
The Indian School Journal

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH IN THE INTERESTS OF THE UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE
AND PRINTED BY INDIAN APPRENTICES AT THE INDIAN PRINT SHOP, CHILOCCO, OKLAHOMA

VOLUME SIX

FOR SEPTEMBER

NUMBER TEN

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THE INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL is issued from the Chilocco school's printing department, the mechanical work on it being done by students of the school under the direction of the school's Printer.

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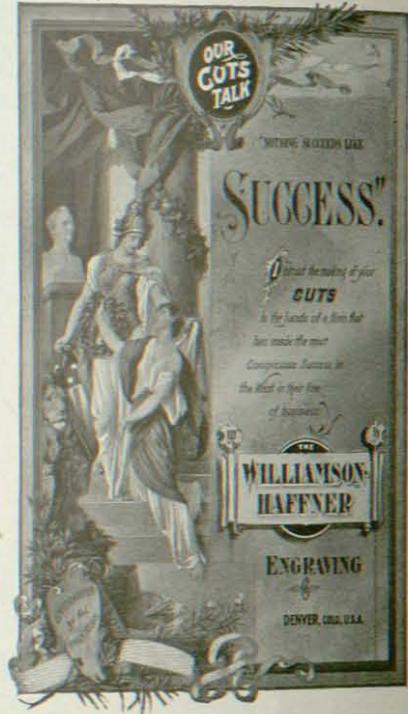
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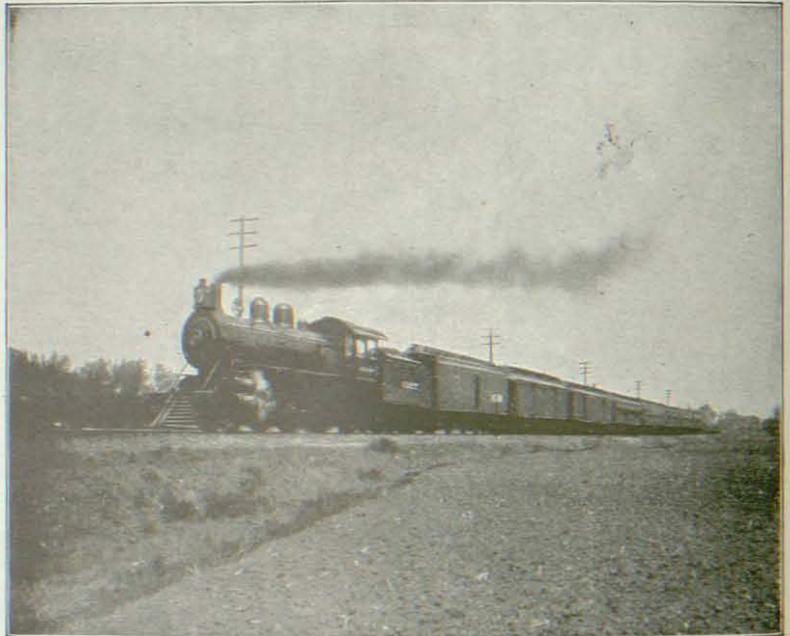
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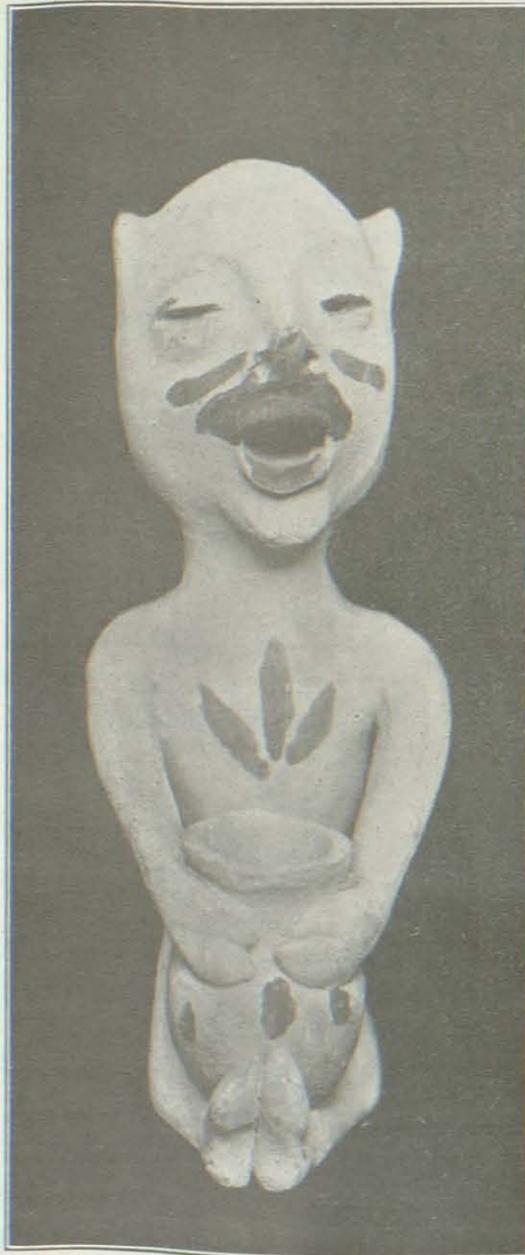
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MEMORY PICTURES OF THE U. S. INDIAN SERVICE

BY S. M. McCOWAN

AS ONE grows older and the waistband lengthens memory retrieves more and more from the thickets of the past. The land of Long Ago seems nearer as the road grows longer and the mind loves to go back and dig up rare bits buried there and almost forgotten.

I entered the Service in 1889 at Rosebud, South Dakota. J. Geo. Wright, now Inspector in charge of Indian affairs in Indian Territory, had just taken possession of agency affairs, relieving agent—who had succeeded in his short term of three years in accumulating a fine assortment of enemies. He left in a hurry unheralded, giving no previous notice of the exact time of departure.

Even then Mr. Wright was considered an old employee, having served several years, while his father was agent, in various capacities from farmer to clerk. Mr Wright was (and is) tall, lean and clean looking; a good business man, an extremely hard worker, a strict disciplinarian, honest and honorable. He had the best interests of the Indians at heart, and tried by every means in his power to induce them to abandon the wild life, to leave the villages for settlement on good farms along creek bottoms. It was essential, in his opinion, to break up tribal relations, to segregate clans, and to this end he sought to teach the dignity and importance of the individual and the family.

For the benefit of those who state in their frenzy that there is no chance for promotion in the Indian service, I give in chronological order a concise history of his progress from

the lowest to one of the highest positions in the service.

Employed as Agency Clerk at Rosebud Agency, S. D., 1883 to 1889, six years, and as Agent in charge of said Agency from 1889 to 1896, seven years, when appointed Inspector.

Appointed Agent at Rosebud Agency in 1889 by President Harrison—Secretary Noble—on recommendation of Sioux Commission, comprising General George Cook, Major William Warner, of Missouri, and Honorable Charles Foster, of Ohio.

Reappointed Agent in 1893 by President Cleveland—Secretary Hoke Smith—endorsed by Indian Rights Association, which procured letters from all army officers and other persons who had visited the Agency, and which are on file in the Department.

Rosebud and Pine Ridge Sioux Agencies, Dakota, join and are practically of equal size. These, with Standing Rock Agency, were then considered the most important and responsible Agencies in the service.

During seven years' services as Agent at Rosebud, at least eight changes were made at Pine Ridge. James G. Wright (father of J. Geo. W.) served as agent at Rosebud Agency from 1882 to 1886—administration strongly endorsed by Indian Rights Association.

In 1882, at the time of the appointment of James G. Wright as Agent, all Indians at Rosebud lived in tepees in the immediate vicinity of the Agency, spending time in idleness, and no schools were established. In

1896, when Agent J. Geo. Wright left the Agency, practically all the Indians had been located on allotments, 23 day schools were in successful operation (10 built by Wright Sr., and 13 by Wright Jr), acknowledged to be among the best in the service, and contract made for boarding school, thus providing for all the children on the reservation, about 1250; also by Wright Jr. sub-issue stations and slaughter houses were built in different parts of the reservation, issue of beef changed from hoof to block, and many other reforms inaugurated. During such service at the Agency no charge was ever made against integrity or personal conduct. Management and results accomplished endorsed by visiting officials and others, including the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Appointed Inspector in 1896 by President Cleveland—Secretary Hoke Smith—without solicitation.

Reappointed Inspector March 27, 1900, by President McKinley—Secretary Hitchcock. Reappointed Inspector by President Roosevelt January 1905.

As Inspector was constantly engaged in inspecting and making special investigations, the most important being as follows:

In June and July 1896, by order of Secretary Hoke Smith, investigation of matters pertaining to La Point Agency, Wisconsin, of charges submitted to Indian Rights Association, during progress of which Mr. F. E. Leupp, agent of Indian Rights Association, visited and conferred with Inspector and endorsed findings.

November and December 1896, by order of Secretary Francis, made extensive investigation of alleged timber frauds in connection with estimating and sale of pine timber on Red Lake reservation, Minnesota, necessitating camping in tents and work accomplished in deep snow and severe cold weather. Results demonstrated work of estimating quantity and value of timber, which had required several years, had been improperly done and was entirely unreliable, Indians defrauded of large amounts by reason of undervaluation by Government estimators. Report was endorsed and accepted by Department, and resulted in suspension of all work, entire corps of 30 estimators removed, all pending sales stopped and entire system of estimating and sale changed.

Report of Inspector in this case, together with all testimony, was forwarded to United States Senate by Secretary, in response to



J. GEORGE WRIGHT.

Senate resolution dated May 11, 1897 (see Senate document 85, 55th Congress, 1st Session; also included in document 70, 55th Congress, 3rd Session;).

In 1897, report of investigation at Fort Hall Agency, Idaho, resulted in change of Agents and several subordinates.

Also, following orders of Secretary Bliss, a special investigation of affairs at Kiowa Agency, Oklahoma, was made, requiring several months time.

Also, by direction of said Secretary, investigation at Crow Agency, Montana, resulted in disclosure of fictitious and fraudulent vouchers in Agency accounts, aggregating over \$50,000, covering several previous years, and reported by other Inspectors as correct, and in change, by order of Secretary, of Acting Agent (army officer), and some fifteen employes. Recent annual report of Auditor for Interior Department, June 30, 1903, shows settlement and recovery in the case of over \$55,000.

A special investigation of affairs at Fort Peck, Montana, also disclosed much irregularity in accounts, resulting in retirement of Acting Agent (army officer).

In June 1898, sent to San Francisco, Cal., alone, to open bids and award contracts for supplies for western agencies, and so far as known work was accomplished in a satisfactory manner, no criticism or comment in reference thereto having been reported.

In August 1898, assigned, *under protest*, by Secretary Bliss, to duty in Indian Territory, service required being most perplexing and exacting.

In the annual report of the commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1899, he states in connection therewith:

"The first important step that was required by the Department under the Curtis Act was the location in the Indian Territory under the provisions of section 27, of an Inspector with authority to supervise the management of the affairs of the various tribes coming under the control of the Government. This responsible duty was imposed upon Mr. J. George Wright, who, for a number of years, had been connected with the Indian Service, first as an Indian Agent at Rosebud Agency, S. D., and afterwards as an Indian Inspector, and whose qualifications for the work were beyond question and directed to take complete supervisory control of all affairs of the Indian Agency and of all other matters whatsoever over which the Government was charged by the act or any other law of Congress to exercise authority, except the matters coming under the control of the commission to the Five Civilized Tribes. Since his assignment to this work, Inspector Wright has been constantly engaged in dealing with the many questions that have arisen in the Territory, and the manner in which he has treated the subjects upon which it has been necessary for him to report through this office, gives proof that no mistake was made in his selection for the important station of U. S. Indian Inspector for Indian Territory."

From September 1902 to June 1903, absent from Territory on account of severe, lingering and critical illness of typhoid fever.

As I write the announcement is made that Major Wright has been selected to take charge of business affairs in the Osage Nation, in addition to his present duties in the Territory.

Probably there never existed anywhere, not even in graft-ridden China, such chaotic business conditions, such grafting, such open stealing, such a tangle of true and false, of honesty and dishonesty as were prevalent in the Indian Territory from 1880 to 1900. Stealing had been carried on so long and so openly that it was not considered bad; being sanctified by custom it became opportunity. When Mr. Wright assumed charge he had the "time of his life." But he won, brought order and system out of chaos, taught new

standards of living, treated all fairly and alike, and erased from the slate the Territory's nasty record of shame and infamy.

He might have made millions during his long life of authority over the five nations. Many men would have made millions and counted it legitimate gain. But Wright is made of different clay. He is ultra sensitive about his honor—as fastidious about it, as fussy about it, as a white dove about the whiteness of its beautiful plumage. Neither is his head swollen because of years of almost absolute authority over an empire, nor his bank account by reason of countless opportunities for graft. He was clean when he entered the service—he is polished now.

The eastern end of the great new state of Oklahoma is at this time looking for a man to represent it in the world's greatest arena, the Senate. Why not Wright? *Why not?* Time and experience have ripened his faculties. He hasn't a green spot nor a rotten one on him anywhere. He is a shrewd, careful business man, of splendid executive ability, an experienced diplomat, an honorable gentleman. What more does the new state want? Whatmore can it reasonably expect?

But he has more. He has friends among the statesmen and high officials at Washington numbered by the hundreds—good friends and true. He would be welcomed there and would walk into his own. It would be just like going home. The new state will want countless favors from Congress, wouldn't it be wise to send a representative there who could and would get these favors without fail?

Wright was an ardent advocate of the day school, and eagerly accepted every challenge to debate his favorite system's worth. In those days any belief that took into consideration the humanity of the Indians was rank heresy. Carlisle was the great Indian school, and the Carlisle idea was to snatch the babe from its mother's arm and keep them separated forever. Major Wright fought such doctrine vigorously, and almost single-handed for many years, but has lived to glory in the triumph of his belief.

I shall never forget my first impressions of Rosebud Agency. It lay in the cradle of the hills; the pretty, shrubbery-lined creek of the same name singing at its feet; the hills on every side rising far above, the aerial perspective including peaks of buttes of fantastic design riding the winds of space. The agency buildings were low and ugly looking, placed as though dumped there by a cyclone

tired of its toy. Around about were dozens of cabins, abodes of Indians and squaw men employed at the agency.

It is the generally accepted belief that this location was selected by the big chief, Spotted Tail, with sinister design. At any rate he did not live long enough to carry out any contemplated massacre. He was riding up the Rosebud creek one day when one of his bitter enemies, Crow Dog, (an exceedingly ill-favored brutish-looking man) stepped out of the bushes behind him and shot him thru the back.

In pursuing his policy of breaking up tribal relations Major Wright had more than once recommended the abolishment of the practice then in vogue of issuing beef on the hoof to the Indians. The custom was to issue live animals to the chiefs of clans, or tribal sub-chiefs. This custom was a good graft for the headmen who took what they chose and gave likewise. The distribution was unequal and unsatisfactory to the masses.

This method of issue was not only unsatisfactory but revolting and disgusting.

There was no education about it. It appealed to every savage sense, but aroused no esthetic feeling.

I saw the last issue of this kind and the picturesque scene will retain its vividness, and evoke its thrills to the end.

Let me describe it for you.

In the middle of a thousand-acre vale fringed with knobby hills stood a corral filled with milling cattle. At the foot of the hills, between the knobs, here and there over the valley perched single and in groups hundreds of cone-shaped tepees. Ponies of every color nibbled of the short grass on every hand. Dogs, countless as the stars, of every school of canine architecture, of low and high degree—curs, mongrels, bastards—lean, lank, wolfish, roamed about with nose to ground or bristles erect snapping and snarling at every object, or fighting each other singly or in packs for the pure love of combat.

There were 3,000 Indians present, arrayed in all their native finery. Buckskin suits were still plentiful, and many of them were gorgeously trimmed in beads, beaver, and porcupine quills. A few braves still owned buffalo robes, but there were not many of these left even at that time; now you cannot find a half dozen in the entire Sioux nation. Beef issue day was a gala day indeed; a day for show, for parade, for display of vanity and for love-making. The early part of the day was spent in clannish conclave and social

tattle. I was surprised—for I had devoured Cooper's many Indian tales—to hear them laugh and see them disport themselves in game and gaiety.

As the time approached for the issue the excitement grew until it became intense. The "bucks" painted and armed themselves, bestrode their best ponies and lined up in front of the gate through which the wild cattle were to emerge. The women and children retired to the rear. As the cattle were driven out the clan to which they were issued gave chase, and very soon the plain was covered with a motley crowd of mounted Indians and scurrying cattle. The Indians were allowed to carry guns and they used them in shooting their badly frightened quarry. Usually the young men amused themselves by crippling the steer, shooting and breaking one foreleg and then a hind one, meanwhile laughing joyously at the victim's helpless struggles and cries of pain and rage. When an animal was killed the women came up and dressed it, often devouring the entrals as they toiled.

About 5,000 animals were issued that day, and hundreds would be running, chased by numerous eager hunters, at a time, while the rifle shots sounded like a sure-enough battle. It must have reminded the Indians of their former buffalo hunts, and I know they were keenly disappointed when the order went forth to issue thereafter on the block and to the head of each family.

Numerous accidents occurred during the exciting chase and slaughter. I saw an angry long-horned steer turn quickly and rush at one of the hunters. The pony he rode turned like a flash throwing him heavily to the ground where he lay stunned, while the vicious steer jumped over him and continued after the horse. Some of his companions went up to him, felt him over and found that a leg had been unjointed. So one of them took hold of his arms while another laid hold of his injured member, and both pulled. The joint slipped into place, and he mounted and continued the chase.

Another, an old man, was thrown breaking both legs. The women came up with a travois, rolled him on it and went off to a distant tepee. These little incidents were matters of course and caused nothing more than casual remark.

I was supervisor of day schools, of which there were 19 on the reservation. The only

boarding schools then were the St Francis (Catholic), and the St. Marys (Episcopal). My duties kept me on the "go" most of the time and often late at night. One night I came to the Rosebud crossing—there were no bridges anywhere then—and started over the ice-encrusted stream. It was about six times its ordinary width owing to recent rains. After the rains it had turned cold. I did not know how solid the ice was, and it was so dark I could not investigate. When we reached the middle of the stream the ice broke and down we went into six feet of ice water. I stood up in the wagon and yelled at the ponies and they reared on their hind legs snorting and pawing. I was badly frightened and the water was bitterly cold. The ponies I drove were wild, running away with me whenever they wanted to, and this night I was glad of their devilish wildness for they reared and plunged, breaking the ice in front of them with terrific strokes of their forefeet, until they drew me out on the opposite bank, a wetter but wiser being.

One of our pastimes was hunting wolves by moonlight. In the winter season they became bold and often dangerous. I was coming home one night about midnight and was followed for several miles by a pack. One of the missionaries, Mr. Cross, delighted in nightly hunts for these silent prowlers. One night several of the employees organized for a hunt and started about 10 o'clock. We soon separated. I went down the Rosebud and after a mile or so stood for twenty minutes perfectly still hoping to see a moving wolf-form on the bluff some 200 yards away. At last patience was rewarded. I raised my gun and aimed deliberately. I had plenty of time, I knew, for the wolf could not see me while it stood out in fair relief. My gun was a big 44 Springfield, borrowed for the occasion. There was snow on the ground. The moon was not bright at the time, as thin clouds, like a bridal veil, floated across the sky. As my finger pressed the trigger something—I know not what—bade me pause. I dropped the gun to the hollow of my left arm and strained my eyes at the critter on the bluff above. Yes! I was sure now. It was a wolf alright, and again raised my gun, took careful aim, and again something told me to wait. I assured myself after the closest scrutiny that there was no mistake, and for the third time pressed the trigger. As I did so the wolf elongated itself and became

the figure of a man. It was the missionary, Cross. I went sick then, and all desire for hunting vanished. I never told this might-have-been tragedy to him, nor to anyone at Rosebud, and the first knowledge any of them will have of the incident will be when they read of it here. I never wanted to hunt at night again.

Speaking of hunting the years bring charity as well as wisdom, and there is no charity in wantonly killing any of God's creatures. Hunting for the sake of killing has lost its charm for me. I would rather protect than destroy, heal than hurt, save than kill. There is no pleasure in causing pain to any living thing. Now abideth faith, hope and charity, but the greatest of these is charity. That man is to be feared and shunned in whose heart these graces lie dead. Our beloved Lincoln touched the keynote of life's fullness when he uttered his immortal words: "With malice towards none, with charity for all." I would like to see every man swap his gun for a kodac, and hunt with these only.

In 1889 the great Sioux nation sat upon the fence between the wild life and civilization, unable to decide on which side to alight. The women sat stubbornly on the ground on the side farthest removed from ours, and only occasionally would one of the younger of the sex approach close enough to the fence to peer between the rails. The Indian women have invariably been on the side of the medicine men, which is to say the ultra conservative side. They have strenuously opposed the encroachments of the white man's ways, notwithstanding the white man's ethical notions concerning his gentle partner. The united voice of the women of nearly every tribe from time immemorial has been raised in favor of war. They have been the cruellest in maltreating prisoners, and have shown no pity for suffering. Their tear-wells are shallow and quickly dried. They would urge their men to war by taunts of cowardice, then, when riderless ponies came galloping home they would howl like she-wolves for their mates, and—take another one.

There was one band of irreconcilables—nicknamed coffee-coolers—that made all the trouble for the agent that it dare. The villain, Crow Dog, and the equally villainous Two Strikes, were the leaders of the band. If trouble occurred anywhere it would be a safe bet that it had its origin within the confines of this coffee-cooler village.

During the winter of 1890 the Government attempted to take a census of the Sioux nation. These coffee-coolers determined to resist, and spread the report that a count was wanted in order to reduce rations and supplies. The Indians of reasoning mind were soon convinced that there was no foundation for such rumor and cheerfully allowed themselves to be counted. The coffee-coolers were the last to be reached and to the surprise of all they submitted without a protest. When the count was given to Major Wright his face lighted up with one of those inscrutable smiles, as he asked Mr. Census-taker how he conducted the count.

"In the usual manner," replied the counter, "by entering every house and enumerating every person in the house."

"Hum!" breathed the Major, his fine eyes twinkling, "Did you have a guard at every door?"

"No, of course not," exclaimed the irritated census man.

"Of course you made no mistake," said the Major gently. "Yet the rate of increase in some of these families is startling, to say the least. Nothing like such a birth rate has ever been known to the medical world. I must report the case at once."

"What do you mean?" asked the census-taker, suspiciously.

"Why, only this. On our issue rolls Stand-between-the-Tent's family is down at 7. Your count shows 20. An increase of 13 in a year is 'going some,' don't you think?"

We all enjoyed a hearty laugh at the census-taker's expense, and it was then explained to him that the Indians had fooled him by leaving a house as soon after the counter as possible and entering another before the counter, to be enrolled again. Babies were in great demand, being loaned freely. The census-taker said he thought it strange that every female in every family from girls to grandmothers had from one to three infants.

It was decided to send the police out to assist the counter and arranged to call out the entire village at one time and line all up in families. But the village refused to respond to the call, defied the police and dared them to come on. It was decided not to use force and all returned to the agency and the tale was told to the Major. Major Wright was fearless in the discharge of duty, and he knew he faced a crisis. If he did not count the coffee-coolers his authority would be nil. But it never occurred to him to let the matter pass nor to try humiliating persuasion. He

called together his most trusty policemen and ordered them to go out to the defiant village and bring the leaders dead or alive. The police came back in a few hours with a dozen leaders under arrest and a mob of angry young bucks following threateningly in the rear.

Right here I want to pay tribute to the excellence of the Sioux police. There never lived braver men, nor men who regard their oaths of office more sacredly. Instances are rare where any one of them failed to perform in good faith an allotted task. Despite angry protests of kindred, regardless of tribal taunts and ridicule, they invariably obeyed orders and acquitted themselves creditably.

The coffee-cooler leaders were brought into the clerk's office to listen to a lecture by the Inspector who had dropped in a few days previously. All wore their blankets held tightly around their bodies, and the rumor went around that they were armed and meant mischief. Major Wright quietly ordered his trusty officer, Good Shield, to bring in a lot of his men and station them where they could command the situation. This order was executed and the large room was filled with some twenty bad Indians, about the same number of police, and six white men. I was detailed to take notes of the proceedings.

The Inspector wanted to know why they were so set against a census, and the question opened the flood-gates of torrents of wrath and hate against the white race, which, gathering strength with time, became so vehement that the Inspector peremptorily ordered them closed and all oratory to cease. He asked them if they would permit their people to be counted correctly, and in the manner desired by the census-taker.

No answer, save murderous looks from baneful eyes.

After several minutes of absolute and painful silence, during which I noticed several policemen drop their hands to the butts of their big revolvers, the question was repeated.

No reply.

My nerves were taut and atingle with suppressed excitement. It was an exceedingly dramatic moment. The air seemed surcharged with electricity and we all seemed to be waiting expectantly for an explosion. We were all pale, the blood going to the heart, while lips unconsciously tightened over teeth hard set, and fingers twitched with the blood-desire of primitive man. The faces of the prisoners were studies in bronze of bale-

ful hate and grim fury. Eyelids contracted to slits thru which thin lines of black rage gleamed and glittered, shifting ceaselessly; for a moment, boring malignantly thru the Major, leaping to the Inspector, racing to me, galloping around the segment of the circle of policemen that could be covered without moving the head.

Slight movements of hands under the blankets excited the imagination to uncanny beliefs.

Once more the Inspector put the question, and this time the answer came.

With a yell that curdled the blood and paralyzed the nerves the leader of the prisoners leaped to his feet and tossed aside his blanket revealing a physique magnificently proportioned, the muscles tense and bulging, the right arm held high and in the clenched fingers a knife that seemed to sizzle with red-hot lust for blood. Almost before the eyes could note the impressions above set down, the other prisoners assumed similar heroic and demoniac attitudes, and instantly there was pandemonium. The leader laid violent hands upon the Inspector, but was caught in the arms of a stalwart policeman ere he could hurt. It was the same every where. Each prisoner had selected his man and the instant the signal was given he leaped upon his victim but the alert policemen were quick too, and the trouble which promised to be a sanguinary affair ended in a hard tussel between Indians. The wrestling match continued for some minutes before the police could overpower the ruffians. Many of the police drew their revolvers, but no shot was fired—the officers of the law showing great forbearance in this regard. In five minutes perhaps the prisoners were disarmed and quiet though sullen and hateful. When they were again asked if they would consent to be counted properly they replied in the affirmative and they gave no more trouble to the census taker.

If Major Wright had been a weak agent this small blaze might easily have developed into a terrible conflagration.

Every successful teacher in the Indian Service is a true missionary. Success cannot come to one who does not possess that kind of missionary spirit. I want it strictly understood that I mean by *true missionary spirit* that best of God's gifts—a mindfull of that charity that recognizes the good in every living thing; that believes in the daily and everlasting triumph of good over evil because

good is of God and God's gifts are immortal; that rises proudly above carping criticism of another's acts; that judges not at all because to judge wisely all sides must be known and it is impossible for human ken to perceive of *motives*; that is broader than orthodoxy and sweeter than the dope served by the self-crowned holier—than—thou fanatic.

In dealing with primitive man we deal in elements—but elements of God's truth. The true Christian missionary endeavors to crystalize these elements, or instincts, into the faith that is the foundation of character, causing fidelity to one's promised word, allegiance to duty and loyalty to conscience. In a word he tries simply to cultivate and cause to flower and to fruit the seeds of virtue the Creator plants in the soul of every human being.

In the process of cultivation he takes into account heredity—pre-natal influences, and environment, or the forces that influence the growth of the living organism. He recognizes, too, the individual or species, and does not, therefore, strive to run every man through the same crucible.

There were many successful day-school teachers on the Rosebud in 1889; not all educated teachers, either, but all full of sweet charity and zeal. They got right down to the simple understanding of their constituents, and led them out of the land of bondage.

One of the best of these was a gentleman from Maine. He had left a position paying \$1500 per year to take charge of a day school at \$900. This seemed strange and we all wondered and felt that there must be a reason, and the goody-goody ones who knew it all and conducted the agency news-factory circulated all sorts of rumors to the detriment of the newcomers.

We started out to the school they were to conduct on Thanksgiving morning. The ground was frozen and icy and the cold wind biting mad. There were five of us in the carriage besides a lot of baggage. As we drove out of the gate of the stockade I felt premonitions of disaster. When we reached the top of the long grade back of De Bell's store I stopped and asked Mr. and Mrs.—— and their two children to get out and walk to the bottom of the hill. This they did and I started down alone. We had just fairly started again when my ponies decided to run away. I came back on the lines with all my strength and succeeded in breaking one of them. Then I threw all my weight on the other line breaking it. By this time the team was under full

headway and I was not comfortable. Believing discretion to be the better part of valor under the circumstances I stepped over the dashboard onto the rump of the lagging pony and jumped to the ground. When the outfit reached the bottom there was a wreck, but as no person was hurt we were thankful.

Procuring another rig we started again and reached the school without further mishap.

I think I never saw a more pitiful or pathetic family than the little one assembled in the living room of the school building when I returned from caring for the team. Mrs. — was a beautiful woman, about thirty, educated and refined. As I entered she was clinging to her husband in a perfect paroxysm of grief, sobbing in the heart-breaking abandon of a lost *peri*. The children, a boy and a girl, were clinging to the mother's skirt crying in pure sympathy, while the father, with a face like despair, and a voice of woeful emotion endeavored to soothe and cheer.

I made it my business to call on them in a few days and found them more cheerful. They had started the school and were full of wonder of the new work. There is no vocation to compare with the farming of mind, no soil so prolific in forcing up new plants lurking in its dark places—and all so rich and rare and surprising. Their interest continued and increased and after a few weeks their good influence began to reach out into the family life of the village and they became powerful factors in leading into the borders of civilization the old Indians.

It was a long time before I learned their true reason for leaving the old home, but after awhile—perhaps because there was no one else to talk to—I was admitted into the confidence chamber and shown the family skeleton.

It seemed that Mrs. — had been critically ill after the birth of the last baby, and for a long time lay convalescent. As a tonic she was given beer and other liquors. In time the insidious spiritous witch worked its magic art and created an appetite that demanded more and more until the poor woman craved liquor with the desire that could not be controlled by will. Her friends saw the danger then, but it was too late. She would have her fiery drink and demanded and consumed it in greater quantities. On several occasions she drank herself into drunkenness. No longer able to control her desire and appreciating her danger, she begged her husband to take her clear away from the cruel temptation.

And so they came to Rosebud.

And how she suffered! Poor woman! My heart bled for her—and for him. I could see the loneliness eating into her very soul—the loneliness of the wide spreading plains, treeless, bare, uninviting, stretching away, away, away into illimitable space, into the Unknown, the land of the Beyond.

And one day I saw her down by the creek as I was driving home. She lay prone, her slender form shaking with sobs she could not control. I stopped and waited, with averted eyes, for I was on holy ground.

After a long time she came to me, after glancing furtively around; came to me with tears streaming down her face, and handed me some money.

"Take it," she said, pleadingly, "take it and bring me some whiskey. O! I just cannot bear this any longer. I must have liquor, whiskey, beer, anything—anything that will quench this fearful craving, and deaden this awful feeling of desolation. I'm afraid, O! I'm afraid to stay here. Its a living death, eating into my soul, gnawing like rats on a corpse. O! I'm afraid—mortally afraid." And her voice trailed off into a wail of agony and she shivered with the chill of great dread.

And when I refused the money and began a courteous protest she clasped my hand in both of her hot, trembling ones, while her face went gray and her eyes grew big, and she said: "O! you don't know, you don't understand, you *can't* understand. But I must have it. Do you hear? I say I *must* have it. I'll go *crazy*. I'll kill myself. I can't bear it any longer. I've tried, O, God! how I've tried. But its no use." Then firmly, "Get it for me. If you don't I'll kill my husband, my babes and myself. Do you hear? And you'll be the murderer, not me. Oh! this awful craving! And at night in the twilight those horrid plains come close and put their arms around me and hug me, crush me tight till morning. And—and—"

It was awful. I felt that Jesus was not the only one who had passed a night in *Gethsemane*. And I thought, too, how little we know of the tragedies in the lives around us.

Once again she tried to "bribe" me, and then she grew stronger, and after awhile she conquered, and the devil that had tempted her fled and she found peace.

But not all the teachers at Rosebud were good. Some there were who thought the sum of their duties consisted of doing as little as possible and drawing their checks. They

tried to bluff the Government and God with an empty hand.

When the day schools were first started it was difficult to get the children to attend. Various expedients were tried, and then it was decided to bribe by offering a mid-day meal. This scheme was successful. The meal was simple, consisting of coffee, beans or meat, bread or hard-tack, but it was the bait that won the restless redskins from day-long frolic to the white man's school.

I read a story about a Methodist divine who, while leaning over a bridge-railing, dropped his teeth into the laughing water below. In vain he tried to recover them until he baited a fish hook with the breast of a fat spring chicken. When he lowered this tempting bait into the water the teeth leaped from their lurking place and fastened themselves upon it so tenaciously from mere force of habit that the preacher drew them forth in triumph.

Moral: All things may be accomplished if we use the right kind of bait.

SOMETHING OF THE SNAKE INDIANS.

From the Daily Oklahoman.

The Snake Indians of the five civilized tribes have taken on renewed hope and activity during the past few weeks. Hot Cun has been installed as the principal chief of the Creek Snakes and Crazy Snake is the war chief. Crazy claims that it was his efforts in Washington that got the tribal governments continued for another year, and that he will be able to keep this up perpetually. He also claims that it was the Snakes who got the restriction preventing the full-bloods from selling their lands for twenty-five years through Congress. And the Snakes believe him.

The Snake Indians is a misunderstood clan. As the name would indicate a cunning and vicious tribe of wild Indians, the outside world has accepted that idea of these Indians. It is not true. The Snake Indians are those who cling with greater tenacity to their form of government and customs and habits than the remainder of the tribes. They are not wild, neither are they thieves or robbers. Some of them are well educated. One of them recently wrote a check, which I saw, which was as beautiful a specimen of penmanship as I ever saw. And that check was good at half a dozen banks. The Snakes have a greater patriotism for their native country than other Indians and thus their fierce resistance against wiping out their last semblance of national life.

And the Snakes are socialists and exemplify some of the fundamental ideas. Near the old Hickory Ground, the headquarters for all Snake meetings of the Creek and Seminole nations, there is a farm that is tilled by the Snakes in common, and every cent of income derived from this farm goes to perpetuating the ideas of the Snakes and assisting in their fight for their old tribal independence. There are a number of these farms—in fact one in nearly every Snake settlement. The labor on the farm is all donated and the proceeds are net. The weakness of the Snakes is apparent in their failing financial strength. Formerly there were among their numbers several who were wealthy, for Indians, and these gave liberally of their funds to support delegations to Washington and for any other purpose for which it was needed. The wealth is disappearing now. There is one instance where an Indian living near Sapulpa gave \$200 for the Snake cause and then went flat broke. The assertions of Crazy Snake of his successes has, however, brought back to the Snakes many followers who were giving up all hope. They believe that the recent congressional legislation was recognition of their claims.

The Snakes will always be Snakes. They will not take any part in any kind of a government of the white man. It is confidently asserted by men who have recently been among them, that it will be at least five years before any one will be able to get the Snakes to vote in state or county elections.

In the Creek nation there are forty-eight distinct Indian towns or clans. Some Snakes can be found in each one of these. There are factions among the Snakes as among white politicians. There are two factions in the Creek Snakes, another composed of the Seminole Snakes, two in the Choctaw Snakes and several minor ones in the Cherokee Snakes, usually known as Night Hawks. But all these are embraced in a federation with a common purpose and frequently there are meetings of representatives of each clan in all the nations. This is usually a three or four days' meeting.

Not long ago there was a Snake meeting at Hickory Grounds, and there was present a negro who had recently joined the Snakes, but prior to that time had taken allotment and sold all his land except the homestead. During the meeting an old Indian arose and pointing his finger at the negro told the people that it was such as he that had caused the power of the Snakes to slip away and prevented them from regaining their beloved government. So scathing was his speech that the negro got up and went off to a hidden place and tried to commit suicide.



HOW INDIANS LIVE.—A MARICOPA (ARIZONA) DWELLING.

SKETCHES OF THE WYANDOTS

BY BERTRAND N. O. WALKER



THAT which was advertised as the Annual Green-corn Dance and Re-union of the Wyandot, Seneca, Shawnee, Ottawa, Peoria, Miami, Modoc, and Quapaw tribes of the Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory, was recently held near the little town of Wyandot, in the Wyandot Reservation, Quapaw Agency, I. T.

Occurring as it did, only a little earlier than the date on which the Wyandots of long ago always held their Green-corn Feast, it recalls to the memory of a few older members of the tribe many reminiscences of days long past.

For ages before the coming of the white man to this continent, it was a custom of the Wyandots, and of other tribes, to hold a feast at this season of the year, when certain of their religious ceremonies were enacted and thanksgiving was offered to the great Spirit for bountiful crops and other blessings. It became designated as the Green-corn Feast because in the region in which they then lived, just at this time of the year the green-corn was at that stage of development in which it is best to be eaten. Later, when the Jesuit Fathers came among them and gave them their first ideas of civilization and its religion, one of these Blackrobes, as they were designated, who spent the greater part of his life among the Wyandot villages suggested to them that they choose the 15th day of August, the Feast of the Assumption, as the

day to celebrate. This was done and for many years, until that time came when few of the tribe were left to take any interest in such matters, and civilization and progress had well-nigh obliterated ancient customs and ceremonies, this day was held as a feast day and the people of the tribe gathered at some appointed place. It has been years since such a meeting has been held by the Wyandots; but the business men of the little town situated on the Frisco Railroad, which bears the name of the tribe, several years since decided to choose this time of the year to hold an annual carnival, known as the Green-corn Feast and re-union of the various tribes of the Agency. It does afford the means of a pleasant reunion of friends and acquaintances and has invariably possessed less of the objectionable features than usually attend such gatherings. A few of the old time dances and games are still indulged in by members of the several tribes of the Agency; but the greater part of the time is given over to swinging on the merry-go-round; viewing the shows of an Amusement Company: buying red lemonade, striped candy, rubber return-ball, and various other petty, catch-penny devices of civilized ingenuity; paying a dime or a quarter to hold a wooden paddle with a number on it, which last is much like 'holding the sack' on a snipe hunt; and 'biting' at the numerous other 'grafts' of the present day fakir.

The Wyandots, traditional Keepers of the The Council-Fire, always held as a tribe among the other tribes a position of great honor and respect,

by reason of their wisdom in council and their integrity. Moreover, the recorded history of their white brothers during the settlement of the states of the Eastern Mississippi Valley, corroborates these traditional attributes, and mentions the Wyandots as the bravest, the most humane and honorable among the tribes.

The Band in the Indian Territory now numbers more than three hundred members of varying degrees of Indian blood; while of the Absentees residing in Kansas and elsewhere, there are perhaps more than two hundred.

I was talking recently with several of the older members of the tribes, when one of them remarked that himself and a friend had lately been counting those who were still living of the seven hundred and forty who were removed from Upper Sandusky, Ohio, to Kansas Territory in 1843. Of this band which then comprised nearly the whole of the Wyandot tribe, there remains but few. Living in the Indian Territory of these surviving members are John Barnett, Allen Johnson, James Splitlog, Silas Armstrong, and Isaac R. Zane; Smith Nicoles and James Armstrong now residing in the Seneca Reserve, were also of the Ohio emigrants, as were Mary Mush, Jane Sarahas, Sr., Mary Walker, Lucy Winny, and Caroline Lofland. Of those residing elsewhere are Mrs. Tabitha Thomas and Mrs. E. H. Bettson of Kansas City, Kansas, Mary McKee, Canada, Margaret and Thompson Brown of Russell, Creek, Nation, with Peter Bearskin in Michigan when last heard from, and Jane Sarahas, Jr., living in California. These with Mrs. Catherine Dawson of Yellow Springs, Ohio, are doubtless the only living members of the tribe that resided in Ohio

before their removal west in 1843.

The Wyandots when they removed to Kansas were far from being an uncivilized people. Among them were many families of education, intelligence and refinement. They were one of the first of the tribes of the new world who listened to and accepted the teachings of the Jesuit Fathers during the beginnings of the French settlements in Canada. Doubtless it was the result of these early teachings that fostered and sustained the reputation they bore as a tribe through all the dark and cruel years that followed. After the war of 1782 the greater number of the tribe chose to become American subjects and removed to the Ohio country. A few however, preferred to remain in Canada, along the Detroit River, with the privilege of rejoining the tribe later if they wished to do so.

Under the teachings of Methodist missionaries in Ohio, the Wyandots as a people progressed and prospered. When they removed to Kansas in 1843, they brought with them a constitutional form of civil government which was soon put in operation after their settlement in what is now Kansas city, Kansas. This was undoubtedly the first government under a constitution in that territory which afterwards became the state of Kansas.

In talking with several of the survivors of the original Ohio band, I have gathered some reminiscences of the trip to "Missouri" as they then called it.

My mother, the only living member of those who came from Canada, tells me that at the time the treaty for the removal out west was ratified, a delegation of the Ohio band visited the Wyandots in Canada and urged them

to come to Ohio and remove with their people out west. Four families decided to do this. Of one of these families she, then a girl of thirteen, was a member. One of the other families was Splitlog and his son, Mathew Splitlog, who in recent years is known as the Millionaire Indian. They traveled by boat from Detroit to some port on the Ohio lake shore, from which point mother remembers her first ride on a railroad, the rails of which were made of wood.

Late in June, 1843 the Wyandots left Upper Sandusky, en route for Cincinnati, traveling in covered wagons driven by teamsters. A wagon-master on horseback was in charge of a certain number of wagons, the whole train being in charge of Col. McIlvaine, the Indian Agent. Warpole, one of the chiefs rode in his own carriage in the wagon train, and a party of younger men started overland to the western territory, driving a herd of horses and ponies, among which lot was a young mare brought by Splitlog from Canada. It may be interesting to note that at the present day, a team of pretty ponies, descendants of this Canada mare of Splitlog's are owned and driven by a citizen of a pretty little town in Southwest Missouri, on the border of the Territory.

The wagon-train reached Cincinnati where several days were spent waiting for the two river steamers, "The Nodaway" and "The Republican" to be laden. A party of young people took advantage of this delay, and viewed the objects of interest in and around the city.

The final embarkment was saddened by the death on the boat, of an old lady of the party; and that of a young man who fell from the wharf and was drowned. The only stop re-

membered before they reached the Mississippi was at some point on the Kentucky shore, where a party of them went ashore and paid a visit to an unusually tall man, a merchant who kept a store. The tallest young man in their party, wearing a stove-pipe hat, could readily stand erect under the outstretched arms of the giant.

Westport landing, the destination of the band is recalled as a natural rock landing, just above which was a bench of land wheron was unloaded the goods and household effects of the travelers; the background for this being immense yellow-gray bluffs covered with great forest trees. Two buildings, a large warehouse of rough logs and a small store were the only ones in sight; and to many of the band the outlook was anything but cheering.

The purchase of lands from the Delewares in Kansas not having yet been completed, within a few days after the landing a camp-ground was chosen on the Government Reservation lying between the Missouri and Kansas Rivers. Each family was provided with a tent, and a few erected temporary shelters during the camping period. several families secured houses at Westport, but the greater number were encamped in the place chosen during almost the entire winter.

This first winter spent in their new home was far milder than any they had ever known; the weather was moderate with no snow. Notwithstanding this seeming benevolence of nature, quite a number of young children and several older persons sickened and died. Among the latter, was the oldest man of the tribe, the last of the old Wyandots, and the Keeper and Reader of the historic wampum belts of the tribe. There

was something extremely pathetic in his death, from the fact that he was strongly opposed personally, to removing to the west, and begged to be allowed to remain and die in the country where his people had always lived, hunted, and died.

At the time of the removal, this old chief, almost blind and nearly helpless, was living with a relative near what is now Wyandotte, Michigan. There was among the Wyandots in Ohio an element composed of the lesser civilized class, known among the others as the 'Breech-Clout Band', who imagined that as they were to remove so far west where there were few white men and little of civilization, that they could readily resume the tribal customs and ceremonies of their ancestors and become real Indians again. With this object in view a delegation went to see this old chief, and to insist on his accompanying them to their new home. He, the Keeper of the Wampums, possessed more of the traditional lore of the tribe than anyone, and to take him with his chest of tribal records and his traditions, they deemed absolutely necessary to firmly establish their prestige with the tribes of the far west. The old man begged to be allowed to remain and die in his own home, but was taken almost by force, placed in the conveyance with his chest of, to him, sacred records, carried to Ohio and from thence to the far western land where he was so soon to be called by the Great Spirit. Perhaps somewhere, underneath that portion of the Great Western City, now standing over the old camping grounds of the Wyandots, his ashes rest in peace, his spirit unmindful of the busy traffic of civilization carried on above.

Henry Jaquis, commonly called by the Wyandots "Jocko", was the head

of the tribe. He was a man of marked characteristics and broad intelligence, and was greatly respected by his people. He was of Wyandot and French blood, and while he was almost wholly Indian in his training, he retained many traces of his French ancestry. He was of a most genial and prepossessing personality. On dress occasions he always wore a suit of the finest broadcloth, black satin vest and silk hat. As an illustration of one phase of his character it might be well to relate the following: After the Wyandots had become settled in their new home, there came out to them from Ohio, where he had been attending college, but had been compelled to leave school on account of his failing health, a young man of the tribe. His parents were dead and his nearest relatives were among the influential members of the tribe. Chief Jocko formed a warm liking for the young man, and by the Indian relationship claimed him as his son. He showed him every kindness and soon planned to take him out on his first buffalo hunt on the western plains. The chief spoke but little English; he was not however, at all reticent about using that of which he had knowledge. His invitation to the buffalo hunt was couched in terse, detached language:

"My son-hunt buffalo--go hunt buffalo, my son--make strong--make well--I give pony--got heap pony--go hunt buffalo, my son-- go quick".

And indeed the hunt was quickly planned and executed. When the hunting grounds were reached and the first buffalo was slain, Chief Jocko himself stuck the fallen brute with his long hunting-knife and had a cup ready to catch the worm blood. Calling the young man to him he said:

"My son, must drink--make strong--

make well--make brave-- mebbe so make great buffalo hunter."

This young man in after years, often related this story of his first buffalo hunt, and always held in warm regard the kindness of the Old Chief.

Henry Jaquis' death occurred on January 5, 1848. On the following day the Council of the tribe assembled at the house of Governor Walker, where special arrangements were made for the funeral which was to take place on the 7th. The procession marched under the direction of the marshal to the church where an oration on the life and character of the honored chief, was delivered by Governor Walker. Religious services were then held and the body placed in its last resting place in Huron Place Cemetery. Speaking of the occasion in his journal, Governor Walker says; "The solemn ceremony of the burial took place in accordance with arrangements. Never have I seen so large a concourse of Wyandots on a similar occasion."

Another one of the respected chiefs of the Wyandots was James Washington. He was a half-blood Wyandot and a descendant of the famous Chief, Half-King.

When the final steps were taken in the purchase of the lands from the Delawares, the Wyandots moved across the river and began the building of their homes. Doubtless they thought their children and grandchildren would occupy the lands for years to come. How little did they dream of the swiftness of the march of civilization and settlement westward; that within the span of their own lives the beginnings of a mighty city would cover the land where they had hoped to live their lives peaceful and undisturbed.

Within a few years more, the Wyan-

dots as a tribe will have ceased to exist. All will have become in every sense, citizens of the Great Republic by which they have long been protected. Yet, such has ever been the tribal pride of this people from the misty age of the beginnings of their traditional lore down through the brief bits of their history as recorded in that of the settlement of this Great Country: as Keepers of the Council Fire, brave and humane warriors, possessors of an untarnished record among the other tribes; there will always be many, who though they can claim but a tinge of their ancestral blood, will ever be proud to say:

"I am a Wyandot."

Fullbloods Are Generally Honest.

Government clerks returning to headquarters here after working in the field among the fullbloods, state that they find the highest grade of integrity among the fullbloods. The party that has been out longest reports that not in a single instance has there been a case of misrepresentation as to the date of birth of an infant seeking enrollment. If a child has been borne a day too late to get on the roll, the fullblood parents admit at once that the child is not entitled. They do not try to "fuge" or prove the child born in time. Whenever a fullblood makes a positive statement of date of birth, proof has always shown it correct. This is not true of freedmen, many of whom have tried to prove their children entitled to allotment when they were born six months too late to get on the roll.—Muskoee (I. T.) Exchange.

To Increase Schools.

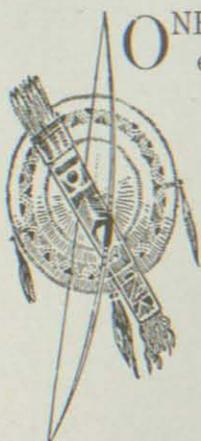
John D. Benedict, superintendent of Indian Territory schools, has a plan on foot for increasing the schools in Indian Territory during the coming school year. There is \$316,000 appropriated for schools. The plan is to have patrons of schools cooperate with Mr. Benedict and pay a portion of the teacher's salary. If one-fourth of the salary is paid by the patrons of the school, there can be at least one-fourth more schools established.—Tahlequah, (I. T.) Arrow.



A GROUP OF SIOUX (ROSEBUD) INDIANS—BY THE JOURNAL CAMERA

A SIOUX INDIAN FOURTH

BY HARRY CARLTON GREEN



ONE of the most picturesque and interesting of spectacles now to be seen among the famous Lacota (Sioux) tribe is their celebration of the Fourth of July. Among the many phases of civilization which these Indians have adopted, may be mentioned the observance of our holidays, or as has been remarked, rest days. These people have taken advantage of the liberty and license offered by the white man's holidays, to combine their forms of celebrations, of native feasts, games, and merry making with those of their white brother. Indian rites and customs, which are supposed to retard civilization, and are therefore discouraged, are suffered by indulgent officials on days when the white man gives expression to pent up enthusiasm. Hence the Indian diverts to his nativity on our great national birthday.

After a drive of forty miles (half of which was taken the evening before) we arrived at the scene of the glorious Fourth. As we mounted the summit of the pine-clad ridges, in the early dawn, we beheld the long lines or circles of tents and tepees (old style wigwams) in a valley at a distance of fifteen miles beyond. In the misty blue, forty miles away, arose the sheer gray and white walls, pointed peaks, and minarets of the Bad Lands. Here was a magnificent background and scene setting for the spectacle about to be enacted, not under Buffalo Bill's canvas, amid the din of com-

mercialism in an eastern metropolis, but upon the unbroken sod of prairie, surrounded by the hills and wooded creeks in all their native wildness, the participants the native sons and daughters of America, in the full glory of their untutored element.

We dropped over the hills, down the prairies and across the Medicine Root creek into Kyle, S. D., the ancestral camp ground of the red men. We arrived just as the parade was forming. The tepees were arranged in a large circle about a mile in diameter. In the enclosure of this circle were the scenes of the festivities. The line of march was around the inside border of this circle of teepees. At intervals the stars and stripes were unfurled to the breezes.

The parade was led by Chief American Horse, dressed in his war bonnet of eagle feathers and plumes, beaded jacket and other war gear. The war cries in Lacota, the beating of drums, the tinkling of bells, the whistles, cat calls and "How-oo how-oo how-oo how-oo" of all the natives, formed a perfect bedlam equaled only by the confusion of tongues along the Pike in St. Louis or the Portland Trail. Following the chief came the other braves in war bonnets, with porcupine and beaded saddles and bridles, bright colored Navajo saddle blankets, with horses manes, tails, and fetlocks gaudily decorated with flags, ribbons and crimson feathers.

Riderless horses richly caparisoned with beaded saddles, blankets and bridles, led by cowboys and Indians, indicated that they were the prizes to be disposed of later in the day. Indian girls rode astride, dressed in

bright colored garments, some in costly beaded dresses and moccasins. Wagon loads of ancient squaws with striped faces, wrapped in vari-colored blankets, made the air hideous with their wails and trills, and other weird incantations. Small boys astride their ponies, decked in huge war bonnets and with painted faces, gave one the impression of a future generation of warriors instead of farmers and stock growers.

At the close of this grand review, which numbered, including spectators, some three thousand people, the crowd scattered to their various camping places. This brief rest gave an opportunity to view the camp life of the red men in all their native element. Large wigwams, decorated with bead and porcupine work, the door hung with huge eagles, were to be given away to friends.

Which leads us to the next act on the program. Our attention was next directed to a space in the center of the large circle of tents. Here we erected a leafy bower, constructed by two circles of poles, the inner circle about fifteen feet smaller than the outer row. These two rows or circles of poles were covered with boughs and leaves forming a shade around an inner court about a hundred feet in diameter. Soon after the parade the people, both white and red, gathered under this canopy of leaves to participate in the "give away." Probably the nearest comparison to a white man's festival is our annual Christmas exchange of gifts and good will.

The first signal that the program was about to begin was the sound of the tom-tom. Ten old Indians were seated on the ground around a large drum. As they sat there smoking the pipestone peace pipe, suddenly in song of the Lacota tongue, accom-

panied by vigorous beating of the drum, the incantations began. One by one they arose and commenced the Omaha, or the war dance. Squaws joined the ceremony and bedlam again reigned supreme. The dance is an individual affair, each participant performing in a sort of hop or skip. As each one became exhausted under the weight of bead and feather ornaments someone else arose to take the vacant place. An old chief passed around nudging a brave with his knee, and the brave either joined in the dance or relieved one of the tom-tom beaters.

After the close of this first act of the performance, the master of ceremonies arose. Dressed in a blue and striped blanket, with collar of bead work and porcupine head band, face brilliant red, and beaded regalia, he began his instructions in Lacota to the audience. Each section of the circle was represented by a head man who looked after the interest of those in his section. Horses were led in the ring or court, ridden by small boys and girls dressed in war bonnets, beaded jackets and velvet trousers, and dresses covered with shells and elk teeth. In some cases the horses were painted in stripes and other fantastic Indian designs. The Indian speaker, or chief, called out in Lacota to whom each horse was to be given. The one who received the present stepped into the middle of the ring, the rider dismounted and was stripped of all the finery which was given with the horse. The horses in many instances were not small Indian ponies, but well-bred steeds. One horse was turned loose and the squaw who first struck the fleeing animal with her spear became the possessor.

After this give away, the horses were led in a procession around the circle headed by Chief American Horse,



SIOUX SQUAW AND PAPOOSE

afoot, pausing in line for the white man's camera, after which they were led from the ring.

Then came the calico spread. Many yards of bright red calico were unwrapped and spread upon the ground. This display was surrounded by a border of white calico. After exhibiting this spread for a while, the Indians all the time indulging in dancing, tom-tom beating and exhortations, the calico was gathered up and distributed by the callers. This was followed

by gifts of bead work, saddles, and money.

Then came the "give way" of food, followed by the annual dog feast. This part of the program is the one looked forward to by every Indian, not only during the day, but the entire year. On last Fourth of July the committees were appointed to solicit funds to provide for the next annual feast. The give-ways before mentioned were from individuals to their friends, but in the "give ways" of provisions all have an opportunity to participate. The committee had collected over a thousand dollars with which to provide the feast. The head man of each section saw that all received their share. After the distribution each family repaired to their own teepee.

Here followed a scene which every white visitor is anxious to see once but which few desire to witness a second time. I refer to the annual dog feast. At this point of the ceremony the Indian reverts to his nativity and barbarism. The poor shepherd dog (they eat no other kind) is caught by two squaws who tie two ropes around his neck. Each squaw then pulls on her end of the rope and thus they strangle their pet. A third squaw with a few blows of an ax finishes the execution. The dog is then held or laid over the fire and his long coat of hair singed off. One dog which was not quite dead, managed to escape from the fire with his coat sadly burned. He was soon captured amid the laughter of the squaws. This time he was done to a nice brown. The whole dog is then cut to pieces, head, claws, feathers and all and put into the pot. In a short time the hok-si-

la (boy) and wi-cin-ca-la (girl) may be seen with a paw or a pair of ears in their hands greedily devouring the delicious viand. Here a white man's digestive apparatus rebels and he is compelled to turn away. A beef is butchered and cut open without being skinned. As needed the meat is cut out, the hide acting as a wrapper to keep the under side of the beef clean. The meat is thus cut off the hide instead of the hide being taken from the meat. Often the fire burns too slowly and the squaws and bucks do not wait for the beef to cook. They simply eat it raw, nor are they choiced between a porterhouse or a length of entrails.

The games and races were next on the program. The games consisted of tug of war, climbing a greased pole, riding a wild steer, etc. The race was run on a straight track, half way down the distance, making a quick turn around a stake and back again. An interesting scene was the roping contest. A riderless horse was turned free at a given command and the cowboy or Indian who succeeded in first lassoing the fleeing broncho was entitled to the ownership.

The program closed by a white man's dance in the evening, held in a large pavilion built for the purpose. The dancers were composed of a few white visitors and several mixed bloods. In another secluded part of the grounds the old Indians were holding their Omaha dance. It was a noticeable fact that the white man's dance was a drag, and broke up about ten o'clock. The next day it was learned that the mixed breeds joined the Omaha and danced until morning.

Indians from other reservations attend the Oglala (Pine Ridge) celebration, representatives of the Omaha, Crow, and other tribes being present.

These visitors were the recipients of many gifts. Thus ended the week's celebration, for many were camped a week before the Fourth, and the games and races did not close until the sixth.

Indian Payment Makes Business Good.

Payment week is always a busy one in Pawhuska. Of the nearly two thousand members of the Osage tribe, nearly every one appears in person to draw his check. The full-bloods, according to their old custom, come early and camp along the creek, or over at the round house, and remain until after the payment is entirely over. Some always have the sixty per cent out of their annuity taken up, so that the money is paid to the trader and the Indian only gets the forty per cent and with this he makes business good for a few days, buying whatever strikes his fancy. The mixed bloods, which comprise more than half the entire enrollment, generally remains one or two days meeting friends and acquaintances from different parts of the reservation. Altogether it makes a week which the business men of Pawhuska long ago learned to look forward to with eager expectation. Each succeeding payment creates a revival in business affairs that is becoming more lasting. —Osage Journal, Pawhuska, Okla.

Indian Territory Education.

The schools of Indian Territory are classified as follows:

1. Thirty-three Indian boarding schools.
2. One hundred and six separate Indian day schools.
3. Four hundred and forty-five combined day schools (Indians and whites).
4. Seventy-eight negro day schools.
5. Twenty-five denominational and mission schools.
6. Sixty public schools (in incorporated towns).
7. Four private business or commercial schools.
8. Sixty small subscription schools for white children.

The Indian boarding schools in each Nation are maintained exclusively for Indians. Seven of them are classed as academies and maintain good high-school courses. Five of them are orphan schools, eighteen are elementary schools and three are maintained for negroes. —Statehood Magazine.



HOMESTEAD IN WASHINGTON FOREST. NO AGRICULTURE—ENTRYMEN EMPLOYED IN NEAR-BY SAWMILL.

SPOILIATION OF THE WEST

Secretary Hitchcock and the Land Thieves

FROM MAXWELL'S TALISMAN

A MINISTER of the Gospel went West and in addition to preaching, engaged in the cattle business. Doing what others were doing, his company got people to take up homesteads for which they had no use and then sell them out to the company, and got other people who were not people at all, but merely fictitious names, to take up more homesteads for his benefit. But he was only doing what others did, and the rest of the land grabbers, no more than himself, never suspected that he would be punished. The unexpected happened. The toils of the law enmeshed him.

So that the recent conviction of the Rev. Geo. G. Ware, this Episcopal rector of the frontier and the manager of a Nebraska cattle company, for conspiracy to defraud the government by

means of these false homestead entries, marks a further victory in Secretary Hitchcock's war on the land thieves and wasters. It is, according to the Evening Post, of New York, a significant comment upon the spirit of the heedless West, confirming what Emerson Hough, in writing of the pine-lands adventurer, says of the careless waste of the people. Scarcely more than half of the available good timber in the country has been used—mere waste has accounted for the rest.

Though, as Mr. Hough says, "If we had our forests back, we could afford to wage two civil wars, and not be in debt for either," and could wage one on the value of the burned and rotted timber; forest waste is only one item in the big bill to be charged against the reckless West. Against the cattlemen, who have enclosed areas equal

to principalities and reserved for the use of their scattered herds states capable of supporting New England's population, the charge of prodigal extravagance holds equally; it holds to a less degree against the miners; and the very farmers themselves—our models of frugality and productive economy—have tilled their fields apparently with the idea that when the land was exhausted by their unvarying crop



CLAIM SHANTY 6x8, IN NEBRASKA. NEVER ATTEMPTED RESIDENCE OR CULTIVATION.

routine, they could move across the road to fresh soil.

Almost Too Late.

It is only now, after our once vast national estate has shrunk to a small fraction of its original value, that any one in authority has stopped to consider the waste. Because the most of the good timber has absolutely passed out of the possession of the public, the people are beginning to listen to the new talk about forest conservation and the re-planting of denuded areas. But in the cattle country to-day, they speak of Secretary Hitchcock's honest

efforts to protect the settler against the big pasture pirates as the fancies of a man suddenly gone insane. To the cattle owner it does not appear to be waste to bribe soldier's widows and orphans to "enter" forty square miles of public land to be turned over to him, and then coolly to fence up forty more sections of the domain supposed to belong to the public. He says, and believes, that every head of stock that he owns must have twenty-five acres of range. Millions of acres of land classed as "worthless, except for grazing," is in the possession of the herd owners, and only a few settlers, who are in search of good land know that the classification is a farce. W. R. Lighton, in the Boston Transcript, cites a case in illustration:

"One year ago a ranchman in the neighborhood of Lusk, Wyo. (twenty-five miles west of the Nebraska line), bought a tract of 320 acres, which had been in use as a cattle range for many years. The price paid was \$1,000. By way of an experiment this tract was enclosed by fences to exclude grazing animals, and the wild bunch-grass was permitted to grow undisturbed. With absolutely no other attention, three hundred tons of hay were cut last summer, which was sold in the stack on the ground for seven dollars a ton."

An Undeveloped Empire.

This particular tract of land was not exceptional; it was "high-divide" land, like millions of acres of the kind upon which the twenty-five-acres-to-a-cow rule holds. It is in the same region, on the North Platte, in western Nebraska and eastern Wyoming, that \$3,300,000 has been allotted by the government to reclaim 100,000 acres of "desert" land by irrigation. It is

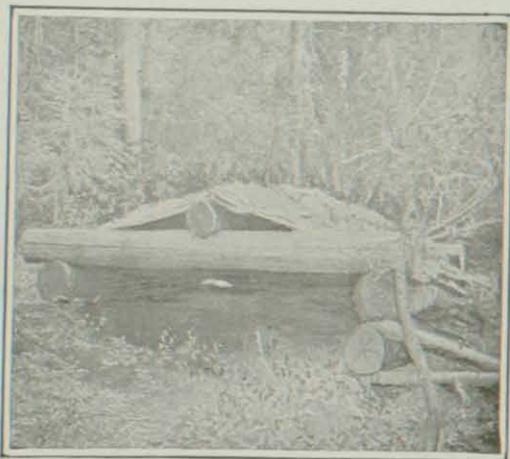
the same class of land as some 250,000 acres of rich Montana prairie, which the government will irrigate under the Sun River irrigation project, near Great Falls; it is the same class of land as millions, and tens of millions of acres in Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, and all the Far Northwest states which, either dry farmed under the new cultural methods and arid land crops being introduced by the agricultural department, or else provided with water for irrigation, will support people in homes of forty, eighty, or 160 acres each.

No wonder President Roosevelt's irrigation policy has proved so popular in the West. The man who could divert the bothersome settlers from the grazing lands to the absolutely arid regions by turning water into the sage-brush and making the settler pay for it, deserves a monument, and the cattlemen would undoubtedly subscribe to build a handsome one. But for Secretary Hitchcock no cow-country memorial will ever be raised; no "timber Senator" will ever sing his praises, and only the federal grand juries that return indictments against the mineral land thieves, the "timberland miners," will breathe his name with respect. His only idea seems to be to get the man—cowman, saw mill owner, or miner—off the land he does not own and which is owned by, and is held in trust for, the landless. Consider the contrast: the reclamation service is spending \$28,000,000 to reclaim a million acres of desert, for which settlers will pay \$28 an acre; the interior department in the past year has found more than 500 indictments in nineteen states against land thieves, and this "is but the result of preliminary skirmishing." A good thing it is

for the country that secretary Hitchcock is to remain in the interior department.

A New Fraud Law.

Under one law, the Kincaid act, some 2,000,000 acres of land in Nebraska have been fraudulently obtained by the cowmen. This Kincaid act is an illustration of the general official laxity in regard to the public land.



HOMESTEAD IN OREGON FOREST. NO IMPROVEMENTS. LAND ENTERED FOR THE TIMBER.

Enough millions could not be quickly stolen under the old land laws, so the Kincaid law was slipped through Congress year before last. It was a bit of special legislature, providing for the creation of "grazing homesteads" of 640 acres in western Nebraska—the ordinary homestead, of course, is 160 acres. Now, here was an inexcusable legislation of waste, tried as an experiment with the innocent support of the President, who, in his message to Congress, referred to "the proposed extension of it to other states." Instead of a prompt pulling up on the part of Congress, we have Mr. Lighton's assurance that Congressman Martin, of South Dakota, and Brook, of Colorado, are determined upon applying the Kincaid plan to their states.



HOMESTEAD SHACK IN NORTHWESTERN NEBRASKA. NO
NO SIGN OF RESIDENCE

There is also similar demand from eager "settlers" in Wyoming and Montana—eager to own a small home each of a few thousand acres and run sheep and cattle upon it—"horse-back farmers."

Had it not been for the heroic work of a few Western men in Congress, who are yet patriots, their 640 acre steal for South Dakota and Colorado would have been a law last Congress.

Will the Country Ever Awake?

The attitude of the West toward the wasters of the public domain is like the attitude of Wall Street toward the insurance grafters. It is an "open game," with equal chances for all. As Fred Dumont Smith, a Kansas state senator and a valiant fighter of the Standard Oil monopoly, who was indicted recently in connection with land frauds in his state, says of the new activity of the interior department, "The United States is in mighty small business, when it prosecutes those sturdy pioneers who are making government land fertile with wind-mills." The only trouble with Senator Smith's argument is that

these "best citizens" and "sturdy settlers" of western Kansas are, as a rule, wealthy residents of cities far from their humble ranch firesides. The history of the pillagers of our forests is being repeated in the public land states. As it was thought impossible to exhaust our magnificent pine-lands, so it is taken for granted in the West that "God's out o' doors" will last indefinitely. Isn't it time for the people of the

East—for the people of the whole country—to wake up to their rights? In this country every man and every woman and every child has an actual ownership to some 60 acres of the public domain. He or she may want to go on it some day—today or ten years from today. Shall it be held in safety for him by his trustee, the government, or when he comes to claim it will he find it a part of a great estate owned by a cattleman or a big sheep syndicate, obtained through Kincaid laws and desert land laws and timber and stone laws, and other abominations devised and kept upon the statute books for the express purpose of promoting land monopoly and despoiling the people?

Our Navajo Blankets Give Satisfaction.

Topeka, Kans., July 27, 1906.

Messrs. Prescott & Farrar,
Arkansas City, Kans.

Gentlemen:—I have had some correspondence with your firm relative to the purchase of Navajo Blankets, and THE INDIAN PRINT SHOP, through your Mr. Norton, kindly sent me five some time ago. As I indicated to you under date of the 23d inst., the blankets are so satisfactory that I am not willing to part with any of them. If THE INDIAN PRINT SHOP will send me a statement I will take pleasure in sending them a remittance. A statement was previously sent but has been misplaced. I am purchasing more blankets than I anticipated, but they all give such good satisfaction and we have become so attached to them that I would not want to have them leave the house. Very truly yours,
J. W. GOING.

THE MEETING AT TACOMA

THE catastrophe of San Francisco prevented the meeting of the Indian Teachers' Congress this year, as planned in conjunction with the National Educational Association. On this account the general meeting was combined with the eighth annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Indian Teachers' Institute, held at Tacoma, Washington, August 20 to 25.

The opening address was made by Governor Albert E. Mead, who was followed by other leading state officials and prominent educators. The address of welcome on behalf of the city was delivered by Mayor Wright. The convention was under the direction of the general superintendent of Indian schools, Hon. Estelle Reel. Harry F. Liston, superintendent of the Puyallup Indian school, was president of the institute. The executive committee consisted of E. L. Chalcraft, superintendent of the Salem Indian school, Chemawa, Ore.; F. F. Avery, superintendent of the Colville Indian school, Miles, Wash., and Dr. L. A. Wright, superintendent of the San Jacinto Indian school, San Jacinto, Cal.

It was a successful meeting, there being many Indian educators present. Following we print the program as rendered:

MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 8 P. M.

Music—Director, Harold A. Loring, supervisor of native Indian music.

Invocation.

Greetings—Hon. A. E. Mead, governor of Washington; Hon. F. W. Cushman, member of the United States house of representatives, Tacoma, Washington; Hon. George P. Wright, mayor of Tacoma, Wash.; President Thomas F. Kane, Ph. D., University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.; President Edwin M. Randall, Ph. D., Puget Sound University, Tacoma, Wash.; Hon. Edwin Eels, secretary State Historical Society, Tacoma, Washington; Superintendent A. H. Yoder, Tacoma public schools, Tacoma, Washington.

Responses—Harry F. Liston, superintendent of Puyallup Indian schools, Tacoma, Wash.; E. L. Chalcraft, superintendent of Salem Indian school, Chemawa, Ore.; F. F. Avery, superintendent of Fort Spokane Indian school, Colville agency, Miles, Wash.; Dr. C. M. Buchanan, superintendant of Tulalip Indian school, Tulalip, Wash.; Estelle Reel, superintendent of Indian schools.

Note—Sectional round table conferences will be conducted. The subjects to be discussed at these conferences will be announced at the opening of the meetings by the chairman of each section. Model classes of Indian pupils will be conducted in connection with the teachers' sectional meetings.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 9 A. M.

Music—Director, Harold A. Loring, supervisor of native Indian music.

Invocation.

First—"The Employe's Responsibility in Character Building," Harry F. Liston, superintendent of Puyallup Indian school, Tacoma, Washington.

Second—"Developing in the Young Indian a Strong Sense of Individual Responsibility," E. L. Chalcraft, superintendent of Salem Indian school, Chemawa, Ore.

Third—"The Importance of studying the Pupil and Acquiring an Intimate Knowledge of His Home Life and Environment, His Ambitions, Capabilities and Individuality, and His Educational Needs in Equipping Him for His Probable Career," W. P. Campbell, assistant superintendent of Salem Indian school, Chemawa, Ore.

Fourth—"Returned Students," C. W. Goodman, superintendent of Pheonix Indian school, Pheonix, Ariz.

Fifth—"The Essentials of Indian Education as Qualifying for Citizenship," Major Jay Lynch, superintendent of Yakima Indian school Fort Simcoe, Washington.

Sixth—"Dairying and Stockraising in Indian schools," Knott C. Egbert, superintendent of Indian school Siletz, Ore.

Round table conferences, officials' and superintendents' section—Chairman, E. L. Chalcraft, superintendent of Salem Indian school, Chemawa, Ore.; secretary, F. F. Avery, superintendent of Fort Spokane Indian school, Colville Agency, Miles, Wash.

Teachers' section—Chairman, C. L. Gates, principal teacher, Sherman Institute, Riverside, Cal.; secretary, Ida McQueston, teacher, Puyallup Indian school, Tacoma, Wash.

Matrons' section—Chairman, Mrs. Florence Liston, matron, Puyallup Indian school, Tacoma, Wash.; secretary, Mrs. Mary E. Cox, assistant matron of Salem Indian school, Chemawa, Oregon.

TUESDAY, 8 P. M.

Address—L. L. Benbow, county superin-

tendent of public instruction, Tacoma, Wash.
Address—Professor W. F. Bailey, principal of Parkland schools, Tacoma, Wash.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 22, 9 A. M.

Music—Director, Harold A. Loring, supervisor of native Indian music.

Invocation.

First—"What Has Been Done Toward Introducing Native Indian Music in the Schools During the Past Year," Harold A. Loring, supervisor of native Indian music.

Second—"The Importance of Avoiding, in Our System of Indian Education, Fostering False Conceptions of Life and Manner of Living in the Minds of Pupils," F. F. Avery, superintendent of Fort Spokane Indian school, Colville agency, Miles, Wash.

Third—"Our School Commencement," S. M. McCowan, superintendent of Chilocco Indian Agricultural School, Chilocco, Okla.

Fourth—"Fundamental and Essential Principles of Hygiene and Sanitation; How Applied and How to be Applied in the Indian Schools," Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, superintendent of Tulalip Indian school, Tulalip, Washington.

Round table conferences, matrons' section—Chairman, Mrs. Florence Liston, matron, Puyallup Indian school, Tacoma, Wash.; secretary, Mrs. Mary E. Cox, assistant matron, Salem Indian school, Chemawa, Ore.

Physicians' and nurses' section—Chairman, Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, superintendent of Tulalip Indian school, Tulalip, Washington; secretary, Dr. George W. Wimberly, superintendent of Greenville Indian school, Greenville, Cal.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 8 P. M.

Address—W. E. Wilson, principal of State Normal school, Ellensburg, Wash.

Address—B. H. Kroeze, A. M., president of Whitworth college, Tacoma, Wash.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 9 A. M.

Music—Director, Harold A. Loring, supervisor of native music.

Invocation.

First—"Methods of Teaching Self-Support," Matthew M. Murphy, superintendent of Western Navajo Indian school, Tuba, Ariz.

Second—"The Day School as a Factor in Indian Education," Standing Rock agency, Fort Yates, N. D.

Third—"The Importance of Training Pupils for the Work in Which They Will Most Prob-

ably Be Engaged After Leaving School," H. G. Wilson, superintendent of Klamath and Yainax Indian schools, Klamath agency, Ore.

Fourth—"Agricultural Instruction in the Indian Schools," Lorenzo D. Creel, superintendent of Crow Indian school, Crow agency, Mont.

Fifth—"Indians as Citizens," Rev. M. Eells, D. D., Skokomish, Wash.

Round table conferences, officials' and superintendents' section—Chairman, E. L. Chalcraft, superintendent of Salem Indian school, Chemawa, Ore.; secretary F. F. Avery, superintendent of Fort Spokane Indian school, Colville agency, Miles, Wash.

Industrial section—Chairman, M. M. Cooper, industrial teacher, Salem Indian school, Chemawa, Ore.; secretary, F. W. Freeman, tailor, Puyallup Indian school, Tacoma Wash.

THURSDAY, 8 P. M.

Address—Edwin M. Randall, president of Puget Sound University, Tacoma, Wash.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 9 A. M.

Music—Director, Harold A. Loring, supervisor of native Indian music.

Invocation.

First—Tubercular Diseases among the Indians—Dr. George J. Fanning, physician, Salem Indian school, Chemawa, Oregon.

Second—"The Field Matron's work, and its influence in the Home—Mary C. Ramsey, Field Matron, Shoshone Agency, Wyoming.

Third—"The Value of Industrial Training and the Need of Better Facilities for This Work at the Smaller Schools,"—Claude C. Covey, superintendent of Warm Springs Indian school, Warm Springs, Oregon.

Fourth—"Elementary Industrial Training at Day Schools,"—E. C. Scovel, day school teacher, Rosebud Agency, South Dakota. E. E. G. Thickstun, Day school teacher, Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota.

Round table conferences, Physicians' and nurses' section—Chairman, Dr. C. Buchanan superintendent of Tulalip Indian school, Tulalip, Wash.; secretary, Dr. George W. Wimberly, superintendent Greenville Indian school, Greenville, Calif.; Matrons' section—Chairman, Mrs. Florence Liston, matron, Puyallup Indian school, Tacoma, Wash.; secretary, Mrs. Mary E. Cox, Assistant Matron Salem Indian school, Chemawa, Ore.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 8 P. M.

Reception for Indian workers.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 9 A. M.

Round table conferences, industrial section—chairman, M. W. Gooper, industrial teacher, Salem Indian school, Chemawa, Ore.; secretary, F. W. Freeman, tailor, Puyallup school, Tacoma, Washington.

A WORD ABOUT INDIAN NAMES

BY A. B. CLARK

ON reading what seems to be an extract from a letter or other statement of Dr. Charles Eastman in your July number I am moved to say a word about Indian names. In the first place allow me to suggest that the work of the Commission should not be considered as the "re-naming of the Indians," but the "determining of one legal name for each individual Indian." As a Christian nation we of course expect that

each child that is born shall receive in baptism, or be caused to assume, a Christian name. When first that name has been bestowed sacramentally, does it not then become the legal Christian name? Dr. E— has no doubt met with such cases of "re-baptism"—a mockery, of course, — and a consequent multiplication of names, as mentioned. We might wish, however, that he had not reck-



A. B. CLARK.

lessly stated that "the missionaries generally give a banquet after a baptism, hence the Indians are not averse to partaking of the latter ceremony as often as possible." During the last eighteen years of residence here with a rather intimate knowledge of affairs among the Sioux I have never before known there existed any such custom as the Doctor mentions. The only body of missionaries who have the profane habit of re-baptizing are the Jesuits and members of other R. C. Orders, whose system of casuistry presumably allows of their teaching such a fiction as is involved in the vain repetition of the sacramental rite of Holy Baptism. Because of our high esteem for Dr. Eastman we may wish he had not allowed his apparent desire to reel off a grim joke upon a few over-zealous missionaries, get the better of his sober judgment and lead him to cast a slur upon all missionaries and their work.

With more intimate knowledge of all the facts the doctor might have given other more general reasons why there were often

many names to choose from in determining for the future the legal names of the individual and the family. Often the family name has puzzled him more than the Christian name, we think. He mentions a few instances, and, apparently without waiting the layman's proper opportunity, i. e., *in extremis*, twists a portion of a surname into a Christian name and so names each of two persons. Robert, for quite different reasons, or for no reason at all. It just happened so, possibly.

Why did he not find a Christian name for Matoska? And, by the way, how many intelligent white neighbors could at once pronounce Matoska correctly as a Sioux name? Why not in this case have drawn a Christian name from somewhere, as in other instances, and so have called the man Albion W. Bear, or Albion B. White, or Amos B. White and let the man's name be white as possible at once? Nay, but search the records and where there is doubt or contention identify that which is authentic.

And now for those other sources of the unfortunate multiplication of names in the lists with which the U. S. Indian agents have been led (through irresponsible interpreters, perhaps) to make "confusion worse confounded" in the records of Indian names at a time when many tribes of Indians begin to seek the Probate courts and become in other ways responsible as citizens. A Sioux Indian babe of a few days or weeks is generally brought to some missionary for baptism. The day-school teacher, field-matron or farmer, obedient to instructions, may have given the child one or more names in reporting the birth to the Agency office. Not knowing this fact the missionary may seem to have blundered in bestowing still another name at the baptism because the parents ask him to select a name. Here then is where the confusion and trouble about names may have begun, but it does not end there in many cases.

At the age of five or six years the child goes to school and may not yet have been habitually and familiarly called by its Christian name, hence is ignorant of it. The teacher's question as to name brings no response and another sweet Christian name is added to the list before the Agency office is aware of the mistake. Transfers from one school to another may likewise multiply the confusion

of names still further, especially when the child is re-baptized in the process. I do not doubt but that in many instances Indian children and middle-aged persons among them have borne from two to six different names. Possibly they are fond of names like our English cousins, and who would question their right? The Commission should not then be too recklessly radical with their pruning knife.

The limitation to a legal and comely form of name for each Indian is a step in the right direction, however, and no Indian who is made to understand the object will refuse to have his "ticket name" changed in such way as may be proper or necessary to further such a reasonable plan.

Nicknames will, nevertheless, always be retained among familiar friends and acquaintances. The Sioux politician and orator, Daniel Phillips Hollow-horned Bear will always be known here as "Huhula" (pronounced Hoo-hoo-lah, which means "Bones") tho' he does not look as if he deserved the name now any more than Bob-tailed Coyote merited that absurd cognomen.

Would it not be best on the whole to eliminate much of the sentimental phase of this business and come down to the practical question, agreeing with the Doctor concerning the determination and selection of names for his people that "as far as it goes, it is of value in making them appreciate the value of practical things in bearing the white man's burden."

Rosebud, S. D., July 23, 1906.

Will Indians Be Allowed to Vote?

Will Indians enjoy the right of political suffrage after the new State of Oklahoma is organized? Is a question of such vital importance that the matter will be referred to Washington for a decision. Indians in the new State will be allowed to vote for delegates to the constitutional convention, but there seems to be some question as to whether they will be allowed the franchise after the two territories become a State. This question will be brought to the attention of the next congress for a final decision. The officials of the Bureau of Indian Affairs are in a quandry as to the citizenship status of the red men, owing to a peculiar wording in the statehood law, which provides that the Indians shall vote for convention delegates. The Indians are much interested and are sending letters of inquiry to know just where they stand.

CHILOCCO BAND WELL LIKED.

The United States Indian Government Band, which is playing at the Pabst park under the auspices of the Indian commission, serves, as it is intended, as a splendid object lesson of the educational advantages being offered the young men of aboriginal descent at the Indian government school at Chilocco, Okla. At this school young Indians of full blood from all tribes now extant are taken in charge by experienced teachers and are taught not only the advantages of good citizenship but the value of practical education as well. Every member of the band is an expert in some trade and their music is as diligently studied and as well and faithfully given as their work in the school is performed.

Charles Addington, cornetist, is one of the curious tribe of Moqui, noted for its wonderful snake dance, indulged in by the red men when rain is desired, and consisting of wild gestures while a live reptile is held between the teeth. Out of the wildest of surroundings Addington was taken by the commissioners and sent to school.

Thousands of people visited the park yesterday to see, hear and talk to the young men, and they were repeatedly and enthusiastically applauded. Their music is for the masses, and mostly of the popular kind, but their rendition of the classic was well received.—Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel.

The President Adopts Phonetic Spelling.

President Roosevelt has adopted the Carnegie reform in spelling and he has instructed the public printer that all official documents from the White House, including the president's message, must be printed in accordance with the recommendation of the spelling reform committee headed by Brander Matthews of Columbia University.

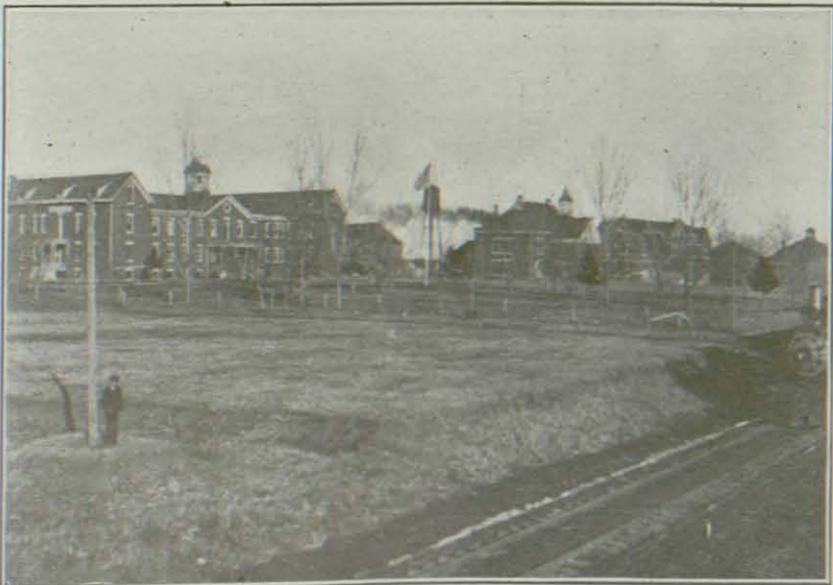
This committee has published a list of three hundred words in which the spelling is reformed. This list contains such words as "thru" and "tho" as spelling for "through" and "though." The president's sanction of this reform movement is regarded as the most effective and speediest method for the inauguration of the new system of spelling throughout the country. It is regarded as more than likely that the respective heads of departments will fall in line with the president's ideas and have their official documents printed in the new spelling. The president will also utilize the reformed spelling in all his correspondence.

TWO VIEWS OF THE GENOA, NEBRASKA, INDIAN SCHOOL

(BY COURTESY OF THE GENOA INDIAN NEWS)



THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



SHOWING SOME OF THE BUILDINGS

MR. FRANK M. CONSER PROMOTED.

Frank M. Conser assumed the duties of chief clerk of the Indian bureau of the interior department on September 4. The office was created by the last session of congress, and Mr. Conser was appointed on recommendation of the commissioner of Indian affairs on August 29 last. He has been in the Indian service 15 years and is well known in the Southwest, as well as throughout the Indian country. He has for the past six years been supervisor of Indian schools, and for several years before that had been special agent in the field. Prior to that he was a clerk in the office at Washington. His home is at Salem, O.



FRANK M. CONSER.

From the time of the organization of the Indian bureau until 1887, the bureau had a chief clerk. In the latter year, Mr. Upshaw, then chief clerk, was made assistant commissioner and the office of chief clerk was combined with the new office. Lewis Y. Ellis, who had been in the bureau for twenty-five to thirty years, had been decided upon for the chief clerkship, but he died about the time he would have been appointed, and the place then fell to Mr. Conser. The latter has been regarded as one of the most competent men in the Indian Service. He was married about one year ago to Mrs. Conser, who is a Washington girl.

The appointment of Mr. Conser to this responsible position is extremely gratifying to

the battle-scarred veterans of the Indian field service. They know him as a careful, painstaking, broad-minded business man—a man who requires high standards, but who understands the difficulties and limitations of the Service. Commissioner Leupp never recommended a better or worthier man, nor one more thoroughly equipped for the duties of this very responsible place. His practical experience embraces the duties of every department of the Service, and in all of them he has shown rare skill and exquisite judgment.

State Will Try to Make Indians Pay Taxes.

From the Lincoln (Neb.) News.

The state will intervene in the case of the United States against Thurston county now pending in the federal court. This case involves the assessment for taxation of approximately \$100,000 now on deposit in the banks to the credit of the Omaha Indians. The money was derived from the sale of inherited lands and was deposited by the government to the credit of the Indians. Checks against it must be O. K.'d by the Indian agent.

When the county assessor of Thurston county attempted to assess this money the government applied to the federal court for an injunction on the ground that the money constituted trust funds in the hands of the government and was not taxable. The county entered a demurrer, which was sustained, and an appeal was taken to the United States circuit court of appeals, where the demurrer was over-ruled. The case now comes back for trial upon its merits.

The Indians to whose credit this money is deposited are among the most wealthy people in Thurston county and through inability to tax the funds in controversy the county is on the verge of bankruptcy and unable further to prosecute its suit. Application was therefore made to the legal department of the state to intervene and Governor Mickey today authorized such action to be taken.

The Indians in whose behalf the government acts are full-fledged citizens and the county attorney of Thurston county as well as the attorney general and his assistants are of the opinion that they should be made to pay taxes upon their money. It is stated that fully seventy-five per cent of the lands in Thurston county will eventually be sold in this same manner and that the sum realized will amount to millions of dollars, so the case is a most important one, not only to the county but the state.

NOTES FROM SHERMAN INSTITUTE.

In spite of the hot weather and the absence of several of our employes, everything is working along smoothly at Sherman. Mr. Cruikshank with his detail of small boys keeps the lawn watered and the weeds cut down, and just now he is setting out plants for winter blooming. The responsibility rests rather heavy just now upon our efficient gardener, as he has both farm and garden to look after at present. The number of fine tomatoes that come in show that he is no novice in the business.

The school building, Tonner Hall, is being thoroughly renovated, and with its beautifully tinted walls will present a fine appearance when the tourists visit us again.

As usual there will be some changes in the working force. Miss Kane leaves to visit in the east and Miss Handley to accept a position in one of the public schools at Riverside. At present Miss Handley is resting at the seashore, and Miss Marshall, Miss Naff and Mrs. Linton are also finding recreation in Neptune's realm. Others have returned from their various visits to mountain or beach and seem well fortified against the coming season's work.

Gradually the pupils are coming back, and today marks the arrival of fifteen boys from Arizona. About a hundred of the larger pupils left in June last to work on the Santa Fe railroad. Twenty-five returned after a month's stay; others came later, and it is presumed that the remainder will finish their three months' engagement. We are expecting a larger school this year and the number will probably reach the six-hundred mark.

Mr. Hall makes us visits from time to time when he can leave his family, who are summering at Ocean Park. He reports weather conditions favorable down there.

The skating rink at Chemawa Park still seems the favorite resort. Chemawa Park has the finest floor in the vicinity, and the addition of a refreshment stand adds to its attractions. On three nights in the week the floor is mostly occupied by Indians, who become experts on the rollers, and on the three alternate evenings a more fashionable crowd speeds round and round the vine-covered pavilion. As soon as the band boys return the services of good musicians will be secured and a constant source of amusement will await the eager public.

Melons and grapes are ripening now, and the small boy is kept busy counting them and watching for an opportunity to insert his knife into the tempting, luscious fruit. The school table is kept well supplied with both watermelons and canteloupes. F. L. B.

"OKLAHOMA" MEANS "RED PEOPLE."

In a recent letter to the press Rev. J. S. Murrow, of Atoka, Okla., gives the following facts concerning the meaning of the word "Oklahoma" and the meaning of its selection:

Colonel Robert T. Van Horn of Kansas City is given the credit of being the "father of Oklahoma." This a mistake. A territory to be named "Oklahoma" was provided for in the treaties made with the five civilized tribes in April, 1866. Of course this was before Colonel Van Horn introduced his bill in Congress and was the origin of his bill. In the Choctaw treaty of April, 1866, section 10, article 8, are the following words:

"And it is further agreed that the superintendent of Indian affairs shall be the executive of said territory with the title of governor of the territory of Oklahoma."

A recent writer is more greatly mistaken with regard to the origin of the name "Oklahoma." When the provisions in the several treaties of 1866, for organizing a territory out of the country belonging to these five tribes had been agreed upon, one of the United States commissioners asked what name should be given the proposed new territory. The Rev. Allen Wright of the Choctaw delegation spoke up and said:

"Call it 'Oklahoma.'"

"What does that mean?" said the commissioner.

"It means 'Red men,' or 'Red man's land,'" said Mr. Wright.

The other Indian delegations assented and so it was put into the treaties that the new territory, when organized, should be named "Oklahoma." The name is pure Choctaw, "Okla" (people) and "Homma" (red). I often heard Governor Wright relate the above facts and it was often corroborated by James Reily, another Choctaw commissioner, with both of whom I was intimate. I have also heard Dr. T. J. Bond, who was also perfectly familiar with these facts, relate them. Indeed, they were familiar to every one in 1866-67. In the Creek language "red person" is "iste chata," "red people," "istulke cha ta." "Oklahoma" is not Creek, but Choctaw. Every Indian knows this.

"Lo" and Other People

The Indian and The Land Grafter.

An investigation is being made of a brand new graft in the Creek nation, where the full-blood Indians are the sufferers and two or three smooth men of Tulsa and Muskogee are doing the work. Under the laws, when an Indian dies, the restrictions on his homestead of 40 acres is naturally removed, but not on the other portion of land. The grafters approach the heirs of a deceased Indian, and make a proposition to get all the restrictions removed on all the land the Indian has left, together with the land owned by the heirs, and charge a fee of \$350. This, naturally, the Indian is not able to pay, so it is proposed that the Indian deed over his interest in the homestead of 40 acres left by the deceased, as a guarantee of payment.

The Indians have been taught that they cannot dispose of their homestead for twenty-one years, and, therefore, don't care anything about the 40 acres, and readily sign a deed, giving the grafter the land as a fee, regardless whether he successfully gets the restrictions removed, and trust to good fortune they will be successful.

It is known that one man in Tulsa has transacted this sort of a scheme twelve times, and by it has secured the deeds to 480 acres of land.

The Indian A Good Laborer.

"Ex-Mayor Rose has many Indians working on his railroad from Phoenix to his mining camp," said E. P. Wilson of Phoenix, Arizona, at the St. Charles hotel. "So far as I know these redmen are giving perfect satisfaction as day laborers, and they work side by side with the Japs and whites. Most of them are members of the Apache tribe, considered the most ferocious and cruel Indians in the world, and I was told several of them belonged to Geronimo's band of marauders that terrorized Arizona several years ago. It is a long step forward from a murdering demon to an independent, self-supporting citizen, and those who heretofore never had any faith in the Indian are beginning to believe there is some good in him after all. Down in the Salt River valley the government is erecting one of the greatest dams in the world, and most of the laborers are Indians. The redmen are treated

the same as the rest of the construction crew, and they sleep, or bunk, as they call it down there, with the whites and Japs as if they all were of one nationality. No, they do not wear any of the Indian garb, but are attired in overalls and jumpers, and their identity at a distance cannot be distinguished. Laborers are scarce in the southwest, and now that the Indian has come to be made so useful, I predict that railroad construction work will go ahead with greater rapidity than heretofore." — Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Noted Indian Humorist.

Many an aborigine of the copper-colored race is referred to as the "wise old Indian," but the Cass Lake Indian reservation can boast of the only Indian in the United States that can be classed as a humorist. Kah-be-nung-gway-way, better known as "Old John Smith" is the wit of the Chippewa nation, and among the white people of northern Minnesota is considered the wisest and foxiest red in the country. John is somewhere in the neighborhood of 90 or 100 years old. His exact age is not known, but he tells of many councils which he attended that were presided over by old Chief Hole-in-the-Day, Bemidji and Mos-qua-dis (Little Turtle) as far back as fifty years ago. He also remembers a treaty that was signed between the Chippewa Indians and the Government over sixty years ago, and he declares that he was a "big strong buck" then. His frame is now bent with age and he grows more parched as the years roll by, but in every wrinkle of his old face there lurks a smile, and his bright, beady eyes sparkle with mirth at all times. He was born on the Cass Lake reservation and in his early manhood participated in many famous Indian battles.

Payment of Large Sum to Osages.

The Osage Indians are talking of taking up their portion of the white man's burden. They have recently been granted privilege to allot and the next step toward dissolution of their tribal government is in the expected payment to them of monies held in trust by the United States. In connection with this matter, Osage agent Ret Millard was in Washington. Among other things, Agent Millard said:

"The Osages will be disbanded as far as their tribal relation under the government are concerned, and they will shift themselves indi-

vidually. There are 2,100 of them, a large proportion of whom are half-breeds. Their claims against the United States of \$9,000,000 will be paid, and the money will be distributed among them in equal proportion. It is partly for this reason that the Indian lassies, some of whom are quite pretty, have found much favor of late and many are getting married. Their marriage does not prevent them from receiving a large dower from the government, nor are half breeds prevented from enjoying the benefits of the money. In addition, land will be allotted to the tribe and so fixed that they can not sell it for many years to come. This will prevent their gambling it away.

"The Indians are quite interested in politics, as shown during the election of the chief every year. They do not say much, but they electioneer a good deal among themselves and they get a square deal because the election machinery is in the hands of the Indian agent. Just now they are worried over their status in the statehood bill, which they believe allows them to vote in the election for delegates to the constitutional convention, but not in the general elections that follow. They are about divided between Republicans and Democrats, but the pure Indian will not be serviceable to either party very long, for they are dying rapidly. Unless an Indian intermarries he usually dies of tuberculosis."

Teachers of Indian Territory.

There will be about 750 teachers in the Indian Territory schools this coming year. According to statistics shown in the office of Superintendent Benedict nearly 60,000 school children were enrolled last year. This does not include those in city schools and private institutions of learning. In the Cherokee nation there were 316 schools, attended by 6,760 Indian children and 8,720 white children. In the Seminole nation there were sixteen schools attended by 1000 white children and 24 Indians. The Creek nation had an enrollment of 6,991 white children and 684 Indians in 16 schools.

The Chickasaw nation had 219 schools with an enrollment of 375 Indian children and 12,899 whites. There were 260 schools in the Choctaw nation with an attendance of 3,000 Indian children and 13,670 whites. The above represents day schools of the territory only. The total enrollment in the boarding schools in the Choctaw, Creek and Cherokee nations was as follows: Choctaw nation, 1,035; Creek nation, 734; Cherokee nation, 548. The foregoing are Indian children. This year the

Chickasaw schools will be under the direction of Supt. Benedict for the first time. Heretofore the Chickasaw government has conducted its own schools.—Muskogee Phoenix.

Summary of Changes in the Indian School Service for June and the Fiscal Year, 1906.

	JUNE	YEAR
No. of appointments	45	744
No. failed to accept	25	372
No. absolute appointments	31	299
No. reinstatements	1	134
No. transfers in Service	4	286
No. transfers from Service	2	13
No. promotions and reductions	5	307
No. temporary appointments	27	459
No. resignations	34	462
No. Indian appointments	14	348
No. Indian resignations	22	282
No. laborers appointed	4	81
No. laborers resigned	10	80
No. marriages	4	37

Changes in Indian School Employes for July, 1906.

No. of appointments	28
No. failed to accept	13
No. absolute appointments	29
No. reinstatements	7
No. transfers in this Service	26
No. transfers from this Service	1
No. promotions and reductions	161
No. temporary appointments	29
No. resignations	26
No. Indians appointed	18
No. Indians resigned	14
No. laborers appointed	7
No. laborers resigned	4
No. marriages	3

How Much Did He Lose?

In the May issue of the JOURNAL our Fort Apache, Arizona, correspondent in his news letter asked for answers to the following:

"A tramp bought a pair of boots of a merchant for \$5.00; he gave the merchant a \$20.00 bill, who took it to his bank and obtained the necessary change to enable him to settle with the tramp. Soon after the tramp had gone, a representative of the bank returned the bill because it was counterfeit; the merchant redeemed the bill. How much did he lose on account of this sale?"

In answer to his inquiry we have received the following answer:

Fifteen dollars and the pair of boots.

In and Out of the Service

Pawhuska, the first town in the Osage Indian Nation to vote, held its first municipal election in June.

The Indians on the Oneida, Wisconsin, reservation spent \$400 for Fourth-of-July fireworks and amusements.

The Lake Mohonk Conference of "Friends of the Indian and Other Dependent Peoples" is announced to be held this year on Oct. 17th, 18th, and 19th at Mohonk Lake, Ulster Co., New York.

Clark A. Myers, Wilmot, Ind., claims to have a tomahawk and a pair of leggins taken from Black Hawk's wigwam in 1832 at the time of the noted chief's capture by soldiers near the Sac and Fox village in Illinois.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has appointed Frank Sorenson, of Chicago, superintendent of the Indian warehouse in that city, vice Supt. Spooner, resigned. Mr. Sorenson is promoted from the position of chief clerk, which he held for many years.

Owen R. Williams, of Custer, who drew No. 1 in the Crow land drawing, may not get the pick of the land without a contest. It appears that he is married to a full-blood Indian woman, and as she has received her allotment from the Crow tribe, this probably will operate against her husband's chances.

In carrying out its policy of making the Indian agent the guardian for each tribe, the appointment has been announced of Frank Thackery, agent for the Kickapoos and Pottawatomies, as guardian for seventy Kickapoo Indians, who are declared incompetent to manage their own affairs, in so far as their land allotments are concerned.

A dispatch from Deadwood, So. D., says that the Dakota Indians are becoming extensive cattle raisers and the government is buying a large amount of beef from them. At the close of the present fiscal year the government will have purchased from the Indians for that year about a million pounds of beef, and will have bought from contractors another million pounds.

"Poor Lo" took in a large number of shekels from the curious white man during their dance here this week. They had guards stationed at the entrance to their dancing grounds

and made each, as he entered, pay 25 cents to see the show. John seems amply civilized when the coin is in question and needs no word to gather in something for "chuckaway."—*Watonga Herald*.

Mr. Moses Freidman, who was for some time manual training teacher at Phoenix, and afterward for three years supervisor of manual training in the Philippines, has been appointed assistant superintendent at Haskell. He arrived June 30. His experience in the Service and his education, especially in manual training, make him especially well-qualified for the position.—*Haskell's Indian Leader*.

The Carlisle Indian band has been having a great success at Long Branch. The people attending the concerts the first week of July could not be accommodated on the verandas of the Casino; now the whole Ocean Park surrounding the band stand is not large enough to accommodate the crowds. The class of people who attend is also noticeable, they coming from the beautiful houses at West End and all the way to Asbury Park, a distance of seven miles.—*Indians Friend*.

The president has commuted the life sentence of Lizzie Carrich, an Indian girl, 15 years old, to confinement in some reformatory institution until she is 21 years old. On June 6, last, the girl was convicted in the eastern district of Wisconsin of arson in setting fire to and destroying the Indian school building on the Menominee reservation. It is understood she fired the building to escape going to school there, as told at the time in the columns of the *JOURNAL*.

"Indians are growing more civilized all the time, more accustomed to the white man's ways," Clyde McGray, manager of the Union Depot restaurant, said this morning. "There are eight Indian boys going to the Chilocco school in Oklahoma. Five of the eight ordered cereal breakfast foods. The other three wanted steak, and they wanted it rare, almost raw. Four of them ordered coffee. The others wanted water." The Indians came from Wisconsin.—*Kansas City Star*.

A newspaper dispatch from Lawton states that Chief Quannah Parker, of the Comanches, says that he will soon organize a school for the male Indians of his tribe who are past 21 years of age. The course of study will be relative to political questions and law in order to enable them to vote intelligently in all elections after the admission of Oklahoma

into statehood. Chief Parker believes that if this is not done they will vote for officers and laws detrimental to the interest of Indians

The United States government will try the experiment of allowing the Indians on the Menominee reservation at Teshena, Wis., to do their own logging this season, and if they make a success of the work it will encourage them in it, as it will furnish occupation for many years to come. It's estimated that there are 200,000,000 feet of timber on the reservation. The Indians will be given \$20 a thousand for cutting the lumber. Of this, \$15 will be paid them and \$5 placed in the United States treasury to their credit at 4 per cent interest.

The United States Indian government band composed of thirty young Indians taken by Leader Lem Wiley from the Indian school at Chilocco, Okla., under the auspices of the Indian commission, makes a splendid object lesson of the work being done to bring the present aboriginal descendants to the highest possible state of civilization. The program yesterday at Pabst Park was a mixed one, containing everything from grand opera to ragtime. A typical Indian selection was rendered at each of the concerts. — Milwaukee, (Wis.) News.

U. G. Paisano, general merchant and stock raiser of Casa Blanca, Valencia county, is in the city purchasing goods from the local wholesale merchants also material from the lumber dealers for a new storehouse which he will soon erect at Casa Blanca. Mr. Paisano is an educated Pueblo Indian. He reports his section of the country to be in fine shape, and says cattle and sheep were never in better condition than at present. This afternoon he purchased a typewriter and will be up-to-date in letter writing in the future. — Citizen, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

According to a record kept by Herman Ehrenberger, a civil and mining engineer, Geronimo and his renegade Apache band slaughtered and scalped 425 persons in southern New Mexico and Arizona between the years 1856 and 1862. At that time this represented one-half of the American population of Arizona. In the years 1869 and 1870, 126 were murdered by him and his band and he was responsible for the killing of seventy-six white men, women and children on his last great raid in 1885 when General Miles accompanied by Lawton and Leonard Wood, brought his murderous career to a close and he and the

eighteen sick, worn out and wounded survivors of the band, surrendered. Geronimo and his Apache followers were then exiled to Florida and afterward removed to Fort Sill for safe keeping, it having been found impossible to hold them at the army posts and reservations in Arizona.

Harold A. Loring, Supervisor of Native Indian Music, writes the JOURNAL that he has reluctantly given up his position with the government for a lucrative position with an eastern conservatory of music. He gives as his reason for terminating the work he so ably and conscientiously started that his health will not permit of the "roughing" made necessary to get the best results in that position. In Mr. Loring the government loses a fine official—one that is not only capable in every way, but one who has made many warm friends in the Indian Service. May success ever be with him.

One hundred sets of Haskell harness were shipped to the following points recently: Fort Peck Agency, Montana, 1 set; Lemhi Agency, Montana, 10 sets; Tomah School, Wisconsin, 3 sets; Osage Agency, Oklahoma, 1 set; Arapahoe School, Oklahoma, 1 set; Kiowa Agency, Oklahoma, 3 sets; Shawnee School, Oklahoma, 1 set; Sac and Fox School, Oklahoma, 1 set; Jicarilla Agency, New Mexico, 12 sets; Mescalero School, New Mexico, 2 sets; Oraibi Day School, Arizona, 1 set; Navajo Agency, Gallup, New Mexico, 32 sets; San Juan School, New Mexico, 32 sets. — Haskell Indian Leader.

The Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin has handed down a decision in the Indian money case that settles the matter and sustains Indian Agent Campbell, of the La Pointe agency, in his refusal to hand over to the Indians under his charge the money belonging to them from the sale of the timber upon the land allotted to them by the United States. Last winter an order was secured in the Circuit court commanding Campbell to deliver to a certain Indian of the reservation the money held in trust by Campbell for him. The effect of this order was to release all of the money so held in trust and make many of the Indians of the reservation comparatively wealthy. The case was carried to the Supreme Court with the above result and so it will appear that the Indians are not to have their money to do with as they please in the future any more than they have had in the past.

The News at Chilocco

Mr. and Mrs. Lipps have a new boy at their house.

Col. Pringle was at Chilocco this summer in his official capacity.

The Chilocco enrollment at this writing—September 14th—is 802.

Vacation is over; school has started. We have now more than our quota.

Chilocco's fame as an educational center is bringing many desirable pupils.

The band has been reorganized and has given several concerts this month.

The large girls' basket ball squad during practice hours seems to draw the crowd.

Robert Leith now has charge of the Chilocco Eatshop. He keeps things neat and clean.

P. Parquette, assistant superintendent at Ft. Defiance, made Chilocco a visit this summer.

Chilocco is still green and beautiful. The many rains have kept our lawns and flower beds in fine shape.

Supt. McCowan sent three of his advanced pupils to Haskell on the first of September to take the Business Course.

Three large frames filled with fine work executed by the apprentices of the printing department is an addition to that shop.

The INDIAN PRINT SHOP has an extra choice selection of Navajo Blankets and Pillow Covers, Tesuque Rain Gods and Acoma Pottery.

As usual there are many new faces among the student body. And the best of it is the majority are advanced—few below the fourth grade.

One of the articles of much interest to visitors to the Print Shop is an old Bayetta Navajo Squaw Dress. This dress is valued at \$75.00.

Hundreds of fish have been snatched from the lagoon by the pupils during the summer. Cats, sun-fish, bass and suckers are plentiful and big.

The new pupils seem to enjoy the Athletic Field and Outdoor Gym. Tennis, baseball, and football games can be seen there every night after supper.

The engineer and his detail have started digging the trenches for the laying underground of all electric wires now strung on poles around the campus.

Mr. Roy McCowan is with us again, he having finished a term of stenography at Spalding's College, Kansas City. He has charge temporarily now of the band.

The nurseryman has many bushels of apples stored away in cold storage for use at Christmas time. What will be nicer than a good, big red, Chilocco apple?

Mr. Lipps was operated on in our hospital recently and is now convalescing nicely. He will be able to report again at his new school, Wahpeton, North Dakota, about the 20th of this month.

This is Mr. Robinson's busy time—trunks have to be handled by the wagonload and he has had to meet trains for students coming over the Missouri Pacific, Midland, Santa Fe and Frisco, all at the same time.

Many former students of Chilocco visited us this year during vacation. Some are in the Service; some outside working, some in business for themselves. They are seemingly always glad to come to their alma mater for a visit.

Superintendent McCowan shipped a fine young thoroughbred Poland China hog to the Santa Fe school a week ago; also, a car of extra fine young Durham milk cows to Supt. Perry at Ft. Defiance, Arizona.

For the information of those who did not get an August number of THE JOURNAL and who have made inquiries regarding same, the management will state that there was no issue for August published. The printing department boys were having an appreciated "outing."

The rooms in Agricultural Hall fitted up as a laboratory for Mr. Risser, are complete and modern in every way. Specimen cabinets line the walls and new paraphernalia for conducting experiments has been installed. The agriculturists should be proud of their new quarters.

Chilocco is like a new school with so many new employees and pupils. There have been more changes among employes this year than for the past four. Some have been promoted, some transferred, and quite a few have resigned to go into private business. Wherever they are our best wishes go with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Hauschildt, two of Chilocco's best employes, have gone to California to live. They have bought a valuable fruit farm near Tulare. If all employes were as industrious, competent and loyal as Mr. and Mrs. Hauschildt, many cares would disappear from the pathway of superintendent and matron.

Helen Mitchell, graduate '05, who has been in the business office of The Indian Print Shop for over a year, left for Haskell Institute this month, where she will finish her stenographical and business course with Mr. Birch, her teacher here. We regret to lose her. Ada James also went with her to take up the business course there.

Francis Chapman has decided to take a post-graduate course in the printing department. He is a good pressman—the work on the JOURNAL shows that—but he wishes to know more about handling stock, mixing inks and the running of 3-color work. He is doing the right thing. Too many Indian boys quit their trades too early.

Mrs. Montgomery, who was recently married here and who was a sister to Mrs. Kelly, our laundress, was operated upon this month in the Arkansas City hospital for appendicitis and did not survive the operation. She made friends here during her visits to her sister, and her death was a shock to Chilocco people. She was buried in Kansas City.

Peter Collins, a Chilocco graduate, and assistant engineer, was married to Miss Sharp, teacher and Haskell graduate, July 21st, by Rev. J. Henry Tihen, Wichita, Kans. They are worthy people, a credit to their Indian alma maters. Peter has been transferred to Pierre, S. D., as engineer. They have the well wishes of pupils and employes.

The schedule of the Chilocco football team, as arranged at this date, is as follows: Sept. 29, University of Arkansas, at Fayetteville, Ark. Oct. 5, Stillwater A. and M. College, at Stillwater, Okla. Oct. 13, Southwestern College, at Chilocco. Oct. 20, Stillwater A. and M. College, at Chilocco. Oct. 27, Friends University, Wichita at Chilocco. Nov. 10, Friends University, Wichita, at Wichita. Nov. 17, Kansas City A. C. at Kansas City.

The football squad are out for practice every afternoon and night now. New material seems plentiful and it looks as though we would have a good team this year. We lack the training of an experienced coach. Chilocco has never had a football coach; and all the

instructions the boys get is from some employe who has had some experience as a football player. Mr. Bent has the team now in charge.

Company F, the prize-winning Chilocco company, "stepped 'em off a few" the first week of this school term. The exhibition drill was made by order of the superintendent so that the new pupils could get an idea of what would be their parts in the Military Tactics course. The officers of this company are Theodore Edwards, capt; Joe Dubois, 1st Lt.; Alexander Marques, 2nd Lt.; Manuel Dominguez, 1st sergt.; Peter Davis, 2nd sergt.

Mary Rhodes, who with Lancisco Hill, both Pima students, went to Lowell, Mass., this summer to live as outing students with a family there, writes to our superintendent that she and Lancisco are pleased with the work, place and people, and that they are happy. She says: "We arrived here a week ago Sunday; had a very pleasant and enjoyable trip. I am glad to say I like my new home very well, the people are very nice to me, and I, too, try to please them in every way. The house is very large and what you would call an 'Ideal Home.' Lancisco is well and likes his work very well." They are both fine young Indian students.

"WHY?"

The class of 1907 is a fact. The seniors have indeed distinguished themselves. At the close of but one week's school they have effected a class organization. They have an able president, Mr. George Selkirk, a capable vice-president, Miss Grace Miller, and an efficient secretary and treasurer, Miss Mary Brown. More than this—they have a motto. It is this motto which, more than all else, gives them distinction. In it is embodied the spirit through which all of the discoveries and inventions of the whole world have been accomplished. Truly there is no surer road to wisdom than by way of an active "why?"

Blooded Pigs For Sale.

Chilocco is in position now to supply customers with blooded pigs of either sex of any of the following varieties: Poland China, Berkshire, Chester White, and Duroc Jersey. These pigs are all choice—none but the very best being put on sale—and all are thoroughbreds derived from the best breeders. Prices reasonable. Apply to S. M. McCowan, Sup-

OFFICIAL REPORT OF INDIAN SCHOOL CHANGES FOR JUNE AND JULY

CHANGES FOR JUNE.

Appointments.

Abba L. Morrill, cook, Kickapoo, 360.
Mollie Love, laundress, Jicarilla, 500.
Sarah E. Marsh, matron Kickapoo, 500.
Isaac D. Kephart, farmer, Phoenix, 750.
Albert Flor, assistant clerk, Phoenix, 720.
Norman C. Campbell, teacher, Otoe, 660.
Wm. T. Courtney, engin'r, Arapahoe, 720.
Emry M. Garber, Gdr., Cantonment, 600.
Stephen M. Young, nightwatch, Salem, 500.
John N. Baldwin, carpenter, Ft. Mojave, 720.
Louis J. Rising, farmer, Warm Springs, 600.
Geo. D. Horner, teacher, Western Navajo, 660.
Byrdie D. Perkins, assistant matron, Uintah 500.
Arthur B. Dingle, carpenter, Fort Totten, 720.
Mary D. Maddren, assistant matron, Carlisle, 600.
Minnie L. Sparling, seamstress, Tongue River, 500.
Hannah T. Brown, assistant matron, La Pointe, 500.
Jacob H. Camp, industrial teacher, Agricultural, 600.
John W. Fletcher, industrial teacher, Klamath, 600.
Arthur G. Beaver, carpenter and painter, Pine Ridge, 720.

Reinstatements.

Pearl Martin, asst. mat., Jicarilla, 500.

Transfers.

M. J. Pleas, clerk, Wittenberg, 720, to clerk, Ft. Shaw, 900.
Joseph Lipskey, carpenter, Ft. Totten, 720, to War Department.
Lizzie Bassett Green, teacher, Pine Ridge, 600, to matron, Carson, 600.
Belle L. Harber, baker, Riggs, 500, to matron, Sac and Fox, Okla., 540.
Flavius W. Totten, carpenter and painter, Pineridge, 720, to War Department.
Rebecca M. Henderson, assistant matron, Crow, 500, to assistant matron, Puyallup, 480.

Resignations.

H. W. Leaman, florist, Carlisle, 720.
Katherine Berger, cook, Morris, 500.
Carl H. Wells, ind'l tchr., Ft. Peck, 660.
Ethel E. Whitaker, teacher, Moqui, 660.
Frances J. Boyd, asst. mat., Oneida, 400.
Della Henderson, seamstress, Pierre, 500.
Isabella McGonnigle, clerk, Cherokee, 840.
J. H. Holland, tchr., Pine Ridge day, 600.
Tama M. Wilson, tchr., Fort Berthold, 660.

Marie C. Johnson, seamstress, Morris, 540.
J. B. Stevens, poultryman, Chilocco, 500.
James A. Bunch, blksmth., Chilocco, 660.
Mathias Brennan, blacksmith, Salem, 720.
Carrie E. Scoon, teacher, Grand Junction, 540.

Geo. W. Updegrove, band leader, Chilocco, 840.

Stephen M. Young, nightwatchman, Salem, 500.

Ivar Johnson, assistant carpenter, Haskell, 600.

Fronia Ward, assistant matron, Wittenberg, 480.

Pearl G. Josey, seamstress, Western Shoshone, 480.

Charles H. West, teacher, Western Shoshone, 720.

Henry M. Virtue, industrial teacher, Lemhi, 600.

Andrew H. Viets, day school inspector, Moqui, 1200.

Lecta M. Crane, assistant seamstress, Chilocco, 540.

James K. Allen, Albuquerque, superintendent, died.

Phoebe E. Hamilton, assistant matron, Ft. Mojave, 500.

Mae Glase Scott, teacher, Camp McDowell, 72 per month.

Chalmers A. Peairs, superintendent, Vermillion Lake, 1200.

Mamie M. Hassebroek, assistant matron, Sac & Fox, Iowa, 420.

Enoch M. Sherry, day school teacher, Ft. Totten, 72 per month.

Appointments—Excepted Positions.

Ella M. Holden, cook, Bena, 400.

Sarah Green, laundress, Riggs, 540.

Kid Cassa, herder, Rice Station, 360.

Mattie Goss, housekeeper, Haskell, 300.

Stephen Albanex, fireman, Carlisle, 420.

Peter Gokey, asst. carptr., Haskell, 600.

Moses Poitras, nightwatchman, Ft. Totten, 420.

Annie & Steel, assistant laundress, Carlisle, 300.

Aaron L. Haynes, physician, Sac & Fox, Iowa, 300.

Robert Allen, assistant carpenter, Fort Shaw, 480.

Joseph Escalanti, industrial teacher, Ft. Yuma, 560.

Katherine Babzer, housekeeper., Moencopi, 30 per mo.

Beatrice Marion, housekeeper, Ft. Totten day, 30 per month.

Grachia Osborn, assistant matron, Western Shoshone, 400.

Resignations—Excepted Positions.

Katie Roy, cook Panguitch, 450.

Fritz Cook, laborer, San Juan, 480.

Nancy Mobe, laundress, Lemhi, 420.

Lee Cassa, herder, Rice Station, 360.

Albert Lupe, baker, Ft. Apache, 400.

Lillian Keller, laundress, Arapahoe, 420.

Leslie Hoffman, herder, Rice Station, 360.

Jessie Parker, seamstress, Panguitch, 425.

- Elmore Little Chief, disciplinarian, Lemhi 600. ✓
 Peter Collins, assistant engineer, Chillico, 480. ✓
 Alex Boucher, nightwatchman, Fort Totten, 420. ✓
 Genus E. Baird, assistant printer, Carlisle, 480. ✓
 Louise R. Higham, seamstress, Second Mesa, 300. ✓
 Frances M. Holland, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300. ✓
 Alfred Brown, nightwatchman, Cantonment, 360. ✓
 Simon Marquez, assistant engineer, Shoshone, 600. ✓
 Adell Gouthier, housekeeper Greenbay, 30 per month. ✓
 Alice Mahseel, housekeeper, San Carlos, 30 per month. ✓
 Jossie Starks, baker and assistant cook, Hayward, 400. ✓
 Marshall E. Chambers, physician, Rainy Mountain, 300. ✓
 Mabel B. Sherry, housekeeper, Ft. Totten day, 30 per month. ✓
 Samuel Thompson, physician, Sac & Fox, Iowa, 300, deceased. ✓

Appointments—Unclassified Service.

- Joe Jourdan, laborer, Red Lake, 600. ✓
 John W. Block, laborer, Phoenix, 540. ✓
 Mike Parker, laborer, Pine Point, 400. ✓
 Henry Savage, laborer, Pottawatomie, 500. ✓

CHANGES FOR JULY.

Appointments.

- Harriet Avery, cook, Morris, 500. ✓
 Louise M. Dangel, seams., Pierré, 500. ✓
 Martha C. Hollister, nurse, Salem, 600. ✓
 Nick Miller, Jr., gdnr., Pine Ridge, 600. ✓
 Joseph Smith, blacksmith, Haskell, 720. ✓
 Nellie Marshall, nurse, Crow Creek, 600. ✓
 Lonla F. Harrison, mat., Havasupai, 600. ✓
 Susie C. Lambert, cook, Winnebago, 420. ✓
 Loyd Shively, engineer, White Earth, 800. ✓
 Ezra R. Lee, industrial teacher, Blackfeet, 600. ✓
 Geo. Likins, industrial teacher, Leech Lake, 600. ✓
 Correll C. DeGraw, industrial teacher, Pierre, 720. ✓
 Charles D. Horner, teacher, Western Navajo, 660. ✓
 John W. VanZant, industrial teacher, Colville, 600. ✓
 Mary A. Allen, assistant seamstress, Albuquerque, 500. ✓

Reinstatements.

- Ella Sneed, laundress, Arapahoe, 420. ✓
 Anna C. Eagan, asst. supt., Zuni, 900. ✓
 Wm. E. Freeland, tchr., Crow Creek, 720. ✓
 Jessie Ranson, asst. seams., Chilocco, 540. ✓
 Margaret A. Shanley, housekeeper, Flandreau, 500. ✓
 Nettie Runke, cook and laundress, Pan-gitch, 500. ✓

- Jas. E. Coberly, baker and nightwatchman, Rice Station, 660. ✓

Transfers.

- Chas. E. Shell, Supt., Pala, 1400, to Supt. Chey. & Arap., 1500. ✓
 John H. Wilson, principal teacher, Omaha, 800, to clerk, Moqui, 840. ✓
 Minnie Silver, teacher, Umatilla, 540, to teacher, Ft. Bidwell, 600. ✓
 Mabel C. Whitaker, teacher, Seger, 500, to teacher, Kickapoo, 540. ✓
 Alma E. Westgor, Seams., Omaha, 420 to Seamstress, Yankton, 500. ✓
 Lou C. Starrett, teacher, Albuquerque, 600, to teacher, Moqui, 600. ✓
 Elta T. Doherty, asst. mat., Colville, 520, to asst. mat., Salem, 540. ✓
 Auta C. Nevitt, Housekeeper, Flandreau, 500, to matron, Pipestone, 600. ✓
 Maud E. Walter, seamstress, Winnebago, 420, to seamstress, Morris, 500. ✓
 Jas. G. Iliff, farmer, Tongue River, 720, to carpenter, Albuquerque, 720. ✓
 Burton B. Custer, supt., Southern Ute, 1400, to supt., Albuquerque, 1800. ✓
 Geo. E. Long, blacksmith, Hayward, 600, to blacksmith, Chamberlain, 600. ✓
 Emelyn W. Tilden, Teacher, Chilocco, 660, to Patent Office, Wash., D. C. ✓
 Geo. J. Fanning, Agcy. Phys., Ft. Belknap, 1200, to Physician, Salem, 1000. ✓
 Wm. Hamilton, Ind. tchr., Leech Lake, 600, to farmer, Sac & Fox, Okla., 660. ✓
 John W. Clendenning, teacher, Rosebud, 600, to supt., Vermillion Lake, 1200. ✓
 Carl P. Wolfe, carpenter and engineer, Morris, 720, to engineer, Zuni, 1000. ✓
 Chas. W. Higham, tchr., Sec. Mesa, 84 per month, to clerk, Ft. Mojave, 1000. ✓
 Hattie R. Quinter, kindergarden, Haskell, 600, to kindergarden, Osage, 600. ✓
 Judson Liftchild, physician, Round Valley Agcy., 720, to phys., Rd. Valley 720. ✓
 Wilfred A. Dion, Asst. Engineer, Interior Dept., 1000, to Engineer, Mt. Pleasant 900. ✓
 Moses Friedman, Teacher, Philippine Service, 1400, to Asst. Supt., Haskell, 1500. ✓
 Chas. Fickel, carpenter and blacksmith, Pima agcy., 720, to blksmith., Chilocco, 660. ✓
 Arthur D. Walter, engineer, White Earth, 800, to carpenter and engineer, Morris, 720. ✓
 Esther M. Dagenett, teacher, Salt River, 72 per month, to teacher Albuquerque, 600. ✓
 W. H. Harrison, Physician, Rosebud Agency, 1200, to supt. and Phys., Havasupai, 1300. ✓
 Wm. D. Leonard, agency clerk, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, 1200, to superintendent, Southern Ute, 1400. ✓

Resignations.

- Jos. P. Lynch, Teacher, Pierre, 600. ✓
 Jas. W. Reynolds, Clerk, Moqui, 840. ✓
 Louise H. Klein, Nurse, Haskell, 720. ✓
 Wm. R. Bower, Engineer, Pierre, 720. ✓
 Carrie C. Ellis, Matron, Pipestone, 600. ✓
 Wm. W. Ewing, Clerk, Fort Mojave, 1000. ✓
 John Burdick, Engineer, Blackfeet, 660. ✓
 Percy M. Somers, Engineer, Oneida, 780. ✓

- Laura E. Leeper, Cook, Fort Lapwai, 500. ✓
 John H. Hauschildt, Farmer, Chilocco, 960. ✓
 Minnie G. Jenkins, Teacher, Fort Mojave, 600. ✓
 Sophie Kruse, Laundress, Chamberlain, 450. ✓
 Pamela L. Palmer, Asst. Matron, Morris, 500. ✓
 Mary T. Hill, Asst. Seamstress, Phoenix, 540. ✓
 John O. Nelson, Carpenter, Rapid City, 800. ✓
 Samuel T. Woods, Blacksmith, Haskell, 720. ✓
 Geo. W. H. Stouch, Supt., Chey. & Arap., 1500. ✓
 Katherine H. O'Brien, Teacher, Kickapoo, 540. ✓
 Carl H. Wells, Industrial Teacher, Fort Peck, 660. ✓
 Lillian E. Kendrick, Asst. Teacher, Fort Lapwai, 480. ✓
 Theo. W. Brandt, Industrial Teacher, Fort Lewis, 660. ✓

Resignations—Unclassified Service.

- Thos. Mobe, laborer, Lemhi, 500. ✓
 Henry Gordon, tinner, Carlisle, 420. ✓
 James T. Boyd, laborer, Ft. Sill, 480. ✓
 Wesley Wiley, laborer, Phoenix, 540. ✓
 Peter Martinez, baker, Chilocco, 400. ✓
 James L. Smith, laborer, Omaha, 420. ✓
 Theresa Connor, baker, Hayward, 400. ✓
 John H. Grant, laborer, Red Lake, 600. ✓
 Ella Ross, baker, Wild Rice River, 400. ✓
 Henry Savage, lab'r, Pottawatomie, 500. ✓
 Samuel Thompson, laborer, Haskell, 480. ✓
 Louis Halsey, Matron, White Earth, 600. ✓
 Frank Heath, lab'r, Vermillion Lake, 480. ✓
 Julius H. Brown, laborer, Pine Point, 400. ✓
 Enoch Lysnes, laborer, Chamberlain, 540. ✓
 Peter Shields, nightwatch, Chilocco, 400. ✓
 Nock Russell, herder, Rice Station, 360. ✓
 Harrison Diaz, assistant, Albuquerque, 400. ✓
 Chester A. Bickford, Gardener, Shoshone, 480. ✓
 Nellie Scott, Assistant Matron, Yankton, 300. ✓
 Maud M. C. Orr, Seamstress, Yankton, 500. ✓
 Baldwin Twins, nightwatch, Cantonment, 360. ✓
 James Rock, laborer, Pine Point, 400. ✓
 Joseph James, tailor, Sherman Institute, 600. ✓
 Thome Allison, assistant carpenter, Pima, 360. ✓
 Clarence Butler, engineer, Blackfeet, 660. ✓
 Jas. Kachena, nightwatch, Grand Junction, 500. ✓
 Wm. T. Boutwell, nightwatch, Wild Rice River, 400. ✓
 Hugh Woodall, industrial teacher, Fort Bidwell, 600. ✓
 Frank High Eagle, nightwatch, Cheyenne River, 400. ✓
 Adalene E. Kingsley, assistant matron, Wittenberg, 400. ✓

- Maggie E. Seldomridge, Seamstress, Southern Ute, 400. ✓
 Marie McLaughlin, female industrial teacher, Standing Rock, 600. ✓

Resignations—Excepted Positions.

- Ada M. James, cook, Moqui, 540. ✓
 Alex Young, asst. cook, Salem 420. ✓
 Kid Cassa, herder, Rice Station, 360. ✓
 Madellne J. Berzey, baker, Genoa, 440. ✓
 Mike Parker, laborer, Pine Point, 400. ✓
 Ellen Welch, laundress, Blackfeet 420. ✓
 John Kelly, assistant farmer, Pima, 360. ✓
 Emma E. DeWitt, cook, Winnebago, 420. ✓
 Edw. W. Carl, assistant, Flandreau, 500. ✓
 Frank Dorman, gardener, Round Valley, 600. ✓
 Mabel Navadokieh, laundress, Ft. Sill, 480. ✓
 Alice M. Hauschildt, assistant matron, Chilocco, 500. ✓
 Pasquala Anderson, teacher, Oraibi, 54 per month. ✓
 James B. Welch, industrial teacher, Blackfeet, 600. ✓

Appointments—Unclassified Service.

- Wm. Smith, laborer, Fort Sill, 480. ✓
 George Bowman, laborer, Haskell, 480. ✓
 Frank E. McCune, laborer, Umatilla, 480. ✓
 George M. Smith, laborer, Sisseton, 480. ✓
 Clyde Bradford, laborer, Pottawatomie, 500. ✓
 John Hunsberger, laborer, Blackfeet, 360. ✓
 Charley Moelle, laborer, Chamberlain, 400. ✓

Resignations—Unclassified Service.

- Wm. W. Mitchell, laborer, Santee, 420. ✓
 Chas. Roderick, laborer, Crow Creek, 500. ✓
 Sigurd A. Broste, laborer, Sisseton, 480. ✓
 Albert Pipkin, laborer, Agricultural, 360. ✓

A WOMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

To teach or not to teach,
 That is the question,
 Whether 'tis easier in the school to suffer
 The sauce and spit balls of unruly pupils,
 Or to take arms against these childish instincts
 And by harsh measures, crush them.
 To make to shake, no more,
 And by these means to say we kill
 The evil instincts of a childish nature.
 To strike, to shake,
 To shake, perhaps to punch,
 Aye, there's the danger.
 For in that punch so harsh what fear there lies:
 When we have sent the victim quickly home
 To tell fond parents of the teacher's act,
 And stir them up to vows of great revenge,
 That make the teachers shake for very fear;
 Aye, there's the respect,
 That makes forbearance in us so long lived,
 And makes us rather bear the snow and balls
 Than fly to other troubles more unsafe,
 Wherein our lives and fortunes lie at stake,
 To be upheld or trodden on by those
 Whose offsprings suffered tortures at our hands.

—University of Utah Chronicle.

Educational Department



EVERY EMPLOYEE IN THE SERVICE IS INVITED TO CONTRIBUTE PAPERS TO THIS DEPARTMENT

ESTABLISHING SCHOOL GARDENS

BY A. K. RISSER

THERE is a growing interest in the matter of agricultural instruction in our public schools and the courses of study in a number of States are designed with the purpose of introducing the subject as a regular study. The trend of the work is practical and eventually must have more or less influence on the industrial development of the country. Some one has said that agriculture in its broadest sense is the primary basis of wealth in this country. Considering the environment of the Indian it seems essential that efforts should be made in our educational system for him to bring early to his mind facts which will be of value as emphasizing the importance and necessity of agricultural work. There is no better way to do this than through a well managed and well conducted system of school-garden training.

Since nearly all the schools of the Service have tried the gardening experiment during the last year or two, a bit of the history of the school-garden movement may not be uninteresting. While the school-garden movement here in the United States may be comparatively new, it has for a long time been a feature of the educational work of continental Europe. According to a recent bulletin by Prof. Davis of the State Normal School, Chico, Cal., the first reference to school gardens for purely educational purposes was made by Comenius (1592-1671) in his *Didactica Magna*. He says: "A school garden should be connected with every school where children at times may fast their eyes on trees, flowers and herbs and be taught to enjoy them." Pestalozzi (1747-1827) was a farmer as well as an educator. He expressed the wish to make his farm the central point of his agricultural and educational efforts. Froebel (1782-1852), in his *Kindergarten* in Thuringia gave employment to the larger children in gardens.

The school garden of certain parts of Europe forms a portion of the income of the

tenant school-master. It is more than an experiment to show how things grow. It represents a successful enterprise as well as an object lesson in elementary agriculture. These conditions do not exist in America and we are not advocating them for the U. S. Indian Service. Yet, writers on the subject make frequent reference to these foreign systems and cite them as models.

The function of the school garden in the Indian Service is very much that of the garden in the rural school. It is not to give the Indian child a new experience, or to illustrate the growth of some certain plant, but, rather to help make the child's environment more significant to him. The educational application is even more important here than in the city schools where the main object may be an aesthetic one. In 1899, under the direction of the Commissioner of Agriculture for Canada, the school children from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia began sowing oats and wheat from selected seeds; in three years the gain was 27 percent in weight for oats and 28 percent for spring wheat. The school boys' corn growing contests as instituted in the states of the corn belt have increased the yields on many farms from ten to twenty percent. The school garden movement if properly directed by competent instructors should do wonders for the Indian agriculturist. Nearly all our Indian children know how to plant and grow a field of corn, but they need to be taught how to increase the yield from 30 bushels to 60 bushels or more. It is the province of the school garden in the Indian schools to equip the Indian pupil with the knowledge necessary to make him a success agriculturally. He has been given the choice of the reservation lands and the schools should prepare him to make the best use of this natural capital.

Aside from the fact that agriculture is the basis of our wealth and the Indian has his capital in the form of land, there is another

CORRELATION OF CLASS-ROOM AND GARDEN STUDIES.

Garden work.		Reading.	Language.		Spelling.
Outdoors.	Indoors.		Oral	Written	
1. Soils: Position of Soils.	1. Soils: Physical proper- ties. Formation. Moisture rela- tion. Fertility. Characteristics of good garden soil.		Review work done in the garden pre- paratory to writing in the diary.	A Diary.	New words when used
2. Preparation of the ground: Fertiliza- tion. Plowing. Harrowing. Raking tools	3. Lessons on the preparation of the ground: a. Fertilization. Kinds of fer- tilizers. Time to ferti- lize. How to ferti- lize. b. The plow, the harrow; their uses.		Oral lessons in garden- ing as indi- cated under "Garden work—In- doors."		Do.
	4. Selection of Seeds: Kinds to be planted. What are good seeds? Seed cata- logues.		Do.	Letters writ- ten for cata- logues.	Do.
	5. Plan of the gar- den: Division of labor. Rotation of crops.	Selections from "My Summer in a Gar- den," by Charles Dudley Warner.	Do.		Do.
	6. Ordering the Seed: Seed Dealers. Amount of seed.		Do.	Letters writ- ten ordering seeds.	Do.
7. Laying out the garden: Stakes. String. Use of the chain. The measur- ing stick.			Do.		Do.
8. Planting the seed: 1 Peas. 2 Radish seed. 3 Lettuce seed. 4 Beans. 5 Corn. 6 Potatoes etc.	9. Review of plant- ing the various seeds.		Do.		Do.
	10. Germination of seeds.	Selections from "My Island Garden," by Celia Thaxter.	Do.	Written de- scriptions tracing the de- velop- ment from seed to young plant.	Do.

*Checked & by Miss Brown
of State Normal
St. James, Mass*

CORRELATION OF CLASS-ROOM AND GARDEN STUDIES.

Arithmetic and bookkeeping	Animals	Plants.	Drawing.	Manual training.	Geography and history.
			Diagram of a section of a hill showing soils in position.	Boxes, if necessary, to hold soils.	
Calculate the— Amount of fertilizer. Thickness of fertilizer. Bookkeeping: Cash account. Price of fertilizer. Price of plowing.	The study of various animals as they are found: Earth-worm. Toad. June beetle. Ladybug. Chipping sparrow. Robin. Crow. Goldfinch. Purple finch, etc.		Sketch of a plow. Diagram of a harrow.		
Find the area of the garden and of each plat in feet, acres, etc.			Plan of the whole garden drawn to scale. Plan of individual plats drawn to scale.		
Calculate the amount of seeds to order Bill of seeds for bookkeeping.					
				Making stakes from laths. Making measuring sticks.	
			Indicate on individual plats where seeds are planted.	Making labels for planting seeds.	
		10. Study of the germination of seeds: 1. Dry seed. 2. Soaked seed 3. Sprouted seed. 4. Young seedling in the beds. 5. Several large seedlings. 6. Young plant.	A series of water-color sketches showing the development from the seed to the young plant.		

CORRELATION OF CLASS-ROOM AND GARDEN STUDIES.

Garden work.		Reading.	Language.		Spelling.
Outdoors.	Indoors.		Oral.	Written.	
11. Study of the young seedlings in their beds. How fast the seedlings grow. Any marked changes in their growth.	12. Conditions for growth. <i>See under</i> Plants.		Oral lessons in gardening as indicated under "Garden work - Indoors."	Continued descriptions showing the growth of the plant.	New words when used.
13. Care of young seedlings in the garden: Hoeing. Thinning. Transplanting. Weeding. Use of insecticides. Watering.	14. Reviews of the best ways of transplanting. Weeding. Use of insecticides.		Do.		Do.
15. Care of the garden during the summer: Cultivating - Hoeing. Weeding. Watering. Planting the second crop.	16. Growth of plants. Leaves. Flowers.	Selections from other garden books.	Do.	Some descriptions of flowers.	Do.
17. Gathering crops: Picking fruit, peas, beans, squash, etc. Pulling plants radish, lettuce, etc. Digging potatoes, turnips.	18. Study of - Fruits. Roots.		Do.	Descriptions of fruits.	Do.
19. Selling crops: Preparation for market - Shaking off dirt. Cutting tops. Bunching. Packing. Taking home or to the market.			Do.		Do.
20. Collecting seed: Picking ripe fruit. Drying when necessary.	21. Preparing seed for winter. Opening fruit. Taking out seed. Washing seed. Labeling seed.		Do.		Do.
22. Clearing the garden for winter: Pulling old plants. Raking into piles. Burning brush and rubbish.			Do.		Do.

9
This is not a good plan to clear the ground of all stalks, vegetable growth, unless food, - To let it lay and then...

CORRELATION OF CLASS-ROOM AND GARDEN STUDIES.

Arithmetic and bookkeeping	Animals.	Plants.	Drawing.	Manual training.	Geography and history.
		12. Conditions for growth: Moisture. Warmth. Light. Food. Air.			Excursions to other gardens.
	14. The various insects or pests of the garden: Cutworm. Potato bug. Squash bug. Tent caterpillar.			Making a dibble for transplanting.	Foreign gardens: English gardens. Italian gardens. Japanese gardens, etc.
		16. Study of flowers: Manner of growth. Color. Form. Fertilization. Use.	16. Water-color sketches of flowers.		
Vegetables gathered in each garden.		18. Study of— Growth of plants. Growth of flowers. Fruit: Manner of growth. Color. Shape. Seed dispersal.	18. Water-color sketches of fruit.	Basket making.	18. Geographical study of a few of the plants, as corn, peas, wheat, etc.: Corn: History. Cultivation. Growth. Varieties. Harvesting. Distribution. Uses, food products. Industries. Exportations.
Price of crops: Amount received for crops. Bank book. Depositing money. Drawing money.				Make envelopes for seeds if necessary.	

very good reason why he should be encouraged along agricultural lines. His physical condition calls for a life that takes him out of doors. The original purpose of the school garden in the United States as begun by Henry L. Clapp in Boston in 1891, was to afford a more rational sort of physical culture for the children and it was its success in this and other respects that led the Massachusetts Horticultural Society to encourage the establishment of school gardens in other places in New England. As a result the movement has grown until today school gardens are to be found in every state of the Union.

In the gardens of the city schools the work scarcely goes beyond the growing of vegetables and flowering plants. In rural schools and in the schools of the Service this kind of gardening is properly assigned to the girls and to the small boys. The boys of upper grades will not be interested in this kind of work and if required to take it they do little more than worry the teacher. Give these boys small plots of ground and let them see actual field results as they are obtained by different methods of tillage, or have them improve a variety of corn, or by selection produce a new strain of wheat, and they will be interested. These are among the more advanced lessons in school gardens and there is no class of schools that should be more successful in this kind of work than the schools of the United States Indian Service. We have more facilities at our command, we have more time, we have our pupils 365 days in a year, and further, we have a Superintendent of Indian Schools who appreciates the value of this kind of instruction and encourages it by sending out helpful suggestions.

The great trouble with the Service is that too few of our teachers are capable of properly directing this work themselves, and unless the teacher is competent to carry the work through, it had better not be started. To fail will cause a loss of interest which will take years to revive. We wish to encourage our boys toward agriculture, but failure and incompetency on the part of teachers will do much toward destroying the boys' agricultural inclinations.

One point in which our teachers are specially weak is to see the relation between the classroom and the garden studies. During the season just closed I had the opportunity of observing a number of gardens. The children who were considered as having the best appearing gardens I think were getting the least out of the work, because the teacher

failed to grasp the object of the work herself; there was no correlation. Here with this article we insert a chart showing the manner in which the problem of correlation of the garden and class-room studies has been worked out by Miss Brown of the State Normal School, Hyannis, Mass. It is full of suggestions and I believe it should be helpful to the teachers of the Service.

Now is a good time for the teachers of the Service to begin making plans for next year's garden. The lessons taught during the fall and winter should be the basis for observation to be made during the gardening season.

Outline your work and then teach it systematically, as you should any other important subject. If the lessons are left until spring the program will be too crowded and the value of the garden lost. Many features of the school garden work that are not satisfactory and we invite you to send in your experiences for publication in the JOURNAL. We would like to know how the different schools solve the problem of summer care of the garden.

SPECIAL EDUCATION ESSENTIAL.

It has been well stated that "new occasions teach new duties." The fact is, old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new. We are on the threshold of new endeavors in respect to agriculture as well as other occupations.

The new way in agriculture is through thorough and practical educational methods. Science is now the acknowledged handmaid of agriculture. It is yearly becoming more and more difficult for a boy to become a farm owner, or even an expert farmer, by following the methods in practice before the introduction of improved agricultural machinery and the use of commercial fertilizers. It will not do at the present time for any young man, without special study and practice, to hope that he can work himself up from the position of common laborer to that of an expert farmer and make the farm pay, except by adopting progressive educational methods.

The first step for any young man to take is that of acquiring as good a preliminary education as can be obtained in our public schools. This will place him on the vantage ground for future progress. Then should follow special education in the state agricultural college; this to be in the line of his bent, whether it be that of progressive or special training in some mechanical pursuit. The day for vaulting unprepared into positions that command high salaries has passed away never to return. An education to do whatever is to be done by the most approved modern methods is the demand of the hour.

Any young man having a good education of the kind indicated, can now enter upon his life-work with almost the absolute certainty of attaining ultimate success in any occupation for which he is thoroughly fitted.

WHY TEACHERS FAIL IN TEACHING NATURE STUDY

MANY fail because they are not prepared for the work. There are those who seem to think that anyone who can teach other subjects in the grades can teach nature-study. It must be remembered that occasionally a teacher is found who is born so short along this line that it is a mistake to expect her to do anything at the work. Nature has not blessed her with keen observation; she scarcely ever thinks of the many problems in nature about her. Her interests lie along other lines. Her stock of information and her disposition to inform herself are limited. She sees nothing to teach her pupils. She does not possess the patience to search out problems and to carry on, for an indefinite time, observations which lead to discovery of scientific truths. The spirit of investigation is foreign to her thought. She cannot acquire it or cause others to do so. How can one with this mental endowment make a success in teaching nature-study?

To succeed one must be filled with a love for nature and have a desire to know more of her. One such will go out in the early morning, at noonday and in the twilight and listen to her teachings, and return to the schoolroom filled with new life, bearing rich things for the pupil. In turn the pupils will catch the infection and will make their little journeys and glean rich harvests.

Again, teachers fail to discriminate between the essential and the non-essential in their teaching. Oftentimes the trivial, the unimportant, receives as much attention in the recitation as that of genuine importance. Pupils are left in the dark as to the relative value of what they have been studying. This is poor teaching. The teacher should not ramble anywhere in her work as fancy or the whims of her pupils dictate, but she should study her subject-matter and her pupils, so that essential truths may be made to stand out in the recitation like mountain peaks against the clear sky. This clear-cut teaching can be done in nature-study as well as in other studies. While flexibility in a course of nature-study is a thing desired, there is no reason why looseness in one's method in the recitation should be tolerated.

Nature-study as often taught has a tendency to make of the pupils the most expert of liars.

The writer visited a third-grade recitation a few days ago. The teacher asked, "How many have seen a fir tree?" Up came nearly every hand in the class. The writer doubts very much if a single member of the class ever saw a fir tree. On a cold winter day a teacher asked, "What kind of an eye has a toad?" Before the pupils got through the toad had a very peculiar assortment of eyes. The teacher asked, "How many have seen any young red-headed wood-peckers this spring?" In a short time a boy who knew how to "work" his teacher had a post actually alive with red-headed wood-peckers projecting their heads out of knot-holes. His principal happened to enter and suggested that the boy go with him after school to the post in question. The boy's memory grew dim as to where the post was located; he finally said that he did not see it but that his sister did and told him. In the end he had to admit that he made up the story for the occasion. In the same recitation there were several other similar stories, all produced because the teacher urged something; because she accepted whatever was given her and because pupils had discovered that they could fool her. The teacher must know what pupils should see and be a skilled questioner to head off this tendency to see things that do not exist and to image things that cannot be. The habit of truthfulness needs to become a part of the pupil's training, or one of the great lessons gained through nature-study will be lost.

Quite a common pedagogical blunder is committed by the nature-study teacher in forcing conclusions upon her pupils. It often comes about in this way: The teacher has thought through her subject-matter; she has made her observations and reached her conclusions; everything seems clear to her mind. Why should it not be clear to her pupils? This she assumes to be the case and upon this basis doles out her generalizations, forgetting that they may be worse than meaningless to her pupils when gained by them in this unnatural way. For some teachers it is easier to think for pupils than it is to get them to think for themselves. Such teachers are better at teaching their subject than they are at teaching pupils. They wonder why it is necessary to teach again a subject that has

once been presented clearly. Pupils must do their own thinking and reach their own conclusions if they are to be of any value to them. Above all things the teacher of nature-study needs to cultivate open-mindedness on the part of her pupils. They must be ready to change conclusions previously reached, if further investigation and thought demand that the change be made. They need to learn to base judgment upon reliable evidence. They need to know what to class as reliable evidence. They need to be discouraged in basing conclusions upon insufficient data. Right here it is hard for some teachers to go slowly. They are in such a hurry to tabulate and pigeon-hole every scrap of knowledge that the child has that they can't wait to let the child do some of the work for himself later in life when there is a necessity for it.

Nature-study is peculiar in that the material dealt with, for the most part, is at first hand. This being true the teacher who tries to teach this subject without sufficient suitable material on hand, or within the reach of the child when it is needed, misses the pith of the whole matter. There is a pathetic side to nature-study which manifests itself, for instance, when a teacher stands before her class with a dead apple twig six inches in length in her hand and attempts to teach her pupils about the apple bud and how it is fitted to be protected during the winter. The humor of the situation becomes apparent when the class is studying life and it is largely done through the study of dead specimens of plants and animals. As a rule dead plants and animals do not manifest life. Pupils are intensely interested, generally, in the study of life under different forms and conditions. About it the most interesting of problems cluster. These problems suggest to us an ideal method of instruction. When we can present our work to our pupils in the form of a problem, or a series of related problems, we have solved in a large measure the problem of teaching. These problems are found in the material of nature-study, hence the importance of having that material at hand when it is needed in the process of education. It need not be implied by what has been said that the child must always be wallowing up to his ears in material. There are times when he should depend upon what has been observed. However, most teachers will err by not having enough material on hand when it is needed, rather than by having too much.

Again, there are teachers who seem to think that they must develop everything in nature-

study. The recitation resolves itself into a pumping process. The operator works hard and overtime at this educational pump, with now and then a spasmodic wheeze as a result. The well is dry. The pump is primed with questions at the rate of one hundred during a twenty-minute recitation. The result is a crop of stories made up to fit the demand. Others go fishing for ideas, using every kind of bait known to the pedagogical angler. Occasionally a nibble gives hopes to the fisherman and he feels certain that he is about to land an educational trout, but as he reels in his line he finds nothing but a bunch of weeds from the bottom of the stream. There is no use fishing where there are no fish.

Occasionally a teacher gets the idea that nature-study teaching consists in carrying on, before her class, a series of entertainments along the line of experiments something of the pyrotechnic order. If these are carried on long enough pupils will lose interest in the more common things about them and hunger for a show when the nature-study period arrives. There are times when these experiments are just the thing, but as a rule an experiment is a difficult thing for a child's mind to comprehend, because nature is tampered with and the child cannot see the setting of what takes place. It is quite essential that we cultivate in the child the right mental attitude for the common things about him and that he comes to see in them that which is worthy of his attention.

(This article is taken from *The Nature Study Review*, published by M. A. Bigelow, 525 West 120th Street, New York City. The author has in mind the teachers working in the graded white schools of the country, but what he says applies so forcibly to the situation in the schools of the Indian Service that we have here reproduced it.)

SOIL—TEACHER'S WORKING SYLLABUS.

(Prepared by A. K. Risser, Teacher of Agriculture, Chilocco Agricultural School.)

Origin of soil. A bit of the history of the globe.

Agencies Active in Making soil.—Temperature, gravity, moving water, ice, wind; use geography of vicinity. Air; soil, water. Plants and animals.

Farmer's Classification of Soils. Sand, clay, loam. Light and heavy soils. Soil and sub-soil.

Relation of Soil and Water. Amount of water required by crops; compared with rainfall. Water-holding capacity of soils. Capillarity, percolation, evaporation.

Conservation of Soil and Moisture. Tillage, level culture, dust mulch. Covercrops, mulches. Sub-soiling.

Tillage Objects of Tillage. Tillage to destroy weeds, insects, fungous diseases. Tillage to modify texture. How tillage is related to texture. Implements of tillage; names, uses, cost. Forms of plows. Implement catalogues. Draft of plows. Care of plows. Objects, method and time of plowing. The sub-soil plow.

Constituents of Soil Necessary to Plant Growth. Potash, phosphoric acid, nitrogen; lime, iron, etc. Humus, what it is; its importance. Amount and kinds of plant food removed by different crops. The supply of plant food in the soil. Adding plant food to the soil; pot experiments, water cultures. Commercial fertilizers, their place on the farm. Sources of nitrogen.

Leguminous Crops. Names and identification of common legumes grown on the farm. Characteristics of legumes, the nodules, their cause and growth. Pot experiments to show value of nitro-culture. Green manuring. Value in a rotation.

Barn-yard Manure. Its care and use. Application to certain crops. Field experiments. Composting. Hot beds.

Rotation of Crops. Definition and object of rotation. Benefits of a rotation system. Planning rotation on a wheat farm; on a corn farm.

Drainage. Importance and object. Kinds of water to be removed. Benefits resulting from drainage. Kinds of land that will pay to drain.

VALUE OF CRAB GRASS. (*Panicum sanguinale*.)

Recently we were asked the question as to the value of crab grass for feeding purposes and also what its composition was. The question was prompted by the readiness with which this grass covers the ground after the last cultivation of corn or potatoes, or after a grain crop is harvested. There may be others who are interested in this inquiry so we insert the following, taken from a recent publication of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

"This annual grass is common in nearly all

parts of the United States and is a weed in many gardens and fields. In the Southern States it is especially abundant, and when cultivation ceases or after harvesting a grain crop, it frequently springs up in such quantity as to afford one or two good cuttings of hay. It grows from 2 to 4 feet high, the stems are much branched and bear from three to twelve slender purplish flower spikes. The stems are usually bent at the base and roots are frequently thrown out at the lower joints. The grass prefers a rather moist soil. It is never sown, but comes up spontaneously when cultivation of other crops ceases, forming excellent pasture in the South from June to October, or until heavy frost comes. It makes a hay much relished by stock, and for this purpose it should be cut before the seed ripens. The hay is easily cured in dry weather and is of good quality; but is easily leached of its nutritive qualities by rain. It does not shed rain well, and if stacked in the open field should be capped with other grass. Two or more cuttings per season are usual. In Bohemia and some parts of Germany crab grass is cultivated on sandy soils for the seed, which is cooked as a mush or porridge."

Composition of crab grass hay:

	Crab Grass	Timothy	Wild Hay
Water.....	10.3 pr. ct.	15.0 pr. ct.	6.8 pr. ct.
Ash.....	7.3 " "	4.5 " "	5.3 " "
Protein.....	6.9 " "	6.0 " "	9.5 " "
Fiber.....	32.9 " "	29.6 " "	33.8 " "
Nitrogen free ex.....	41.0 " "	41.9 " "	42.2 " "
Fat or ether ex.....	1.6 " "	3.0 " "	2.4 " "

The composition of timothy and prairie hay are added for the sake of comparison. You will notice that the crab grass has a higher protein content than timothy. The per cent of fiber, however, is higher than that of timothy but about the same as that of wild hay. The per cent of fat is very low. We could find nothing on the digestibility of the grass but believe that it would rank with the above crops. It would certainly be superior to either oat or wheat straw. A. K. R.

Bank of England Clerks.

The patronage of the Bank of England belongs entirely to the directors, a clerk being appointed by each director in rotation until the vacancies are filled, with the exception of one clerkship in every seven, which is given to a son of one of the clerks of the establishment who has discharged his duties to the satisfaction of the directors.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILOCCO

BY EMMA DEK. SMITH

IN 1884, Chilocco's one building without the sign of tree or shrubbery loomed up like a giant light-house on an inland sea. The little cottages along the Kansas state line, as they overlooked the vast stretch of open prairies beyond, seemed to say, "Thus far we can go and no farther."

Its first superintendent was Mr. Jasper Hadley. He had been superintendent of the Cheyenne school for a number of years and was very successful. Chilocco was a promotion, but he encountered difficulties here that were unheard of there; for the sending of children away from reservations to be educated was then but an experiment. Arkansas City was the base of supplies for these tribes, and when they paid it a visit they not only carried home provisions, but their children also.

Mr. Hadley was a fine Quaker gentleman, tall and slim. I think I can still see him in that long, low ceiling chapel, his head reaching almost to the top, and hear those good earnest talks that held the attention of Indian pupil and employee. We went to "collection," as it was called in those days, every evening, had singing, a talk and prayers and then separated for our respective places of rest.

Major Haworth's idea in having the government set apart more than thirteen sections of land, was for the purpose of establishing a little Indian colony of the boys and girls of the school who would marry. His plan was to locate each couple on about ten acres of land and assist them in living a civilized life. He had great faith in the Indian and in Chilocco; indeed Chilocco was called his "pet." He, himself, during the exceptionally cold winter of 1884 escorted over the frozen streams and untenanted prairies, 90 Comanche, Apache and Kiowa children, who were the first pupils to arrive at the school.

He had been the first agent of the lower tribes, and although greatly beloved by them he still had some very thrilling experiences among them. At one time for some trivial matter he had incurred the displeasure of some of the prominent men of the tribe. Seven of them finally resolved that they would go to his home and kill him. He had learned of their intended visit and object, and prepared himself; but not with war-like

weapons of defense, but rather the peace loving methods of the Quaker. When they arrived he cordially invited them in and ordered a splendid dinner prepared for them. When night came he gave them the best beds in the house. They remained three days mustering up courage to kill him, but left and reported that Major Haworth had made too strong medicine for them. They were ever afterward his warmest friends, and when he became superintendent of all Indian schools it was not a difficult matter to persuade them to send their children to Major Haworth's school, as they then called the Chilocco school. Major Haworth died suddenly of heart disease in the city of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Chilocco was draped in mourning for thirty days. Thus passed away one of the noblest of men.

Chilocco's one building was made to serve all purposes. It was school-room, dining-room, hospital, everything; and the wonder is that so many people and so many things were ever crowded in such a small space.

During the early history of the school run-ways were more frequent than later on. It did not surprise us very much if it were announced any morning that seventeen had taken French leave. I remember well one very hot July day a large boy who found it too hot to work in the harvest field had left suddenly for home. He was overtaken before he had gotten very far, dressed in three suits of clothes, his way of purloining them, and returned to the school, a cooler if not a happier boy. Punishment in those days was confinement in a room without a ray of light except what came from a hole in the door not more than four inches square. It was the "dark room," musty, and smelled of dried fruits and rodents. It was under the front hall. We punished a Wichita boy for refusing to read in class by having him placed in this dark hole. After he had been there long enough to be repentant we interviewed him. Away over in the darkest corner he sat. "George, why did you not read when your turn came?" was asked. For a moment he was silent. He hung his head and looked pitifully on the ground floor of that musty rat infested place. Then he said, "I lost my place." "Ah," I said to myself, "How many of us with years of wisdom and civili-

zation behind us have lost our place." Yes, how many? And the mistakes we made in our early teaching of Indian children.

The second superintendent, Doctor W. J. Minthorn, had been a physician in the army, and was a man of indomitable will. In selecting employees for the school, all things being equal, he gave the preference to the Indian and seldom made an unwise selection. But, once after placing two young Cheyenne Indians, who had been educated in Eastern schools, in positions of trust and good salaries, he found that they had entered into a conspiracy—indeed were the ring-leaders—to have a wholesale running away of all the Cheyenne students in the school. On a bright Sabbath morning when the school was assembled in the chapel he sent for the two young men to come to his office. When they entered, without any explanation or controversy, he immediately ordered each one to disrobe himself of all government clothing. Then giving to each a blanket he said; "You want to be wild Indians, now go and be wild Indians." They both belonged to the same agency but were taken in different directions a distance of ten miles, and then dumped out on the open prairie to get home as best they could. The remainder of those engaged in the plot were sent to Haskell Institute, where they remained for several years and proved themselves very good students. This procedure broke up wholesale running off for quite a long time.

Some times the boys would corral a stray sheep, pig or calf. Then after night steal out and have a little taste of home life—and they did not stop here. The Texas fever got among the school herd of cattle and many of them died. Some of the boys secured an old condemned caldron and were about to have a feast when an employee remonstrated and showed them the danger and loathsomeness of eating sick animals that had died, when one said, "You eat live cow? Both dead just the same."

At one time in Chilocco's history the children's subsistence was very meager, even bread was lacking. I have seen scores of little dark hands raised for more bread, but the bread or hard biscuit allowance for that meal was all consumed. The disciplinarian who had charge of the dining room when returning thanks usually closed with these words, "Sanctify this food to the nourishment of our bodies." The Indian children had committed it to memory. One day one of the boys came to his teacher and said:

"What for he, Mr. G— always say, *sanctify* this food to the nourishment of our bodies?" I presume he thought it was scanty enough, and grave as the situation was, the explanation of the word could scarcely be given for laughing. It was at this time that the late Miss Susan B. Longstreth, that noble Quaker lady and ex-school teacher of 50 years service in the city of Philadelphia, sent her personal check for twenty-five dollars to be expended for food for the children. And for years afterward this benevolent lady remembered Chilocco by sending each week a large bundle of finely illustrated papers.

But these little incidents are only memories of pioneer Chilocco, a school that has steadily advanced from one building to more than a score, from the primitive stove to natural gas, from tallow dips or the smoke begrimed coal oil lamps to the electric bulbs that look like "will o' the wisps" wandering over these treeless prairies, from a little one-room laundry with small hand machines to the large steam plant with all the modern improvements, from a small outside oven like our grand-mothers used to use, to the bakery where 2,000 hot rolls are turned out for "tea."

And thus it improves. The hope is now that it may not only develop civilized and educated Indian boys and girls, but that it may do as much for the Indian as Hampton has done for the negro; that from Chilocco may come forth an Indian Booker T. Washington.

The Thomas Indian School.

Few people realize that the Thomas Indian school is more than 50 years old, yet such is the fact. The corner stone of the institution, then known as the Thomas Asylum for Orphan and Destitute Indian Children, was laid Sept. 14, 1855, and the first building was completed and ready for occupancy in June, 1856, at which time the first children were admitted.

The management has decided to celebrate this event, the semi-centennial year of its opening in connection with the closing exercises of the school, Friday, June 22, 1906. The school exercises will be held in the forenoon and the celebration in the afternoon. Lieutenant Governor Bruce has accepted an invitation to be present and speak and it is expected that Speaker Wadsworth will also be present.

An interesting program, sufficiently varied to be attractive to every one, is being prepared, the details of which will be announced later.—Gowanda, New York, News.

AT WOUNDED KNEE

ROSS B. FRANKLIN IN *Sunday Magazine*

ON THE eve of the battle of Wounded Knee it happened that I found myself making my way on horseback through the crusted snow, across the country from Pine Ridge agency, when a snort and sudden stop of my horse aroused me. Just ahead lay a ravine skirted by a few pines, and as I looked a flickering light was made out. It could be nothing else than the Sioux. Which band of the Sioux, of course, I could not tell, and for my personal safety it made a great deal of difference indeed. However, it was clearly a case of perish in the snow, or trust to chance in making for the fire, and I did not hesitate which course to choose.

Within five minutes I arrived at a lone tepee, in front of which a spot had been cleared, and the embers of several logs were yet burning. Nobody appeared; but as I stood there a low voice began to croon, then to chant in a sort of mournful monotone which gradually broke into intelligible words, and this is what I heard:

*Heci Waun wanin,
Heci Waun wanin,
Mita Wakantanka
Nikeyedan . . .
Kakish Mayanpisha
Etanhanto.*

I was dumbfounded to hear under such circumstances the words and tune of "Nearer My God to Thee," in the heart of the bad lands of South Dakota and coming from what must surely be the tepee of a hostile Indian. The snatches of song revived me. My blood seemed to quicken, and I staggered to the lodge, parted the flaps and entered.

Inside was another fire, and in one corner sat a squaw, who, although

she saw me enter, looked up with only a sort of far-away stare and continued singing, moving her body back and forth, keeping time with the tune. In her arms she held a bundle. The squaw seemed to be the sole occupant.

Drawing the only weapon I had, a revolver, I dumped the cartridges out upon the ground and handed the weapon to her, handle foremost. Only then did the squaw cease her song and the rocking. Stretching out one hand she took the revolver, and then handed it back in the same manner that I gave it to her.

"Keep it, Cugya," said she; "it cannot speak," meaning that it was harmless without the loads.

No word was spoken in sometime. I drew close to the fire and waited. The squaw showed me her bundle, which contained a dead babe.

"Cugya," said she mournfully, "when Death calls there is no use to be deaf. Since dark I have sung the white man's songs; but, Cugya, the Great Spirit hears not, for my people are on the war-trail against the whites who taught us songs and the Great Spirit's words."

Assuring the squaw that the song would go as far in the desert as from the agency Sunday-school, she seemed a trifle comforted; but would not be entirely satisfied until I joined in and sang the song with her.

It was while thus engaged that two buck Indians slipped into the tepee. My back was turned to them, but I could instinctively feel their presence, and half believed that I would be killed before turning about. The squaw, who sat facing the bucks, seemed in nowise surprised at their coming, and, although I watched her face carefully,

she gave no sign until the song ended, when she raised a hand, and I cringed, feeling that I was about to be sticken down. My feelings of that moment are indescribable.

One of the bucks spoke. "How!" he said simply, extending a hand which to be sure I lost no time in grasping. Once more I proffered my empty revolver, but they both waved it back. "Keep it," said the one who had welcomed me. "The wise man should always have an arrow left," which told me that on leaving the tepee I would not find friends so easily.

There were fully three minutes of silence in the tepee, during which I could hear the crunch, crunch of the snow, indicating the approach of other Indians. They came. How many I do not know, and down the gully I could hear an occasional "Yi, yi!" half suppressed.

"Sing, Cugya, sing!" commanded the squaw, again leading with the same song, and although it was the trial of my life I sang again with her.

The squaw laid down her bundle and walked to the tepee door, standing there with arms across the opening, barring the passageway, while she delivered rapidly a few words half in command half in pleading. Her words brought silence as if magical, for she told of the dead babe and of my words of consolation. Only one voice rebelled, crying: "The snake may often change its skin; but it is a snake."

The two bucks reentered the tepee, and the others left, followed by the squaw.

"They go to council," one of the Indians said, and after half an hour passed the squaw returned, and I was told to mount my horse and be as far away as possible by daylight.

Not an Indian watched me as I departed. Detouring, I arrived at

Wounded Knee battle-field just as the guns ceased their thunder, and the cries of the wounded yet resounded.

Lo, The Rich Indian.

It has become a time honored complaint of the sentimental people who have learned something of the history of the American Indians that their sad fate is chargeable to gross inhumanity on the part of the American government, at least since that came into existence. To the theory that Washington has always ill-treated the nation's wards there is a considerable set-back in the true facts as to present conditions on some of the Indian reservations. If the nation robbed poor Lo in the past, killed off the noble creature and confiscated the broad continent which was once in their undisputed possession, the government is now making some amends at last to what is left of the aborigines.

In Oklahoma the richest citizens are the Indians who have been taken under the guardianship of Uncle Sam. The land which were set aside for them have grown so vastly in value by the encroachments of civilization that upon their division have been made such fortunes for each member of the tribes as white men labor for the half of their days. The announcement that the 1900 Osages in Oklahoma are coming into no less than \$8,000,000 is little short of startling. The distribution will give individuals property of the value of nearly \$4,500 apiece.

To what uses these dusky heirs of the Great White Father will put their cash when they get it, is problematical. Many, perhaps, will turn it to good purposes in industry, since the development of the Indian character under the tutelage of Uncle Sam has been remarkable. But whatever happens, it is time to stop wasting sympathy on the Indian, apparently.

—Saginaw (Mich.) Courier Herald.

INDIAN NAMES IN IOWA.

L. E. Andrews in Des Moines Register.

I see that the new park on the Woodward interurban has been named "Wah-konshs," and that it is an Indian word meaning "pretty water." The name is a very euphonious one, but it does not mean what is claimed. It is evidently derived from "Wan-kon De-ko-rah," a distinguished Winnebago Indian chief, well known in the early days, and a firm friend of pioneer settlers. His name signified "white bear," the word "Wau-kon" meaning "white, or 'clear,' as distinguished from opaque. The Winnebago word signifying "water" was "ne-shun-a-ka-tah." The Siouan or Sioux word was "Mi-ni." The Sioux occupied all the northern part of Iowa in historic, if not prehistoric times, and from them came the names of most of the northern lakes. Thus we have "Mi-ni-ha-ha," meaning "laughing water," "Mi-ni-ti-kon-ka," or "big water," as the west Okoboji was called; "Mi-ni-wash-ta" as East Okoboji was called, meaning "good or nice" lake; "Mi-ni Me-ca-e-che Wau-kon," as Spirit Lake was called, meaning "the lake of white spirits or demons." An ancient legend was that several bands of the Indians went to a large island in the lake and were instantly destroyed by demons or spirits. It is of record by the earliest white people that no Indian would go near that island, hence the name "Lake of the Spirits."

The Sioux word for Missouri river was "Mi-ni Su-cha," meaning "muddy, oily."

The Algonkin word for river was "sepo." The Mississippi was called "Massa" (great "sepo" (river). The Sauk and Fox Indians, who were of Algonkin origin, also used the word "sepo" to denote a river, but they used the word "tuk" to signify "water," hence they called the rapids near Keokuk "puck-a-che-tuk," meaning "swift water." So, also "Que-que-tuk," from which the town of Quasqueton derives its name. It was a famous fording place where tribes and bands gathered to ford the river. When the town was organized the last syllable was changed. The true name of Sauks was Outagamies. The other was a nickname given by white people, from their custom of painting their faces with yellow clay.

The Sauk and Fox name for Des Moines river was "Ke-o-sauk sepo," meaning "dark turbid river."

The Algonkin word signifying water was

"gan," to which was affixed a pronoun signifying some inanimate thing. Thus the word "Po-ka-gan," meaning a good place to catch fish; also "Michigan" for the lake and state. The Fox Indian name for Beaver creek, which empties into Des Moines river, was "Ah-maquua," from the little animal which built its dams along it.

The Indian possessed very little sentiment. He lived near to nature, much nearer than the white man ever did. His vocabulary was limited. A word often had various significations, being interpreted by a gesture, sign or inflection of the voice, but the names of rivers and places were always derived from some event, circumstance or thing, and hence were historic. It is regrettable that none of them have not been perpetuated in their original form, and not corrupted, as many of them have been by Anglicising attempts.

As I said at the outset, "Wahkonsha" is a pretty, musical name for the new park, but from the Indian point of view it is misnomer, for it is more green than white, while the river abutting it was named from the colors decidedly contrary.

It is pertinent here to say the Indian language has no word signifying profanity. If an Indian swears he must do it in the language of civilization—of the white man.

Monument Proposed for Historical Spot.

T. S. McFarland, of Cable, Ohio, writing to the West Liberty Banner, proposes a monument to mark the location of the Old Indian village of Wapatomica. He says:

"There is one matter to which we have long been wanting to call the attention of the people of Logan county. We have long been of the opinion that the county by some means or other ought to mark permanently the location of the old Indian village of Wapatomica formerly spelled Waughcotomica. I think the people owe it to themselves and coming posterity to mark the spot while the location is yet well known to many of her older people. "To this place General Simon Kenton was brought a prisoner, and would doubtless have been burned at the stake but for the interference of the renegade, Simon Girty, who recognized Kenton, who had assumed the name of Butler, and with whom he acted as spy in the Dunmore expedition. Logan county should pride herself in placing a suitable monument on the spot, and mark the location made famous for the above reasons, full a century and a quarter since. We venture the prediction that if Logan will lead, Champaign will do her part."

HOW WESTERN INDIANS REMEMBER

CARL SCHURZ

FROM THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

REGARDLESS of the way in which the East looks at the memory of Carl Schurz, says a writer in a recent issue of the St. Louis Republic, the dead statesman, is remembered in Omaha chiefly as being the cause of the American Indians being admitted to full citizenship in this country—not because he took the side of the red men in the long struggle, but he, as Secretary of the Interior, issued an order which so aroused the West to the wrongs of the Indians that a crusade was started in Omaha which reached to all portions of the United States, lasted seven years and ended by Supreme Court decisions and legislative enactments which made the Indian free as a white man—if he chose to be so—to accept the conditions of civilization.

Schurz had the order issued to General Crook, then stationed at Omaha and commanding this department of the army, and immediately the cause of the Indians was taken up by Thomas H. Tibbles, late vice-presidential candidate on the Populist ticket: General Crook, John L. Webster, who will probably be the next United States Senator from Nebraska, Federal Judge E. S. Dundy, and a score of other prominent men in the West.

Previous to this fight every Indian in the United States was subject to the orders of the Secretary of the Interior. The Government was absolute autocrat over the destiny of red men in the entire country, and that authority was frequently abused fearfully. There had grown up in Washington and at the Indian agencies in the West, a ring of grafters who fattened off the spoils of the Indian Service.

Back in 1897 a pitiful procession wended its slow way northward from Indian Territory, bound for the prairies of Nebraska. There were thirty Indians on foot and one old wagon, drawn by two wornout horses. In the wagon was the dead body of a child—an Indian boy. The leader of the little party was the father of the dead child, the famous Ponca Indian Chief, Standing Bear, a few years later to be the best-known Indian in the world—and to speak in every city in the country in behalf of his own people.

Standing Bear's party was en route to the Niobrara country in Northern Nebraska to

bury the child in the ancient burying grounds of the tribe. The party had left Indian Territory for that purpose, although its members had been refused permission to leave the reservation on which they had been settled against their will.

Formerly the Poncas lived in Northern Nebraska, along the Niobrara River. They had fought the Sioux in behalf of the whites for years and had lost 700 braves fighting the battles of the whites. For this a previous Secretary of the Interior had given them in fee simple full title to their reservation and lands.

Then Mr. Schurz was made Secretary of the Interior and at the point of the bayonet had driven the Poncas down into Indian Territory depriving them of the lands for which they held Government deeds. The Poncas were left months without rations in the new country and more than one-third of them died while there. Among those who died was the son of the old chief Standing Bear. The chief refused to have the little boy buried in the strange country, but instead, gathering some members of his tribe, he started for the ancient hunting grounds of his tribe, intending to bury the child where generations of Ponca chiefs lay.

Schurz heard of the runaways and through the War Department telegraphed to General Crook, in Omaha, to arrest the Indians and return them all to Indian Territory. But the chief of the Omahas, Iron Eye, went to meet the Poncas and offered them a refuge on the Omaha reservation.

"We have all the land Standing Bear and his people wish for; we have corn and meat in plenty; come live with us," said Iron Eye.

But the Government, through Schurz, said "No." So Crook arrested the old chief and brought him and his followers down to Omaha. And with them came the wagon bearing the dead child.

Standing Bear told Crook his individual story. The great Indian fighter knew the general history of the Indians and was already indignant at their treatment, but the treatment accorded Standing Bear was too much and even the stern warrior rebelled. That night Crook came into Omaha and had

an all night's conference with Tibbles, then an editorial writer on a newspaper. A campaign of Indians' rights was mapped out and both men started out the next day to carry out their parts. Crook was to delay returning the Indians to Indian Territory until a writ of habeas corpus could be asked for from the United States Court on the grounds that the Constitution, in the Fourteenth Amendment, guaranteed to all persons born in the United States equal protection of the law.

Tibbles looked out for the legal end of the deal. He went to John L. Webster, then a struggling, unknown young lawyer, laid the case before him and asked him to defend the rights of the Indian.

"There is no money in it, but there is fame, honor and glory," said Tibbles.

Webster took the case and asked Judge A. J. Poppleton, then general counsel for the Union Pacific, to assist him in making the argument. Poppleton agreed, and then a writ of habeas corpus was applied for in the United States Court at Omaha, over which presided Judge Dundy.

It was the most notable trial ever brought in the West, and, in fact, the scope was as wide as any ever tried in the United States, for by its decision 100,000 people were made citizens.

Thomas H. Tibbles attended every session of the court. Hear, in his own words, what he has to say of it:

"The courtroom was crowded with fashionably dressed women, and the clergy, which had been greatly stirred by the incident, were there in force. Lawyers, every one in Nebraska, and many from the big Eastern cities; business men, General Crook and his staff in their dress uniforms (this was one of the few times in his life that Crook wore full dress in public); and the Indians themselves, in their gaudy colors. The courtroom was a galaxy of brilliancy.

"On one side stood the army officers, the brilliantly dressed women and the white people; on the other was Standing Bear, in his official robes as chief of the Poncas, and with him were his leading men. Far back in the audience, shrinking from observation, was an Indian girl who afterwards became famous as a lecturer in England and America. She was later known on both continents by a translation of her Indian name, In-sta-the-am-ba, Bright Eyes.

"Attorney Poppleton's argument was care-

fully prepared and consumed sixteen hours in the delivering, occupying the attention of the court for two days. On the third day Mr. Webster spoke for six hours. And during all the proceedings the courtroom was packed with the beauty and culture of the city.

"Towards the close of the trial the situation became tense. As the wrongs inflicted on the Indians were described by the attorneys, indignation was often at white heat and the Judge made no attempt at suppressing the applause which broke out from time to time. For the department, Mr. Lamberston made a short address, but was listened to in silence.

"It was late in the afternoon when the trial drew to a close. The excitement had been increasing, but it reached a height not before felt when Judge Dundy announced that Chief Standing Bear would be allowed to make a speech in his own behalf. Not one in that audience beside the army officers and Mr. Tibbles had ever heard an oration by an Indian. All of them had read of the eloquence of Red Jacket and Logan, and they sat there wondering if the mild-looking old man, with the lines of suffering and sorrow on his brow and cheek, dressed in full robes of an Indian chief, could make a speech at all. It happened that there was a good interpreter present—one who was used to 'Chief talk.'

"Standing Bear arose. Half facing the audience, he held out his right hand and stood motionless so long that the stillness of death which had settled down on the audience became almost unbearable. At last, looking up at the Judge, he said:

"That hand is not the color of yours, but if I prick it, the blood will flow and I shall feel pain. The blood is of the same color as yours. God made me and I am a man. I never committed any crime. If I had, I would not stand here to make a defense. I would suffer the punishment and make no complaint."

"Still standing half facing the audience, he looked past the Judge out of the window as if gazing upon something far in the distance, and continued:

"I seem to be standing on a high bank of a great river with my wife and little girl at my side. I can not cross the river, and impassable cliffs arise behind me. I hear the noise of great waters; I look and see a flood coming. The waters rise to our feet, and then to our knees. My little girl stretches her hands toward me and says: 'Save me.' I stand where no member of my race ever stood before. There is no tradition to guide

me. The chiefs who preceded me knew nothing of the circumstances that surround me. I hear only my little girl say: "Save me." In despair I look toward the cliffs behind me and I seem to see a dim trail that may lead to a way of life. But no Indian ever passed over that trail. It looks to be impassable. I make the attempt.

"I take my child by the hand and my wife follows after me. Our hands and our feet are torn by the sharp rocks, and our trail is marked by our blood. At last I see a rift in the rocks. And a little way beyond there are green prairies. The swift-running water, the Niobrara, pours down between the green hills. There are the graves of my fathers. There again we will pitch our tepee and build our fires. I see the light of the world and of liberty just ahead."

"The old chief became silent again, and after an appreciable pause he turned toward the Judge with such a look of pathos and suffering on his face that none who saw it will forget, and said:

"But in the center of the path there stands a man. Behind him I see soldiers in number like the leaves of the trees. If that man gives me the permission I may pass on to life and liberty. If he refuses, I must go back and sink beneath the flood."

"Then in a lower tone: 'You are that man.'

"There was silence in the court as the old chief sat down. Some tears ran down over the Judge's face. General Crook leaned forward and covered his face with his hands. Some of the ladies sobbed.

"All at once that audience, by one common impulse, rose to its feet, and such a shout went up as was never heard in a Nebraska courtroom. No one heard Judge Dundy say: 'Court is dismissed'. There was a rush for Standing Bear. The first to reach him was General Crook. I was second. The ladies flocked round him, and for an hour Standing Bear had a reception.

"A few days afterwards Judge Dundy handed down his famous decision, in which he announced that an Indian was a 'person' and was entitled to the protection of the law. Standing Bear and his followers were set free, and, with his old wagon and the body of the dead child, he went back to the hunting grounds of his fathers and buried the boy with tribal honors. It was the very first time an Indian was ever permitted to appear in court and have his rights tried."

Up at the Ponca reservation there is an old white-headed Indian—he is the only known

really white-headed Indian, too. It is Standing Bear—old and decrepit. But he remembers Carl Schurz, and still blames him for much of the hardships through which the Western Indians passed.

When told of the death of Schurz, the old man smoked a full minute before answering the one word of English which he ever uses: "Good."

Passing of The Indian Nation.

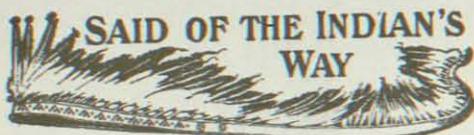
The western portion of maps of the United States in use half a century ago was covered with the names of Indian tribes. There were the Sioux, the Modocs, the Shoshones, the Flatheads, the Gros Ventres, the Blackfoot, the Arapahoes, the Crows and many more. The boundaries of their respective countries were indefinite, but for all that, the government in Washington made treaties with the tribes as if they were independent and separate nations.

As long ago as 1793, Congress provided that no purchase or grant of land from the Indians should be valid unless made in pursuance of a treaty. Nearly seven hundred agreements were entered into with the ninety-seven tribes, until this method of procedure was ended by the act of 1871.

When the land of the Flatheads, Shoshones and Crows are occupied there will remain no large Indian reservation of importance, and the Indians themselves will have been partially absorbed into the general population.

Will Use Indian Labor.

The Santa Fe is preparing to use about 1,200 Indian laborers on the coast lines this summer, the most of them being employed in New Mexico and Arizona. It is said that Indian labor on the whole has proven very much more satisfactory than either Mexican or Japanese. The first camp of these Indians will be established on the Grand Canyon line, which is to be entirely rebuilt. In the past most of the Indians who have been occupied with railroad work have been employed by contractors who by various manipulations, especially by permitting whisky to be sold to them, manage to get most of the money paid them for wages. Under the new plan they are employed by the railroad direct and are looked after by a government agent, who sees that no liquor is allowed them. Thus the red men gets the benefit of his money.—Santa Fe, (New Mexico) New Mexican.



Indians' Sweat-Bath a Cure-all.

The "sweat" bath of the Indians is a cure-all warranted by the tribal medicine man to cure any thing and every thing from sun burn to corns. It is taken in a primitive but effective manner.

When the Indian feels the languor of disease stealing over his frame, he hies himself to a brook and in some convenient place by the side of a deep pool builds himself a "sweathouse." This house is built of willow and hazel poles, bent like the center wicket in a croquet set. Over these are wrapped skins and blankets until the place is practically air tight. An opening just large enough to allow a man to crawl through is left close to the ground, and this opening is covered with a flap, which may be tightly fastened from the inside when desired. When this house has been completed, the patient builds a fire close by and into it rolls a number of large stones which he heats redhot. He then retires to the interior of the house, accompanied by no clothes, the hot stones, and a large vessel of water. He closes the door, pours the water over the stones, and endures a primitive, but at the same time effective, Turkish bath.

When the sick man can stand the heat and steam no longer he breaks from the house, followed by a cloud of steam and perspiration dripping from every pore, and plunges headlong into the ice—cold depths of the pool.

This treatment is said to be effective for a great many diseases. It undoubtedly aided in the creation of a hardy race of warriors by killing off all but those which could not be killed by any thing short of super-human agency.

In 1847, while Dr. Whitman and his family were camped with the Cayuses, and just beginning to have some success toward overcoming their prejudices and gaining their friendship, an epidemic of measles broke out in the tribe.

Dr. Whitman and his wife did what they could for the suffering Indians. The doctor prescribed for them out of his store of medicines, and would have checked the disease in all probability had not the jealousies of the Indian medicine men, coupled with the customs of the Indians themselves, persuaded

the sufferers to try the wonders of the sweat bath cure.

It seemed a good idea to the Indian mind. If the white medicine man's prescription was good, the Indian medicine man's remedy would help it out.

As a result of this reasoning, hundreds of the stricken Indians took the sweathouse course of treatment and were flashed out of the pool dead as a result of the sudden disappearance of the measles.

This plague of death visited on the tribe was placed to the account of Dr. Whitman, and he was accused of having given the Indians poison when he pretended to give them medicine. Partly, largely in fact, on this account the massacre was planned and carried out. It is a fact, therefore that the Indian sweathouse was the indirect cause of the Whitman massacre.—Portland Oregonian.

Home Life of the Navajos.

In a very interesting article, "With the Free in Arizona," in the June Recreation, Julian A. Dimrock tells something of the home life of the Navajo Indians that shows them capable of as much jollity and good cheer as any of us:

"One day as I was using my camera an Indian boy by my side made signs that he wanted to see. With his head under the focusing cloth he looked for a long time at the ground glass, and then asked what made things go upside down. Upon this I had the model before the camera stand upon his head. The Indian looked again at the ground glass, then at the model, then again at the ground glass, and shook with laughter. Several Indian women followed his example and the merriment became general. Incidentally one of the women made disparaging remarks about pocket cameras where you saw nothing and never received the promised pictures.

"When the dinner hour found us far from the store we often went to some near-by hogan, and joining the circle round the sagebrush fire, invited ourselves to dine with the family. Usually the dinner was of mutton, broiled over the coals on a grid-iron improvised from pieces of heavy wire; ears of green corn roasted before the fire, and a kind of ash-cake made from corn ground with stones into a coarse meal, mixed with water and salt, wrapped in green husks and cooked in the ashes. Often the Indians were like a group of children; jokes passed back and forth and every one laughed—between mouthfuls.

Some merriment over a remark that seemed to have concerned me led me to ask for a translation: 'The woman says that one of the dogs has been carrying that stick you are using as a fork around in his mouth.' There was a single knife, and a family spoon did stirring duty in many cups; but the forks, being fingers, were individual. An Indian seated opposite me, with grave expression and dignified demeanor, seemed like a character from one of Cooper's tales. I looked for the passing of a pipe of peace and an Indian oration, but when this noble red man lifted his hand it was to reach forward and tickle with a feather one of the children. He then quickly resumed his former attitude and assumed an expression of outraged innocence when accused by the tickled child."

Sun Dance at Cantonment.

For a number of days prior to the 4th the Indians have been collecting near Cantonment in anticipation of the Sun Dance, which they were promised they might have. The dance as it is now allowed is much modified from the old custom, wherein the muscles of the breast were raised and a rawhide lariat inserted, from which the worshiper swung continually facing the sun until the lariat had cut its way through the flesh. Now-a-days they fast and dance to exhaustion, but are not allowed to practice any of the old time cruelties. Sun worship is as old as the history of the human race. Hindoo Priests practiced it thousands of years ago. A sharpened stick was driven through the cheeks of the victim and he was required to face the sun from its rising to its setting.

The Islands of the Orient especially and ancient Japanese use the totem pole with its generology of the family or clan wars, another form of sun worship. The ancient Aryan in their book of Veddas, prayed to the Giver of light and life and referred to darkness and cold as the evil one. The Aztecs that mighty race of people who inhabited Mexico and the Central American states, who were great in everything excepting war, and who were masters of all arts of the ancient Egyptians, were sun worshipers. One of their customs was to tear the heart from the living sacrifice and hold it up to the first rays and the morning sun while they chanted their songs of worship. The hollow places on the stone of the altar where the blood was allowed to collect can still be seen. One of the best arguments that can be advanced that the Indian is of

Asiatic origin is the fact that he is a sun worshiper. You will find that the Indian has some beautiful theories concerning the sun and that he has a deep, sealed conviction that it is the father of the universe.—H. E. Wilson in Okeene (Okla.) Eagle.

Poor Lo's Humorous Side.

A teacher from Wyoming relates the following:

"Whether the noble red man has changed in temperament during the last fifty or sixty years I do not pretend to know, but the fact remains that the present-day Indian in Montana is a good deal of a wag, loving to josh and cracking his little jokes with an enjoyment that leaves no doubt as to his sense of humor.

"A few years ago I was engaged to teach school in a tiny village in Southern Montana. The schoolhouse, a little one-storied log shack with a mud roof, out of which grew weeds and grass, stood on the edge of the prairie, about half a mile from what we called the town, and something less than five miles from a large Indian reservation.

'It was lonely at best, when the children—I had only twenty in the winter—were playing in the schoolyard. One day what was my surprise to see a young Indian, clad in a bright red blanket, with eagle feathers on his head and a string of buffalo teeth around his neck, standing outside of the little square windows, staring in at me with all his eyes.

"He could not have been over 18. I was old enough to be his mother.

"I was sharpening lead pencils at the moment. After he had watched me for a couple of minutes, an amused expression on his bronzed face, he turned to a youngster who was playing near.

"'How many pony?' he asked, with a grin, motioning toward me.

"The lad doubled up with mirth at the idea of selling his teacher for an Indian squaw, but managed to straighten out his face long enough to reply:

"'Seven.'

"'All right,' responded the Indian, 'I go fetch 'em.'"

"'And he jumped on his pony and cantered off, apparently post haste for the seven ponies.

"Of course, he never came back. Teacher remained an unclaimed bargain on the hands of her pupils till a call came to go to the North Yakima reservation. But the Indian had his little joke all the same."

“Lo” and Other People

The Y. M. C. A. of Carlisle last Saturday night closed a successful two weeks' canvass during which time they raised over \$35,000 for a new building. The band gave a fine concert at committee headquarters Saturday evening during the closing hours of the canvass.—Carlisle Arrow.

The White Earth (Minn.) Tomahawk, published on the Chippewa Indian reservation, predicts that ten years from the present time there will be but a few full-blood Indian children on that reservation judging from the manner in which the whites are intermarrying with the Chippewas.

It is reported that there are now 2,000 Osage Indians on the citizenship roll of the tribe, according to the annuity payment recently made to them. This is an increase of eighteen in the tribe since March. The membership has steadily increased during the last two years. The number of Osages dying during the past quarter was an even dozen.

In the vicinity of the Village of Rodman, New York State, they are digging up the remains of a prehistoric people who were possibly an Indian tribe. Eighteen skeletons have been unearthed on the farm of Homer J. Hearth. Raymond Harrington, field archaeologist for the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, has been directing the excavation work. The bones will be placed in that museum.

The first full-blooded Indian to receive a diploma from the University of Wisconsin is Thomas L. St. Germaine who belongs to the Lac du Flambeau tribe of Chippewas. St. Germaine entered the law school two years ago. He has made a reputation as a student and an athlete of no mean ability. He is directly descended from the first family of the Chippewa tribe which ruled over Wisconsin three-quarters of a century ago. St. Germaine, a giant in stature and 25 years old, will return to his home in Rhineland and engage in the practice of law.

Mrs. L. McCoy, connected with the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington, was at Tuskegee during the commencement season studying Tuskegee Institute methods, and especially the features in connection with the annual exhibit and exercises

of the agricultural and industrial departments. Mr. F. E. Leupp, the commissioner, and Miss Estelle Reel, superintendent, have both visited Tuskegee, and have decided more thoroughly to utilize many features of Tuskegee's work in connection with that being done in the Indian schools.—Tuskegee Student.

All boarding schools in the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Seminole and Cherokee nations will probably be run on a contract plan next year. Superintendent Benedict will recommend this to the Commissioner of Indian affairs and there is no doubt but what the plan will be adopted. Heretofore all supplies for these boarding schools, except those in the Choctaw nation, has been purchased by the superintendent and charged to the tribal government. The plan is to award the contract to the superintendent. This is not only a saving in money but eliminates a great deal of unnecessary “red tape.” The tendency of the government, especially in school matters, is to simplify the work.

The Indians who are to become citizens of Oklahoma will be much better off financially and socially than ever before. The vast mineral resources of Indian Territory and the agricultural wealth of Oklahoma will enrich the citizens of the new commonwealth. The wealth of the Indians in coal and iron lands, which are among the richest in the country, has been estimated as high as \$4,000,000,000. Even if this is too high an estimate, the valuation is certainly much higher than was the aggregate wealth of the United States about seventy years ago. Additional settlers will pour into the state and it will not be long before the mineral and agricultural resources are well developed.

The White Earth Indian reservation will be thrown open for settlement, it is believed, no later than this fall. President Roosevelt has given his approval to the measure under which the Chippewa fullbloods and halfbreeds are to be given their allotments of 160 acres each, with all restrictions as to sale removed. There are 704,000 acres of land on the reservation, and 3,500 Indians to be given their choice of a quarter section each. After all have taken allotments there will be quite a tract left to be taken by homesteaders under the terms of the act. The important feature, however, is the removal of restrictions on sale of the allotments. This means that thousands of acres of choice land will be thrown on the market inside of a year or two.

The Navajos have some pronounced views concerning treatment of the sick. Our medical missionary at Jewett, Dr. Cora Starr, has been visiting the homes in the endeavor to teach methods somewhat less strenuous to say the least. She finds that sick persons are not allowed to sleep, cold water being thrown over them if necessary to keep them awake, the fear being great that evil spirits will carry away those who are ill while they are sleeping. When one has fever he is also cooled regardless of consequences. For instance: "A little baby about six months old was very sick with pneumonia; the medicine man had its mother remove its clothes and he poured cold water over it while he chanted his heathen song. It is needless to say it died the same day. The grandmother told me afterwards she thought the medicine man froze the baby's heart."—*Home Mission Monthly*.

The chiefs of the tribes in Indian Territory and Oklahoma are of high standing financially and are prominent in many industrial enterprises. Indians are among the territory's bankers, merchants, planters, farmers, stock raisers, physicians, lawyers and editors. There are in the United States in round numbers, excluding Alaska, 284,000 Indians, scattered through twenty-four states and territories. Of these, 260,000 are west of the Mississippi. A very large percentage can speak English and most of them dress as the white men. A great number are engaged in industrial pursuits in the west, many of the children are attending government schools, and colleges contain many young men and women who are making splendid educational records. There has been no Indian war since the Sioux outbreak in South Dakota in 1890. The elders are naturally slow to conform to the new conditions the government has thrown around them, but the younger generation are growing up with a thirst for knowledge, and the young men are learning trades as well as going into agricultural and mining pursuits. The national government still expends a little over \$3,000,000 annually for educational purposes among the tribes, with gratifying results.

From Chief Clerk to Assistant Superintendent.

Mr. W. N. Sickels, Chilocco's chief clerk for a number of years past, has been appointed assistant superintendent to succeed Mr. O. H. Lipps, promoted to the superintendency at Wahpeton, N. D. Mr. Sickels is deserving in every way of his well-earned promotion. Mr. B. N. O. Walker, of Wyandot Agency, succeeds Mr. Sickels.

DEATH OF MR. LEWIS Y. ELLIS.

Office of Indian Affairs,
Washington, D. C., July 12.

The Acting Commissioner announces to the Office the death on yesterday of Lewis Y. Ellis, chief of the files division.

It will be interesting to the Office force to know that on the very day of his death Mr. Ellis' name was to have been sent to the Secretary of the Interior for appointment as Chief Clerk of the Office, a position created by law at the last session of Congress.

In his letter addressed to the Secretary recommending Mr. Ellis for this responsible position, Commissioner Leupp said:

"Some months ago, in an informal conversation with you as to faithfulness and efficiency in the clerical service of the Indian Office, I cited as my model of a good clerk one man, of whom I said that he entered the Office on May 24, 1879; that in nearly 27 years of service he had had only three days of sick leave; that he had been late in arriving only once in all that period, and then was detained by the serious illness of a member of his household; that his habit is to reach his desk a good while before the day's work begins and not leave till long after it has ended—never until his own field is cleared completely; and that in this and other ways he has worked over-time every year more hours than he had taken in his annual leaves. I may add to this remarkable record my personal tribute to the admirable way in which his work is performed. The division is such an illustration of conscientious business methods that I should be most reluctant to take Mr. Ellis away from it if he had not positively won the promotion which, with your approval, awaits him.

"I feel all the more satisfaction in recommending Mr. Ellis for the Chief Clerkship of this Office because he has never asked for it either directly or through friends. Indeed, as far as I can ascertain, the advancement will come to him, as all his other lifts from the lowest round to the highest on the clerical ladder have come, as a recognition of merit alone, unbacked by so-called "influence." In each place he has held he has gone quietly about his business and performed it to the best of his powers, and his superior officers have recognized it as seemed to them fitting. It occurs to me, therefore, that his proposed promotion will have a value quite beyond its character as a personal reward, in its moral effect upon the whole clerical staff, to whom it can hardly fail to suggest that each man has in himself the means to earn his own way upward."

The funeral of Mr. Ellis will take place at the Olympia at four o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

C. F. LARRABEE,
Acting Commissioner.

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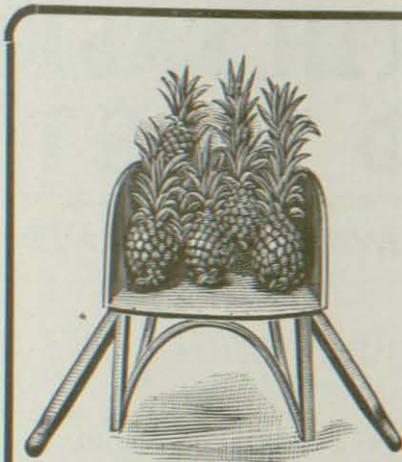
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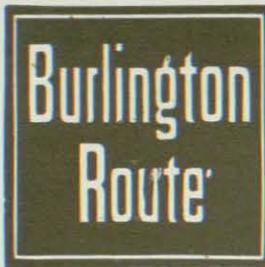
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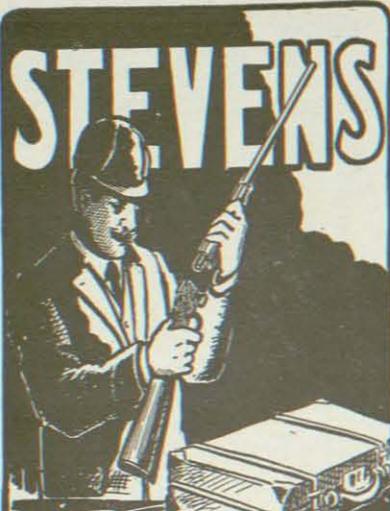


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