, wielding trowel and shovel with deftness and strength, besides grinding all the corn on primitive stone mortars with the same kind of grinders that are found to-day in the ancient cave-dwellers' ruins.

We speculate about the people of the stone age; but here they are in flesh and blood to-day, more or less dirty and picturesque, using without change the same utensils for cooking and living that the people used, whoever they were, who once dwelt, before the traditions of the Hopi, on this continent.

The Hopi is a good natured, mild, hospitable man, lacking in the forceful and reserved characteristics of his neighbor the Navajo, who, as the aristocrat among all the Indians, regards the "Moquis," as he has nicknamed

the Hopis, with more or less contempt as incapable and weak except at the time of the snake dance. For, when the snakes have been caught up from the ring of sacred meal, and the priests have run with them down the mesa, the Navajo spectators get down off the ponies, gather about the meal, taking up pinches of it and putting it into their belts as a preventive of fever and for good luck.

In the underground rooms mentioned the Hopi priests perform their rituals, and have their shrine. Here they make their sand pictures and alters, and here they decorate their bodies for the various dances held throughout the year, for the snake-dance is only one out of a multitude of religious observances held annually. The rattlesnakes are washed in a great jar and thrown down on the floor of the kiva while the priests dance and yell around their wriggling, squirming forms.

Only a few white men have ever seen this ceremony of washing the snakes, and the number of tourists who apply for permission has never risen to an embarrassing figure for the Hopis. I went down into one of the kivas just before the dance, but took special pains to ascertain that there were no snakes in mine before I got on the ladder and descended.

The Hopis are an industrious people, as they needs must be to live at all when their corn-fields are so small, so far away, and so doubtful as to a crop. There is a quantity of rabbits, some desert wolves, and an occasional antelope. The struggle for life centers about the daily prayer for rain.

The priests, who have inherited the traditions of the tribe, spend a vast time in ceremonies. The details of these ceremonies are bewildering; and, as I have said, those who take part in them cannot explain all their meaning. The Hopi priests take their turn with the others in the corn-fields. And their lives are so busy with their rituals that it is no wonder they feel compelled to run instead of walk to their work. One of the commonest sights around Oraibi is the sight of Indians running with tools of labor on their shoulders.

The snake-dance has received more attention from white men than other forms of the Hopi ritual on account of its dramatic representation. It is startling to any mind to think of twenty-five or thirty venomous reptiles being handled with impunity, thrown about the confines of an underground room not

more than fifteen by ten feet in size, and all this for days before the public appearance, when the snakes are held in the mouths of actors and carried about in a procession where the participants are oblivious of any spectators as if they were going through the ceremony ten thousand years before Columbus discovered America.

The whole performance is a prayer for rain. The Hopi worships the lightning. The lightning always goes with the rain. It is zigzag, like the snake. Hence, perhaps, the association of the snake with the lightning.

The great plumed snake figures as a symbol of worship on many ancient Indian dwellings. To the Hopi the snakes are his younger brothers, and he never kills one. To his mind the snake is the most powerful intercessor for rain, and it is probable that long centuries of practice have taught him the habits of the reptile so that he can handle the venomous creature without harm. Whatever the secret may be, he has guarded it well, for no white man yet knows it, not even those who, like Fewkes and Voth, have lived among the Hopis for years.

In the artistic sense the Hopis have much untaught skill. They manufacture for their pottery, baskets, blankets, belts, and rituals nearly forty different kinds of paint out of mineral and vegetable and animal matter, some of which require great care, skill, and time in the making. Nearly every color has some special meaning, and the designs on belts, pottery, or utensils are significant of some phase of their daily life.

It is a thing to be deplored that until lately this remarkable tribe, now less than two thousand in number, has seen only the poorer side of our civilization. The trader and the shrewd—and in too many cases the dishonest and dissolute, government official—have been the types of white men to speak to this untutored savage of a civilization that claims so much, and so often fails to make it good. Of late years the government has appointed matrons to help the Hopi women into a better life.

The limits of this paper do not permit a discussion of the Hopi's moral and physical needs. They are very great. The sentimental tourist who would keep these people in their picturesque superstitions, and preserve them in their savage primitive "kodakness," so to speak, is a savage himself, and ought to be compelled to lived in a Hopi house and bring up a family of Hopi children on green watermelons and piki bread as a punishment.

Mr. Brosius, secretary of the Indian Rights Association, Washington, was with us on the trip to Oraibi, and he said that in the whole history of our treatment of the Indians this nation had practically broken every treaty it ever made with them. He said, however, that at present the government was anxious and ready to do the Indian justice and help make of him a good and useful citizen. At the present time the government is trying to get the Hopis to come down off the mesa closer to their corn-fields.

There are two parties among the Hopis; the conservatives and the liberals. One group opposes any movement towards a change. The other wants the children to go to school and favors some advance from the ancient customs.

The light has come up over the desert for the Hopi. The two girls Talavenka and Shewingoiasche represent the beginning of the end. If this artistic, poetic, religious race can be redeemed by the process of Christian civilization as they may be, the snake-dance and other superstitious rites will be no more, to the grief of the sentimental tourist; but better customs will take its place, and the Hopi will continue to live and enjoy even his own desert existence with a new and joyful song on his lips as he rises with the sun to hasten to his labor in the little corn-fields by the Oraibi Wash.

In his religious life the Hopi worships the sun, Mother Earth, nature in general, and his ancestors. In his bewildering multiplicity of rituals he is perfectly ready to adopt the religious customs and theology of other peoples and weave them into his own, even adopting Christian ideas and incorporating them into his own superstitions.

He is careless in his disposition of the dead, burying children in the living rock, but giving small attention to the place of sepulture afterwards. In the graveyard on the sandy slope of Oraibi, the rains have washed out the loose soil around the bodies, and ribs, skulls and vertebrae decorate the hillside with a negligence picturesqueness which provokes the comment of the tourist from Philadelphia, but does not disturb the descendants of the dear departed in Oraibi.

The physical condition of the Hopis is what might be naturally expected of a people that live three miles from a pump and have no sanitary regulations of any kind. If it were not for the dry air of the desert, which cures raw meat hung outdoors, the mortality of the people would long before this have extin-

guished the tribe. Garbage, animal carcasses, melon-rinds, and decaying matter lie about the alleys; and the sanitary policeman does not report the same to the Health Department. Little children die frequently of dysentery and green melons.

And more living creatures can be found in the census of the heads of a Hopi family than can be counted by a visible enumeration. Among the Navajos there is a common saying, "As dirty as a Moqui." Considering the fact, however, of the scarcity of water, bath-tubs, and toilet arrangements, the Hopis we saw seemed to me to be astonishingly clean and neat.

The most interesting question about the Hopis relates to their probable civilization through missions and schools. It is a strain on a savage to become a Christian. The sentimentalists would like to keep all picturesque savage tribes in their primitive conditions. The Christian sees through the picturesqueness and beholds the real man, hopeless before death, unclean in his imaginations, dwarfed in his ambitions, and sunk as to his horizon.

There is no reason why a Hopi should not become a most useful, happy Christian citizen of the United States. He could make a living as he does now, by weaving, by agriculture, and by other arts that by nature are his. The desert environment which is dear to him in spite of its harshness, would still be his home; and, although it is not yet blessed with automobiles or Sunday baseball, it would furnish him with all the variety he needs.

The trouble with some attempts to civilize a heathen people has been the attempts to force unnatural and impossible conditions upon them, rather than adapt the Christian principles of all humanity to the individual capacity to assimilate.

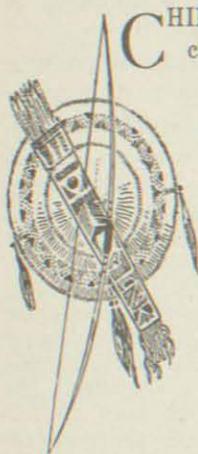
The Pimas in southern Arizona, once considered to be a most depraved and hopeless race, are being transformed by Christian missions. More than a thousand of them belong to a Presbyterian church, and are fine, happy useful citizens. If civilization in its simple, wholesome, pure, and attractive form, is made possible for the Hopi, he will make a splendid type of man, rather than a spectacle for tourists and sentimental anthropologists.

The following is a translation by J. Walter Fewkes of the announcement made by the town crier from the roof of the houses the fourth morning before the snake-dance. It is the key to the whole series of rituals of the Hopi, and represents his one daily and hourly attitude towards nature, his great mother.

All people awake, open your eyes, arise,
Become Talahoya (child of light), vigorous, active
sprightly.
Hasten clouds from the four world quarters:
Come snow in plenty, that water may be abundant
when summer comes.
Come ice and cover the fields, that after planting
they may yield abundantly:
Let all hearts be glad:
The knowing ones will assemble in four days:
They will encircle the village dancing and sing-
ing their lays. . . .
That moisture may come in abundance."

THE STORY OF AGENT PERRY'S NARROW ESCAPE

From The Albuquerque Morning Journal



CHIN LEE, (the mouth of the canyon,) is a settlement of Navajo Indian farmers, situated, as its name implies, at the mouth of Canon de Chelly, seventy-five miles northwest of Gallup. There are also fifty "hogans" scattered in the valley, forming a little village. Chin Lee is a central point from which over one thousand Navajos get their supplies. In the settlement there is a trading post owned by Mr. Cousins, and a little Catholic mission building where Father Leopold, O. F. M., resides and holds services for the Indians. The United States Government is represented by a farmer, Mr. Spicher, and a field matron, Miss Spear.

The Indians of Chin-Lee have for years had an unenviable, though well deserved reputation for meanness in the Navajo tribe. It is there that Mr. R. Perry, the Indian agent, saw the first symptoms of rebellion of the heretofore peaceful and submissive Navajos.

In Chin-Lee there lives an Indian by the name of Linni; Linni is a man of about thirty years of age. On the 17th of October Linni, some twenty miles southeast of Canon de Chelly, was looking for his horse. A rope in his hands, he had for hours looked in vain for his pony. Finally he passed a herd of sheep, and, approaching the herder, a young girl of sixteen years, the daughter of Qastqin Yazhe, he asked her whether she had not seen his horse. The girl did not answer. He questioned several times, without eliciting any answer. Angered by her contemptuous silence, he lashed her. The girl fell down, holding tight to the rope. She cried and shrieked, trying to disentangle herself, protesting that she had not seen Linni's horse. "So now you cried," said he, "now you talk. Why didn't you answer me before? I meant no harm, and even now I do not intend to hurt you; the next time you'll be more civil I hope. Now let this rope loose." But the girl was still holding tight to the rope. Linni went to the girl and untied her. He then left and hurried in search of his horse.

The girl soon after left her sheep, went to

her hogan, and gave an account of the affair to her father. She told him that Linni had attempted to rape her. Qastqin Yazhe, justly incensed by that report, informed at once a Navajo policeman, asking him to have Linni prosecuted.

A few days later Linni, aware of the impending trouble, came to see Qastqin Yazhe, and explained the matter to him. Qastqin Yazhe agreed not to prosecute him if he should give him a white horse. Linni consented to the bargain, and they shook hands.

However, another policeman had gone to Fort Defiance and had reported to Mr. R. Perry, the Indian agent, that Linni had raped the daughter of Qastqin Yazhe.

Perry a Man of Energy.

Mr. Perry is a cultured gentleman of uncommon energy. During the two years he has held the position of Indian agent at Fort Defiance, he has been the avowed enemy of the whiskey traffic on the reservation, and has fearlessly maintained order. On account of his unrelenting prosecution of evil, whenever encountered, Mr. Perry has caused dissatisfaction among the lower class of Navajos, who are only looking for an opportunity to visit him with their revenge. This class of Navajos even went so far as to state that though they could not hope to overcome the Government, still they could kill the different traders and the few white men of the country. Mr. Perry being told of the outrage at Chin-Lee, detailed a policeman to summon Linni to appear before him. When, on the 29th of October the policeman came to Chin-Lee, Linni with Dlad, another Navajo, and two other young Indians, were taking a sweat-bath in a sweat-house. Going to the sweat-house, the policeman summoned Linni and Dlad to Fort Defiance. Dlad vehemently remonstrated, saying he had not committed any offense and saw no reason why he should appear at Fort Defiance. Linni on his part maintained, since he was not guilty of rape, and since the affair had been settled by Qastqin Yazhe, the father of the girl, that the agent had nothing further to do with the case; and he flatly refused to comply with the order.

The policeman, unable to carry out his orders by force, went to the farmer, telling him what had happened. The farmer, Mr. Spicher, wrote a letter to Mr. Perry, explain-

ing matters, and gave it to the policeman.

The next day the policeman arrived at Fort Defiance late in the evening, and went directly to police headquarters intending to deliver the message to Mr. Perry the next morning. When he came to report, the agent had left already for Chin-Lee. Mr. Perry was unaware of the turn things had taken at Chin Lee. He had nearly forgotten Linni and his case, and he was going to Chin Lee to see the United States farmer, the Indians, their crops, and to inspect a new road built from the agency. When he arrived at the store of his former interpreter, Nelson Gorman, Gorman told him that Linni and Dlad had resisted arrest, and they had determined to defend themselves, if necessary, in the canyon, wherein they were barricaded. Since according to Mr. Gorman's statement the Navajos in question seemed to be confining themselves to the defensive, the agent did not hesitate to proceed to Chin Lee, which he reached that afternoon. Upon his arrival he paid a visit to the farmer, the matron, and the Indian trader. The farmer gave him a full account of what had happened. The next morning his policeman arrived from Fort Defiance with the letter he had failed to deliver to him, and also a note from Mr. Flanders, the clerk at Fort Defiance.

When Mr. Perry was ready to drive to the corn fields to inspect the crops of the Indians and to pay a visit to several Indian chiefs, a crowd of Indians had gathered in front of the house. It was Linni and Dlad and their supporters, about fifty in all, some of whom had their six-shooters concealed beneath their blankets.

They first made an attempt to induce Mr. Perry to settle the affair then and there; but the latter insisted that they should appear at Fort Defiance, and went, accompanied by the farmer, to get his team. In the meantime the Indians matured their plans for the hold-up. An Indian by the name of Wenceslaus was to hold the mules, whilst Dlad was to capture Mr. Perry. In case Mr. Perry should offer armed resistances, they were determined to kill him and to burn down the government buildings and the store.

By this time the team was hitched up, and Mr. Perry jumped into the buggy ready to leave. The mules were frisky and impatient; Mr. Perry could barely hold them, whilst the gate was opened. The Indians surrounded the buggy. Linni and his three friends approached him.

"We wish to be judged now," said Dlad.

"No," retorted Mr. Perry, "you must come to the Fort." "Come to the Fort?" said Dlad, but I have no horse and no time to spare; you are here, you can settle the case at once, I am not guilty of any offense. "It may be so," said Mr. Perry, "but you resisted arrest, and must come to the Fort."

The agent would not accede to their wishes; he knew if he would agree to judge the case there, other Indians would also resist arrest, and it would be impossible for him to perform his duties as an agent on the reservation. Mr. Perry could hardly hold his mules any longer. At this moment Linni jumped to the mules head and held them, the Indians Wenceslaus having weakened at the last moment. The agent thought that perhaps his motive was to quite and subdue them. But soon he perceived, by a laugh and the actions of the mob, that they meant to hold him up. He then gave orders to unhitch the mules, and jumped out of the buggy. The Indians gave free vent to their anger in approaching him. Seeing his policeman standing near him with his six-shooter in his scabbard, his first impulse was to jerk it out to defend himself. He made a motion towards it, but, realizing that, by doing so a bloody conflict would become inevitable, he desisted. At that moment Dlad grabbed his wrists and held him. "No, sir," said Dlad, "you cannot leave till you pardon us; the winter days are cold all over the world, and the summer days are warm; I have no parents, no friends, no land, no sheep, no property; oftentimes I am hungry; I care not what becomes of me; life is nothing to me; I will hold you till you pardon us; if you refuse to pardon us we will starve you to death." Some Indians maintain that it was not starvation that confronted Mr. Perry, but bloody murder, for they threatened to kill him if he did not pardon them, although the interpreter failed to interpret this to Mr. Perry at the time.

Perry's Coolness Saves him.

The Indian mob was ready to lend assistance to the desperados, if necessary; their attitude was ominous. Mr. Perry, realizing that resistance was useless, yielding to violence, finally gave up the consent not to prosecute them for their former offences. His coolness saved him. He was released. Soon he was on his way to Fort Defiance.

He had promised to pardon them for their former actions, but not for the insult offered to himself. Representing the Government in his capacity as agent, he could not allow the

outrage to go unpunished. But what could he do? Behind the culprits stood at least 50 men, ready to support and protect them. His very limited police force could not stand against them; besides, could he place implicit confidence in them? However, the mutineers had to be arrested at all cost, otherwise his authority and the authority of his successors would be scoffed at by the Navajos.

He wired to the Indian commissioner for federal troops. Lieutenant Lewis, accompanied by some soldiers, was sent from Fort Wingate to investigate the matter. Finally, on the 16th of November the K troop of the Fifth cavalry, under the command of Captain Willard and Lieutenant Cooly arrived at Fort Defiance.

The culprits may be turned over to the agent by the Navajo chiefs. If not, it will be nigh impossible to capture them. Time will tell. No serious trouble is anticipated.

At a Yebichai dance which took place near St. Michael's on the 15th inst., at night, and where about 2,500 Navajos assembled, the chiefs, Henry Dodge, Black Horse, Charley Mitchell, Tqayoni, Qazhe and other prominent men addressed the peaceful crowd. They entreated them to be orderly, to respect the agent, and to side with him. Henry Dodge, a Navajo half-blood, the wealthiest and most influential man of the tribe, had the main address. He is by far the best interpreter and the most eloquent speaker among the Navajos. His marvelous Navajo speech cannot be judged by the English version.

As long as the chiefs are with the agent, the bulk of the Navajos will submit. If nothing rash is attempted to provoke the wrath of the leaders of the tribe it is safely surmised that in a few days the Indian rebels will be arrested and confined to jail.

Thus, we hope, will end an episode which but for the self control of Agent Perry and the attitude of the Navajo chiefs would, in all probability, have opened a new era of a bloody Indian war.

Governor Captain Franz.

Capt. Frantz, who was inaugurated Governor of Oklahoma this month, to succeed T. B. Ferguson, was until his appointment, agent of the Osage Indians, Pawhuska, Okla., to which place he was appointed by President Roosevelt two years ago.

He was a rough rider captain under Col. Roosevelt, participating in the battle of San Juan hill and other engagements on Cuban

soil, and has been close to the president ever since. He is a member of a pioneer Oklahoma family and a brother of Walter Franz, the base ball pitcher who was recently signed by St. Louis for next year and also of Orville "Homerun" Franz, of Harvard base ball fame. He was backed by the Congressman McGuire faction of the republican party in his candidacy for governor, but it is believed that he won strictly on his rough-rider record. Governor Ferguson's administration has been clean throughout, and he asked re-appointment on his record and his friends believe that only because Franz was a rough rider was his appointment made. Franz is about 35 years old and will be Oklahoma's youngest governor. He was a democrat prior to his rough rider career.

CUPIDS CARELESSNESS.

Written for the JOURNAL by Isabel McArthur.

Cupid, what ever is the matter with you?
 You don't shoot straight like you used to do.
 You just draw your bow without reason or rhyme.
 As though you were merely doing time.
 It's a personal matter, for can't you see.
 That all this while, time's "Doing" me?
 My mirror tells me some bare-faced facts.
 Around my eyes are turkey tracks;
 My color won't wash. It rubs out pale.
 In spite of my best friend, Madame Yale.—
 Now Cupid, I'll whisper in your ear:
 You *must* bag some game for me this year.
 If you do not, I'm much afraid.
 They'll be calling me a confirmed old—bachelor girl.
 The instructions I gave you years ago.
 I'll modify somewhat. You know
 I said, "Young, handsome, rich, blonde, tall"—
 (You're laughing, you rascal. You've got your gall—)
 But now—I don't think it matters much.
 About age, complexion, height, and such—
 And his hair—Well Samson's got him in a scrape—
 So he need'nt have *much*—just a little cape.
 Which will show beneath the brim of his hat.
 (Sure, no Delilah would bother that—)
 —Why you know, Cupid, how it used to be,
 You'd bring a whole string of hearts to me.
 Just every Saint Valentine's Day—
 They'd amuse me awhile, then I'd throw them away.
 But now—Well—You see the situation.
 And the folly of procrastination.
 And if you don't do your "star stunt,"
 And bring some sort of a man to the front.
 I'll just settle down—for another year.
 My parrot, some where, has learned to swear.
 My cat is a loafer; Stays out late.
 My poodle growls, if his dinner's late.
 My horse is a "kicker"—"although he's "broke"
 And my monkey has just learned to smoke.
 After all, I guess my every-day life,
 Is about on with the average wife.—
 I wonder just what I had better do—
 Oh! Well, Dan Cupid, "It's up to you."

WHY NOT GIVE THE MEANING OF INDIAN NAMES?

By J. P. Dunn, Indianapolis, Ind.



IN THE November issue of the JOURNAL, p. 48, I noticed this quotation from the Kansas City Journal, which set me thinking:

"It seems strange that within 250 miles of Kansas City a full-blooded American should live nearly 70 years and yet be unable to speak or understand the English language. But, nevertheless, such was the case of Hulbutta Micco, the Indian chief, who died last month in the Creek nation"

Why strange? Is it not more strange that within 250 miles of Kansas City there are more than a million people who do not know a word of any Indian language, although it is the native American tongue and English is imported? Is it not more strange that if any of these wished to learn the meaning of "Hulbutta Micco" he would find it very difficult, and perhaps not be able to learn it at all? I know this because I have been trying for months to learn the meaning of the Indian names of Indiana, and have begun to appreciate the meaning of "making bricks without straw." It seems almost that Indians do not want others to learn about their language. The English and Americans are glad to have others learn their language.

A friend of mine who knew my interest in Potawatomi names, sent me the November number with the account of the Potawatomi fair at Nadeau. I hastened to read it. It is well written. The writer is evidently a

good interpreter. What a pity that he does not give the meaning of a single Indian name that he mentions. Some of them, as Wa-baun-see, Sob-e-nay, and Ka-ban-ce, are historical in this region. I would like to know the meaning of Kack-kack,—that fine old chief was born near Chicago. Why should not every writer for the JOURNAL, when he uses an Indian name, put the English translation after it in parenthesis, if he is able to do so? Why should not the JOURNAL print in each number a page, or a half page, of Indian names, with their English equivalents? I wish to point out some advantages of doing these things.

1. Of course, one of the objects of printing the JOURNAL is to interest Americans in the Indians. A great many Americans are interested in Indian names. As soon as it was known that the JOURNAL was doing this,—and it would be known quickly,—all of the larger libraries, the historical societies, and colleges, as well as many individuals, would want the JOURNAL. That would not only cause the other matter in the JOURNAL to be more widely read, but also would increase subscriptions, and make it more valuable for advertising.

2. One of the chief causes of race antipathy, or lack of race sympathy, is diversity of language. Nobody is drawn to make a friend of one whom he cannot understand, and who cannot understand him. This is evident in the race troubles of all countries. It is the reason why the Chinese have so few friends. The best friends of the Indians have been those Americans who knew most about them.

When Chief Joseph stated his side of the Nez Perce war in the North American Review for April, 1879—the most effective piece of Indian eloquence ever known,—he said at the outset, “My name is In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat (Thunder traveling over the mountains)” That showed his wisdom, for he was a wise man, naturally. It made a bond of sympathy at once with many of his readers. They felt more acquainted with him. Did you ever notice that at American meetings it is customary to introduce the speakers? That is not a mere formality. The value of a speech sometimes depends as much on who makes it as on what is said. Of course everybody knew him as Chief Joseph, but one felt closer to him when knowing his name and its meaning. In all that has been written about Tecumseh I have never found a translation of his name; but there must be Shawnees somewhere who could give the meaning. In all that has been written about Pontiac, I have seen but one attempt at translation of his name, and that was the guess of a white man; yet there must be Ottawas somewhere who could translate it.

3. It would aid the students in acquiring English. I understand that the students at Indian schools are not encouraged to use their own languages, and that is well, because the important thing for them is to learn English. But, even in my limited experience, I have seen Indians struggling to express in English what they thought in Indian. A little practice of that kind would be useful. In all other teaching of languages there is a certain amount of translating both ways. The most information I have been able to get about the Potawatomi language was from a member of the Chilocco band, commonly called “McKinney

Goslin,” but whose Indian name is Quash-ma. He is a very intelligent boy and has a fair knowledge of both languages, but he did not know certainly the meaning of his own name. He said, that an old Potawatomi told him that it meant, “Young beavers coming out on the bank,” which seems to me a little dubious.

In suggesting a department of Indian names for the JOURNAL, I do not mean to suggest starting in with conundrums in that line. Begin with something easy. Give us the meaning of Chilocco, and of the names of the students, always mentioning, of course, the tribal language to which the name belongs. There will quickly come inquiries and discussions that will keep up the department. For example, there ought to be some Algonquin at Chilocco who would question this statement in the November number:

“Wisconsin is said to derive its name from its largest river ‘Was-kon-san,’ thought to be an Indian word, meaning gathering of the waters.”

There is nothing in any of the forms of Wisconsin that could mean waters in this sense, i. e. waters in motion or in large quantities. The word for that is ko-me, ranging to kum-me, gumma, go-ma, co-me, with ko-mik and co-me-ka in the plural. You have it in “Kitch-kum-mee,” a Potawatomi name, on page 23 of the November number, which is the same as the Gitche Go-me of Hiawatha, and the She-com-e-ka of Delaware legends.

But I am not undertaking to start the department, and so I will desist. With best wishes for the success of the JOURNAL and of Chilocco.

BEGIN this year right by sending us fifty cents so that you can have a copy of the JOURNAL every month.

COMMISSIONER'S REPORT

The First by Mr. Leupp

[There never has been, in the opinion of the editor, a more lucid, more comprehensive, more logical and satisfying argument about the Indian written than the following exposition from the pen of the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Leupp. It is splendid in the knowledge of Indian nature and conditions, in style, rhetoric, logic and common sense. This annual report presented the first opportunity for a public presentation of his views, and a promulgation of his policy regarding the Indian. When the opportunity came he was ready. He has been getting ready for twenty years. It requires about that length of time to get the proper view-point. The workers in the field believe that the Honorable Commissioner's policy is correct. It is sensible, right and just. For years the JOURNAL has been preaching from the same text, using the identical thoughts and ideas if not precisely the same words, and it now expresses many thrills of gratification because of reinforcement from such a source. As may be noted from a reading of his views, the Commissioner is not timid or cowardly. His words have no uncertain tone. The ring of them is clear and true. His statements are positive. He knows what he is talking about and what he wants and he is unafraid. It is doubtful if during a life-time of literary and journalistic labor he has ever done anything better in a literary sense than this report. It is evident he has never done anything wiser, braver, better. He has done the right thing at the right time, and has put the Cause forward twenty years. He will be criticised, but not by the people who know the red man. He will be condemned, but not by that great majority who read and reason. And the others don't count.]

Assuming the responsibilities of the commissionership in the very middle

of the fiscal year, I have endeavored to gather up the threads of the work of my immediate predecessor and weave them into a consistent fabric, with only such new features of design as changeful passing conditions seemed to demand. For whatever in this report bears the stamp of novelty, but has not yet earned the seal of accomplishment, I shall crave your indulgence on the plea that the field of Indian affairs is presenting every day fresh problems for solution, and that, there being no precedents to guide us in solving these, we are necessarily driven to experiment. But in order that the general end toward which my efforts are directed may be the more clearly understood, I beg respectfully to lay before you one of the fruits of my twenty years' study of the Indian face to face and in his own home, as well as of his past and present environment, in the form of a few

Outlines of an Indian Policy.

The commonest mistake made by his wellwishers in dealing with the Indian is the assumption that he is simply a white man with a red skin. The next commonest is the assumption that because he is a non-Caucasian he is to be classed indiscriminately with other non-Caucasians, like the negro, for instance. The truth is that the Indian has as distinct an individuality as any type of man who ever lived, and he will never be judged aright till we learn to measure him by his own standards, as we whites would wish to be measured if some more powerful race were to usurp dominion over us.

Suppose, a few centuries ago, an absolutely alien people like the Chinese had invaded our shores and driven the white colonists before them to districts more and more isolated, destroyed the industries on which they had always subsisted, and crowned all by disarming them and penning them on various tracts of land where they could be fed and clothed and cared for at no cost to themselves, to what condition would the white Americans of to-day have been reduced? In spite of their vigorous ancestry they would surely have lapsed into barbarism and become pauperized. No race on earth could overcome, with forces evolved from within themselves, the effect of such treatment. That our red brethren have not been wholly ruined by it is the best proof we could ask of the sturdy traits of character inherent in them. But though not ruined, they have suffered serious deterioration, and the chief problem now before us is to prevent its going any further. To that end we must reckon with several facts.

First, little can be done to change the Indian who has already passed middle life. By virtue of that very quality of steadfastness which we admire in him when well applied, he is likely to remain an Indian of the old school to the last. With the younger adults we can do something here and there, where we find one who is not too conservative; but our main hope lies with the youthful generation, who are still measurably plastic. The picture which rises in the minds of most Eastern white persons when they read petitions in which Indians pathetically describe themselves as "ignorant" and "poor," is that of a group of red men hungry for knowledge and eager for a chance to work and earn their living like white men. In natural life

and in his natural state, however, the Indian is suspicious of the white race—we can hardly blame him for that—and wants nothing to do with us; he clings to the ways of his ancestors, insisting that they are better than ours; and he resents every effort of the Government either to educate his children or to show him how he can turn an honest dollar for himself by other means than his grandfathers used—or an appropriation from the Treasury. That is the plain truth of the situation, strive as we may to gloss it with poetic fancies or to hide it under statistical reports of progress. The task we must set ourselves is to win over the Indian children by sympathetic interest and unobtrusive guidance. It is a great mistake to try, as many good persons of bad judgment have tried, to start the little ones in the path of civilization by snapping all the ties of affection between them and their parents, and teaching them to despise the aged and non-progressive members of their families. The sensible as well as the humane plan is to nourish their love of father and mother and home—a wholesome instinct which nature planted in them for a wise end—and then to utilize this affection as a means of reaching, through them, the hearts of the elders.

Again, in dealing with these boys and girls it is of the utmost importance not only that we start them aright, but that our efforts be directed to educating rather than merely instructing them. The foundation of everything must be the development of character. Learning is a secondary consideration. When we get to that, our duty is to adapt it to the Indian's immediate and practical needs. Of the 30,000 or 40,000 Indian children of school age in the United States,

probably at least three-fourths will settle down in that part of the West which we still style the frontier. Most of these will try to draw a living out of the soil; a less—though, let us hope, an ever increasing—part will enter the general labor market as lumbermen, ditchers, miners, railroad hands, or what not. Now, if anyone can show me what advantage will come to this large body of manual workers from being able to reel off the names of the mountains in Asia, or extract the cube root of 123456789, I shall be deeply grateful. To my notion, the ordinary Indian boy is better equipped for his life struggle on a frontier ranch when he can read the simple English of the local newspaper, can write a short letter which is intelligible though maybe ill-spelled, and knows enough of figures to discover whether the storekeeper is cheating him. Beyond these scholastic acquirements his time could be put to its best use by learning how to repair a broken harness, how to straighten a sprung tire of his wagon wheel, how to fasten a loose horseshoe without breaking the hoof, and how to do the hundred other bits of handy tinkering which are so necessary to the farmer who lives 30 miles from a town. The girl who has learned only the rudiments of reading, writing and ciphering, but knows also how to make and mend her clothing, to wash and iron, and to cook her husband's dinner, will be worth vastly more as mistress of a log cabin than one who has given years of study to the ornamental branches alone.

Moreover, as fast as an Indian of either mixed or full blood is capable of taking care of himself, it is our duty to set him upon his feet and sever forever the ties which bind him either to his tribe, in the communal sense, or

to the Government. This principle must become operative in respect to both land and money. We must end the un-American absurdity of keeping one class of our people in the condition of so many undivided portions of a common lump. Each Indian must be recognized as an individual and so treated, just as each white man is. Suppose we were to enact a law every year, one paragraph of which should be applicable solely to persons with red hair, another solely to persons with round chins, another solely to persons with Roman noses? Yet this would be no more illogical in principle than our annual Indian legislation making one sweeping provision for all Osages, another for all Pawnees, another for all Yankton Sioux, as if these several tribes were not composed of men and women and children with as diverse human characteristics as any equal groups of Germans or Italians. Thanks to the late Senator Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts, we have for eighteen years been individualizing the Indian as an owner of real estate by breaking up, one at a time, the reservations set apart for whole tribes and establishing each Indian as a separate landholder on his own account. Thanks to Representative John F. Lacey of Iowa, I hope that we shall soon be making the same sort of division of the tribal funds. At first, of course, the Government must keep its protecting hand on every Indian's property after it has been assigned to him by book and deed; then, as one or another shows himself capable of passing out from under this tutelage he should be set fully free and given "the white man's chance," with the white man's obligations to balance it.

Finally, we must strive in every way possible to make the Indian an

active factor in the upbuilding of the community in which he is going to live. The theory, too commonly cherished on the frontier, that he is a sort of necessary nuisance surviving from a remote period, like the sagebrush and the giant cactus, must be dispelled, and the way to dispel it is to turn him into a positive benefit. To this end I would, for instance, teach him to transact all of his financial business that he can in his nearest market town, instead of looking to the United States Treasury as the only source of material blessings. Any money of his which he can not use or is not using for his own current profit, I should prefer to deposit for him, in reasonably small parcels, in local banks which will bond themselves sufficiently for its safekeeping, so that the industries of the neighborhood will have the use of it, and everybody thereabout will be the better off for such prosperity as may come to an Indian depositor. On like grounds of reasoning I should encourage every proper measure which points toward absolving the Indian from his obsolete relation to the licensed trader and teaches him to make his purchases from those merchants who will ask of him the fairest price, whether near the agency or at a distance. In short, our aim ought to be to keep him moving steadily down the path which leads from his close domain of artificial restraints and artificial protection toward the broad area of individual liberty enjoyed by the ordinary citizen.

Incidentally to this programme, I should seek to make of the Indian an independent laborer as distinguished from one for whom the Government is continually straining itself to find something to do. He can penetrate a humbug, even a benevolent humbug,

as promptly as the next man; and when he sees the Government inventing purely fictitious needs to be supplied and making excuses of one kind and another to create a means of employment for him, he despises the whole thing as a fraud, like the white man whom some philanthropist hires to carry a pile of bricks from one side of the road to the other and then back again. The employment bureau recently organized for the Indians in the Southwest is designed to gather up all the able-bodied Indians who, through the pinch of hunger it may be, have been moved to think that they would like to earn some money, and plant them upon ranches, upon railroads, in mines—wherever in the outer world, in short, there is an opening for a dollar to be got for a day's work. The clerk who has been placed in charge of the bureau is to supervise their contracts with their employers, see that their wages are paid them when due, and lookout for them if they fall ill. For the rest, the Indians engaged are to be required to stand on their own feet like other men, and to understand that for what comes to them hereafter they will have themselves to thank.

Some one has styled this a policy shrinkage, because every Indian whose name is stricken from a tribal roll by virtue of his emancipation reduces the dimensions of our red-face problem by a fraction—very small, it may be, but not negligible. If we can thus gradually watch our body of dependent Indians shrink, even by only one member at a time, we may congratulate ourselves that the final solution is indeed only a question of a few years.

The process of general readjustment must be gradual, but it should be carried forward as fast as it can

be with presumptive security for the Indian's little possessions; and I should not let its educative value be obscured for a moment. The leading strings which have tied the Indian to the Treasury ever since he began to own anything of value have been a curse to him. They have kept him an economic nursling long past the time when he ought to have been able to take a few steps alone. The tendency of whatever crude training in money matters he has had for the last half century has been toward making him an easy victim to such waves of civic heresy as swept over the country in the early nineties. That is not the sort of politics into which we wish the Indian to plunge as he assumes the responsibilities of citizenship.

This is, of course, a bare outline of a policy. The subject is too vast for treatment in a report. I should not feel satisfied to leave it, however, without trying to meet a few conventional objections which I know by experience are sure to be raised. "Would you," one critic will ask, "tie the young Indian down in his schooling to 'the three R's' and then turn him loose to compete with white youth who have had so much larger scholastic opportunity?" I answer that I am discussing the Government's obligations rather than the Indian's. I would give the young Indian all the chance for intellectual training that the young Caucasian enjoys; he has it already between governmental aid and private benevolence, and in a population teeming with benevolent men and women of means no young Indian with the talent to deserve and the ambition to ask for the best there is in American education, is likely to be refused. All that I have asserted is—what anybody familiar with the field can see for himself—that the

mass of Indian children, like the corresponding mass of white children, are not prepared for conveyance beyond the elementary studies. They are not in a condition to absorb and assimilate, or to utilize effectively, the higher learning of the books, and it is unwise to promote an unpractical at the expense of an obviously practical system of teaching. Moreover, unlike the Caucasian, the average Indian hates new things on the mere ground of their novelty, and resists obstinately all attempts from outside to change his condition; while, unlike the negro and some other colored types, he has no strain of the imitative in his nature, and never aspires from within to be a white man. Whatever you do for him in the line of improvement you have, as a rule, to press upon him by endless patience and tact and by a multitude of persuasive devices; and I insist that it is foolish to force upon an Indian those studies which have no relation to his environment and which he can not turn to account, as long as there is so much of a simpler sort which he is capable of learning and which he actually must know in order to make his way in the world.

A second critic will doubtless air his fears as to what will become of the Indian's land and money under this "wide-open" policy. To such an one I would respond: "What is to become of the land or the money that you are going to leave to your children, or I to mine? Will they be any better able to take care of it for having been always kept without experience in handling property of any kind? Swindlers will unquestionably lay snares for the weakest and most ignorant Indians, just as they do for the corresponding class of whites. We are guarding the Indian temporarily

against his own follies in land transactions by holding his allotment in trust for him for twenty years or more unless he sooner satisfies us of his business capacity. Something of the same sort will be done with respect to the principal of his money. In spite of all our care, however, after we have taken our hands off he may fall a victim to sharp practices; but the man never lived—red, white or any other color—who did not learn a more valuable lesson from one hard blow than from twenty warnings.

A great deal has been said and written about the "racial tendency" of the Indian to squander whatever comes into his hands. This is no more "racial" than his tendency to eat and drink to excess or to prefer pleasure to work: it is simply the assertion of a primitive instinct common to all mankind in the lower stages of social development. What we call thrift is nothing but the forecasting sense which recognizes the probability of a tomorrow; the idea of a tomorrow is the boundary between barbarism and civilization, and the only way in which the Indian can be carried across that line is by letting him learn from experience that the stomach filled to-day will go empty to-morrow unless something of to-day's surplus is saved overnight to meet to-morrow's deficit. Another sense lacking in primitive man is that of property unseen. You will never implant in the Indian an idea of values by showing him a column of figures. He must see and handle the dollars themselves in order to learn their worth, and he must actually squander some and pay the penalty of loss before his mind will compass the notion that he can not spend them for foolishness and still have them at hand for the satisfaction of his needs.

A further charge will be hurled

against my programme—that it is premature. Such an objection is enough of itself to prove that the objector has sought counsel of his timidity rather than of his observation. If we do not begin now, when shall we? I believe that the whole trend of modern events, to any mind that studies it sincerely, will commend the plan I have tried to sketch out. One day must come to the Indian the great change from his present status to that of the rest of our population, for anomalies in the social system are as odious as abnormalities in nature. Either our generation or a later must remove the Indian from his perch of adventitious superiority to the common relations of citizenship and reduce him to the same level with other Americans. I, for one, prefer to start the undertaking myself and guide it, and I am ready to take my share of responsibility for it, for I do not know who may have the direction of it at some later period—whether a friend of my red brother, or an enemy, or one who regards him and his fate with indifference.

Perhaps in the course of merging this hardly used race into our body politic, many individuals, unable to keep up the pace, may fall by the wayside and be trodden underfoot. Deeply as we deplore this possibility, we must not let it blind us to our duty to the race as a whole. It is one of the cruel incidents of all civilization in large masses that some, perhaps a multitude, of its subjects will be lost in the process. But the unseen hand which has helped the white man through his evolutionary stages to the present will, let us trust, be held out to the red pilgrim in his stumbling progress over the same rough path.

Improvement, not Transformation.

I have spoken of the mistake of as-

suming that the Indian is only a Caucasian with a red skin. A twin error into which many good people fall in their efforts to educate the Indian is taking it for granted that their first duty is to make him over into something else. If nature has set a different physical stamp upon different races of men, it is fair to assume that the variation of types extends below the surface and is manifested in mental and moral traits as well. The contrast, for instance, between the negro, with his pliant fancy, his cheerful spirit under adversity, his emotional demonstrativeness, his natural impulse to obedience, and his imitative tendency, and the Indian, with his intense pride of race, his reserved habit, his cumulative sense of wrong, and his scorn for the antipatriarchal ways of the modern world, is as marked as that between shadow and sunshine.

Scarcely less plain is the line—not the line of civilization and convention, but the line of nature—between the Indian and the white man. What good end shall we serve by trying to blot out these distinctions? How is either party to benefit by the obliterations? When we have done our best artificially to turn the Indian into a white man we have simply made a nondescript of him. Looking among our own companions in life, whom do we more sincerely respect—the person who has made the most of what nature gave him, or the person who is always trying to be something other than he is? Was there ever a man with a heaven-born genius for mechanics who did his best possible work in the world by trying to practice law or to preach? However fairly he may have succeeded, by sheer force of will, in compelling courts and congregations to listen to him, could he not have done a greater service to his own generation and to

posterity by addressing all his energies to the solution of some great problem in engineering? Was there ever a woman who had the divine gift of home making, and whose natural forte was to stimulate a husband and train a family of children to lives of usefulness, yet who contributed a larger share of happiness to mankind by becoming a social agitator? These are everyday illustrations in point. Anyone can call to mind a dozen instances within his own experience, some pitiful and some amusing, which tend to the same conclusions.

Now, how are we to apply this philosophy to the case of the Indian? Are we to let him alone? By no means. We do not let the soil in our gardens alone because we can not turn clay into sand: we simply sow melon seed in the one and plant plum trees in the other. It does not follow that we must metamorphose what ever we wish to improve. Our aim should be to get out of everything the best it is capable of producing, and in improving the product it is no part of our duty to destroy the source. What would be thought of a horticulturist who should uproot a tree which offers a first-rate sturdy stock simply because its natural fruit is not of the highest excellence? A graft here and there will correct this shortcoming, while the strength of the parent trunk will make the improved product all the finer, besides insuring a longer period of bearing. We see this analogy well carried out in the case of an aboriginal race which possesses vigorous traits of character at the start. Nothing is gained by trying to undo nature's work and do it over, but grand results are possible if we simply turn her forces into the best channels.

The Indian character is often misjudged because studied from poor

specimens. As Americans we are quick to resent criticisms passed upon us by foreign tourists who have never visited us in our homes, and whose impressions of our whole people have been gained from chance acquaintances picked up at hotels and in public conveyances. On our own part, if we wish to know more of the Italian people, for instance, we do not visit the pauper colony of Rome, or accept as the standard type of the nation the lazzaroni who swarm around the quays of Venice. In like manner, if we are to treat the Indian with justice, we must not judge him by the hanger-on about the edges of an agency or by the lazy fellow who lounges all the day in a gambling room of a frontier town. To get at the real Indian we have got to go back into the wilder country, where white ways have not penetrated. There we find him a man of fine physique, a model of hospitality, a kind parent, a genial companion, a stanch friend, and a faithful pledge keeper. Is not this a pretty good foundation upon which to build?

I have no absurd idea of painting the Indian as perfect in character, or even well on the road toward perfection. Against his generosity as a host must be balanced his expectation that the guest of to-day will entertain him in return to-morrow. His courage in battle is offset by his conviction that any means are fair for outwitting and any cruelty permissible in punishing an enemy. The duty of our civilization is not forcibly to uproot his strong traits as an Indian, but to induce him to modify them; to teach him to recognize the nobility of giving without expectation of return, and so see true chivalry in good faith toward an active foe and mercy for a fallen one. The pugnacity and grit which command our admiration on the battlefield, the readiness to endure hunger and fatigue and

cold for the sake of making a martial movement effective, are the very qualities which, turned toward some better accomplishment than bloodshed, would compel success. It is therefore our part not to destroy them, but to direct them aright. We accuse the Indian of maltreating his women because he expects them to cultivate the corn and fetch the water from the spring and carry the burdens on the march. We do not always pause to reflect that this is after all a matter of convention rather than of moral principle. When the chase was the Indian's principal means of getting food for his camp his women were absolved from any share in his arduous enterprises; and in war, offensive, or defensive he has always provided well for their protection. Our attitude toward this subject ought to be that, in a game-stripped country, farming, lumbering or herding must take the place of hunting, and that the same prowess his fathers showed in pursuing game the Indian of to-day must bring to bear upon his new livelihood.

The thoughtless make sport of the Indian's love of personal adornment, forgetting that nature has given him an artistic instinct of which this is merely the natural expression. What harm does it do him that he likes a red kerchief around his neck or feels a thrill of pride in the silver buckle on his belt? Does not the banker in the midst of civilization wear a scarf pin and a watch chain, and fasten his cuffs with links of gold? The highest of us is none the worse for the love of what is bright and pleasant to the eye. Our duty is plainly not to strangle the Indian's artistic craving, but to direct it into a channel where its satisfaction will bear the best fruit for himself and the world.

A white visitor among the Moqui in Arizona, looking at some of the earth-

enware, coarse and rude in quality, but ornamented elaborately with symbolic figures of serpents and lightning and clouds and dropping rain, remarked on the symmetrical grace of the outline of a certain vase. A friend rebuked him with the comment that the Indian who made that vase would have been better employed hoeing in his corn patch at the foot of the mesa.

The criticism was founded on a wrong principle. Here was a piece of work showing real artistic spirit. Hoeing corn is right enough, but we can not all hoe corn. Some of us must teach, and some write for the press, and some sell goods, and some build houses. We are all equally producers, and if it were not for diversity of occupation and production the world would be a cheerless and uncomfortable place indeed. Corn will feed us, but it will not clothe us or shelter us or furnish us with mental occupation. Aside entirely from the question of the relation of diversified production to the higher civilization, we may well ask ourselves whether beauty has no place in the social economy. We can live without it, but life is certainly fuller for having it. The vase has its use in the world as well as the ear of corn.

The critic had a further word of censure for the character of the decorations, expressing his regret that the pantheism or nature worship of the Indian sticks out even in his ornamentation of a vase. Here again was a false note comment. Believe as strongly as we may in winning the Indian away from his superstitions, it would be hard to tell how these symbols on a vase, if decorative in character, were going to hurt the Indian, or through his art spread his fetishism. With all our boasted civilization we have not yet banished Cinderella or the Sleeping Beauty from the libraries of our

children, nor would we. The mythical Santa Claus and his chimney are still a feature of the Christmas celebration, a festival supposed to be commemorative to the birth of Christianity in the person of its Founder. The finest architecture on earth is a large heritage from the Greeks, and surcharged with symbolic associations with Olympus worship. All these survivals have their value even to our unromantic age. In striving to divorce the Indian radically from his past in matters of mere form, are we not liable to overlook some weightier considerations?

It was not long ago that an eminent American illustrator discovered in a young Indian woman so distinct a manifestation of genius in art that, although she had been educated in the East, she was sent back, on his advice, to live a while among her own people, study their picturesque side, and make drawings of themselves and their life for future use. We can imagine our hyperpractical critic throwing up his hands in horror at the suggestion of exposing this girl to the degrading atmosphere of her childhood home. So should we all revolt at the idea of driving her back into the existence she would have led if no kind friend had taken her away originally. But she had been trained among good white people; she had reached an age when she would be able to appreciate the difference between the old ways and the new, and to the latter's advantage; and she was a woman of refined instincts and strong character. If she were ever going to be able to withstand the bad influences of frontier life she could do it then. She cherished, moreover, that wholesome pride of race which we are bound to respect wherever we find it, and which enabled her to enter sympathetically into the line of art study assigned to her

as no one could who had not shared her ancestry and her experience.

At a gathering of white philanthropists, where several Navaho blankets of different weaves and patterns were exhibited, I was astonished to hear one of the most thoughtful persons present propose that a fund should be raised for supplying the Navaho with modern power looms so as to build up the special industry. My suggestion that the wool raised by the Indians was not of a quality which would answer for fine work was promptly met by the assurance that it would be a simple matter to send Connecticut-made raw materials out to Arizona, as is already done to some extent. I ventured to suggest that this programme be completed by sending some New England mill hands to weave the blankets, since that was all that would be necessary to eliminate the Indian from the proposition altogether. The argument was not carried further. The Navaho blanket derives its chief value not from being a blanket, but from being a Navaho. The Indian woman who wove it probably cut and seasoned the saplings which framed her rude loom and fastened the parts in place. She strung her warp with her own hands. She sheared and carded and spun and dyed the many-colored threads of her wool. She thought out her own design as she worked, and carried it so distinctly in her mind that she needed no pattern. Now, at what point can we break into this chain and substitute a foreign link without changing the character of the whole? A connoisseur in Navaho blankets, who loves them for the humanity that has been woven into them, and not merely for their waterproof texture or their warmth, balks when he discovers in the design one shape which is not Indian, or one color, which bears the ani-

line taint. The charm begins to fade away with the first intrusion of the Caucasian hand into the work. So, if we first waive the questions of Indian wool and native dyes, and then set up a loom of modern device, why not make a clean sweep of the whole business and get rid of the Navaho woman, too? The product of these changed conditions would bear about the same relation to the real Navaho blanket that Lamb's Tales bear to Shakespeare.

The made-over Indian is bound to be like the Navaho blanket from which all the Navaho has been expurgated—neither one thing nor the other. I like the Indian for what is Indian in him. I want to see his splendid inherited physique kept up, because he glories, like his ancestors, in fresh air, in freedom, in activity, in feats of strength. I want him to retain all his old contempt for hunger, thirst, cold, and danger when he has anything to do. I love the spirit of manly independence which moved a copper-colored sage once to beg that I would intercede with the Great Father and throttle a proposal to send rations to his people, because it would pauperize their young men and make them slaves to the whites. I have no sympathy with the sentiment which would throw the squaw's bead bag into the rubbish heap and set her to making lace. Teach her lace making, by all means, just as you would teach her bread making, as an addition to her stock of profitable accomplishments; but don't set down her beaded moccasins as merely barbarous, while holding up her lace handkerchief as a symbol of advanced civilization.

The Indian is a natural warrior, a natural logician, a natural artist. We have room for all three in our highly organized social system. Let us not

make the mistake, in the process of absorbing them, of washing out of them whatever is distinctly Indian. Our aboriginal brother brings, as his contribution to the common store of character, a great deal which is admirable, and which needs only to be developed along the right line. Our proper work with him is improvement, not transformation.

Preserving Indian Music.

It is in pursuance of the general idea of saving instead of crushing what is genuinely characteristic in the Indian and building upon this, that with your approval and authority I have taken steps for the preservation, through the schools, of what is best in Indian music. This is a subject which has never been sufficiently studied in the United States. Eminent musicians in all parts of the world express astonishment that our people should have left so noble a field almost unexplored, particularly in view of the beautiful themes derivable from certain native songs and dances which are rapidly passing into oblivion through the deaths of the old members of the tribes and the mistaken zeal of certain teachers to smother everything distinctly aboriginal in the young.

As a matter of fact, the last thing that ought to be done with the youth of any people whom we are trying to indoctrinate with notions of self-respect is to teach them to be ashamed of their ancestry. As we Caucasians take not only pleasure but pride in reviving the musical forms in which our fathers clothed their emotions in religion, war, love, industry, conviviality, why should the Indian be discouraged from doing the same thing? Our German-born fellow-citizen makes no less patriotic an American because he clings affectionately

to the songs of his fatherland. Why should the Indian, who was here with his music before the white conqueror set foot upon the soil?

The Indian schools offer us just now our best opportunity to retrieve past errors, as far as they can be retrieved, on account of the variety of tribal elements assembled there. The children should be instructed in the music of their own race, side by side with ours. To this purpose an experimental start has been made, under intelligent expert direction, by the creation of the position of supervisor of native music, to which Mr. Harold A. Loring, of Maine, has been appointed. Although he has been at work only a few months, signs are already visible that the idea is spreading favorably among the teachers; and its popularity outside of the service is attested by the enthusiastic reception given by mixed audiences to the performance of genuine Indian music by a well-drilled school band, as a change from the conventional airs it has been in the habit of playing.

Demand for a Reform School.

The best provision which it has been possible to make for the care and instruction of children of normal disposition has left still unsupplied the needs of the class whom ordinary teachers find unmanageable. To group together the well-meaning and the vicious is not a wise practice if it can be avoided, because the tendency of such association is rather to lower than to raise the average moral level of a school. And yet the Government owes a duty even to the children of perverted instincts. There is hardly a large school in the service which does not contain its modicum of an element that requires the discipline of correction as much as of guidance. It would be an excellent plan to have

one reform school, to which chronically refractory pupils may be sent. We are every year swelling the list of unnecessary and undesirable nonreservation schools. One of these superfluous institutions might be set apart as a reform school where should be gathered the children whose presence elsewhere is a moral menace, yet who have not passed the stage where bad impulses crystalize into the criminal habit. Here the young offender, instead of being herded with hardened evil doers and professional jail birds, would have a chance to change his ways and earn his restoration to a respectable place in life.

For example, during the year last past the entire plant of the Menominee Boarding School, at Green Bay, Wis., was burned, as were also the school and assembly hall at Oneida, Wis., and the mess hall at Rice Station, Arizona. Fortunately the children were got out of the buildings in time, and no lives were lost; but had the Menominee fire occurred later in the night the result would probably have been too horrible for thought. The

Menominee and Rice Station fires, as has since been discovered, were the work of incendiaries among the older pupils. I have instructed the superintendents to confer with the United States attorneys about having the guilty parties regularly indicted and tried, as would be done in the case of young white persons; for incendiarism in the schools has become too frequent within the last few years to be passed over indulgently, and the only way to teach our Indian youth respect for the law under which they must live when they come into the full relations of citizenship is to let a few of them feel the pinch of its displeasure by way of a warning to the rest. The presence of such ill-disposed pupils in a school full of innocent children is a wrong to the latter; on the other hand, the penitentiary is scarcely the place in which to confine a young person who still retains a germ of self-respect. For such wayward pupils there should be a special provision, and I trust that Congress at its coming session may be persuaded to enact the legislation necessary.

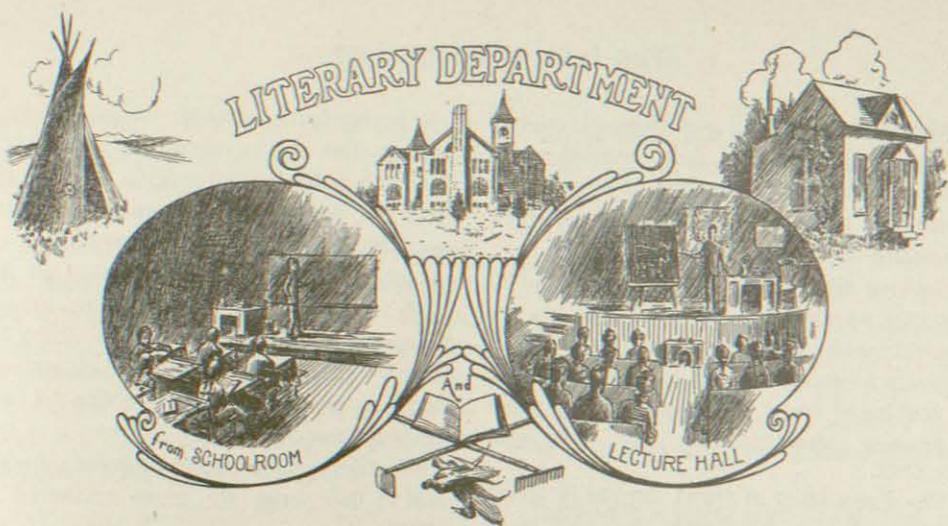
SUNSHINE.

BY KENNETH BRUCE.

I know the whole crowd of young fellows,
 Who travel the run through our town,
 And some are all laughin' and smilin',
 While others are robed in a frown—
 But the one that does business, I notice,
 No matter what may be his line,
 Is the man that pours out with each measure
 A "bonus" of bubbling sunshine.

I'm not much for readin' nor learnin',
 Nor copyin' wisdom from books;
 I ain't stuck on new fads, nor fashions,
 Nor wearin' tight shoes for their looks;
 Just jamming your house full of money
 May seem to this age a good sign,
 But I b'lieve in the old-fashioned doctrine
 Of filling your heart with sunshine.

—From *Four-Track News*.



VALUE OF FRUITS IN OUR DIET.

Extract from Miss Kernohan's Address Before the Farmers' Institute at Blackwell.

BEFORE discussing the subject let us consider what a food is so that we may know whether fruits are of any food value.

A food may be defined as anything which, on being taken into the body is capable either of repairing its waste or furnishing it with material from which to produce heat or nervous and muscular work.

Our definition then excludes water as a food, but does not state that water is of no value and can be omitted from the diet. Water has its own functions, as for transportation, as a solvent and as an eliminator of waste.

We find the composition of fruits in general to be about as follows:

Water.....	85 to 90 per cent.
Fat.....	0.5 per cent.
Protein.....	0.5 per cent.
Carbohydrates.....	5% to 10% per cent.
Cellulose.....	2% per cent.
Mineral matter.....	0.5 per cent.

Thus we find the greatest per cent of the fruit is water.

From this our fruits may be divided into those known as flavor fruits and those known as food fruits. The division line is this: Those containing over 80 per cent of water belong to the first class and those containing over 20 per cent of solid, or less than 80 per cent water, to the second.

We must not however exclude the flavor fruits from our diet for they contain a small amount of sugar in a pleasant but bulky form. These are eaten more for their flavors and in warm countries the use of such fruits cause a less amount of water to be consumed.

Examples of this group would be the strawberry, blackberry, peaches, watermelon and pineapple.

The grape comes in rather between the flavor and food fruits, for their amount of sugar varies from 10 per cent in poorer varieties to 30 per cent in richer varieties.

On the other hand the food fruits are not to be despised as a source of real nourishment. The banana is a good example of this group. In the fresh state the fruit contains a fair amount of starch also an appreciable amount of protein, while bananas dried in the sun with sugar sprinkled on them, a form in which they have been lately imported, compare favorably with dried figs in nutritive value and are a pleasant substitute for the latter as a desert.

We might state here that, weight for weight, figs are more nourishing than bread and that 6 ounces of dried figs and 1 pint of milk makes a good meal.

The banana in itself is a little bulky as a main constituent of a healthy diet.

Some fruits, as pineapples, apricots and apples, contain a certain amount of cane sugar. The balance of the carbohydrate is made of vegetable gums.

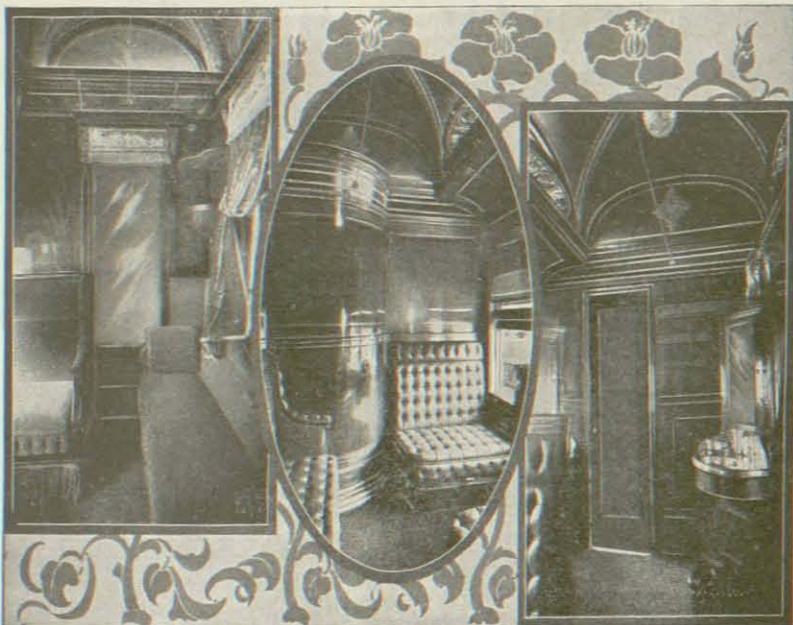
Many of these belong to the group of pective bodies, which on the ripening of the fruit, are converted into a corresponding sugar pentose.

When subjected to boiling the gum of many fruits yield jelly.

The amount of cellulose a fruit contains varies greatly in different fruits. It is lessened by cultivation and by a sort of natural digestion during the ripening of the fruit.

The mineral constituents of fruits are of considerable importance. They consist mainly of potash and various vegetable acids, such as tartaric, malic and citric. On being taken into the body these are converted into corresponding carbonates, thus rendering the blood more alkaline. These acids also produce a laxative effect upon the intestines.

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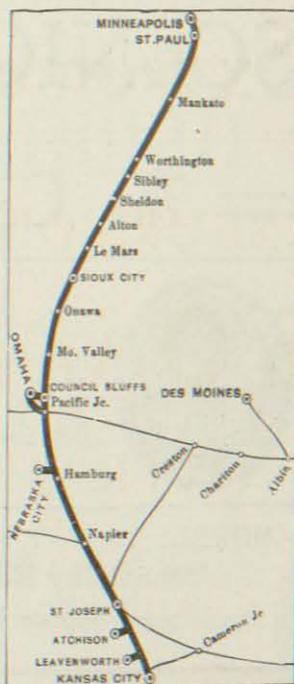
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