
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 OCTOBER

NUMBER ELEVEN

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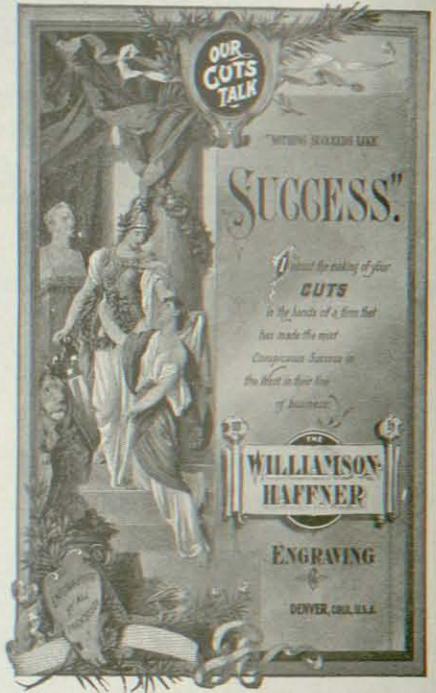
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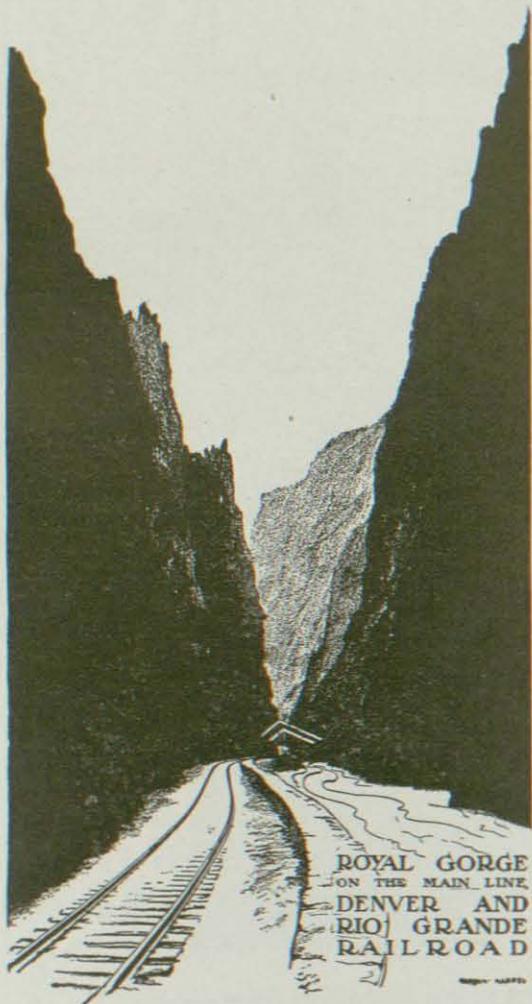
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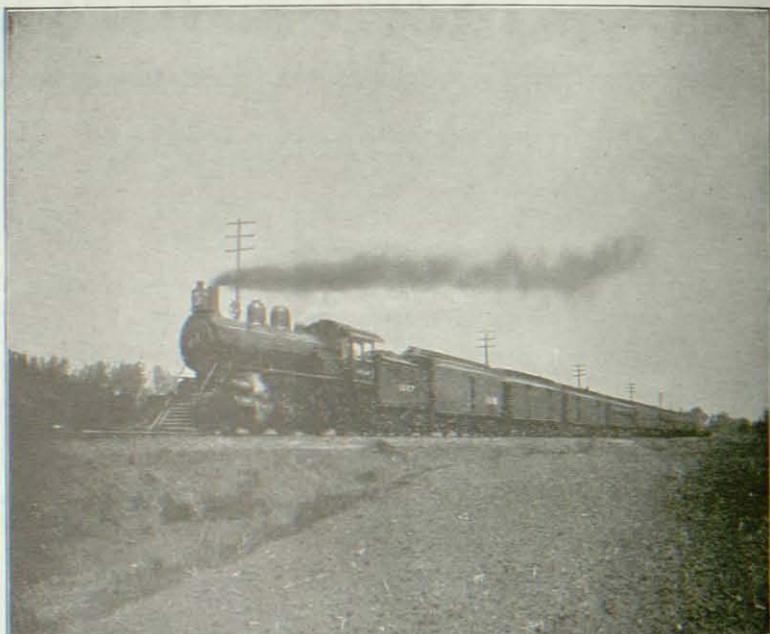
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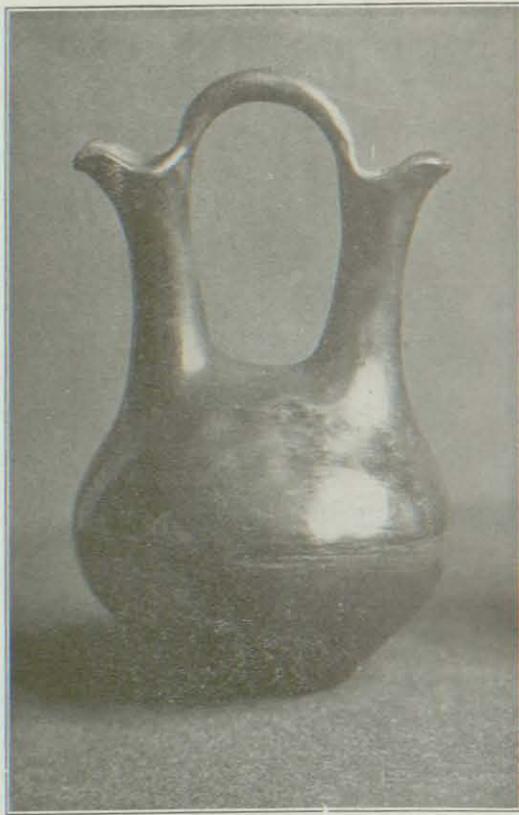


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—*Essay on Education, Spencer.*





A TYPICAL GROUP OF ADVANCED INDIAN STUDENTS.— (Photo by Journal Camera.)

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THE LAGUNA PUEBLOS

BY EDGAR K. MILLER

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. BIBO AND R. CASSADY



IF THE United States has a Palestine the traveler will find it 984 miles southwest of Kansas City and 66 miles west of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Here on the Santa Fe railroad, not over 100 yards from the track, on a sloping rocky hillside, is built Laguna (meaning lake in the Spanish language) the most accessible pueblo of all these wonderful Indian villages of the fascinating southwest. A good picture, taken from the west side, is here given. It is not unlike the others in appearance and characteristics, but its people are known particularly as being more modern and progressive than those of any other pueblo. Here travelers can get a good idea of the interesting Pueblo Indians of New Mexico by stopping over one train.

Taking the "Unlimited" at Albuquerque for Laguna one evening, not long ago, I was pleased to find on the same train Show-ce-mia, governor of the Lagunas, Bert Wetmore, his secretary and interpreter, and Ulysses S. G. Paisano, a graduate of Carlisle and

one of the officers of the tribe. They had been to Albuquerque to consult their agent, Supt. Allen, regarding some public work. I found the governor—a man of some seventy or eighty years—pleasant and affable, and I was quite surprised at Paisano's general knowledge and to have the interpreter insist upon finding me a lodging place at Mr. Marmon's, the only frame house there, before he left me for the night—for it was after eleven o'clock when we arrived at Laguna.

I was up bright and early the following morning, determined during my short stay, to learn all I could of these people who have been likened unto Egyptians and Syrians and their home and country to Palestine by many of America's best writers and well-known travelers.

After adding my name to those already in the "Register of Notable and Less Notable Visitors of Laguna," kept by Mr. Marmon and containing the autographs of men and women who have achieved conspicuous renown in art, science, literature and political and civil life, I made a detour of general survey ending up on the roof of the Catholic Cathedral, which,



LAGUNA PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO, AS SEEN FROM THE WEST SIDE.—CATHEDRAL CAN BE SEEN IN UPPER LEFT-HAND CORNER AND SHEEP CORRALS IN FOREGROUND

like the one at Acoma, is the most conspicuous and interesting building at Laguna. It is of the old Spanish Mission style, made of adobe. It has two belfries in which are two old Spanish bells, and on one side of the building, set in the wall, is a clock dial made of stone with a hole in the center. My guide explained how, by inserting a peg in this hole, the Indians tell the hour of the day by the shadow the peg throws.

The Lagunas are known as a conservative, industrious, serious, independent and persevering people. The men at home are engaged in farming and stock-raising. They have given up the native costume, and dress in an American-Mexican fashion. The women still cling to the old-style blue dress with shawl and moccasins with buckskin leggings. The women, who are not noted for their beauty, but for

the pottery they mold, help in public work, sell pottery to travelers on all trains, carry lunches to the men in the fields and water from the springs, besides attending to their arduous household duties. A stroll through the streets will convince the tourist that the Laguna woman is always busy.

The houses are one- and two-story affairs, made of adobe, the color of the soil, with flat tops which project over the sides. The windows are fluted, or mica. Generally there is one large room or two smaller rooms. Ladders lead from the ground to the second tier. All the houses entered were not over-burdened with furniture, but were clean and neat, with a cheery fireplace in one corner. I could easily pick those wherein training of the sister, wife or mother was mutely evidenced in the arrangement or style of

the furnishings. The pueblo boasts no kiva, or estufa, but in the center is a plaza whereon is held the fiestas and ceremonies, the principal ones being held twice each year. The scarcity of water has caused them to build large cisterns on the rocks near the village. They believe in graveyards and hold ceremonies over their dead, putting in the grave good things to eat and an olla of water for use of the spirit on its "long journey." None but relatives act as pall-bearers.

The pottery made by the women of Laguna, graceful in form and of many different shapes and decorations, is not so good as that made at Acoma, due probably to the fact that the Laguna women have not been able to acquire the successful way of firing pottery. Most of this art is sold to passengers on trains stopping at Laguna, the rest being offered at the trader's store. The Government not long ago sent a representative there with the intention of helping these women to overcome this fault, but, I understand she met with indifferent success.

The pueblo, which reminded me of Jerusalem at the World's Fair, is not of ancient origin like Acoma. The main village has a population of 315 and was founded in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The name was derived from the fact that there was then a lake near by which has now entirely disappeared.

During the last 50 years the population of the original village has been separating and locating nearer their work, so that now there are nine separate pueblos of this tribe, while here and there through the valleys and on the hillsides are homes occupied by members who have taken up land near water and live there so that no time will be lost during the farming season. The villages are strung

out in the valley each way from Laguna, the farthest being Paguate, 10 miles northwest. The total population of all these Laguna pueblos is 1384—696 males, 688 females. There are about 275 families. Out of this number 742 wear citizens' dress; 303 are able to read; 336 speak some English; 401 are of school age; 1075 have been baptized; many are Catholics, and the balance Protestants. A territorial law recently passed provides for a \$50.00 fine for Indians now "marrying" without the proper license and ceremony by minister or priest. There were just two proper marriages in 1905 before the law took effect. The census of 1905 showed an increase in population of 17 over that of 1904.

The grant given these people by the King of Spain in the year 1689, being afterward confirmed by the Republic of Mexico and later by the United States, contains 125,225 acres. This land is sandy and clayey and is held by the tribe in unity and no land is allotted. The community officials assign to each family desiring it a piece of land, averaging about 9 acres in extent. The annual cultivation of each is only 1½ acres. There is no timber land. By constructing dams, ditches and reservoirs about 35,000 acres can be irrigated. They have to date constructed 46 miles of ditches.

The Lagunas own 1,336 horses, 244 burros, 125 mules, 2,940 cattle, 63 hogs, 20,000 sheep, 1,290 goats, and 890 fowls. In 1905 they had in 289 acres of wheat, 228 acres of corn, 47 acres of alfalfa and 19 acres of orchard, melons and grapes. They also raise beans, onions and other small vegetables. Their horses are very small and too poor to help much in tilling the land.

The methods of Laguna agriculture, more than any thing else, I presume, reminds noted travelers of the towns

of Narazeth and Bethlehem, and those of Samaria. Rainless skies, great scarcity of water, the climate, the sand, the soil—all conditions prevalent in desert countries—develop the same customs, the same necessities, the same obstacles.

The Laguna form of government is by the people who elect a set of community officers, and like all other pueblos, compels each able-bodied mem-

ber of the tribe to do his share of the public work. They are called citizen Indians and are subject to the New Mexico laws, but have no vote in other than their own affairs. Most of the houses belong to the tribe in unity. We publish a photo taken while the Indians were building Mr. Cassady's house, which is tribal property. The men do the heavy work, such as hauling the dirt, laying stone or adobe brick, and mixing the mud the first time. The women then grind the mud between two stones similar to the way they grind corn and wheat, until they mash or work out all coarse pebbles, and get the mud thoroughly mixed with short straw. Then they carry the mud in their hands and plaster the walls, making a very neat

job, except that prints of their finger may often be seen after the walls are dry. The tribe also has district irrigation officers whose business it is to keep up the old and build new irrigation ditches in their districts. They have the power to call on any other member of the tribe to aid them in this work. The men all willing to do this work whenever they are called upon.



CEREMONY OF THE SAN JOSE FIESTA OF THE PUEBLOS OF LAGUNA

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These people have been greatly handicapped in the past by having had to use their ancient and native implements. They still thresh by putting their grain in the bottom of a corral and turn horses in on it, keeping them moving until the grain settles to the bottom. The Government has recently located a farmer there who not only aids them in taking up the more modern ways of irrigation farming, but also issues to them modern machinery and implements from the Government warehouse supply, so they are fast becoming modernized and more progressive. The government farmer also issues the furnishings, general supplies, children's clothing, shoes, etc., necessary to maintain the day schools which the Indian Service

has established in each of the five Laguna districts.

We present a view of one of these schools and the class attending it. The building is that at Seama, about 9 miles southwest of Laguna. I visited this school the day this picture was taken. The school has 25 students, who come in the morning and stay until school is dismissed at 4 p. m. Lunch is served them by the Government at noon, in a building adjacent. Each school building has three rooms, and is presided over by a teacher who is assisted by a housekeeper. The Government rents the building of the tribe and pays all other additional expenses necessary to keep it running. The teachers and housekeepers are all appointed by the Civil Service Commission at Washington. I enjoyed this visit to Seama in company with Mr. Cassady and shall never forget how good the luncheon tasted which was served by Miss Young, the teacher, and Miss Beardsley, the housekeeper. I also visited the school at Mesita and the one at Paraje with Dr. Todd, the Government physician, who is kept busy looking after the health of the people distributed over the grant. These three schools were models of neatness and the students were not only intelligent, but seemed exceedingly interested in their work.

Besides the Government farmer, the physician, and school employes spoken of, there is located there a field matron, Mrs. Babbit, whose duty it is to teach the women and girls the modern way of housekeeping, laundering, sewing, and to encourage them in their manner of dress and sanitary modes of living. She told me she at first had hard work getting them interested at all, but now has quite a class in laundering and sewing, and begins to see some result of early efforts.

The names of the schools and the teachers are here given: Laguna, Mrs. Louise Pilcher; Mesita, Miss Ottilia Kessel; Seama, Miss Elizabeth Young; Paguete, Miss Mary E. Dissette; Paraje, Miss Fanny J. Dennis. The first school established was in 1856 by the Baptist Mission Board. Walter G. Marmon, the first Government teacher, was appointed in 1870.

The Lagunas have for many years taken kindly to schools, and it is through this fact alone that they are so progressive, industrious and independent. Many of their sons and daughters have gone away to some Government school only to return and at once give ample evidence that the money it cost Uncle Sam to educate them was not thrown away. Nowhere have I seen so strikingly refuted the general statement that the majority of Indian youth return from school to their homes only to "go back to the blanket."

If you enquire you will find that many Laguna men are employed as clerks, car inspectors, brakemen, firemen, surveyors, etc., and that the Santa Fe railroad has many permanently employed on its roadbed and in its shops between Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Barstow, Cal. These men earned last year from this railroad alone the sum of \$42,043.00. Everywhere you can see that this earnest desire to "do something" permeates the whole community. It is quite pleasing for one in this branch of the Government Service to go out into the field and note the industry and successful accomplishments of these returned students who are today the men and women of the greatest influence in their tribe. One of this number, U. S. G. Paisano, (named for the great Civil War general when entering Carlisle) successfully con-

ducts a general store and ranch at Casa Blanco. He is a great power for good with his people. He uses up-to-date printed stationery, a typewriter, and buys his goods in car-load lots. He is now building a large warehouse for his growing business. His story to me of his early struggles for sobriety and Christianity among his people—even among his own family—was full of pathos and presented the real trials and battles necessary to be weathered by the student who returns



LAGUNA INDIANS DOING PUBLIC WORK—BUILDING FARMER CASSADY'S HOUSE

to his people with a determination to succeed in disseminating some of the good things absorbed by him during his term in a Government school. He has a brother who is post-master in the same pueblo, and another who is also a merchant there.

To give JOURNAL readers some idea of who these students are and what they are now doing, I had Mr. Cassady, to whom I am indebted for much of the information above given, make me up a list of those he could remember, giving the name of school attended and their occupation. I publish it below.

CARLISLE.—Charles Kie, car inspector; Edwin Gonzales, car inspector; Annie Morton, stenographer; Annie Goyitney Day, teacher in public school, Pennsylvania; Walter Anal-

la, foreman in railroad shops, Albuquerque; Aycbe Saracino, field matron; Annie Abner, laundress, Indian school; Hugh Sousea, disciplinarian; Walter K. Marmon, surveyor; George Pradt, surveyor; Ulysses G. Paisano, storekeeper and ranchman; Julia B. Dorris, assistant in Government day school; Marie S. Marmon, assistant in day school; Alice Sheffield, assistant in day school; Howyce Seonia, assistant in day school; William Paisano, post-master and storekeeper; Chester Paisano, storekeeper and stock raiser; Yamie Leeds, postmaster and farmer; Bessie Gothola, general housework, Riverside; Martin Luther, storekeeper and farmer; Frank Hudson, outing agent; Fred Norris, clera at Carlisle school; assistants in railroad shops: James Hiowa, Walter Beardsley, George Paisano, Solomon Day, William Burns.

HASKELL.—Belle Marmon, trained nurse; Robert Marmon clerk, general store.

ALBUQUERQUE.—Assistants in railroad shops: Juanito Corrillo, Charlie Sciow, Ezekiel Chaves. J. Smith, printer, Albuquerque. Working on the railroad: Jose M. Kukanish, Joseph Reed, Thomas Analla.

The total number of adult Laguna students returned aggregate about two hundred, who are engaged in farming, stock raising, working on the railroad and in the car shops. A great many of the women who have returned from school are married and keeping house, in which one can note generally a decided improvement.

Mr. Cassady, who as Government farmer in charge has had ample opportunity to study these Indians, when asked by me to give his views, comparing them with others, said:

"The Laguna Indians generally, compared with other tribes I know of, are superior in a great many instances. First to be noted and admired is their industry and tireless energy to work faithful and hard, even under adverse circumstances. If their temporary

earth-dams wash out and their crops fail for lack of water, they do not express discouragement, but have faith to believe that conditions will be better for the next crop, and in a short time will be found busily engaged in rebuilding, which has to be repeated sometimes three and four times in a year.

"I think the Government would do well to appropriate funds sufficient to develop a permanent water supply for these hard-working Indians, who labor under conditions in which the white man would become discouraged the first trial.

"I do not believe it is well to do for the Indians that which is in their power to do themselves, but when one sees the results of months of labor repeatedly demolished and the crops burning up for lack of irrigation, his heart goes out in sympathy for the patient and persevering people, and he feels that the time is fully ripe for the Government to step in with its strong arms of support.

"Very few of the men are seen about the village during the day in the farming season, but are engaged in the fields from early morning until sundown, while women attend the household duties, carry lunches to the men in the fields, plaster the houses, etc. A very small percentage of the women are engaged in making pottery to sell at the trains, usually securing most of their pottery in their trading with the Acoma Indians.

"Aside from the number engaged in farming and stock raising about one hundred are employed by the Santa Fe R. R. Co. at Wilson, Ariz., Gallup and Albuquerque, N. M., in

the shops and elsewhere, at wages ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per diem, and a few are getting even a little more than that.

"Another improvement over other tribes to be noted and commended, is their inclination to feast and dance with less frequency, and at times when it does not interfere with or retard their general work in the busy season. Two principal dances are held each year, one in September after harvest is gathered, and the other one at



A LAGUNA PUEBLO GOVERNMENT SCHOOL HOUSE—
AT SEAMA

Christmas. A few other dances are held during the year, but usually at night.

"They look upon the Government Schools with favor, and as an evidence of their sincerity, have, on an average, about 85 per cent of all the Laguna children of school age either in the day schools or some boarding school.

"Tourists who frequently stop here invariably express a surprise at the cleanliness and neatness observed in most of the houses, and around the village, as compared with other tribes."

This article would not be complete

were I not to mention the courtesies shown me by Mr. Cassady, farmer in charge, Mrs. Cassady; Mr. Weis, the trader; Mr. Worth, his clerk; Mr. Marmon, surveyor; Dr. Todd, the physician—who differs from most

physicians in that he seeks the sick—and Mr. Jones, the station agent. Tourists can be assured of friendly accommodations and assistance as long as these people remain at Laguna Pueblo.



MAKO SICA—THE BAD LANDS

By Harry Carlton Green

GRAND and indescribable—these two words give almost as good an impression of the Bad Lands as one could use. The first impression a person gains as he drives to the edge of the bluffs and looks down upon the handiwork of nature through countless ages, is one of awe and supreme admiration. Aeons upon aeons elapsed while the transformation of vast land areas resulted in the magnificent views which unfold themselves to the visitor as he emerges from the pine-clad bluffs.

He beholds white walled cities, Grecian ruins, ancient castles with their minarets, pyramids, peaks and cones, magnificent palaces which rival the great buildings of the Universal Exposition in size, colors and inspiring grandeur. Here the Tyrolean Alps rise abruptly from the grass covered prairies, the cascades flow from the base of the mammoth white cone, statuary adorn the crest of the perpendicular walls, while over all silence and seclusion reign supreme.

We go *up* into the mountains, but we go *down* into the Bad Lands. In one grand basin, twenty-five miles wide, stretching for over a hundred miles along White River, in South Dakota and Wyoming the bad lands have been formed, no doubt, by ero-

sion. The soil is a white soapy substance, with layers of soft rock or shale. In many places perpendicular peaks and narrow walls are found where the layers of rock, instead of running horizontally, seem to have turned sideways and stand in a vertical position. Erosion has worn away the land and has formed deep narrow ravines, the sides of which are inaccessible. Here and there are flat-topped peaks covered with green buffalo grass and cactus. Sometimes the earth around the sides of the peaks is washed away, thus forming a vase or an urn. There are several different steppes or terraces, and the receding walls form pictures similar to wide cascades. The highest terrace is usually the same level as that of the surrounding country. North of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, in South Dakota, there is a high wall forty-five or fifty miles long, with only one or two passes where roads can be built. During a blizzard last May, several thousand head of cattle were swept over this lofty, perpendicular eminence and killed.

In making an extensive tour of the Bad Lands it is necessary to secure a guide, who is thoroughly familiar with the roads, ravines, passes and water-holes. An inexperienced tourist may journey for a mile or two and attempt

to return; in a short time he will realize that he is lost. Each peak or cone will appear to be the one which he already passed, thus luring him farther into the mysterious depths.

A short time ago a teacher, whose school was located in the heart of the Bad Lands, went hunting for mountain sheep and deer. After strolling for a while through familiar canyons he suddenly came upon scenes entirely new to him. He was lost. For two days and nights he wandered without food or drink. When found he was almost a raving maniac.

Last August my companion and I drove from Pierre, South Dakota, to the Pine Ridge Reservation. We were informed by an Indian that we would pass through some of the Bad Lands, but we did not realize what was before us. Soon after we reached the reservation we could see the white walls and peaks rising before us. Looking thru an opening between a long wall which stretched away to the east, and a pyramid a hundred yards to the west, we thought we saw the level prairie ahead of us. As we passed between the wall and the pyramid we were aware that we had been deceived as by a mirage in the desert. Only by means of a good brake on a new Studebaker mountain wagon, drawn by two steady, surefooted ponies, were we saved from going down the cliff and into the canyon a hundred feet below. Instead of emerging upon the broad prairie we were in the depths. Darkness was approaching. The clouds were lowering, pierced by the vivid streaks of lightning. A gloomy picture indeed. Finally we happened on to the site of an old abandoned Indian Day school. Down in a clump of bushes we found a spring. We picketed the horses, cooked our supper and prepared to camp. With a Winchester rifle

by our pillow we lay down upon our blankets ready for bears or horse rustlers. About two o'clock the rain came in earnest. When day-break drove away the rain and the darkness the bleak gray walls presented a dreary barrier. Our road seemed to have come to an end. We started to drive westward, around a wall which impeded our way. Soon we decided we were wrong. Had we persisted in driving around that wall we would have found it necessary to drive a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles out of our way. For twenty miles we followed a dim trail over the dried prairie grass, and had it not been for this dim trail we would probably be trying yet to get out of that place. For two or three miles our road led us into the winding bed of a dry creek, just wide enough for the buggy to pass, with perpendicular walls on both sides. Had we met anyone it would have been a case of the Esquimo trying to enter the ice house while some one was trying to come out. At last, after scaling the outer wall by a series of intertwining passes we came upon the vast expanse of prairie. As we looked back over the territory of two day's travel a lasting impression was imbedded in our memory of these walls and peaks, in all their chalky whiteness, as they rose abruptly against the blue of the horizon.

Bear, deer and mountain sheep still inhabit some of the native fastnesses. The eagle soars high above all, and finds a niche for its nest of broken limbs and cedar, upon the top of an inaccessible crag.

It is difficult for the hunter to bag any game. A mountain sheep standing on the summit of an impending peak, when shot, usually falls on the other side. The peaks and walls being insurmountable it is impossible to

get the game. The bears inhabit the cedar thickets where it is dangerous for the hunter to go. The underbrush is so thick that hunters must go single file. Not long ago two young men were hunting and came to a path in the thicket. A bear jumped from a slight table-land and fell upon one of the hunters. Just as it was sinking its claws into the man's flesh, the other hunter fired in time to save his friend's life.

There are several fine ranches located in the Bad Lands. A squawman, whom I know, has the largest herd of cattle on the reservation, grazing upon the level table lands and hay flats surrounded by this natural scenery.

The Indians call this great basin, "Mako Sica" (Ma ko she che; mako (land), sica (bad). During one of the Indian uprisings the Sioux fled from the soldiers and hid in Mako Sica. It was impossible for the soldiers to follow them. The only thing the soldiers could do was to wait until the Indians had eaten their cattle and horses and then came out because of starvation.

While I was standing on the edge of the outer wall of this great chasm in the face of nature, my guide, an educated Sioux, told me the Indian myth

concerning the formation of the Bad Lands. As the story impressed me as a fitting climax of my visit I will retell it as a conclusion to this description:

"A young Indian desired to marry a beautiful maiden, but the girl's father objected. The young couple decided to elope. They secured their ponies and dashed away, taking with them a comb, piece of soap, and a rock. The young man instructed his sweetheart that if a cloud was seen to be following them, she would know it was her father and she should cast one of the objects behind them to hinder his progress. Soon they saw the cloud approaching. The girl threw the comb behind her and the great forests of Wisconsin and Minnesota sprang up. The two continued westward. In a few days they again beheld the cloud following them. The maiden dropped the piece of soap, and the soapy formations of the Bad Lands of South Dakota and Wyoming were created. As this barrier was impenetrable the runaways gained considerable headway. Finally the cloud went around the Bad Lands. The girl threw away the rock and the Rocky Mountains rose in the path of the cloud."



GOVERNMENT SHEEP DIPPING

By Edgar K. Miller

ON a recent trip through New Mexico and Arizona the writer was interested in the sheep dips in that part of the country erected and maintained by the Government through the Indian Bureau and Commissioner Leupp.

The one great source of life and living of the Indians in the Southwest is

through their flocks of goats and sheep. Uncle Sam has gone to thousands of dollars of expense to erect these dips where the Indians may dip, or have dipped, their flocks without one cent cost to Mr. Lo. Of course, the reasons for these dips are: First, to prevent the dying off of thousands of sheep and goats which are attacked

by scabies, ticks, and other diseases. Second, to improve the quality and yield of wool, thereby assisting in a way these desert inhabiting Indians. Third, to show and teach the Indians how to care properly for their flocks so that the most may be attained from their sheep, and also to prove that the dipping process at proper periods begets financial results.

These dips are within the jurisdiction of Indian Agents and are under



INDIANS DIPPING THEIR SHEEP IN A GOVERNMENT SHEEP DIP.

the direct supervision of an official sent out from the Bureau of Animal Industry who sees that each dip is properly put up and the dipping fluid, which is made of sulphur, lime and tobacco, is rightly mixed and used at the proper temperature. He also counts the sheep dipped and instructs the Indians in different ways how to improve the health of their flocks.

The Government farmer in the Laguna district dipped 30,000 sheep twice in ten days this summer. It

cost the Government \$175.00 for dipping material. The dip cost \$250.00. The Indians furnished wood for the boiler and the necessary labor to operate the dip. The dip was made by Indians, Uncle Sam furnishing most of the material. The swimming vat is of cement and will last for years. The draining pens are of lumber and the dip is enclosed by a stone wall.

On the Navajo reservation under Mr. Perry's supervision there are four large plants, one at Ft. Defiance; one at Tohatchi school; one at Wheatfields, 40 miles north of the agency; one at Ganado. The cost to the Government of construction and material was approximately \$3,200. The cost to operate them will be an additional \$1,000.

These dips are so located that they are supposed to be in the centers of the largest sheep districts on the reservation. Educated Indians were operating most these dips. When I was there something like 600,000 head of sheep and goats had been dipped. The Indians were skeptical as to results at first, but now readily comply with the agent's instructions to present themselves with their flocks and have their sheep dipped twice. At the first dipping each man or woman in charge of the flock is given a slip of paper telling him to return in 10 to 14 days. It is no uncommon thing to see at these dips Navajos who have come for 70 miles with hundreds of sheep. They must remain near the dip for over ten days, the time necessary allowed between dippings, and it is an interesting sight to see these "Bedouins of the Desert" in camp on the hills adjacent to the dips, waiting their turn.

The sheep are fed into a long vat of the dipping fluid and after being entirely submerged by an Indian with a forked stick, (see illustration) swims

100 feet, being in the vat about two minutes. This fluid is heated by steam to a temperature of 90 to 100 degrees for lambs, and 100 to 110 degrees for old sheep.

It was estimated that at least 1,000,000 sheep would be dipped at these four dips this year. The flocks will be dipped again next year.

On the other side of the mountains, in Supt. Shelton's district, 25 small

dipping vats have been running for two years, and much improvement has been noticed in the flocks. Their sheep were badly infected with disease, and even the Indians—I learned by inquiring of them—are very much elated already over the improved condition of their flocks and the anticipated increase in amount and quality of wool which will be shorn this fall.



HOW SAM HOUSTON CAME TO THE CHEROKEE INDIANS

THE little boy, Sam, at very immature years, growing restive under the restraint of rigid home rule, and declaring that he would rather "measure deer tracks than tape in his brother's store," forthwith ran to the Cherokee Indians, who, at that time, were his near neighbors, says L. T. S. in the St. Louis Republic.

The chief, Oolooteka, being captivated by the bright, intelligent lad, adopted him as his son, and gave him the name of "Coloneh" ("The Rover"). Ever afterward the warmest affection existed between the two.

In the course of time the chief moved from Tennessee to Alabama, and "Coloneh" returned to his own home. Years passed, and many honors were won by "The Rover" in his native State. Finally, in the height of his popularity and happiness, he was elected Governor of Tennessee. Then a shadow, sacred, yet unrevealed, crossed his life and changed the tenor of his way.

Resigning the Gubernatorial chair of Tennessee, he determined to wend his steps to the wigwam of the old Cherokee, his adopted father, where he was assured of a welcome greeting and hearty blessing.

When he departed from his friends and embarked in a steamer on the Cumberland River, the evidences of affection presented a scene of touching tenderness. After a long and tiresome journey, he reached the shore near the old chief's wigwam after nightfall and sent a messenger to the old man to tell him that Coloneh, The Rover, was at the landing.

Oolooteka, with all his family, hastened to meet his adopted son. Embracing him with great affection, he said:

"My son, many moons have gone since we met and my heart has often wished to know where your footsteps beat the path; and then I heard you were a great chief among your own people and held the big councils of your braves.

"After this my heart grew sad, for I heard that a dark cloud had fallen on the white trail you were walking, and I wanted to take your hand and lead you out to the light again. You turned your thoughts to my wigwam. The Great Spirit told you. I am glad. You have many wise counsellors in your country, but we have none. We are in trouble, and the Great Spirit sent you to us to be our friend and take

trouble away from us. Our hearts are near to you, and you will tell our sorrows to the Great Father, General Jackson.

"My wigwam is your home; my people are yours; your blanket and buffalo robe hang on the deerhorn; come, rest with us."

Such a greeting softened the bitter gloom that the last few weeks had brought to The Rover's heart; he was at rest and at home at last.

The chief was rich in flocks and herds and lived on a large plantation, worked by servants that he owned. Living like the patriarchs of old, simply, abundantly, his tent and his bountiful board were always welcome to visitors and friends.

The venerable chief was tall and straight and exhibited none of the feebleness of age. With courtly grace he moved among his people and presided at their council fires with the dignity of a king.

While among them, Sam Houston studied the Indian character with that thoughtfulness that made his knowledge of it almost perfect. His mastery of the terse language and restless thought of untutored minds displays great skill in employing Indian phraseology, indicative of rare genius.

DAKOTA'S INDIAN CONVOCATION.

Every year the Sioux Indians of the Dakotas and Nebraska join in a large Episcopal convocation under the leadership of Bishop Hare. The following from the Sioux Falls papers describes this year's meeting:

Saturday, September 15th was the big day of the annual convocation of the Episcopal Indians of South Dakota and adjoining States, which for the past three days has been in session at the Santee Indian Agency, Neb., just across the Missouri river from Springfield, South Dakota.

The head of the church was represented at the convocation by Bishop Johnson, of the city, coadjutor to Bishop Hare, who thus for

the first time was brought into contact with a large gathering of the Indian members of the church.

In addition to Bishop Johnson, more than thirty ministers of the church, both white and Indian, are attending the convocation, during which they are scheduled to make addresses to the assembled Indians. Practically every reservation in the two Dakotas, and some of the reservations in Nebraska, are represented in the big gathering of red people. It is said that Wyoming and Montana also are represented by Indians.

These annual gatherings are among the most picturesque held in the United States. It is the custom of the Indians to place their tepees in a large circle surrounding the place where the meetings are to be held. It takes a large number of tepees to accommodate so large a gathering as that at Santee agency. The sight of the great circle of tents, with the thousands of Indians passing about them, is an inspiring one.

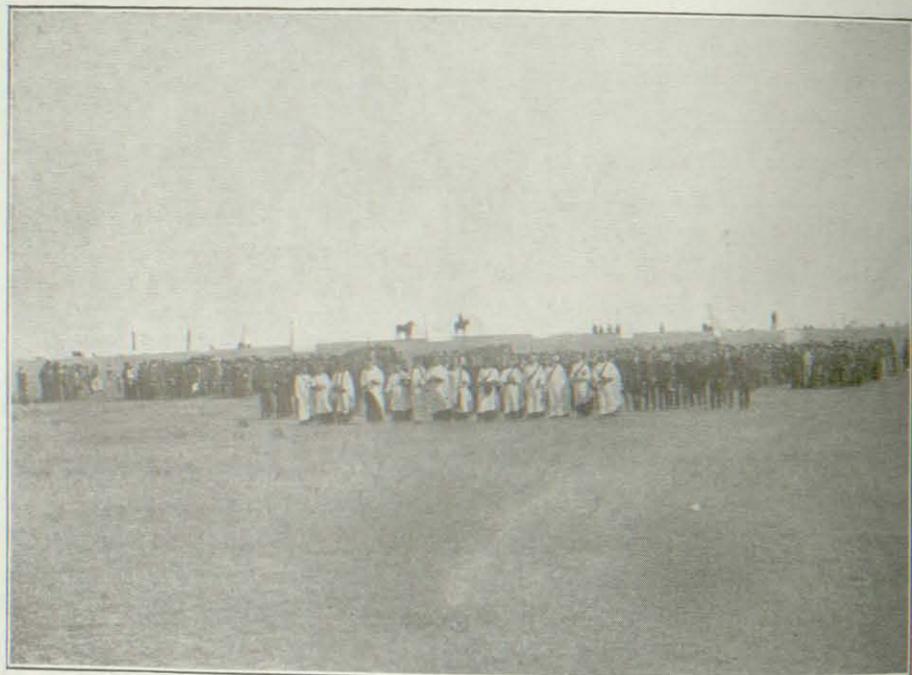
The services and meetings, which are similar to these of any diocesan convocation, are held in a convention hall erected for the purpose, roofed and with the altar enclosed, but the other three sides of the building open. The Dakota language is used throughout, and the eloquence of the native priest, while not understood by the white visitors, frequently reached high enthusiasm, though the enthusiasm of his fellow tribesman burned beneath a stolid, impassive exterior.

This impassivity was broken, however, by the enthusiasm of the women when they announced that they had brought with them as their yearly offering \$3,000, and when they made an offering of this amount in actual money. This money does not represent the entire offering of the women to the funds of the Woman's Auxiliary. The women of Standing Rock, one of the wildest of the tribes, contributed \$250 to this amount. This year is only the second time the women have held auxiliary meetings of their own at the convocation.

One feature of the gathering is the large feast given by the Indians. The entire company is seated in a large circle on the ground, and the Indian dainties, fried bread, boiled meat and canned tomatoes (uncooked), are served. This year pie was an important item of the feast.

The language of the Dakotas, which is used entirely throughout the services and meetings, is particularly interesting to philologists or those casually acquainted with other languages. In addition to its own weird vowel combinations, it bears a surprising testimony to the influence of both French and German.

TWO VIEWS OF THE ANNUAL SIOUX EPISCOPAL
CONVOCATIONS OF DAKOTA



SERVICES ON THE PRAIRIE, NEAR ROSEBUD



A "WOMAN'S MEETING," NEAR ANTELOPE CREEK

THE BEGINNING OF OSAGE TRIBAL LIFE

By Kate Pearson Burwell

IT IS very much the custom of today to accept the Indian as we find him; to leave unquestioned the steps in his evolution from the Indian of yesterday, and with a passing remark or thought on the subject of how a beneficent government is feeding so thankless an individual on the fat of the land, leave him alone with his lost dynasty on the continent he once owned and the certain dissolution toward which he is surely and rapidly tending. The question, however may have occurred to many as to why some Indians are rich and others are poor;—the Osages for example, rolling in wealth while other tribes have nothing to their credit, except as the government has seen fit to supply their needs.

Once the Indians may have been socialists to the extent that as they looked out and measured distance from the sun's rising to its setting, they realized that no man was better than his neighbor, but certain as it is that Rockefeller's millions swell his coffers, while the meager pay of the tool dresser who has helped to make his fortune swells not even his purse—just so certain do the same qualities prevail in the wild man's life, which makes one Indian count his wealth in five figures and another in two or three. Then what does it mean for the Osage tribe of yesterday that today a conservative estimate places their holdings at about thirty thousand dollars per capita?

"How do you account for the fact?"

the writer asked of one of their number—a woman—"that the Osages have so much land, and many other tribes so little?"

"I do not know about other tribes," said she, "but I do know how the Osages got theirs. They just took it and kept it."

It may be as many claim that in a state of nature, labor is the only true measure of title to property—the deer to him who hunts it, the fish to him who catches it and the land to him who tills it, but as in various other successful ventures of today, broad acres, in the past, have been his who discovered them and held them in the face of great odds.

"Osages have always been feared by other tribes," said my Osage friend, "to such an extent that no other tribe would live near them for any length of time. He has not warred against the whites, but he fought his Indian brothers. In the past he has been a thief with which no modern pickpocket or ordinary city council could compete. He could almost steal a horse from under its rider and the rider be unconscious of the identity of the transgressor. It was so in all things, little and great. Neighboring tribes feared the Osages to such an extent that they gave them all the room they wanted. The land became unoccupied, hence free. The Osages were hunters and their domains gradually came to have wider boundaries. Being brave they held their new possessions and maintained their rights against other tribes. But that time is past," said my friend so-



berly, "for the white man came—a greater thief—and beat the Osage at his own game. When they established the first mission school for the Osages in this country, they sent a fellow out from Washington who made a great speech about our sending our children to school and teaching them to learn to read and write; to quit stealing and to learn white man's ways. Chessy Kopeck heard him (you know Chessy, he's on the reservation yet). He used to steal too, but when that fellow got through, Chessy said, and he was disgusted too:

"White man's ways! Not steal! The Osage steal, but he quit; the white man beat him. We keep our children. They no need white man's ways."

Perhaps it is due to the disposition of Chessy's brotherhood that they have been enabled to keep up with their white rivals in the art of larceny, and have gone their Indian neighbors one better in holding on to their broad acres in the face of confirmed opposition.

It is doubtful if a great number of the younger Osages realize how great a part tradition has played in their lives. When the writer asked questions as to marriage being forbidden between certain clans, the law of hereditary descent of chieftainship, and certain privileges attaching themselves to the initiated, also the meaning of the number seven, if any, an educated Osage responded in a quite disinterested manner:

"Oh, yes," said he, "I suppose there are such things, but the younger Indians know nothing about it and the old ones don't talk about them."

Nevertheless there are without doubt old men living, members of a secret society of seven degrees which

has endeavored to preserve the traditions of the people. There are a few cases of tattooing on throats and chests, which may be parts of the symbolic chart, furnished by Red Corn, a half breed Osage, to Owen Dorsey, several years ago. This chart in fac-simile was printed in the Ethnology report of that year. Various traditions are founded on this chart, all of which are interesting.

Under a river drawn at the left of the chart and called the River of Life is a large star. Next are six stars; then the evening, and last, the small star. Beneath these four are the seven stars (Pleiades) between the Moon at the left and the Sun at the right. Still below are the peacepipes at the left and the hatchet at the right. A bird hovers over the four upper worlds, represented by parallel horizontal lines, each of which except the lowest is supported by pillars. This however rests on a red oak tree.

As the tradition goes, the journey of the first of the race began at a point below the lowest upper world. The people, existing in some unknown shape had neither souls nor bodies. After travelling through the four upper worlds and vainly imploring assistance from the black bear, the stars, the Moon, the Pleiades, the Three Deer, the Morning Star, and the Small Star, they appealed to the male red bird who gave them souls from the bodies of birds. Returning to the first upper world they found the female red bird who had been moving and was sitting on her nest, and to her the first of the race came saying:

"Ho, grandmother! The children have no bodies."

Chanting her reply, the red bird took pity and supplied them with bodies from her own. At the foot of the

red oak tree the ground was covered with verdure, and here the people took branching paths; some going as Peace gentes to the left, taking no life, but subsisting on roots; the others going as war bands to the right, to kill animals for food. The black bear soon became the devoted servant of the Peace gentes and found them seven skins which were used for tents. Then the people found four kinds of rock—black, blue, red and white. In the naming of a child four stones are heated for the sweat bath.

Soon four buffalo bulls came to the people and rolled each in his turn. As they rolled, from the hind leg of the first, an ear of red corn and a pumpkin fell; from the second an ear of spotted corn and a spotted pumpkin; from the third an ear of dark corn and a dark pumpkin, while the corn and pumpkin which dropped from the hind leg of the fourth were white. So the first of the race said that these would be good for the children, as it would cause their limbs to stretch and their strength to increase.

Another fragmentary tradition states, that as the people journeyed, the blackbear brother saw a man's trail, and soon after he saw another. They proved to be the trails of two young men, who said they were Hankas and not afraid of work. Soon after they approached a village and made peace. The village leader said: "We have some people come to us, and we will make them our chiefs." So the two Hanka young men were made chiefs and sent out to look for a suitable place where all might dwell, as the village was filthy and offensive from dead bodies. The first council of the Osage nation was held to decide at what place to dwell. Four standards were made by the War gens—two for each side of the tribe—of swan and

goose skins to be carried on the hunting road as well as on the war path, but otter skin standards are retained as well.

Another tradition of the White Beaver makes the war gens originate from the water, so that they have many ceremonies referring to the beaver as a water animal.

The Osage camping circle with its fourteen fireplaces lends significance to the tradition where the people went their way from the foot of the tree—Wacace or War on one side; Tsicu or Peace on the other. There were seven skins for tents furnished by the black bear, which accounts for the seven fireplaces on either side. Every squaw, in the old days, knew without direction or suggestion where to pitch her tent or build her lodge to preserve the order of the Camping circle. The Hankas are provided for on the War side of the Camping circle, but in order to keep the original seven the seven war fireplaces were counted as two and the Hankas as five.

The leading families on either side from which chiefs were chosen in the old days were called Wactake, or Peacemakers. If sickness occurred among children of the war side application was made to the Peace Wactake or head chief for relief. If the illness occurred on the Peace side the head chief on the War side was consulted. Great respect has always been paid to the office of Head Chief. In many tribes he may not go to war or do service of any kind. While the office of chief attaches itself to certain families, it is not always strictly hereditary. If a man in an eligible kinship band has shown great prowess killed many buffaloes on the hunt, or touched a living enemy, he is in many cases chosen chief over others in di-

ect line, when a vacancy occurs in the office. It is cause for indignation among the older Osages that some have usurped the position, who have not the prerogative of blue blood even. An Osage, speaking of the matter, said to the writer:

"There are chiefs now on the reservation who got their offices by having a little education and being smart enough to get a few followers around them." Referring to one particular instance where an Indian highly respected by white people had become chief, my informant said: "I know all his people and they are mighty common people at that; he's no chief at all, by rights. It used to mean something to be chief, but it don't any more."

Some people claim that up to the coming of the whites there were no chiefs, but any basis for this supposition we have been unable to discover.

One fireplace of the Hanka comprises two which sing the war songs, and Owen Dorsey's notion is that time may show that these songs are substantially those of the seventh degree of the Osage society. Recognized law among Osages, as among other Siouan tribes is the law of kinship. By this law marriage rights and duties of the tribe are regulated. The chiefs who were chiefs in the old way were civil and religious leaders. The policemen were their servants and the young men were those undistinguished in any way. A study of the camping modes of the various related tribes shows variations only in detail, and the numbers four and seven are often noted. The horse is held in high veneration and is a favored present to their guests when the Osages are extending hospitality to visiting tribes. There is no reference, however to the horse in the tradition.

Compulsory education and association with the whites have doubtless caused the variations which today exist in the scheme of tribal life, as compared with that of even twenty-five years ago. The number of kinship bands now existing are seventeen and bear no reference to either peace or war. New favorites have arisen to lift new standards to which numbers flock and the old mathematical system is becoming disorganized. A little excitement still prevails over the filling of the place of a dead leader of his band, and figuratively the pipe still passes in the council room, but the doings of the council are in English and open to those who are interested enough to attend. Indian interpreters furnish mouths to the councillors, who are mostly old men and understand no English. The death of the Osage council, probably twenty-five years hence will be the last step from the wild man to his dissolution. When the council fires are ashes the Osages as a tribe will have ceased to exist. When the old men die it will not matter, for the young will not care.

Already white man's politics and graft are coming to prevail in the council elections. A chief, second chief and eight councillors chosen for one year, transact business for the nation. Two parties, the Osage and Progressive, have nominated tickets for the past two years, and there has been some party feeling. The struggle has been between the new and the old, but the new has prevailed.

The name of one council member of the Progressive party in power last year, was this year taken from the ticket on account of his being charged with selling his vote to secure the granting of an oil lease by the council. However, the white man who

acted as intermediary, secured the biggest money, so that after all as our Indian friend would say, "The Indian best lay low, the white man beat him on the graft."

It is a far call from the nesting of a bird soul in the body of the first of the race, with the chanting of rivers and red oak trees, on down to the reproach of the ugly word "graft" and

the selling of a vote which belonged to his people, but progress demands, perhaps, that the far call be answered. May we venture to hope that Lo may bring up somewhere once again, beside the red bird who had been moving on her nest and gave him a body, and the mate who, singing in the top of the red oak tree, gave a soul to the First of the Race.



KIT CARSON

By C. J. Crandall

A HALF century ago there was not a hamlet or city in the middle west and east that had not heard and knew of Kit (Columbus) Carson. His name was on every tongue, as it were, for he above all others, was responsible for that masterful expedition of Fremont's which crossed the Great American desert and wrested California from Mexican control; set up the stars and stripes on new territory never to be taken down.

The name of this pioneer, guide, soldier and general is seemingly soon to be forgotten. Carson City, Nevada, alone bears his name, and few stop to think that it was named for Fremont's guide. Those who knew Carson best, whose memory goes back to the early days in the west—and they are now few in number—incline to the belief that Carson did more to make a name for the Pathfinder than Fremont did for himself.

Little is known of the early history of Carson except that he was born in Kentucky, somewhere from 1802 to 1810. His best friends now living say that Carson did not know his exact age. He was one of the youngest of a large family of children, and moved

with his parents when a small boy to the state of Missouri. Kit grew up on the frontier, never attending even a country school for any length of time, but became famed when a young man as a trapper and hunter. He had an older brother, Moses Carson, who in later years visited Kit at Santa Fe. Moses Carson, or Mose as he was familiarly called, was likewise a trapper and hunter. At the time of his visit, when Kit was about to return to his home at Taos, he informed his brother Mose that he must buy some shoes for his children, whereupon the elder brother remarked that it was all nonsense buying shoes for children, that he never had a pair of shoes till he was old enough to work and buy them himself.

It has been said that Kit Carson was a nephew of Daniel Boone, but I have no way of proving this statement. The first known of Carson in the west was at Fort Bent on the Arkansaw, where he was employed as a hunter for the Fort. Carson had trouble with a French trapper and hunter, who it is alleged was caught stealing a beaver from Carson's traps. This led to a trapper's duel, which simply means

that Carson shot the Frenchman on the spot. Thus it became necessary for Carson to leave Fort Bent, where many Frenchmen were employed, and he made his appearance at Fernandez de Taos, or as it is commonly known, Taos (pronounced Touce), in the province of New Mexico, then under the control of Mexico and ruled by a Governor General stationed at Santa Fe. Upon his arrival in Taos he first obtained employment, strange as it may seem, of a Frenchman, one Beauvian, who was one of those early French fur traders to penetrate the far west, and into a foreign country. From the time of his settlement at Taos till the time of the Mexican war Carson was engaged in various pursuits, but distinguished himself particularly as a hunter and Indian fighter. He became prominent with the Mexicans at Taos and was married February 6, 1843 in his home town in the Catholic church to Maria Josepha Jaramilla, a Mexican woman of good family. He raised a family of six children, none of whom, however made enviable reputations for themselves. None of Carson's children nor grandchildren are living at Taos.

Carson piloted Fremont's expedition across the mountains via Salt Lake to California and returned by the southern route. In addition to being the guide for Fremont, he employed hunters and frontiersmen who largely constituted the command under Fremont. Many quarrels and difficulties arose among the men; discipline was lax, and orders were often disregarded, and had it not been for the mild temper, gentle manner, natural leadership and diplomacy of Carson, this expedition would have been disbanded before it ever reached California. Carson was the dominating spirit, the real general in charge, who alone

could control a company of wild undisciplined men. The success of the Pathfinder was all dependent on this one man, whose modesty, courage, and knowledge of men and conditions made it possible for him to win, and Fremont's star of greatness which began to raise at that time, so that in 1856 he become the Republican candidate for the presidency, may well be said to have been started by Carson. Carson was recognized, not only at Taos, but throughout New Mexico as the leading military spirit. He led many expeditions against the warring Indian tribes, and was always successful. To Carson belongs the honor of subjugating the Navajoes, the most formidable and largest of the western tribes. How well he accomplished this difficult task may be understood, when after forty years and more, I can state truthfully that the Navajoes have ever since been at peace with the whites. He burnt their villages, destroyed their fields, made captives of men, women and children, all of which was necessary to break the spirit of the dangerous element and hindrance to western civilization.

When the Civil war broke out Carson was commissioned Lieut. Colonel of New Mexican volunteers; was later made Colonel, and mustered out of the service as Brigadier General. His regiment was at the battle of Valverde, and tho the Federals were defeated, they made a gallant stand against veterans of the Southern Confederacy. Carson's regiment was never out of the Territory, but did excellent work, as the battle of Glorietta was an important victory for the North, which meant that the South could not extend the war into California or the extreme Western states.

Carson was recognized as a good officer and soldier; was respected by

his brother officers and all that knew him; while a man of little education, he possessed excellent judgment; he was not given to drinking and carousing, so common in early days. He was Indian Agent at Taos before the war, in the years 1853-4 for the Utes and Apaches.

Carson was well and favorably known in Santa Fe, where he was a member of the Masonic fraternity. Montazuma Lodge Number One of Santa Fe now owns the favorite rifle carried by Carson on his trip with Fremont to California, and takes great pride in showing same to visiting brothers. Those that were companions of Carson have mostly crossed the divide; a few remain, and of these may be mentioned Charles Scheurich and Capt. Simpson of Taos. Col. Bergmann, another old timer still living in New Mexico, was a companion and intimate friend of Carson.

Carson died at Fort Lyon in 1868. Scheurich of Taos, who by the way was married to a niece of Carson's wife, was present at his death and held the hand of Carson. He always called Scheurich by the familiar and friendly name, *Compadre*. Just before he died, about eight in the evening, Carson called out to Scheurich, "Compadre, I am going, good bye." His body

was buried at Fort Lyon, and afterwards within one year removed to Taos where it was buried in the protestant cemetery. A monument has been erected at Santa Fe by the old soldiers to the memory of Kit Carson. A suitable head-stone was planted at the head of his grave in Taos with this plain inscription: "Kit Carson. Died May 23, 1868; age 59 years." Curio hunters have carried two headstones away piecemeal, and the third one has been hacked and chipped, tho a warning is posted that any defacement of this stone will be severely punished.

In going to the cemetery at Taos one passes the adobe home of Kit Carson, neglected and unoccupied, unless perchance a stray burro finds his way inside. The heavy wooden doors were closed when I last passed, the shutters creaked on their iron hinges, and a degree of sadness come over us to think that the home of this maker of history in the west should be now so neglected, and the present owner come into his title by a tax sale. It would seem a fitting tribute to this builder of western states if the Carson home could be bought and properly kept in honor of the greatest man of his time to whom the west owes much.

ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR—

BY ISABEL McARTHUR.

A bright, cool day, in the early fall,
Reminds me of something—I can't recall—
Nor where we were—nor what was said—
And—was it Ned or Fred or Ted—
I know I was happy, and he was there—
But now, *who was it*—I declare—
It must have been Will, or was it Joe—
Now it might have been Sam—"Twas but *one*, I know—
But a bright, cool day in the early fall,
Reminds me of *some thing* I can't recall.



MOSES IRON MOCCASIN,

☪ A Sioux Indian student who has attracted much attention as a member of the
Bass Section of the Chilocco Indian Concert Band.

THREE INDIAN TYPES

By Frances Densmore

With Photographs by the Author

IN A village of the Chippewa, in northern Minnesota, I had the pleasure of meeting three Indians who were each characteristic of a phase of Indian development. These Indians were Caribou the guide, Shingibis the Grand Medicine man, and John M—— the progressive farmer. Each was courteous and responsive, and in our short acquaintance showed freely the natural trend of his thought, while together they formed a study of universal interest.

My sister was with me when I sought the house of Caribou. It was a one-room log house, and beside the door, in the shade of a canvas, his aged mother was making "dolls" from spruce root, soaking the long fibers and winding them firmly on stiffer sections of the root. A fresh deer-skin was stretched to dry on a frame against the house. Caribou's little girl was playing near by, and willingly summoned her father, who welcomed us cordially and offered to show us the inside of the little Romish Church, this being to his mind, the most interesting sight in the "Chippeway City." It stood next his house, and with evident pride he turned the squeaking key in the door and bade us enter. It was such a church as the Fathers build for their forest children, profuse of decoration and lavish of images. For Easter Day the brown fingers had fashioned wreaths of tissue paper flowers and festooned them along the walls next to the low ceiling; there they were still clinging, a little tone here and there, like half-forgotten Easter prayers, but showing

still how the hearts of the north country dream of a summer land, and try to borrow its beauties.

With due respect we listened while Caribou told us that the high altar cost \$200 and was brought many miles over the trail; and that the price was far too high, for it was but pine painted white. We placed a coin on the alms-basin and watched Caribou with many genuflections present it to an image of the Virgin, and then put it in his pocket, to be later handed to the keeper of the key for final disposition.

Later, as we sat in the shade of his log house, he told us of little Annie's mother who died a year before, and he showed us her photograph, which Annie brought carefully wrapped in a large piece of pink outing flannel. It was one of the stiff poses of the country photographer, but it represented a long journey to a Canadian town, and it was art to Caribou. The eyes of the big Indian guide filled with tears as he looked again at the face of little Annie's mother, and he put his arm affectionately around the little girl, clumsily trying to arrange her twisted hair as he told us how much she needed her mother, and how hard he was trying to do the best he could for her.

These were glimpses of Caribou himself. The balsam he cut for us, the birchbark canoe which he made comfortable for us with springy boughs, the trail through the woods and along the lake shore, were part of his environment,—anyone who visits "Chippeway City" may see them, without the aid of an Indian guide.

Caribou had his failings, but they were the typical failings of an Indi-





CARIBOU, THE GUIDE

an in his stage of development. He cared little for the white man's kind of work, — why should he want a farm when the range of the forest for many day's journey was all his own? The white people told us of his good reputation for the sterling Indian virtues of honesty and reliability, and it was said that no hunting party returned without moose if Caribou was their guide.

We were not after moose, but we were hunting Indians, and Caribou was anxious to do the honors.

Would we like to go and see Shingibis the Grand Medicine man who lived in the woods? Of course we would; so he came the next morning to take us to call upon Shingibis.

The trail to the Shingibis residence was longer than I expected. Deeper and deeper we went into the woods, and I preferred to see the big Indian walking in front, rather than to hear him crunching along behind me. It was a pretty path. The wild raspberries were ripe, and the big gorgeous butterflies of the north-country

fluttered around us, but my thoughts were not entirely on the beauties of nature. Caribou would often look over his huge shoulder, and say reassuringly, "Don' be 'fraid, little farther now, just little farther."

They say that one never knows the Indian until one trusts him, but the acquisition of this knowledge has its drawbacks.

At last we reached the farther edge of the woods, crossed a little stream and ascended a knoll to the camp of Shingibis. We were fortunate in finding the entire family at home and ready to greet us.

The camp consisted of two wigwams made of cedar bark, with sheets of birchbark for the roofs. There was also a log house occupied by the daughter of Shingibis, who evidently aspired to another life. I had made inquiries in the town concerning Shingibis and found him to be highly respected there. He held himself entirely aloof from the Romish Indians who lived together in the settlement called "Chippeway City," and he was everywhere known as a "heathen Indian." Yet he was a man of sturdy uprightness, whose word was as good as a white man's bond, and who was free from the chain of habit that was dragging poor Caribou downward. He was a member of the Grand Medicine Lodge and had attended a meeting of that mystic organization a few weeks previous at a village twenty miles away. Shingibis held to the old ideals and faithfully lived the native life, — he never saw a white man until after he was twenty years old, — why should he discard the ways of his fathers and follow these new acquaintances?

However, he was pleased to have his picture taken, and summoned his good wife, Bear's Grease, to her place at his side.

On important subjects we called for Caribou as interpreter, but he was so deeply absorbed in the society of Shingibis' daughter that I seriously questioned his disinterested motives in bringing us there. Shingibis' English was a little more fluent than my Chippewa, so he gracefully did his best with the white man's language.

I talked of Indian music and showed him the Grand Medicine Song which I always carry as a kind of charm in the Indian country. It was written on a piece of a brown paper bag, by a reformed medicine man, and is supposed to be an excellent likeness of the clans on their way to the Medicine Lodge.

I asked Shingibis if he knew the hunting songs that have magic power over the animals. A quizzical smile crossed his kindly face as he replied with appropriate gestures that when he went hunting he did not sing, but kept very still, took good aim and shot the game. Slightly crestfallen I changed the subject, and descanted

on the beauties of a rabbit-skin blanket which he had made the previous winter for my hostess, Mrs. Clans Hanson.

After considerable circum-locution I returned cautiously to the subject of Indian music. "When do you sing?" I asked most politely. Shingibis waved his hand in the direction of a church spire which pricked the distant green, and replied, "White man goes to church over there. I don't go to church. Have Indian church at home. I sing when I have Indian church."

"How often do you have Indian church?" I asked

"Oh, sometimes. May be I could have it tonight." So it was arranged for that evening.

Remembering the length of the trail I asked to bring a chaperone, and noting the fact that it was to be an evening service I asked permission to bring my friend, the cashier of the bank. It was finally settled that five could come, the price, the length of the session and the hours were carefully rehearsed, and Caribou once



A CHIPPEWAY HOME.—SHINGIBIS WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.
CARIBOU IS STANDING.

more guided us along the narrow devious way, even taking us a trifle farther than was necessary so that we might call upon some of his relatives.

I remember especially one elderly relative who kept seven dogs, each at war with all the others. It was there that I saw bread baking in skillets beside the camp fire, while a blackened pail of coffee or soup was swinging over the blaze. One skillet was in the ashes, while the other was in the branches of a bush on the opposite side of the fire, which settles forever the question of the lightness of Indian bread.

That evening we went to Shingibis' "Indian Church," and the cashier of the bank, not being under any financial arrangement, took us by a short cut of a few hundred feet from the public highway.

Shingibis was watching for us, and ushered us into one of the wigwams, motioning us to seats on a cot which extended along one side, and introducing us to Blue Sky and one or two other Indians who sat on the opposite side. Around the firespace in the center were fresh sprigs of arbor-vitae laid carefully on the ground. Shingibis seated himself upon some bright splint mats at the end of the wigwam. Beside him was a wooden box, upon which stood a nickel alarm clock and a small kerosene lamp. Before him stood his Grand Medicine tom-tom, with its top of soft brown deerskin.

We sat in respectful silence until Shingibis was ready to begin.

There was an atmosphere of sincere reverence in the dusky wigwam, and who can say that the worship of Shingibis did not reach Him to whom the white man prays with pomp of ceremonial?

The songs were full of wild beauty, but I did not attempt to use a note



CARIBOU'S MOTHER MAKING DOLLS OF SPRUCE ROOT

book,—it would have seemed a sacrilege. Shingibis sang one after another, beating the tom-tom with the curved stick in his right hand and shaking steadily the Grand Medicine rattle in his left.

During the pauses I would occasionally beg Blue Sky to get Shingibis to tell us what the songs were about, but his replies were evasive to the point of statesmanship. The only definite information I was able to acquire was that they were about animals. During one song his wife, Bear's Grease, danced solemnly in the middle of the wigwam.

An age-long religion was there, but we were admitted to only the Gentile court of its temple.

Shingibis at last looked at the alarm clock and announced that "Indian Church" was finished.

Blue Sky then told us that the wife of Shingibis had a request to make. The position of the lamp on the wooden box was such that we could see her but were ourselves in the shadow,—would we be willing to have the box

placed in the middle of the wigwam, so that she could see our faces? We readily consented, and she looked us all over with true feminine curiosity. There was much good humored comment, duly (and I trust correctly) translated by Blue Sky, and she gave us each a name suggested by some individuality of dress or feature.

A good sincere soul was Bear's Grease from Beaver Bay. That morning I wanted to take her picture at a washtub which stood at a picturesque corner of the log house, and she insisted upon getting soap and putting water in the tub, so that the picture should be quite correct.

It was with some regret that I bade farewell to the little group of Indians in the hollow of the forest.

Through the pines where the shadows slept we took our homeward way, feeling that we left behind us a bit of the old poetic life that was here before the white man came, and of the contented restfulness which the white man has chased across a continent, but which ever eludes his grasp.

"You should see John M—— before you go away," said our hostess, Mrs. Clans Hanson.

Having another day at our disposal we wended our way once more to "Chippeway City," and knocked at the thrifty farmer's door. No one was within, but we saw evidence of progress everywhere;—a sewing machine, a cabinet organ and elaborately framed pictures.

Inquiring from the neighbors we discovered the fact that John M—— was in the hay field.

It was a long tramp, but at last we found John M——, swinging his scythe in the long grass of the meadow. He was a handsome Indian, standing with hat pushed back as he answered our questions.

There were certain points of interest which we had not seen—could he direct us? He seemed to think we had gone some distance out of our way to ask such a simple question, but he gave the desired direction most courteously. We lingered a little with some of the small talk which steals so much of the white man's time and John M—— took his watch from his pocket, looked at it and said significantly, "It is three o'clock." Then he looked up at the sun and out across his field of hay.

We said with alacrity that we must hasten on our way to the graveyard,—which was the point of interest we were seeking,—and took our departure with an added respect for our brown brothers and a glimpse of their possibilities under conditions of development.

Three Indian types,—the Grand Medicine man, who represents the best of the native life, the Indian guide who stands at the parting of the ways, and the industrious farmer, who has travelled far along the trail from the Indian Land of Yesterday, to the Land of the White Man's Tomorrow.

Jap's Trellis Orchards.

Probably none but a Japanese would think of growing an apple orchard on trellises. Apples have been grown in Japan for only about thirty or forty years, having been introduced into that country from the United States. The Japanese seems to want an apple vine yard rather than an apple orchard and has shaped his course accordingly. The farmers of that country find it much easier to build such a trellis than would our farmers; for the reason that he has an abundance of that wonderful tree, the bamboo, which is admirably suited for such work as trellis building. The Japanese farmer trellises his pear trees also, cutting off the trunks at about six feet from the ground and extending the branches laterly. Some of the pear trees so trellised have immense trunks and have reached an age of over 100 years.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE OKLAHOMA WICHITA INDIAN TRIBE

By The Journal Pen and Camera

OF ALL the Indians who inhabit Oklahoma the Wichitas are the most law-abiding, peaceful and industrious. The total population on their former reservation, which was opened to settlement five years ago, was but 956, and this number included the



Caddos, a remnant of the Delawares, and the the odds and ends of several other almost depleted tribes. All these, however, have in a great measure accepted the manner of life of the Wichitas and are to all intents and purposes members of that tribe.

The distinctive feature about the Wichita Indians is the way in which they build their homes. Instead of the regulation tepee, made of a framework of pole, upon which a covering of skins is hung, the Wichitas build grass houses. This is the only Indian tribe in the United States which does this and it indicates that they are less migratory than others. The grass houses can not be taken up and moved in an hour's notice and they require architectural skill to construct. The general opinion about the Wichitas is that they were originally a Mexican or Central American tribe, for in no other places has the building of grass houses been followed by aboriginal tribes. It is purely a Southern method of architecture.

Among this band of Indians the word "home" seems to have a meaning which is lacking among other Indians. This has been so since the white men first knew them, and for years they have led a peaceful and quiet life. Most of them have little

orchards around their homes, in which are included peaches, apples and pears. When these crops are good, the Indians sell them to the whites and show considerable ability in driving a stiff bargain. As a rule the Wichita saves his money, not bartering it for tinsels trinkets and whisky. Around each of their small homes there is also usually a patch of corn and vegetables and some of them have even amassed considerable wealth, for Indians, from the sale of cattle and hogs raised on their allotments.

The Wichitas were among the first to realize the value of an education and their children were sent in early days even to the white schools in the east. When the Government schools were established the Wichitas allowed their children to be sent to these and many of the members of the band are not only well educated but at one time, at least, knew the difference between a logarithm and an upright engine. They are rapidly losing their identity as Indians, however, and will soon be numbered among the homogeneous population of Oklahoma.

Compared with many other tribes the Wichita Indians are small in stature. Major Randlett, former agent of the Wichita affiliated tribes, in one of his last reports to the Government, said:

"The large number live in houses on their allotments, and are manifesting considerable pride in the ownership of individual homesteads. There are no vagabond beggars. In some way even the poorest among them make out with what they receive from the income of their lands, so that no real poverty is known among them. Con-



WICHITA INDIAN WOMEN BUILDING ONE OF THEIR RENOWNED GRASS HOUSES

gress has made no appropriation for the affiliated tribes during the last few years, and they seem to understand that they are expected to support themselves through their own efforts upon their allotments and upon the money derived from the sale of their surplus lands under an act of June, 1900, and the rents derived from their pasture reserves which are held in common. Most of the able-bodied men have made some effort to improve their allotments and some of them have been quite successful."

The Wichita Indians have an old claim against the United States Government for services rendered the Federal troops in the years of 1858, 1859, and 1860. Several times Congress has

been asked to appropriate money to cover this claim, but thus far nothing has come of the efforts made in their behalf. In 1858 United States troops were ordered West to suppress the Comanche Indians, then on the warpath. The troops were instructed to use the Wichitas whenever possible, this tribe being then in charge of Capt. Ross, United States Indian Agent.

The Wichitas were friendly to the Government and were pressed into service without opposition. They assisted the troops in routing the Comanches, driving them north from the Brazos River, overtaking them at the South Canadian River, near the site of

the present town of Bridgeport, were a battle was fought. We-ir-do-yar, a Wichita Chief, was killed in the battle, and Kecki John, another Wichita, now residing with the tribe in Caddo County, seriously wounded. He is today totally blind from injuries received in the service.

The Wichitas was again pressed into service in 1859, being taken from Capt. Röss and used again in suppressing the Comanches. They were under the command of Gen. VanHorne, and at Rush Creek in a battle two Wichita Indians, A-has-gen-nair-dan and Is-gair-sch, were killed. Tewakoni Jim, now living near Anadarko, is an heir of the two men and is one of the most intelligent men of the tribe. Gen. Sturgis in the year 1860 used the Wichitas, and two of them, De-gas-ne-ya and Sux-de-do-dis, died of disease while in the service. Their heirs are also still living in Caddo County and have allotments.

The Wichitas and Caddos have always been friendly to the whites, and one tradition of considerable interest is handed down by them in regard to a party of goldseekers home-bound from California, about 1850. They were attacked by a party of hostile Apaches, and finding themselves unable to defend themselves the white men buried their valuables in a camp kettle. They were all murdered by the Apaches and their wagons burned but were afterward buried by the roaming party of Wichitas and Caddos.

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THE INDIAN PRINT SHOP.

A TYPICAL GROUP OF GIRL STUDENTS



MEMBERS COMPANY C, CHILOCCO INDIAN SCHOOL. The JOURNAL camera don't show her name—
ing and make fine students. The JOURNAL camera don't show her name—the Pima student—are native Oklahomans. The tribes represented from left to right, Eva Walker, Pawnee; Lucy Collins, Ponca; Esther Parker, Comanche; Tulie Arispi, Wichita; Lynda Parker, Comanche; is a daughter of the Chief of the Comanches, Quannah Parker, a m

OKLAHOMA INDIAN STUDENTS



PL.—Indian maidens of this age are usually very interesting on account of the prettiness of these dark-skinned lasses. All but one named Mary Rhodes, Pima; Nannie Ellis, Caddo. Lower row: Esther Parker, Comanche; Susette Jones, Otoe. Esther Parker is the most progressive chief and a power for good in his tribe.

THE ANADARKO SCHOOL.

THE Riverside Government Indian Boarding School is beautifully located on the north bank of the Washita river, one and one-half miles north of Anadarko, Okla. The reserve upon which this school is operated contains 2,249 acres of land. The inclosed school campus contains 10 acres. There are 400 thriving shade trees planted in this campus, all of which are growing nicely and the plot is set to Bermuda grass and is conveniently laid off with walks.

There are four large buildings in the inclosed campus, used for the following purposes: The girls' dormitory is used for rooming and sleeping 75 girls, and was erected in 1899 at a cost of \$1,800. It is heated by steam and lighted by gas, and is modern in every way. The boys' building is a good substantial brick building, erected in 1883. It has a capacity for rooming and sleeping 80 boys. The school building is an excellent brick building, having a capacity for 150 pupils, and was erected in 1900 at a cost of \$13,000. It is heated by steam and lighted by gas.

In company with Mr. L. A. Edie, I visited the Indian children in this building on Sunday evening and heard them sing and recite, and numerous verses from the Bible were recited in concert, the boys joining in and doing fully as well as the girls. In the singing the boys did not take the interest that the girls did, but this I have observed in the white schools. These exercises were a revelation to me and practically demonstrated that the Indian has a strong memory and can be educated. Exercises of some kind are held in this chapel every night and are varied, so that the children never tire of it.

The other large brick building was erected in 1899, at a cost of \$5000 and contains the kitchen and dining room, where the entire school gathers three times a day for their meals. In addition to these four main buildings there are several residences for the teachers, a laundry and other necessary buildings.

The farm is well stocked with blooded cattle, hogs, horses, mules, and in fact, everything necessary to carry on a model farm. I am informed by the superintendent that large quantities of corn, wheat, oats, etc., are annually sold from this farm. This school is maintained entirely at the expense of the United States government for the purpose of educating the children of the Wichita and Caddo Indian tribes. The entire enrollment of the school

is 141, their ages ranging from 5 to 18 years. From five to eight the pupils attend school the whole day, the work at this age being principally kindergarten work. After they are eight years old they attend school only half a day and are required to work the other half.

All pupils born prior to July 1, 1901, and their parents each have been allotted 160 acres of land. These allotments vary in value from \$2000 to \$8000. Neither the old people nor the children are permitted to sell any of this land until after 1926.

It is a conceded fact that the government could not make professional men or women out of any great number of these pupils, but the idea is to make respectful, self-supporting citizens of them by teaching the boys and girls industrial work. The boys are taught to do all kinds of farm work, from the time they are eight years of age until they are 18. There are 200 acres of land in cultivation at the school. This land is all cultivated by the school boys, under direction of a farmer.

The girls are taught to cook, do laundry work, keep house, cut and make their own clothing, etc.

The object of the government is to give the the pupils sufficient literary education to transact business in an intelligent manner, but industrial education is considered far more important. The pupils are taken into school in September each year, and kept in school ten months. Both board and clothing are furnished by the government. There are various duties connected with the school and each department has a supervisor.

One of the most interesting features is the school garden. Superintendent Buntin gave Mr. Edie and myself a cordial invitation to come out on Monday and see the children work in the garden. Mr. L. A. Edie is a landscape photographer and took the photos of the children at work, as shown in this article. This garden contains about one acre and is laid off in beds 10x20 feet. On each bed is the name of the pupil who owns this garden. Each pupil is required to plant and cultivate a model garden under the supervision of a competent teacher. The pupils take great interest in these gardens. The superintendent tells me it is not uncommon to hear one say that he or she has better onions, lettuce, corn, etc., than the pupil adjoining. Before planting the seed a test is made of planting at different depths in glass enclosure and the result noted by pupils. The pupils are easily taught industrial work, but it is more difficult to teach them in a literary way than the av-

erage white child. They take readily to music. The school has a very nice band composed of Indian boys and is led by an Indian young man who was educated at Chilocco Indian School, Oklahoma.

The school has a good water and sewer system and a regular trained fire brigade with hose cart and fire alarm. In fact, this school is well equipped in every way and under the able management of superintendent J. A. Buntin and his corps of assistants, there is no doubt that Indian boys and girls who graduate here will be well qualified to assume the duties of citizenship in the coming state.—
Farm and Ranch.

Do Crow Indians Talk Japanese?

A newspaper dispatch of recent date, published in the metropolitan dailies, says:

"It is not generally known that the Crow Indian language is very much akin to that of the Japanese," said Col. S. C. Reynolds, Government Agent at the Crow Indian Agency.

"That an Indian tribe 2,000 miles from the coast should have many words in common with a nation on the other side of the earth is most remarkable and opens a line of theory and research upon which ethnologists and linguists can spend much time and study.

"Over on the Crow reservation, near the Custer battlefield, lives a negro named 'Smoky.' Smoky was born on the reserve, and has been adopted into the Crow tribe, so he is an Indian. He talks the Indian language better than he does English. Smoky always works around the agency, and usually for the Indian Agent.

"Last year I had a Japanese cook at the agency. Several days after he came to work for me three 'Jap' section men from the Burlington railroad's gang came one evening to see my cook. They were in the kitchen jabbering away when Smoky came in.

"A few minutes later the negro came into my library and told me that the 'Japs' were talking Crow instead of their own language. At that time I could speak Indian only in a limited way, but I went into the kitchen and asked my cook (who could speak English) about it. To my surprise I found that Smoky was partially correct, and that many of the Japanese words were used in the Crow language with identically the same meaning. I am not enough of an ethnologist to say where these identical words came from, or whether or not the Crows and the Japanese had common origin, but it is a curious fact that these languages are very much alike."

"Lo" and Other People

The Tams Bixby republican club of Smithville, I. T., has been organized with a total Indian membership of 350. This is the largest Indian political club in the world.

A recent issue of the Shawnee, Okla., Journal says: A big Indian camp meeting has been in progress in the country near Wetumka for two weeks. There were sixteen different clans of Indians represented at this meeting, and the attendance was more than 2,000.

About 500 Piate Indians are helping in the hop fields of California. The Indians at first refused to go in the hop fields, thinking that the Great Spirit did not wish them to go to California, but their chief urged them to forget their superstitions and accept the offers of the hop-growers.

A special from Douglas, Wy., says that the authorities there are in constant fear of very serious trouble with the 700 Ute Indians who gave so much trouble there several weeks ago. For six weeks the redskins have been living in tepees along the river, and stubbornly refuse to go away, despite the efforts that have been made to induce them to return to their reservation in Idaho.

The Native American states that the census of the Wallapai showed 520 Indians scattered along the line of the Santa Fe railroad for several hundred miles and wherever they can find water. The Wallapai reservation comprises 730,880 acres of the most valueless land on earth for agriculture purposes. It is unsurveyed and unallotted. Scarcely a dozen families live on the reservation.

Mr. Curtis, the photographer of Indian type and life, mention of whose work the JOURNAL has made from time to time, is now camped in Hopi Land. The writer met him at the First Mesa, where he was getting some fine photos from life of the inhabitants of Hano, Sichumovi and Walpi. Mr. Curtis is extending his work, made possible by a recent gift of \$50,000 from a New Yorker.

Twelve Indians from the recently opened Crow reservation, in charge of Indian agent Heckley, passed through Denver on Wednesday en route to homes near Riverside, Cal. The Crow reservation has just been thrown open to homeseekers and each Indian of the tribe allowed to retain a quarter section of

land. In many cases the white settlers have bought out the Indians and the Crows are now being moved to new homes.—Denver News.

Five thousand Indians on the Babine river and lake at the headwaters of the Skeene river, and 190 miles from the coast, have broken out in open revolution and a call has been sent to Vancouver for the militia. The hostilities occurred because the federal fisheries officials attempted to break down the barricade which the Indians had erected across the river and streams leading to Babine lake and other spawning grounds of the Sockeye salmon.

J. Wharton James has written two interesting books, which have been lately issued by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. One is "In and Around the Grand Canyon of the Colorado." The other is "Indians of the Painted Desert Region." In this last book is a realistic, true description of the life and customs of the Hopis, Navajos, Wallapais and Hava-saupais, tribes which inhabit the arid regions covered by this great, barren, inhospitable desert. These two books are valuable in that they are authoritative and are made especially interesting through the many fine half-tone illustrations from original photographs by the author.

Some of the railroads have notified Uncle Sam's Indian school superintendents that all pupils and Indian Service employees who have heretofore been carried over their lines at special rates of half-fare, will hereafter be taxed full fare. This action will be felt by Indian school employees, who, to a great extent are far from home, and will, no doubt, prevent many from enjoying each year a much-needed relaxation from their arduous duties. Army officers and other Government employees are affected in the same way. This is one of the good things (?) caused by the going into effect of the Hepburn rate bill. Many Indian schools, on account of this ruling, will have to have the appropriation for pupil transportation doubled, for it will take now just double the amount of money to transport their enrollments, if this decision of the railroads is final.

Position to Exchange.

Clerk (stenographer), salary \$1,000, desires exchange with clerk in Indian Service, School or Agency. Address F. M. McGlothlen, Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C.

EDUCATING THE INDIAN.

From the Great Falls, Mont., Tribune.

Writing to the Chicago Record Herald, a woman whose heart may be right, but whose head is filled with nonsense, makes an attack upon the system of educating the Indians now practiced, claiming, in brief, that it is a failure, and advancing the threadbare argument that education fails to civilize the Indian.

Granted that some of the graduates of Carlisle go back to the tepee, there are hundreds of others who do not, and there are in Montana many educated Indians who in every qualification for citizenship, are the equals of white men and white women who have had no greater opportunity.

There is no flaw in the system of educating the Indian. There is a fatal flaw in the arguments of those who oppose the system, and whose great error is in maintaining that the Indian should be transformed by education. Such is not the purpose of educating the Indian; such is not the purpose of educating the white child. The purpose is not to transform, not to change human nature, but to improve, and that purpose has been met and is being fulfilled in every school in the Indian country.

The Indian schools are doing a good work—a work of benefit to every western state, and while misguided friends of the Indian in the east may be able to embarrass the hundreds of men and women who are engaged in the great work and make their hard task more difficult, they have the cordial support of the people who know the Indian and who know what education is doing for him. That education is along broad lines. In a late circular to those in charge of schools, Miss Estelle Reel, a Wyoming woman, superintendent of the Indian schools of the country, tells of what nature the work must be. She says:

"Superintendents are again reminded that the office expects the class-work of all Indian children to be of a useful nature, adapted to the child's needs, teaching the geography of the neighborhood, the history of the tribe, the value of irrigation and giving him a knowledge of the general industries of his locality. He should be taught to buy supplies at the store, selling at the lowest price, and how to get the full value of his money in purchasing merchandise. He should learn to find employment for himself, to be an independent worker, and to know that success or failure in life lies with himself alone."

This circular also urges upon superintendents the duty of teaching Indian children economy

in every department of work, the kitchen, the sewing-room and the workshop, the field and the garden plot, no less than in the saving of time and money. It is expected that Indian pupils be strictly required to keep personal expense accounts, and that they spend no more than one-third of their income from earnings or annuities, the balance to be deposited in the town or school bank at interest, the pupil being instructed in the actual transactions of depositing and withdrawing funds.

That outlines the nature of the education the Indian is receiving. It is practical education. It is education that the Indian desires. Is it beneficial? Let an Apache answer:

"Me wantum my boy she go school, catchum white man's smart. White man's school smart good fo' white boy; purty good fo' Injun boy, too. Me heap savy now long time. Man she heap school smart plenty she boss all time, makum five dollar day, mebbly more. Man she no school smart she no boss, she workum dollar day, mebbly so, mebbly diggum all time, sweat, swear; catchum dollar day, spendum quick. Me wantum Injun boy catchum school smart plenty."

A Letter of Sitting Bull's.

If Major General Elwell S. Otis, now on the retired list of the United States army, still owns a written communication once sent to him by the Sioux chief Sitting Bull, he has a missive which probably would bring a high price at an autograph sale. The letter was sent to General Otis when he was lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-second Infantry, a regiment which was in the field in pursuit of the Sioux immediately following the Custer massacre. Here is Sitting Bull's letter:

YELLOWSTONE: I want to know what you are doing traveling on this road. You scare all the buffalo away. I want to hunt on the place. I want you to turn back from here. If you don't, I will fight you again. I want you to leave what you have got here and turn back from here. I am your friend.

SITTING BULL.

I mean all the rations you have got and some powder. Wish you would write as soon as you can.

There was some humor in this communication of Sitting Bull. He asked the doughty old warrior, Otis, to retreat and to leave all the rations and a part of his powder, in order that the Sioux might have forage and ammunition enough to put them in condition to make another Custer massacre possible. Inasmuch as Otis and his command, a day or two earlier, had thrashed Sitting Bull out of his moccasins, the humor of the communication becomes the more salient.—Chicago Post.

In and Out of the Service

Conditions at the Pine Ridge Agency,

Maj. John R. Brennan, Indian agent at Pine Ridge, So. Dakota, says that the report that the Indians, as a nation, are dying out, is not true at Pine Ridge. Maj. Brennan is in the city in attendance with numerous Indian witnesses at United States court. The Indian population on Pine Ridge is now 6,727, an increase of about 300 over the census of four years ago.

Another fact which shows that the Indians, racially, are not becoming extinct is that the greatest mortality, by far, is found among the infant population. When Indian mothers learn how to care for their children during infancy and early childhood the race then will show a good increase. The belief that tuberculosis is carrying off the red men in great numbers is another theory that Maj. Brennan does not find borne out at his agency.

On Pine Ridge about 1,600 or 1,700 able-bodied Indians are dropped from the ration list in the spring and not put on again until the winter makes it difficult for even an able-bodied Lo to keep soul and body together. Of this number 500 or 600 are men, all of whom find work, and in the warm weather actually support the women and children dependent upon them. For those, however, who cannot procure work the Government supplies work.

An irrigation project has been in process of construction at Pine Ridge agency for the past four years. The work is all done by Indians, who receive \$1.25 a day per man and \$2.50 for a man with a team.

Already hundreds of acres have been reclaimed from mere pasture land and are being cultivated by the Indians, with the result that good crops, especially of vegetables, are being raised. Dams are being built at suitable places along the small creeks to store not only the flood waters, which would not be sufficient in this region, but also the natural flow. Ditches then are dug to carry the water to the various accessible parts. The Indians themselves are much interested in this work. They realize the benefit that irrigation will be to them, and contrary to the belief held by the majority of people, they are glad to go to work each returning spring. About 300

now are employed upon this work, and not less than 150 of their brothers are working outside of the reservation. The latter are drawing from railroads big pay this year, too, from \$2 to \$2.50 daily. The Indians make good workmen, as they are strong, silent, and, as one railroad boss put it, have not yet learned to loaf when the boss's back is turned.

The day schools on the reservation opened on Monday and are full to overflowing. The boarding school at the agency and the mission school also are full. Aside from these schools, the Government Indian school at Rapid City draws about 100 boys and girls from Pine Ridge, and numbers of them go also to Carlisle, Haskell, Chillico and other large institutions. Whether the Indian will learn to work and to study is no longer speculation. It is a well-established fact.

Changes The Judge Idea.

Major Downs, the special agent in charge of affairs at Cheyenne River Indian agency, has reorganized the Indian police court. In the past, the court of three members have been sitting at the agency each ration day to decide cases brought before them of petty troubles which arise among their people. This has been changed by a division of the reservation into three districts, one judge to be assigned to each district, and he will hold court at stated places in his district twice each month. When he runs against a case which is too complicated or difficult to handle for himself it goes to the "supreme court" consisting of three judges, who sit at the agency once in three months. The first meeting of the "supreme court" is to be held at the agency on the 15th of this month. All decisions of the district judges are subject to the approval of the boss farmer of his district, who besides being in charge of farming operations is a general overseer of the Indians of his district. The decisions of the supreme court are subject to review by the agent who is supreme in such matters. Generally the decisions of the Indian courts are sustained, and their people are putting a great deal of reliance on them to settle disputes.

New Regulations For I. T. Schools.

New regulations for the tribal Indian schools among the five civilized tribes in Indian Territory have been issued by the Indian bureau. They are prescribed for the purpose of

carrying into effect the provisions of a section of the act winding up the affairs of the five tribes.

One of the important changes in the regulations which prevail is the doing away with school warrants which have been used for the payment of teachers and employes. The rule regarding this says: "No school warrants or orders shall hereafter be issued by the authorities of the five civilized tribes, but all salaries of teachers and boarding school employes shall be paid by the superintendent of schools from available funds set aside for that purpose."

Another important regulation is in relation to the term of school officers now serving. They are to hold their jobs at the discretion of the secretary of interior, the rule reading: "The present superintendent of schools, of Indian Territory, United States supervisors for the several nations and the tribal school officers for each nation shall continue in office until otherwise directed by the secretary of the interior."

Inherited Lands Will Be Sold.

After five months the department of the interior has prepared the form under which the inherited lands in Indian Territory must be sold at the Union agency and the first list of lands have been posted for sale, after 60 days advertising under the new rules.

This inherited land law was passed by the last congress and about one-fourth of the land in Indian Territory is effected by it. Most of this land will be placed on the market immediately. There is a pressing demand for its sale by heirs to close estates of deceased persons, but this urgency has had no effect on the department and the land has remained unsold. The indications now are that there will be more land change hands in Indian Territory than there has ever been in the same length of time with the exception of the few months immediately after the law was passed which permitted the freedmen in the Creek nation to sell their land.

Inherited land is that which was allotted to an Indian who has since died. The rolls in some of the nations have been in process of making for five or six years, and in fact land rights were conferred upon the Indians by the Curtis act of 1885, and Indians who were entitled to land under that act were given allotments, even though deceased long before the rolls were approved and the allotments made.

An Accomplished Indian.

The Shawnee News has this to say of the man who gave Shawnee her name:

"Walter Shawnee left this afternoon for his home at White River, A. T., after a brief visit with friends in this city. Walter is the man whose name was adopted over eleven years ago for the place in the hills which is now the populous modern city of Shawnee. He is a Shawnee Indian, was educated well and is one of the best English conversationalists in the Southwest. Posted on every subject and able to talk with a fluency and understanding seldom attained by even white men, he is a man among men. In talking over his life here he stated that he formerly was a member of the business committee of the Shawnee Indians residing near the present city of Shawnee, and was engaged in straightening out the tribal matters. When M. J. Bentley and Amos Ewing, townsite men for the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf railway, came through this way to locate new towns, they secured his services in buying a right-of-way for the new road. So well did he do his work that in his honor they named the new town Shawnee, and for several years he remained here watching his namesake grow. About five years ago he entered the Government service at White River and has since remained there. He was much gratified at the great growth of the city and well pleased to visit his former friends here."

Osages Willing to Pay Taxes.

There seems to be very little, if any, objection on the part of the Osage Indians to the clause in the allotment bill providing for a tax upon their surplus lands. By the more progressive members of the tribe this provision is received with approbation. They have been held as wards of the Government for so long and are so glad to escape, that they are not only willing, but anxious to assume all duties of citizenship, even to help paying for the government in which they expect to take prominent part in forming. There will be more than a million acres of surplus land and a tax of two or three cents per acre added to the real estate of the towns and the personal property will be sufficient to maintain a county government on a very generous scale. The Osages are rich and they know that they will not feel such a small tax. They realize that by its payment they will secure a better class of people in the new state as neighbors which will result in better government and increase the value of their farms.—Pawhuska Capital.

DEFENDS GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCHOOLS.

The following defence of Indian schools and their work was written by Effie E. Sparks, field matron at Black River Falls, Wisconsin, in answer to an article criticizing Government schools appearing recently in the Chicago Record-Herald:

The picture of Indian sorrow and governmental injustice drawn by Nettie Dixon Hahn in The Record-Herald of August 26 is very pathetic. Only the most stone-hearted of beings would fail to pity poor Lo if his sufferings were so intense as Mrs. Hahn depicts them.

But she speaks well and truly regarding the homeless, unloved white children. Anyone familiar with the Indian schools and also the institution work among white children knows there are thousands of the latter who would be glad to have the leavings from the tables of the Indian children in Government schools. I agree with her that all needy white children should have "care, supplies and protection," but the Indian children should have no less than they now have. Should helpless Indian children not have the protection of any law simply because they are Indian children?

The laws of a state permit the county authorities to take children from parents who habitually neglect them, who make no effort properly to feed, clothe and educate them, and who allow them to go hungry, ill-clad and practically homeless.

And what is the average Indian "home," which Mrs. Hahn talks about, like? A tepee or wigwam not high enough to stand within, a fire burning inside on the ground, filling the "home" with stifling smoke (sometimes there is a stove, but oftener not), a pile of filthy quilts, a few dishes and cooking utensils, and over all and about all the vilest, most disgusting filth. The parents in these "homes" live in unspeakable degradation. Their ideas of morality are seldom higher than those of their canine friends, which help to fill the "home" and sometimes the dinner kettle.

Blessed is the child "kidnaped" from such "homes" and such parents as this. And blessed be the "smug gentlemen in Washington" who have devised plans for educating Indian children and have so faithfully and honestly carried them out. "Arbitrary" they may be, but can Mrs. Hahn or any one else devise any better plan or use any better method in educating and uplifting the Indian race?

In dealing with the Indians and their children I have seen no Government employe using

"force." In their work among the Indians they are as gentle and humane as it is possible to be and yet make progress in their work. The employes of the Indian schools are far less dictatorial, exacting and arbitrary than are the employes in institutions for white children, and the discipline in Indian schools is not nearly as strict as it is in state institutions for white children.

I have been in the Indian Service over five months and have seen no children under 6 years in Indian schools. I have seen no "fighting, fainting, broken-hearted" Indian mothers no kidnaped children and no "soldiers with loaded guns." I have not seen any "grieving mothers" and never heard of an Indian child dying of home-sickness. The children are allowed to go "home" during July and August, and the Government pays their parents for bringing them to the railroad station and their car-fare back to school when the school is not near their homes.

The parents visit their children at school and it is the height of absurdity for any one to say they "mourn their children as dead." Many of the Indian parents I know are proud of the ability of their children to read and write and they often bring their children willingly to school. Only a short time ago three Indian children were brought to me by their parents to be sent back to school at Wittenberg, Wis., a month before vacation time was over.

Lapland's Queer Salt.

In Lapland they have no salt, and the bark of the fir tree is used as a substitute. The Laps peel the bark from the trunk of the tree, carefully remove the epidermis and then divide the inner bark into quite a number of very thin layers. During the brief but extremely hot Lapland summer the layers are exposed to the sun until thoroughly dried; then they are torn into narrow strips and placed in boxes made of fresh bark taken from other trees. Deep holes are then dug in the sand, and the bark boxes are buried in them, where they are allowed to remain for about three days. The second day fires are made over places where the boxes are buried and kept burning briskly for several hours. The heat penetrates deep into the sand, turns the fir bark a deep red color and gives to it a pleasing taste and odor. Finally the boxes are unearthed, the fir strips are pounded or ground into a coarse powder, and the Lapps use it just as we do salt, only much more sparingly, because it is so troublesome to prepare.—Exchange.

"Lo" and Other People

Agriculture will be given special attention in the Indian schools of Indian Territory this year. Instructors will give short talks on the subject each day, and where it is possible a small plot of ground will be secured near the school.

The Crow Indians of eastern Montana held a big fair the first week in October. The fair grounds were located on the Little Big Horn, a beautiful tract of 160 acres in a bend of the river, furnishing an ideal spot for such purpose.

A party of Sioux Indians from Norton, Minn., passed through town today on their way to the Santee reservation to attend the re-union of the Episcopal Indians which will be held at a point just across the river from Springfield for one week beginning tomorrow.—Dakotan, Yankton, So. Dak.

Rev. H. L. Cloud, pastor of the Methodist church at Wellston, and a full-blood Cherokee Indian, has been indorsed by the citizens of Wellston for delegate to the constitutional convention. Rev. Mr. Cloud was a delegate to the recent republican congressional convention at Guthrie and delivered the invocation at that time.

Among the most persistent popular errors is the impression that the American Indians are dying out. The fact is that there are more Indians in the United States to-day than when Columbus discovered America. Various censuses taken in the last seventy years show a steady though small increase. In 1836 there were only 253,464, while now, by actual count of Indian agents, there are 284,000.

Our correspondent at Cantonment writes: Practically all the Cheyennes and many of the Arapahos at Cantonment, Oklahoma, have been "pulling" broom corn since about the latter part of August into September. They begun work at \$1.50 a day and board, at \$1.75 per day without board; then to \$2.25 per day and 2 pounds of "whoa haw" per person; one of them, Tobacco, with his wife and four older children, made \$10.00 per day.

A newspaper special says: It is understood to be the purpose of Indian Commissioner Leupp to separate the Red Lake Indian res-

ervation in Minnesota from the Leech Lake agency. The affairs of the Indians at Red Lake will be placed in the hands of a bonded school superintendent. This step was suggested to Commissioner Leupp some months ago, but before taking any action he decided to have a special agent make an investigation and report.

This is said to be true: A charming romance of the Yakima Indian reservation has been consummated by the marriage of Ada Smith, reputed to be the most beautiful woman on the reservation, to Frank Iyall, a full-blooded Yakima resident near Toppenish. The girl was 18, handsome after a piquant style and possessed of \$25,000 in cash and land near Wapato conservatively valued at \$10,000. The Indian she has married is himself wealthy. The bride is well educated, a talented pianist, admirable housekeeper and seamstress and a clever conversationalist.

A special from Wagner, to the Sioux Falls, So. Dak., Argus-Leader, contains the following: About 500 Indians who had been attending the general convocation of the Indian Presbyterian church at Greenwood left here for their homes yesterday morning. They were from Flandreau, Sisseton, Devils Lake, N. D., Montana and all over the northwest. The regular passengers had three special coaches on to carry the crowd. The Presbyterian meeting which has been held at Greenwood during the past week has been very largely attended, thousands of Indians being in attendance from all over the northwest. The meeting has been one of the most successful meetings held for a number of years.

In an editorial the Louisville Courier-Journal says: Sentimentalists always picture the Indians as a vanishing race, shoved on toward the furthest edge of the map by the ruthless white man and shot down now and then when they do not obey with sufficient alacrity the order to move on. But cold statistics show that there are 284,000 Indians now living and that there has been an increase of 14,000 in the last decade. It is estimated that there were but 230,000 in what is now United States when this country was discovered. These figures constitute a high tribute to the vigor of a race that has not only survived the encroachments of civilization, represented by some 90,000,000 whites, but increased and multiplied while defending itself with inferior weapons against trained fighting men with modern arms.



AN IDYLL OF THE UINTAH

BY WILBERT E. EISELE

Sequestered spot, Uintah and Ouray!
Loveliest of all th' Indian Agencies
That Mantiou looks down on; smiling eye,
High-nestled 'mid the Snowy Range it lies.
Hither to Whiterocks, all unknown of fame,
Led by the Western lure the fair Viriginian came.

The flow'ry June beckoned to welcome her;
And when o'rose o'er Utah's barren hills
The morning sun, he shone on gay parterre
Of Paint Brush, Foxglove, and the red rose fills
The air with perfume, while, at evening's close,
Quick-gleaming through the meads the fire-fly's lantern goes!

And Nature spread her wild magnificence around—
Through canons course the rushing mountain streams,
Marking with verdure to its utmost bound
Uintah's sun-kissed Vale; to sweet dreams
Compelling with their murmur: the sad heart,
May search the wide West o'er to find their counterpart!

And the mind wanders to a time when all
This self-same Vale knew not the pale-face; save
The roving Redmen, none held it in thrall.
Then the squaw-berry with its kindred gave
The tribe sustenance when the chase denied;
From Nature's kindly breast their daily wants supplied.

And when the annual gathering of the clans
Announced the Council, all the plain was gay
With bright-robed Warriors, Squaws, anon, the dance
Claimed all as votaries, from the ag'd and gray
To the small Nap-pooch, and kind affection ruled
The merry-makers yet in selfishness unschooled.

The sun-dance corral, with its crowd of braves
 Entered for the ordeal; lithe of limb,
 They dance, a circle of devoted slaves
 To the deity of the totem-pole: and him
 Alone they reverence, while the drummers' cries
 Still spur the contestants on until is gained the prize.

O frown not, Churchman, that these simple sons
 Of Adam reck not of thy phantasy;
 Ye worship both the Unknown, as the legend runs.
 Your fate the same, no matter if there be
 A land of souls beyond the sable shore,
 Where life and fretting passions waste the heart no more.

E'en the crazed wits of dumb Inipigant*
 Can see as far in th' Secret as the Wise:
 For the self-punished wretch let Pity grant,
 As she pauses by his wickyup lone, her sighs;
 Alike to him if scorching Summer haste
 Or Winter winds howl or the Tepee-dotted waste!

To the upward way Lo's progress naught retards:
 Haply, the modest halls of learning here
 'Stablished by the Great Father for his wards
 May teach them to improve their humble sphere.
 Contentment theirs as Wisdom's paths they trace,
 Nor ever rue the fate estranged them from their race!

The painted Sioux, in eagle plumes arrayed,
 Scouring on pony fleet the boundless plains;
 The tawny Ute in breech clout, scarlet plaid,
 Now meet in mimic battle; but the Train
 No longer dreads the ambushed foeman's blast;
 The vengeful war-whoop shrill, the red foray are past.

O'er all the busy scene of the Great Show
 Time's hand hath traced—"This, too, shall pass away."
 The Historic Muse, oft shuddering and slow,
 Poring on pages dim the same doth say:
Love only holds his sway!
 Gone are the pageantry of Ancient Rome,
 When the populace were thrilled
 With sound of bugles, and the soft air filled
 With Io! Triumphe! as passed
 Barbaric captive chiefs and spoils of war;
 Yet short surcease of life the Imperial Purple bore.

The Revolution saw our infancy;
 In '61 the martyred Raconteur
 Led our young manhood through the stormy sea
 Of civil strife: whate'er Fate holds in store,
This Nation shall endure!
 So may my heroine, th' Viriginian, learn
 The lesson of the simple life among
 These solitudes, and ere her footsteps turn
 Toward her beloved East may she be strong
 In mind and person her aim to pursue;
 And, pleased with her sojourn, bid Uintah's Vale adieu!

Whiterocks, Utah, July 15, 1906.



INIPIGANT, OR THE CRAZY INDIAN.

*Prose Explanation.

Crouching among the boulders, half-hidden with sage-brush, near the foot-hills of the Uintah range of mountains, in Uintah County, Utah, is one of the most wonderful yet at the same time most pitiful sights of the former Uintah Indian Reservation—in fact, it is to be doubted if another such being ever existed for a similar period of time since the creation of the world.

Once strong, influential, brave and generous, he has now for more than twenty years lain entirely nude two miles north of the Uintah and Ouray Agency at Whiterocks, Utah, his hair disheveled and matted and his skin as hard and thick as that of an alligator, impervious alike to the scorching summer sun and the icy blasts of winter, the temperature of the latter in the Whiterocks latitude sometimes ranging from 25 to 30 degrees below zero. Heedless of the passage of time, stonily indifferent to the seasons, poor Inipigant, or, as the name signifies, "the Crazy One," his soul still lingering in a mortal tenement, continues to dream the dream out, his sole desire apparently being to live his life in peace after his own fashion, untroubled by the society of his kind.

No tent shelters him, no clothes cover him; no fire warms him, excepting it may be a few smoldering embers upon which he occasionally cooks a morsel of food provided by some pitying friend or distant relative.

As the story goes, Inipigant accidentally shot his mother some twenty years ago. Deserting a once happy home, a loving sweetheart and the playmates of his youth, he vowed to do penance for twenty-five years for his unhappy deed, and surely penance he has done, never having spoken to any one since that time, nor showing any signs of intelligence other than that manifested by the lowest types of animal life, with the exception of the Adam-born predilection for "penuckey"—the Ute term for money—which he never refuses when tendered him by visitors, though it is only the inherited tendency so deeply implanted in the race which causes his desire for money, he having no use for it.

Sympathizing visitors view him daily; the cameras snap him; the Indians reverence him, the white people pity him, but Inipigant sleeps on, an object lesson, as it were, picturing with dark derision the folly of human pride from which all humanity is suspended save but a slender thread.

Once his relatives thought to terminate his hapless existence by taking him many miles into the recesses of the mountains, there in the deepest canyon securely binding him to a tree. Thus they left him alone, as they thought, to die. When they returned home on their horses, imagine their surprise and chagrin upon beholding that Inipigant had preceded them on foot and was again squatting by the side of his smoldering fire in his rude wickiup in exactly the same spot he had occupied for years and years before.

Since that time he has been regarded as a supernatural being by his tribesmen, and his name, if ever spoken by Indians, is pronounced with trembling and awe.

Educational Department

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

SOME SUGGESTIONS TO NATURE STUDY TEACHERS

BY A. K. RISSER

"Yet, here's this youngster at my knee,
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was long ago."

—Eugene Field.

NATURE study is the study of nature. It is not the perusal of books, nor the examination of exotics, nor the attendance upon class-room lectures. To study nature is to make acquaintance with the humbler objects that border the common walks of life. The successful teacher must use science as a foundation and on this rear a structure attractive from the view-point of the naturalist.

A touch of poetry illumines the darkest retreat of the scientist. Out of the most minute investigation there should develop a breadth of vision that will enhance the value of every living thing, and increase our sympathy with every fellow creature, plant or animal. Thus do we often return from the detailed study of profounder things to the more healthful fancy of childhood, with richer content and with deeper insight into the significance of the whole. If pleasure does not enter into the lesson, both as motive and as result, the value of the lesson is lost. "The soul of Nature Study is the attitude it engenders." It is a remarkable fact that the study of natural things, of all things taught in the school, has been presented in the most unnatural way. We attempt to force growth rather than appealing to the child's inherent powers.

Modern nature study is dominated by ecology. Ecology inquires into the schemes which plants and animals adopt that they may get along in the world. Ecology, like our Seniors, asks the question "Why?" It says "Put yourself in its place." We find the wonderful in the commonplace,—it is the child attitude. The purpose of nature study

is to keep functional and keen those powers of independent acquisition so general in childhood, yet so unfortunately dulled in our maturer subjects.

The power of *observation*.—The perceptive faculties must be under constant stimulation. An interest, a spirit of inquiry, a desire to know—these are necessary conditions for which the teacher must hold herself responsible. Surely the subject matter and object matter are all that could be desired; no study affords a more attractive field.

Self-Reliance, independence of books, the recognition of one's own senses as the best authority; nature study values are nowhere more clearly seen than here. The demand for *verification* should always be made prominent; when the pupil sees the necessity of proving, and his desire for verifying becomes habitual, then is he on the highway toward scientific methods.

A fact without the fact's significance is bare. After observation there must be *interpretation*. An unrelated fact is a tramp without visible means of support, a mere record of events is a very essential, yet very meager thing. Every phenomena should be challenged with the queries, "How?" and "Why?" Breadth of view is dependent upon a conception of the interrelation of things. Here is one of the greatest opportunities that science offers for mental development and growth. There should always be a *record* of the facts learned and of the work done. In all the grades but the primary, and even there at times there should be some form of science note-book. It is a medium through which scholarly habits may be inculcated and a start made toward genuine scientific method. With the written record there should be drawings, "The pencil is the best of eyes." The keeping of a note-book builds interest and serves

as a permanent memento of what has been achieved,—a joy forever, and possibly a thing of beauty. It is only human, even among pupils, for one to desire to have something to show for his effort. A class album is useful in stimulating the least enthusiastic.

The nature calendar, in some form, should be found in every school. To know the seasons as they come and go is a mark of the naturalist. Why does May weed bloom in June and do June bugs come in May? When does the catalpa bloom and when do we have wheat harvest? When do bumble-bees seem most abundant and which crop of alfalfa or clover produces most seed? When do the blackbirds sound assembly? When do we have the first frost? What date shall we choose for our picnic in the meadow by the brook? The primary purpose of our school-room records of nature's activities is to cultivate habits of responsibility, accuracy and punctuality, from the accumulated subject matter inductions valuable to science may be made by the more advanced pupils.

In the development of nature study and agriculture in our schools, one most important feature has been seriously neglected—the *experiment*. It is difficult to justly appreciate the great value of experimental work in the grades, simplified for the beginners, more complicated and elaborate with older pupils. In experimentation there is always present that which is so often totally lacking in observational work, a definite and satisfactory motive; something is being tried, not merely looked at. Instruction through experiment is dynamic; instruction through the old-time object lesson was a very static affair, scarce worthy to be called a process. When a boy is given charge of an experiment he at once realizes a new sense of responsibility, of direction and control; if you please, of manliness. There is something doing, and he is the officer in charge. He has set up conditions in handling the reins, and with eagerness awaits the results. Much experimentation can be done with the simplest possible apparatus, even in primary grades. Leaves whose stems have been placed in red ink reveal the sap-lifting force of foliage; a tumbler or jar over a plant serves to show that moisture is given off into the air; seedlings, desiring the light peep through the window of the inverted box under which they have grown, etc. The interest of the dullest is awakened in this way to habits of neatness and attention; I mean individual experiment, not classroom demonstration by the teacher.

This is the time for the planting of fall bulbs. Both out-of-doors and in-doors we shall interest ourselves in the culture of these plants, whose greatest pride is their gift of early bloom. By their aid we may add a bit of cheer to our hours at school and shorten the days that lie between the falling leaf and the awakening bud. Hyacinth, narcissus, Chinese lily and tulips are among the most available forms. The first of November is none too late to plant these, but before that time we must prepare the soil, which must be light, sandy and rich. Directions for planting will be given gladly by those who have had experience, and the bulbs can be obtained, if not locally, from any large seed store. The cost will be from one to five cents apiece. The Chinese lilies demand only water and are grown in a glass bowl partly filled with pebbles or bits of broken crockery, to establish a foot-hold for the roots; those started before Thanksgiving are likely to bloom by New Years. The seed stores offer for sale vases specially prepared for growing certain bulbs, such as the hyacinth, and they help to make the exhibit attractive. The French Roman Hyacinth, Golden Spur Narcissus, Narcissus Horsefieldii and double Murillo Tulip are recommended for indoor culture in pots or window-boxes. The preparation of the soil is a most instructive exercise for the class as well as interesting.

To prepare a good potting earth, take rich garden loam for a foundation and lighten up with sharp sand and some fiber, such as well-rotted barn-yard manure or well-rotted sods. Greenhouse men often prepare bench soils for forcing by piling thin sods cut from an old pasture and allowing them to rot for a year or two. Cow dung is sometimes placed between the layers of sods to help enrich the soil. When only a small amount of potting soil is wanted it may be prepared by taking rich garden loam and adding well rotted barn-yard manure. It is important for best results to have the manure thoroughly rotted. The soil from the wood lot is usually quite rich and friable and I have known it to bring good results.

After securing the earth the pots should be prepared by thoroughly cleaning them and drying. If the pots were stored in a dirty condition and in a damp place it will be well to scald them in order to kill any fungus diseases growing on them. Before using, the pot should be perfectly dry and clean. In potting plants, however one-sided a plant may be, it is always desirable to have the main

stem as near the center of the pot as possible. Soft wooded plants such as coleus, geraniums, and begonias, thrive best when the soil is loose about the roots. The hard wooded plants should be potted firmly. In repotting plants, more especially those of slow growth, the ball of soil and roots should never be sunk to any great extent below the original level, and it is always preferable to pot a plant twice, or even three times, rather than place it in too large a pot.

The watering of greenhouse and window plants is responsible for a large percentage of failures. Plants cannot be watered indiscriminately or just so many times a day, week or month. All plants should be watered when necessary—when they are dry. If in pots this is indicated by a hollow sound of the pot when tapped or by the flagging or wilted condition of the plant. However, after a prolonged season of dull weather followed by bright sunshine many plants will show signs of wilting although they are still wet at the roots. But a growing plant should not be allowed to become so dry at the roots as to wilt, nor should the soil ever get as dry as powder. This condition, however, is essential to a few plants, more particularly the bulbous and tuberous kinds during their resting period. The incessant dribbling of the inexperienced should be avoided; water thoroughly and be done with it until the plants are again dry. Plants should not be sprayed overhead while the sun is shining hot and full upon them. Our bed of geraniums were ruined this summer by an inexperienced person spraying them on a hot July afternoon. The evening is the best time of the day for watering in summer, and morning in winter. If liquid manure is mixed with the water, the material should not come in contact with the foliage. Plants recently potted should be shaded for several days; do not water the roots heavily for a week or ten days, but spray them frequently overhead.

At different times I have been asked to suggest plants suitable for use in window boxes. The following list contains some of the more common varieties suitable for this purpose:

POTS.

- Adiantum cuneatum*, particularly *A. gracilium*.
- Aloysia citriodora*.
- Begonia metallica* and others.
- Cocos Neddelliana*.
- Ficus Elastica*.
- Fresia refracta*.

- Fuchsia*, many varieties.
- Maherina odorata*.
- Myrtus communis*.
- Primrose, Chinese and others.
- Pteris serrulota*.
- Vallota purpurea*.

BASKETS.

- Epiphyllum truncatum*.
- Fragaria Indica*.
- Fuchsia procumbeus*.
- Oxalis violaceoe*.
- Pelargonium peltatum*.
- Tradescantia, zebrina, pendula*.

WATER.

- Eichhornia crassipes*.
- Hyacinths.
- Narcissus Tazetta*, var. *orientalis*.

In selecting plants for a window, garden or house conservatory, the plants should be omitted which are subject to attacks of aphid and mealy-bug. Among the plants which are infested are *Coleus*, German ivy (*seuercis scaudeus*), *Calla*, *Vinca variegata*, *Cyperus alternifolius*, *Fuchsia* and *Carnation*. Those which are nearly exempt are most kinds of geraniums, begonias, wandering Jew and most ferns.

THE DAIRY COW AS A MACHINE.

BY A. E. LOVETT.

Few of our domestic animals are regarded as machines by the ordinary farmer or owner of stock. In fact, except a man is making the care of these animals his "major" as a business, it is seldom necessary that he view them in this light. But, when a man uses any class of animals for the accumulation of wealth, or as a means of a livelihood, he can view them as little else than machines, for he wishes each individual to produce the most and best of its particular product at the least possible expense.

In the beginning, Nature brought forth the cow, for example, with (probably) no other object in view than she had with all animals. Namely: to come into the world, grow, live her time, reproduce herself, and die. But, mother nature had laws governing each of these factors and man, by a study of these laws, and a use of them, has miraculously changed the shape, character and functions of that cow until we would scarcely recognize her ancestor of centuries ago.

In the beginning, we may picture a lean, lank, scrawny animal with long, curved horns and as swift on foot as the ordinary

horses of today. Also, with the ability to give only enough milk for the support of the calf for two or three months. Today, we have the offspring of this animal with good form, quiet disposition, and with a wonderful capacity for milk production. This great change has been wrought by careful selection of animals best fitted for this work, careful feeding, and careful and judicious breeding, and, today we have the dairy cow, a quiet, sensitive, delicate animal requiring especial care and feeding and producing enormous quantities of good, rich, wholesome milk. So, because of man's study and work throughout many, many years, the dairy cow is no longer a mere animal—as she was in the beginning—but is a compound and delicate machine requiring especial care and attention.

The miller buys wheat, runs it through his mills, and sells the products—flour, shorts, bran—at a figure large enough to afford him good wages for his work and to pay him for the wear on his machines. The dairyman buys wheat, corn, etc., or products of the same, feeds them to his cows, which produce for him milk. The milk, or its products—butter, cheese, etc., are sold as the miller sells the products of his machines. However, while the miller must have his boilers, engines, shafts, belts and burrs for his work, the dairy man needs only the cow, for she is all of these machines in one. Self-heating, self-running, self-oiling, self-feeding and self-repairing.

The care and feeding of this complicated compound machine is a science and an art and longer and more careful study is required to become a successful dairyman than is required to become a successful engineer or miller. One must know not only what care is required for best results, but also the most economical way of giving it. He must know not only what simple feeds or combinations of feeds are required, but also the exact proportions necessary and the most economical way of obtaining them and feeding them. He must know not only how to care for and feed his animals, but also how to remedy any defects in this "Machine," whether the defect be caused by external or internal agencies. He must be able not only to breed his animals, but also to breed out hereditary defects and to breed for best possible results. More money is lost in dairying by ignorant and injudicious feeders and breeders than in any other way, and, if we will regard the cow as a machine requiring special earnest care and attention at all times, we must and will succeed as dairymen.

SCHOOL-ROOM LESSON.

The following is a lesson issued from the Superintendent of Indian School's offices as an illustration of what one teacher is doing:

The little chicken lesson which I have to give is about a second or third-grade lesson, and is only one of scores which may be given on this subject in actual school work—from the very first lessons beginning "see a hen," "the hen has two eyes," "the hen has two legs," "the hen can run," to advanced-grade lessons, studying breeds, etc. I shall give the lesson as I should in my own school room as nearly as possible, considering that I wish in a very short time to cover more ground and make several more points than I could attempt in one new lesson with my little Pima people who must advance very slowly in order to learn and understand thoroughly every step.

No lessons of this kind should ever be allowed to slip without bringing in valuable lessons in economy, cleanliness, carefulness, etc.—lessons which must be constantly repeated as well as the reading, writing, language, arithmetic, spelling, local geography, etc.

"To-day, girls, we are to have another lesson about chickens. We will set a hen. You should learn all about chickens because when you are through school you will want to raise some chickens. You know how good chickens and eggs are to eat, so you will want to raise them to sell. People who raise chickens for market can make a great deal of money that way. Chicken raising is a particularly good business for Pima boys and girls to learn. The Pima people have not so many ways of making money open to them as people in this part of our country, but chicken raising is a good one and almost every family has at least a few chickens.

"We have here all the things we shall need for setting our hen. What have we? As you name them I will draw a picture of each."

"A hen."

"A box."

"Some hay."

"Some eggs."

"Susie, show me the hen, the pictures; write the word 'hen' under the picture."

"Annie, the box, the picture, etc."

"Agnes, the hay, the picture, etc."

"Susie, the eggs, the picture, etc."

"Susie, Have we one egg, or more than one?"

"More than one."

"What word do we use in speaking of more than one egg?"

"Eggs."
 "What letter did you add to make 'eggs'?"
 "s."
 "And what will we do today, Annie?"
 "Set a hen."
 "Tell me the whole story."
 "We will set the hen today."
 "You may write that story on the blackboard."
 "Have you any hens at your home, Agnes?"
 "Yes, Ma'am."
 "Did you ever set a hen?"
 "No, Ma'am."
 "Did you ever set a hen yourself?"
 "Well, you may help set this one. What must we make for our hen, Susie?"
 "A nest."
 "What kind of a nest shall we make?"
 "We should make a good nest."
 "You may write that story."
 "Set this box on the chair, Agnes. Let us look at the box. Tell me what kind of a box it is, Agnes."
 "It is a good box."
 "I will write that on the blackboard."
 "Susie, tell me something else about the box."
 "It is clean." (or, "The box is clean;" or "The box is dry.")
 "Annie?"
 "It is dry."
 "All read what I have written about the box. Let us look at the hay."
 "What kind of hay is this, Agnes?"
 "It is dry."
 "Something else about the hay?"
 "It is clean."
 "Now, what shall we put into the nest?"
 "Eggs."
 "What kind?"
 "Good, fresh eggs."
 "I will write two words here which tell what kind of eggs we want."
 (Writes on board, "good eggs;" "fresh eggs.")
 "Let us look at the hen. She is not very large. We must not give her too many eggs. I think 12 will be about right. We will put 12 good eggs in the nest."
 "Susie, you may write that story. Agnes, put the eggs in the nest. Count them so the class can hear you. Handle them carefully so you will not crack them. Susie, count the eggs by two's."
 "Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve."
 "Agnes, count them by three's."
 "Three, six, nine, twelve."
 "Annie, count them by four's."

"Four, eight, twelve."
 "Go quickly to the blackboard and make me a picture of twelve eggs counted, Susie, by two's; Agnes, by three's; Annie, by four's."
 (Pupils draw appropriate pictures, arranging the eggs in groups.)
 "What other name do we give 12 eggs?"
 "One dozen."
 "Tell me the whole story."
 "Twelve eggs equals 1 dozen eggs."
 "Susie, write that story."
 "Can we go out in the yard and pick up any hen and set her?"
 "No."
 "No; we must wait till she is ready. How do we know when our hen is ready?"
 "She stays on her nest and says 'cluck, cluck.'"
 "What had she done before this?"
 "Laid eggs."
 "How many eggs did she lay each day?"
 "One egg."
 "If she had laid one egg a day for twelve days, how many eggs had she laid?"
 "Twelve eggs."
 "How do you know?"
 "Because 12 times 1 is 12."
 "Annie, put that on the blackboard."
 "How long will the hen have to sit on her eggs in order to hatch them?"
 "Three weeks."
 "How many days are there in one week?"
 "There are seven days in one week."
 "Name them."
 "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday."
 "How many days are there in three weeks?"
 "Twenty-one days."
 "How do you know?"
 "Because 3 times 7 days equal 21 days."
 "How many Sundays?"
 "Three."
 "How many Mondays, Tuesdays, etc.?"
 "Three of each."
 "Now, we have set our hen, we must take good care of her. What must we do for her every day?"
 "Feed her."
 "Tell me the whole story."
 "We must feed our hen every day."
 "Annie, put that story on the blackboard."
 "What else must we do for our hen?"
 "We must give her water."
 "Susie, write that."
 "There is something else. We must keep her clean. If we are not careful, tiny little bugs will get on her head or perhaps under her wings. What are they called?"

"Chicken lice."

"Do we want them?"

"No."

"In town, for ten cents, insect powder can be purchased. Put a little of this powder on the hen in this manner. Chicken lice are very bad and we do not want our hen to have them, so we must keep her clean. Susie, you may write, 'We must keep her clean.' After our chickens are out and running around, if they have lice we may rub a little grease on their heads, like this, and on the mother hen, too, but we must not use grease when she is sitting, for it may hurt the eggs."

"What can we do with our chickens when they have grown, Agnes?"

"Eat some of them."

"Yes; I will write that; what else Annie?"

"Sell some."

(Or, "We may eat some of the chickens;"

"Sell some;" "Keep some for laying.")

"When our chickens are large enough to eat, how much can we get for each one?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Go to the desk and get twenty-five cents."

"If we sell another chicken, how much will we receive?"

"Another twenty-five cents."

"Bring me another twenty-five cents."

"And if we sell another chicken?"

"Another twenty-five cents."

"How much money is that?"

"Seventy-five cents."

"How do you know?"

"Because twenty-five cents and twenty-five cents and twenty-five cents equals seventy-five cents."

"Can you tell me that story in another way?"

"Yes; three times twenty-five cents equals seventy-five cents."

"Don't you think this is a good deal of money for just three small chickens? Would you like to make this much money—and a great deal more? Don't you think a good way to make money would be to raise chickens? But you must not forget that you have to learn how to raise chickens, then do it correctly, or you will not succeed. If you go about it carelessly, or without knowing how, your chickens won't do well, or they may even get sick and die, and you will not make any money at all.

"We are going to keep an account of this hen we are setting, to see just how much she and her chickens will cost us, how much they will bring us, and how much we make.

"Susie, if you sold me three chickens for 75

cents and I gave you \$1, how much change would you give me?"

"How do you know?"

"Agnes, how many eggs did we give our hen?"

"If three do not hatch, how many chickens will we have?"

"How do you know?"

"If Annie sets two hens, Agnes three hens, and Susie four hens, how many hens will be sitting?"

"How do you know?"

"I have 24 eggs. How many doz. is that?"

"How do you know?"

It is easy to see how much seat and written work may be given to the pupils, using this lesson as a sort of foundation. For spelling the new words; for arithmetic, any number of practical problems, giving drill in the four fundamental operations—buying, selling, making change, profit, cost, etc. For language, such lessons as; Write a story of your own about Setting a Hen. Copy and complete a blank story from the blackboard. Make ten original number-work stories about a hen and her chickens, etc. Reading and writing, of course, in connection with language work.

A Novel Way To Vote.

The Indians would start in opposite directions and when they traveled so far they were to return and form sides, the side having the most to elect the chief. At one time there was a little rivalry stirred up and the side losing was going to fight. That night, so Mr. Miller said, one of the Indians came to his house and told him to take his family and go away, for they were going to fight, as they had lost their chief, and they only had to kill two from the opposite side and then they could name the chief, but Mr. Miller said they did not fight. They got together and fixed it up all right. He also said that the Indians called Upper Sandusky "Detizor," and Little Sandusky "Kawaslio." Mr. Miller can talk in the Indian language and it is quite interesting to hear him tell of the red man of the forest.—Exchange.

HOW TO DETERMINE WHAT TO TEACH IN NATURE STUDY—A SAMPLE LESSON.

L. A. HATCH in *Nature Study Review*.

THERE is a general feeling concerning much of the work that passes as nature-study in our schools that it is somewhat fragmentary in its character and that it tends to lead to nowhere in particular. It is held that it concerns itself too much with a multitude of little things that are more or less unrelated. In the study of any topic, a few more facts tacked on here or there, or left out entirely, is of little concern. There is no feeling of loss or inconsistency by teacher or pupil. The big thing to do is to observe and gather data, hoping in the meantime that all will be well in the end. In fact, the more little things brought together, the more educative is the process thought to be.

Now, it is easy to fool one's self into thinking that such work contains the essential elements of value in the process of education. It breaks down in that it does not recognize the worth of discriminating as to relative values in dealing with the content side of nature-study. Like the farmer's hayrake, the scheme of teaching nature-study referred to gathers everything that is in the way—hay, thistles, last year's stubble, roots, etc., and all passes as "hay." As the farmer occasionally discards a "bull-thistle" or root, so the teacher may occasionally discard a few of the noxious things, but as a rule all is garnered and labeled, "hay," "nature study," "educational food," "mental pabulum."

What is the matter? As has been indicated, no standard is used by which the relative worth of subject-matter is measured. There is no basis which serves as guide in the selection of material. As a result the place of beginning and ending is not clearly defined, consequently the teacher rambles here and there in her teaching. Pupils bring to the recitation anything and everything and the teacher rejoices and is exceedingly glad, because of the quantity. As a teacher she is lauded and is pointed out as one having the ear-marks of an artist in the teacher's profession.

If you doubt the truth of what has been said, it is suggested that you quietly slip into several rooms where nature-study is being taught and measure the worth of the work. As you observe, ask yourself such questions as: What is the center of recitation? Have teacher and pupils clearly defined their problems before making an attack? What is the

aim that defines and unifies the work? What big things will stand out in the minds of the pupils when they have gone over this work? To some this test may seem to be a little formal to apply to the nature-study of the lower grades, but to the writer the work must bear this test if it is to be considered worth while.

Unless the teacher has pretty clearly defined in her own mind the port toward which she is sailing, her educational bark may tend to drift with the wind—to be carried hither and thither by counter currents and to find in the end that it has gotten into a belt of calms where starvation is inevitable. A clearly defined end in the recitation, vital in its relation to the child, is as essential to the teacher and her little crew in their voyages, as is the compass to the mariner who sails upon the broad ocean. To be more concrete, you doubtless may have seen what may be styled "an aimless" recitation in which the thought of teacher and pupils scattered over many little unrelated things, without accomplishing anything in particular of worth. The facts discussed had no binding thought to unite them and make them dynamic.

What can be done? Above all things consider the nature of the child who is to receive this instruction. Then consider the nature of the teachers who are to instruct the children. Finally consider the character of the subject-matter and the means by which the same is to be brought into the living relation to the child.

Let us consider the third point mentioned, for it is here that the teacher needs much help. We may think of it as falling under four heads, viz:

- (1) The extent of the field of nature-study.
- (2) General principles that should guide in the selection of materials.
- (3) The course of study somewhat in detail.
- (4) The treatment of subject-matter.

Of these topics the second is most fundamental, in that our action concerning the others will determine, in a large measure, by the way in which we answer this. When we have determined the principles upon which nature-study rests we have a basis upon which to determine the extent of the field and what to put in our course of study, and what should be our method in dealing with individual topics.

The following principles are suggested as a guide in planning a course in nature-study:

- (1) A vital human relation should be found in all the work undertaken.
- (2) The course

should contain within itself a rich content that is worth studying. (3) There should exist an intimate relation among the parts, holding the same together in such a manner that the work covered from year to year will be progressive and united.

If it does not bear an intimate human relation the element of interest will be lacking and the child will fail to see, to experience in the fullest measure, that which is presented. If nature-study does not contain a rich content within itself as a study it will surely fall into disrepute, as has been the case with every study where content has been lacking. If a relation which tends to unify the work does not exist, at least in a broad way, then the outcome must be necessarily more or less scattered and aimless.

If space permitted, it would be well to take a number of topics, such as are taught in nature-study, and apply the above principles to them to determine whether or not they should be retained or rejected in making up a course for nature-study. Instead of doing this a single topic will be discussed to illustrate what may be done in testing others to determine their relative value. The "Strawberry" will be discussed.

Let us first consider the value of this topic from a human standpoint. The strawberry is our earliest fruit, coming at a time to fill a decided human need. It is cultivated in all sections of the country. The fruit is easily preserved, thus making it possible to use it at all times of the year. It is considered to be one of our best flavored and most healthful of fruits. Enough strawberries may be raised on a small patch to supply a family—the writer picked 118 quarts from a patch 25 feet square during the past season. Many people make much of their living by raising and marketing strawberries. There are but few people who do not like strawberries. Many people make a business of supplying strawberry plants to those who wish to set out beds. Boys and girls may be led to set out strawberry beds at home through the work done at school on the "Strawberry."

In the second place this is much rich content centering around the strawberry and its cultivation. This becomes clear if its study is centering about an aim as: What do you need to know about how to make a success of raising and handling strawberries? Such topics as the following will be discussed under this aim: What varieties do best in the section of the country studied? From where may they be obtained? How

expensive are plants? How are they propagated? How are varieties obtained? Which varieties are self-fertilized and which need to be fertilized by others? When should a strawberry bed be started? What kind of soil and drainage are best suited to the raising of strawberries? How should the soil be prepared? How should the plant be set out in a bed? What kind of cultivation should a strawberry patch receive during the year? What protection needs to be provided against drought? How should the bed be protected during the winter? What are the different coverings that may be used and what are the advantages or disadvantages of each? From what animals does the patch need protection? What plant enemies does one need to contend with and how may this be done best? How often does a new bed need to be set out? Why is this necessary? How is it possible to raise strawberries on the same patch of ground year after year and obtain good results? When and how often should strawberries be picked? How best put on the market? How handle the bed after the picking season? How much profit could one make from an acre of strawberries? What better work could be done in Domestic Science during the latter part of the spring term than to let work center on the preparation of strawberries in various ways for the table? The subject of preserving and canning strawberries makes a very practicable and thought-provoking topic for girls in the seventh or eighth grade.

In the third place the topic under consideration is one of a series centering about the larger topic, "Home garden," or the broader topic, "Agriculture." In this way it finds its place as a topic in a course and is not an isolated topic by itself.

Out of this topic may grow several lines of activity such as: The examination of soils to determine the best place for a strawberry bed. The various ways in which a soil may be improved as to texture and richness. The planting of a strawberry bed in a school-garden. The care of the same. New plants may be supplied from the school-garden to children who wish to set out beds at home. Pupils may send for the reports gotten out by experiment stations and by the Government as to how to raise strawberries. There will be a comparison of the berries of different varieties as to size, shape, color, quality, hardiness and fertility. The different insect and plant enemies will be looked into and means discovered to get rid of them.

One can easily know when he has finished

or gotten away from the subject under consideration, for whatever will help pupils in understanding how to raise and handle strawberries is legitimate work. However, not all the points indicated for study are of equal relative value. One needs to use his judgment in determining relative worth. Further, the work indicated might be the most formal and bookish imaginable, if pupils were not so situated that they could carry out into life the ideas suggested by their study. In other words the human interest might be at a low ebb as far as strawberries were concerned. A country school would be an ideal place for such a topic. In all of our smaller towns and villages this would afford good material for nature-study. In our larger cities much of the work suggested would be inappropriate because there are as a rule no places for strawberry patches. It would be so much formal work tacked on.

PINE RIDGE INSTITUTE PROGRAM.

The Institute last month held at Pine Ridge Ridge, South Dakota, was well attended by Indian Service workers adjacent to that territory. Following is the program as rendered:

TUESDAY 7:30 P. M.

Invocation.
 Song, America.
 Address of Welcome, Rev. A. F. Johnson.
 Response to Address of Welcome, Rev. Fr. Schmitt.
 Inaugural Address; Subject: "Why," Pres. Edward Truman.

WEDNESDAY 9 A. M.

How to Assist the Indian in Combating Tuberculosis, Dr. J. W. Walker.
 The Importance of Practical Problems, T. J. Jackson.
 Discussion, Mr. T. J. Hunt, Miss A. M. Roser.
 Intensive Cultivation in Semi-Arid Regions, A. E. Whiteis.
 Discussion, Mr. N. Miller, Mr. E. W. Trutt.
 The Great Influence of Music, Recreations and Pleasant Surroundings upon the Mental and Physical Life of the Child, Mr. Julius Henke.
 Discussion, Mr. Geo. Mentz, Miss M. E. Balmer, Mr. H. C. Obershaw.

WEDNESDAY 1:30 P. M.

Class-room work of the Day Schools, Mr. Robbins' School, Lesson on Milk and Butter Making.

Observation and Discussion of the Industrial and Literary Exhibit.

WEDNESDAY 7:00 P. M.

Literary Entertainment by the Day and Boarding School Children.

Address, Miss Estelle Reel, Supt. Indian Schools.

THURSDAY 9 A. M.

Class-Room Work of Boarding School Methods in Teaching Geography, Horace E. Morrow, Prin. Teacher Rapid City Boarding School.

THURSDAY 1:30 P. M.

The Essentials of Hygiene and Sanitation for Day School, Dr. L. Slamberg.

How to Teach Indian Girls to Cook, Miss L. Farrell.

Discussion, Mrs. E. M. Keith, Mrs. E. L. Rosecrans.

How to Teach Indian Girls to Sew, Mrs. Paph Julian.

Discussion, Mrs. Edward Truman, Mrs. T. J. Jackson.

How to Teach Indian Girls to do Family Washing, Mrs. E. Long.

Discussion, Mrs. Paul Molzahn, Mrs. F. G. Thickstun.

Round Table, conducted by Mrs. T. J. Hunt.

How to Teach Indian Girls House-Keeping. Instilling a Love for the Individual Home, Mrs. Herbert Tullson.

How Can Visiting Aid Along These Lines? Your Discouragements, Encouragements, etc. Mrs. F. Long.

Cleanliness Next to Godliness; What Will We Do About It? Mrs. August Harmon.

How to Inculcate Habits of Economy and Order in our Boys and Girls. Mr. E. W. Trutt.

Care of the Sick and Aged and Younger Children by the Elder; How Best Taught? Mrs. G. W. Robbins.

THURSDAY 7:30 P. M.

Address. Rev. J. Rookwood Jenkins.

FRIDAY, 9 A. M.

Class-Room Work of Mission School Pupils.

FRIDAY, 1:30 P. M.

Nursing the Sick at Home, Dr. R. H. Ross.
 Summary of Teachers' Patrons' Reports, J. J. Duncan, Day School Inspector.

Question Box, Conducted by Mr. August Harmon.

Reports of Committees and Election of Officers.

FRIDAY 7:30 P. M.

Hawaii and Its People, Rev. W. J. Cleveland.

News Out in The Field

Mr. O. H. Lipps writes to the JOURNAL that he has been transferred from his new position at Wahpeton, North Dakota, to Ft. Lapwai as superintendent and agent.

Hon. Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian Schools delivered a very forcible and entertaining lecture before the Institute at the evening session Sept. 12. She had an attentive audience, and was many times warmly applauded.—New Era, Rosebud, So. Dakota, Boarding School.



R. PERRY.
The New Supervisor

Superintendent Ruben Perry, the efficient superintendent in charge of the Navajo Agency at Ft. Defiance, Arizona, for the past few years, has been promoted to supervisor. Mr. Perry, we have no doubt, will make just as good an official in his new position as in his old one. The JOURNAL believes he has experience, qualifications, and ability that especially fit him for a supervisor.

We are in receipt of a program from the Tulalip Training school which was rendered at a "September Entertainment." The entire school, students and employees, took part and the numbers were so varied that it was a very interesting program. A program each month of this kind at every Indian Boarding School would help the literary work very much, and also afford good entertainment.

Justice Gould of the Supreme court of the District of Columbia has upheld the contract under which Messrs. Finkelberg, Nagle & Co. of St. Louis, and Edward Smith of Vinita, I. T., claimed \$150,000 as attorneys for the Cherokee Indians in the claim of those Indians for \$5,000,000 in connection with the expenses of their removal from the Eastern states to Indian Territory many years ago. The contract is known as the Boudinot claim.

Besides all the school teachers and their house-keepers the following may be considered a partial list of others who attended the Institute: Miss Reel of Washington, D. C., Mr. McFatrige & wife of Winnebago Agency, Major and Mrs. Kelly, Dr. Tate. J. B. Mortsof, Dr. and Mrs. Fulkerson, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Winnie Jordan, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Clark and sons David and Hobart of the Agency, Miss Peckham of Black Pipe, and Mr. and Mrs. Travis and Miss Florence DeBell of St. Mary's School.—Rosebud, South Dakota, New Era.

John Loco, one of the best-educated and most prominent leaders of the Apache tribe of Indians, has just completed a fifteen days' sojourn through New Mexico and Arizona for the purpose of investigating conditions in these territories, looking to the removal of the Apaches from the Fort Sill military reservation to these territories. This was their old stamping ground, but Loco was so unfavorably impressed with the conditions there that he will not suggest the change.

Mrs. E. H. DeVore has resigned the superintendency of the Tohatchi school on account of failing health. She expects to go to her ranch near Durango, Colo., for a time and



MRS. DEVORE.
Who sacrificed much
to help the Navajos.

then visit her home in Iowa. Mrs. DeVore has been a most faithful and successful worker among the Navaho for more than fifteen years. The school at Little Water was started by her as a day school, and while still in a little old mud building grew into a boarding school. In fact, it was probably a boarding school in a small way from the very beginning.—Native American, Phoenix Indian School.

The Jamestown, North Dakota, Alert prints the following item about Indian labor: More laborers for Milwaukee extension work have been sent west from the employment agency here, and grading operations are in full blast for some distance East of Miles City. A large number of Indians are working on the grade and are said to be doing good work. They handle teams and scrapers as well as anyone the only difference being that instead of taking care of the teams they turn them over to the squaws who feed and water, hitch and unhitch the horses, while the Indian takes it easy for a spell.

The News at Chilocco

CHILOCCO ATHLETIC NOTES.

Saturday, October 13th, South-Western College, of Winfield, Kansas, played the Chilocco Indians at Chilocco. While heavier than the Indians, Winfield was easily held for downs, and could only make her distance by punting. The Indians played in fine form and at the end of the first half had scored 5 to Winfield's 0. The second half was a snappy exhibition of clean football, the Indians using every minute to advantage, and Winfield fighting stubbornly for every inch of ground. The visitors were outplayed in every way by the home eleven and when time was called at the end of the second half, the score stood 17 to 0 in Chilocco's favor. Only once during the game was time lost by a resort to the rule book, and from the spectator's point of view, owing to the open playing and the punting allowed by the rules this year, the game was the best ever seen on our athletic field. The features of the game was Chilocco's ability to get the ball wherever there was the slightest opportunity, the running of Coutour and Duggan, and the end work of Oliver, McCowan, LaFlumbois and Sousa. This was Chilocco's fourth game this year and no eleven has yet scored against us. Officials, Lovett and Miller.

Tuesday, October second, chaperoned by Supt. McCowan, E. K. Miller and A. E. Lovett the first team journeyed to Wichita to meet the veterans of Fairmount College on their gridiron. Game was called at 2:45. The halves were to be 20-minute ones and at the end of the first it was evident that neither team would score except on a sensational run or good kick. In the first half the Indians were penalized down to their 1-yard limit, and after Sousa and McCowan pulled them out of such dangerous quarters, the ball was kept mostly in Fairmount territory. The game resulted in a tie score, 0 to 0, and was stubbornly-fought from start to finish. Fairmount is a strong and heavy team this year. The Indians did not play with their usual strength and snappiness, for they had just returned from a hard week's trip to Arkansas. Officials, Ruth, Lovett, Miller.

Saturday, Sept. 22, Chilocco's first team played Alva College. The game was a fine, clean one all the way through. Score, 0 to

20 in Chilocco's favor. The game is so different this year because of the new rules some of us find it hard to follow all the points made. Chilocco has reason to feel proud of the showing they are making. When we consider that no boy can play foot ball if he falls behind his grade in school work, we have reason to be doubly proud of our foot ball boys. The game was played on Chilocco's fine athletic field. Officials, Love, Wyatt, Risser.

Past defeats were forgotten in a burst of enthusiasm when the first team returned from Fayetteville, Arkansas, where they played Arkansas University, with a score of 5 to 0 in Chilocco's favor. Band and banners welcomed them at the train. A banquet was spread for them in the dining room at a gaily decorated table, and songs of victory were sung till the old stone walls fairly responded to the gala occasion. Roy McCowan was the hero of the hour, for it was he that made the run of 40 yards that won the game.

It keeps one moving, who is an official in a game, to interpret the new rules correctly. It is the general opinion that while the new legislation against rough playing cuts out this bad feature of foot ball, it increases the possibilities of disputes and misunderstanding. It is generally conceded that there are too many rules—too much red tape. With the present rules to interpret it is certain no game of consequence should be started without qualified officials in every position.

The girls have organized three very fair teams of basket ball. We have the material with plenty of practice for a crack team. Let us be as much in earnest about this, girls, as the boys are about foot ball. Who knows? We may get the school to turn out for our home coming some time and a chicken supper may await our arrival.

Athletics are booming. Several teams of foot-ball have been organized and even the small boys have caught the spirit. There is no end to the wonderful games being played.

The second team of football boys played the Woods County High School eleven at Helena, Oklahoma on September 6th. The game resulted in a tie—0 to 0.

Basket ball in the Gym started October 6, when the Girls' first team played the Printers. Score was 20 to 5, the Printers winning.

The second team played Alva College on the 28th and were defeated by a score of 20 to 0.

NEWS NOTES BY STUDENTS.

Nannie Long is now adjutant of the companies at Home Four. She makes a good one.

Mr. McCowan, of Illinois, a brother to our superintendent, is visiting Col. and Mrs. McCowan.

The boys are packing apples in boxes to keep till winter for the big dinners which will come.

Mrs. Leith is teaching Domestic Hygiene this year, a subject which we scientific seniors find very interesting.

Thomas Hand, one of our 7th-grade school-mates has been out of school for quite a while. We are glad to see him back again.

Miss Underwood entertained a few friends at Home One, Monday evening, October fifteenth in honor of her 12th anniversary at Chilocco.

Lulu Wilson and Lucy Snyder, Chilocco graduates, are now holding positions at Lawton. They write that they are well pleased with their work and surroundings.

There was a lawn social at Home Four Saturday, Sept. 22. The girls and boys had a pleasant time. After the basket ball game, Girls vs. Printers, in which the Printers won, we played ring games until the bell rang.

It is fun to see Colorado boys lined up around the office on Friday evening awaiting that piece of money that is theirs by right of hard work done during the summer. Several boys have been heard to say, "Wish I had gone to Colorado."

The JOURNAL is in receipt of an invitation which conveys the news that Stella Hall, a Chilocco graduate, will be married October 19th, at Spiro, I. T., to William Plake, a graduate of Haskell, and a former employee here. Our best wishes are extended.

The 6th grade is studying about the horse. A collection of pictures of the different breeds have been mounted on dark paper and form an attractive picture for the walls in Room 2. Horses are domestic animals and I think it valuable knowledge that we get when we learn how to take care of him.

The Red Men of Kansas held a State Conclave at Arkansas City, Kansas, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 16 and 17th. A feature of the parade on October 16th was the Chilocco student body, representing the work carried on by Uncle Sam at this school. Five hundred students took part. There were

many fine floats. A special train conveyed the students and employees to the city and return. Many of the Red Men delegates visited the school after the convention.

Chairman Stubbs on Doubtful Points.

From the report of the committee appointed by the railroads to pass upon all doubtful points in the Hepburn rate bill, it would seem that Indian Service employees can lawfully be given but not half-rates but free transportation if necessary.

J. C. Stubbs, chairman of the executive officers' committee, appointed about two months ago by all the railroads west of Chicago to study the doubtful points in the new rate law and to secure the advice of counsel regarding them, has completed the preparation of the committee report on passenger matters.

The report is in part as follows:

"Free transportation cannot be given to land or immigration agents unless they are employees in such sense that the carriers legally could give them transportation as a pass of gratuity.

"There is no authority in law for making lower rates to land seekers and settlers than for other travelers. This interpretation seems to abolish the homeseekers' excursions which all western lines have been running for years.

"The law committee advises that transportation cannot be issued in payment for advertising. It is generally accepted, however, that carriers may carry an open account with publishers and that publishers may carry an open account with carriers for advertising, and that these accounts can be balanced periodically. The balance, whatever it may be, must be paid in cash. The transaction must be devoid of previous agreement that the service done by either party for the other is to be paid for in any other way than by cash.

"Special reduced rates may be made for federal and state troops and officers and employees of the United States geological survey and reclamation service in the future as in the past.

"Nuns, sisters of charity, missionaries, national or state officers of religious organizations, teachers and pupils in Indian schools, officers of the Salvation Army and volunteers of America, it is held, may be given free transportation.

"Special rates for theatrical companies, baseball clubs, etc., are held to be discriminatory.

"Special rates for army and navy officers and their families, which always have been made in the past, are held unlawful for the same reason."

A "RETURNED" STUDENT AT HOME.

With all the jests and gibes as well as the cynical comments about the education of the Indians, there are some notable exceptions to the popular traditions about the laziness of the Indians and their supposed forgetfulness of the ways of the white man as soon as they leave the Government schools and return to the reservation, says the Tucson Citizen.

A striking exception is Robert Louis, a Pima Indian, who has just arrived here from Oklahoma, where he attended school after graduating from the Phoenix Indian school. As a result of his attendance at the Oklahoma school, he was fortunate enough to become a member of the Indian band from that school, which visited the central section of the country and won loud praises in Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, Kansas City and many smaller cities.

Louis' home was on the Sacaton reservation. He was educated in the Government school at Phoenix and graduated from that institution. He learned the printing trade and was connected with the monthly which is issued by the pupils of that school.

After leaving the Phoenix school he went to a larger Indian school at Chilocco, Oklahoma, where he was also connected with a school magazine.

He has finished his education in the Government schools and has come home to locate. He is an unusually bright Indian.

He declares that the larger number of the Indians who are educated in the Government schools put their learning to good use. He states that many do not return to the reservation but follow up the trade which they learn in schools. He added that most of those who return build for themselves modern adobe houses, with shingle roofs and engage in the peaceful occupation of farming, and are greatly looked up to by the balance of the tribe. The failure of many Indians to return to the reservations, together with the fact that the Government annually takes young Indians away to the schools to be educated, may result finally in the depopulating of the reservations, Louis says.

Note:—Robert Louis is a fine type of a Pima Indian student. He was a member of the JOURNAL force while at Chilocco and is trustworthy, honest, industrious, and a gentleman. Such young men are a credit to their tribe and to their school.

Summary of Changes For August.

Following is the official abstract of report to the Civil Service Commission by Commissioner Leupp for the month of August, 1906:

No. of appointments	46
No. failed to accept	30
No. absolute appointments	29
No. reinstatements	10
No. transfers in this Service	40
No. transfers from this Service	1
No. promotions and reductions	17
No. temporary appointments	22
No. resignations	78
No. Indians appointed	14
No. Indians resigned	23
No. laborers appointed	2
No. laborers resigned	3
No. marriages	2

The Carlisle Cadets on Parade.

The Carlisle Indian cadets gave the town a surprise this afternoon, and a pleasant one. Headed by Major W. A. Mercer and the famous band of the school, they marched over the principal streets before going to the fair grounds. They marched exceedingly well, and on the whole presented a fine appearance. Carlisle citizens were proud of them, and when the boys appear in the parade at Harrisburg Thursday they will take a back seat for no soldier in that city. The officers were on horseback and a handsomer set cannot be seen anywhere. — Carlisle (Pa.) Sentinel.

Visits The East With Welcome.

610 Central Avenue, Plainfield N. J.,
Oct. 3, 1906.

The INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL,
Chilocco, Oklahoma.

Dear Sirs: It is with great pleasure that I enclose one dollar for renewal of my subscription. I am not only willing but glad to pay the additional half dollar with the prospect of having the JOURNAL increased in size and scope. To us who are interested in the most interesting people of the country, the Indians, your periodical is always a most welcome and valuable monthly visitor.

Sincerely yours,

A. C. McCREA.

As One Editor Looks at It.

The Indian has served his apprenticeship to civilization, and whether he is able or unable to bear some of the "white man's burden," it is pretty certain that he will no longer be the white man's burden. If we have not civilized poor Lo, we are fast eliminating him from the paths of progress.—St. Louis Republic.

The News at Chilocco

Fine weather!—October is a beautiful month in Oklahoma.

Dr. Clark, of Winfield, chaperoned a large party to Chilocco this month.

The places vacant here now are: Blacksmith, assistant matron, housekeeper, teacher, and band leader.

The Miller Brothers, of the 101 Ranch south of us, made the students a present of several barrels of nice buns this month.

A. E. McFatridge agent, at Winnebago, Nebraska, accompanied by Mrs. McFatridge, made Chilocco a visit last month.

We all regret Mrs. McCowan's illness and hope she may speedily recover. We miss her pleasant face on her daily rounds.

Mr. Crofoot has many barrels of fine cider-vinegar for school use. Chilocco orchards bore more abundantly than ever this year.

Simon Marques, a Chilocco graduate, writes us that he has a position at the Albuquerque, New Mexico, Electric Light Co., and is doing nicely.

Miss Rogers, the new-third grade teacher, has arrived. All third-graders are happy, as they felt it a hardship not to be able to go to school.

A popular game at Chilocco is Tennis. Four arc lamps have been erected on the court and a game is in progress until 10 o'clock most every evening.

Mrs. Collins has left for Pierre, S. D., where she joins her husband, who is employed there. We regret to lose her, but what is our loss is Pierre's gain.

The new Chief Clerk, Mr. F. Conser, made us a short visit this month. He was accompanied by Mr. V. N. Roadstrum, of the Department of Justice, and Lieutenant King, U. S. A.

Mr. Lipps, we are glad to say, has fully recovered from his operation of a few weeks ago and has left for his new school at Wahpeton, N. D. The good wishes of Chilocco go with him.

The Sequohah Society has not been heard of this year. If there is any race on between it and the Hiawatha it must be that of the

hare and the turtle and you know boys, how that came out.

The Hiawatha Society had a pleasant meeting Friday evening Sept. 27th. After a short program officers were elected for another quarter, as follows: President, Grace Miller; vice president, Betty Welsh; secretary, Maud Wade; treasurer, Mrs. Dodge.

The Hiawatha Society held an evening's entertainment at Home Four October 5th in honor of Martha Arnold, its president, who leaves the school for Ft. Bidwell, Cali. The reputation of Home Four as entertainers did not suffer by the holding of this pleasant affair.

Steve Pensenean, Keya James, Levi Gilstrap, Frank Stewart, Bert Antone and Ralph Bon, deserve honorable mention for earnest, careful and thoughtful work in dairying. We hope by next month to have a larger list for this kind of work. Such boys are the kind that are sure of success in the end.

The girls are glad to take up their domestic science lessons again under the able direction of Miss Allingham. They never tire of their work in this department and are always enthusiastic about any subject they study. One young lady was heard to say: "We learned to make apple sauce today and it was good enough to eat, too." She knew by experience.

The morning exercises of the school are a pleasant feature of the school work. We now have a choir in each division and there is no little rivalry between them. Interesting as well as instructive stories are read and each Friday some pupil reads an original composition. Last Friday we enjoyed "A summer's Vacation in the Beet Fields of Colorado" by Richard Morton. Its writing showed thought and it was read in a good clear voice. Students will volunteer compositions for the future.

A new student's first impression: "When I first came to Chilocco I thought I was coming into a town. I had no idea it was like it is. I had been used to a small school with about 115 pupils and about 13 employees. Here they have electric lights, cook by steam, and wash and iron by electricity. All the buildings are made of stone. I think Chilocco is a very good school and such a pretty place too. When I first saw Chilocco, I thought it was such a pretty place, the buildings look so stately, and then those vines on them give such a grand appearance. Altho' I don't

know one half of the people here, the ones I do know seem very nice."

Juanada Parker, daughter of Chief Parker of the Comanches, and a Chilocco student several years ago, was recently married to Walter Komah, a Comanche Indian, who received his education at Carlisle. She was on her way to Chilocco to accept a position here, and was suddenly married at Oklahoma City. They will reside on their land in Oklahoma.



JUANADA PARKER,
A Good Type of the Indian Student.

Juanada, who is a striking type of the educated Indian, has been holding a position at Ft. Sill Boarding School, near Lawton, since leaving Chilocco. She is far better equipped to assume the responsibilities of home-making than the average white girl of her age. She and her husband made Chilocco a visit.

The first social of the season was held in the Gym, Saturday evening, Sept. 28th. The gymnasium had donned a new dress, thanks to the painter-dress-makers and looked very neat. Social life at Chilocco is part of the school course. This point was emphasized by a talk from Col. McCowan, which was both

instructive and interesting to us all. The literary program consisted of recitation by Myrtle Prova; recitation, The American Indian, George Selkirk; vocal duet, Give welcome to the Swallows, Misses Long and Walton; recitation and pantomime, Maud Muller, primary pupils; recitation, The One-legged Goose, Grace Miller; harp solo, Miss Mayes. If the remaining programs follow the pace set by this one they will have to be excellent. Every number was fine. The primary tots showed much training and the raking of the hay was realistic. The dance program was next in order. As all the children have been looking forward to this treat, they enjoyed it to the utmost. Mr. Risser's class furnished refreshments. They cleared the neat sum of \$18.55, which will help in a small way to provide much needed apparatus for their class-work.

NEWS ITEMS BY PUPILS.

We are studying Domestic Hygiene in the 7th grade.

The weather here is just fine; not too hot nor too cold.

Mrs. Risser is expecting to have a fine class in elocution this year.

Mr. Carner is giving us lessons in drawing every Saturday morning.

We have a good many new teachers and they all seem to be very nice.

The choir is getting to be very large. We will soon have some fine singers.

There are so many pupils in the 7th grade there are not enough seats for them all.

Every one enjoyed and appreciated Mr. Davie's solo in Sunday school Sunday.

Miss Phillips elected new officers at Home two. She got a new captain, Erma Osborne, from Home four. She divided the large company "A." A lot of Home Four girls were sent here, they were so crowded there. Miss Phillips certainly has her hands full now.

Charles Addington has returned to Chilocco after a pleasant visit home. He witnessed the fight the papers have told about between the friendly and unfriendly Indians of his village. They are friendly or unfriendly to education. The unfriendly were driven away and are camping outside the village. Charley says he belongs to the friendly side so has come back to take up his work in harness-making again.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF INDIAN SCHOOL CHANGES FOR MONTH OF AUGUST.

Appointments.

Della Martin, baker, Seneca, 400.
 Rose E. Walker, nurse, Seger, 600.
 Mary I. Marmon, nurse, Crow, 600.
 D. R. Rhodes, farmer, Uintah, 660.
 Harry Lamason, mason, Carlisle, 720.
 Jesse C. Null, dairyman, Carlisle, 480.
 Jennie F. McIntyre, seamstress, Zuni, 500.
 Mae Taplin, teacher, Pine Ridge Day, 600.
 August Osburg, asst. carpenter, Haskell, 600.
 Chas. R. Stenberg, blacksmith, Geona, 720.
 Carl Wieland, band instructor, Chilocco, 840.
 McPherson C. Maddox, teacher, Klamath, 660.
 Milo B. Pincomb, industrial teacher, San Jaun, 720.
 Margaret Haldaman, teacher, Vermillion, Lake, 600.
 Bessie M. Powell, assistant seamstress, Shoshone, 360.
 Evangeline R. Houghtling, kindergartner, Tulalip, 600.

Reinstatements.

Fannie H. Cook, seamstress, Moqui, 540.
 Joseph Iliff, industrial teacher, Seger, 600.
 Oliver S. Rising, cook, Vermillion Lake, 500.
 Carrie E. Wicks, matron, White Earth, 600.
 Aurilla O. Warner, laundress, Cherokee, 520.
 Anna M. Shafer, assistant matron, Fort Sill, 500.
 Emma L. Moses, seamstress, Colorado River, 600.
 Jennie M. Caldwell, assistant matron, Yakima, 500.
 Bitha I. Canfield, assistant seamstress, Phoenix, 540.
 Elizabeth C. Sloan, assistant matron, Sax & Fox, Iowa, 420.

Transfers.

Alice R. Hicks, cook, Zuni, 480, to cook, Fort Mojave, 540.
 Wm. Davies, teacher, Osage, 720, to teacher, Chilocco, 1000.
 Alice Guest, nurse, Fort Mojave, 600, to nurse, Haskell, 720.
 George P. Love, teacher, Kaw, 660, to teacher, Rosebud, 600.
 Rose H. Roberson, matron, Little Water, 600, to Fort Mojave, 600.
 Chas. R. Scott, carpenter, Seneca, 720, to carpenter, Moqui, 800.
 Edith B. Crawford, teacher, Seneca, 600, to teacher, Chilocco, 660.
 Robert Burns, carpenter, Crow, 720, to carpenter, Shoshone, 660.

Nellie Norris, teacher, Arapahoe, 660, to teacher, Cross Lake, 540.

Katherine Brown, seamstress, Crow, 500 to seamstress, Salem, 600.

Lorenzo D. James, carpenter, Moqui, 800, to carpenter, Seneca, 720.

Chester E. Faris, teacher, Shoshone, 660, to clerk, Wittenberg, 720.

Nora M. Holt, seamstress, Fort Sill, 500, to seamstress, Jicarilla, 500.

George D. Chaffee, ind'l. teacher, Seger, 600, to engineer, Tulalip, 840.

Carrie A. Walker, teacher, Wittenberg, 600, to teacher, Ft. Shaw, 660.

Mary L. Whisnant, teacher, Flandreau, 600, to teacher, Ft. Shaw, 720.

Mary E. Kinzie, asst. matron, Crowcreek, 400, to seamstress, Tomah, 540.

Margery Taylor, laundress, Fort Lapwai, 420, to seamstress, Carson, 480.

Josephine Jacobs, seamstress, Vermillion Lake, 500, to matron, Yankton, 540.

Susan Moncrieff, seamstress, Springfield, 420, to seamstress, Springfield, 540.

James T. Williamson, engineer, Ft. Shaw, 660, to engineer, Tongur River, 900.

Emil Trulish, physician, Western Navajo, 1000 to physician, Tohatchi, 1000.

Elizabeth J. Amor, matron, Zuni, 600, to assistant matron, Fort Mojave, 500.

Sophie E. Picard, asst. matron, Hayward, 500, to asst. matron, Ft. Totten, 500.

Rose Haller, assistant matron, Fort Hall, 500, to housekeeper, Sherman, 540.

Lucy A. Luttrell, matron, Cherokee, 600, to patent office, Washington, D. C.

Frank L. Morrison, asst. engineer, Genoa, 600, to engineer, Warm Springs, 720.

Edith D. White, teacher, Wild Rice River, 540, to teacher, Grand Junction, 600.

Willis M. Gillett, farmer, Fort Mojave, 720, to industrial teacher, Mescalero, 720.

Hiram Jones, assistant farmer, Haskell, 600, to disciplinarian, Cheyenne River, 660.

Edythe T. Hall, teacher, Grand Junction, 540, to asst. teacher, Wild Rice River, 540.

Alpheus R. Bridgen, farmer, White Earth, 600, to industrial teacher, Moqui, 720.

Nellie Dunkle, asst. matron, Colo. River, 600, to asst. matron, Sherman Institute, 500.

John Wetenhall, industrial, teacher, Cantonment, 600, to industrial teacher, Jicarilla, 600.

Arthur C. Plake, disciplinarian, Cheyenne River, 660, to assistant farmer, Haskell, 600.

Ida A. Dalton, assistant matron, Ft. Totten, 500, to asst. matron, Grand Junction, 540.

Fred E. Roberson, industrial teacher, Little Water, 720, to teacher, Fort Mojave, 720.

O. H. Lipps, assistant superintendent, Chilocco, 1500, to superintendent, Wahpeton, 1500.

Dora G. Wetenhall, assistant matron, Cantonment, 400, to assistant matron, Jicarilla, 500.

Frederick Garing, farmer, W. Navajo Agency, 800, to ind'l. teacher, W. Navajo Agency, 780.

Chas. E. Shell, superintendent, Pala, 1400, to superintendent, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, 1500.

Resignations.

E. L. Gray, matron, Santee, 500.
 Mary Gillen, nurse, Hayward, 600.
 Rose Glass, nurse, Fort Shaw, 600.
 Marie Pattee, cook, Shoshone, 540.
 Minnie F. Lynch, cook, Navajo, 600.
 Jas. F. Koons, teacher, Santee, 660.
 Ella C. Mason, cook, Fort Lewis, 520.
 Emma Kane, teacher, Sherman, 600.
 EuDora Cox, laundress, Sisseton, 420.
 May L. Kraft, teacher, Sisseton, 600.
 Lillian Patrick, teacher, Santee, 540.
 Cordelia Galliet, Cook, Klamath, 500.
 Marie D. Diewall, baker, Oneida, 400.
 Jesse C. Null, dairyman, Carlisle, 480.
 Ida Turner, Seamstress, Rosebud, 480.
 Mertis L. Riddle, teacher, Genoa, 540.
 Mattie Olsen, teacher, Fort Shaw, 660.
 Mollie Allen, cook, Warm Springs, 500.
 Bert R. Betz, teacher, Fort Lewis, 660.
 Fred A. Richter, engineer, Tulalip, 720.
 Maggie Davis Wilks, cook, Uintah, 500.
 Hattie Egnew, seamstress, Seneca, 540.
 Charles E. James, baker, Sherman, 600.
 Frances Ellingsworth, baker, Seneca, 400.
 Margerie S. Harrelson, cook, S. Ute, 400.
 J. B. Smith, engineer, Tongue River, 900.
 Grace M. Chapman, matron, Yankton, 540.
 Elvira P. Sorkness, cook, Blackfeet, 420.
 Lambia C. Vanderberg, nurse, Seger, 600.
 Frank E. McCune, laborer, Umatilla, 480.
 Lizzie Orme, laundress, Fort Yuma, 540.
 Mary B. Bibb, cook and baker, Seger, 500.
 Mary L. Leader, teacher, Shoshone, 540.
 Katherine A. Stanton, sook, Siletz, 500.
 Carl Wieland, band teacher, Chilocco, 840.
 E. Corbett, assistant seamstress, Carlisle, 300.
 Benson O. Sherman, blacksmith, Genoa, 660.
 Pearl Martin, assistant matron, Jicarilla, 500.
 Blanche Hickman, kindergartner, Otoe, 600.
 Theresia Steinbauer, laundress, Pierre, 480.
 Charles H. Park, teacher, Pine Ridge, 600.
 Etta Hynes Peck, teacher, Pipestone, 540.
 Anna M. Mendenhall, Matron, Fort Sill, 600.
 Blanche A. Silcott, teacher, Fort Sill, 540.
 Geo. E. Turner, Disciplinarian, Rosebud, 720.
 Dylla Kurka, Assitant Matron, Rosebud, 520.
 Hattie B. Parker, laundress, Shoshone, 480.
 William Mitchell, carpenter, Shoshone, 660.
 Lavilla M. Horner, seamstress, Tomah, 540.

John H. Stranch, engineer, Warm Springs, 720.

Jeanette E. Downie, seamstress, Talulip, 500.
 Harry A. Schuyler, engineer, Navajo, 900.
 Everell A. Johnson, teacher, Fort Mojave, 720.
 Mattie J. Forrester, matron, Fort Mojave, 660.
 Florence E. Peterson, matron, Fort Lewis, 600.
 August Osburg, assistant carpenter, Haskell, 600.
 Wm. D. Gates, Supt. of Industries, Haskell, 900.
 Edward M. Rogers, teacher, Bullhead, 60 per mo.
 Martha D. Kaufman, teacher, Vermillion Lake, 600.
 Wm. A. Roseberry, teacher, Sac and Fox, Okla., 660.
 Cornelia Stroch, assistant matron, Fort Shaw, 600.
 Cecelia Camenzind, seamstress, agricultural, 480.
 Bertha McCandless, seamstress, Colorado River, 600.
 C. K. Peck, teacher of agriculture, Pipestone, 900.
 Emma S. Fletcher, seamstress, Truxton Canon, 540.
 Bertha W. Clark, teacher, Wild Rice River, 600.
 George F. Barnhart, industrial teacher, Moqui, 720.
 Edith L. Cushing, kindergartner, Warm Springs, 600.
 Mary E. Lister, domestic science teacher, Chilocco, 660.
 Caroline O. McCandless, asst. matron, Sherman, 500.
 Hattie Craven, assistant matron, Fort Belknap, 500.
 Eva Anderson, Kindergartner, Rainy Mountain, 600.
 Samuel A. Selecman, teacher, Blackfeet day, 60 per month.
 William P. Taber, teacher, Capitan Grande, 72 per mo.
 Grace D. H. Rehbold, teacher, Independence Day, 72 per mo.
 Ivah H. Babcock, assistant matron, Grand Junction, 540.

Appointments—Excepted Positions.

Peter Collins, engineer, Pierre, 720.
 Phoebos Stevens, baker, Oneida, 400.
 Chas. A. Pierce, assistant, Flandreau, 500.
 Amelia E. Clark, laundress, Ft. Sill, 480.
 Jennie T. Love, housekeeper, Rosebud, 300.
 Emil James, nightwatchman, Tulalip, 400.
 George Brig, gardener, Panguitch, 500.
 Josiah Oldman, gardener, Shoshone, 480.
 Joel W. Tyndall, Discip., Chamberlain, 600.
 Bessie Lightfoot, laundress, Vermillion, Lake, 360.

John B. Dawson, nightwatchman, Fort Peck, 400.

Leader C. Kennedy, assistant engineer, Genoa, 600.

Chas. D. Wheelock, assistant engineer, Shoshone, 600.

John Redowl, shoe and harnessmaker, Cheyenne River, 500.

Resignations—Excepted Positions.

Roxy Grove, cook, Greenville, 480.

Stacy Owl, Cherokee, laundress, 520.

Eliz. Hartman, laundress, Seger, 400.

Rose Dillon, asst. matron, Carlisle, 480.

C. C. Stivers, physician, Kickapoo, 300.

Eunice Terry, asst. matron, Tulalip, 400.

Elvina E. Quinlan, cook, Pine Point, 400.

Jerdina Faber, teacher, Fort Yuma, 600.

Nellie Oliver, housekeeper, Chilocco, 500.

Alice Martin, assistant matron, Yakima, 500.

Rosie Parker, housekeeper Pine Ridge, 300.

Effie C. Coe, housekeeper, Rosebud day, 300.

Mary A. Sage, housekeeper, Cochiti, 30 per mo.

Iva M. Rogers, housekeeper, Bullhead, 30 per mo.

Josephine Roberts, housekeeper, Sia, 30 per mo.

Elizabeth Young, teacher, Seama day, 72 per mo.

Frek Tall Crane, nightwatchman, Rosebud, 360.

Herbert Buffaloboy, carpenter, Standing Rock, 420.

Robert Leith, assistant carpenter, Chilocco, 600.

Clarence R. Beaulieu, assistant clerk, Chilocco, 660.

Marie S. Marmon, housekeeper, Mesita day, 30 per mo.

Jos. F. Esters, teacher, Standing Rock day, 60 per mo.

Anna J. Esters, housekeeper, Standing Rock day, 30 per mo.

Appointments—Unclassified Service.

Jos. C. Benton, laborer, Chamberlain, 400.

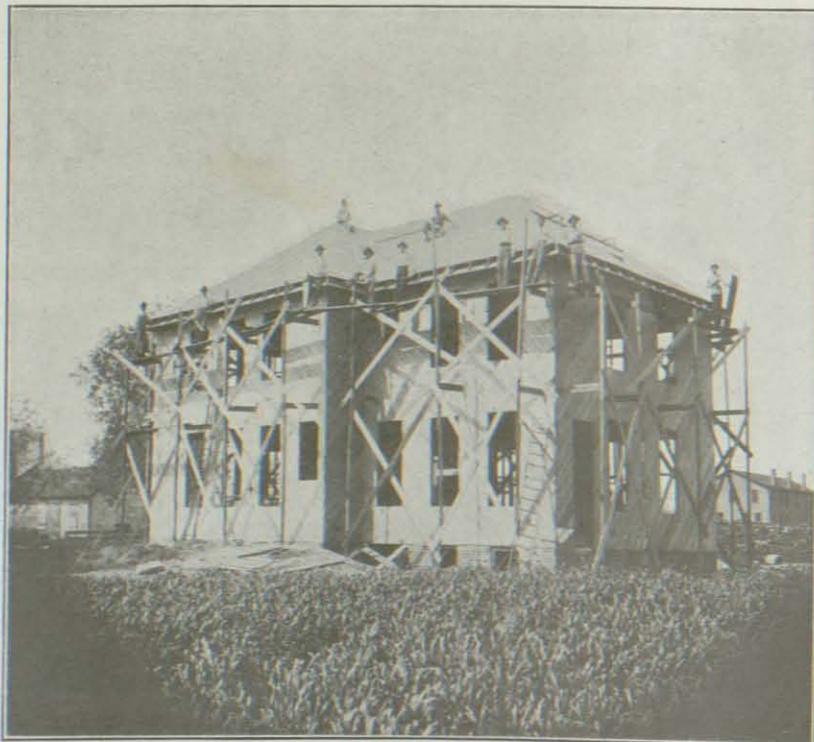
Albert Evenson, laborer, Crowcreek, 500.

Resignations—Unclassified Service.

W. A. Davis, laborer, Kickapoo, 480.

Willis F. Buck, laborer, Hayward, 660.

Chas. Moelle, laborer, Chamberlain, 400.



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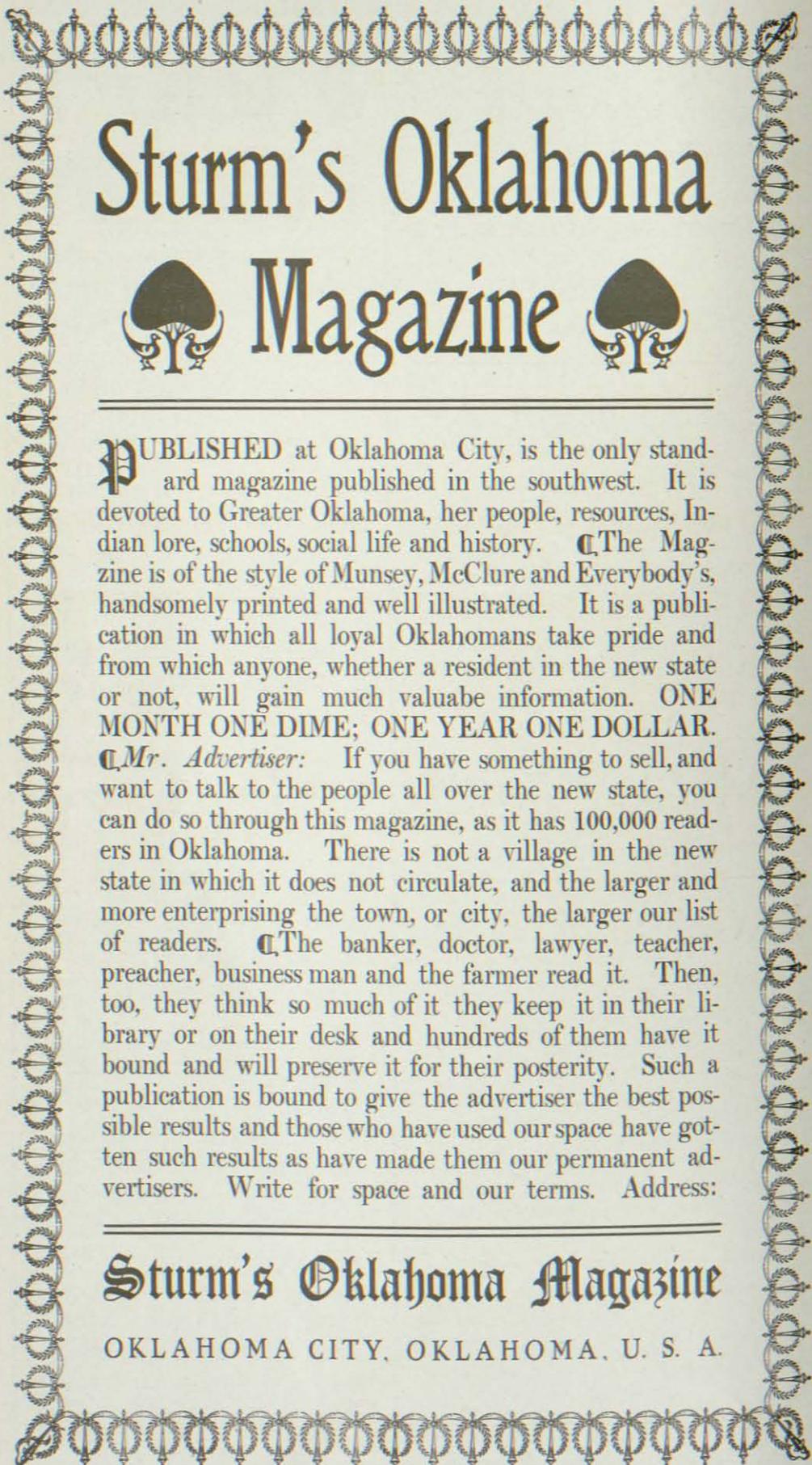
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Issued Monthly from the Indian Print Shop Chillico, Okla

OCTOBER, 1906

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