
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 SEVEN

FOR FEBRUARY 1907

NUMBER FOUR

CONTENTS:

Be at Your Best	9
Hopi Katchina Dancers in Costume	10
Pen and Camera in Tusayan—Some Sketches of Hopi Life—Part Two—Illustrated—By Edgar K. Miller	11
Types of Chilocco Students—Chippewa—Illustration	28
The Loco—By C. J. Crandall	29
The Indian Versus The White Man—By Harry C. Green	31
Good Horse Sense—Some Advice—By Elbert Hubbard	33
The First Indian Member of The U. S. Senate— <i>K. C. Journal</i>	34
The Vanishing Race—Article II—Illustrated—By George C. Smithe	37
In and Out of The Service	40
Indian School Views—Front View of the School at Chemawa, Oregon	40
The News at Chilocco	43
Old Chief Red Cloud's Home—A Clipping	44
Educational Department—Lesson For Teachers from The Office	45-53
The News at Chilocco	54
Progress of Indian Education—Address by Commissioner Leupp	56
A Desert Memory—Original Poem—By Hen-toh, a Wyandotte	65
This Wide, Wide World—Compiled for THE JOURNAL	66
Said of The Indian's Way	68
Official Report of Indian Service Changes for December	70

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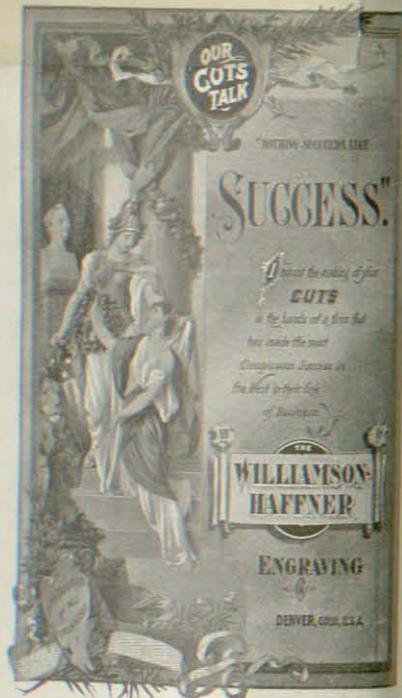
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EVERY employee pays for superintendence and inspection. Some pay more and some less. That is to say, a dollar-a-day man would receive two dollars a day were it not for the fact that some one has to think for him, look after him and supply the will that holds him to his task. The result is that he contributes to the support of those who superintend him. Make no mistake about this: incompetence and disinclination require supervision, and they pay for it and no one else does. The less you require looking after, the more able you are to stand alone and complete your tasks, the greater your reward. Then, if you can not only do your own work, but direct intelligently and effectively the efforts of others, your reward is in exact ratio, and the more people you can direct, and the higher the intelligence you can rightly lend, the more valuable is your life.

The Law of Wages is as sure and exact in its working as the Law of the Standard of Life. You can go to the very top and take Edison for instance, who sets a vast army at work—and wins not only deathless fame, but a fortune, great beyond the dreams of avarice. And going down the scale, you can find men who will not work of themselves and no one can make them work, and so their lives are worth nothing, and they are a tax and a burden on the community. Do your work so well that it will require no supervision, and by doing your own thinking it will save the expense of hiring some one to think for you.

—*Elbert Hubbard.*



HOPÍ KACHINA DANCERS.

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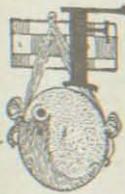
NUMBER FOUR

PEN AND CAMERA IN TUSAYAN

PART TWO

By EDGAR K. MILLER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



FROM the pueblos of Mishongnovi, Shipaulovi and Shimopovi, on the Second Mesa, to Oraibi, the westernmost of all the interesting pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, is a distance of some ten miles. For several miles the wagon road runs on the summit of the mesa, over a rough, flinty-rock surface. A ride over this rocky trail is warranted to put the traveler in fit condition to do justice even to a large chunk of "Hopi mutton."

While visiting the villages of the First Mesa my interpreter gleaned the information that there was to be held at Oraibi on the following day the Niman Katchina—the last dance of the season of the Katchinas—and I was very anxious to arrive in time to see this much-talked-of ceremony. On our way to the Second Mesa we had overtaken small parties of Hopi headed for the Third Mesa. The parties were now becoming more frequent and of larger proportions. The sight of these Hopi travelers, their costumes, trappings and burro caravans, typify very much the pictures one

sees of the Holy Land. On one burro is strapped a "kit," on another a large roll of basket-making material, and on a third may be costumes to be worn at some dance or other ceremonial. Usually each Hopi has from three to five burros, riding one, driving the others before him. None of the burros, even to the one ridden, has a sign of bridle, presumably from the fact that they are supposed to eke out their own existence, and a bridle would be a sort of nuisance to take care of at every stop a Hopi makes.

The road from the Second Mesa to Oraibi drops off at a fifty-per-cent grade to the valley below. As we started down into this valley on this beautiful clear August morning, while waiting for "Willie" to adjust the chains that were to prevent the hind wheels of our "schooner" from doing their regular duty, I sought out a high vantage point and drank in the great panorama spread out before us. What a beautiful and vari-colored sight! I likened it in my mind to descriptions I had read of the Grand Canon. Later I found I was not far wrong, for in many respects the topography of this



place does resemble parts of the Grand Canon. From this point you are convinced that the desert is well named—that it is not an optical illusion—that the desert is painted and Nature has done her work well from an artist's viewpoint.

Way off to the west, as pointed out to me by my interpreter, is Oraibi, a darkened spot near the top of the long, finger-shaped ridge, nearly eight miles across the valley, which is spotted here and there by the largest corn-fields and orchards we have yet seen. One's eye travels along the edge of the valley, gradually ascending the scarred and seamed edge of the mesa upon which you are standing. Here the sight fascinates you—stratas of every color of the rainbow run lengthwise of these cliffs, crevices and fantastic buttes, each ribbon of color gradually fading into another, making a chromatic blending of Nature coloring that is impossible to describe.

Going down the rocky, precipitous wagon trail, after some thirty minutes, you land in the sandy valley. Here again you are nearly overcome by the intensity of the August heat. Down upon this sandy plain the sun beats with an intensity that can not only be felt but seen. You feel that were it necessary to get out into that blazing sun, upon the scorched sand, would only mean to be consumed by its dreadful heat.

After a slow, tedious, laboring drive of two hours, we drove up to the Oraibi day school at the foot of the Third Mesa. Travelers can be assured of some kind of accommodations here when the school is in session. During the summer months there is no school and the place is deserted except probably for one person who looks after the buildings. There are no other white people here excepting the missionary's family and the trader. For this reason it is much better for tourists to have a camping outfit. With such an outfit a party can rent an adobe Indian house or two at the foot of the mesa for shelter and can be not only independent but comfortable. These houses were built for Indians by the Government in a futile endeavor to encourage the Hopi to come off the mesa and live nearer their crops, and consist generally of either one or two rooms.

The buildings of the school, the half-dozen houses spoken of, the two traders' stores and the field matron's home constitutes Oraibi at the foot of the mesa.

I arranged for a bed in one of the school buildings and through the kindness of my friend, Lorenzo Hubbell, had a letter to Antonio Armijo, the Government licensed Indian trader, with whom I had the good fortune to "batch" during my stay at Oraibi. Mr. Armijo, like both the Hubbells

is a whole-souled Westerner, and only people who have traveled through the west and enjoyed the hospitality of such as he know what real hospitality is. The man with a "large roll" and the man with none at all—provided always that he acts the gentleman—is treated alike by westerners such as Armijo. In another article I shall speak more fully of my pleasant experiences with Mr. Armijo as host.

Visiting Oraibi.

After caring for our tired horses, being told by Mr. Armijo "If you see anything you want, and it belongs to me, take it. Supper will be ready any time we get ready to cook it," we partook of the remains of our "tin-can lunch," which had already withstood a raid by three hungry travelers twice that day, then my interpreter—whose family living upon the mesa he had not seen for three years—and myself, armed with our Kodak and a great desire to see inside the wonderful village of Oraibi, which could now plainly be seen outlined upon the very summit of the long mesa that rises up

out of the plain some 400 feet, started up the mile-long trail that leads up over sand billows and rocky cliffs to the historical old pueblo that stands at its head.

The trail leading up to the village, while not so precipitous as that climbed at Acoma some months previous, is sandy and steep enough to cause one to stop several times before you finally reach the steps at its head. You climb these—noticing as you do, the places worn in them by centuries' use of bare feet and moccasins—and as you rise above the rocky flat level of the table-land you get your first real glimpse of Oraibi, discovered and conquered by Coronado during his tour of Tusayan, in 1540.

The village occupies the same site and is the same city mentioned in the report of the Spanish discoverer. With the exception of new houses and additions and patched places on the old ones you are looking at the same interesting city that this Spanish explorer traveled so far to conquer. You are in a village hundreds of years



Oraibi, as seen from the point of the mesa.

old. Our camera gives you but a faint idea of the picturesque pueblo.

The visitor is at once greeted by a horde of dogs, of the mongrel variety—the Hopi seems like other Indians in this respect—which announce your arrival to the inhabitants. A rock or two, thrown with accuracy, is the best kind of an argument here and your way is open to the path that leads to the center of the village.

We hurried to the plaza, the place designated for the dances, by a back way. We entered the family home of my interpreter from the rear, a house on the third tier facing the plaza. All the houses seemed vacant, as the Katchina dance had begun and the people were sure to be more interested in that than anything else. Going through the house we passed out of the opening in front, stepping down a step or two to the roof of the house of the second tier. A joyful cry met us and two Indian women came running over housetops to throw themselves into the arms of Charles, who then and there received a prodigal's welcome. The women were his mother and sister.

A Hopi Katchina Dance.

And the sight I beheld! No pen or words of mine can interestingly nor accurately picture it to the readers of this article. On the tops of the houses that faced the plaza, in all their gala attire, were the village people—men, women, children and babes. The streets, which entered the plaza from every angle and direction, were filled with Hopi and Mexican visitors on horseback, from the other mesas and villages. In the center of the plaza the Katchina dance was in progress. We were just in time!

Lined up on one side of the square were 32 Indians in dance costume.

Twenty of these wore huge Katch masks, twelve were dressed as women of the tribe. There was one male priest, who seemed to be leader, two assistants. The leader's costume consisted only of a loin-cloth; his assistants wore what appeared to me to be a close pattern of the white moccasins; nothing else. These three were not masked.

The men representing the women wore wigs or their hair done up in the Hopi squash-blossom style and wore face masks decorated with horse hair. The dancers representing the Katchinas had their bodies ceremoniously decorated with black corn smut. Besides the huge masks their costumes consisted of sprigs of pinion, gourd-colored ceremonial Hopi sashes, rabbit skins tied at the small of their backs, bands at their wrists and ankles, and moccasins on their feet. Each carried a rattle made of a hollowed gourd.

The dancers moved from side to side singing in a low, heavy guttural voice, keeping time with a stomp of the feet and a shake of the rattle. At intervals the men dressed as women, called *Manas*, knelt on rabbit-skin robes, leading the other dancers and in time with the song drew deer scapula across the notched stick, one end of which rested in a hollow gourd, making a noise which added weirdness to the ceremony. The three priests, who carried sacred meal bags, sprinkled meal at certain periods on the dancers. The dance was kept up all day at intervals until sundown. At the last the dancers arrived at the plaza loaded with presents, which they distributed to the inhabitants present. The presents consisted of melons, beans and arrows, corn, piki, Katchina dance articles of apparel, etc.

I was the only white person in that crowd. My feelings can be



HOPI WOMAN MAKING PIKI.

be imagined than described. I had witnessed other Indian dances and ceremonials, some at the World's Fair Indian Exhibit that were weird and realistic. This dance is different—it gives one a "creepy feeling," where you have those cold shivers and catch yourself inadvertently looking around to see if the way is clear should a quick exit be necessary. The Sioux war dance is exciting; the Pueblo fiestas are interesting; the Ig-

gorote dog-killing ceremony is revolting; the Hopi Katchina is impressive and awe-inspiring. Up to this moment I had forgotten I had a camera; now I was almost afraid to use it.

To a Hopi the word Katchina means a supernatural being. They are supposed to visit the villages at certain periods of the year. Men taking part in these dances are from different Hopi fraternities and represent certain of these deities. Many of these

different Katchina dances are held during the summer months. As in all other Hopi religious ceremonies, this dance can be interpreted only as an exemplified prayer for rain. A good photo of some of the Katchina dancers is herewith presented.

Something of Hopi Life.

For two weeks my stay at Oraibi was prolonged. As my mission among these people kept me upon the mesa most of the time, I had excellent opportunities of seeing and studying their life and characteristics at close range.

The Hopi are a pastoral, patient, industrious, peaceful and intensely religious people; a people who live in the past. When he is not working he is worshipping. The traveler is met with a pleasant "*Eguache*," my friend, accompanied by a smile and a hospitable hand-clasp of welcome, as he enters a Hopi home. All pueblo homes are similar in many ways. Tourists who have visited Isleta, Laguna, Acoma, or any other eastern pueblo, would not see much new or different at Oraibi, only that here we find a more ancient atmosphere, older customs in vogue, —pueblo life is less undefiled by the influences of civilization.

The seven pueblos of Hopi Land do not differ much except as to their sites. The customs, dress, manner of living and worship are the same. At every pueblo a hereditary chief, assisted by a "judge," supposed to be named by the Indian Agent, is at the head of each community. All lands are held as tribal property, each member being accorded enough to provide for himself and family. On this land is raised peaches, corn, beans, chili and melons. The difficulties in raising these crops in this desert country can not be imagined and no one but a Hopi would

be equal to the occasion. Months of ceaseless vigil and labor is the cost paid for a few handfuls of corn or a basket of peaches. The traveler finds a difference between a Kansas cornfield and a Hopi "cornfield."

Corn is the Hopi's salvation. It is his food. It is used in all his ceremonies; the indirect cause of all prayers for rain. Imagine a desert with sand like snow, out of which and there rises a bunch of corn stalks some two feet high—this is a Hopi cornfield. The Hopi uses neither plow nor plow. He pushes a large, sharp stick down into the sand and plants the corn in handfuls way below the surface. From the time he does this until the crop is harvested some one of his family keeps eternal vigil over that field. It is a continual fight against the sand, the sun, the elements, the birds and all wandering beasts. The earless burros you meet in the village and on the trails must attest to the completeness of this vigilance. None but a Hopi would be equal to it.

Oraibi has about 900 people. The houses are generally three-story affairs, and there are seven streets. Here and there rising out of the plazas, you find box-like chambers in the ground, the entrance open, with a projecting ladder leading below. These are the places of meeting of the different Hopi fraternities and are called Kivas. When not in official use they are used by Hopi weavers. Unlike the Navajos, or most tribes, Hopi men do all the weaving and knitting. It is claimed that the Hopi was the original weaver of the south-west.

The home life of the Hopi is the simple life. Generally the house on the ground floor opens into the street and the tourist is greeted by numbers



SNAKE PRIESTS—ORAI BI.

of dirty naked children of both ages who quickly flee at his entrance. The house has no furniture, excepting now and then a chair, or table. Around the walls, about two feet high, is an adobe shelf, answering the place of chairs. Each house has its metate bins and piki oven. Piki constitutes the Hopi's main food. It is corn ground fine, to which a little water is added, then it is spread on a stone slab, which sets on a hotbed of coals, and cooked to a crisp, making a thin wafer-like substance which is not bad to taste. Meals are eaten at all hours of the day—babes, adults, chickens, dogs, and cats eating from the same dishes. Their meat is either mutton or goat, sometimes burro; a horse that has accidentally met death answers if meat is scarce. Some of the houses are clean, but most of them are indescribably filthy. It is a well recognized fact that were it not for the fact that they live

in the most perfect climate in the world these people would have died of pestilence long ere this.

The Government is doing much for the Hopi. At either mesa is a day school with housekeepers, physicians teachers and field matrons. These are now under the agent at Keams Canon. They all work for the uplifting of these strange brown people with the result that most of the children are in school and the leaven for Christianity and Civilization is percolating the atmosphere and household of the Hopi—unknown to the old people—with a tensivity that is slowly but surely driving before it much of the old belief and many of the old customs.

The stature of the Moqui, or Hopi, is undersized, the women being heavier set than the males. The women, who are plump and of good figure, are not all pretty, but most of them are comely. The unmarried girls are dis-

tinguished by their fashion of doing up the hair; characteristic only of the Hopi. Instead of braiding their hair it is done up in great whorls, one each side of the head, symbolic of the squash blossom, to them the emblem of virginity. When married the hair is done up in long tresses, worn in front of the shoulders. The dress of the women, made by the men, *canele machape*, is of one piece, black with colored border, which is caught up over the right shoulder and held in place by a wide belt, also of Hopi weave.

The costumes of the men consist usually of a loin-cloth, sometimes of a shirt and pair of gaudy trousers slit up from the botton. The shirt is worn outside of the trousers. A banda is worn on the head or the hair banded over the eyes and done up in a knot on the back of the head.

The Hopi's marriage laws are lax. The girl's people select her husband. They sometimes have to pay for them. Usually the matches are made by the older people in which the consent or wishes of the contracting couple are neither sought nor asked. It is not uncommon to see a Hopi girl of thirteen years carrying a child of her own birth. The woman being the "boss" if she desires to rid herself of a husband sets his saddle outside her door. He leaves. Sometimes a man will have two wives, they may be sisters, they may be aunt and niece. They may be his to-day another man's tomorrow—maybe his brother's, or even his son's. For this reason it is impossible to trace relationships or family posterity.

The man weaves the marriage trousseau and the maiden saves it to be buried in. The women own the houses, which go to the oldest daughter at death. The men own and take care of the sheep, goats, cattle, bur-

ros and horses. The Hopi has a ceremony for every thing. Half his time is spent in ceremonials. Even the women have fraternities and hold ceremonials. A beautiful ceremony is held at the christening of babes. Funeral service is observed over adults, who are buried much after the fashion of the dead of other pueblo tribes. A planting stick is used as a monument at the grave of a man, a broom for a woman. Bodies of children instead of being buried are stuck away in the clefts of the rocks, the openings of which are filled with stones.

Many interesting and queer shrines can be seen at every turn. Snake and antelope fraternity Kivas can be seen everywhere. The men spend half of their time in weaving and knitting, attending their flocks and working in the fields, some of which are in the washes ten miles away. A few make good Indian silverware. The women busy themselves with house-hold duties, weaving basket plaques, carrying water from the spring at the foot of the mesa and in gathering plaque material, which grows out in the desert. The plaques are of the Katchina variety, and more artistic than those made on the Second Mesa, and for which they get a good price at the trader's store. Their wool and pelts they trade to the trader for coffee, sugar and flour.

The Hopi is world famous as a runner. He will take a fast trot and keep it up for many miles. It is not unusual for a Hopi to shoulder his hoe and start on a trot for his corn field, ten miles away, not stopping until he reaches there. Instances are known where they have ran from Oraibi to Moencopi, back again, and then to Walpi and return, in one day, a distance of ninety miles. When one remembers that the sand sometimes is

six inches deep the deed seems the more remarkable.

The day I arrived at Keams Canon the Hopi who carried the mail to Oraibi started off as I drove up. He looked to be at least sixty. On his burro was strapped the mail. The burro was galloping, the Hopi running behind, urging on his burro. In one hand he carried a large coal oil can. The distance was 35 miles and he usually makes it quicker than a man can drive it in a buckboard. It was the first time I ever saw the mail riding while the carrier kept on foot.

The Snake Ceremony.

The one thing possibly more than any other that attracts the attention of the outside world to the Hopi is their weird snake ceremony, which attracts tourists, scientists, ethnologists, lecturers, and men of letters from all quarters of the globe; it is the public pageant given at the end of the nine-day ceremonies of the Flute, Antelope and Snake Fraternities, commonly designated as the Snake Dance.

This annual event is announced sixteen days before hand by a Hopi crier from the housetops of the village it is to be held in. Last year the dance was held at Oraibi in the first week of September; this year it will be held during August in Walpi.

Nine days of secret session of these three societies are held in the Kivas. For days before the dance, as part of the regular ceremony, snake priests have been at work gathering rattlesnakes to be used in the final pageant. These snakes are many and are kept guarded in a Snake Kiva by a snake priest until the day of the dance.

The dance proper, which is here-with illustrated by photos secured by the author at the Oraibi ceremony last September, is aptly described by Dr.

Dorsey, of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, who has studied the Hopi extensively, in his "Indians of the Southwest," as follows:

The older priests now continue the preparation and repairing of their costumes, one finishing a pair of moccasins, another painting his kilt, and so on. In the meantime the snakes are left on the sand field and are herded by barefoot, naked boys from seven to twelve years of age, who, sitting on the stones or upon the sand, play with the snakes, permitting them to crawl under, around and over them, handling them with as little apprehension of danger as boys playing with shells and sand on the seashore. Actually, as one sits by and watches this performance, fascinated and spellbound, the minutes lengthening into hours, he soon loses all realization of any sense of fear. He forgets these little naked boys are actually playing with twenty or thirty rattlesnakes, to say nothing of other snakes with no more feeling of fear than they would play with melon vines in the field.

As the sun begins to sink behind the San Francisco Peaks the priests of both kivas have concluded their preparation for the final performance. The costuming and painting occupied perhaps an hour. The men of both fraternities took immense pride in their make-up, assisting each other, and generously sharing a small piece of looking-glass which was in constant demand. The sight behind the scenes is amusing at times, and gives one a good idea of the humanness of the Hopi. The snakes are gathered into bags and are carried to the plaza by one of the snake men, who secretes himself with them inside the *kisi*.

The hour for the dance has arrived, the village is thronged with people. Every available foot of space is occupied, not only around the walls of the plaza, but to the summit of the terraces surrounding the plaza. What a motley crowd it was! This crowd of spectators gathered from far and wide to behold this, the most weird, unique and most amazing spectacle to be found in any part of the world. Here are Navaho with their gay blankets, their many necklaces of beads of shells and silver, Zuni and dwellers of the pueblos beyond, cow boys and Mexicans, railroad men from along the line of the Santa Fe, tourists from California, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago and the East, scientists from the different centers of learning, governors of states, presidents of railroads, bankers, and last, but not least, many ladies.

The procession of the two lines is similar to that of the preceeding day, the variations in costume being too great to be considered here. The Antelope men, however, are attired as on the day before, with certain significant variations, of course, while the Snake men have their snake kilts and their bandoleers, each one of which is supposed to contain a portion of the human anatomy of some enemy slain in war. Each priest wears on his head a brilliantly colored head-dress of plumage, and has about his knee a tortoise-

mediately behind him and places his arm on his shoulder, his office being to guard the man's face from the snake's head with his snake whip; then comes a third priest, the gatherer. These are followed by other tribes, the first receiving a snake, until all the Snake priests have passed the kisi.

Occasionally a snake wriggles from the mouth of one of the men and is at once picked up by the gatherer. While the Antelope priests are continuing the singing, the line of Snake men moves round and round



Oraibi Hopi Snake Dance, 1906.—Priests, Snakes and Kisi Shown.

shell rattle. Each, also, has an endless profusion of turquoise and silver beads about his neck, each trying to outdo his neighbor in his display of his wealth. Each Antelope priest carries his peculiar rattle, while certain members of his fraternity carry the two *tiponis*. The asperger bears his bowl of holy water with the aspergil. The Snake priests are provided with their whips, a bag of sacred meal and the long single black *baho*, made for them by the Antelope priests.

Again the two lines enter the plaza. The singing begins, one song being followed by another, until, as on the day before, the time comes for the approach to the kisi. Now, however, one of the Snake priests, the carrier, approaches, receives from the kisi a snake, which he places in his mouth, while another Snake man, the hugger follows im-

a long circuit, each carrier receiving a new snake each time he passes the kisi, the huggers guarding the faces of the carriers and the gatherers receiving fresh acquisitions to their hands, until the supply of snakes in the kisi has been exhausted. One of the priests then steps forward and upon the ground draws a circle with sacred corn meal about five feet in diameter. Into this the gatherers drop their snakes in one wriggling, writhing mass. The entire line of Snake men then passes by this heap at a rapid gait. Each man as he passes plunges both hands in the mass and catches up as many snakes as he can possibly grasp in his two hands and starts off over the side of the mesa, the first man going to the north, the second to the west, and so on, continuing the ceremonial circuit until the last snake has been gathered

from the pile, when they are deposited at the mesa below, along with the black bahos, and the Snake Dance is practically over. To be sure, there are purification rites in the kiva on the night of this day, preceded by the drinking of the emetic by all of the Snake men and by violent vomiting over the sides of the mesa, with a final feast in the kiva on that night. There are also four days following of jollification, when ceremonial games and pastimes are indulged in by all the members of the village, the young people especially devoting themselves to merry-making.

For the average white visitor, with the disappearance of the last of the snakes in the hands of the priest over the side of the village and with the slow and measured return of the Antelope priests to their kiva, and with the drinking of the emetic by the Snake priests immediately on their return, the ceremony is at an end.

Naturally, there is one topic above all others: How is it that these priests, some of whom are mere infants, are not bitten and die from wounds of the rattlesnakes? This much may be said with confidence: There is absolutely no attempt on the part of the Hopi to extricate the fangs or in any other way whatsoever to render the snake harmless. In the second place, so far as is known, the Hopi have no antidote for poison. They neither rub their bodies nor take an antidote with them before going upon the hunt, while the drinking of the emetic and the violent vomiting immediately after the dance is a purification rite, pure and simple. Yet no Hopi priest has ever been known to suffer from the bite of a rattlesnake. There seems to be but one answer to the question, and that is, that the Hopi Snake priests understand the ways of the rattlesnake, and are careful never to pick him up or to handle him when he has assumed a striking attitude. When a snake falls from the mouth of a carrier and coils, the whip is waved over it, whereupon it is picked up. It is also quite possible to believe that from the very moment the rattlesnake is ruthlessly seized in the field until he is released at the conclusion of the ceremony, he is handled with such recklessness that his constant desire is not to strike, but to flee. Again, it must be admitted that as soon as the snakes enter the kiva they are kept in tightly closed jars, hence by the end of the ceremony are probably in a dazed condition. But the rattlesnake, during the greater part of his cap-

tivity, is treated with the utmost unconcern.

And after this comes that other question: What does this all mean? The ceremony of the snake and Antelope priests, presumably like all other ceremonies, is a dramatization of a ritual which has its origin in a myth, each recounting how, on some occasion in the far distant past, various events happened in a certain way and certain definite and tangible results followed. As it is enacted today, the Antelope-Snake ceremony is an elaborate prayer for rain, the snakes carrying down to the underground world, where they are in direct connection with the great plumed water serpent, prayers to the gods of the rain clouds that they will send such copious rains as will save the Hopi from hunger and possibly from starvation.

The Hopi Trouble.

At the time of my visit to Moki Land the Indians were divided among themselves. There were two factions, and the feeling between the two which had been growing for years, was bitter and pronounced. One of these factions, for reasons best known to themselves, was friendly to the Government and its interest in them; they were called "Friendlies." The other faction stood as enemies and antagonists of the Government, defying Government officials, refusing to send their children to school, contending that it was their privilege to do as they wished with themselves, their lands and their families. This faction was termed "Hostiles." The feeling between these two factions was further embittered by the hostiles from Shimopovi coming to Oraibi, thus by casting their lot with the Oraibis, making their party in the majority. A crisis was fast approaching. Commissioner Leupp had recently arrived and held a council. As an illustration of the careful and conscientious methods the Indian Office follow in dealing with the Native American, and of the many perplexing, serious and complicated

problems the Commissioner of Indian affairs has to deal with, I herewith append excerpts from his last annual report bearing on this affair:

A factional warfare has been in progress for a number of years between two groups of these Indians familiarly styled the "Hostiles" and the "Friendlies." The Hostiles comprize the ultraconservative element in the tribe, and their colloquial title has been given them because of their extreme opposition to the intrusion of white civilization.

tude of hostility toward the Government way of keeping up something to quarrel about. I, for one, cherish no illusions as to the meaning of the professions of good will on the part of the Friendly faction. The Friendlies, down deep in their hearts, are Indians still, with the Indian instinctive dislike of our manners and customs as well as rooted in them as it is in the Hostiles; but for strategic purpose, and with a larger sense of prudence than the Hostiles, the Friendlies have accepted the overtures of the Government, outwardly at any rate, and to that e



ORAIBI HOPI SNAKE DANCE, 1906.—PRIESTS, SNAKES AND KISI SHOWN.

On the other hand, the liberal element has come to be known as the Friendly faction because it has not taken the same stand. Just how far the attitude of either party was due originally to its hatred or tolerance of Caucasian ideals is open to question. It is believed by not a few persons who know these Indians well that their division grew wholly out of the internal political divisions of the tribe; that one of the factions conceived the device of declaring itself friendly to the United States Government, not because it felt so especially, but because it believed that by such a declaration it could win the favor of the Government and obtain an invincible ally in its struggle with the other faction; and that the tactical effect of this move was to force the opposition into an atti-

tent command official encouragement and approval, just as, in ordinary warfare, a mercenary who does what is expected of him stands on a wholly different footing from the enemy, altho sentimentally he may be more attached to the cause for which he is fighting.

Whatever may have been its origin, the situation at Oraibi has assumed within the last few months a phase too serious to be ignored. I have heard a good deal of what was going on, and, having known the Hopi Indians for some ten years, I was inclined to listen with caution to the stories brought to me, until I visited Oraibi last summer and held a council with the Indians on their message. I was convinced, by the conditions found there, that before long it would become necessary

for the Government to show its strong hand and bring the Hostile party sharply to terms. This would be in order to prevent such a spread of the spirit of defiance of, and contempt for, the Federal authority as might breed violence and possibly bloodshed.

No one who does not know these Indians can have any conception of their crass ignorance and superstition. In a protracted colloquy with the chief of the Hostile faction, after having exhausted all the milder arguments to show him the folly of longer resisting the inroads of civilization, I pointed out to him how much his people really owed to that very Government which he took such pains to decry and deride. I dwelt upon the patience the Government has shown in continuing its efforts to help him and his people in spite of their malevolence, and than asked him if he realized how swiftly and surely disaster would come upon them all if their powerful benefactor at Washington should withdraw its protecting hand. I pointed out to him how white and Mexican adventurers would pour into that country and swarm over the little holdings of the Indians; how the taxgatherer would swoop down upon their fields and their flocks and crops, and how the authorities of the Territory would enforce the compulsory school law by not only carrying off the children to where they would receive the hated teachings of the whites, but fining and imprisoning the parents for neglecting their duty toward their offspring. I dwelt on the generous purposes of the Government, as demonstrated in its placing the little day school at the foot of his mesa, where the children could get the rudiments of learning without being sent away from home; on the way, when the taxgatherer came, the Government threw its shield over his people, insisting that until they were better educated they should be spared from paying any tribute toward maintaining the civic machinery; on the manner in which intrusions upon their lands had been met by their great patron, the intruders driven off, and every possible assistance given them to hold their own against further aggression. And in conclusion I put the question fairly to him: What would happen to the Oraibis if this powerful friend of theirs should become disgusted with their contemptuous and inimical demonstrations, close out its interests in the school and the agency, turn its back upon them, and leave them to their fate?

With a sneer the chief responded that such talk was all nonsense; that he had heard it

many times before, but nothing came of it; that his people did not wish anything to do with the whites; that their fathers had warned them not to let their children go to school and learn white ways; that he intended to follow the advice of the fathers rather than of Washington, and that if his people got into any trouble they would be rescued by their "white brother who lives in the far east where the sun rises"—Montezuma. No logic or satire that I could summon to my assistance availed to shake his faith or the faith of the people behind him in the Montezuma myth and their assurance of the second coming of their Messiah whenever they needed him. Even when I reminded the old man that his people had no means of notifying Montezuma of their distress, he answered with sublime complaisance: "Washington will tell him!"

Of course it is useless to try to reason with anyone so absolutely bound up in superstitious ignorance as to argue thus in a vicious circle. It is with the purpose of emphasizing the hopelessness of attempting to meet such a situation with moral forces alone that I have given this brief review of the talk at the council. I took pains, however, to impress upon all the Indians whom I met on my visit to Oraibi that the Government intended that their children should have the opportunity to learn the simple lessons taught at the little day school, and that even their parents had no right to deprive the young people of what was a practical necessity of their lives now that they must, willy nilly, come into contact with white people. I explained that I had no purpose of forcing the higher branches of learning upon any of the Indians against their will, but that, as surely as the sun rose, just so sure would I compel, by all the means at my disposal, a recognition of the needs of the children and of their right to their a b c's and enough knowledge of numbers to enable them to take care of themselves in an ordinary trade. I told them that this was precisely what was required of the white people; that the laws passed by the Great Council at Washington, called the Congress, clothed me with authority to make rules of a simular sort for the Indians; and that I intended to carry out this law at any cost, not only because it was law, but because it was right and the only fair thing for the children whom it was my special duty to protect. The children, I ought to add here in passing, seem fond of the school, and some even run away from home to attend it when their parents object.



SNAKE PLAZA, ORAIBI—KIVA IN FOREGROUND.

One Indian with whom I conversed longer than with any other was the Friendly chief. The circumstances were somewhat peculiar, and, as will be seen, not conducive to a satisfactory mutual understanding. The council on the mesa was held in the open air on a moonless night in the plaza of the pueblo. Descending the trail I noticed that I was "shadowed" by three men, evidently Indians, who kept out of my way as long as anyone else was within speaking distance, but as soon as I was alone drew nearer. As I entered my room, which was in a little ell of the principal cottage at the foot of the mesa, the three men pushed in after me, and on striking a light I found my visitors to be the Friendly chief and two of his supporters. One of the two volunteered to act as interpreter, and informed me that the chief wished to ask me a few questions when no white men and no Hostiles were within hearing. The first was, Where had I come from? I answered that I was from Washington. What was my position? Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in charge of the people of his race all over the country. For what purpose had I come to Oraibi? To see with my own eyes the condition of the Oraibi Indians—how they are living, how the white employees of the Government were taking care of them, and so on. How long was I going

to stay? I should leave probably the next day. Had I come to settle the quarrel between the Hostiles and the Friendlies? No; for that would take a longer time than I could spare then; and, moreover, I had been in hope that, like white people who had differences, they would get together, talk things over, and settle their troubles among themselves, instead of falling back, like so many little children, upon the Government. When was I going to remove the Hostiles from Oraibi, send them away to some distant place to live, and divide their land and other property among the Friendlies? I was not contemplating ever doing this. They knew better, for Superintendent Lemmon had told them this was what I was going to do; and now, how soon was I going to start the business? I thought they were mistaken; they had doubtless misunderstood Mr. Lemmon, who, I was sure, would not have transcended his authority by telling them that I was going to do so-and-so until I had settled on the plan and instructed him to announce it. No, indeed; they had not misunderstood Mr. Lemmon; he knew what Washington was going to do, and he had told them this again and again; if I didn't know it, that showed that I didn't know what Washington was about; so why did I say that I was from Washington and had charge of the Indians, when I was ignorant of this program?

At this point I fear I further lost caste by letting my risibles get the better of my dignity. My visitors regarded my laughter with some astonishment and put the question again. I assured the chief that he would learn soon enough who I was and whether I was telling him the truth, that meanwhile it would be safe for him to accept my statement so far as to avoid any needless friction with the Hostiles, but to conduct himself with such forbearance as would comport with his position of chief; and that when I returned to Washington I would consider the situation very carefully and do whatever it seemed to demand for the best interest of all the Indians concerned. He wished to know whether I was not going to punish the Hostiles in some way. I answered that resistance to the reasonable requirements of the Government would always call for discipline, but that this would be administered for specific acts, and not out of any malignant spirit toward the Hostiles, for whom the Government had no hatred, but only pity for their ignorance and folly. He repeated his reference to the alleged Government plan for driving out the Hostiles and dividing their estate among the Friendlies, adding this time that the Hostiles had grown steadily more aggressive and increased in numbers because of the Government's inaction, and unless I took some steps to punish the Hostiles and show my appreciation for the Friendlies there would presently be no Friendlies left.

I told him that that remark indicated a rather poor basis for the friendliness of his faction; that among white people a friend was one we loved and who loved us, without any hope of reward on either side; and that we always tried to be scrupulously just even to our enemies and kind to the helpless. By way of illustration of the white attitude, I told him about the Black Mountain Navahos who had been sent to prison for inciting riot, and about how I had gone into their country and called their people and warned the well-behaved to avoid doing anything to injure the innocent families of the convicts, but to try to be as merciful as possible to these unfortunates, because they were not accountable for the wrong-doing of the men the Government had been obliged to punish. This view of the subject did not seem to interest the chief overmuch; his heart was set on the question of how to get rid of the Hostiles, and he soon took his leave with a rather discouraged air. Before I left the neighborhood, and after considerable discussion of the situation with

the most intelligent white persons thereabout, I reached the conclusion that, much as such a resort is always to be deplored, I should probably have nothing left for me this season but to make a demonstration with troops which would convince the ringleaders of the Hostile faction that they could gain nothing by further hostility.

But a crisis was reached prematurely. On the 7th of September, 1906, about the time we were preparing to open the Oraibi day school, the two factions came actually to a physical struggle. I have had the matter investigated as well as practicable, and from all the testimony thus far elicited I deduce this general outline of the incident—subject, of course, to modification after a more elaborate inquiry shall have been made. It appears that the chief of the Friendly faction, whose following was numerically only about one-half of the other faction, had received private information of a plot to assassinate him. A good while ago a group of Hopis of the village of Shimopovi, in active sympathy with the Hostile party at Oraibi, had removed to Oraibi and taken up their residence there. This was done in utter disregard of the fact, perfectly well known to them, that there were not land and water enough in the agricultural area cultivated by the Oraibi Indians to support well any larger population than was already there. The Hostiles of Oraibi naturally welcomed the immigrant contingent, as it promised to swell the Hostile multitude there and increase its power in its conflict with the Friendlies; whereas the Friendlies were correspondingly irritated by it, for reasons easily understood.

The Shimopovis not only took possession of the Friendly property to which they had no claim, but appear to have become a doubly disturbing element in the local factional quarrel. Indeed, the Friendly chief seems to have understood the plot against his life to be a Shimopovi rather than an Oraibi scheme. He resolved therefore to put the Shimopovis out of the Oraibi village. On the morning of September 7 he gathered his followers at his house, armed and prepared for fight. In some way the news leaked out, the Hostiles got ready, and the employees of the school received a hint of trouble impending. They at once repaired, in company with the field matron and one or two other interested whites, to the mesa top, where they visited the Friendly gathering and insisted that, whatever the Friendlies might do, no weapons should be used. They volunteered also

to visit the Hostiles, and serve the same notice upon them. The Friendlies consented after some consideration, but admonished the whites that time was flying and that whatever business they transacted with the Hostiles must be made as brief as possible.

The whites repaired to the house where the Hostiles were gathered, and warned them also against the use of weapons. While they were still addressing the meeting, the Friendly chief and his followers arrived—unarmed, as good faith demanded—and requested the whites to withdraw. When the Indians were left to themselves, as nearly as can be ascertained the Friendly chief gave the Shimopovi immigrants notice that they were no long wanted in Oraibi and must quit the village at once. The Hostile chief responded that he had instructed his Oraibi followers to stand by their friends the Shimopovi Hostiles and protect them. The Friendly chief retorted that any of the Oraibi Hostiles who cast their lot with the Shimopovis would have to go also when the Shimopovis went.

Thereupon the Friendlies set about clearing the village of Shimopovis. They began on the very spot where they then stood; but every Friendly who laid hold of a Shimopovi to put him out of doors was attacked from behind by an Oraibi Hostile, so that the three went wrestling and struggling out of the door together. It was a very vigorous clash, tho only hands and feet were used and no weapons drawn on either side. The Friendlies were not particular as to how they disposed of their enemies, but clutched them by their clothing or their extremities or their hair, as might be most convenient. When they had cleared that house they made a circuit of the rest. The evicted Hostiles were driven to a point outside of the village and herded and guarded there.

The present Hostile chief is a usurper and has maintained his authority among his followers by the same means resorted to by leaders of superstitious mobs ever since the world began—getting up dreams and omens and prophecies to order, and distorting all the commonest events of life into fulfilments of his prognostications. Consistent to the last, he went about on this fateful day with a complacent air, declaring to his people that all that they were passing thru now was but a fulfilment of a prophecy which had said that one or the other party would eventually be driven off the mesa forever, and that the decision of who should go and who should

stay was to hinge upon the ability of one party to push the other across a certain line which should be drawn on the ground. A tug of war of very primitive character then ensued, and the Friendly party, representing only about one-third of the tribe, actually succeeded in pushing the Hostile party, comprising the other two-thirds, across the established line. This settled the business, and the Hostiles withdrew to a place in the desert, about 5 miles distant, where there is good water, and encamped.

Meanwhile the whites had induced the victorious Friendlies to permit the Hostiles to return to the village, in groups of three at a time, long enough to gather up food and clothing. Of course the very old Hostiles, the babies, and the women soon to become mothers have been the chief sufferers from the exposure and discomforts of camp life. I am now taking measures to relieve the immediate necessities of the sick and helpless, and have endeavored to break the spell which binds the Hostile faction to their usurper chief by notifying them that any of their number who feels disposed to forsake their folly, become loyal to the Government, and pledge themselves to be peaceable, may return to Oraibi, the Government guaranteeing them readmission.

Some signs of weakening have shown themselves in the Hostile ranks, but not enough to encourage a hope of their general dissolution. The problem presents some unusual phases. The Office has been embarrassed by other necessities of the Service which have prevented its sending to Oraibi the particular inspecting officer most competent to cope with conditions like those described. This has delayed proceedings considerably, but I have felt that it would be better to go slow and make fewer mistakes than to plunge in and attempt to straighten out a tangle which might only be made worse thru an error of hasty judgment. All that I can do, therefore, for this report is to rehearse the preliminaries as I have been able to make them out from the testimony now before the Office, without venturing to make public the alternative plans which I have under consideration, to be pursued according to the way the situation develops on closer scrutiny and more satisfactory analysis.

Since the above report was issued, two troops of soldiers were sent to Oraibi, after the outbreak and conflict between

the two factions. About 100 Hostile prisoners were taken. Seventy will work out sentences at Keams Canon, the rest were sent to Government prisons and schools for different terms. The two unfriendly chiefs, Yonguema, of Oraibi, and Dawahungnewa, of Shimpovi, are banished forever from the Moqui reservation.

The trip out of Hopi Land was made from Oraibi to Keams Canon, via the Second Mesa, where we stopped for luncheon with Miss McLean, the missionary there, who was just completing a fine, large, stone chapel, all the work being done by Hopi men.

Miss McLean, a devout Christian worker, is accomplishing much in spreading real Christianity among these people.

The station of Holbrook was made after a two days drive alone over the desert from the Canon. Here the writer spent three hours in ridding himself of the evidences of a month's travel away from civilization, and in the evening boarded the Limited for Oklahoma, tired but well pleased with his month's trip in such a strange, bewildering and fascinating country—a country æons old where interesting pagans with all their strange paganism still hold sway.



Do something and do that something well.

A good mixture: Muscle and Hustle, Brains and Pains.

When anger creeps into the head judgment and discretion run away.

Pity the poor man who cares for nothing but to make money. There are none so poor and needy as he.

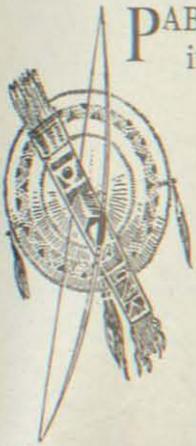
A problem for you: Farmer plus brains, plus industry, divided by common sense, minus stinginess, equals what? Why, content and happiness, of course.



TYPES OF CHILOCCO INDIAN STUDENTS—FRANK OLIVER, CHIPPEWA.

THE LOCO

By C. J. CRANDALL



PABLO had been absent in the mountains three days hunting. Josesita, his wife, had ground corn and baked cakes for the approaching fiesta and Pablo was expected to bring meat, but three days had gone by, and the next day was the fiesta of Santo Domingo, and there was no meat; and the faithful Pablo had not returned. He, too, was to be one of the dancers, and the captain of war, a grizzled old warrior and a martinet when it came to the observance of Indian customs, had been to Josesita's house the night previous to order Pablo, the hunter, out to practice in the green corn dance in the pueblo estufa. On the morrow there would be many visitors from neighboring villages or pueblos; there would be in addition to the Indian friends Mexicans from the surrounding placitas, and the house of Pablo Abeita, long noted for its hospitality and good cheer would be a favorite gathering place.

Poor Josesita was troubled, not alone for the lack of meat for her friends, but for fear that some evil had befallen her *esposo*, Pablo. She sat by the flickering light of the hearth, and heard not the distant chanting of the singers in the estufa. Her heart was sad, and her mind wandered to the western mountains, wondering woman-like, if some wild beast had attacked Pablo, or had he fallen from some crag or precipice, or had he lost his way, and would he return be-

fore morn? Josesita dared and tried not to think of the evil spirit, the Navajo demon, that was said to lurk near Bald Peak, known on the map as Mt. Harper. She knows the legend full well, and remembers hearing her grandmother tell how this evil Navajo spirit had at different times caught in the twilight a lone hunter, taken his game and gun, and rode off on his horse, leaving the poor man bereft of reason. How those that had met this evil spirit became loco, and wandered aimless about in the mountains till rescued by friends. She had heard her grandfather tell how leaden bullets had no effect on the Navajo spirit, but the old man had said that he could only be brought low by a certain arrow, and the same must be shot from the bow of one of the eagle clan. While yet a little girl, she, too, remembers to have seen a loco Indian, and she remembers how all children were afraid to meet him, as her mother told her that the loco had met the Navajo spirit.

Josesita now thinks of all these tales, and she utters a silent prayer to the god of the chase for her Pablo. She sits in the ingle till all sounds have died away, and the fire has gone out; she too falls asleep, and dreams that Pablo has returned with a deer and wild turkey. She is awakened by the matin bells in the pueblo church. All is soon noise and bustle in the pueblo; the Governor's orderly is calling orders from the housetop, and the preparations for the *fiesta* engages both young and old. Josesita anxiously looks around to see if her dream has come true, but sees no sign of Pablo. She goes to the corral to

see if his horse is not there, as he might have spent the night in the estufa. Disappointment fills her breast, and tho an Indian woman, taught from early childhood to bear grief, she sheds tears and sorrowfully returns to her house to make the best preparation she can for her guests. The old captain of war again appears at Pablo's house, and is filled with anger to find him not there. He promises to have the tardy Pablo publicly whipped upon his return, and tells Josesita that the husband has probably gone to the agency in Santa Fe, preferring no longer to take part in the old and ancient Indian customs. He no doubt was prompted to make this threat as Pablo and Josesita had reluctantly consented to the sending of their two children, Jose Juan and Maria Lupita to the agent's school. Josesita is sad and says nothing, for she knows full well that the captain of war is but the mouth-piece of the cacique, and should it be found out that Pablo was guilty in the least of the charge made, he would be severely punished and whipped, tho a man of forty.

The day goes on. Visitors sit and eat at the humble board, while Josesita pours black coffee, and urges her guests to eat more. The services at the pueblo church are over; mass has been celebrated and some six couples have been told that they were legally married, tho they had been married for some months according to the Indian law. The usual firing of guns at the entrance of the church and the escorting of the image of the Santo Domingo to the public shrine in the center of the plaza has all taken place; still the absent Pablo does not return, and Josesita remains at home. Now the dancers appear, the houses are lined with spectators, the delight-

makers, blackened up and representing clowns, dart in and out of the crowd, the tom-tom, beaten by a grey haired patriarch, is accompanied by a choir of forty voices, the dancers approach the shrine, now retreat, the banner of the pueblo is waved back and forth over the dancers, still Josesita sees it not, she is at home, and her heart is far away and sad. Thus the day passes, the dance is kept up till sundown, and the weary dancers retire to their homes to rest and feast.

To dwell longer upon the grief of the little Indian woman who has heroically attended to her duties as a hostess on this feast day would seem unnecessary.

Another day dawns, and Pablo has not returned. The Governor, upon an earnest appeal from Josesita dispatches a runner to the agency at Santa Fe, thirty miles distant, and in less than seven hours he returns, having covered the distance of sixty miles with a note from the agent saying that Pablo has not been at the agency for a month or more. The Governor called a junta of the principal men, and it is decided to await till the following day, and if Pablo does not return, to dispatch searching parties into the mountains. As the morning brings no news of the missing man, the searching parties are divided into parties of three, and told to travel in a westerly direction and especially search the country in and around Bald Peak, and not to return for three days unless they should find some trace of the missing Pablo. That in the event of the safe return of any of the searching parties with good news, a bonfire would be kindled on the top of the adobe church, which should be a signal for all to return.

Late in the second day a party came upon Pablo, whom they found wand-

ering in the foot-hills. He was nearly naked and crazed seemingly from thirst and hunger. He could give no account of himself, his horse was gone, and he constantly kept muttering and pointing in the direction of Mount Harper. When brought to his house he seemed not to know Josesita. After a day's rest he was no better and the medicine clan was ordered by the cacique to take Pablo into the estufa there to remain for twenty-four hours, and to drive out the evil spirit. In the mean time, all men and women were ordered to assemble in the plaza and to dance and sing praises to the god of the Montezumas.

In due time the medicine men come forth from the estufa, where they have labored long and faithfully, but only have succeeded in finding out that

Pablo had met the Navajo spirit at dusk, that he had fired several shots without effect at the demon, who had taken his game, struck him a violent blow across the forehead, and ridden off on his pony. That Pablo would probably always remain a loco unless he could recover his horse, or at least till some member of the eagle clan could send an arrow into a vulnerable spot of the spirit, when the medicine man declared reason would return, and not till then, to Pablo.

Be this as it may, we do know that Pablo wanders up and down the streets of the pueblo, a loco, and little children run at his approach, and he seems not to know the good and faithful Josesita, who toils both in the field and in the house to provide food for the once valiant and beloved Pablo, now a loco.



THE INDIAN VERSUS THE WHITE MAN

A Comparative Study of Opportunities
and Advantages

BY HARRY C. GREEN

SOME little time ago there appeared in the *Success* magazine a series of articles on "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth." This series dealt with conditions as then existed in New York city. At that time the writer of this article was on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. What could be more natural than for a student of Sociology to make comparisons of the poor of New York City with the poor of the Sioux. And since that time a better opportunity has presented itself to make a comparative study at first hand with the poor of San Francisco immediately after and since the great earthquake and fire.

As I look out upon the prairies from my cottage door, and see the little one-roomed Indian huts and tepees in which are living families consisting of husband and wife, and four or five little children huddled together, I often think: "Surely this is a picture of the sum total of despair."

When I visit these homes in the capacity of day school teacher, to look after the home life of the little ones who daily come to school, I am struck with the abject poverty I find in some of these homes. Passing through the low doorway of the earth-covered cabin—scarcely high enough for one to pass without stooping—I step in upon

the bare prairie floor. In the middle of the room stands a cook stove, or sometimes a camp stove, which is also used for heating purposes. In some of these homes are tables and chairs, an effort to adopt the white man's civilization, but very often the family eat and sleep upon the floor. In a kettle upon the stove the meat, issued by the government, is simmering. The brown squaw bread and possibly a few beans, with a little coffee, complete the bill of fare. Many of the children receive at school, at the noonday lunch, the only really "square meal" of the day. Such as it is, it is well cooked and clean, and provides sufficient sustenance to keep a child from being hungry. Oftentimes some of the mothers come to the school in time to get the remnants of the children's dinner for themselves and their babies.

But after reading the story of the lives of some of the tenement dwellers, my wife exclaimed: "Surely these Indians are rich in comparison with the poor of a large city."

Here the inhabitants of the prairies have all the pure air with which the Creator has blessed us. Plenty of pure running water flows in the creek, and there is no rent to pay. In summer the northern latitude gives us daylight until bedtime, thus obviating the necessity of an expensive electric lighting system. The gently sloping hills provide ample drainage for the maintenance of healthful sanitary conditions. The pine ridges are only a few miles away, so the head of the family can get all the fuel he needs, if he be not too improvident to chop the wood and haul it. No high buildings on narrow streets shut out the blue dome of Heaven. The prairies abound in rich native grasses which may be had for the cutting.

The life of these poor, ignorant hampered native Americans is surely a paradise as compared with that of our adopted American population who inhabit the tenement district of New York City.

What a contrast! When I climb the abrupt side of the Eagle Nest Butte, the lofty eminence a few miles to the north of the school, I can look away to the Bad Lands forty miles to the North. When I turn to the East I look over into the realms of another reservation. To the West my vision goes beyond the confines of my own Bear Creek valley into the fertile fields along Potato Creek twenty miles away. And finally, as I turn toward home, I behold the long line of ridges covered with pines and cedars. And spreading out before me in every direction are the boundless prairies. What more grand view of untouched nature can the eye of man fathom.

When I climb to the crest of Nob Hill, and stand upon the broken steps of the burned Stanford mansion, which cost two millions of dollars, I see the gutted Faimount Hotel in front of me. To one side are the ruins of the Crockers and the Hopkins. Down Van Ness I see the half burned Spreckles palace. And below me stretching in every direction are the masses of twisted iron and steel the fallen bricks and stones, the stranded cars, the upturned pavements, the broken streets, and the charred blackness surrounding all. As I climb Russian Hill, carrying relief to the suffering masses of terror stricken humanity, I halt upon the barren and rocky hillside and note the comparisons and the contrasts. In the barren muddy flats below are massed the tents and hastily improvised shelters of the refugees. The sewers are running murky with diseased waters, and the water mains

are transformed into sewers. One well in the district furnishes water for the whole camp. One of my fellow Stanford stunts was detailed to measure out the drinks from the water barrel. And when I carried medicine to the sick from the dispensary at Fort Mason, I thought that the great government of the United States sometimes finds it necessary to supply these aids to its citizens as well as to its wards.

Eight months later in company with a dozen other Stanford men and women, it was my privilege to help carry cheer to the hearts of two hundred children in one of the refugee camps. This Christmas day with its tree and its entertainment, and the distributing of presents collected from benevolent people here and there, brought to mind the Christmas times among the Sioux. After all it is the same spirit everywhere. Humanity is much the same. It is like our houses. The interiors are much the same—at least for the same purpose, and that for the making of homes.

The outsides only are different and painted different colors.

As I have stood upon the broad Indian prairies I have often thought of the great amount of suffering that could be alleviated if some of this vast unused territory could be transported to the city. In San Francisco today the rents are so high that people in moderate circumstances find it impossible to pay. Flats that have rented for seventy dollars have been raised to one hundred and fifty dollars at one time without any notice or warning. Here breathing space is precious, while upon the prairies the great objection to life is the magnificent distances.

So when I stand upon the broad lands of the Indian country, I recall the words of Admiral Schley, when he said, "There is glory enough for all." Adapting this well chosen phrase I would say, "There is room enough for all." The prairies are broad. There are no tenement houses, but plenty of pure air, and plenty of opportunity for work. Life is free and full, simple and close to nature. And there is room enough for all.



GOOD HORSE SENSE

If you work for a man, in Heaven's name, work for him.

If he pays you wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him and stand by the institution he represents.

I think if I worked for a man I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of his time, but all of his time.

I would give him an undivided service or none.

If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself.

And don't forget—"I forgot" won't do in business.

—ELBERT HUBBARD.

THE FIRST INDIAN U. S. SENATOR

The Kansas City Journal

WHEN Charles Curtis takes the Kansas senatorial toga it will be as the blanket of his Kaw ancestors. He will be the first Indian in the United States senate. As his fathers in conclave engaged in topics of war and peace, and laws of livelihood, so he will sit with their conquerors.

Once his people were a brave and proud race. In thousands they inhabited the hills and dales of a territory radiating several hundred miles from the present site of Kansas City as a center point. He who sought the Santa Fe trail as a road into the great Southwest knew the war cry, the hurried attack and will-o-the-wisp disappearance of the Kaw Indian. Today, just about 100 of his tribe—117 according to the last Indian census—live in Oklahoma, a few miles below Arkansas City, Kansas, and just east of the Chilocco School reservation.

Every September, during the season of their tribal festivities, Charley Curtis goes to visit them. Much ceremony and rejoicing greet him. Feasting and dancing are indulged in. He is always admitted to the council chamber and his voice is listened to with respect by the older members of the tribe. They are proud of him. Today their affection has advanced many marks. He is a chief among them.

In the dust of a race track, amid the howls of thousand, where silken jockey colors vied with the sun for brilliancy, "Charley" Curtis' first gained mention beyond his father's house.

Back in the days of the old Kansas City Interstate Fair Association, when spiderweb tidies, embroidered table covers and apoplectic pumpkins divid-

ed interest with the "\$10,000 in cash prizes in the speed ring," floral hall, machinery hall and the art gallery were deserted one afternoon for the white rail that marked the race course.

One of the entries was known to most of the crowd as a crazy horse who bolted at a certain spot on the track. Could he be taken past the point? A new rider was handling the bolter that afternoon, a little fellow with coal black straight hair, flashing eyes and the high cheek bones of an Indian. The rider had been borrowed from another stable.

Off in a bunch they went, at the crack of the gun. When the dark-skinned boy and his outlaw mount reached the dangerous point on the course—the bolting place—there was a short, sharp struggle. The horse was conquered, and sped on with the others, under the lash.

Half around—and there was another struggle and a spill. Boy and horse landed in a thundering heap against the high board fence. When the dust cleared away the little fellow was picked up unconscious, covered with dust and blood. A long gaping gash lay across his head.

That boy was Charley Curtis. Today he bears the scars. His recovery was little short of miraculous. And just as in this dramatic beginning is the life of the new Kansas United States senator to be one crowded with human interest. He has courage, and it is always displayed.

With ambition uppermost, he determined to "go on." One hot day in the early seventies, as A. H. Case, one of the most brilliant criminal lawyers in the West, still living in Topeka, sat

in his busy law office, the door suddenly opened, and a lad just merging into manhood stepped in. He was a stocky well-built youth, with coal black hair and eyes, and high cheek bones suggesting the Indian blood that flowed through his veins. His clothing, though neat and clean, told the story of poverty, but there was a sturdy air of self-reliance about him, as he crossed the room to where the lawyer sat and said:

"How do you do Judge Case. Can you give me a chance to read law with you, and let me pay you for it by doing your office work?"

"Well, my boy, I hardly know about that. There are more poor lawyers now than the profession can support," Judge Case answered.

"But there are 'nt more good ones," replied the applicant eagerly. "There must be room for good lawyers toward the top. I'm not afraid to work."

"Well, if you feel that way about it," said Case, laughing, "I guess I may venture to take you in on your own terms."

And the next day Charles Curtis went to work to make himself a lawyer, and to contract the "winning habit," which has never deserted him, and which has finally placed him in "the greatest club in America."

And that is how he began, a man who has kept something going on in nearly all of the 47 years of his life, making friends most of the time, and camping in the train of his enemies in the spare moments.

Some friends were congratulating him the other day at the Copeland Hotel, when it was felt that his nomination by the caucus was certain. "Whatever I have accomplished has been due largely to the loyalty of my friends," was his reply.

"Hard work—tireless work, made

him," said one of the group of friends he had just left. "His enemies—lots of them—have many ways to explain his advancement, but all of them admit that he works every minute, and they wish he wouldn't."

There was never a lock to his Topeka office. It is a rather bare room with indifferent furniture. The door is always open; if there's any secret to be discussed the whisper of Kansas politics comes into play. When Curtis is in town there's always some one to see him and every man wants a confidential talk. He gets it if he can whisper low enough, for all the other chairs in the room are full. Curtis in double-breasted sack coat and striped trousers, sits with his face to the door and calls the visitors by name, before they can see him in the light. And it is always "Joe," "Bill," or "Tom." He hasn't the long frock of the statesman; he doesn't pose as a statesman. Somehow he always gets out of the last ditch, grabbing every advantage, and in the end, winning.

Curtis' mother was a quarter-blood Kaw Indian, and the rest French. His father was captain of the Fifteenth Kansas cavalry. The father died when his son was only a boy, and his mother followed soon. Then the boy went to live with Grand-mother Curtis in North Topeka, selling papers and fruits at the railway station and riding horses in the summer months.

"In those days," he says, I could speak French and Indian, but the boys laughed at me until I was glad to forget it. At times now I can catch an Indian word here and there, but I cannot speak it."

Every summer he was busy riding day after day before the very people who were to elevate him from one office of public trust to another, until he has now reached the highest pinna-

cle outside the president's chair.

"I made money too, riding," he said, "nearly enough to carry me through the year."

It was nearly his last year in school when he became wholly independent of financial help, and he drove a hack to reach that state. On his side of the river lived a hackman who offered him the use of his hack and horses on shares. From 8 o'clock until midnight and later, the young fellow sought passengers for half of the receipts. The people about Topeka said that he might have made more money driving the hack had he not spent so much time sitting on the seat and reading, but the arrangement seemed satisfactory to the owner and gave the boy a chance to continue his studies. A night hack is hardly a school of morals for the average young man, but this one went through a term of service and never tasted intoxicating liquor. He hasn't yet, for that matter, and quit smoking fifteen years ago.

The racing days ended when he was 16, and although he had made a living out of the sport and had been successful in riding, he quit the running track for good and has seen few races since then. He still loves a horse, but the colors of the track have lost their luster to his eye. And when he was through school, via hack driving, he went into the law office of A. H. Case. Two months later he was conducting minor cases before a justice of the peace for his employer, and two years later was admitted to the bar.

He thought he couldn't afford to mix into politics, he was too busy with his practice, which grew surprisingly. But in '84, with no more practical experience than carrying a torch in the famous Topeka Flambeau Club, he was prevailed upon to go into a

county convention. He landed right into the middle of a red-hot fight and stayed the limit. He was nominated for county attorney and elected that fall. In that way he was launched in politics. He was but 24. The first thing he found in his office were 150 indictments for liquor selling. Judge Guthrie, who recently died and was postmaster at Topeka for many years by the grace of Curtis, was on the district bench. They grew almost to be like father and son. Curtis convicted the first man and the others came in and plead guilty. In the two terms that he held that office he lost five cases.

In 1890, ten years after he was admitted to the bar, he was a candidate for the congressional nomination and lost. Two years later he tried again, but it was not the prize of this day. Populists had carried the district, electing John C. Otis, a dairyman. Then Curtis began a hand-shaking campaign, a practice he has never abandoned. He met probably 50,000 people in that campaign. And it won.

He served in the Fifty-third, Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth congresses from the Fourth district. In 1897 came the famous fight in which Shawnee county was taken out of the Fourth and placed in the First district. But again he was a victor. Gerrymandering could not defeat him. He was elected to the Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, Fifty-ninth congresses, and last fall was elected by a tremendous vote, in the face of the peculiar returns for the state ticket, to the Sixtieth congress.

He was born in North Topeka, January 25, 1860. So he will be 47 years of age before he takes his seat in the United States senate, to which he has just been chosen.



THE VANISHING RACE

ARTICLE II.

By GEORGE C. SMITHE

IN a preceding article it was stated that the Indians of the United States and Canada had been classified according to their lingual affinities into fifty-eight distinct families, some of which embraced many related

tribes, while in other cases a single small and sometimes wholly extinct tribe would stand alone as the sole representative of allied groups of whom no other trace is found—and yet, in the nature of the case, those allied groups must have existed; but their vanquishing and vanishing had come before there was any history to give to them even a record of their names. The largest of those families or allied stocks, in population, in number of related tribes, and in area occupied, was the Algonquin; and this is the one in which we of Michigan are more directly interested, for our own Indian populations were of that race. The name is derived from an Algonquin word, *Algomequin*, signifying “those on the other side of the river,” that is, the *on St. Lawrence*. The territory of this great family stretched from Nova Scotia and Labrador to the plains of Assiniboia and the Rocky Mountains, and from the northern part of Hudson’s Bay to the Tennessee River and Cape Hatteras—a vast area covering sixty degrees of longitude and twenty-five degrees of latitude. Within that

area, however, they entirely surrounded a great body of *Iroquois* who occupied all the shores of lakes Erie and Ontario; and they also enveloped a large peninsula of *Sioux* territory in Dakota and Manitoba, swinging around them on the west almost to the southern line of *Montana*.

The Algonquins embraced nearly all of the Indians with whom the settlers in the northern states came in contact for the first 150 years, except the *Iroquois*. The first natives we met here, the *Nansets* and *Wampanoags* of Massachusetts, the *Mohegans*, *Pequods* and *Narragansetts* of Connecticut and Rhode Island, the *Pawtuckets* of New Hampshire, and the *Powhatans*, *Acomacs*, *Chesapeake* and *Chickahominy* of Virginia, were Algonquins; and so were the *Abenakis*, *Penobscots* and *Passamaquoddies* of Maine; the *Munsees*, *Manhattans* and *Delawares* of southeastern New York, New Jersey, and eastern Pennsylvania; the *Pamlicos* of North Carolina; the *Savannahs* of South Carolina and their close relatives the *Shawnees* of Kentucky and Ohio; the *Miamis*, *Pottawattomies*, *Ottawas* and *Chippewas* of Indiana, Michigan and Minnesota; the *Menominees*, *Mascoutins*, and *Sacs* and *Foxes* of Wisconsin; the *Kickapoos*, *Kaskaskias*, *Peorias*, *Tamaroas*, and *Cahokias* of Illinois; and, separated from these by a thousand miles of hostile *Sioux* territory, the *Cheyennes*



OLD-TIME CHIEF IN FULL COSTUME

and Arapahoes of Montana, who generations ago had forced their way through the warlike Sioux and forgotten their relatives but not their tongue as the Savannahs separated from the Shawnees before white occupation of America and established and maintained themselves an Algonquin oasis in a hostile Muskhogean wilderness in the South. Besides these there were Canadian tribes of which we know little.

The Chippewas are regarded as perhaps the truest type of the Algonquin stock, and the Ottawas and Pottawatomes of our state are closely related to them. Their mutual affinities are

illustrated by a sample of the vocabularies that have been preserved:

	FIRE. ✓	WATER. ✓
Chippewa.....	Shko-da.....	Ne-bi.....
Ottawa.....	Ash-ko-te.....	Ne-bish.....
Pottawatomie.....	Schu-ta.....	Ne-bee.....
Miami.....	Ko-ta-we.....	Na-pe.....
Menominee.....	Ish-ko-ta-we.....	Nay-pay-we.....
Sac.....	Es-kwa-ta.....	Nep-pi.....
Illinois.....	Scot-te.....	Ne-pi.....
Delaware.....		Ne-bi.....
Mohegan.....		Ne-bee.....
Narragansett.....	Squt-ta.....	Nip.....
Maine.....	Sku-tai.....	Na-bi.....
Cheyenne.....		Mah-pah.....
Arapahoe.....	Is-shi-ta.....	Match.....

Fuller vocabularies would strengthen the case, while many of the variations here noticed would disappear if the spellings had been determined by a single person instead of many different ones and even of different nationalities and schools.

It would be interesting, if space permitted, to trace the history of these tribes of red men; though it would be one reflecting small credit upon the white race. From the first contact of our forefathers with the Pemacooks at Plymouth and the Powhatans at Jamestown, to the final crushing of the Comanches on the plains, it was almost continual conflict, provoked usually by unfair dealing on our part, followed by savage reprisal on theirs, and ending invariably in the destruction of the tribe and the obliteration of the race, or the miserable survival of a broken-spirited and hopeless remnant. The French usually got on better with the Indians than we, and were far oftener in friendly alliance with them while warfare was our portion, than the reverse. This was probably due largely to the influence of the Jesuit priests. Those dauntless and tireless missionaries held no wilderness too remote or inhospitable, and the first contact of the French with an Indian tribe was usually one of benevolent purposes, instead of the Spanish greed of gold and the Saxon grasp of empire. The Frenchman brought to the Indian a new religion, of which his own reverent nature taught him the need, and one adapted in its forms of expression to the Indian's nature; and a willingness to share together, not only in the community but in the family. The Englishman, and more especially the American when the two become distinct, brought a demand for the Indian's inheritance which was exclusive, and left no room anywhere for the children of the forest, in spite of exceptional instances like Eliot's benevolent mission in Massachusetts and Penn's fraternal dealings in Pennsylvania. Those were but transient influences, and the net re-

sult of the Indian's contact with the white man, English and French and Spanish and Swedish and Dutch together, was the destruction of the Indian.

So this Algonquian Empire, magnificent in extent and marvelous in natural beauty and resources, passed into the possession of the invaders whose grudging concessions to the original owners have been steadily narrowed and shifted until only meager spots here and there remain, mostly quite beyond the limits of their ancestral boundaries, inhabited by groups pitiable alike in numbers and condition, and sorrowful indeed as representatives of those names that once so proudly stirred the imagination of their people, and often reflected worthy renown upon the Algonquin race. For to that race belong such spirits as the amiable Canonicus, Narragansett, sachem and friend of Roger Williams; Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoags and faithful ally of the Massachusetts colonists; his son Pometacom, christened Philip, the hero of King Philip's war; Powhatan (Wahunsonacock), sachem and sagacious ruler of a powerful confederacy of thirty Virginia tribes and ancestor of the American patriot John Randolph; Pocahontas, the gentle daughter of Powhatan, received with royal honors in England; Pontiac, the resourceful and intrepid warrior chief of the Ottawas; Tecumseh, the great Shawnee sachem, a man of high principle and humane sentiment as well as military genius, who was honored with the rank of Brigadier General in the British army; and Black Hawk, chief of the Sacs and Foxes, orator, statesman and nobleman whose character made the habitual treatment of his people by the whites seem more hateful by contrast.

In and Out of the Service

Resume of The Past Year's Work.

The following is a summary of the resume prepared for the Lake Mohonk Conference by Miss Emily S. Cook of the Indian Bureau and referred to in the address of Hon. Francis E. Leupp, published elsewhere in the JOURNAL:

NEW LEGISLATION.—The most noteworthy legislation of the year was the "Burke Law" which provides: 1st, That any Indian allottee who is adjudged by the Secretary of the Interior to be capable of managing his own affairs may have his land in fee without waiting for the expiration of the 25 years of inalienability; 2d, That an allotment made after May 8, 1906, does not carry citizenship with it as heretofore, but citizenship will come only when the land is patented to the allottee; 3d, That so long as any allotment is held in trust by the Government the allottee is subject to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States. The law also provides that the Secretary of the Interior shall determine who are the heirs of allottees who die during the trust period.

Other legislation has included acts:

Appropriating \$25,000 for suppressing the sale of liquor to Indians, \$15,000 of it to be used in Indian Territory and Oklahoma.

Authorizing the establishment of a Reform School for Indians and ordering an investigation of the subject of an Indian Sanitarium.

Authorizing the President to extend the trust period of any Indian allotment if the good of the allottee requires it, and providing that money in the United States Treasury to the credit of Indian minors shall draw interest at three per cent.

Permitting an Indian who has an allotment within an irrigation project to dispose of enough of it to obtain a water right for the remainder.

Capitalizing the entire estate of the Osage Nation, each person's share of the money to be held in the Treasury to his credit for 25 years, and his share of the lands, excepting a 160-acre homestead, to be at his disposal when he is pronounced by the Secretary of the Interior competent to manage his own affairs.

Permitting the Columbia Indians in Washington to sell their lands, except 80 acres each, the 80 acres to be inalienable for only ten years.

Permitting the Kickapoos in Oklahoma to sell their lands. (This it is feared will encourage their removal to Mexico where they have been promised abundant game and untrammelled freedom.)

Removing the restrictions from the sale, incumbrance or taxation of the lands of all mixed blood Chippewas on the White Earth Reservation in Minnesota.



INDIAN SCHOOL VIEWS—F

Appropriating \$100,000 to obtain land and water-rights, buildings and fencing for the landless and homeless Indians in California.

Providing for the settlement of an old controversy between the Stockbridge and Munsee Indians in Wisconsin, and appropriating \$537,000 to pay the Klamath Indians for lands taken from them in 1888 by an erroneous survey.

Making it a crime to disturb any prehistoric ruin or monument without the permission of the Government.

EDUCATION.—There have been during the year 261 Government schools (146 of them day schools), attended by 24,762 pupils, and 56 mission schools (3 of them day schools), attended by 4,708 pupils. These, with the 115 pupils at Hampton and 94 at public schools under Government contract, makes a total enrolment of 29,679 pupils—a decrease of 427 from the previous year. The average attendance was 25,492, an increase of 37.

New Government day schools to the number of 19 are under construction and a dozen more are planned. The Government board-

ing school among the Omahas has been discontinued and the pupils absorbed in the public schools, the Government paying the same rate for Indian children that the State allows for white pupils.

Eight mission schools, with 972 pupils, were conducted under contract with the Government aggregating \$81,261, payable from the trust and treaty funds of the Menominee, Northern Cheyenne, Osage, Quapaw and Sioux tribes on the formal petitions of those Indians.

Mission schools may hereafter receive the

paid without the approval of the Indian Office. A decision of the Court of appeals holds these funds to be exempt from taxation.

OPENING OF INDIAN LANDS—The Crow Indian lands were opened for settlement last May. Other lands soon to be opened include the southern half of the Colville reservation, 56,000 acres of the Lower Brule Sioux lands, 500,000 acres of Kiowa lands and unallotted lands on the Coeur d'Alene reservation.

THE FIVE CIVILIZED TRIBES—The tribal governments which were to have ceased on March 4th, 1906, have been allowed to continue until otherwise provided, but with their laws subject to approval and executive heads subject to removal by the President. Their schools continue under control of the Secretary of the Interior pending the organization of a State or Territorial school system.

DISTURBANCES—But two disturbances arose during the year; one was caused by the interference of some 20 Navahoes with Superintendent Perry in the discharge of his duty which resulted in the imprisonment of seven Indians on Alcatraz Island; the other was a factional difference within the Hopi resulting in the withdrawal of one faction from the village to the desert below, where they suffered hardships.



SCHOOL AT CHEMAWA, OREGON.

rations and clothing to which their Indian pupils would be entitled, if they were living at home instead of in the school.

IRRIGATION—An appropriation of \$185,000 supplemented by tribal funds has supplied help by irrigation to nearly all arid reservations. Work on the Zuni dam is nearly finished, flood damage to the Pala ditch has been temporarily repaired, and a 34-mile ditch has been begun on the Shoshoni reservation. Indian allottees in Carson Sink are to have their arid allotments exchanged for 10-acre tracts with perpetual water rights.

ALLOTMENTS AND PATENTS—During the year 3,067 allotments have been approved and 4,027 patents issued; work is being done on the Cheyenne River, Crow, Flathead, Oto, Pine Ridge, Quinaielt, Sac and Fox of Missouri, Shoshoni and Uintah reservations.

PROCEEDS OF SALES OF INHERITED LANDS—The sales of such lands in four years have averaged over a million dollars a year. The Indian heirs are protected by the deposit of the money in bonded banks to the credit of the heirs, no claim against whom may be

Classification of Indian Schools.

Following will be found the new plan suggested by Congress in the present Indian appropriation bill before the present session, for the future classification of Government Indian schools, and for the regulation of the salaries of agents and superintendents of same:

That hereafter all schools for whose support specific appropriations are made in an annual appropriation Act shall be classified according to number of pupils appropriated for therein, as follows: Class one, where such number is less than one hundred; class two, where such number is not less than one hundred, but not more than two hundred; class three, where such number is more than two hundred, but not more than four hundred; class four, where such number is more than four hundred. The pay of the superintendents of said schools shall be fixed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs on a scale corresponding to the classification hereinbefore directed as follows: Superintendents of schools

of class one, not to exceed one thousand two hundred dollars per annum; superintendents of schools of class two, not to exceed one thousand six hundred dollars per annum; superintendents of schools of class three, not to exceed two thousand dollars per annum; superintendents of schools of class four, not to exceed two thousand five hundred dollars per annum: Provided, That the foregoing provision as to pay of superintendents shall not apply to the school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, as long as said school remains under the superintendency of an active army officer. And provided farther, That the pay of any superintendent who performs agency duties in addition to those of his superintendency may be increased by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in his discretion, to an extent not exceeding three hundred dollars per annum.

Arrival of Sixty Hopis at Sherman Institute.

Coming in two different companies, about sixty Hopi boys and girls have arrived at Sherman Institute. Accompanying the party were two full-fledged chiefs, their wives and babies. These children are all from the reservation schools at Kean's Canyon and Oraibi and are excellent pupils, most of them entering the fourth, fifth and sixth grades. Chief Te-wa-quap-te-wa is a full blood Moki and though on arrival was dressed in native costume and barbaric with silver ornaments, moccasins and leggings, has since adopted the school uniform, had his hair cut to fashionable length and entered into the customs of civilization. He speaks but little English, but has all the dignity of a ruler, and has entered the primer class and will pass three years at Sherman Institute learning educational fundamentals and studying the methods of the white race which he would emulate. Frank Senumpte-wa, the other chief, has been in school before, and both men are intelligent and exhibit a degree of dignity which is seldom seen among their white brothers. The wives of the chiefs are employed in basket weaving and all seem to enjoy their new home.

Progress In Allotting Osage Lands.

The drawing for second selections in the Osage reservation will be held March 11, the Monday following the regular payment. The names of members of the tribe reporting to the commission on March 11 will be placed in a "name-wheel." In a "number-wheel" will

be placed numbers ranging from one to the number participating in the drawing. A child will be stationed at each wheel, and they will simultaneously draw from each wheel, one a number and the other a name. The person whose number is drawn simultaneously with number one will be permitted to have first choice of 160 acres of unallotted land as his second selection; number two second choice, etc. Similar drawings will be held on succeeding days for persons who do not register on the first day. Fifty filings will be accepted each day beginning March 25. Those who fail to file during the assignment will be permitted to file up to and including May 18. No sale or trade of chances or numbers will be permitted, and members of the tribe will be allowed to file only according to the numbers drawn and assigned them at the time of drawing.

Big Pasture Sale is \$4,500,000.

The Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians of Oklahoma will receive not less than \$4,500,000 as a result of the sale of the big pasture reservation under the sealed bid system. The 3,700 Indians comprising the three tribes will receive approximately \$1,200 each.

Indian Commissioner Leupp, upon whose suggestion and insistence the sealed-bid plan was adopted, as well as Secretary Hitchcock, who inaugurated the system as a general proposition about five years ago, declared that the remarkable results in this instance will settle for all time the feasibility of this method.

A total of 300,000 bids was received, though the number of bidders was only 7,600.

The Indians will receive enough in excess of \$4,500,000 to pay all of the expenses of the big sale. The average bid, per acre, is about \$12.19.

Osages Complain of Extravagance.

The Osage Indians, of Oklahoma, say they have found the work of allotting their lands very expensive. In fact, they have represented to the Washington officials that the Allotment Commission is extravagant, and asked that it be abolished and the work turned over to the Osage agent.

Indian Commissioner Leupp has informed them through their representative that the work of allotting the Osage Reservation is being done in accordance with law, and must be continued. Mr. Leupp also told the Osages that allotment work is expensive, and that at Pawhuska was costing no more than similar work in Indian Territory and elsewhere.

The News at Chilocco

Items Reported By Students.

Come on: let's go skating.

A good time coming is the promise of the Sequoyahs.

Miss Fanchon Kelly is the new member of the Senior class.

Mr. Risser was the busy man at the farmers institute held in Chilocco on Feb. 6, 1907.

The class in science was studying leguminous plants, last week, which was interesting.

Our schoolrooms are full of experiments, especially in the Junior and Senior class-room.

The weather is getting warm again. It makes the base-ball enthusiasts anxious for spring.

Our band furnished the music at the Lincoln-Day exercises held February twelfth at Newkirk, Oklahoma.

A new cottage adds to the appearance of Chilocco. It is to be occupied by the assistant superintendent.

The eighth grade boys are mapping the Chilocco campus, showing the exact situations of all the buildings.

The Y. M. C. A. elected officers for the new term just opening. Pres., M. Buffalo; Vice-Pres., R. Buffalo; Sec., Wm. Sawpetty.

The seventh grade boys are preparing a drainage plan for the piece of land north of the orchard. The drains are to be a hundred feet apart.

Mr. McCowan was out on the ice one night enjoying the falls with the jolly skaters; our superintendent always takes a hand in what his students do.

Mr. Hutto's detail, the painters, have been turning out some excellent work in the way of signs for the experimental plots which look well to passers by.

Miss Laura Tubbs has returned to her home in Leesville, La. She was one of Chilocco's oldest pupils and we will miss her exceedingly; she will be remembered as one of our elocutionists.

A large bon-fire lighted the lake last night and such was the fun that every one regretted going to bed so early. However, bedtime was at the usual hour. How time flies when one is skating.

The Chilocco girls' basket ball team played the Kildare girls on Wednesday, Feb. 6. The game was fast and interesting and resulted in favor of our girls. The score was 29 to 16. We have a good team now and we ought to help cheer them along.

Miss Jorgensen, our very efficient nurse, has resigned and entered the field service in the U. S. A. She is at present located in a hospital in San Francisco. She made many friends while here. Mrs. Carruthers has charge of the hospital temporarily.

J. H. Hauschildt, formerly of Chilocco, but for the last year a farmer of California, has been reinstated here as assistant farmer. Those who have ever lived in Oklahoma know that even "The Land of Sunshine" can never hope to be a better place to life. We are glad to have Mr. Hauschildt with us again.

The Hiawatha Club has had a photograph taken of its members. It is a little bit the best group ever taken of Chilocco students. The Hiawathas are strictly up-to-date; their meetings are very beneficial to their membership. The good started in such societies percolates to every department and school-room of the school.

Questions and answers from the "Science Class."

Teacher:—Of what is citric acid made?

Pupil:—Citrons, I guess.

Teacher:—Of what is tartartic acid made?

Pupil:—Tartar acid is made from cream of tartar.

Teacher:—When should you cut soy-beans?

Pupil:—When they are ripe.

New employees recently reporting at Chilocco: Miss Minnie Noble, assistant seamstress, from Unitah, Utah; Miss Martha S. Pittman, domestic science teacher, from Manhattan, Kansas; Mrs Cora H. Tyndall, teacher, from Pima Indian school, Arizona; Mrs. J. H. Hauschildt, dining room matron, from Tulare, California. Mrs. Hauschildt is an old employee and we are glad to see her return to our school.

One day last week one of the boys was heard to say that the "ground hog pig" must have come out and seen his shadow. The result was an enjoyable week of excellent skating weather and plenty of good ice. The ice is rapidly melting now and we wish that "ground hog pig" would wake up again and see his shadow once more. Our skating season in this country is not as long as we would like to have it.

R. P. Collins, who had charge of the Indian labor in the beet fields of Colorado last year, made our school a visit this month. Mr. Collins was here to make arrangements for a force of our students to enter the same work under him again this year during their vacation. He spoke well of the Chilocco boys' work last year and said that our Navajo squad, in point of industry and thoroughness, equalled any in the fields.

The Horticultural Dept. is almost completed and is to be a place of interest; a place where we can watch the work of the boys interested in fruit growing and landscape gardening. The room is light and airy; lighted by electricity, heated by natural gas and when it is finished, many more boys will feel like becoming horticulturists. Our Agricultural Dept. is also a place of intense interest and excitement, as every now and then some experiment in chemistry is performed.

The baseball season is drawing near and plenty of good material is in sight. The team of '07 will endeavor to cover themselves with as much glory as did the gridiron heroes of '06. Duffy (the old reliable) will probably be the only veteran on the diamond, but with such men as "Home-Run" Jones, Guy Delkon, Kaahtenay, Paschal, and a score of other promising men, the "Red, White and Green" will wave them on to victory. The schedule will be made up principally of college games. As far as the schedule has been made we have Southwestern, Friends, Oklahoma, and Washburn. At a meeting held by those interested in baseball, Joseph Doolittle was elected captain to lead the team of '07. The boys are taking advantage of this fine spell of weather to practice.

We are glad to know that we have gotten our new creamery equipped modern throughout, at last. It is electric lighted as well as having electric power to run the machines. It is fitted up with a large size Sturges and Burns Pasturizer; a hand,—the modern—cream separator, (with a better one coming); a storage room; a testing room, a refrigerator; an equipment for making ice cream, consisting of 4 tubs, or freezers; 1 modern device for turning freezers, thus saving time and labor; an ice cracking machine. The cheese room is fitted up with two cheese vats, a compound or double cheese press and a clean, modern cheese-curing room. It has a boiler, gas-burner, to supply the steam necessary for an up-to-date creamery. All in all we

can say we have an up-to-date creamery to go with the rest of Chilocco's modern departments.

Dr. R. C. Tuck an official inspector from the Bureau of Animal Industry, who is stationed with the Henneberry Packing Co. at Arkansas City, for the purpose of inspecting meat before packing, is making a test of the Chilocco herd, for tuberculosis, both cattle and hogs. He has about 700 animals altogether to test before his work is done. The test consists of taking the temperature of the cattle which when normal varies between 101½ to 102 degrees. In order to get the correct temperature of each animal the observations are made five times at intervals of two hours. The tuberculin, a sterile product from the cultivated tubercle or cillsis is then injected into the blood and if the temperature rises several degrees the animal is under suspicion. If the response is very marked the animal is condemned. About 14 hours after the injection of the tuberculin is the most critical time. The Junior and Senior boys helped to take the temperatures February 8, at 3 o'clock; no injection has been made yet, but we expect to see the first one this evening. We may never be called upon to make this test, but then, much of life's pleasure consists in knowing how and why certain things are done.

Old Chief Red Cloud's Home.

The most interesting and historic place on the Sioux Indian reservation is the home of the great warrior and statesman, Chief Red Cloud, who is living with his two sons in a frame house which was erected for him years ago, by the government in recognition of his bravery and his service and influence as a leader among his people. While the noble chief has lived to see ninety-eight stormy winters and is now lingering in his ninety-ninth year, blind and scarcely able to walk, it is probable that he will live to pass the century mark. The great Sioux tribe has produced three great men whose names and deeds as leaders in Indian warfare shall always be remembered. Of these noble sons of nature Spotted Tail, head chief of the Brules and the Famous Chief Sitting Bull, of Standing Rock, have passed away and by their death have left Red Cloud the undisputed title of the head Chief of all the Sioux Indians.—Oglala Light, Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota.

Educational Department

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

LESSONS FOR USE BY TEACHERS IN THE SERVICE

LESSON V.—FROM THE OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

THE following lesson—similar to those used in many of the best public schools—is published for the assistance of teachers, as it is the desire of the Indian Office that the boys shall be equipped as speedily as possible to assist in planning and erecting buildings at the schools and in the neighborhood.

The universal interest in industrial training in the schools of the United States is attracting attention everywhere. The Royal Prussian Industrial Commission, consisting of representative German publicists and educators sent to this country for the purpose of making a careful study of the methods used, in a recently published report states that manual training—the highest form of self-activity—becomes practically the center of all instruction in the most progressive schools, and that as a result of the close correlation of literary and shop work the time required for learning a trade is materially reduced.

In order to make our arithmetic and other branches practical, we shall try to show how the classroom work may be correlated with the industrial, making both more effective.

Lumbering is perhaps the greatest industrial feature of our section of the country, and the lumber trade is one that should command our attention. Our boys work in the mills and many problems must be made about various kinds of lumber, shingles, etc., and others involving the expenditure of their money in an economical way. Here we teach them to clear the land. In your locality it may be irrigation, clearing sage brush, growing wheat, or fruit raising. We must adapt our lessons to meet the needs of our children and to suit the conditions surrounding our school. If your children are not as far advanced, make your problems as simple or as difficult as the case demands.

In preparing this lesson on shingling, we do not find the points needed in our text books, but the carpenter is always willing to give information, and we must make an effort to get it ourselves. Combining this industrial with the school room work requires much time and effort, but when once the materials are ready, we have the foundation for innumerable problems in building, papering, painting and carpeting. Take a house built at your school, measure the rooms, compute the cost of the foundation and chimneys, and follow it through all its processes of construction with problems.

After the house is built then come problems on furnishing it; then purchasing provisions at the store, etc.

The government has given most Indian boys and girls land, and before long you will need to make your living from your allotments.

Teacher.—What will you do first to improve your land, Oscar?

Oscar.—I think I will cut the timber down and sell it.

Teacher.—What would you do, Frankie?

Frankie.—I would build a house first.

Teacher.—Yes, I think we should build a house to have a place to live, and then begin at once to clear the land, as Oscar suggested. Sell the timber if you can. If not, burn it up and get the ground ready for use. Many people think it is too bad to burn up wood, but this land of our valley is too valuable for gardening to leave it in a wild state. There are thousands of people here in Tacoma ready to buy the product of our farms and we must supply what they need. Most young men have little money to begin with, but any one who will work can find ready employment at the mills to earn money, and by saving will soon have enough to build a small, inexpensive, though neat home. Let us be sure to have a closet and a pantry in our house—a place to put the food and dishes and to hang up the clothes. Then in starting our new home we shall be very comfortable with two rooms—a living room and a bed room. While Oscar is taking down the dimensions of the house, Frankie may write what I have said of the house, and Robert may tell me on the board what we can profitably raise here to sell in the Tacoma market.

Frankie wrote: "A young man can find work at the mills to earn money, and if he saves it, he will soon have enough to build a small, cheap house. He must have it neat, and put in a closet for the clothes and a pantry for the dishes; then two rooms will do."

Robert wrote: "Puyallup valley will produce cabbage, lettuce, radishes, potatoes, cucumbers, onions, celery, carrots, parsnips, peas, and berries in great abundance. Many men keep a large herd of cows because they can get a good price for the milk."

Oscar wrote (from dictation): House—24 feet equals the length, 14 feet equals the width, and 10 feet equals the height. Divisions—Living room, 12 x 14, east; Bed room, 10 x 12, west front; Closet, 4 x 6, west rear; Pantry, 4 x 6, west rear.

Teacher.—Here we have a lesson in sentence work, spelling and punctuation.

Teacher.—In this country of great rainfall, does it effect our homes in any way, Robert?

Robert.—Yes, it causes moss to grow on the roof.

Teacher.—What effect does moss produce?

Robert.—It makes the shingles rot.

Teacher.—What must be done about the moss, Frankie?

Frankie.—The moss must be cleared off with a hoe.

Q. Though we may take good care of the shingles, in ten or twelve years we shall find the roof leaking, and then if we have some knowledge of shingling we shall be more liable to have our house reshingled when necessary, for often a man might have sufficient money to buy the shingles when he did not have the money to hire a carpenter at \$3.50 to \$4.00 per day to put them on. Oscar you may find the number of shingles required to cover both sides of the roof, and their cost at \$2.25 per M. Frankie may draw the ground-floor plan to the scale of one-half inch to the foot. Robert, draw the outside in the same way.

Teacher.—Frankie has the ground floor plan completed.

Teacher.—Frankie, where will you have your doors in the closet and pantry?

Frankie.—The closet should open from the bedroom and the pantry from the living room.

Teacher.—If you have not tried you will be surprised to see where the children would place the doors. I have had them say they would go through the bed room and closet to get into the pantry.

Teacher.—Robert's outside plan is completed. Robert, where will you have doors and windows?

Robert.—(Points to them.) One door and two windows in the front and a window in each end, and a back door at the back of the living room.

Teacher.—Oscar may explain his problem.

Oscar.—7 feet equal one-half the width of the house, the amount covered by one rafter. 17 inches equal the amount rise of the rafter to cover one foot in width; 119 inches equal the length of rafter from plate to cone. 119 divided by 12 equals 9 11-12 feet, which equals the length of rafter from plate to cone. 1 foot equals the projection at the eaves, 10 11-12 feet equal the length of the rafter.

24 ft. equal the body of the house

2 ft. equal the amount of the projection

26 ft. equal the length of the roof.

11 ft. equal the length of the rafter

286 sq. ft. equal the area of one side.

2

572 sq. ft. equal the area of two sides.

10 shingles equal the number to cover one square foot

5720 shingles equal the number to cover whole roof.

5720 shingles equal 5.72 M.

2.25 equal cost price of 1 M.

\$12.87 " " " to cover roof.

Teach. Why do you count 10 shingles to a square foot?

Oscar. It is the carpenter's rule to do so. Shingles vary in width, but they average four inches wide. They are laid four inches to the weather, so one shingle covers about 16 sq. inches. There are 144 sq. inches in a sq. foot, and 16 is contained in 144 exactly 9 times, but 10 shingles are estimated to allow for waste.

Teach. What kind of shingles do you use, Robert?

Robt. Cedar is about the only wood used for shingles here.

Teach. Why?

Robt. Because rain does not hurt them so much and they do not decay so quickly.

Teach. How much do they project over the gable, Oscar?

Oscar. They should project $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch.

Teach. How may we best get the projection?

Oscar. By using a strip of wood $\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide, called the guage, which can be taken off when the shingles are in place.

Teach. You may nail the guage in place. Frankie, what should be the projection of the eaves?

Frankie. They project from one to one and a half inches.

Teach. How would you make the projection even?

Frankie. Measure the first shingle at each end and nail them, then drive a nail in the end of each shingle and fasten a line to it and stretch it and let all shingles in the first course come to the line, and they will be even.

Teach. Oscar will help you to locate the first shingles with one inch projections.

Teach. Why have you put them on double, Oscar?

Oscar. To prevent them from leaking where they join.

Teach. Shall we lay the whole roof double?

Oscar. No. Only the first course, as the others lap enough to prevent leaking.

Teach. Frankie and Oscar may lay the first course and Robert write on the board a brief story about shingling.

Teach. How shall we find where to place the second course, Frankie?

Frankie. They should be laid four inches to the weather. To get the distance use a straight-edge board 4 inches wide which saves measuring the courses, and lay the second course against it.

Teach. Oscar, do you know another way?

Oscar. Carpenters often use a chalk line.

Teach. Show how. Frankie help.

Oscar. Put a nail at each end 4 inches from the bottom of the first course. Stretch a chalk line and snap it. Lay the second course to the line made. (They turn the other side of the roof and show it completed.)

Teach. Robert may come and tell us about finishing the roof.

Robt. When the shingles are all on, the roof is finished by two boards called saddle boards. One should be 1"x3", and the other 1"x4" so that they will be an equal distance on each side of the roof when in place.

Teach. Why not use a 1x4 and a 1x5? That would make them equal on each side.

Robt. Because the saddle boards should be same width as the course of shingles. If laid five inches to the weather the saddle boards should be five inches wide.

Teach. After learning something here about shingling you might go out and earn money in that way. At first you would probably get \$1.50 per day. If you spent 75 cents for board, what per cent would you have left, Robert?

Robt. If I earned \$1.50 and spent 75 cents I would have left 75 cents, which is one-half of my money, or 50 per cent.

Teach. If you began at \$1.50 and in two months received \$2.00 per day, what per cent is the increase in wages?

Frankie. If I began at \$1.50 and was raised to \$2.00, the increase would be 50 cents, which is $\frac{1}{3}$, or 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent of my wages at first.

Teach. I am now receiving \$3.00 per day grading lumber, which is 25 per cent more than I received when I piled lumber. How much did I receive at first?

Oscar. \$3.00 equals 125 per cent or 5-4 of what I received when piling.

$\frac{1}{4}$ equals 1-5 of \$3.00 equals 60 cents.

4-4 equals 4 x 60c equals \$2.40, my wages piling lumber.

Teach. For seat work learn to spell on the board and use the first set of words in statements, the second set in questions and the third set in commands.

Words on the board:

{	Dimensions	{	Plate	{	Saddle board
	Rafter		Gauge		Straightedge
	Comb		Projection		Course.

FARM MACHINES THAT SEEM TO THINK.

Human control is reduced to a minimum in some of the latest examples of improved farm machinery. The machine performs its various operations automatically, almost as if it had a mind of its own. All the operator has to do is to feed it and steer it. Says *The American Exporter*, describing some of these ingenious devices:

"For planting, there is a machine for every kind of seed, cunningly designed, well built, and perfectly adapted to the work for which it is intended. It makes no mistakes, never skips an inch, sows no more thickly in one place than in another, and does its work with an intelligence which the average farm-hand could not be expected to display.

"For grain and grass the 'broadcast-seeder' is used. This is attached to an ordinary wagon, and the only human cooperation it requires is keeping its hopper full. It will also distribute all kinds of dry commercial fertilizers, and put them just where they will do the most good.

"A mechanical grain-drill is provided for such grains as need to be planted systematically in rows or hills. It is infallible in its operation, and would plant corn, for example, in the middle of a macadam road, if this was required of it. Among other attachments it has a land measurer, something like a cyclo-meter, which records the acreage planted. To cover the seed it has planted, it is provided with a system of hoes which are adjusted to work straight or zigzag.

"A variant of this apparatus weeds as well as sows. Still another is the bean-planter, which is quite remarkable in its intelligence, so to speak. It drills the hole in the ground, plants the beans, covers them, and marks the position of the next row at one operation. It will even alternate corn with beans, turn and turn about, or plant corn or beans, distribute fertilizer, and cover everything impartially. In fact, it will do anything for which the farmer has the intelligence to adjust it.

"The potato-planter would make a farmer of a generation ago sit up and rub his eyes. It requires that the potatoes be supplied, but will do all the rest of its own initiative. It picks the potato up and looks it over—or seems to—cuts it into halves, quarters, or any desired number of parts, separates the eyes, and removes the seed ends. It plants whole potatoes or parts thereof as desired, as near together or as far apart as the judgment of the farmer on the driving-seat suggests. Having dropped the seed it covers it, fertilizes it, tucks it in like a child put to bed, and paces off the next row with mathematical accuracy.

"Certain vegetables, notably tomatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, celery, lettuce, and some others, need to be started in cold frames, and transplanted for the practical business of growing. For this purpose there is a plant-setting machine, which will handle a sprout as if it loved it, establish it in its new environment, gather the earth tenderly about its roots, give it a copious drink of water from a tank it carries, and cover from four to six acres in a day.

"The various operations generially known as 'cultivating' were once the bane of the farmer's existence. Now he has machine for each and every operation of crop tending, with a driver's seat as comfortable as that of a buckboard. These machines seem to know a weed from a crop plant intuitively, and while they snatch the former out by the roots without compunction, they pass the plant unharmed—provided of course, it is growing in its proper place. These machines have been highly specialized, and for every operation connected with the tending of every kind of crop, there is some one machine which performs it a little better than any other.

"When the crop is ready for gathering mechanism is seen at its best. The perfection of the modern reaper and binder is illustrated by an incident which is said to have occurred this year in Illinois. A farmer had driven his reaper into the edge of a field ready for cutting, and dismounted from his seat to get a drink of cider. While thus occupied the horses took fright and ran away. They tore round and round the field, cutting a full swath with every jump, gathering up the grain, binding it with twine, and tossing the bundles to one side. Before the team was caught it had covered six and a half acres, leaving only patches here and there to be gone over. This was accomplished in something less than twenty-four minutes."

METHODS OF TEACHING AGRICULTURE

ARTICLE I.—SHEEP. BY JESSIE S. ROWAN

THIS subject may be studied by pupils living in almost any part of the country, as certain breeds of sheep are adapted to various climatic conditions.

For pupils as far advanced as sixth grade we recommend that this subject be given sufficient time for study and discussion.

Every lesson may be correlated with history, geography, reading, language and spelling.

The following may be used as an introduction and a first lesson on the subject.

INTRODUCTION.

Question. The sheep is a genus of what family?

A. The sheep is a genus of the family Bovidae, it is a ruminant of the pair-toed section of hoofed animals.

Q. Are any wild species known?

A. More than twenty wild species are known, they are indigenous to Asia, Africa, Europe, and the western part of our own country, in the Rocky Mountains.

Q. Name some characteristics of wild sheep.

A. They are inhabitants of mountainous districts, and never from choice frequent level deserts, open plains, dense forests and swamps.

Q. From what are domestic sheep probably descended?

A. Probably, domestic sheep are descended from a variety of wild sheep.

Q. Have sheep been domesticated animals for a long time?

A. We think that sheep were the first animals that were domesticated; history relates that the wealth of man in early centuries was estimated by the flocks he possessed, that sheep were offered as sacrifices, and that their fleece was manufactured into woolen goods two thousand years before the Christian Era.

Q. Is it well to take the natural instincts of the sheep into consideration in caring for domestic sheep?

A. We think we should recognize the natural instincts of the sheep in their domestication.

Q. Are any forms of wild sheep found in South America?

A. The llama, alpaca, vicuna and the guanaco are found there.

Q. Are these animals of use to man?

A. These animals are of use to man; they furnish material for clothing, and the llama and the alpaca have been domesticated, the llama is used as a beast of burden.

Q. What animal related to the sheep is found in our own country?

A. The Rocky Mountain sheep or Bighorn is found in the Rocky Mountains.

Q. When and by whom were domesticated sheep introduced into North America?

A. The year following the discovery of America by Columbus, 1493, sheep were brought to this country by Spaniards.

Q. Were all the settlements made by the Spaniards permanent, and did the sheep-rearing industry prosper?

A. But few settlements were permanent. Many of the Spaniards returned to Spain, some colonies were swept away by pestilence, but not all the sheep that were brought over were exterminated.

Q. What evidence have we of this fact?

A. We think the immense stocks of Mexico, New Mexico and Arizona were descended from the sheep that were brought from Spain by the early settlers; two hundred years later the native sheep of the Mexican state of Neuvo Leon numbered one and a half million.

Q. Did the industry spread?

Yes. Sheep were carried into South America from Spanish settlements in Panama and Mexico. In Peru they were successfully reared.

Q. Were sheep introduced into other colonies?

A. Soon after the settlement of the colonies at Jamestown, New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts, sheep were introduced and in each became an important industry.

Q. How did the sheep compare as to origin?

A. In the Spanish settlements the sheep were Spanish in origin; in the English speaking colonies the sheep were essentially British in origin.

Q. Has sheep-rearing been an important industry in British colonies?

A. Sheep-rearing has been an important and profitable industry in almost all colonies

and has been especially so in the British possessions; in Canada, the province of Ontario is noted for many varieties of fine sheep.

Q. Until recent centuries what was the object of keeping sheep?

A. Sheep were kept for wool and milk rather than their flesh; therefore their flesh-producing properties received little attention until the 18th century.

Q. Did the improvement of fleece receive attention before that?

A. Attention was given to the improvement of fleece at an early period—woolen goods were manufactured in Asia two thousand years before the Christian Era.

Q. What was the object of improvement of fleece in the U. S.?

A. The improvement of fleece was given attention in order that a fine grade of woolen goods for home consumption might be manufactured.

Q. What breed of sheep was introduced to enable this attainment?

A. The Spanish Merino was introduced that this end might be attained.

Q. How are sheep classified?

A. Sheep are classified (1) according to the fleece; (2) according to the carcass.

Q. What are the classifications as to fleece?

A. The classifications as to fleece are: fine wool, medium wool, coarse wool.

Q. What are the classifications as to size?

A. The classifications as to size are: mountain sheep, down breeds, and heavy breeds.

Q. What breeds are included under fine wool breeds?

A. The fine wool breeds include the Merinos and their various varieties.

Q. What breeds are known as the medium wool breeds?

A. The medium wool breeds include the down breeds, Dorset-horn, and Cheviots.

Q. What breeds are known as coarse wool breeds?

A. The coarse wool breeds include the Leicesters, Cotswolds, Lincolns, and Black-faced Highlands.

Q. What terms are synonyms with mountain sheep, down breeds and heavy breeds?

A. The terms mountain sheep, down breeds and heavy breeds are used synonymously with fine wool, medium wool and coarse wool sheep.

LESSON I.—THE MERINO.

Q. In what country did the Merino sheep originate?

A. The Merino sheep came originally from Spain—we have read in history that fine-wooled sheep were reared extensively in Spain before the Christian Era, and that their fleece was prized in the manufacture of woolen goods.

Q. Were there various grades of these sheep?

A. Yes, for centuries the Spanish Merinos were divided into provincial varieties, differing somewhat as kept under different conditions as regards care, pasture, and climate.

Q. What early divisions were recognized?

A. The early divisions were the travelling flocks and the stationary flocks.

Q. Which were considered the finer?

A. The travelling flocks were considered the finer and the more valuable, they were driven up in the mountains in April and returned in October, frequently travelling hundreds of miles in order to find suitable pasture.

Q. Did the people of any other country wish to establish this breed or a somewhat similar breed of sheep?

A. About 1765 some of the finest of these travelling sheep were taken to Saxony, thus forming the foundation stock of the famous Saxony sheep.

Q. Did the breed of sheep undergo any changes?

A. In Saxony the sheep were given so much attention for the production of extremely fine wool that the sheep became weakened in constitution, but the fleece was of remarkable fineness.

Q. When and by whom was the first importation made?

A. The first importation of Merino sheep was made by Col. Humphrey, the American Minister to Spain, in 1882—this importation was followed by others.

Q. Has the Spanish Merino been transformed into another type?

A. The Spanish Merino has been transformed into a distinct type, the American Merino, which is improved in size, form and mutton qualities, as well as in weight of fleece.

Q. What are some of the characteristics of the Merino sheep?

A. The Merino is adapted to rough, mountainous, scanty pastures; it can endure exposure and cold weather because its fine fleece standing at right angles to its body, forms excellent protection.

(To be continued in our next issue.)

BIRDS AS WEED DESTROYERS.

ARTICLE II.

BY A. K. RISSER.

We have been collecting weed seeds.

Q. What do you mean when you say that a plant is a weed?

A. "A plant out of place." Really, a plant that can get along in almost any place, having learned to fit itself to adverse conditions; a tramp plant.

Q. What harm do weeds do?

A. Choke cultivated plants; rob them of light, moisture, food, room; weeds are usually in attractive, having no showy flower, and we despise them. If we want to get rid of them, we must study how they live, and we must encourage their enemies.

Q. How do we try to kill or get rid of weeds?

A. Pull them up; hoe them; pour oil, salt, or acid upon them; cultivate the ground; change the crops.

Q. Still how do they beat us?

A. Take root again; one goes to seed and this makes many more the next year.

Q. How long does one weed plant live?

A. Some many years (perennial), as the Canada thistle and the wild onion; some two years, as the burdock, dandelion, and wild carrot (biennial); but most weeds live but a year (annuals), as the wild mustard, cockle bur, crab grass, curly dock, Mayweed, lamb's quarters, beggar tick and ragweed.

Q. Where, then, do our next year's annuals come from?

A. From the seed of this year's plant (or of some previous year, for in some species the seeds will germinate after lying dormant for several years).

Q. When is the best and easiest time to destroy a weed?

A. When it is a seed.

Q. If one seed were allowed to grow, how many seeds would there be on the grown-up plant?

A. As many as there are seeds in this year's plant.

Q. How many?

A. Count; for example, in the burdock, multiply the number of seeds in a bur by the number of burs on the plant. (For this material we must have the entire plant in the school room, unless we can do field work. Make the numbers mean something.) Some plants produce as many as 100,000 seeds.

Q. Do you know of any helper the farmer has in destroying weeds?

A. Here let the children tell what they know and then settle on birds as a subject.

Q. What birds have you seen among the weeds?

A. Sparrows of various kinds, wild canaries, blackbirds, etc.

Q. Where are weeds most abundant?

A. In neglected fields, along roadsides, fences, hedges, ditches.

Q. Why in the latter places?

A. It is hard for the farmer to get at them there with his mower.

Q. Where do you see the sparrows (not the English sparrows) most numerous?

A. In these very places.

Q. Why here?

A. They are fond of weed seeds.

Q. At what season, or time of the year, are they seen here?

A. From autumn to spring; in the winter.

Q. Why?

A. Because there is shelter and (especially) because there is not much else to eat besides seeds, which are then ripe. Along the hedges and ditches is the place to look for flocks of snowbirds. Keep your eyes open for other birds among the weeds, at any time of the year; you may find some at work upon the lawn in the summer.

Most weeds, we learned are annuals, being killed by the frost, and depending upon the seed to carry them over the winter; and we decided that the best time to kill a weed is when it is a seed. Birds, then must be very efficient helpers—and especially in hoed or cultivated crops.

Q. How is a sparrow fitted—what tools has he—for eating weed seeds?

A. Review here the adaptation noted in the turkey. Hard, blunt bill for crunching; gizzard for grinding; feet for perching.

Make sketches on the board. It will not be amiss to have in class the body of an English Sparrow (fully identified); show not only the external adaptations but also the food tube; dissect the gizzard; estimate the food capacity.

Q. Name all the weeds you know? Among what ones have you seen the birds feeding? Notice more carefully henceforth.

A. Authorities tells us that the principal weeds which birds prevent from seeding are ragweed, bindweed, pigeon grass, smartweed, crab grass, lamb's quarters and pigweed. Among the weeds to be found on lawn, the birds attack: Dandelion, yard grass, knotweed, sedge, oxalis and chick-weed.

Q. How many of these weeds do you know at sight?

A.

Q. Can you identify their fruit or seed?

A.

Q. What is the difference between a fruit and a seed? Develop the answer to this question. Learn to recognize the fruit and seeds of various weeds.

Q. What is the dispersal scheme in each? Exercises in identifying entire plant and single seed of various species will be useful here—an occasional "identification test" is a good thing.

We are told that the birds most actively engaged in eating weed seeds are the sparrows and their relatives, the finches, snowbirds, grosbeaks, etc.; also the horned larks, blackbirds, cowbirds, meadow-larks, doves and quails.

Q. Do you know these common birds? Whenever you are able to do so, study their food habits.

Q. What birds have you seen on the lawns? Of the lawn weeds mentioned, the seeds are eaten by the chipping sparrows, song sparrows, field sparrows, junco, English sparrow, tree sparrow, white throated sparrow and white-crowned sparrow. The sparrows, you see, are a useful tribe.

Since most of the field weeds and many of the lawn weeds are annuals, not living over winter, the destruction of their seeds by birds is a great help to the farmer. The U. S. Government, through the Department of Agriculture, has made careful study of the food material and feeding habits of birds. Many of the State Experiment Stations have made similar investigation. From the work of the Government experts we learn the following facts:

During the winter, about twenty species of sparrows (not including the English sparrow) find at least three-fourths of their nourishment in the seeds of our field and road-side weeds, such as the ragweed bindweed, smartweed, knotweed, pigweed, crab grass, pigeon grass, lamb's quarters, and chick-weed, all of which are troublesome annuals. A flock of our native sparrows of various species will often remain about a field where the ground is strewn with seeds, feeding there during the winter until it is difficult to find a seed remaining.

The tree sparrow, it is estimated, eats a quarter of an ounce of weed seed daily, its stomach often being filled with this food.

Q. How many days would be required for one sparrow to consume a pound of seed?

A. (About two months). From this it is estimated that in Iowa alone the tree sparrow annually destroys about 875 tons of weed seeds during its winter residence there. It feeds largely upon seeds of grasses, especially pigeon grass and crab grass.

The junco is especially fond of ragweed. The wild canary (gold finch) is one of the best of our weed destroyers, having a particular liking for thistle, wild lettuce, wild sunflower and ragweed—(all of these are composites.)

The English sparrow deserves special credit as a destroyer of dandelions; notice the dandelions which bloom in April and May, and see how many of the heads are mutilated by birds.

The English sparrow however, drives away valuable birds and does much damage to grain and fruit. It gorges itself with wheat while our native sparrows are finding other provender.

A crow blackbird may eat from 30 to 50 seeds of smartweed or bindweed at a single meal; a field sparrow 100 seeds of crab grass; a tree sparrow 700 seeds of pigeon grass; a snowflake 1000 seeds of pigweed; in the stomach of another species of sparrow (Nuttall's sparrow, found on the Pacific slope) there have been found 300 seeds of amaranth or (in different individuals) 300 seeds of lamb's quarter. Measure out the number of seeds mentioned in each of these cases (so far as you have material); with this bulk as a standard find how many seeds of ragweed might be eaten at one meal by a sparrow; how many of smartweed, etc.

Q. How many seeds are produced by one of these plants?

A. (Answer after examining plant). Use the following as an arithmetic lesson.

Q. How many meals would one plant furnish? Or how many birds might join for a hearty meal upon the product of one plant?

Q. How many seeds would there be at the end of another year if all of these seeds were allowed to grow and develop into mature plants?

Q. How much of an area would they cover if distributed? These numbers may not be easily imagined, but some conception of their significance may be given.

As a language lesson write a short composition on why we should be friends of the sparrow tribe of birds. Select the new words used as a spelling lesson.

NOTES ON CHILOCCO DOMESTIC ART.

By One of the Senior Class.

We have moved our domestic art to where the sewing room used to be, as it is larger and more suitable for the large classes in each division.

There are eight classes of domestic art girls, the beginners being divided into five different classes, which together, contains about sixty-five girls.

The Juniors are divided into two classes, in all containing thirty-two girls.

Seniors have just the one class of fourteen.

There are over one hundred girls interested in domestic art, and more would like to take it if it were not for them going to school every day.

The beginners are making models of different garments and various stitches.

The juniors are beginning to draft patterns according to their own measurements and are making under-garments.

Seniors are working hard so that they may complete the out-line assigned for them by June. They have four more garments to make to do so, they are now ready to draft and fit a tailor suit.

The regular sewing room girls are making another round of work dresses for the girls. Each girl is supposed to do neat and careful stitching by machine or by hand.

Every piece of work is done by the girls. All the trimming and fitting of a garment is done by the girl making it. She has learned to do this by careful attention and practice.

Domestic art is not only knowing how to put a skirt together, or perhaps putting sleeves in a waist, but it is neat and careful work done in any line of sewing.

We are not graded only on our sewing, but also on what kind of clothes we wear while sewing, whether tidy or untidy, and whether or not our hands are fit for handling cloth that is easily soiled.

Position in sewing is one great point to be observed. No one can ever accomplish anything in domestic art, no matter how long they take it or how much is taught to them, if they don't observe the rules and follow the instructions carefully.

For instance, take a girl that has never taken domestic art, and one that has taken it just because she was made to do so. There would be little difference in the two.

Now note the girl that has taken it and put all her time in getting the most out of

what she is being taught. She is the one that in after life can add happiness to her home by sewing and doing some pretty hand work, such as shadow embroidery, eyelet embroidery, pretty worked center piece of different designs.

She will soon excel her neighbors with the accomplished success of her training.

QUESTIONS FROM THE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT.

Boys, can you answer these? Every boy should memorize these useful facts.

Q. What is a square inch?

Q. What is a cubic inch?

Q. What is a square foot?

Q. How many square inches in a foot?

Q. How many cubic inches in a cubic foot?

Q. What is the difference between a foot square and a square foot?

Q. How many pounds in a ton?

Q. What is a long ton?

Q. How many cubic inches in a gallon?

Q. What is meant by temperature?

Q. At what temperature does water boil?

Q. At what temperature does water freeze?

Q. At what temperature is water at its greatest density?

A. 39 deg. F.

Q. What is a heat unit?

Answer. The amount of heat required to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree, or from 39 deg. to 40 deg. F.

Q. What is a foot pound?

A. A foot pound is one pound of force exerted through one foot of space.

Q. What is atmospheric pressure?

A. The pressure of the atmosphere upon everything.

Q. How much is this pressure at sea-level?

A. 14.7 pounds per square inch.

Q. Give a rule for finding the area of a circle.

Q. What is meant by the heating surface of a boiler?

A. The surface directly exposed to the heat.

Q. How many feet of heating surface in a horse power?

A. 15 sq. ft.

Q. How many foot pounds in a horse power?

A. 33,000 per minute.

ARE you teaching for results?

The News at Chilocco

Supt. H. B. Peairs, of Haskell Institute, Kansas, made Chilocco a visit this month.

Mr. Kelley, band leader, is instructing classes preparatory to starting a second band.

Mr. Dumont and his boys are doing all the plumbing in the assistant superintendent's cottage.

Miss Kate Miller, school cook, is now enjoying her annual 30-day leave. She is visiting in St. Louis.

Leroy McCowan was one of the black-face comedians in the Elk's minstrels given in Arkansas City, Kansas, this month.

Mary Brown, one of our senior girls, left for Oraibi, Arizona, to accept a position in the Service at the Oraibi day school.

Mr. Crofoot is suffering from a strained back, the result of trying to mount one of the cow ponies of our beef contractor, Mr. Burger.

Part of our buildings now have signs over the main entrance, designating their classification and purpose. It's a decided help to visitors.

Miss Grace Allingham resigned the domestic science teachership to go into the same line of work in a public school. We were sorry to lose her.

The painters are using the nice weather working on Agricultural Hall. All the buildings are to be repainted, roofs in green, trimmings white.

Fifty-four rooms in Home One have recently received the attention of the painter and his detail. Some of the boys are now "brushing up" Home Two.

The departments were filled with visitors on the afternoon of February sixth, Farmer's Institute day. They seemed interested in our work and also the results.

Many visitors attend our band concerts every Sunday. We are glad of it; none can come too often nor stay too long. Their visit is as much of a pleasure to us as it evidently seems to be to them.

While skating was good one beautiful moonless night, our superintendent arranged for bonfires to be built around the girls' end of the lagoon and allowed the students to enjoy the skating until 8:30.

The pupils and employes have been enjoy-

ing the ice this month and last. We have had more ice on the lagoon than usual. It's a pleasant sight to see three or four hundred students gliding over the smooth surface.

Dr. Tuck, government cattle inspector, is at Chilocco testing our cattle and hogs for signs of tuberculosis. He does his work as the result of a special request of Supt. McCowan through the Department at Washington.

The carpenters have about finished the interior work of the new assistant superintendent's cottage. The painters have started on their part of the work. About another month and Mr. Sickels' family will be on this side of the lagoon.

INTER-STATE FARMERS INSTITUTE AT CHILOCCO.

After a short rehearsal by the Chilocco band, the chairman, Prin. A. K. Risser of Chilocco, called the meeting to order.

Supt. McCowan, briefly addressed the meeting, welcoming the visitors to Chilocco. Responses in behalf of Kansas and Oklahoma were made by Mr. E. F. Green of Arkansas City and Rev. H. H. Miller of Newkirk.

Mr. Brewer having asked that he be permitted to give his talk later, and Mr. Lovett being absent, Mr. Green talked on "Sheep Raising in this District," dwelling on the local advantages for this industry, its benefits to the farmer, and advising that a small flock of 50 or more sheep be on every farm.

The discussion was led by Mr. Chas Milne, Chilocco, who spoke of the various diseases of sheep.

The meeting adjourned for an inspection of the Domestic Art and Science Departments and for dinner.

At 1:15 P. M. after another band rehearsal the meeting was again called to order by Mr. Risser.

Mr. B. Brown, Arkansas City, gave an interesting talk on the advantages of broom corn as a farm crop, highly recommending it as a money making product. A Discussion brought out many interesting points concerning the varieties, care, and harvesting of broom corn.

The girls' quartet sang a selection which was heartily encored.

Mr. A. E. Lovett, Chilocco, read a well prepared paper on, "Farm Dairying." He spoke of the necessity of careful attention to the details of this important part of the farm work and recommended the keeping of the

regular dairy cattle instead of the dual purpose animals.

After a discussion of Mr. Lovett's paper, Miss Grace Miller recited, "The Moo Cow Moo." She responded to an enthusiastic encore.

Mr. Hauschildt being absent Supt. McCowan filled his place on the program. Supt McCowan prefaced his paper by a few remarks on hogs in general, then read an article on "Care and Feeding of Swine" by Lovejoy of New York.

This led to a spirited discussion dealing largely with the merits and demerits of peas as hog feed.

Lloyd Lamont and Nellie Peck sang a very pretty duet.

Mr. Wade, Chilocco, gave a practical talk on potato raising. Mr. Wade is a practical potato grower and he gave a great many suggestions useful to the farmer who wishes to improve his potato crop yield. A short discussion followed.

Miss Denton, of Peoria, Ill., then gave a very pleasing reading. She responded to an encore.

Mr. Demotte talked on "Extensive or Intensive, Which?" Mr. Demotte inclines to the side of intensive farming, giving as one of his strong reasons a wish to see more men living on their own farms and less tenancy.

A discussion followed, during which Supt. McCowan made a strong plea for business methods in farmers organizations.

The meeting was then resolved into a business session.

Mr. E. B. Green moved that thanks be extended to Supt. McCowan and his employees for courtesies received and also that a mid-summer institute be held at Chilocco. This was duly seconded and unanimously carried.

Mr. Green then suggested that a Chilocco committee make out this program. This was approved.

The meeting adjourned for an inspection of the Farm and Industrial Departments.

FLORENCE MITCHELL,
Secretary.

CHILOCCO BASKET-BALL.

Reported by Theo. Edwards, Chippewa.

Basket-ball at Chilocco, under the management of Mr. J. E. Shields, has developed into a swift, snappy game.

The League, which is an organization of all the teams, is composed of the following: The "Broom-pushers," (more logically

termed "Pedagogues" or "Wise Men,") represent the Senior class; the "Southwesterns," who derived their name from the fact that they are situated in the southwestern part of the school grounds, representing the different departments in the Shop building; the Nurserymen, Plumbers, Farmers and Printers all having teams picked from their own departments.

The teams meet for practice at 7:30 each evening during the week, when nothing else hinders. On every Tuesday and Thursday evening an exhibition game is played between two of the teams belonging to the league, which is given for the benefit of the students and faculty. The "Southwesterns" are the leading team, according to the number of games won, all other teams bringing up a close second.

Outside of the league schedule, there have been games played between the Painters and Blacksmith teams, the blacksmiths winning by a small margin, and the Sioux team, whose average height is six feet, have played the Navajo team, always coming off victorious. This Sioux team has also played the small boys' team, the small boys winning an easy victory.

There have been seven outside games played this season. The first three games were played with the Blackwell High School first team. The smallest members of the league took part in this game. The first game was played at Blackwell, in which Chilocco won by a score of 24 to 7. The second game, played at Chilocco, was again a victory. Score 18 to 13. But the last game of this series was a defeat for Chilocco. When our team went to Blackwell the second time they were beaten 14 to 11.

On the twenty-sixth of January our first team, made up of the best players in the league, met the Pawhuska team at Chilocco, which resulted in a score of 14 to 11, in Pawhuska's favor. Chilocco played them a return game the 2d of February. Score 24 to 6, in Pawhuska's favor. The Pawhuska team are all veteran players, while most of the players in the Chilocco team are new to the game and have never played together as a team.

The girls' team has played but two games to date, both being played at home. The first game, with Alva College, resulted in a victory by a score of 19 to 18. The second game was played with Kildare on the evening of February the sixth, in which Chilocco walked off with the honors. Score, 29 to 16.

PROGRESS OF INDIAN EDUCATION

Address of Commissioner Leupp Before
the Lake Mohonk Indian Conference

Reprinted From the Annual Report

IT HAS been the custom in former years for General Whittlesey, and later for Miss Cook of the Indian Office as his substitute, to present a brief formal report of the progress of affairs in the Indian establishment, which Miss Cook prepared this year, but which she is not here to present. It was the wish of the business committee that I should endeavor to incorporate in one brief talk this little resume, or its most important parts, with such expansion as I could give the different points from my own recollection. The first thing Miss Cook says is that the Burke Law, passed last May, has decidedly modified the Dawes Law under which we have been making allotment of lands to Indians. This Burke Law is in my judgment, next to the Dawes Law itself, the most important one that has ever been passed in the whole domain of Indian legislation. It is a very proper sequel to the Dawes Law, and it consists practically of an amendment of that law so as to adapt it to more modern conditions.

The first important modification it makes is in the matter of citizenship. The Dawes Law made an Indian a citizen of the United States and subject to the laws of the State or Territory in which he lived from the moment that his trust patent to his land was issued to him; and then twenty-five years were reserved as a period of tutelage in which he was to be taught how to use his citizenship. That has always impressed me as the most serious defect in the old law. I know that opinions will differ on the question whether giving a six-year-old boy a gun and sending him off in the woods is the best means of teaching him not to shoot himself, or whether the boy had better be taught to shoot before he is given the gun. That is about the question which comes up in dealing with the allotment law, or that part of it which effects Indian citizenship. Shall we give the Indian citizenship first and then teach him how to use it, or shall we teach him how to use citizenship and then give it to him? May I be frank with you in saying that it was in accordance with my wish that Mr. Burke drew this law and procured its pass-

age. In fact, we talked over it a long time before we got it into the shape that seemed best to present to Congress. As now arranged, the Indian will receive his patent in trust in the first place; then will come his period of twenty-five years, and then the patent in fee and citizenship with it. In the twenty-five years it is assumed that the government will teach him how to use that privilege which is to be put into his possession.

Another very important point in the Burke Law, and perhaps in some respects the most far-reaching of all, is the authority vested in the Secretary of the Interior to determine when an Indian is fit to own his land in fee, and then to give it to him. Up to the present time it has been necessary for an Indian whenever he was capable of taking care of his own affairs, or believed that he had a right to manage them himself and to own his own land, to go to Congress and get a special act or an item put into some general act, empowering the Secretary of the Interior to issue a patent in fee to him. The effect of that has been bad in several ways. In the first place, it continued what we are trying to break up—the notion on the part of the Indians generally that Congress is an all-powerful benefactor, to whom he must run every time that he is in any trouble. In the second place, it encouraged a very flourishing graft business which had sprung up among the Indians themselves, and between the Indians and certain unprincipled groups of whites on the borders of their reservations. A grafter would come to an Indian who had a trust patent for an allotment, and say to him: "I can get you your land in fee so that you can dispose of it as you choose, if you will give me one hundred dollars." The Indian would ask: "How can you do that?" "Oh, I have influence at Washington. I know Senator so and so—or the President, or the Secretary of the Interior—and I can get him to recommend whatever I ask him to." The Indian ignorant of the way business is done at Washington, would scrape together his hundred dollars, or give a mortgage on his little chattels or whatever he might have that he could dispose of. Of course it would simply

be paying money for nothing, for no influence that this grafter possessed could, as a rule, put an act through. But a Senator or a Representative would be approached, and it would be represented to him that this Indian was entirely capable, etc., and then in the kindness of his heart and assuming that it would be for the best interests of the Indian and all concerned, the lawmaker would procure the insertion of a paragraph in the Indian Bill that John Smith, a Tuscarora Indian should have a patent in fee issued to him by the Secretary of the Interior. Before that went through, doubtless it would be referred to our office; we would give our opinions, saying, perhaps, that we knew nothing about this Indian or had no evidence that he was capable, and then Congress would pass it or not as it chose. In very many cases such paragraphs were crowded in the last hours of a session, when there was no time left for calm consideration or inquiry, working very great damage to the individual Indians affected. All need of legislation in such cases is swept away by the Burke Law; the process is made purely administrative; the Secretary of the Interior may select, by the best means afforded him, the Indians to whom patents in fee should be issued; and with the patent in fee, you understand, goes full citizenship.

A third important change wrought by this law is with regard to the settlement of the estates of deceased Indians. Hitherto it has been necessary, where an Indian has received an allotment of land and has died during the period that this trust patent lasted, for his heirs to go into the local probate courts and prove their rights to their respective shares of his estate. That was a very expensive proceeding; in some cases it would cost an Indian fifty or seventy-five dollars to get a piece of land that might be worth twenty-five dollars; and where there was a large group of heirs, the total cost was practically prohibitive. By a little legal circumlocution, the Secretary of the Interior is now practically made a probate judge, qualified to decide who are the heirs of the deceased Indian and to apportion the estate.

We have also, in the regular Indian Appropriation Act, procured the passage of a little paragraph, which further amends the Dawes Law. The Dawes Law permitted the President, when satisfied that a certain Indian should have the period of trust on his allotment extended, to make such extension, but the phraseology left some room for miscon-

struction. Congress has now given authority to the President to extend the trust period substantially at will. That enables Indians, for instance, who are aged and feeble, or feel unequal to a struggle with the world, to have their trust period extended and be still under the protection of the Government up to their death. One of the worst things that we had to contend with under the old system, under which an Indian became a citizen from the time his patent in trust was issued to him, had to do with the liquor traffic. I know there are a great many who say: "Make your Indian a citizen. Let him buy all the whisky he wants, and drink all he buys, and all that anybody will give him; that is the quickest way of settling this whole question." It is the quickest way of settling the old Malthusian problem to let your child throw himself into the fire; nevertheless, you do put a screen around the fireplace and you do put out your hand when he is trying to burn himself. If he has already burned himself and done no worse, you are thankful for the lesson given him, but that does not encourage you to press him to try the experiment at any time and in any manner he chooses. The attitude of the administration toward the Indian in the matter of liquor is like that. We cannot prevent the physical act, on the part of an Indian, of drinking as much liquor as he chooses. Under the decision of the Supreme Court in the Heff Case we have no assurance that we can absolutely prevent an Indian allottee from drinking himself to death any time he wishes, or anybody from giving him as much liquor as he asks for, but we propose to throw all possible obstacles in the way. The amendment of the Dawes Act which keeps the Indian under Government control for the whole tutelage period of twenty-five years gives us an opportunity to try, at any rate, to strengthen his character against the approaches of the adversary.

A further step of progress has been taken in the matter of irrigation. The Indians in a large part of the arid West, of course, are totally unable to make their living on their own allotments unless these are brought under water, and in a good many cases water has to be conveyed so far and the expense of ditches, head gates, etc., is so great that the Indians have no means of getting water for their necessary uses unless the Government comes forward and helps them out. We have aimed to overcome a part of that obstacle by procuring the enactment of a law enabling an Indian who wishes to join a Water Users'

Association—that is a group of landholders who are to get water from one of the great reclamation projects of the Government—to sell such part of his land as may be necessary to pay the expense of membership, and thus to procure the water for what land he retains. Of course, looking at it in the abstract, and from the point of view of persons who know only the East, where water is so abundant, it seems a hardship to give an Indian one hundred and sixty acres of land, for example, and then say to him: "If you need to sell one hundred and twenty acres of this land in order to have the remaining forty acres irrigated, you may do so." This seems like saying to him, practically: "Throw away three-quarters of what the government has given you, or hand it over to anybody who will buy it, and try to live on forty acres." As a matter of fact, in an irrigated country where good soil abounds, forty acres is a deal more than a white man can take care of and certainly more than any Indian can with all the difficulties of irrigation. Anywhere from five to twenty acres is the limit of the ordinary white man's capacity for caring for land, in a place where the soil is so productive

that it will yield five or six crops of alfalfa in a year and where the water has to be brought on in the face of great difficulty, and has to be regulated in its distribution. The new law will practically enable every Indian who has allotment of soil larger than he can care for, to dispose of that part of it which he cannot possibly take care of, and get all the water necessary for the part that he can take care of. What this means in its fullness can hardly be appreciated by persons who are not familiar with the conditions of the arid West, but everyone in that part of the country will assure you it is a great advance for the Indian.

The big thing we are trying to do now in the way of an improved policy toward the Indian, is to push him out among white people and put him at work there. I have devoted a large part of this year's report to that subject. Last year I established an office in the Southwest which we may call, for want of a better term, an Indian Employment Bureau. A young man was put in charge of it, who is indomitable in his perseverance, and seems to be everywhere at once. When I was in the Southwest this year, I hardly boarded a train, morning, noon or night, that somewhere among the passengers did not pop this young fellow. He is moving all over that country, gathering an Indian here and

a group there, who want work, and finding work for them outside of the reservations, taking them to the spot, planting them there, and watching over them to see that they are properly treated and when they are sick are cared for or sent back to their homes. And he is looking after them in others ways, too. I seldom found him without a bundle of papers or magazines under his arm. He puts out the boys and young able-bodied men in groups wherever he can, because they act as a sort of incentive to each other, and as a rule work better in that way than singly; and wherever a group of these lads were in camp near a railroad embankment or an irrigation ditch, or whatever it might be, Mr. Dagenette, as he went by on the train, would go out on the platform with a "Hurrah, boys!" and throw them a bundle of papers and magazines. That gave them something to do in the evening beside gambling, which is the old way in which the same sort of Indians, when grouped together, used to spend their time. He has also, wherever it is possible, put his Indian laborers out in groups of such size that they could be cared for by a white overseer; and he has succeeded in inducing the various railroad companies and other concerns who employ Indian labor, to pay the salary of a good overseer. He has chosen for overseers men who have had experience with Indians, who have been superintendents and agents and teachers in our service, who know the traits of the Indians and how to get on with them, and whom the Indians themselves have learned to trust.

Now, the results of this experiment have been wonderful. We have had, all told, singly and in groups, nearly a thousand Indians of the Southwest out of the reservations and at work this season. Several hundreds of these have been in the Colorado beet fields. That is a line of work which appeals to the Indian very strongly and the young people can do their share of it just as well as the older ones; so we have had a large number of school-boys out among others, taking them there during their vacation and hiring them out, and they have come back sometimes one or two hundred dollars in pocket after paying expenses. And yet this thing has not been run on the philanthropic or benevolent basis, but on the pure basis of dollars and cents, just exactly as a private business would be, and with the same methods as would be used among white people. The Indians have been encouraged to save money; and in the case of a group of some forty odd

Navaho boys who came back to school bringing sixteen or seventeen hundred dollars of savings, they have been persuaded to spend their accumulations in a wise way. These Navaho boys will buy sheep, and the sheep will be placed in the care of their older relatives to be watched and herded, and the increase carefully protected, while the boys are still in school, and also next year while they are in the beet fields again. The result will be that not only will the boys have learned habits of industry which are certainly as valuable a part of their education as anything they could learn from books, but when they have reached the age of maturity, they will step into a business already prepared for them—and prepared, not by somebody else who hands it over to them as a gratuity, but by the fruits of their own hard work!

Work, I believe, is the key to the solution of what we called our Indian problem. I do not believe that any other key has been found, or ever will be found. "Easy come, easy go," is the rule with Indians generally in money matters. For that reason I have done nothing to encourage, but all that I could to discourage, the practice among Indian tribes of appealing for an opportunity to dig up some old claim under which the Government still owed them an extra pair of cotton socks, or something else of that sort, that has been agreed upon by an ancient treaty. I have known some who would go to any expense to revamp a claim that would mean perhaps a dollar apiece all around. They would come to me and appeal to me for help. "May not we hire an attorney? May we not engage a lobbyist to work this thing through? The Government owes it to us." "Your claim is for four thousand dollars. Now, how much will it cost you to prosecute it?" "So-and-so says he will do the job for \$500." Thus by degrees the net amount obtainable is reduced till finally it reaches a point where I can show them mathematically that it will mean one or two thousand dollars to a tribe numbering only about that many members. I try to laugh them out of their scheme in this way. I do not believe, any more than our distinguished chairman has shown in his paper this morning that he believes in the Government's repudiating any debt which it owes, legally or morally, to the Indian; but I do believe heartily in not encouraging the Indian to dig all the old scraps of obligations out of the dust-heap, at a greater expense than the obligation can ever repay when it is settled. I do not be-

lieve in that any more than I believe in encouraging the Government in holding back anything which it has agreed to give. I we have a duty to do on both sides of that proposition.

To show you how tenaciously Indians will sometimes hold on to a claim of the most profitless kind: The Oneidas of Wisconsin receive every year one thousand dollars as their share of a fund which has to be appropriated annually by Congress for a large group of Indians. The Oneidas number something over two thousand. The result is that a year ago, or possibly two years ago, the individual amount due to each of those Indians was forty-seven cents and a fraction; and yet there are Indians in that group who would travel twenty miles to the Agency and twenty miles back again, consuming perhaps two days and taking another day at the Agency to spend the money, for the sake of that forty-seven cents! That was money. That was something which was coming to them for nothing. It is like the case of the white man who will travel five dollars' worth on the railroad over some stretch of territory in which he has no special privileges, in order to use a fifty-cent free pass issued to him by the company further along. You have got to bring the Indian back—and bring him back with a sharp, quick turn—to the point where he will see the relations of these things to each other. I said to a group of Oneidas who had visited me last year: "Why not take the one thousand dollars which is coming to you every year in this way, capitalize it—that is, find out by a simple mathematical calculation how large a principle this would represent as interest at five per cent—say twenty thousand dollars; and then ask Congress to commute this annual payment into some form of substantial benefit which all the tribe can enjoy. You tell me you need a bridge over a chasm that separates your village from the Agency; why not get Congress to take such part of your money as may be necessary, and build you a bridge? You say that you want a gathering place, a sort of town hall in which to transact business; why not let Congress put up a good building for you out of this money. In short, why not get something of this sort that you will all enjoy, and which your posterity will continue to enjoy for an indefinite period of time, and save yourselves a journey and a waste of time every year to draw less than half a dollar in cash? Would not that be better?" They thought it would. They went back and talked it over; but in the end, as us-

ual, the old conservatives drew the whole proposition. No, they wanted their forty-seven cents! As the principle involved here is one of the things that we are trying to teach them, I do not purpose to let the matter drop, even with this tribe of Indians, merely because they have once asserted that they do not care to act on my advice. I purpose to keep talking and talking and talking—to keep up what Mr. Dana used to call the “incessant iteration”—until I have finally got a larger part of the tribe to understand just what I am trying to do; then, I think, their common-sense will come to the rescue, and we shall be able to get this gratuity commuted. Some other tribes have started considering a proposition of a similar character, and we hope by degrees to get all those odds and ends wiped off the annual appropriation bill.

Let me tell you of another thing I have been trying to do, but which has been blocked by some interest more influential than mine with the lawmakers. I refer to an effort to have certain industries—plain, common-sense business industries—established on the edges of reservations. I know a group of capitalists to-day who, the instant, that we can procure the legislation necessary for it, will step into one of our reservations in Montana and establish a two hundred thousand or two hundred and fifty thousand dollar beet sugar plant on its border; lease all the unallotted lands of the reservation that are capable of having water brought upon them, and bring water on at their own expense; lease all but the homesteads of the allotted Indians, and bring water there or improve the water facilities already there; import a group of first-rate white people, for whose character as well as everything else they will be responsible, and who are familiar with sugar beet culture; have these teach the Indians the art of raising beets for the factory at the edge of the reservation which will afford a constant market; and teach those Indians who wish to learn, the art of translating the beet into sugar. This plan is all ready, the instant Congress gives the word; but the difficulty arises right here. We have now a law which limits the leasing of Indian land for agricultural purposes for five years. No company in its senses will put two hundred or two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' capital into a beet sugar plant with only the assurance of being able to run it five years. What I have tried to induce Congress to do is to enable us, under

certain conditions, to lease for twenty years, as a twenty-year limit would not be a prohibitive bar. But of course, up comes the question of the Beet Sugar Trust. I suppose I am suspected of being its slave, because I am trying to get an occupation for the Indians which they can carry on at their own homes, which will result in the vast improvement of their lands, and which will leave them, when the manufacturers withdraw, in possession of a great deal more property than they started out with. At any rate, Congress withholds its consent thus far.

I have spoken already of what we are doing in the Southwest with our Employment Bureau; I ought to add that I am proposing to extend that work to the North just as soon as it is practicable to do so. We have one agent in the North already who has taken up the matter on his own account; he has a few Indians out on the railroads, who are making improvements in that neighborhood. I know the argument against this idea which arises in mind of the philanthropist who considers Indians simply as individuals and not as a race, and who looks at the Indian problem as a proposition of to-day rather than a proposition of the next one or two centuries. He will say: “Railroad gangs draw in a good many loose characters, and the Indian who works is one will be taught many bad habits that he would not learn if he stayed at home.” I venture to deny that. I have seen a great deal of reservation life, and the Indians learn just as many bad habits at home as abroad—nay, on the principle that “the devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,” they will learn vastly more at home, if they are unemployed, than they will ever get while working in a railroad gang. I do not suppose that railroad gangs are made up to a very large extent of educated and refined gentlemen who are out for philanthropic purposes, but they are made up of a hardy lot of men, who are forced to work for their living, who do not know where the next dinner is coming from unless they work for it—and that is the lesson the Indian has got to learn!

When anybody approaches me with the familiar argument, I always answer: “If this were merely a question of one Indian's being taught to drink, or one Indian's getting into other mischief, or one Indian's being taken away from his safe moorings and sent out into the world to battle with all the temptations and everything else thrown in his path, I might see something in it. If it

were a question simply of what is going to happen with the Indians in the next few years, I might agree with you. I might consent that we take our hands off, support and feed them, pauperize them, and let them go. But such is not the case. We are responsible not simply to the present generation, but to all posterity. We have got to think of what the Indian is going to be, not merely in this generation but in the next, and the next, and the next; and we have got to lay our course with reference to that. It is the only hope left to us. If we were to face the Indian proposition, as we find it to-day, with no thought of what would be the conditions a century hence, we should be utterly discouraged, because so large a proportion of the Indians are still in the most backward stage of the most important element of their civilization and education. But what we have to think of is, what we can do to-day to make to-morrow tell for good; and there is where the education of the Indian in industry is vastly more important than the question of whether, here, there, or elsewhere, one goes astray. We are sorry for that, but the wheels of civilization crush as many as they carry.

I have only one word more, and that is with regard to our schools. I do not want to be accused of being unfriendly to the higher education of the Indian because I do not encourage an increase of non-reservation schools and other institutions for the higher education. I was brought up in the old-fashioned notion that the education which the Government is bound to provide free should be limited to the simple branches which will fit a person for citizenship. I do deny that the fully educated man makes a better citizen if he improves all his opportunities, than the meagrely educated man; but I do believe that in education, as everywhere else, self-dependence plays a very important part. I would insist, and I intend to insist if it takes the whole army of the United States to back the demand, that every Indian child shall have a chance of which even his parents shall not be allowed to rob him, to get the rudiments of an education—what we know as the common school branches!

But when we get beyond that, I believe that a great deal should be left in the first place to the Indian's preference, which his natural aptitude will indicate, and then to his own efforts at struggling through. I should like, if I could, to have a small fund upon which I could draw in cases that seemed

particularly necessitous or deserving, to ease the path of some Indian boy who has been sent to a white college. I think if I could have from a number of persons the very generous gift which was made me by one lady who is present in this audience, I could do so. She gave me two hundred dollars to help an Indian boy through the scientific course at Dartmouth. If I could have a fund of the kind I suggest to draw upon in particularly pressing cases, I should like it. But I should put my foot down very decidedly upon the notion of shoveling the opportunities of the higher education into the laps of young men who are willing simply to sit still and accept them. An Indian boy wrote me the other day that he had entered a white college and was in some need of money, as he had been conditioned on a number of his entrance examinations and would have no opportunity to work those off and also do the manual labor necessary to earn the money to carry himself through, because he should have to spend all his leisure time working for his new examinations. I wrote him that he had better drop out a year, if necessary, or two years; and if he wanted to go on and make a six-year course in college, I did not believe the authorities would refuse him the privilege. If he took his freshman year at study, and the next year dropped out and worked with his hands to earn money for his sophomore year, I thought the authorities would rather encourage it than otherwise, and I certainly should be very glad to use my influence with them as far as it would go. But I thought that would be vastly better than some rich philanthropist to come in and present him with all he needed for carrying his education scheme through. This looks hard, but it is the hardness that we have to use in impressing certain points upon the Indian. The Government has, with the best of purposes I doubt not, done everything that it could to spoil some of the best raw material the country ever possessed; and now that the damage has been done so widely, we cannot escape all of it, but we may reduce it to a minimum, or just as far as we can by rigidly sticking to common-sense.

Dr. Lyman Abbott: Mr. Leupp has recognized the importance of ethical and spiritual impulse for the Indian. Will Mr. Leupp tell us what, in his judgment, can be done by Christian and philanthropic people in that line, in co-operation with or under the direction of the Government in its work.

Mr. Leupp: Mr. Chairman: I suppose already the various church organizations are doing all that they can do, and so far as I know, doing it as effectively as they can in the particular lines they have chosen, but I should like to move an amendment to those lines.

Dr. Abbott: That is what I want to hear, Mr. Chairman.

Mr. Leupp: I hope I shall not be accused of not appreciating the earnestness of purpose and the good intent generally of the churches that are in the Indian missionary field, when I say that when you approach the Indian with your Bible in one hand, bring something else in the other. Not a gift of the ordinary sort, not money, not clothing, not food; but give him something that will appeal to his reasons and start him thinking in the right way. The most successful missions I know of anywhere among the Indians are those which have begun either with a hospital or with a teacher of agriculture or other mechanical arts. Dr. Meserve will bear me out in saying that one of the best missionaries in the southwest is John Seger. Mr. Seger is an uneducated man who has never been trained to ministerial duties and anything of that sort, and I do not suppose he could make a speech if he tried, but he is a great, big, broad-shouldered, common-sense farmer, and has got down side by side with those Indians and taught them how to hold the plow, and how to sow their seed, and how to harvest the crop afterward, with the best results. If Mr. Seger came to them with a spiritual proposition, it would be founded on something that the Indian understands. In the same way, the most successful mission among the Navaho Indians to-day is the Protestant Episcopal Mission, which started with a hospital. The Indians discovered that if a man had broken his leg he could come there and have it set, or if it had to be amputated this would be done in a skillful way, and he would be furnished with a wooden leg that would help him out. And if he were sick, or if his children were sick, they could be brought there and treated, and treated successfully. Whenever an Indian has gone through such an experience he begins to ask himself: "Who are these people who are doing this? And why are they doing it?" And then of course, comes the very simple answer: "These are some good people who love you. Their religion teaches them to love you and all mankind. This is their way of showing their love for you." Then the Indian says, "This is

good medicine." The result is that every time the Bishop visits that Navaho Mission, he has a good sized class of converts to face; and they are not simply converts for revenue, they are really interested. They may not have absorbed the whole subject which has been laid before them; they may not be the masters of the gospel of Christianity; but they have grasped the one central idea of the love of one man for another, and the love of the powerful for the helpless, and that is really, when you have come to the bottom of it, the Christian religion pretty well summed up.

So I should recommend strongly that no missionaries be sent into one of these Indian fields who are no capable of carrying something with them that will appeal to the Indian, that will get down to the same level on which he stands, that will reach the Indian spiritually through his physical self. Though statistically other methods may show results, I do not believe that actually they show anything like the same results that those do which are founded on a simple, practical, physical proposition to start with. I am not sure, Dr. Abbott, whether I have given you full answer to your question. I do not know enough about the details of missionary organization to say whether some plan like the Y. M. C. A., or the starting of individual churches in the different reservations, would be best; but I do know the general principle, which I have studied out through many years familiarity with the Indian country, that if you can carry something to the Indian which he has not got already, and which he appreciates, he will stop and listen to you when you offer him something that is to affect him through other and devious channels.

Dr. C. F. Meserve: Will Dr. Leupp tell us in a word the ethical and religious instruction that is now being given in a large school like Haskell Institute?

Mr. Leupp: The policy which we are trying to follow in the spiritual and ethical field in the schools, is that of giving the various religious teachers the utmost freedom in meeting the children and teaching them. We are trying now a plan—and I believe that this is the first time anything has been said about it in public—for bringing our Catholic friends into regular communion with the Protestant denominations in the different schools, having the local priests take their turns in the regular succession of speakers to the children in the evenings, and giving the same freedom to them in carrying out

the particular rites of their religion that has been given to the ministers of other denominations. That has been, I may say, one of the difficulties we have had to encounter at every turn. We have now a provision by which an undenominational Sunday School shall be held for the children every Sunday morning, and a simple undenominational exercise every Sunday evening; that the children whose parents belong to or favor certain denominations shall be sent to churches representing those denominations, or that preachers from those denominations shall address the children and shall have access to them at any time to instruct them particularly. We maintain a general religious atmosphere in the schools. We try to make this as "non-partisan" as we can, just as we try to make the schools non-partisan in a political and every other sense. There has been one constant obstacle to progress in dealing with the children every Sunday morning, and a simple undenominational and Protestant ministers in many cases. Their friction has not always been outward; in public they have treated each other with severe civility; but we have known perfectly well what was going on underneath the surface, and we have discovered the outcroppings here and there.

About Albuquerque, New Mexico, where is one of our great non-reservation schools, there is a very large tributary contingent of Indians of the Catholic faith. Hitherto for some years we have had a good deal of trouble in that quarter, all arising out of an indisposition, I think, on the part of some of the school authorities to meet their Catholic brethren half way. Little obstacles were allowed to remain undisturbed which could have been moved without the sacrifice of a single shred of principle; but now we have got things upon a basis where the Catholic priest himself is advising the Indians to send their children to the school. He does everything he can to encourage it; and the basis upon which the denominations all meet is that there shall be no attempt at counter-proselytism on the part of the Catholics and Protestants—that each body shall be allowed to attend to their own fold.

Dr. William Hayes Ward: To what extent and with what advantage has the system been carried out of the names being given for the families and succession of property accordingly?

Mr. Leupp: We are making our largest ad-

vance in that direction among the Sioux nation, but we are also practicing it elsewhere. Of course, the names have given us more trouble than anything else because they are so confused. Here is an Indian known as Yellow Eagle, for instance, who has a daughter, perhaps born a number of years before we got things going in the regular order in which we have them now. When she becomes of school age she is sent somewhere to school. Perhaps her family names her Pretty Bird. She goes to a mission school, we will say of the Presbyterian denomination, and there they ask her what her name is. Reluctantly she admits that it is Pretty Bird, so they rename her Mary Smith, acting on the theory that Pretty Bird is pagan whereas Mary Smith is Christian. The child stays there for a while, until an emissary of the Protestant Episcopal school, we will say, goes after her and induces her to come over to that school for the next year. When she comes up for examination they ask her name and she says that she has none. "Didn't they name you at the other school?" "No." The poor child has probably forgotten. So she is again named, this time Lucy Jones. Then, possibly, the Methodist School gets hold of her a little later and brings her in and gives her the name Julia Robinson. When we come to look that child up for allotment it is a wonder that we do not give her three times as much land as any other Indian on the reservation; it is difficult to straighten out such a tangle.

We are endeavoring, in those family records which we are making in all the tribes, to begin at the bottom and give each Indian a name which somehow or other fits him. Instead of arbitrarily christening him John Smith, we find out that his real name is Yellow Eagle and we name him John Yellow Eagle. One of these days that name will become somewhat cumbersome, and the neighbors will reduce it to Yelleagle, or it may come down to Eagle; at any rate it will become sufficiently Caucasian after a time. Then we take his daughter, and, instead of calling her Pretty Bird or Mary Pretty Bird, we call her Mary Yellow Eagle. We try for a surname, which we wish to leave just as Indian as possible, to accept the name of the Indian in his language, whatever it may be—the Sioux, or the Kiowa, or the Ute. If it is too much of a mouthful we may chop off a redundant part of it; we may deal with it a trifle arbitrarily, but we aim to save all we can compatibly with reducing it to where ordinary tongues can com-

pass it. If the name in the original language is beyond use, we try to discover the English interpretation and use that as the surname; and when we are driven to the last extremity, we hit upon a name that will best approximate in a single word the meaning of the original. Thus, one Indian called, "Can't See Out Of His Eyes," I named John Blind, and his children will be William and Mary Blind. The enormous length of some Indian names arises partly from the fact that in so many of the native tongues there are no arbitrary titles for certain animals and birds, etc. For instance, I asked an Indian once what he called a mouse in his language. He struggled for some time to make me understand. After I had tried over and over again to pronounce the interminable series of syllables, I finally gave it up as a bad job, and asked him what the combination meant, literally translated. He answered: "A little gray animal with a long tail that chews with its front teeth." That gives you an idea of why the nomenclature of the Indians seems so jaw-breaking at times. It is because of their notion of being descriptive instead of arbitrary, that their titles for some of the common things in life have grown to this enormous length.

Rev. Paul DeSchweinitz: The Commissioner has told us that the Indians are now permitted to sell part of their lands in order to secure water rights. To whom do they dispose of the land?

Mr. Leupp: It is all done under supervision of the Secretary of the Interior. He sells it for the Indians to white settlers who will come in there and surround him, and who will be water users themselves. They buy the land then they mortgage it for the money necessary, if they are not able to raise this otherwise, so that they may become Water-Users.

Tonquen Noxie's Old Home.

Near Tonganoxie, Kans., is the old mansion of the Indian chief, Tonquen Noxie. Under his leadership a band of Delaware Indians in 1840 located nearly midway of the main route between Lawrence and Leavenworth and reared their wigwams.

The site of Tonquen Noxie's colony was a portion of the extensive track in Northeastern Kansas comprising a large part of the present counties of Leavenworth and Wyandotte, set aside by the government for the Indians. More than half a century before the

Delawares had lost their original domain in the beautiful Susquehanna valley and had moved North and Westward in advance of civilization. They thankfully accepted this land of promise, which was supposed to be their perpetuity. Under the wise tribal rule of Chief Tonquen Noxie they lived in indolent peace. Where nows stretches pasture, orchards and meadows they grew maize and tobacco and hunted. In the exaltation of the genial Kansas sunshine, on which there was at that time no county tax, they dreamed of the days when the Indian would come into his own again and the prestige of the pale face would become as anemic as his color.

But a stage line was established between Fort Leavenworth and the hamlet of Lawrence through the Indian reservation.

With stoical optimism Tonquen Noxie abandoned his log hut and built a frame house of materials brought from St. Louis. This became a tavern on the new road.

In 1863 the reservation was sold to the federal government, which in turn, gave it to the railroad company. At the polite suggestion of their white brethren, the Delawares packed their kettles and blankets and followed their will-o'-the-wisp, government grant, to the Indian territory, where they merged their tribal identity with the Cherokees. It is true that before they went, the sullen braves spoke bitterly and flashed their knives; but the counsel of Chief Tonquen Noxie prevailed and they accepted the inevitable in the white man's dictum.

Tonquen Noxie lingered in his tavern and died a year later, aged 70. His grave dignifies a secluded, bramble-grown corner of the John S. Richard's farm in Wyandotte county, Kansas.

To-day, down in the Washita mountains, copper-hued children tell of Tonquen Noxie, the Wise. The Cherokees believe that he still lives and that some day, like Frederick Barbarossa, he will return and lead his loved people into farther, greener fields.

Time and the weather have laid irreverent touch upon Chief Tonquen Noxie's bygone home. The fireplaces are gone and the windows are out. There is a belief in Tonganoxie that the spectral form of Tonquen Noxie has been seen pacing the rotten puncheons of his old tavern floor.—Kansas City Star.

Senior—"It's all over the school."

Freshie (excitedly)—"What is?"

Senior—"The roof, little one."—Ex.

A DESERT MEMORY.

BY HEN-TOH.

Lonely, open, broad and free, the dark'ning desert lies;
The wind sweeps o'er it fiercely, and the yellow sand flies.
The winding trail is hidden, ere the sand-storm has passed
With all its mad, wild shriekings, borne shrilly on its blast.

Are they fiends or are they demons that wail weirdly as they go,
Those hoarse and dismal cadences, from out their depths of woe?
Will they linger and enfold the lone trav'ler in their spell,
Weaving 'round him incantations, brewed and brought from their hell;

Bewilder him and turn him from the rugged, hidden trail,
Make him wander far and falter, and tremblingly quail
At the desert and the loneliness so fearful and so grim,
That to his fervid fancy, wraps in darkness only him?

The wind has spent its fierce wild wail,
The dark storm-pall has shifted
Forth on his sight the stars gleam pale
In the purpling haze uplifted.

And down the steep trail, as he lists,
He hears soft music stealing;
It trembling falls through filmy mists,
From rock-walls its faint echoes pealing.

Whence comes this mystic night-song with its rythm wild and free,
With its pleading and entreaty pouring forth upon the sea
Of darkness, vast and silent, like a tiny ray of hope
That oft-times comes to comfort when in sorrow's depths we grope?

'Tis the An-gu, the Kat-ci-na, 'tis the Hopi's song of prayer,
That in darkness wards off danger, when 'tis breathed on the air.
Over desert, butte and mesa, it is borne upon the night,
Dispelling fear and danger, driving evil swift a-flight.

NOTE—The An-gu or Kat-ci-na, is a song of the Hopi Indians; it is sung by the lonely night traveler to drive away the evil spirits that are supposed to be abroad in the darkness. It is something of a prayer to the Great Spirit to shield one from harm and danger.

This Wide, Wide World

Pen Pictures of Places, Persons and Populace

HOW A BRITON VIEWS IT.

The Americans fear the Japanese as their most dangerous commercial competitors in the commerce of the far east, and see in the extension of the political power of Japan the destruction of a present profitable trade of vast future possibilities. This fear is not local, but national. It is no greater on the Pacific Coast in the city of San Francisco, the natural entrepot of transpacific commerce, than it is in the cotton manufacturing section of the south or in New York, where California as well as the south is financed. Americans were vitally interested in the preservation of the integrity of China and the maintenance of the open door, not because they had the slightest concern in the politics of the far East, but because they wanted to enjoy a profitable market. There are cotton mills in the south whose output is marketed to China; there are concerns in San Francisco and New York which have for years carried on a heavy trade with China; there are American steamship lines running between American and Chinese ports. Since the conclusion of the war American merchants complain that they have been placed at a disadvantage; that Japan has given preferences to her own traders and has discriminated against American merchants; that the political power exercised by Japan over China foreshadows the time not far distant when Japan will have so completely monopolized the trade of the far East that it will be useless for Americans to compete.—London National Review.

CRAFTSMANSHIP WITH MACHINERY.

The invention of modern machinery is in itself a notable achievement of the true spirit of craftsmanship. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the inventor of a machine that is meant to do any particular work is himself a master of that work and has turned all his ability toward the finding of some means by which it may be more perfectly, as well as more easily, done. When rightly used, that machine is simply a tool in the hands of the skilled worker, and in no way detracts from the quality of his work. Almost anything that can legitimately be done by machinery can be done much

more swiftly, accurately and economically than by hand. Also, to use a good machine that runs well and does its work as if by magic affords fully as much pleasure to the worker as the most interesting hand work. It is simply the best means to attain a desired end, and his interest is in the work itself and the result he is trying to produce—not in the way he is doing it. Naturally, in making this statement I refer only to purely mechanical labor, where the quickest and most economical way of doing the thing required is just so much gained in time and strength. For instance, to use an illustration that is surely on my own ground, an expert carpenter or cabinet-maker will save much time that can be used to better advantage, and will lose nothing of the artistic quality of his work, if he makes use of the adequate modern machines for sawing, planing, boring, mortising, scraping, sand papering and otherwise preparing his material for use, instead of insisting that all these things be done by hand. It should be the privilege of every worker to take advantage of all the improved methods of working that relieve him from the tedium and fatigue of purely mechanical toil. For by this means he gains leisure for the thought necessary to work out his designs, and for the finer touches that the hand alone can give. So long as he remains master of his machinery it will serve him well, and his power of artistic expression will be freed rather than stifled by turning over to it work it is meant to do.—Craftsman.

THE FILIPINO AS A LABORER.

If properly managed, the Filipino is a fairly good laborer. He cannot be kicked and cuffed and cursed. Treat him roughly and it is only a matter of a few hours when his sister or his cousin or his aunt will be sick and he will have to hurry to her side. And that will be the last that boss sees of that Filipino.

The Filipino laborer needs efficient oversight. He needs more overseeing probably than most other laborers; but with the right kind of oversight he does much useful work, work good enough to offset the expense of supervision. The Manila Harbor works, representing an outlay of \$4,000,000, stands largely as a monument to Filipino labor wisely directed. The Natives engaged on that work were encouraged to bring their families with them, for the Filipino is a great lover of home and family. They had their brass

band, for they greatly enjoy music, and on Sundays they attended their cock-pits, which to the Filipino mean even more than does the baseball diamond to young America.—Henry C. Ide in *The Independent*.

LOST IN THE MAILS.

Extreme care in sending merchandise through the mails is emphasized by the sale of 124,000 undelivered packages just announced by the Post-Office Department at Washington.

Astonishing carelessness is evident from the fact that 52,000 articles were found loose in mail bags or without wrappers. Some 36,000 packages directed to foreign countries were unmailable because the senders failed to attach the customs required by postal agreements with other countries.

These figures represent a waste amounting to wild extravagance. If it were possible to estimate the value of the losses in money a very beneficial lesson would be impressed on a public probably grown careless through unparalleled opulence. That there is no excuse for such heedlessness is so plain that comment is superfluous.

The warning conveyed by the action of the postal authorities should at least have the effect of inducing people to use all their wits when they commit their savings and their good will to the burden of the mail.—*St. Louis Republic*.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT CARES FOR SAILORS.

The average sailor is not provident, and the unusual hardships of the life in the service and the increased chances of loss of health make a strong appeal for help. Under the Marine Hospital system the sailor is welcome to a comfortable home and to medical attention until he is able to return to work. The dread white plague has invaded the ranks of the sailors and an abandoned army post known as Ft. Stanton, and located in New Mexico, has been set aside for consumptive sailors. Victims of the disease are taken there from all the marine hospitals throughout the country. The reports from Ft. Stanton have been most encouraging as to the improvement of the health of the men. The post comprises thirty-eight square miles of land, which is well irrigated, and hay and garden produce are raised. Range cattle thrive and in time the Surgeon General hopes to make the sanitarium self-supporting. So great have been the inroads

of this disease on the lake sailors that the hospital at Chicago finds it necessary to maintain a tuberculosis ward, where the usual open-air treatment is given. This hospital is under the care of Doctor Bright Young and is the largest one of the service on the lakes and occupies a commanding position on the shore of Lake Michigan.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

THE EYE AS AN EDUCATOR.

The world is a great university. From the cradle to the grave we are always in God's great kindergarten, where everything is trying to teach us its lesson, to give us its great secret. Some people are always at school, always storing up precious bits of knowledge. Everything has a lesson for them. It all depends upon the eye that can see, the mind that can appropriate. Very few people ever learn to use their eyes. They go through the world with a superficial glance at things; their eye pictures are so faint and so dim that details are lost, and no strong impression is made on the mind.

The eye was intended for a great educator. The brain is a prisoner, never getting out to the outside world. It depends upon its five or six servants, the senses, to bring it material, and the larger part of it comes through the eye. The man who has learned the art of seeing things looks with his brain.—Orison S. Marden, in *Success*.

BENTON AND SLAVERY.

It has been commonly said that Colonel Benton was opposed to slavery in the abstract. I have no sufficient evidence of that fact in his own declaration or in the political history of the country to prove it. In this connection it should be said to the credit of Colonel Benton, and for the purpose of fixing his status upon the slave question, that he was an active participant in the work of Procuring the act of Congress authorizing the voters of the Missouri Territory to form a constitution recognizing the existence of slavery, that the members of the Constitutional Convention from St. Louis County were unanimously in favor of making Missouri a slave State. The provision prohibiting free persons of color from other States from entering or remaining in this State was his own work, written with his own hand.

This seems to me to be quite sufficient to disprove the above statement.—Judge Thomas J. C. Fagg in *Missouri Historical Review*.

SAID OF THE INDIAN'S WAY



Paint Marks on Indians' Faces.

"People in general have been content to look upon the Indian's adornment of his head with eagle feathers and his face with paint as marks of personal decoration, inspired by vanity and a savage taste, different only in degree from what is sometimes witnessed among highly civilized peoples," remarked a scientist of ethnology. "But the fact is," he continued, "that in reference to the latter custom, for instance, every paint mark on an Indian's face has a sort of heraldic meaning, implying not only the honors won by the brave in person, but representing also the claims of his family and race to distinction. In other words, what is shown among more cultured communities by coats of arms, orders and decorations, is depicted by the Indian on his face by means of pigments.

"Scientists of this bureau are now engaged among other novel investigations concerning the North American Indian, in compiling a record of the armorial, or, rather, facial, bearings of certain celebrated chiefs, and it is found to be fascinating work. One well-known warrior, for instance, will have his lip painted a copper red. This is found to indicate that his tribe was once in possession of huge mines of copper.

"Another individual will have his forehead adorned with a painting of a certain fish, thus implying that he or his people are famous for prowess in catching fish. The same distinguished person sometimes wears a disk of pearl in addition to his paint mask. This by its shimmering radiance and its form implies that he is descended from the moon in the sense that the goddess night is one of his ancestors.

"The fact that the Indian artist has no conception of perspective seriously handicaps the success of his pictorial efforts. Indeed, the Indian limner merely aims to show the most characteristic portion of the object he attempts to depict, unless he be a man of unusual attainments, in which case he divides, or dissects the subject of his picture and represents the whole by its parts, the latter being arranged entirely irrespective of the natural sequence, so that to properly understand a native Indian picture would require a course in a specialized branch of art criticism.

"The exceedingly arbitrary methods of the Indian artist render it difficult, if not wholly impossible, for any over but an expert to interpret the meanings of the pictorial representations.

"Thus, the animal's ears are invariably depicted above the eye on the human subject, the ears of the beaver being just above the eyebrows. On the cheeks are painted the paws in a position as they were raised to the mouth in a manner conventional in Indian carvings.

"The dogfish painted in red on the face designates the members of an entire tribe. On the foreheads of the members of this tribe is painted the long, thin, snout; the gills are represented by two curved lines below the eyes, while the tail is shown as cut in two and hanging from each nostril. Only one or two parts of an animal painted on an Indian's face indicates that he is of inferior position; the entire symbol, no matter in what form presented, is significant of lofty station and high honors.

"This facial heraldry of the Indians may be said to be unique not alone in the method of representation employed, but in the subjects selected. These latter include fish, flesh and fowl of all descriptions—dog salmon, devilfish, starfish, woodpeckers, ravens, eagles, bears, wolves, and frogs are comprised in the armorial gallery.

"Every object represented has its own particular significance and one of the most peculiar phases of face-painting relates to the employment of forms other than animal—tools, implements of the chase, of war, denoting the occupation of the individual or his tribe, etc."

Indians and Army Officers.

"The best friend the Indian ever had was the old-time regular army officer," said T. P. Montgomery, a cattle raiser of Miles City, Mont., the other day, "and incidentally the best friend the young cub officer just out of West Point ever had was the old-time Indian. I have lived in Montana, Nebraska, and Idaho, practically all my life and I saw and took part in many of the Indian campaigns of twenty and thirty years ago. During the Indian war I saw hundreds of things to prove to me the bonds of friendship existing between the boy officer and the wild old Indian, even when the latter was on the warpath.

"In the summer of 1876, about the time of Custer and the Little Big Horn, I was in

Montana. The Cheyenne Sioux were giving the settlers trouble and two troops of cavalry had been sent after them and were encamped on what is now my own ranch. The old officers at that time had a habit of sending out a lieutenant with three or four men on scouting expeditions. The young fellows, just out of the Point, would gallivant around the country, running down Indians and half the time not succeeding very well. During this Cheyenne outbreak this plan was followed, and a merciful Providence alone knows how near to death some of these young army fellows came.

"One old Indian told me afterward that he and a party of his scouts were in hiding one afternoon when a lieutenant and three privates rode by looking for them, and less than twenty yards from where the Indians were hidden. Did the Indians shoot? Of course not. They knew the young lieutenant—had probably swapped tobacco with him—and they allowed him to pass by unharmed.

"You will find in the west to-day that practically no prejudice exists against the Indian on the part of the old army officer, the officer who fought Indians on the plains in the sixties and seventies, when fighting was real fighting. Many of the officers, strange as it may seem, were adopted into the various Indian tribes, against some of which they were afterward compelled to fight."

There is no better authority on the real Indian than the old army officer. To him it has been given to know the red man as he is, and not as he has been painted. His good points, as well as his bad ones, have been made clear, and his language even, has been understood by some of the officers.

A real brotherhood has sprung up between officers and chieftains, and this relation will not be soon forgotten.

Crazy Snake Gives Up.

An old man, broken in spirit, the power over his own people slipping from him, Chitto Harjo, better known as Crazy Snake, has given up his fight against the inevitable and instead of fighting the Government he is now spending the closing years of his eventful life in trying to flee from that which he cannot prevent, the absorption of his home by white men and the adoption of the white man's customs to supplant those of his own people. Crazy Snake's real name is Wilson—Tom

Wilson. He is a full-blood Creek, a representative of the aboriginal Indian not only in blood, but by instinct. He has been the leader of the stolidly resentful Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes for five years, and be it said to his credit that, while he had a powerful following and his followers had implicit confidence in him, at but one time did he permit anything like an outbreak against the whites, and that was known as "the Creek War," in the winter of 1900-1901.

During this threatened uprising there was no one killed by Crazy Snake's band. There were two or three men killed, but it was done by persons not known to Crazy Snake.

To-day Crazy Snake, nearly 70 years old, has admitted that the white man must have this country, and he is now trying to dispose of all the land in the Creek Nation that is held by his followers, lead them to Mexico and colonize them there, where he believes they can live for at least a century in their natural primitive life, undisturbed by the white man. He is now nearing the three-score-and-ten mark, and if he succeeds in this last undertaking he must move swiftly.

Time Makes Wonderful Changes.

Saint Louis, Mo., Dec. 3, 1906.

Editor INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL: Having been over twenty years of my life on and around Indian reservations and as a physician having a great deal been brought in contact with several tribes of Indians, principally the Navajoes, Apaches, Yumas, Moquis, and other Pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico, as well as the Cheyennes and Sioux of the North West, I am greatly interested in the INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL, issued from the Indian Print Shop, Chilocco, Okla. I have carefully read every edition sent to my daughter, and was pleasantly surprised at the highly interesting and well edited articles of your publication.

The JOURNAL is as well gotten up as any published by Eastern publishing houses, the type is clean and well set and exceptionally free of typographical errors and every way equal to the best publications in the land and exceedingly creditable to the school and its able management.

Who would have dreamed, thirty years ago, of ever reading such a finely printed journal printed by Indians of the next generation! It speaks well for your corps of Indian teachers, and the boys themselves.

A. VON CLOSSMAN.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF INDIAN SERVICE CHANGES FOR DECEMBER.

CHANGES IN THE AGENCY SERVICE.

Appointments.

Bert Jones, blacksmith, Southern Ute, 720.
Sam K. Leming, asst. clerk, Seneca, 720.
John T. Wilkinson, stenographer, Union, 1,000.
Ellsworth Wilson, physician, Ft. Mohave, 1,000.
John R. Callaway, physician, Blackfeet, 1,000.
Geo. W. Murnane, asst. clerk, Leech Lake, 900.

Reinstatements.

Joseph Kuch, wheelwright, Uintah, 720.
Hugh H. Phelps, carpenter, Flathead, 720.

Transfers.

Louis A. Ebel, asst. clerk, Tulalip, 720, to issue clerk, Shoshone, 840.
Peter Graves, teamster, Leech Lake, 320, to teamster, Red Lake, 320.
Solon Jones, additional farmer, Pima, 60 mo., to asst. clerk, Pima, 360.
Joseph Roberts, blacksmith, Leech Lake, 600, to blacksmith, Red Lake, 600.
Alex Gurneau, blacksmith, Leech Lake, 720, to blacksmith, Red Lake, 720.
Marie Johnson, asst. matron, Salem, 540, to field matron, Hoopa Valley, 720.
J. R. Collard, physician, Leech Lake, 1,200, to physician, Red Lake, 1,200.
George Likins, industrial teacher, Leech Lake, 600, to farmer, Green Bay, 720.
Robert E. L. Daniel, asst. clerk, Leech Lake, 900, to asst. clerk, Red Lake, 900.
Mabel E. Lancaster, patent office, Washington, D. C., to stenographer, Ponca, 720.
Charles C. Van Kirk, physician, Ft. Mohave, 1,000, to physician, Fort Apache, 1,100.

Resignations.

Mary E. Perry, clerk, Navajo, 900.
Juan Thomas, asst. clerk, Pima, 360.
John F. Lane, farmer, Green Bay, 720.
H. B. Dunlap, farmer, Ft. Mohave, 720.
Harry E. Cain, engineer, Ft. Peck, 720.
Felix Bear Cloud, asst. farmer, Crow, 400.
John Downs, logger, Round Valley, 60 mo.
Amos Morgan, blacksmith, Ft. Peck, 720.
Felix Barnaby, carpenter, Flathead, 720.
A. C. Stohr, farmer, Tongue River, 840.
Wesley Hoxie, sawyer, Round Valley, 75 mo.
John Monasmith, wheelwright, Uintah, 720.
Don O. Collins, carpenter, Standing Rock, 780.
Charles Maupin, farmer, Cheyenne River, 500.
Estelle M. Armstrong, asst. clerk, Seneca, 600.

Wm. H. Todd, physician, Albuquerque, 1,000.
Chester A. Jones, clerk, Chicago Warehouse, 1,000.
Wm. Ayze, asst. clerk, lands withdrawn from sale, etc., 400.

Appointments—Excepted Positions.

Tawk, teamster, San Juan, 400.
Nick Lee, teamster, San Juan, 400.
Benj. Hillside, apprentice, Crow, 300.
John Stout, teamster, Leech Lake, 320.
John Morgan, line rider, Blackfeet, 30 mo.
Peter King, carpenter, White Earth, 480.
Oliver Racine, line rider, Blackfeet, 30 mo.
Harris Connor, harnessmaker, Kiowa, 360.
Effie MacArthur, financial clerk, Pala, 500.
Mary Jane Bonga, cook, White Earth, 480.
Lonia F. Harrison, financial clerk, Navajo, 600.
Vacit Celia, Custodian of Antiquities, Zuni, 480.
Frank Sears, additional farmer, Fort Berthold, 50 mo.
Charley Day, additional farmer, Western Navajo, 35 mo.
Abraham Holmes, additional farmer, Grande Ronde, 360.
Walter M. McNeil, additional farmer, Tongue River, 60 mo.

Resignations—Excepted Positions.

Hart Schultz, line rider, Blackfeet, 360.
Jno. Morgan, line rider, Blackfeet, 30 mo.
Lizzie Charette, cook, White Earth, 480.
Lewis, Custodian of Antiquities, Zuni, 480.
Hostelle Thompson, teamster, San Juan, 400.
William Washburn, teamster, San Juan, 400.
Robert Blakely, teamster, Leech Lake, 360.
Michael Piper, additional farmer, Crow, 60 mo.
Rebecca M. McArthur, financial clerk, Pala, 500.
George Richards, carpenter, White Earth, 480.
John McLeod, additional farmer, Hoopa Valley, 60.
Albert J. Nelson, physician, Coeur d'Alene, 600.
Isadore Obergfell, additional farmer, Ft. Peck, 60 mo.
Burmister, Floyd A., additional farmer, Pima, 65 mo.
Wm. S. Wright, additional farmer, La Pointe, 65 mo.
Martin R. Shuler, additional farmer, Truxton Canon, 60 mo.

Appointments—Unclassified Service.

Chief Pipe, laborer, Fort Belknap, 360.
James Pombrun, laborer, Blackfeet, 360.

Edward Billedeaux, laborer, Blackfeet, 360.
Jno. Deloria, hospital laborer, Cheyenne River, 360.

Elizabeth E. Gates, assistant matron, Sherman Institute, 600.

Resignations—Unclassified Service.

Buffalo, laborer, Crow, 480.
Earl Evans, laborer, San Carlos, 360.
Mike Little Dog, laborer, Blackfeet, 360.
Philijo Blakely, laborer, Leech Lake, 360.
Wood Nashozey, laborer, San Carlos, 360.
Enemy Boy, laborer, Fort Belknap, 360.
Daniel Bull Plume, laborer, Blackfeet, 360.
Berney Christopher, laborer, Canton Asylum, 480.
William Jefferson, hospital laborer, Cheyenne River, 360.

CHANGES IN THE SCHOOL SERVICE.

Appointments.

Sam Boyle, teacher, Uintah, 600.
Belle Smith, teacher, Phoenix, 660.
Wm. L. Cahill, clerk, Mescalero, 900.
Effe C. Coe, matron, Havasupai, 600.
Louise C. Lindsay, teacher, Pima, 600.
Goldie E. Cole, laundress, Uintah, 500.
Jennie A. Cooper, teacher, Morris, 600.
Anna W. Phelps, teacher, Phoenix, 600.
S. C. Campbell, carpenter, Klamath, 720.
Jas. H. Robenolt, teacher, Yankton, 660.
Geo. Richards, carpenter, Hayward, 600.
Olive M. Huffman, teacher, Yainax, 600.
Ada H. St. John, matron, Green Bay, 500.
Olive V. Wisdom, laundress, Cantonment, 400.
Laura F. Berchenbriter, nurse, Phoenix, 720.
H. Lewis Fisher, teacher, Pine Ridge, 600.
Adda M. Everett, cook, White Earth, 540.
Lucy J. Barlow, teacher, Fort Mohave, 600.
Kate S. Harvey, seamstress, Chamberlain, 540.
Mary O. Skipton, assistant seamstress, Salem, 400.
Winifred Shewmaker, laundress, Sac & Fox, Ia., 450.
Jas. S. Kelly, industrial teacher, Fort Berthold, 660.

Reinstatements.

Cordelia Gallier, cook, Lemhi, 500.
W. W. Ewing, teacher, Pierre, 540.
Lizzie Gotwals, cook, Rapid City, 500.
Bertha J. Dryer, teacher, Flandreau, 600.
Hattie B. Parker, laundress, Santee, 420.
Mary Hilb, assistant matron, Puyallup, 500.
Nora Granger, seamstress, Western Navajo, 540.
Nettie H. Lewis, housekeeper, Warm Springs, 300.

Transfers.

Chester E. Faris, clerk, Wittenberg, 720, to clerk, Ft. Mohave, 900.
Earl W. Allen, clerk, Fort Lapwai, 1,000, to supt., Red Lake, 1,000.
Oscar H. Lipps, supt., Wapeton, 1,500, to supt., Ft. Lapwai, 1,600.
Leonidas L. Goen, teacher, Genoa, 720, to principal, White Earth, 840.
Addie E. Beaver, teacher, Phoenix, 720, to teacher, Albuquerque, 600.
Eliz. A. Hall, laundress, Moqui, 540, to laundress, Colorado River, 600.
Jas. C. Clifford, supt., Tongue River, 1,500, to supt., Wapeton, 1,500.
J. S. R. Hammitt, teacher, Haskell, 900, to prin. teacher, Santa Fe, 1,000.
Jno. R. Eddy, clerk, Tongue River agency, 1000, to supt., Tongue River, 1,200.
Geo. E. Mueller, teacher, Fort Totten, 600, to teacher, Ft. Totten day, 72 mo.
Daisy Young, laundress, Pottawatomie, 420, to laundress, Western Navajo, 420.
Lucien M. Lewis, farmer, Warm Springs, 720 to teacher, Simnasho day, Ore., 600.
Alfred W. Skinner, wagonmaker, Phoenix, 750, to blacksmith, Albuquerque, 840.
Edwin G. Paine, industrial teacher, San Juan, 720, to industrial teacher, Greenville, 600.
George Hill, industrial teacher, Winnebago, 600, to industrial teacher, Fort Belknap, 600.
Violetta B. Nash, assistant matron, Tongue River, 420, to assistant matron, Oneida, 400.

Resignations.

Anna Daley, cook, Tohatchi, 540.
Jennie Gray, matron, Osage, 660.
Emma Flake, teacher, Haskell, 540.
Carrie H. Watson, matron, Kaw, 500.
Abba L. Morrill, cook, Kickapoo, 360.
Jean M. Blish, matron, Red Moon, 400.
Wm. R. Chipley, printer, Phoenix, 720.
Geo. W. Morton, mason, Chilocco, 720.
Carrie E. Beers, teacher, Yankton, 660.
Mattie E. Hammack, cook, Ponca, 480.
James W. Jones, farmer, Jicarilla, 600.
Geo. D. Scifres, farmer, Red Moon, 600.
Alice L. Nolan, nurse, Fort Mohave, 720.
Ida Greer, laundress, Sac & Fox, Ia., 450.
Mary R. Stringer, laundress, Uintah, 500.
Rosa Baker, baker, Rainy Mountain, 360.
Emma D. White, teacher, Fort Sill, 660.
Lulu E. Gigax, cook, Grand Junction, 500.
J. Thomas Hall, supt., Grand River, 1,200.
Sarah J. Werner, matron, Rosebud, 600.
Carson M. Surtus, teacher, Nambe, 72 mo.
Sarah D. Hall, laundress, Colorado River, 600.
Jno. A. Cole, industrial teacher, Santee, 600.
Sadie E. Newcomer, teacher, Carlisle, 720.

Louis C. McDonald, farmer, La Pointe, 720.

Jos. M. Campbell, engineer, Agricultural 720.

Sara J. Porter, teacher, Grand Junction, 540.

Pearl McArthur, teacher, Rice Station, 720.

Margaret E. Sharp, teacher, Winnebago, 540.

Luetta Rummel, teacher, Chamberlain, 720.

Jessie W. Cook, teacher, Chamberlain, 720.

Roger W. Bishoff, disciplinarian, Seneca, 720.

Charles F. Werner, superintendent, Rosebud, 1200.

Wm. H. Hadley, carpenter, Grand Junction, 720.

John Crowley, industrial teacher, Pipestone, 660.

Anna M. Coady, assistant matron, San Juan, 500.

J. Frank Miller, engineer, Truxton Canon, 900.

Ella W. Hendrickson, seamstress, Chamberlain, 540.

Michael J. Gumbriell, assistant carpenter, Carlisle, 720.

Jessie Ranson, assistant seamstress, Chilocco, 540.

Bessie M. Powell, assistant matron, Fort Mohave, 500.

America J. Seccombe, assistant matron, Arapahoe, 420.

Samuel E. Greer, industrial teacher, Sac & Fox, Ia., 600.

Thomas C. Ivins, industrial teacher, Greenville, 600.

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

Appointments—Excepted Positions.

Alice Vina, nurse, Ft. Peck, 500.

Paul C. Luna, baker, Phoenix, 540.

Hattie Smith, laundress, Bena, 400.

Ella Beck, cook, Southern Ute, 480.

Lou B. French, baker, Hayward, 400.

Scott J. Porter, fireman, Carlisle, 420.

Charles E. Larsen, asst. discip., Salem, 500.

Libbie C. Light, financial clerk, Hayward, 600.

Peter Dupree, nightwatchman, Ft. Peck, 400.

Madge Townsend, matron, Ft. Bidwell, 500.

Aldine Tonsey, housekeeper, Stockbridge, 30 mo.

Ayche Sarracino, housekeeper, Seama, 30 mo.

Edmund N. Ham, financial clerk, Kickapoo, 660.

Kate A. Jones, laundress, Wild Rice River, 400.

Mary M. Bear, housekeeper, Ft. Peck day, 30 mo.

Alice M. Mueller, housekeeper, Fort Tot-

ten day, 30 mo.

Resignations—Excepted Positions.

Mary DePoe, teacher, Siletz, 600.

Lucy C. Bonnin, cook, Uintah, 500.

Xavier Cawker, tailor, Santa Fe, 600.

James McAdam, gardener, Shoshone, 480.

Amelia E. Clark, laundress, Ft. Sill, 480.

Charles C. Dillon, blacksmith, Carlisle, 720.

Otilla Reagan, housekeeper, Quilete, 300.

Julia R. Shepherd, seamstress, Pipestone, 540.

Stacy Matlack, asst. disciplinarian, Carlisle, 600.

Mark Quashera, laundress, Western Navajo, 480.

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

Minerva Kusler, housekeeper, Rosebud day, 30 mo.

Charity J. Cracraft, housekeeper, Seama day, 30 mo.

Maggie Otterman, housekeeper, Rosebud day, 300.

Grachia Osborn, asst. matron, Western Shoshone, 400.

Appointments—Unclassified Service.

Gustave Toble, laborer, Bena, 500.

John J. Quinn, laborer, Pierre, 480.

Lincoln Robertson, laborer, Santee, 420.

Resignations—Unclassified Service.

Alfred Long, laborer, Pawnee, 400.

Andrew J. Folks, laborer, Otoe, 480.

Geo. T. Hodges, laborer, Genoa, 500.

Frank H. Young, laborer, Santee, 420.

Benj. Cornelius, laborer, LaPointe, 480.

The Old Silver Dollar.

How dear to our hearts is the old silver dollar, when some kind subscriber presents it to view—the liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things that to us seem so new; the wide spreading eagle, the arrows below it, the stars and the words with the strange things they tell. The coin of our fathers! We're glad that we know it, for sometime or other 'twill come in right well—the spread eagle dollar, the star spangled dollar, the old silver dollar we all love so well.—Masonic Journal.

Little Fred—Papa, didn't I hear you say to the minister at dinner that you didn't believe in future punishment?

Papa—Yes, my son.

Little Fred—Then I s'pose that lets me out of the lickin' you promised me after supper, doesn't it?—Chicago Daily News.

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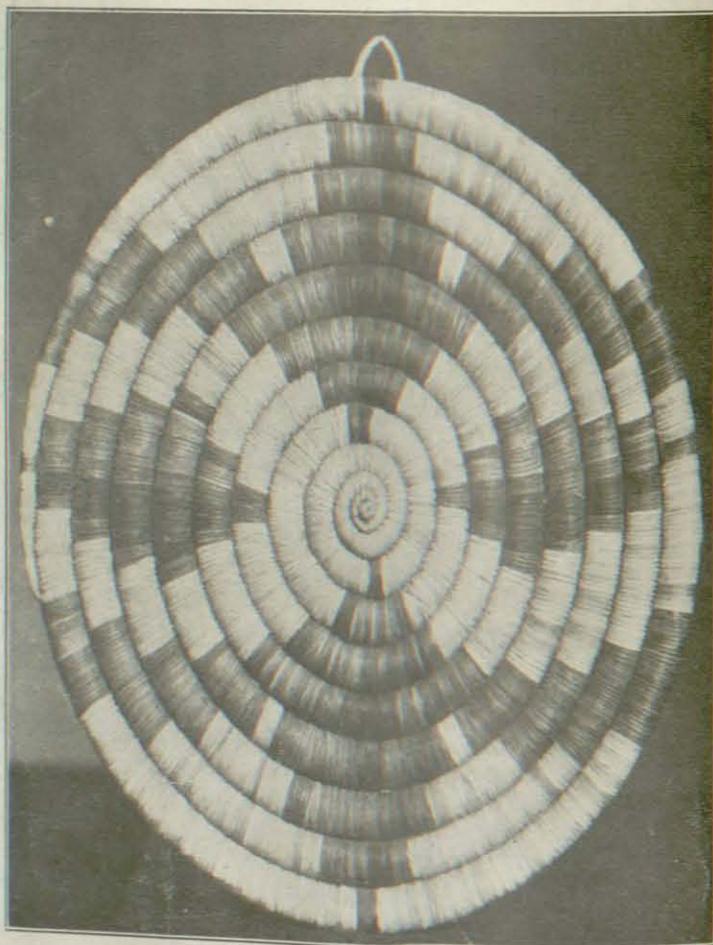
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