
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 MARCH 1907

NUMBER FIVE

CONTENTS:

The Foot-Path to Peace—Henry Van Dyke—Selected	9
Indian School Views—Students' Class in Laboratory at the Carlisle School	10
The Indian as a Laborer—Illustrated—By J. W. Reynolds	11
Evolution of the Indian—A Clipping	13
Indians at Festival—By August Wolf	14
Indian School Views—The Stone Quarry at the Chilocco Agricultural School	16
The Lac du Flambeau School—By Supt. John Flinn	17
The Black Hawk War Period—Illustrated— <i>Detroit News-Tribune</i>	20
The Vanishing Race—Article III—Illustrated—By George C. Smithe	25
Indian School Views—Looking South From Haworth Hall, Chilocco	28
The Indian as a Trailer—Special Correspondence	29
Origin of the Indian—By J. P. Dunn	31
Let Us Smile—Poem—Selected	32
Tah-Seh-Tih's Sacrifice—A Story of Indian Boyhood—By Hen-Toh, Wyandotte	33
Indian School Views—The Band Stand Erected by Pupils at Chemawa	39
Indian Qualities That Should Be Preserved—By F. B. Riggs	40
The Flight of Sitting Bull—Cy Warman in <i>K. C. Journal</i>	41
A Sketch of Pocahontas— <i>Chattanooga Times</i>	45
Leupp Indian Art Studio at Carlisle	48
A Voice—By George E. Bowen	50
Oklahoma Indians as Cotton Pickers—Newspaper Dispatch	51
Indian School Views—Hospital at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas	52
In and Out of the Service	53
This Wide, Wide World—Compiled for THE JOURNAL	55
Educational Department—Articles and Suggestions for Teachers	57
The News at Chilocco	66
Official Report of Changes in the Indian Service for January	69

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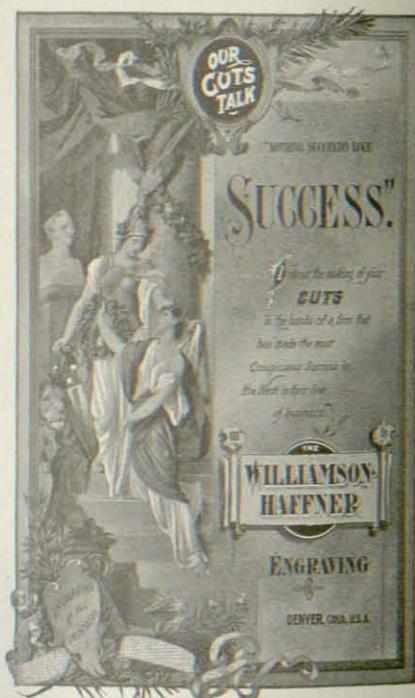
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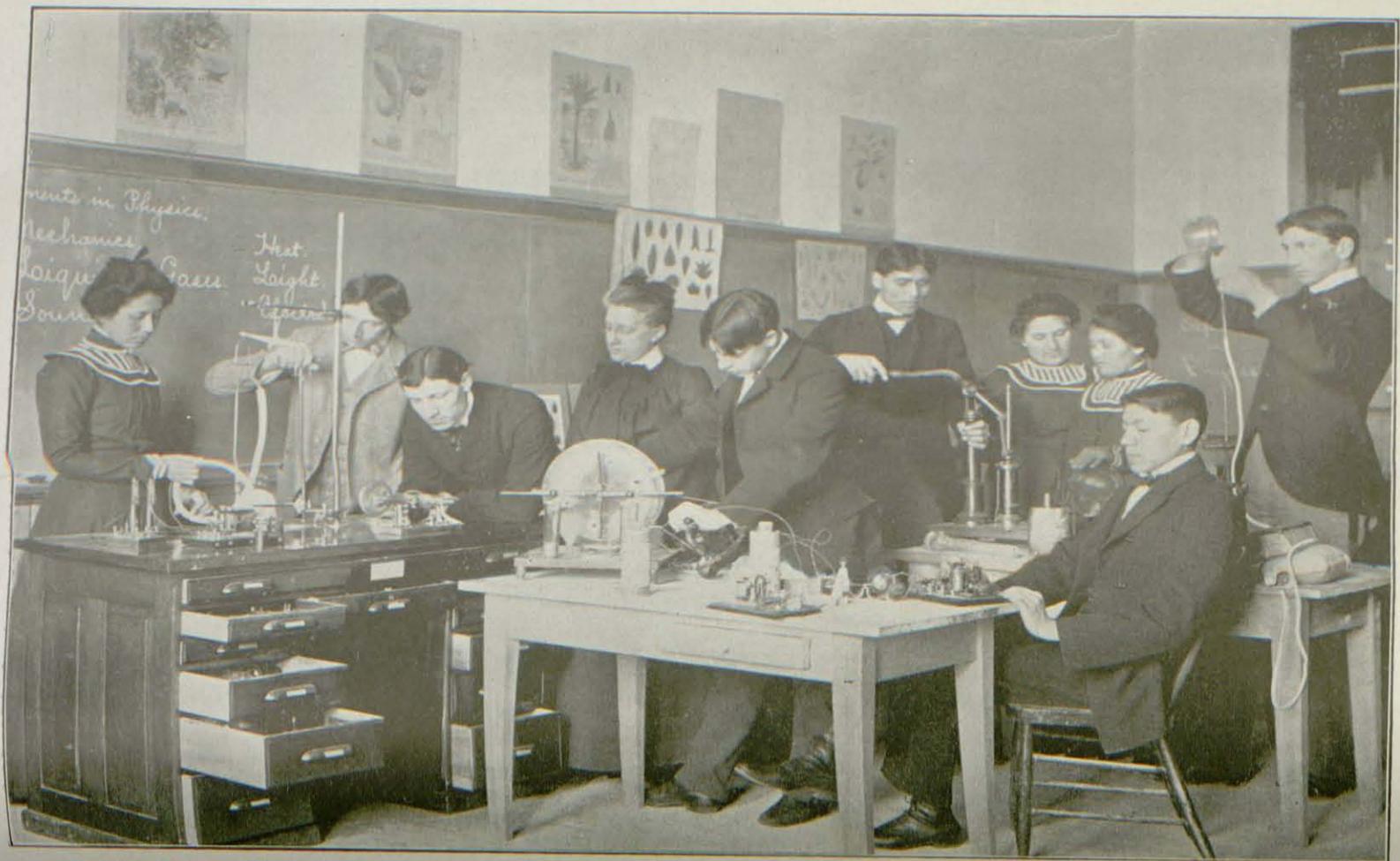
OKLAHOMA CITY, U. S. A.

THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE



TO BE glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with soul, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.



INDIAN SCHOOL VIEWS—STUDENTS' CLASS IN LABORATORY AT THE CARLISLE SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

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THE INDIAN AS A LABORER

BY J. W. REYNOLDS

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE enterprise of getting the Indians of the southwest into the field as day laborers has passed beyond the experimental stage and become a fact of accomplishment.

It is the purpose of this paper to summarize the work done along this line in 1906, and to give the readers of the JOURNAL some idea of the value of this work to the public and to the Indian.

One of the difficulties, if not the the chief difficulty, in this work has been to overcome the natural suspicion which the native American of the southwest entertains toward his white brother—a suspicion which has been enhanced rather than allayed by his previous contact with him.

When trying to secure Hopis and Navajos for work on the Santa Fe Railway the writer had to combat rumors like the following, which had been circulated by medicine men and others whose interests lay in keeping the Indians in a state of ignorance:

“It is the intention to get you away from the reservation and make you fight in the war that is now going on down in Mexico.”

“You will be taken out and put to work, but you will not get any pay, and you will be taken so far from the reservation that you will never get back to it.”

In spite of these and other silly and malicious tales, thirty-four school boys and eleven adults went from this reservation to labor through the beet thinning season at Rocky Ford, Colo., and a little later fifty adults were induced to go to Williams, Arizona, to work on the Grand Canon Railway.

In all, 453 Indians were employed at Rocky Ford, in the spring. These, with the exception of a large contingent from the Chilocco Agricultural School, were gathered from the schools and pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona. Their earnings in the two months through which this season extended were a little over \$30,000.

On the sixteenth of April enough laborers had been secured to start an Indian Extra Gang on the Grand Canon Railway, and by the twentieth of June there were enough more to form a second gang, each gang comprising about 100 laborers.

These laborers were gathered from



INDIANS UNLOADING ROCK AT SALTON SEA INLET.

the Moqui (Hopi) and Navajo reservations, the pueblos of Laguna, Isleta and Acomita, and from the training schools at Albuquerque, Phoenix and Riverside.

The work here consisted of raising track, inserting ties, ballasting, etc., and the Indians did it very well—in fact, the foreman expressed a decided preference for them as compared with other laborers.

The earnings, from the time of organization until September 1st, were about \$23,000.

At this time, after returning all pupils to their respective schools, the remainder, about 100 in number, were moved to the main line of the Santa Fe west of Albuquerque, N. M., and are still employed in that division. They have earned to date (January first) close to \$9,000.

Another project that has given employment to a great many Pimas, Papagoes and Yumas, has been the work of trying to force the Colorado

River back into its old channel. The California Development Company has had to depend almost entirely on these tribes for its supply of day laborers. This work was carried on during the summer with the temperature ranging from 110 to 125 degrees in the shade, which, to any one "not to the manor born," was simply insufferable. Yet these Indians labored faithfully all through the summer till the first break was finally closed.

Since the recent break this company has asked for all the Indians it can get, and there are now over 250 employed there, at a wage of \$1.92½ cents per day of ten hours.

The total earnings here for the six months from July first to December thirty-first were \$52,300.

On the Government dam across the Colorado River, fourteen miles above Yuma, Indians were employed during the first four months and last two months of 1906, earning about \$12,000.

Apache Indians earned over \$60,000

in the rebuilding of the Gila Valley, Globe & Northern Railway, and have also been at work, in large numbers, on the Salt River Irrigation project, while Zunis and other pueblo Indians have been employed on the irrigation project at Blackrock, N. M.

readily adaptable to the work required of unskilled labor.

They are, however, prone to homesickness and are supersensitive, though these traits will do doubt be gradually overcome. They are handicapped by their lack of knowledge of English,



INDIAN LABORERS ON GRAND CANON RAILWAY, VALLE, ARIZONA.

To sum up, I should say that the Indians of the southwest have earned at least \$250,000 during the year, and that 1907 gives promise of a substantial increase in both the number employed and their earnings.

Such Indian laborers as have come under my personal observation I have found to be faithful and diligent and

many of them speaking no English and but little Spanish.

There can be no doubt as to the practical benefit to the Indian of this enterprise. It widens his horizon, brings him in closer contact with civilization, and cannot but be a very important factor in his education for citizenship.

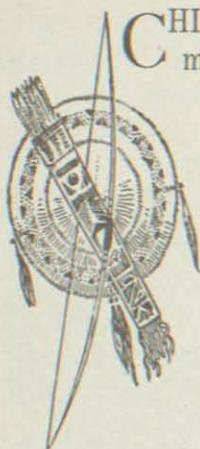


THE EVOLUTION OF THE INDIAN

One of the amusing sights in Muskogee is that of a full-blood Creek Indian purchasing some of those fancy Indian war clubs, moccasins, bow and arrows, and beaded leggins, made by the native savages of New Jersey.—*Muskogee* (I. T.) *Phoenix*.

INDIANS AT FESTIVAL

BY AUGUST WOLF



CHIEFTAINS, medicine men and braves of every tribe in the Pacific Northwest has been invited to the great Indian council and spring festival, which will take place near Agatha, at the headwaters of the Clearwater river in northern Idaho, the last 10 days in March, when it is expected to eclipse the annual medicine dance just closed as Juliaetta, where Peter Mox Mox, head man of the Nez Percés, was the host. Preparations are being made to entertain several hundred men prominent in the councils of their tribes at the feast, at which arrangements will be made for the last big game hunt prior to the opening to settlement of the Coeur d' Alene reservation of 500,000 acres in northern Idaho and the Colville reservations of 1,500,000 acres in eastern Washington. It is expected that a number of white sportsmen will be invited to participate in the hunt, which will extend from the wilds of north Idaho, through several counties in eastern Washington to the boundary country, where big game is reported to be plentiful this year.

The celebration at the Mox ranch, at which the preliminary plans for the hunt were outlined, was the most pretentious yet attempted by the Nez Percés. As a prelude to the medicine dance there were tribal sports and pastimes followed by the various minor dances. Then came the feast, at which the chief item was a barbecued

ox, and when this was concluded the host and his guests took part in the war dance. This was followed by the Brok and Brok peace dance following the making of a treaty. In the evening the Dookahwon, a dance of the Nez Perce tribe, was performed. It continued about an hour, when the order suddenly changed to the Puget Sound Indians' dance, called Saledge. This ended the festivities for the evening and the next day was spent in the medicine dances. This order continued through the festival.

The costumes, in which the dancers arrayed themselves, were gaudy and expensive, being made of beads and fancy cloths and leather, while the headgear and decorations were of elk teeth, bears claws and feathers, arranged to show the tribal standing of the wearers. The dress of the head medicine man is the most elaborate, being made of perfectly matched beads on rich cloth with bright feathers as headgear.

The dances were interesting, the Indians keeping perfect time to the war songs and moving in unison till it seemed as though they were images moved by mechanical force. The dances were carried on without a noticeable movement of the muscles of the men's faces, and it was impossible to tell from the expression whether they felt the effects of the long continued and involved gyrations, the old men seeming as fresh at each new dance as the youths.

The medicine dance was the most interesting and was the only one the Indians were able to give a clear explanation of. The dance comes from the ancient belief that when a

THE LAC DU FLAMBEAU SCHOOL

BY SUPT. JOHN FLINN

THE Lac du Flambeau Indian Boarding School is beautifully located on Roosevelt Peninsula, in Vilas county, Wisconsin. The peninsula is surrounded by three large lakes, namely, Long Lake, Flambeau Lake and Pokegama Lake. These lakes are from two to three miles in length and from one and a half to two miles wide.

There are four hundred and eighty acres in the school farm, of which about one hundred acres are under cultivation. The school plant consists of the following buildings: The main building or Girls' Home, the Boys' Home, School House, Domestic Science building, Club House, Hospital, Laundry, Boiler House, Cold Storage, Carpenter Shop, Blacksmith Shop, Barn and numerous other minor buildings. This summer, a large dairy barn, a double employes cottage and a single employes cottage will be erected. The superintendent has a large, comfortable cottage for his residence.

The buildings are heated from a central heating plant by steam. The buildings, shops, barns and grounds are supplied with electric lights. An excellent water system furnishes good, pure water from one of the large lakes. The buildings are supplied with toilet rooms and bath, so that none of the modern improvements are lacking. Large, noble pine trees scattered about the school grounds furnish pleasant shade in summer, while the lakes furnish an abundance of fine fish that can be had for the trouble of taking them from the water. This is really the most beautiful site for a school in the Service that the writer has ever seen.

The enrollment for the current year

is the largest in the history of the school. Practically every child on the reservation of school age and physically fit is in school. The enrollment has reached 212, and it is intended to increase the attendance next year to 250 by taking in some pupils from neighboring reserves.

The school is graded similar to the common schools of the state of Wisconsin. The plan being to put this school on the same basis as the state public schools. This year the Eight Year, or grade, has been added to the course thus making the course complete as compared with the Common School Course of the State.

We have a graduating class this year composed of two young men who will complete the prescribed course and will receive a diploma to that effect. This is the first graduating class in the history of the school. I think the school was established in 1895. A new departure, for this school at least, was put in practice this year. Instead of detailing all the boys and the girls to the various departments and changing the details every month as had been done heretofore, a certain number of apprentices were assigned to each department for the entire year. These apprentices are to remain in the department to which they have been assigned for three years, or until they have learned the trade taught in that particular department. We now have apprentices in the following departments: Blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, paint shop, hospital, engineer's department, farm, and sewing room.

We conduct a cooking class for the girls in order to teach them how to cook

for a family. We also have classes in bead work, fancy needle work, and mending.

The Chippewa children are exceptionally bright and quick to learn and it is a pleasure to work with them.

It may be of interest to your readers to know how we "put in the time" at this school. Well, here is the "time table" for one week: Winter months—Monday, rise at 6 a. m., breakfast at 7, work call at 7:30, school call at 8:30, then keep on "*a going*" until 5 p. m. with an intermission of one and a half hours at noon. At 7:00 p. m. the Good Templars Lodge meets in school chapel. Have about 50 members at present composed of pupils and people from the town of Flambeau. Just organized the lodge January 5th last; will have a hundred members soon. Same routine on the remaining five weekdays except the evening sessions which are as follows: Thursday evening Longfellow Literary Society, Wednesday evening, Song practice. Thursday evening Band practice. Friday evening socials and games. Saturday evening band practice. On Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings the girls' bead work, fancy work, and mending classes meet. Sunday: Rise at 6, breakfast at 7, go to church at 8, 10 and 11 to the churches in town, dinner at 12:30, inspection of battalions at 2, Sunday school at 2:30, and Song service at 7 p. m. until time to go to church at 8, to which all may go who wish.

During the summer months the routine is about the same except the rising hour is 5:30 and some of the evening sessions are dispensed with in order to give more time for base ball practice and exercise in the open air. I find it a very good plan to keep busy all the time, and I think we have all the time taken up. In fact, we have

one society, the society for the Protection of Animals, for which we have no night left for it to meet.

I find that our social night is one of the most enjoyable nights in the week. Our pupils are divided into sections. The kindergarteners in one section meet with two employes in one large room. The primary pupils meet with three employees in another large play room. The intermediate pupils meet with three employees in a third large playroom, and the large pupils meet with six employees in the school chapel on Friday evenings. The different sections play games suitable for them. The large pupils are supplied with numerous games such as Pit, Flinch, Checkers, Dominoes, Ping Pong, etc. They enjoy playing Pit and Flinch, but Pit seems to have the lead. When I came here last spring I found a lot of bones in the hog lot and barn yard that had been accumulating there for years. I told the boys to gather up the bones. They did, and after they had the surface cleared of bones they began to mine for bones. They dug up bones and nothing but bones until they had reached a depth of three feet. We gathered up half a car load and sold them at \$8.00 per ton and got enough money to buy all the latest and best games in abundance for this year, and also a full supply of base ball supplies for last season.

Our boys are very much interested in our dairy. Last May I introduced the plan of keeping a record of the number of pounds of milk given by each cow at each milking. At the end of six months the charts for the six months were given to advanced pupils to ascertain how much milk each cow had produced. When the totals were struck, each cow was passed upon and the unprofitable ones picked out and condemned to death. They were fat-

tened and butchered for beef. We have recently installed a new separator and we are now producing, with fewer cows, more butter during the present month of February than was produced last June. A year ago at this time of the year the school had no butter to speak of.

We are now milking 16 cows, just ordinary every-day cows, several of them supporting young calves, and they are producing on an average 240 pounds of milk a day. From this milk we are producing on a daily average 28 pounds of cream and 7 pounds of butter. Enough butter to give our pupils butter on the table at least once each day.

We have a very good corps of employees, in fact, I think as a whole they are a little above the average found in the average school. They are not wholly angels by any means for they are just like other mortals in as much as each one has some little failing. Who has not? No one but dead ones. Here they are:

Annie D. Flinn, principal teacher.
 Florence G. Whistler, intermediate teacher.
 Helen C. Sheahan, kindergartener.
 Mary A. Paquette, matron.
 Hannah T. Brown, assistant matron.
 Eva Greenwood, nurse.
 Agnes Rummel, cook.
 Julia Cornelius, assistant cook.
 Jane A. Johnson, seamstress.
 Minnie C. King, laundress.
 Arthur D. Van Tassel, engineer.
 Chas D. Parkhurst, industrial teacher.
 Moses E. King, carpenter.
 John Allen, blacksmith.
 Gus. C. Rock, farmer.
 David Adams, night watch.
 John Flinn, superintendent.

By the way, in closing, let me remind you that you are getting out a very good JOURNAL. It is away head of some others that I have seen. I read it because it is worth while. Don't pay to remove the wrappers from some magazines, you know.

Country Boys Good Business Men.

It is a good thing that our country-bred youth does not always stay on the farm of his father. Somebody else, an immigrant, a farmer from another state, or a man from the city, will take it and carry on his work. And rotation of farmers is as good for the nation as rotation of crops is for the soil. Educational observers and thinkers are agreed upon the inestimable value in youthful training of the sort of life the farmer's son leads his companionship with nature, his knowledge of material things, his necessitated self-reliance, his manual dexterities. It is said that nine-tenths of our successful business men grew up in the country and of those who have been prominent in professional and public life fully as many spent their early years on the farm. Is it not much better for the general good that the farmer's son should take his country trained mind and body into other activities and let the city bred mechanic's or clerk's or lawyer's son have his chance on the farm? As long as the love of a fruitful earth and a free sky is a fundamental instinct in the human heart there is no danger that the land will be left without occupants, if man does not interfere with artificial conditions which make it impossible for those who would to use the land.

The experience of those organizations which are striving to counteract in some measure the drift into the cities proves that the cities are full of people who, if they could, would gladly rush back to the land and that whenever the way is opened for them to go back they make efficient farmers. As things are now large masses of people who are longing to live upon the land can reach it only when helped by the hand, not of charity, but of benevolence. But the undertow has started and has proved its strength.—Craftsman.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR PERIOD

Detroit News-Tribune

ROMANCE and tragedy—the startling elopement of a young couple whose names will live in American history, the abduction by savages of handsome women and their ransom, a long search for buried treasure at last in part rewarded and the butchery of innocent persons in a fierce conflict for possession of a rich and virgin territory—are elements in the tale which research unfolds with a revival of interest in the Black Hawk War.

The recent discovery of \$45,000 of hidden treasure by an Iowa farmer has given a feverish impetus to a search that has been prosecuted during more than half a century for a lost fortune. It is supposed to represent the payments made to the Sac and Fox Indians for lands they ceded to United States troops under Col. Zachary Taylor during that famous border struggle. Today the settlers in that part of Iowa, lying across the Mississippi from La Crosse, Wis., are continuing with renewed zeal their long quest in the hope of unearthing the rest of the \$80,000 said to have been sent up to Taylor from St. Louis in the early thirties. Meanwhile the students of history are awakening an interest of another kind. Efforts are being made by the Woman's Club of Evansville, Wis., to mark the trail of the war which extended from Northern Illinois up to borderlands of the Mississippi, up the Wisconsin River to Fort Winnebago at Portage, Wis., and across the southwestern portion of Wisconsin. E. Publius Lawson of Menasha, the well known writer, has blazed the trees along the disastrous

march of the great Black Hawk; societies of Wisconsin are aroused to a preservation of historic landmarks of the State in a way that will make the Bad Ax River, Forts Crawford and Winnebago and other fields on which the old Sac chieftain left his imprint as well-remembered to the people of that thriving district as are the fighting grounds of the minute-men to the residents of the New England Coast, while scarcely a school lecture course in Milwaukee, the present season, is without its narrative of the losing fight waged by an Indian chief in 1832 for his cornfields and hunting grounds against a white invader.

It was a fight filled with thrilling incidents, and its survivors today are rare. Save as tradition has brought to a few the story of how the pioneers stood back to back within their improvised stockades to hold their homes against the red man, such has been the recent influx of immigration into the now populous Middle West that even here little has been known by the present generation of the deeds of valor which protected for it the lands it now enjoys.

National interest, too, of no small note centers about the Black Hawk War. By some strange working of fate, there were brought together under one flag to fight a common foe, Abraham Lincoln and Zachary Taylor, both of whom became Presidents of the United States; Jefferson Davis, later President of the Confederacy, and Robert Anderson, whose order to the Artillery at Fort Sumter opened up the tragedy of the War of Secession.

The recent death of the second wife of Jefferson Davis brings to the fore-

ground an element of romance in the Black Hawk War. The daughter of "Old Rough and Ready" yielded to the dictates of her heart and eloped from Fort Crawford across the frontier with Jefferson Davis, then a handsome young lieutenant in her father's command. But tragedy touched hands with romance. But for the cowardice of the troops sent out to quell the disturbance the war might but have been averted. Three hundred rangers, brave in new uniforms, with flying guidon and resounding drums, advanced to meet and quell the menacing foe. Skulking in the woods, they saw dark forms in war-paint, frightful in feather regalia. The savages with brandishing tomahawks and United States rifles loomed up, a terrific looking enemy. One look was enough. The whole regiment turned and fled and across the State of Illinois thirty-five Indian braves chased 3000 soldiers. This was the beginning.

The news of the terrible raid spread like wild fire. The settlers gathered together in stockades and barricaded houses for defence. Through Southern Wisconsin the settlers hastily fortified their homes, where, in trembling fear, they awaited the horribleshrieks, the din of battle, that marks the onslaught of a savage warrior. The retreating of the soldiers had spread reports that a general uprising of the Indians of the Northwest had taken place and life and property were in danger. The easy victory over the Stillman forces filled the savage breast with pride and exultation. A thirst for blood animated them and the desire of the young men for scalps to show at the next council fire made them wary, persistent and unyielding. These feelings led them to atrocious deeds.

At the farm-honse of William Da-

vis, a pioneer whose property was in the line of the trail, the settlers had gathered to give what protection they could to the women and children by barricading the doors and windows of the best built house. The women melted the spoons and plated ware for bullets, while the men watched. But in a minute, when the vigilance was relaxed the men went to the blacksmith shop for some iron. Then the savages burst upon the little group and but two were left to tell the sad story of the slain.

The savage horde burst through the barricaded door and into the room, where the shrill cries of the terrified children were mingled with the sobs of horrified women, as they watched the men make a futile stand against the overpowering numbers. No imagination can paint the scene in all its horrible details. The savages had but one thought; that was to kill. Darkness hid the faces of loved ones. Men, women and children were cut down ruthlessly—shot, tomahawked, and mutilated. Among others gathered in that ill-fated house were Sylvia and Rachael Hall, two comely young girls. They were dragged to the open from the closet where they had taken refuge, and tomahawks were raised to crush them, when two braves interceded for them and they were saved. It was intimated that the Indians wanted the young women for their squaws. The girls were bound and placed on backs of ponies and taken on a weary march through Wisconsin, in danger any moment of being killed. Some wise man of the tribe advised the captors that the girls might be ransomed, and this is what saved them from being slain or forcibly adopted. One night they were given Indian dress, and made to sit against a tree, while the savages danced about them



BLACK HAWK, THE ILLUSTRIOUS WARRIOR.

with flaming torches and practiced throwing their hatches at them. Exposure and fear undermined their health. They were turned over to the Winnebagoes, who negotiated with the government, and their release was at last obtained by a payment of \$2,000 worth of pennies. Their suffering during their captivity made a final chapter to that tragedy.

The Indian massacres shocked the whole country and the feeling against Black Hawk and his followers was bitter and unyielding. Gov. Reynolds of Illinois called for volunteers and among the first to respond was Abraham Lincoln, then a young man in the twenties. He was mustered into service by Lieut. Robert Anderson, who twenty years later was stationed at Fort Sumter, at the time when the President's proclamation hushed the hearts with the dread of the Civil War. In the same regiment with Lieut. Anderson was Lieut. Davis, a

dapper young officer from West Point. The regiment was commanded by Col. Zachary Taylor and the garrison was stationed at Fort Crawford, now a Notre Dame Convent, within the present city of Prairie du Chien, Wis. The garrison was not far from where the battle of Bad Ax was fought, when the eschutcheon of the United States was stained with innocent blood. The Fort stood in the forest primeval. The pines and oaks, a century old, lined the banks of the Mississippi. At the apex of the bluff the stockaded garrison had been built.

With Col. Taylor was his wife, and two charming daughters, who were the garrison belles. He did not look with favor upon the suit of the army officers for his daughters. The commandant's home was the center of social life at Prairie du Chien and both of the daughters of the house were much admired. Sarah Knox, known as "Noxie," the second daugh-

ter, was still in her teens. Lieut. Davis and Miss Taylor became engaged, and, as tradition affirms, they made a runaway marriage, seizing the opportunity for so doing when Col. Taylor was absent from the post on military duty.

When Sweet "Noxie" Taylor fell desperately in love with the dashing young officer in shoulder straps, with the hope of love's young dream, she decided to brook her father's displeasure, sure of a reconciliation later. There is still a house in Prairie du Chien where the window she escaped from, to meet her lover, can be seen. Together they eluded the sentinels of the fort, and in a sleigh started out. Daniel R. Burt, a pioneer in Wisconsin, is the authority for the subsequent story of the elopement.

He had just finished his evening task about the farm when a sleigh drove up, and lodging for a young man and his sister was asked for. In those days the latch strings were always on the outside of the pioneer's door, so he took them in, seeing at once that they were, as he expressed it, "smart folk." They told him they were enroute to Galena, to visit relatives, but their young faces were too expressive to conceal their story. In the shy, sweet happiness of her eyes, "Noxie" Taylor betrayed the secret. They had planned to reach Galena that night, but had taken the wrong turn of the road and had lost their way. Knowing Col. Taylor's energetic ways they were naturally nervous over any delay.

The traditions in the army are that when the commander of the fort returned from his scouting expedition, and heard of the elopement, he expressed himself in unmeasured terms of disapprobation. He persisted in regarding Lieut. Davis as having done

a dishonorable thing, and his daughter as being entirely regardless of her filial obligations. To all suggestions that the young people were in love with each other he would make the inevitable reply, that no honorable man could thus defy the wishes of parents, and no truly affectionate daughter would be so regardless of her duty.

It was not long before the whole garrison knew of the Fort Crawford elopement, and Lieut. Davis asked for a transfer to another station. Zachary Taylor was never reconciled to his daughter. A few short months after her marriage the young bride died, and all communications between the families ended. The garrison at Fort Crawford missed the bright girl, but it was not long before its attention was taken up with the tragedy of war. Gold to the amount of \$80,000 had been sent from St. Louis to Col. Taylor to liquidate the standing debt of the United States to the Indians for ceded territory. Fearing an immediate attack from the enemy, Taylor sent out a squad of soldiers to bury the treasure. All of them were killed by the Indians, and thus the secret of the hiding place was never divulged. A thorough search was made for the bodies of the murdered soldiers. Beside one of them was found a scrap of paper, which is still in existence. On it was written:

"On the highest bluff across from Fort in four piles each, \$20,000. Pierre Merierre."

The supposition is that one of the gold-diggers finding that his end was near, had left the best direction he could. But the hiding place remained an unsolved problem until the recent find was made across the river and the searchers are very busy.

Dr. William Monroe, Sr., one of the oldest residents of Wisconsin, now liv-

ing at the City of Monroe, is one of the few remaining survivors of the war. He was born in Iowa in 1818, and came to Mineral Point, Wis., in 1831. The year after, at the age of 14, he enrolled himself among the defenders of Fort Defiance, situated about five miles southwest of Mineral Point and commanded by Capt. Robert C. Hoard. In speaking of his experiences in the now famous Indian uprising, Dr. Monroe gives the personal recollection of a typical pioneer who participated in the affair.

"The old fort was built of logs and was surrounded by a stockade of pickets," said he, "buried some three feet deep in the ground and rising to a height of sixteen feet. The inclosure was probably seventy-five feet square and was garrisoned by about fifty soldiers, among whom I was one of the youngest, and occupied by a considerable number of women and children. While we did no fighting we were expecting an attack at most any time, the redskins being frequently seen from the walls of the fort,"

"I served about four months in all," he went on to say. "Our fort was well located, being on a slight eminence and near a spring, and we had plenty of food. The women spent their time in casting bullets and helping in other ways. We constantly kept a strict guard and occasionally scouts were sent out. The Fort's immunity from attack was doubtless due to its excellent location and the fact that it was well provisioned and garrisoned. At any rate it served as a protection for the women and children, which was the main purpose of its erection."

The encroachment of the whites upon their hunting grounds and fields was the chief reason for the Indian outbreak that led to the Black Hawk

War. It was carried on by the Sac and Fox Indians after their migration to Illinois, although the principal battles were fought on Wisconsin soil. It ended with the wiping out of the tribe of Black Hawk at the Battle of Bad Ax, by the United States troops, when women and children, under a flag of truce, were fired upon.

The results of the Black Hawk War were of vast importance to the Middle West. It advertised its fertility, its resources, and its wonderful scenic beauty, and as a result a tide of immigration was turned in that direction. It was the superior class of immigrants who were attracted to the Middle West, made up from men and women who were seeking homes and who were willing to cultivate the new country and develop its vast resources. The territory west of Lake Michigan received such an impetus and so increased its population that four years after the Black Hawk War, in 1836, it was separated from Michigan and classed as Wisconsin Territory. The Indians received such a lesson that they troubled the settlers of the Middle West no more and peace and prosperity reigned, and has reigned, over the former battle fields of Black Hawk.

There has been many notable Indian battles in the history of the United States, from the time settlers first came to these shores, down to the present day, but none, it is safe to say, that have had a greater influence upon the development of the nation. And now, the white man is gradually crowding out his red brother and Indians are becoming used to the ways of civilization. Their history and traditions are fading away.

WRITE a description of your school and send it to us for publication.



THE VANISHING RACE

ARTICLE III

BY GEORGE C. SMITHE

ALTHOUGH the great Algonquin Family outclassed all other Indian races on this continent in population and in extent of territorial possession, they had in the Iroquois formidable rivals for first place in historical

importance, both in their relations with the native tribes, and with the white settlers. The "Five Nations," occupying all the state of New York except the southeastern portion, were the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. They had been dispossessed of the St. Lawrence basin in the Quebec region by Algonquin enemies in very early times, and in New York had built up the most intelligent, enterprising and powerful Indian confederacy ever known. The French called them Iroquois, which has become their historical appellation, but among themselves and among the early English settlers they were known as Mingoes. Early in the 18th century they were joined by the Tuscaroras from North Carolina, a related tribe who had been defeated in war with the whites, and the confederacy became known as the "Six Nations." Besides these the Iroquois Family, as revealed by affinities of language included the Wyandottes (or Hurons), of Ontario, Michigan and Ohio; the Eries of Ohio and Cones-

togas (or Susquehannoks) of Pennsylvania and Maryland; the Nottaways of Virginia, and the Cherokees of Tennessee and Alabama. The term Iroquois, however, is popularly restricted to the New York confederacy, and the fame of that once potent name attaches altogether to them.

This compacted group of tribes, numbering at the height of their career probably not more than 15,000 warriors, surrounded on every side and far outnumbered by their Indian foes, were more than a match for them all, and very early in the history of the country they had conquered every neighboring tribe, including several of their own kin, and were alternately in alliance and at war with the Dutch, the French, the English and the Americans. It was especially among the Indian tribes that their prowess and the terror of the Iroquois name were felt far and near. They were at war during the whole of the 17th century. They terrorized the New England tribes, and over-ran western Virginia, and warred against the Catawbias, Cherokees, and other southern nations as far as Georgia. They exterminated the Eries of Ohio, and desolated the whole of Canada from Montreal to Mackinac, slaughtering French and Indians alike, and drove the Hurons and Ottawas even to the Sioux territory on the upper Mississippi; and



NOT-TO-WAY, AN OLD-TIME IROQUOIS CHIEF

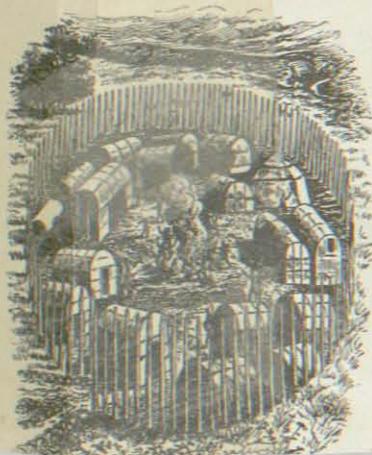
the St. Lawrence Indians, whose ancestors had earlier driven the Iroquois into New York, fled to Hudson's Bay to escape them. They humbled the Miamis and the Shawnees of Indiana, and fell with fury upon the Illinois tribes as far west as Peoria, where a

notable slaughter occurred. Such an amazing record surely well earned the title of the Romans of the West, which has been given to them; and one writer graphically declares, "They made a desert, and called it peace."

The Iroquois had many eminent

names—eminent in peace, as well as in war. Logan the illustrious Seneca, was a persistent and powerful advocate of peace among his people, and by his influence restrained them from many a murderous foray, and often protected from massacre the exposed settlers whom he habitually befriended. But how was this great service requited? It was repaid, alas, as too often such services have been repaid by us, from the day of the seizing and selling into the West Indian slavery of a party of unoffending and unsus-

treacherous massacre occurred near Wheeling, where a party of Indians were decoyed by whites and killed, and among them were a brother and a sister of Logan, the latter in expectant motherhood. What man could endure such monstrous wrongs as these and not find his soul on fire with vengeance? Logan plunged into the war which then ensued in Virginia, with a fury which no man could expect should be moderated, and distinguished himself by daring and bloody exploits. It was a formidable combination of Delawares, Shawnees, and Iroquois, but there could be at last but one end, and the Indians were signally defeated in a desperate battle, Oct. 10, 1774, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha; and it was at the treaty then ensuing that Logan delivered the speech which renders his name immortal, and of which Thomas Jefferson said, "I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes or Cicero, or of any more eminent orator if



and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there left to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

The melancholy history of Logan, says a biographer, must be dismissed with no relief to its gloomy colors. He was in his own person a victim of the ferocious cruelty which had already rendered him a desolate man, for he was murdered not long after the treaty, by a party of whites, as he was returning from Detroit to his own country. Other eminent names among the Iroquois were Garangula, the pride of the Onondagos; Cannehoot, Black-Kettle, Corn-Planter, Farmer's-Brother, Joseph Brandt, the sagacious Mohawk,

John Ross the enlightened Cherokee chief, and Sequoya, Cherokee student who invented the alphabet of his nation, and the Cayuga chief Red-Jacket, counted the greatest Indian orator known to history. Where are those people now? A few Onondagos on a reservation near Syracuse divided into two parties, pagan and Christian, just lately contending for control in the selection of a chief; a few more, with remnants of sister tribes on a reservation at Cattaraugus, N. Y.; a few Mohawks in Canada; a few Oneidas at Green Bay; a few Senecas in Indian Territory; a few Wyandottes living as citizen farmers in Kansas; 170 scattered Cayugas; all the other tribes extinct, except the Cherokees, who in their civilized community in Indian Territory are populous, wealthy, and with admirable civil and educational systems, the most highly developed and enlightened of all the Indian tribes not now either dead or dying. Is it not a pitiful record?

THE INDIAN AS A TRAILER

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THE westerner pulled his horse into a walk and lit a cigar, dropping the match carefully on to a wet place in the trail, for fear of prairie fires.



"Yes," he said, "there are a lot of

people, not only in the old country, but right here in the colonies, who think that because a man has spent a couple of years on a ranch and wears a cowboy hat and long spurs he's a sort of combination of Leatherstocking and Sherlock Homes. Now, a man may be a good enough scout to avoid walking into a trap and to find his way about in a strange country and to take cover, but when it comes to tracking he's a sucking babe compared with some of the Indians and half-breeds. A scout may be made, but a tracker must be born so. Let me tell you the kind of thing I mean.

"I was managing the X ranch some years ago, about 120 miles from the American border. One night some horse thieves dropped in suddenly and carried off sixteen Clydesdales—'heavy horses,' we call them out here. Next morning early I started in pursuit with a couple of my cowboys. The trail wasn't difficult at first, and we managed to pick it out all right at a walk, but the men we were hunting were riding at a gallop, and I saw we should have our work cut out to catch them. We talked the matter over for a bit, and then I made up my mind that I knew the locality they were making for, about a hundred miles away, so I dropped the trail altogether, and we rode to the point as hard as we could go to cut them off.

"When we got there we camped and strung out a lot of sentries and waited. Well we waited and waited, and nothing turned up, so we saddled up again and went home, feeling a bit sick. Then we did what we should have done at first. We went onto the Indian reserve and asked for Colonel M., the Indian agent. I got him to act as interpreter, and I put \$200 into his hands, asking him to explain that this sum would be paid to any Indians who should bring me in sight of my lost horses. That was all I wanted them to do. I could attend to the rest of the business myself. They held a bit of a pow-wow, and then three of them, White Wings and two more, whom I called Jack and Charlie—I couldn't tackle their Indian names—stepped out and volunteered to accompany us.

"It was about the first week in August, and the prairie grass was long, dry and yellow. They took up the trail at a smart canter and made for the border, not quite straight, but so that they struck it about 130 miles or 140 miles southwest from the ranch. The country was mostly prairie, some flat, some rolling. There were some deep valleys and coulees, and one or two ranges of hills. We followed them at a fast trot, but sometimes they were so far ahead that we had to fire shots to attract their attention and make them stop. We had some difficulty in making them understand, and they traveled at such a pace that I couldn't believe they were on the trail at all. We couldn't make out anything, not even a bruised blade of grass. But every now and then we came upon a soft place, where the

hoof marks were discernible, and some of the stolen horses played out here and there, and we passed them, still following the main body. One mare was a confirmed jibber, I never could do anything with her myself, and they turned her loose, so that when we struck the border there were only nine horses left in the bunch.

"There were three horse thieves, and they had taken a long rope and fastened to the saddle of the leader. At the other end rode a second man, trying to keep it as taut as possible. The stolen horses were haltered along this rope, eight on each side, and the third man rode alongside, with a whip, to keep them moving. Now and then the leading pony and the trailing pony would stop and change places. Whenever this had happened the Indians called our attention to it. They always knew the exact position of each of the men we were hunting. We rode eighty miles the first day and reached the border on the second, and after that we struck a trail that was as much traveled as the main street of a big city.

"We followed that for thirty miles or more, and we hardly slackened speed either. One of the hunted horses had a broken shoe, and the Indians would point out that particular track whenever we were in doubt of their being on the right line. At last we came to a place where the band had divided, six horses going in one direction and three in the other. We followed the six.

"Well, to cut a long story short, we came on these horses at last in the Yellowstone park tied up to trees and 400 miles from their starting point, having averaged over eighty miles a day during the chase. We communicated with the local authorities, and the men were arrested almost im-

mediately and taken to Fort Beaufort while I sent back to Canada for Sheriff Chapleau to come and extradite them. Unluckily in those days there was extradition for pretty nearly every form of crime except horse thieving, and the sheriff turned up, a much disgusted man, to find that he could do nothing in the matter. There was a band of vigilantes there at the time, however, and their chief—a French count, by the way—told the sheriff that if he could arrange to wait over for a day he should see how they dealt with horse thieves in the States. The culprits were let out of jail that night, and early next morning Chapleau saw their three bodies hanging from trees within 300 yards of the fort.

"Now, that was tracking. I've seen some very wonderful tracking ability exhibited by the Blackfeet and Assiniboines and others. You won't find it among white men. How can they compete with hunters whose forefathers for generations have been following the trail of soft moccasins over all kinds of ground till they can almost run by scent? Only be sure to select the right men. I've known many Englishmen that come out to this country to shoot moose and get into conversation with some loafer in a hotel 'rotunda,' who invariably 'knows all about it' and has just the right man to recommend for the job. Then the Englishman spends weeks following stale moose tracks in charge of some drunken half breed, who is quite content to promenade through the woods as long as he is earning \$1.50 a day and his grub. But the officers of the northwest mounted police and the Indian agents and the sportsmen who go out year after year and bring back moose and wapiti heads: they can find the real article for you.

"Again, when he is found your In-

dian brave requires to be properly handled and humored a little if you don't want him to turn sulky. However, the police here can do it alright, and it is easy to enlist the services of an interpreter who knows his men.

An Indian when his hunting instincts are aroused will follow a trail for a week on nothing but a little bread and water but at the end of that time he will sit down and eat steadily for twenty-four hours."



ORIGIN OF THE INDIAN

By J. P. DUNN



IN the last number of the JOURNAL a correspondent asks of the origin of the Indian—whether he is probably descended from the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel—what is the latest view of historical research? Over a century ago Count Valney, the noted French skeptic and scientist, visited this country. He was impressed with the idea that the Indians were of the same race as the Tartars, and among others to whom he explained his theory was Mishikinokwah, the celebrated Miami chief, whose name is commonly and improperly translated The Little Turtle. After hearing Volney's theory, Mishikinokwah, whom I consider the greatest philosopher as well as the greatest soldier and greatest statesman that the Indian race has produced, answered thus: "Why should not these Tartars who resemble us have come from America? Are there any proofs to the contrary? Or rather, why should we not both have been born in our own country?"

That is as far as historic research has got with the problem in an affirmative way, but there is some negative evidence, and especially of the fact that they were not descended from the

Lost Tribes of Israel. The "loss" of the the ten tribes is a theory based on the fact that all the Jews were carried into the Babylonian Captivity (738 B. C. to 538 B. C.) and that only two tribes, with some representatives from others, returned to Palestine. The probability is that the others intermixed with the Babylonians and were lost in that way. That they were not the ancestors of the Indians is indicated by the following facts:

1. At the time of the Captivity the Jews were pretty well advanced in the arts and sciences. They were certainly familiar with the working of iron as early as the time of Moses—about 1250 B. C. No American people understood working iron, though some of the more advanced worked copper. There is no probability that this art would have been lost by a people to whom it would have been of vast importance in war and the chase, if they had ever had it.

2. It is impossible to conceive of any material migration of a people from Asia to this country without their bringing some of their domestic animals. Of these the Jews had the ox, the horse, the ass, the hog, the sheep, etc., but none of these animals existed in this country until the whites brought them from Europe.

3. There is no similarity between the Indian languages and the Hebrew, nor indeed any other Asiatic or European language. This is true both of word forms and grammatical structure. The Indian languages are unique, as indicated in the article "A Vanishing Race" in the last JOURNAL. The conjugation of the Algonquin verb is more complicated, or refined—from the scientific point of view—than the Greek verb. The conjugation of the Ojibwa verb *waub*—to see—as given by Schoolcraft in his Archives, covers 90 quarto pages.

It is evident from these considerations that if this country were peopled from Asia at all it must have been at a very ancient date, but there is no known evidence that it was so peopled. It has been supposed that Asiatics might have crossed by Behrings Strait and the Aleutian Islands, but the only Eskimo tradition of such a crossing is

of one from America to Asia—westward instead of eastward. Moreover, it is difficult to imagine any migration from Asia of the Artic peoples that would not have brought the reindeer to this country, as it is indispensable to the Laplanders.

Finally, the remains of prehistoric man found in this country shows that it was peopled as early as the Glacial Age. The skulls found last year in Nebraska are of a type lower than the mound-builders, or than of any tribe native to this continent in historic times. The age of these prehistoric peoples is of course conjectural, but a recent conservative estimate puts it at "not less than 25,000 years nor more than 200,000 years." All of this tends to show an independent development of the human race on this continent, but so far as present human knowledge goes, the question remains one of theory.

Indianapolis, February 5, 1907.



LET US SMILE.

(SELECTED.)

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow-men
Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again,
Is full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness bent—
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile—
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again, when failure makes us blue;
The dimple of encouragement is good for me and you.
It pays a higher interest, for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out moreover, to the heartstrings that will tug
And always leave an echo that is very like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant.
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.



TAH-SEH-TIH'S SACRIFICE

BY HEN-TOH, WYANDOTTE



IT WAS a sunny glade in the great silent forest, and on a bench-like slope overlooking a little valley through which a brook gurgled and sang as it tumbled along, were several piles of newly hewn house-logs.

Just under the low-reaching branches of a large oak were ranks of neatly stacked clap-boards; and on one of the lowest of these, giving all her attention to something in the tree, was seated a half-grown white puppy.

Suddenly there was a scramble, a rattle of falling boards, a succession of yelping howls, and a ringing peal of boyish laughter. An instant later the figure of a brown-faced lad dressed in buck-skin hunting-shirt, moccasins, cloth trousers, and with a red silk handkerchief tied around his forehead, seemed to gather itself together and arise from the pile of scattered boards. Still laughing heartily, he called to his frightened pet who had fled some distance from the recent catastrophe, in a strange language which might have been interpreted as:

"Come here Ye-noh, my good dog; that was a great tumble, and how you did scamper away!" And again he laughed. "I guess we're not hurt; but oh my poor scared Ye-noh, what will the father say? And to-morrow is the day when the friends will come to help raise the new house too; we must stack these boards again."

After pausing a moment to pet the silky coat of his yet whimpering dog, he manfully went to work.

"There now, my dog," he said when the last board had been replaced, "they are just as they were before we took that fall; but where did I throw my bow and arrows? I

think we must be going, or the mother will wonder what has become of us." Having found his bow and arrows, he raced off down the valley followed by his dog.

Tah-seh-tih, the boy, with his family were members of a small band of people, a remnant of one of the Eastern tribes of Indians that had removed westward. His dog had been given to him when they had passed through the settlements on the way to their new home. She was his only playmate and he loved her dearly. Her coat was fine and silky, and save a tiny round black spot on her shoulder and a dark muzzle, she was a clear silvery white. Her soft brown eyes seemed at once to understand every look, move, and action of her little master; and she had learned to interpret almost his every mood. Never did he partake of a meal without reserving a portion for Ye-noh; so she was not the half-starved animal that is so often described as the Indian's companion.

On the day following Tah-seh-tih's tumble, a number of the men of the tribe came to help raise the walls of the new log-house. They arrived at an early hour and ere mid-day the work was well along.

The event was made the occasion of a social gathering, and the good mother aided by others had ready a bounteous dinner of venison stew, corn, soup, and other good things to eat.

In the evening all gathered around a blazing fire built out in an open space in front of the new house. Friendly gossip went round the circle and some discussion of the affairs of the tribe engaged the attention of several of the older and wiser ones.

Someone proposed that White Deer sing some of their songs. White Deer was one of the principal men of the tribe, and a leader among those who although they had for years taken up the white man's way, yet loved and revered the traditions, rites and ceremonies of the dim past.

White Deer readily assented to the request and called on a friend to bring forth a drum and accompany him.

The drummer began a regular, rhythmical beat, low at first then gradually growing louder when it was joined by the pure, clear tones of the singer.

He sang of the beginnings of their people and the precepts given to them by the Great Spirit, their deeds of valor and prowess as warriors and hunters, their wisdom as councilors; and then he sang of the earth, the sky, the sun and moon. For White Deer's listeners it all possessed a depth of meaning. To them its weird, wild melody carried upward beyond the dark tree-tops and on through the infinite bounds of space a prayer to the Great Spirit.

The boy and his dog had been sitting near the singers throughout the evening. At the beginning of the song, Ye-noh was induced by some of the prolonged tones of the singer to very imprudently join her voice in an equally prolonged howl. She was instantly quieted by her master who bade her crouch at his side. Notwithstanding her ready obedience, she received a sharp and scrutinizing stare from the singer. This however, had not the slightest effect on the dog, but her master seemed to see in it something of hidden and ominous meaning. It made him uneasy, and at an opportune moment he quietly withdrew himself and his pet from the circle.

When White Deer had finished, the boy's father in apt words of his own language, thanked his friends for the services they had rendered, bade them good-night; and the company dispersed.

Tah-seh-tih could not put from his mind the incident of Ye-noh's ill-timed howl and White Deer's meaning glance. Why it bothered him he could not tell; but it did. Once during the long night he awoke and reached out his little brown hand to find if his dog was in her place on the soft coon-skin near his bed.

For several days after he was watchful and solicitous for his pet; but in the busy days that followed he soon forgot the affair that had troubled him.

All the hours that he could spare from his duties were spent straying through the forest. When he could have nearly the whole day, he and his dog tramped even so far as the swift, deep river into which the rushing brooks flowed. When blossom time came he found the glades and hillsides where the wild strawberry grew and noted the places that

he might gather some of the fruit when it ripened. He found the blackberry thickets, and the patches of the wild raspberry; or as it was called in his language, "the bush that travels."

When planting time came he helped his mother in their garden patch and listened closely while she told him many bits of legendary lore about the beans, the corn, and other things; and how that they must be well treated or else they would not give much in return.

During the last month of the summer all the people met and remained together several days, encamped at their council-house. This was for the celebration of the "Green Corn Feast," when they gave thanks for their crops. There were certain ceremonies for a part of each day and evening; instructions were given to the younger ones of the tribe; new babies were given names by the council women of the different clans; and the time not taken up with these affairs was passed socially.

Again in the lengthening days of late winter at that time when spring is heralded by the first warm winds and sunny days, the tribe gathered at the council-house grounds. This meeting was for the purpose of engaging in certain ceremonies to propitiate the spirit of the coming harvest. The event was known as the "Dog Dance" from the fact that at the close of the ceremonies a white dog without a blemish was killed and burned as a sacrifice. This usually took place on the third day, after which those who wished to do so, might return to their homes while others remained and engaged in some of the old tribal games.

All preparations were made several weeks before-hand. The hunters went out and secured a supply of venison and other game for the feast; and it was the duty of someone designated by the master of the ceremonies to secure the dog for the sacrificial offering.

It was one evening more than a week previous to this feast that Tah-seh-tih came home rather late from a long day's pleasure in the woods. Ye-noh had of course been his companion. She was now almost fully grown and was a beautiful creature. Only that very day she had proved conclusively to her little master her ability as a hunter by finding a nest of young squirrels and leading him to it. He was far more proud of her prowess than of his own, and was triumphantly

bringing a pair of the nestlings home to make pets of them.

He entered the kitchen where he knew he would find his mother, whom he wished to be the first to know of his find and of the wonderful cleverness of Ye-noh. His face was beaming and his dark eyes sparkled as he held open the door to allow his dog to enter.

"Oh my Mother—" he said in his own soft language, "see what I have brought; found they were by my good dog; a great hunter she will be."

He took from the bosom of his hunting-shirt the two tiny squirrels, and crossing the room to where his mother was engaged in pounding some dried corn in a wooden mortar, he put the wee squirrels in her lap. The mother, pleased at his delight, took the little helpless creatures. The mother instinct uppermost, she murmured soft words of endearment and then said to her son in a quiet, kindly tone:

"Does my boy think his dog is good only because she helped him to find and to carry away the babies of the poor mother squirrel?"

Tah-seh-tih was abashed for an instant, then said:

"But my Mother, we did not carry away all; the mother squirrel has yet two more; and I thought what pretty pets these would be. My Mother will let me keep them?"

His mother seeing that her gentle reproof had been effective, pleasantly told him that he might keep the squirrels; and she found a basket in which she made a cosy nest for the wee, motherless things. The boy and his dog were silent watchers, and when the basket was given its place in the corner, they turned to go into the other room.

As he entered the living-room a visitor was just leaving, and with an involuntary shudder, the boy recognized the erect figure of White Deer. Not knowing why he did so, he quickly closed the door and did not allow Ye-noh to enter.

His father turning from the outer door, resumed his seat by the fire. Tah-seh-tih had intended telling the father about his find, but being awed by his father's silence, he refrained from doing so and quietly seated himself near the hearth at one side of the great fire-place. Here, busied with boyish thoughts he gazed into the glowing coals. Several moments passed when his reverie was broken by the deep voice of his father who said:

"My son, White Deer has chosen your dog

for sacrifice at the feast to be held next week."

The boy not quite sure but that the words came from the writhing embers he had been watching, sprang to his feet and gasped:

"Oh my father, what did you say?"

The father repeated his words, seemingly unconscious of the helpless look of pain and anger that had settled on the boy's face.

"But—my Father—" he faltered, "Ye-noh is all that I have; has not Old Jacob many dogs; why does he choose my Ye-noh—my only playmate; what pleasure can I find in the forest without my dog?" He ceased, overcome by contending emotions; his dark eyes dry, but flashing.

"White Deer has seen many moons and is wise in the lore of his people; that he has not chosen one of the dogs of Old Jacob is known to him alone. My son knows that his father has taught him to respect the wisdom of the old."

Tah-seh-tih heroically repressing his emotions, quietly went from the room into the kitchen and on out from the house followed by his dog. Ye-noh understood that something was wrong, for she was allowed to follow behind entirely un-noticed; and she awaited the signal which would send her racing on ahead, joyfully sniffing here and there on each side of the pathway that led to the forest.

The signal was not given and the good dog trailed along in a dispirited manner some distance behind the boy. Straight ahead he marched, unmindful of everything and engaged only with the inward struggle which to him was not trivial.

On he tramped until he reached a rocky point that overlooked a deep gulch which led to the river. It was a favorite spot with him. He could look far across a bend in the river valley to the blue-gray heights beyond. Many happy hours had he spent here with his dog, looking out over the wooded hills and the vales below him. He fairly reveled in all the changes in the scene made by the varying seasons: the brilliant red and yellow of autumn, the gray and brown of winter, and the tender gray and green of springtime soon to unfold into the heavy shades of summer. Oftentimes he and Ye-noh came to this place; and, as he would look across the valleys to the hills in the distance, wondering what lay beyond them, crude ideas of the wonderful power that controlled the universe came to him.

He reached his usual place beside a lichen-covered, weather-stained rock, and then turned to see if his pet had followed him. He gave the well-known whistle and she came bounding to where he stood and crouched at his feet as if she expected reproof for having followed her master without permission to do so.

He looked at her gravely and silently for a moment; then his glance wandered to the distant hills far beyond the river. What was passing in his mind we can but guess.

Quiet he stood, silhouetted against the darkening winter's sky. His lithe, erect figure with the beautiful animal crouching at his feet might have given an artist a pertinent suggestion for a study. At last with a suppressed sigh, he turned and murmured:

"My Father expects me to do as he and my Mother have taught me."

Bending over her he caressingly stroked Ye-noh's silky ears and patted her sleek, silvery coat; then giving the softly musical command for her to go springing on ahead, he retraced his way from the height and through the gloom-gathering forest went on his path home.

Supper was long over when he reached there and quietly entered the kitchen door. His mother was sitting in the dim fire-light; and as the boy and his dog came and stood beside her, she patted Ye-noh and gently asked if they were not hungry and tired. Not waiting for an answer, she arose and soon brought a bowl of flaky hominy and a saucer of creamy yellow maple sugar to the boy, and then a platter of food for his dog. Silently he finished his meal, and thanking his good mother, took a seat near the fire.

She busied herself for a time putting away and arranging things for the night; then came and stood by her boy. While gently smoothing his glistening dark hair, she told him of how she had fed the new pets some warm milk for their supper, and how cosily they were sleeping in their basket, and that on the morrow he must go with her to the sugar-camp and get wood for the fire, while she tended the sap as it slowly boiled away.

Nothing did she say of the boy's trial, for she knew that with him the struggle was over; and she felt that not speaking of it would be the kindest way in which she could help him to bear it.

The time for the feast soon came and the morning of the second day found Tah-seh-tih with his parents and Ye-noh encamped at the council-grounds. All the people who could

attend were there and everything was in course of preparation for the ceremonies of the third day.

During the afternoon of this day, Tah-seh-tih was at his father's tent alone but for Ye-noh, who had been allowed to remain in his care until the time when she would be needed to complete the ceremonies.

As the boy rested on a pile of blankets and robes just inside the tent, he glanced out through the opening and saw Old Jacob coming slowly down the path toward the tent.

Old Jacob was one of the oldest men in the tribe, and one of the last of the "Medicine Men." He, more than any of the others, was familiar with all the ancient rites; and he well knew his superior knowledge in this respect. Did it happen that he was not consulted on every point, he was, as he thought he had a right to be, justly indignant. The others deferred to him in such matters, for 'twas generally believed that he was well versed in all the secrets of witchcraft and dark powers. None were anxious to gain his displeasure or ill-will.

White Deer, though several years younger than he, was perhaps the only one who ever openly dared to hold conflicting ideas with him in any matters relating to their tribal affairs.

Aside from such as greatly added to his personal comfort, Old Jacob had adopted but few of the habits of civilization. He dressed as did his ancestors, in leggings, breech-clout, and a loose shirt worn after the fashion of "John Chinaman." Moreover, he always wore a long coat made of bright-colored, large-flowered calico with broad ruffles on the collars and sleeves. No doubt but that he deemed his taste in dress was superior to that of any of his tribesmen, as was in his opinion, his wisdom and importance.

He lived in a neat little cabin alone but for a large family of dogs of various colors, sizes, and ages. Many wonderful stories of what took place in this cabin were told; and many strange things was it said to contain.

Tah-seh-tih had always been half-afraid of the queer old man, and when he saw him coming to the tent was tempted to slip out from under the other side and run to the council-house. However, he did not do this, but remained quietly resting on the pile of robes.

As Old Jacob neared the tent he greeted the boy pleasantly in their own language. Tah-seh-tih returned the greeting as he arose and offered the old man a seat; while Ye-noh walked up to him with a pleasant look in her soft brown eyes, wagged her tail and met him

in most a friendly manner. Doubtless he was not accustomed to such behavior on the part of his own dogs, for he eyed her closely for a moment or more.

The boy, knowing that his mother would have done so had she been there, brought a bowl of corn-soup for the guest who ate it with a relish, and then asked after the boy's father. On being told that the father was at the council-house, Old Jacob remained seated for a time, during which he was closely watching Ye-noh. She was sauntering from place to place, wagging her tail, and acting as though she was trying to do everything possible to show her appreciation of the honored guest.

By and by, with a word of farewell, Old Jacob arose and started on his way to return to the Council-house. As the boy watched the slowly retreating figure he thought how foolish he had been to have feared such a pleasant old man.

The evening time came all too soon; and it was with a heavy heart, in spite of his firm intention to bear it all bravely, that Tah-seh-tih took his loved pet to the place where she was to remain until the moment when she would be needed—when she would be led forth to her death. With a small thong he tied her to a stake which had been pointed out to him by the person in charge; then he hurried away from the spot, not once looking back at the innocent creature who greatly wondered at such strange proceedings on the part of her little master.

The boy went at once to the council-house where he thought he could listen to the wisdom of the old men. As he neared the entrance he caught sight of the gaily decorated pole, standing a short distance out from the front of the long log building. He could not repress a low sob as he thought that the lifeless body of his faithful dog, bedecked with gay ribbons and bright beads, would soon be hanging from its highest point.

He felt that he could not and would not be a witness to all this. He would remain until, as was the custom, the dog was led into the circle within the council-house where the animal might be viewed by all present, and where certain rites were observed and enacted there by the leaders in the ceremonies. After these the victim was led forth to its death by strangulation; its body was adorned with ribbons and other gay ornaments and suspended from the top of the painted pole. When the dances and other rites had been

performed, it was taken down from the pole and burned.

Tah-seh-tih entered the council-house. His silent gaze wandered pathetically and appealingly around the assemblage, as though he was wondering if there was not some means within the place to save his pet.

It was a strange, weird scene that he seemed to study so wistfully. The long room with its rough walls and clap-board roof at the apex of which was a broad opening through which the smoke might escape, was nearly filled with people.

Around the walls were rude benches and on these the silent spectators rested. Three fires were burning on the dirt floor, and these with the light from several pine torches fastened to the posts in the center of the building, partially lighted the room.

At one side from the central fire were ranged the singers and leaders in the ceremonies. Among these Old Jacob occupied the place of honor.

A number of the middle-aged men and several younger ones who were recognized as the best dancers, were dressed in a semi-civilized, semi-barbaric style: this one in ornamented leggings and moccasins, that one in plain trousers, shoes, and a pink calico shirt worn as Old Jacob wore his, and elaborately trimmed with green and yellow ribbons. Several wore red or yellow handkerchiefs tied around their heads, with a single white-tipped eagle feather carelessly nodding to and fro. Others, broad brimmed hats, the bands of which were profusely decorated with bits of ribbon and bright colored feathers of the forest birds.

Over all this scene with its speeches from the leaders, its singing, its dances, its scent from burning kinnikinic, its flare from the smoking torches, and its shadows, Tah-seh-tih's restless eyes continued to rove. And all the time he was trying to believe that the part of the ceremony which he so dreaded would in some way be omitted—perhaps forgotten.

A little later on however, the boy's restless, wistful gaze was not too careless to note a certain signal given by White Deer to two of his assistants, who at once retired from the circle and went out from the council-house.

A feeling of utter despair came over the boy, and he carefully edged his way through those around him to a place nearer the door. He had but reached the desired position when those around the entrance began to quietly

move aside in order to give a broader passage-way from the door to the circle where the ceremonies took place.

A hush fell over all as through the doorway entered one of White Deer's men leading by a long cord, Ye-noh. The other men followed; and on from the door came the odd procession, moving slowly on around the greater circle.

Ye-noh seemed to be the only one in all the assemblage who was not duly impressed with the seriousness of the occasion. She walked quietly and fearlessly after her guide, glancing from side to side with the most pleased expression in her eyes that a dog might have, wagging her bushy tail and looking as if she were trying to smile on everyone.

Her silvery white coat seemed to fairly glisten as she passed where the fire-light was brightest. Old Jacob might have been noticed to look at her indifferently as she went several times around the circle; and when she and her keeper finally halted at the place where it was expected that he would enact the final ceremonies, ere she would be taken out to be killed, he silently designated another to perform them.

Tah-seh-tih watched it all with an aching heart until this point, when he managed to quickly slip out of the doorway; and all unnoticed he hurried away to his father's tent. He knew that the ceremonies would probably all be over before morning, when the games would begin. That his father and mother would not wish to remain for these he also knew; and he was more than glad that this was so.

With what a sense of helpless grief and a throbbing heart, did the boy hasten along the dark pathway to the tent; and how lonely and friendless did he feel as he hurried into his own particular corner of the tent. As he arranged in the dark the robes and blankets of his pallet, his hand brushed against a soft coonskin rug near the foot of his bed. With a harsh and bitter exclamation, he gathered it up and threw it as far out of the tent as he could. An instant later he was outside groping in the darkness to find it.

He found it and carried it inside again. Gently and carefully he arranged it in its usual place. He then hurriedly crawled into his bed, expecting and dreading each moment to hear the sound of the drum and the singing outside of the council-house, around the hideously painted pole from which without a doubt the body of his dearly loved Ye-noh

was now dangling. He waited and listened; but nothing of the hated tones came to him.

For an instant he sat up in bed listening intently—now it must surely come. He crouched closely and pulled the robe over his head to shut out the dreaded sounds that were certain to begin now. He fancied that he heard them, and again raised himself to catch the sound more clearly; but nothing did he hear save only the night winds now sobbing, now sighing, through the swaying bare branches.

As he tossed restlessly from side to side, his hand came in contact with a small silver crucifix which was attached to the string of beads that he wore. As he grasped it the thought came to him:

"Oh why did I not think to ask the white-man's Good Man and the Good Mary to save my Ye-noh; surely they would have heard me." With these thoughts coming to him, the tired, sorrowful, and lonely little boy fell asleep.

The great sun had just peeped over the hills and was shining through the open doorway of the tent, when Tah-seh-tih awoke on the following morning. He heard his mother outside preparing the morning meal, and with a sigh he thought of the previous night. How glad he was that he had gone to sleep and had heard none of the dreaded sounds that he had listened for so anxiously.

They would soon start for home and he was sure that although it would be lonely, he could find something in his loved forest that would in a way, help him to soften the bitterness of the loss of his playmate.

He sat up in bed and from force of habit glanced at the place where his pet usually lay. He started up—was he yet asleep and dreaming?—for there on her own coonskin rug, with her pretty head half raised, awaiting his call, was his dear Ye-noh, alive and well. Springing to her, he petted and caressed her fondly, so happy that he hardly knew himself or Ye-noh. Hastily dressing he ran outside and said:

"Oh my Mother, tell me how my good Ye-noh happens yet to live."

With her kind face beaming with gladness, his mother told him that Old Jacob had been greatly offended because White Deer had chosen a dog for sacrifice, when he himself had intended the honor for one of his own dogs. He was angrier too when he learned that Ye-noh had the one tiny black spot and her black muzzle, both of which marks made her wholly

unfit for sacrifice. His own dog was without a spot or blemish of any sort; and while one could readily count all its ribs, and its long bony tail and gaunt head with watery pink eyes both drooped, it was in his opinion the most suitable animal in every respect for the purpose. That at the conclusion of the ceremonies before the dog was to be killed, Old Jacob, who in silent indignation had witnessed it all, arose and poured out his wrath on the whole company.

He told them that his wisdom and advice had been wholly disregarded; that he had not been treated as he had the right to expect and

demand; that his was the privilege by seniority and every other right to dictate in this matter; and finally he demanded that his own dog be brought in and be the one used for the sacrifice, else he would pronounce his curse on the whole affair and thereafter withhold his wisdom and advice.

The people were astounded; the leaders completely humbled; and they at once agreed to accede to Old Jacob's demands.

Ye-noh was set free, and finding that her little master was not in the crowd, sniffed anxiously until she found his trail and at once followed it to the tent. Here, she found her bed ready for her as was usual.



INDIAN SCHOOL VIEWS—The Band Stand Erected by Indian Pupils at Chemawa, Oregon.

INDIAN QUALITIES THAT SHOULD BE PRESERVED.

By F. B. RIGGS.

In making the composite character of the future American citizen characteristics of many people are to be included: English stubbornness; German studious persistency; Scandinavian industriousness; French style, sauvity and politeness; Italian pepperiness—and innumerable seasonings of the peculiar qualities of every sort of peoples. A quarter of a million Indians are to be absorbed into our nation. What qualities have they to add to that composite man, the future American?

Good sense is one quality peculiar to Indians, —just "common sense," often called "horse sense," because so rare with humans. Indians on the whole have more good sound sense than other people. They are rarely silly.

Indians are self-possessed. They adapt themselves to surprises without showing surprises. In unaccustomed circumstances where a white man usually "gives himself away" and plays the fool, the Indian is perfectly self-possessed. Indian parents train their children in self-control. If an Indian child makes a spurt at anything the parent calls him back with the instruction: "Go slow my son; Never hurry." So the Indian is too slow for this progressive age. But self-possession is the valuable quality that should serve in the future composite to neutralize some of the white man's rattleheadedness. And the Indian slowness will be offset by the excessive Yankee hastiness.

Indians are preeminently dignified. In public meeting, without having any elaborate parliamentary forms, they are very formal in action and speech. An Indian never blurts out. He always begins a public speech with apologies, and addresses his auditors, no matter who they are, as "My relatives." And Indian dignity is not reserved for public occasions but is the universal custom at home. A white man says to his children: "Billy, do that," "Peggy, come here." The Indian says: "My son" or "My daughter, do this." The majority of white people treat one another with no respect, address each other by their first names, young striplings calling fathers of the town "Tommy" and every other name of diminutive ending and contemptible familiarity. Not so with Indians!

The Indian language has no slang words nor swear words. The language is complicated in the niceties of idioms, verbs and pro-

nouns, and is difficult to learn. White people can very rarely learn to speak it correctly. Indians never, absolutely never, speak incorrectly. On the other hand the majority of the white people never speak their own language correctly. Indians learn to speak English incorrectly because they mostly learn it from the incorrect kind of white people. But Indian accuracy in their own language ought to introduce an element of accuracy into the composite race.

Indians are generous. A few white people have the reputation of being "generous to a fault." All Indians are that generous. A characteristic which in this extreme form is detrimental, when combined with the natural selfishness of Anglo-America, should tend to benefit the composite American. Indians care for orphans. They do not need asylums. Children that are related to nobody while their parents live are related to everybody when their parents die. And everybody proceeds to take care of them without any special arrangements. Everybody's house is open to an orphan and the orphan is soon adopted into a family.

Indians are naturally the most religious American people, not absurdly and fanatically religious like many Asiatics. Their good sense seems to prevent that. But Indians are thoroughly religious. Their religion is not to be put on and off according to time, place or convenience, as with white men. The Indian's every common act is a religious act. There must be prayer at every meal, also with every pipe-smoking, till there came the white man's vile fumigator! With hunting and sport and planting and harvesting there must be worship. Indians considered dancing a part of public worship, as David did. Heathen Indian worship has degenerated, but Indian religiousness is still evident in the Christian Indians. They are great people for meeting. They can stand longer meetings and enjoy more preaching than any other people! And they are generous in their contribution to Christian work. Indians have faith, good for injection into European American nationality. Indians do not need to be converted but instructed. They already believe but do not understand what they believe. These qualities would evidently be a good antidote to white men's persistent lack of faith and preference for reason, in which nevertheless they are blind to religious evidences.—
Congregational Work.

THE FLIGHT OF SITTING BULL

CY WARMAN, IN *K. C. Journal*

IT WAS after the terrible disaster to the troops of the United States on the Little Big Horn river, in the Yellowstone region, that my informant—an officer of the royal Northwest mounted police—became acquainted with Sitting Bull, and gleaned from the lips of that famous Indian organizer and fighter, through the aid of a friendly interpreter, the tales of the fearful struggle that led to the wiping out of General Custer's command.

Sitting Bull, knowing full well that the people of the United States would demand the avenging of the death of the gallant Custer and his associates, gathered up the unkilld of the hostile aggregation of Indians and fled across the border into Canada. The fight took place in June, 1876, and was the sequel of a long period of trouble between the original owners of the soil and the soldiers and fortune hunters. Doubtless if the United States authorities had to do it all over again they would choose more fitting means, more humble methods, for dealing with the Indians than characterized their operations up to and beyond the time of Sitting Bull. It is now conceded that the Minnesota massacres of 1862, in which over 1,000 men, women and children were killed, were in no small measure brought on by the conduct of the short-sighted agents of the national government in dealing with the Indians. Nor can there can be a doubt that Sitting Bull was rendered a power as an organizer of hostiles by the infidelity of those charged with the disposal of the public

lands. From headquarters at Washington went repeated assurances to the Indians that justice would be done, but almost invariably these promises were unheeded by those charged with the management of affairs. There was indeed much warrant for Sitting Bull's famous reply: "Tell them at Washington if they have one man who speaks the truth to send him to me, and I will listen to what he has to say."

This chief was the most powerful Indian among the Sioux for many years. Around him and his lieutenant, Crazy Horse, gathered every Indian who had a grievance. Their band, small at first, grew to many hundreds of resolute men, and though in other parts of the country the national troops fought the Indians and caused them to give up their lands, in the region dominated by Sitting Bull the United States peace commission in 1868 deemed it prudent to award the Indians certain rights which it was promised would be scrupulously respected. But within a few months, while the Sioux found on any part of the territory surrendered was treated as hostile and hounded down, the whites—in large and small bodies—went into the forbidden country and prospected for the precious metals, protected by the military. The thirst for gold was great, and the Black Hills swarmed with men looking for it with feverish excitement.

The friction arising from the conflict of opposing interests led to the sending of General Custer and his command to the Yellowstone region in the summer of 1876. Mayhap the fact was unknown to the gallant general, but it was nevertheless asserted



that the Indian agents had been coining money out of the sale of hundreds of rifles and revolvers and thousands of rounds of ammunition to the Indians. Indeed, in the battle of the Little Big Horn it was claimed by Sitting Bull that the Indians were better armed than the regular forces sent against them. Perhaps, too, the outcome might have been different if the associates of the ill-fated Custer (Reno and Benton) had better obeyed orders, and had given the energetic support to their leader which he so much needed. It serves no good purpose now to revive the question of their conduct in this regard. We do know that Custer and his associates fought against great odds and were wiped out almost to a man—only one Indian scout escaping to tell the terrible tale. It was a great disaster, and the Indians only won because they had far more men than were sent against them. They neither sought nor did they give quarter, and their own losses were greater in point of numbers than the total United States force under Custer. Their bloodthirstiness was doubtless in a large measure the outcome of their savage natures, but their treatment by the troops in earlier struggles no doubt prompted reprisal. It is sad to chronicle that the common order when an Indian settlement was attacked was to slaughter every male Indian who refused to surrender, seize the ponies and set fire to the camps. Such drastic measures may have been necessary in border warfare, but they could not fail to breed a spirit of revenge.

Retreat to Canada.

Though victorious in this battle, Sitting Bull and his braves knew that they could not stand up against the



SITTING BULL, THE GREAT SIOUX FIGHTER.

forces that the United States could bring against them, and the council of war decided that they should fly to Canada. Great were the privations endured on the long journey to the Northwest, and many horses were killed and eaten to provide food. The moving spirit of the expedition, which caused both Canada and the United States so much anxiety for the subsequent four years, was Sitting Bull. As my informant saw him at Fort Walsh, a few days after the fugitives camped on Canadian soil, he was a man in the prime of life, apparently 5 feet 10 inches in height. His long black hair hung down his back, athwart his cheeks and in front of his shoulders. His eyes gleamed like diamonds. His visage was noble and commanding; nay, it was something more. He looked a splendid type of Nature's nobleman. While his life in Canada was largely devoid of exciting inci-

dent, the presence in the Dominion of so large a body of Indians from the States was a source of much anxiety to both governments. Every effort was made to get Sitting Bull and his band to leave Canada, and the minister of the interior (the late Hon. David Mills) went specially to Washington to see President Hayes on the subject. A commission was appointed to visit Canada and endeavor to arrange terms with Sitting Bull. These terms were that the Indians should go to the boundary, give up their arms and ammunition, go to agencies to be assigned to them, and then deliver up their horses, the arms and horses to be sold and cows to be bought with the money. Sitting Bull rejected these terms with scorn. "For sixty-four years," he said to the commissioners, "you have kept me and my people and treated us bad. What have we done that you should want us to stop? We have done nothing. It is all the people on your side that have started us to do all these depredations. We could not go anywhere else, and so we took refuge in this country. * * You come here to tell us lies and we don't want to hear them. I don't wish any such language used to me—that is, to tell me lies in my Great Mother's house. This country is mine, and I intend to stay here and to raise this country of grown people. * * I wish you to go back and take it easy going back." The reference here made by Sitting Bull points to the contention which he raised soon after his arrival in Canada, to the effect that the Sioux Indians were really British subjects and that they had been handed over to the United States without their consent. This view the Canadian authority never adopted. Sitting Bull was, however, given to understand that so long as he and his

people behaved themselves they would be protected on Canadian territory. It is to be said in their favor that the Sioux tribes who found refuge in Canada after the Minnesota massacre are among the best behaved in the Dominion. They have thoroughly appreciated the Canadian principle of keeping faith with the red man, scrupulously observing the treaties made with them, while at the same time demanding that the original inhabitants of the soil shall have no exemption from observing the laws which white men have to obey.

Sitting Bull and his followers left Canada voluntarily within four years after their arrival. They did so because of the refusal of the Canadian Government to regard them as treaty Indians, and in consequence of the scarcity of buffalo. These were trying times in the Canadian Northwest and adjoining portions of the republic. The population in the territories was scanty, means of communication were poor, and many wild stories were given currency. Reports were constantly circulated to the effect that the Sioux, with Sitting Bull at their head, were meditating crossing the border to war with the United States. Remembering the terrible massacres in Minnesota and the blood letting of later years, the people were terrorized, and it was certainly with a feeling of relief, in Canada, at all events, that the news was learned that Sitting Bull had finally taken his departure, and, with his band, was peaceably settled in the United States. The mounted police, that fine body of men which has done so much to maintain order in the Canadian Northwest, contributed very much to the result.

As above stated, the late Hon. David Mills, when minister of the interior of the Dominion, visited Washington

with reference to the presence in Canada of Sitting Bull and other hostile Sioux, and his account of the interview which he had with the president (Hayes) and the secretaries of war and of the interior, given in a memorandum dated August 23, 1877, which I have had the opportunity of perusing, is most interesting. The general tenor may be gathered from the following extract:

"I met Mr. Secretary Schurz and Mr. Smith, under secretary, and had a long discussion with them in reference to their Indian policy and what steps might be taken to secure the return to United States territory of Sitting Bull and his band. Secretary Schurz observed that he did not well see how they could secure that return; that they had made war upon the United States; that they had retired under arms across the Canadian frontier; that they were political offenders, and their return could not well be demanded under the treaty of extradition, but as a hostile force he thought we were under obligation to disarm them. It was suggested that it would be necessary that Sitting Bull and his band should lay down their arms and give up their horses as a condition of their returning to their reserves in the United States, and I was asked whether, if they refused to return upon those terms the Canadian government would then be prepared to disarm them. . . . I stated that in my opinion the United States were specially interested in persuading those Indians to return to their reserves without the imposition of such condition. . . . I further stated that if we had these people in our territory at the present time, it was mainly because they had exhausted, in their contest with the troops of the United States, their supply of ammunition.

"I informed the president and the secretaries of war and of the interior that if we were called upon to deal with a band of hostile Indians similarly situated I did not think we would insist upon disarming them. In the first place, it would indicate a distrust of them which would not be calculated to awaken in their minds the most friendly feeling; and in the second place, it was a proposition that they would naturally regard as a humiliation, and which would rather excite than allay feelings of resentment. There would be no difficulty, in my opinion, if the Indians could be induced to return to their reserve upon any reasonable condition in maintaining peace, provided some consideration were shown to Sitting Bull and some of his chiefs and headsmen—if, in fact, they were supplied with arms of a superior class and quality instead of being deprived of these they had, and they were dressed in military officers' uniforms. In this way their obedience and good will could easily be won, and besides, it would be an easy and inexpensive mode of dealing with them. The president observed that as he understood my representation, I regarded firearms as implements by which the Indians obtained their subsistence, and that my recommendation to them was to buy up Sitting Bull and the leaders of the Sioux. I said, yes, by doing them justice, and by securing in the way indicated their good will and friendship. I reminded him that the French had secured the lasting attachment of Pontiac by such means, while our policy, ever since the treaty of Stamoix, had been in the same direction, and had always been successful. Savages were pleased with showy dress and a little attention. The cost of the dress and the other trinkets was a mere bagatelle to the government

and it would save an enormous expenditure and the loss of many lives. I said that so far as we could learn, Sitting Bull and his party never desired war. They declared that the United States authorities had set apart reserves for them, from which the whites were to be excluded; that the government agent had defrauded them; that white adventurers had trespassed upon their lands and ill-

treated some of their people, and when their conduct was remonstrated against no redress was offered, but when the Indians themselves undertook to resent the injuries that were being done them, and punish the wrongdoers, the government had interfered, not on behalf of the aggrieved, but on behalf of the trespassers, and then there was no course open to them except to make war in self-defense."



A SKETCH OF POCAHONTAS

Chattanooga Times

POCAHONTAS, the Indian Princess who lives in American history as the preserver of Captain John Smith, may, if a Virginia proposition bears fruit, find a new grave in her native land. This year the third centenary of the landing of the English colonies at Jamestown will be commemorated by an exposition, and the occasion is regarded as an appropriate one to disinter the remains of the famous Indian girl from the place they were buried nearly three centuries ago, and bring them back to America, where there are still some persons who point with pride to Pocahontas as an ancestor.

The "dearest daughter" of Powhatan, the Indian chieftain who became reconciled to the English adventurers after he was "crowned" by the orders of King James I, died suddenly as she and her husband and son were embarking from England to return to Virginia, and she was buried in the parish church at Gravesend, on the Thames, about twenty-five miles below London, on March 21, 1616 or 1617. At that time Pocahontas was about 21 years old, and she had been in England only nine months.

About a century later the little church where this romantic figure was laid to rest was destroyed by fire, but fortunately the parish register was saved. From this it is learned that in 1616, old style, "March 21, Rebecca Wrolffe, wife of Thomas Wrolffe, a Virginian lady borne, was buried in the Chauncell."

This Rebecca Wrolffe was none other than our own Pocahontas, which was not her "real name" either, for to the Powhatans she was Motoaka. Pocahontas signifies, it is said, "Bright stream between two hills," and was bestowed upon the "Nonparella of Virginia" by the Indians because they had a belief that to utter the real name of a person was to give their enemies power to cast spells upon them.

There must have been something unusual in the character of Pocahontas to lead Smith to allude to her in his "True Relation," published in August, 1608, although without his permission, in these words: "Powhatan's daughter, a child of ten years old; which, not only for feature, countenance, and proportion, much exceedeth

any of the rest of his people; but for wit and spirit, is the only Nonparella of his country." This is the first mention of the Indian princess in literature, and to have attracted attention in this manner, for she had two sisters and a brother, she must have been a remarkable child. It is believed that her age was 13 at this time instead of ten as recorded by the Captain.

She made herself universally admired by the colonists who had settled at Jamestown, and constantly befriended them, seeking to bridge over the enmity between them and the Indian tribes, and serving them with devotion. The first Englishman whose life she saved was Henry Spelman, a Norfolk youth, who, by means of her watchful and protesting care, lived in safety many years among the Potomac Indians. The second life she saved was that of Capt. John Smith.

Captain Smith was by far the ablest man who accompanied the Jamestown adventurers, although he was a lively braggart. At that time it was popularly believed that a strait connected the Atlantic with the Pacific, and a part of Smith's duty was to carry on explorations, with the Jamestown settlement as a base. He also frequently set off in an open boat with a few companions, and bullying the Indians, succeeded in making way with some of their store of maize. On one of these expeditions Smith was captured and led in triumph by the Indians from village to village. Finally he was taken before Powhatan, who was called by the settlers "King or Emperor of Virginia." Strange as it may seem, the English thought the Indian chieftain's claim to Virginia good and looked upon him with respect only a little less than upon their own King James I.

After Smith was conducted before Powhatan, whose wigwam was at Werowoco, across the York river, the Indians held a council, and after debate decided the bold adventurer should die. This was on either January 5 or 6, 1608, when the captain was 29 years old. What transpired after the debate was not told until 1624, when Smith's "General History of Virginia" was published. In the "True Relation," etc., published in August, 1608, the reader is simply informed that the next day Smith was released and returned to Jamestown, and the reason for the absence of this historic incident from that narrative is said to have been due to an injunction by the company not to write in any letter anything that might discourage colonization.

In the "General History," however, which appeared a dozen years later, Smith told how he came to be released in these words:

"A long consultation was held, at the conclusion of which two great stones were brought before Powhatan; as many as could laid hands on him dragging him to them, and thereon laid his head; and being ready with their clubs to beat out his brains, Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death; whereat the emperor was content he should live to make him hatchets and her bells, beads and copper, for they thought him as well off with occupation as themselves."

When in the following year, Smith was sent home under charge by his enemies of having incensed the Indians against some of the settlers, the charge was also made that he had designed to wed Pocahontas in order to secure royal rights in Virginia as son-

in-law to Powhatan. In this latter charge there might have been some truth, for it appears to be almost certain the young Indian princess admired the courageous captain. This statement seems to have some weight, for it was not until seven years later, after Pocahontas had wed John Rolfe, and with him and her son had gone on a visit to England, that she discovered that Smith still lived.

Five years after Pocahontas had preserved the life of Capt. John Smith she was married in Jamestown to John Rolfe. She had been treacherously captured by Capt. Argall, an adventurer in the service of the Virginian colony, and brought to Jamestown. Then word was sent to Powhatan that she would be released if he would surrender all English prisoners and give up all guns and swords in his possession. The old chieftain refused, so Pocahontas was held a captive. While in captivity, John Rolfe, who is sometimes called Thomas Rolfe, was said to have fallen in love with the dusky captive, and "she with him." At any rate, a match was made between them, evidently by the governor, Sir Thomas Dale, and in April, 1613, in the old Burton church at Williamsburg, a few miles from Jamestown, the good Whitaker, the "apostle of Virginia," performed the ceremony in the presence of many of the settlers, and of one of Pocahontas' uncles and two brothers. The match was brought about in the hope that it might become a means of securing peace with the people of Powhatan, and not long afterward a treaty was made with both the Powhatans and the Chickahomnies.

Rolfe, who was a widower at the time, owned a plantation in Virginia. He and his wife had been of the band of adventurers who had been wrecked

in the sea venture on the Bermudas, in 1610, an event which is believed to have supplied Shakespeare with the idea of "The Tempest." A daughter was born to him in Bermuda, and it may be inferred that his wife died there or in Virginia before 1613, when he married Pocahontas. Although the widower Rolfe expressed an attachment for the dusky Indian maid, he hesitated over marriage, having religious scruples against marrying an "unbelieving creature." So the princess was speedily converted, baptized "Rebecca" and married. Rolfe's plantation was first at Jamestown and then near the city of Henricus. At Varina a child, a boy, was born to Pocahontas, and she lived there until her departure for England in June, 1616. In England Pocahontas was lionized, and Smith wrote a letter to Anne of Denmark, James' queen, warmly recommending her to royal favor, declaring he would be guilty of "the deadly poison of ingratitude" if he omitted occasion to record her merit, as she had preserved his life by "hazarding the beating out of her brains to save his."

When Pocahontas saw Smith in England she wanted to call him "father" and that he should call her "child," in accordance with Indian custom. She also said she had been told he was dead, "and knew no other until I came to Plymouth." But the Indian bride wasted in England, in spite of the honors done the "Lady Rebecca," as she was called. It was said the king was provoked that one of his subjects had married into the "royal" family of Virginia. However, in the following March, as Rolfe and his wife and son were about to set sail for America, Pocahontas died, although she had already embarked on the ship. She was buried in the chancel of the parish church at Gravesend.

Near the chancel in St. George's Church, the late rector of the parish, Dr. Haslam, placed a tablet which reads as follows:

This stone commemorates Princess Pocahontas or Meteoka, daughter of the mighty American Indian chief Powhatan. Gentle and humane, she was the friend of the earliest struggling English colonists whom she so nobly rescued, protected and helped.

On her conversion to christianity in 1613, she received in baptism the name Rebecca, and shortly after this she became the wife of Thomas Rolfe, a settler in Virginia.

She visited England with her husband in 1616, was graciously received by Queen Anne, wife of James I.

In the twenty-second year of her age she died at Gravesend, while preparing to revisit her native country, and was buried near this spot on March 21st, 1617.

LEUPP INDIAN ART STUDIO.

We reprint from the Carlisle Arrow the following interesting description of the new Indian art studio, recently erected and furnished at the Carlisle School through the efforts of that school's Athletic Association:

A large majority of those who visit our school for the first time, as well as visitors of former years who have returned this winter are impressed with the beautiful new building at the left of the entrance to the Carlisle Indian School grounds.

Where once was an apparently neglected spot there has arisen a magnificent monument to the industrial training to be obtained here by the Indian youth who seeks to better his condition and to make of himself a self-supporting, universally respected craftsman.

To the stranger it appears to be a well-built, beautifully arranged, well laid out edifice, but to the Indian and to the friend of the Indian it means more. It means that there is a perfect, finished product of Indian handicraft.

To those who have had the pleasure of inspecting the building, as well as to those who may perchance only have a general interest in Indian education, it may be well to state a few facts in regard to this studio which might be regarded as information.

The entire building, as well as its up-to-

date equipment, is the property of the Athletic Association, and was erected without a farthing of expense to the Government.

About a year ago the Athletic Association, foreseeing a successful season for the year 1906, and having a football team second to none in schools of its class—aye, above its class—conceived the idea that no better use could be made of its earnings in the field of athletics than by erecting a building on the grounds that would be a credit to the school and at the same time afford an opportunity for the instruction of their fellow students in some line that in future years would revert to the profit of the individual.

The need of an art studio was manifest.

The opportunity for the teaching of the profession of photographer was apparent, and the association decided to put their money into the idea, and did it as only Carlisle students do things—*i.e.*, did it right.

Plans were suggested by various employees and students and the best ideas of those offered were embodied in working plans drawn up by a graduate of the school, Mr. George Balenti, a Cheyenne Indian employee at the time.

Ground was broken, the work being performed entirely by the students, and foundations laid by the apprentice masons under Mr. Lamason. The carpenter work, the doors, sashes, and in fact, all the mill-work of the building, was turned out of our own carpenter shop by the boys under the instruction of Mr. Herr and Mr. Gardner.

The plumbing and heating arrangements, all of the latest design, are the work of the detail under Mr. Weber, the school engineer's direction, while the color effects and the painting and decorations are the handiwork of the boys receiving the benefit of Mr. Carn's experience as a painter. The roofing and tin work are all from the school tin shop the work of the Indian youth.

In fact the entire building from cellar to roof is purely Indian labor, and all the material purchased from athletic funds.

The only material in the edifice not made on the grounds is the stone itself.

The building is by far the most artistic of the many buildings on the grounds and is built of cement block with a rock face. The architecture is of the "battlement" order and its position at the entrance to the beautiful grounds adds greatly to the general appearance of the school property and creates favorable first impressions.

The approach from the trolley terminal is by a short flight of three steps and a turn to the left through a concrete walk to the main entrance. Around the building is a gracefully lined out balustrade of the same material as the building itself and the windows and doors are beautifully illuminated with varicolored art squares. On entering the art room one is immediately struck with the appropriateness of the name of the building, for we find ourselves in a salon 24x32 feet, the walls of which are hung with Indian Art of every description. Here can be found a large collection of Indian curios, burnt-leather work, bead-work, basket work, Indian drawings and paintings of the most intricate designs, many by members of our own Indian Art Class, under Miss Angel DeCora, herself a Winnebago,—all genuine legitimate Indian work.

Here and there are hung rare prints of the famous chiefs of old. Prints that have long years been drawn from publication and the plates destroyed.

On the floor are various and unlimited Navajo blankets of design and color to make the heart of the connoisseur beat faster.

Artistic show cases are here displayed containing samples of the work of the photographic studio and souvenir postals of various views of the grounds and buildings—all the work of the students at Carlisle.

The operating room opens to the north of the art room and occupies a space 24 x 50 feet, with a light 16 x 20 feet. This room is equipped with the finest product of the camera maker's skill. The lenses have no superior in the state and the back-grounds are various and artistic. All appliances known to the Art are in evidence in this room. To the east of the operating room may be found the dark room and printing room. The arrangement of the lights in the printing room is considered to be as near to perfection as possible. A commodious bay window on the east end of the building is constructed in the shape of a semi-octagon, so set as to secure a direct light at any hour of the day. Photographers pronounce the arrangement of the rooms almost ideal. Here the apprentices under competent instructors are taught the art of photography in its various details.

When the building was first talked about and as it progressed during construction the entire student body was eager to see the building dedicated to some friend of the Indian of to-day. When the subject of a name for the building was brought up officially by the association, the officials of the

school and the student body, there was a spontaneous and unanimous demand that it be known as the Leupp Indian Art Studio, in recognition of the friendship, interest, and careful nurturing of Indian Art by Commissioner Francis E. Leupp, and therefore it was so named.

Experts from various portions of the country pronounce it one of the most practical well-proportioned studios to be found in many days' travel.

The studio is open every week day for inspection.

It is intended at some future date to erect a building somewhat similar in design and architecture on the opposite side of the roadway which can be used as a waiting room for the trolley and also be devoted to educational and industrial purposes. This would make a grand entrance to our already beautiful grounds, and the true Carlisle spirit is on the move, and when a mere trifle of a building or two affects the Athletic Association it does not take long for things to materialize.

Every student at the Carlisle Indian School is a producer.

Makes An Interesting Exchange.

The most interesting exchange on our table this month is THE INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL from Chilocco, Oklahoma. It is a magazine printed by Indians at the government school, and gives some very interesting facts concerning both the school and home life of the Indians. Especially to be noted are "Pen and Camera in Tusayan," dealing with the manners and customs of the Hopi Indians, and "An Ojibwa Council Fire," which gives a good account of a modern Indian dance. The cuts form quite an interesting feature of the magazine. Most college magazines follow a set rule of procedure, but this one is novel in that it is quite different from any other we have seen.—The Collegian, Texas Christian University, Waco, Texas.

Carlisle School Continued.

Associated Press dispatch: The appropriation for the support of the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., will be continued for another year at least. The full Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, which met yesterday, rejected the recommendation of a subcommittee that the appropriation be discontinued and the Carlisle school abolished. It is expected the fight against the school may be renewed at the next session of Congress.

A VOICE

BY GEORGE E. BOWEN.

Out of the wilderness, thro' the long night, I heard a Voice saying: "Be glad."
Then the fear that was mine, and the sorrow, vanished away, and I was no more afraid.

So much the Voice said to me, in that soft command.

It was the new strength my service perished for.

Thus my fallen spirit arose, and gave unto love all its riches. And in that moment all else was mine—to give, to use, to bring unto another's longing.

Such a little thing—the gift of a sweet voice: "Be glad."

But the mountains that held me prisoner melted away in the music of the Voice.

Then I knew its potency. Knew its reason and its right to reign supreme in my heart.

Its echoes bridged all distances and brought me face to face with the lost things of life, the dreams unfinished, the happiness of forgotten hopes. It went down into the depths of despair and brot up the joy of life.

It *was* salvation.

The Voice of Gladness.

It swung out as a lamp across the face of night, and there was no more hidden things.

Even my fears were not hidden, but at the sound of the Voice they laughed outright.

Then I knew all things were good—each in its place.

Knew that life is growth—growth upward thro' the darkness, a glad ascent.

And it seemed a new joy to be a part of that growth, toward the higher things of the light.

I could put away one yoke after another, the chains, the harnesses, the heaviness of the toil, and finally even the load itself.

The load and the yoke that were my training.

For the Voice of Gladness sings of freedom—freedom to lift even greater loads, to rise to loftier heights—to eagerly accept each day, each night—with the service thereof. To plant the things that are needed in waste places, and to bear away the fruitage of favored gardens unto the hunger of weaker fellows. To make way for the truth, keep bright its fame and sharp its edges, that nothing may withstand it. To be one with the greatness and the grandeur of nature, with the lowliness of a wayside flower, with the tenderness of the mother heart that draws compassionately to itself all the pain and sorrow and misunderstandings of earth. To live fully and freely the measure of my strength and the urging of my soul—and be glad.

All this I heard in the wilderness, in the night, on the desert sands or in the deeper desolation of a great city.

And although cast down in the blindness and exhaustion of fear, and of many doubts and debts bewildered, suddenly, by unseen forces uplifted, I stood erect, unafraid, ready, with a strange new music sweetly thrilling my soul.

The Voice of Gladness.

OKLAHOMA INDIANS AS COTTON-PICKERS.

A recent dispatch in the Oklahoma Post has the following to say regarding the success of the Oklahoma Indian as a cotton picker:

Albert P. Johnson, of Caddo county, who has employed a number of Kiowa Indians as cotton pickers for two or three years past on his ranch near Alden, says that in spite of popular impression to the contrary the red men in his employ have made good as farm laborers, and have been the most satisfactory cotton pickers that he has ever employed. The Indians who worked for him were Kiowas and practically the same band was with him for the past two years. They were headed by Horace Hunter, one of the sub-chiefs of the Kiowas, and his son Albert, both very intelligent Indians. Mr. Johnson says that from his experience they are sober and industrious and have one recommendation above all other hands in that they are willing to work in all kinds of weather. They will go ahead with their cotton picking on days when either negroes or white hands would consider it too cold.

Their former employer fears that he will not be able to get them again next year, as the younger members of the band have taken the allotments for their children in the vicinity of the new towns in the big pasture, and will probably go there next summer to look after those farms, although their own homes are in Caddo county.

If it had not been for their Indian helpers the farmers in southwestern Oklahoma would have been totally unable to take care of their cotton crop this year, and as it was, cattle were turned into many fields which had been absolutely untouched for want of pickers.

These Kiowa Indians, while Christianized and many of them active church workers, still retain a touch of their old superstitions and particularly their belief in "Sindy," an impish spirit, almost a god, figures prominently in Kiowa folk-lore. Because Mr. Johnson had expressed a disbelief in some of the tales which they told about Sindy, they really believed that the bad weather which came on just at the height of the cotton picking season was brought about by that being to punish him for his disbelief.

The Kiowas are not the only ones, however, that have developed into good workers in the cotton field, and there are probably more Cheyenne cotton pickers this year than members of any other tribe. An especially large

number of Cheyennes have been picking cotton this year near Etna, Okla. As a rule the farmers who employ them say that the Indians are good cotton pickers.

Two Cheyenne Indians in the same vicinity, Fenton Antelope and Crooked Nose had in cotton crops of their own. The former has sold 900 pounds of cotton raised on his own land. Taking these facts as a basis it seems fair to estimate that the Indians connected with the Whirlwind Mission and school have earned as cotton pickers this season not less than \$600. As the Indians feed and provide for their own children while in this school they have an incentive to earn money in this way.

As the price for picking averaged \$1.25 per hundred, the sum of money earned represents over 47,000 pounds of cotton picked by Indians this season in the immediate vicinity of Etna, while smaller amounts were paid out in various localities all over the county. The greater part of this work was done by Indians connected with the Whirlwind Mission, whose children are in the mission school. This is not true of the entire number, however, as a number of Indians have been at work picking cotton in various other places.

A number of Indians from Utah were also imported into Day county in the vicinity of Hamburg for use as cotton pickers, and are said to have rendered very satisfactory service there.

That the Cheyennes and Arapahoes take more kindly to farm work than any of the other Oklahoma Indians is due primarily to the training given them by John Seger, for years superintendent of the Indian school at Colony, who has done more than any other man in the southwest to train the Indians to industrial pursuits. Although unable to read and write when he came to Oklahoma, and still practically uneducated so far as the learning of books is concerned, he became the head of one of the greatest agencies of Oklahoma, a position which he resigned a little more than a year ago to accept another government position more to his liking and in keeping with the strength of his advancing years. He is now devoting his time in persuading Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians to stay on their allotments, instead of living in camp; to cultivate crops and raise live stock, and to educate their children in the manner of the white man.

This work was originated in Oklahoma by Mr. Seger in 1880. After having been employed in various capacities in connection

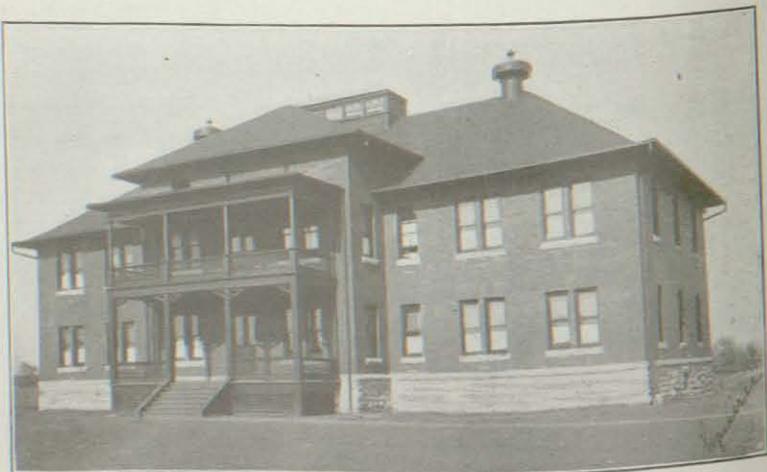
with the Indian schools among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, he was assigned in that year to the department of Indian industry at the agency, for the employment and practical education of the Indians outside the schools. This department had never before existed, and Seger was the first person to be appointed to such a position. He was popular among the Indians, and got many of them into habits of industry.

Resigning that work, he went out on Cobb Creek to establish a horse ranch, becoming the first white settler in what is now Washita county. At that time the laziest and most dissipated Indians on the reservation lived at the Darlington agency, where they gambled, drank and fought, to the despair of the agent, who finally asked Seger if he would undertake to move these loafers to Cobb Creek and put them to work. Seger in 1885 accepted the appointment of agency farmer and moved 150 of these Indians to his ranch. They were half starved and suffered greatly in the winter weather. He called a council and induced the men to sign an agreement to be industrious and to obey his orders. Each anniversary of that time they have met and ratified their original pledge. From the industrial work started there grew the Colony school, from which Seger resigned last year, and for which the government has erected altogether 32 buildings, eight of them of brick and several of large size.

ARE you, as an employe of the Government, giving the best there is in you toward making conditions at your school ideal?

Passing of The Indian.

The wise men among the Indians saw that the extinction of the tribal governments, the allotment of lands in severalty, and statehood, meant their ceasing as nations, and possibly their extinction as a race. So far as the extinction of the individual is concerned it is a matter of environment, education and effort. The weak will fall to the ground. The strong and resolute will succeed. The constitution of the new state will place the Indian on absolute equal footing with the white man. Many of the Indians of the Five Tribes are well educated. Their daily intercourse with the whites for a period of over a hundred years has familiarized them with the ways of the white men and a goodly portion are able to take up their white brother's burden. Inter-marriage has done much to solve the Indian problem. Education and association have also had their potent beneficial results. 'Tis the fate of the poor full-blood which gives us concern. Timid and unaccustomed to work they have fled from the white man. They have ever sought retirement and solitude and have lived in the mountains and along the banks of the small streams. Not having to work they never learned to do so. Luckily for the more shiftless and improvident, the federal government has taken measures to protect them from the greed and rapacity of the unscrupulous and designing. They cannot sell their lands for twenty-one years under the present law and at the present rate of advancement it is hoped they will be able, when their lands are alienable, to take up the onward march of civilization and progress.—Progress.



INDIAN SCHOOL VIEWS—HOSPITAL, HASKELL INSTITUTE,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

In and Out of the Service

Supt. Buchanan Has a Word.

Supt. Dr. Chas. M. Buchanan, of the Tulip Boarding School, is right after the sensational writer of the article recently appearing in the Seattle Daily Times, in which was stated that bad conditions existed at the school under his charge. He invites the closest examination of his fine school and among other things says:

"Our stock is not blooded or high grade

most half a century she has proved herself a staunch friend to the intrepid missionaries in this rugged country. Among her tribe she is greatly loved and honored. Her lover, Amable Ance, the medicine man, might be said to be the power behind the throne in the eyes of the Indians, and he is as much feared to-day by the Indians as were the medicine men of old. The Indians are still a superstitious race, and they believe this "medicine man capable of casting the most dire spells over them."

The wedding ceremony was lacking in savage splendor, for the Indians of this region

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We are proud of Esther and hope that she may have courage to continue dressing like a civilized girl that she is. Isaac is from Fort Mojave, but has made this his home for the past year. He is employed, at two dollars a day, by the company who are sounding for the Santa Fe bridge across the Colorado river at this place. Isaac is a good worker and well liked by the men.

After the words were said which made them man and wife, their friends passed by and congratulated them with a handshake and a kindly word.

It is hard to live in a way that makes one unpopular among his or her own people, but when that way is the better way we hope that many of our young people who are starting out, as these are on their life's journey as man and wife, may be brave to hold fast to the new and right way. E. Y. C.

Calendar Months in Osage Vernacular.

Uncle Tom Mosier has compiled the names of the twelve calendar months in Osage with the meaning of each. The corresponding list is here given:

- January—Me-o-kon-tsa.
- February—Hum-pah-tsa-tsa.
- March—Me-o-kon-ne-kah.
- April—E-wah-pe
- May—Hlu-wah-shu-tsa-pe.
- June—Tsa-to-kah-mo-noh-hah-pe.
- July—Tsa-to-kah-hu-hah-hah-pe.
- August—Glah-ze-pe.
- September—Tah-m-noh-hup-pe.
- October—Tah-qu-hah-hah-pe.
- November—Tah-heh-pah-hum-pe.
- December—Was-sah-pah-wah-tah-pe.

Each of the names has a peculiarly adopted meaning.—Osage Journal.

Creeks in The Osage Nation.

We are this week enabled to give our readers the names of the various streams on the Osage reservation in both English and Osage. The names are furnished by Uncle Tom Mosier, one of the oldest and most reliable interpreters in the tribe. There are 17 streams, counting the rivers, creeks and small branches. The Osage word Kah-hah, means in our language, creek.

They are as follows:

- Arkansas river—Ne-sho-tsa.
- Sand creek—Te-so-oglea.
- Salt creek—Ne-sku-kah kah-hah.
- Bird creek—Wah-shin-kah kah-hah.

- Deleware creek—Wah-pah-ne-que kah-hah.
 - Sycamore creek—Shon-sun-o-gle kah-hah.
 - Hominy creek—Wah-tah-sho-wah kah-hah.
 - Candy creek—Hlu ah-he kah-hah.
 - Clear creek—Ne-skah kah-hah.
 - Cedar creek—Hon-tsa-he kah-hah.
 - Mud creek—Nou-sto-sto kah-hah.
 - Mission creek—Noh-so-tsa kah-hah.
 - Pond creek—Pah-ne-pah kah-hah.
 - Birch Creek—Nunk-kah-ku kah-hah.
 - Big Elk Creek—O-poh-ton-gah kah-hah.
 - Rock Creek—In-kah-heh kah-hah.
 - Doogy Creek—Me-sha-seah kah-hah.
- Osage Journal.

Indian Burial Customs.

Our various Indian tribes formerly disposed of their dead in different ways, some of which seems to us very strange and curious. Some buried the body in the ground as we do, others wrapped it in mats like a mummy and laid it away in a cave, or in a dead-house where a priest was always on guard day and night to keep off the wild beasts. The Nanticokes and Choctaws first buried the body for a short time until the flesh had decayed, then had the bones taken up, separated, and carefully scraped by old men, who keep their fingernails long for this purpose, after which the bones were hung up in a bag in the wigwam or preserved in a box under the bed platform. The Yumas and other tribes of the Colorado River cremated the body, while the prairie tribes generally laid it away on a scaffold or in the branches of a tree, where it gradually dried up and at last fell to pieces. The property of the dead person was always buried or destroyed with the corpse.—James Mooney in the Southern Workman.

From Poplar Montana.

Supt. Lohmiller of the Fort Peck Agency, has finally succeeded in getting teachers for his three new day schools. Mr. Lohmiller has been advertising for teachers in several of the papers for the past two or three months. None of the new teachers have ever taken the Civil Service examination, and one poor fellow can hardly write his own name, and can't spell at all. It seems too bad to take the children from the boarding school and put them under such incompetent teachers.

ARE you, Mr. Employe, trying to earn ALL the salary Uncle Sam gives you?

This Wide, Wide World

Pen Pictures of Places, Persons and Populace

TRADE AND THE MISSIONARY.

One more important result, one valuable by-product as it may be called, of missionary enterprise in China, deserves to receive more serious consideration than has hitherto been accorded to it. In it is to be found an agency, unequaled by any other, for the development of our commerce with that vast population. Every missionary is, whether willingly or unwillingly, an agent for the display and recommendation of American fabrics and wares of every conceivable sort. Each missionary home, whether established in great Chinese cities or rural hamlets, serves as an object lesson, an exposition of the practical comfort, convenience, and value of the thousand and one items in the long catalogue of articles which complete the equipment of an American home. Idle curiosity upon the part of the natives grows into personal interest which in turn develops the desire to possess. The manufacturing and commercial interest in the United States, even though indifferent or actively hostile to the direct purpose of the missionary enterprise, could well afford to bear the entire cost of all American missionary effort in China for the sake of the large increase in trade which results from such effort.—Chester Holcombe, in the September Atlantic.

WORK OF THE HEART.

Few stop to consider the amount of labor performed daily by the human heart. The inexhaustible supply of energy displayed by this overworked organ is marvelous. Calculation has shown that the work of the heart of an average person is equal to the feat of lifting over five tons at the rate of a foot an hour, or one hundred and twenty-five tons in twenty-four hours.

A certain Dr. Richardson once made a curious calculation in regard to the work performed by the heart in mileage. He presumed that the blood was forced out of the heart at each palpitation in the proportion of sixty-nine strokes a minute, and at the assumed distance of nine feet. At this rate the flow of the blood through the body would be two hundred and seven yards a minute, or seven miles an hour. This would make one hundred

and seventy miles a day, or sixty-one thousand miles a year. Thus in a lifetime of eighty-four years the blood in the human body would travel over five million miles. The number of beats of the heart required to send the blood that far would be over three thousand million.—The Sunday Magazine.

A QUEEN IN EXILE.

Queen Natalie, widow of King Milan and mother of the murdered King Alexander of Servia, was at one time a very prominent figure in Europe, but for some years she has occupied the only socially important position of a "queen in exile."

At Biarritz, that pretty French watering place, where she has chiefly resided, she has been much sought after and entertained by residents and visitors alike, but until recently she has been completely ignored by the French Government. Now, however, it is said that, owing to the part she took in protesting against the taking of church inventories, she has been requested to leave the country.

In spite of all the trials of her eventful life, Queen Natalie still retains some of the good looks for which she was formerly famous.

In her youth—she is now 47—she was often called the handsomest woman in Europe, and, though some people might prefer a more refined and less eastern type of beauty, no one could fail to admire her fine tall figure, brilliant complexion, large, dark eyes and raven hair.—Exchange.

NEW USE FOR ELECTRICITY.

The latest and, it will be thought by many, one of the best uses to which electricity has been put is the destruction of the mosquito. Maurice Chaulin, of Paris, is the man who has thought of electrocuting this most obnoxious disturber of summer peace. He has devised and patented an apparatus with a cylindrical lantern with two rings, suspended one above the other and joined by parallel and vertical chains. These are connected with the source of electricity, which may be provided by a small accumulator in such a fashion that each of these little chains is always alive. In the center is some sort of a lamp that attracts those ardent lovers of luminosity, the mosquitoes and gnats. They touch the chains and that instant is fatal to them. They are neatly "short-circuited," and they buzz no more. They even forget what they

meant by all their buzzing, or what occult reason they had for seeking the luminary. They are dead and done for. This apparatus can be placed in a room, and the proper owner of the chamber is insured a comfortable night.—The Reader.

A RAILROAD'S EUCALYPTUS GROVE.

The Santa Fe has begun planting trees on its land in San Diego county, Southern California. The tract is 8,650 acres in extent and is known as the Rancho San Diegito. It is near Del Mar. It will be converted into a eucalyptus grove. About 700 acres a year will be planted for a number of years. The wood will be used for ties and piles. F. P. Hosp, who has charge of this class of work, estimates that \$3,000 worth of timber for ties can be raised on one acre. The red gum will be planted, as this, as well as the sugar and iron bark varieties of eucalyptus, has been shown by experiment in Australia to last more than twenty-five years under ground, while the blue gum will not last more than three years under ground. The seeding will be done during the winter, and the seedings for the first year's planting are now in preparation. About 3,000 boxes of small seedings are required.—The Railroad Gazette.

COPPER NOW RIVALING SILVER.

Copper is the smart material now and it comes in such attractive guise that it is running silver a close race as favorite for wedding gifts. There are copper candlesticks in quaint designs, copper trays of rare beauty and much usefulness, copper jugs and jars in odd and picturesque designs, copper chafing dishes, copper vases, copper lamps, copper incense burners, and probably the smartest of all are the copper coffee sets, consisting of pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher on a tray. These are gold lined and the color combination is pretty enough to attract attention, even if the design and material had not the charm of novelty.—The New York Sun.

WOMAN MANAGES HORSE RANCH.

A novel experiment has been undertaken by Lady Ernestine Hunt, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Ailesbury. She has started a horse ranch at Calgary, Alberta, on a stretch of land nearly 40,000 acres in extent, and has personally supervised the conveyance of seventeen of the horses to England.

Lady Ernestine says she is the first woman who has ever taken live stock across the ocean by herself and she pays a tribute to cattle men, who are, in her opinion, a much maligned class. She is of a roving disposition and by the age of 24 she had been round the Horn and was a night staff nurse at Krugersdorp at the time of the Jameson raid.

A few months later she went to Australia and back in a sailing boat, and when applying for a master's certificate at Liverpool was refused permission to sit for examination because of her sex.—St. Louis Republic.

RICH TREASURE COACH.

J. J. Williams, the oldest living pioneer of this section, gives the date of the first placer mining as 1875. On his return to the Hills in January, 1876, he found that two discoveries had been made.

"On August 20, 1876," he says, "a six-horse coach with twenty armed guards and between $\frac{1}{2}$ million dollars and \$700,000 worth of gold dust left here for Cheyenne. Some of the guards were paid as high as \$100 for the trip, but others went for their board, they were so glad to get away. There were the Chisholms, Woodburys and Hank Harney of the Homestake, and Jackson, who came in with me, and others I have forgotten, and some of them had more dust in the coach than the Wheeler outfit, who took out about \$56,000, as I recollect. That sum represented about 120 days' work, and it was all clear profit above expenses."—The Black Hills Mining Review.

POLAND'S PITIABLE CONDITION.

The situation of Poland to-day is pitiable. Business in Warsaw has fallen off 50 per cent and more; the fashionable boulevards are partly deserted; the restaurants are but half filled, and the leading hotel is running at a loss. The city swarms with troops, but martial law brings only oppression, not security. Hardly a day passes but officials are killed or wounded by the terrorists, while suspected persons are arrested, clubbed or shot to death by the authorities. The terrorists are strong enough to defy the Government, while the Government is strong enough to crush a general revolt, and the result is anarchy. When it will end no one can tell. But some day Peace will surely come, for Poland is to have autonomy. The Poles demand it. The great majority of the Russian Duma has promised it, and Russian liberalism must eventually win.—Outlook.

Educational Department

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

PREPARATION OF THE INDIAN TEACHER

BY ARTHUR E. MCFATRIDGE

Superintendent Winnebago Training School

IT has been truthfully said by some of our greatest educators that it requires a more skillful teacher to successfully teach the primary grades than it does to successfully teach the advanced grades. Why is this true?

Thousands of women are able to make from a fine piece of woolen cloth a garment, fashioned in the latest style, but how many are able to see that same garment in the raw material as it comes from the back of the sheep, or if they can see the making of the garment in the wool, how many are able to begin at the beginning and step by step make and fashion a dress from the raw material?

Again, we notice the time that is spent and the skill that is exercised in trying to get a slip of the geranium, the tea rose, or some other house plant to take root that it may grow and develop into a healthy plant and bloom to beautify the home. It requires far more skill, more knowledge of the nature of the plant to start the growth than to keep it growing and in a healthy condition after it has been started.

But let us return to our subject. We find in every state schools whose aim is to prepare young men and young women to teach. To teach what and who? To teach the different branches of learning to a civilized, enlightened, English speaking people. But how many institutions are we able to find that are preparing their students for teachers of an uncivilized race? Institutions that are turning out teachers who are able to go among a backward, uncivilized, superstitious people and take the "raw material" and mould and fashion real men and women? Teachers who are able to start a superstitious, degraded people on the road that will lead them from the darkness of barbarism into the light of civilization? Not one.

How often does a teacher who has had years of experience in white schools, one who

has been successful in his profession, enter the Indian Service and make a flat failure as an Indian teacher! Why? It is not because he has not properly equipped himself as a teacher as far as his knowledge of the subjects to be taught is concerned. He may have a thorough college education, may have passed the Civil Service examination with a high average, but he does not know how to teach Indians. He has to face different conditions from those to which he has been accustomed. The environment of the children with whom he has to deal is entirely different from anything he has seen or even imagined; the responsibilities he has assumed are far greater than before. He is disappointed and at once becomes discouraged and dissatisfied. He enters the school room and is confronted by a score or more pupils, strange in appearance, language and habits. He cannot speak their language and finds that many of them are unable to speak English. He asks himself the questions:—"What am I to do?" "How am I to begin?"

His normal training seems to be of but very little use to him and his long experience as teacher of his own race has a tendency to further disqualify him for his work as an Indian teacher.

He at once begins to try methods he used when he was teaching children coming from homes where civilization shown out in all its splendor. He overshoots the mark. He fails. There is but one of two things left for him to do. To resign and return to his home—if he has money enough to get back—or to learn the work by actual experience at Uncle Sam's expense and to the detriment of the poor ignorant people with whom and for whom he had been sent to labor.

Is it not time something is being done to remedy these evils and thereby better conditions?

We do not wish to cast any reflection upon the efficient management of the Indian Affairs by the Department at Washington, for we fully appreciate the fact that the only means the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs has of learning conditions throughout the Indian Service is through his agents, superintendents and other representatives in the field, yet the fact remains that there are comparatively few teachers who enter the Indian Service properly equipped for the work.

How can this condition of affairs be bettered? Right here we beg to offer a suggestion, which, if put into actual practice, we believe would greatly increase the efficiency of teachers in the Indian School Service.

We would suggest the establishing of preparatory schools, at points convenient to Indian schools or reservations, where new teachers could spend a short time fitting themselves for the work by learning methods especially adapted to Indian schools.

Millions of dollars are spent by the Army and Navy Departments in preparing for war in time of peace, and would it not be well for the Government to establish a few places where teachers on the eligible list could go and prepare themselves for the battles before them? Would it not be for the best interests of the Service to have a few schools that would bear the same relation to the Indian School Service as the normal colleges bear to the public schools among civilized people?

We who are interested in Indian education, who believe that the intellect of the Indian youth is capable of development, and who know by experience that the "raw material" found in the Indian home can be moulded into real men and women, into good citizens, should make an earnest plea for the adoption of some method or some plan whereby teachers entering the Indian Service can prepare themselves for their work rather than go into the school unprepared and spend a whole year's time in finding out that they know nothing about it.

SHEEP ON THE FARM.

BY CHARLES MILNE.

There is no farm of 160 acres but what can support a small flock of sheep, say fifty head, and receive larger clear profits than from any other investment of the same amount, provided they are properly cared for.

Have your sheep in good condition when you take them from the pasture to winter. Have a sheltered pen, with plenty of room, to protect them from the cold and storms. Have an outyard where they can be allowed to go on nice, sunshiny days, in which you can throw plenty of cornstalks or good straw that the sheep can nibble at and what they don't eat will make good manure. Feed them alfalfa hay, if you have it; if you don't have it, buy it if you can, as one ton of alfalfa is equal to two tons of any meadow hay for feeding sheep. Try and have your lambs dropped in January or February if you want to get big prices for early mutton. By keeping your ewes in good, warm, well-bedded pens, there is nothing to hinder you raising February lambs and have them ready for market before summer is well begun. By having your rams in good condition in the breeding season and keeping a good grade of ewes, you can almost count on having twin lambs with every ewe, after the ewes are over one year old. With a crop of 8 or 10 pounds of wool at 30 cents per pound and a couple of fat lambs at four or five dollars apiece, I think, is a good investment on a six- or eight-dollar ewe. Sheep are profitable for several reasons, among them being the small expense of maintaining a flock. By that I do not mean the plan pursued by many of turning them out and never looking after them unless occasionally to be salted, but they cost but little when cared for, because they are not choice in the matter of feeding. They greedily devour much that would be unserviceable, and for that reason are a necessary adjunct on a farm as a measure of economy. Where they become most serviceable is on those pastures that are deficient in long grass, and which cannot be used in making hay. It is on short grass that sheep thrive best, as they are close grazers. Crab grass, when beginning to spread out, is greatly relished by sheep, and they do well on wheat stubble or a field from which corn has been harvested, and they are always able to derive something for food from places that would support no other animal.

They are also great renovators of the soil, scattering manure evenly and pressing it in, thus improving the ground on which they feed. They multiply rapidly; a small flock soon becomes a large one, and they produce profit in three directions: wool, mutton and lambs. The sheep farmer has to contend with ticks and scab and if he does not dip his sheep

at least once a year he cannot expect to be successful in the business. Men with large flocks generally know and apply the necessary remedies, but the farmer who is only making a side issue of the sheep business is liable to neglect this part. The sheep tick, or louse, lives among the wool and is exceedingly annoying. Scabies is a contagious disease and resembles mange in horses. You can easily know it by the skin of the sheep getting dry and scaly and the wool peeling off about the breast and neck. After shearing, the tick has no shelter on the old sheep and it takes refuge on the lambs. After shearing, or any time that you detect ticks or scab on your sheep, take extract of tobacco juice and sulfur (or lime and sulfur), one gallon of tobacco and 15 pounds sulfur to 70 gallons of water, mix with the water at 100 to 110 degrees heat for old sheep and 90 to 100 for lambs, drop your sheep in the solution for two minutes and you will be rid of the ticks and scab. There are various styles of dipping vats but unless it were in a community where there are thousands of sheep it would not pay to build one of the large vats, with steam heat, etc. A farmer with a few sheep can fix up a tank or use a zinc watering tank that he can dip 200 a day.

Another

so exclusively on alfalfa, but its use will give far better results than ordinary wild grass hay. In southern Colorado lambs are fed entirely on peas for market. They are allowed to harvest the peas themselves and, with a few hogs running after them, the farmers in that district are finding it a very profitable plan, as pea-fed lambs are bringing the highest prices in the Chicago and Kansas City markets.

Another thing for a beginner in the sheep business to know is how to determine the age of a sheep by its mouth. All well-bred sheep have a full mouth of front teeth at three years old. Some old unimproved flocks may still be found in which the mouth is not full until nearly four years old. The milk, or lamb, teeth are easily distinguishable from the permanent teeth by their yellow or dark color, whereas the permanent teeth are white, clear and pearly.

The successive pairs of permanent teeth make their appearance through the gums at the following dates: The first pair at one year old, the second at a year and half, the third at two years and three months, the fourth and last pair at three years. You will observe that between the appearance of the first two pairs there is an interval of six

there is abundance of good fresh water at all times of the year. Taking the eastern and central portions of these two states and developing the dairy industries properly, a better location for profitable dairying cannot be found in any country. The wild grasses growing in this section furnish a most succulent and nutritious pasturage for the long summer season, while alfalfa and most of the tame grasses grow their best on the cultivated lands, and all of these plants will afford the best of hay for the shorter winter feeding. This is, in truth, an agricultural section and, as soon as the extensive farming, which is now practiced, gives way to more intensive farming, dairying will most assuredly become one of the leading industries of these states. With the numerous railroads, the good wagon roads and the slightly sandy soil, there is certainly no reason why this should not make one of the most successful dairy sections of the country.

Since, however, I believe that the majority of those present today are more interested in the subject of farming generally, than they are in the subject of dairying strictly, I will endeavor to take up this subject of Farm Dairying only on a small scale, such as we may use profitably in conjunction with the

other work of the farm. But, you will find that the rules applying to the care and management of large dairies will, in almost every sense, apply to the keeping of a few cows on the farm. It is like the lending of money at interest:—the man lending \$10,000 at a legal rate of interest might easily live on the income therefrom, while the man who has only \$100 to lend at the same rate, treats it only as an addition to his income elsewhere, and is less careful of its care and use. Just so the large dairyman, depending upon his herd for a living, takes an interest in it and makes it pay, while the farmer, usually more interested in other details of the farm, keeps a few cows, takes what they may give him, and loses in the end. We, of the west, are a rather careless people and in no place is it more noticeable than it is in the details of the farm. One of these details is the farm dairy.

Every man has a right to his own opinion as to the kind of cows he wishes to keep on the farm and some kind of argument may be produced for any breed or any type of animal if the right man be found to produce it. There may be a very few points in favor of the scrub cow; a few were once produced in favor of the dual purpose animal; there

are some points in favor of the beef breeds; but, in my opinion, the most economical and most profitable animal in the cattle line for the farm is the good old dairy cow. As to the scrub, I have nothing to say; the dual, or two purpose, cow usually means a no purpose animal; the beef breeds or grades are a success only as beef producers and the animals themselves must be sacrificed to realize the profits of the production. The *dairy* cow, giving from one and one-half to five, or even ten, gallons of milk per day, and that from eight to eleven months per year, lives on and is a constant and continuous source of profit. She may be considered a compound and delicate machine, using the corn, hay, and other feeds for the production of milk, almost perfect food for man and beast, while the refuse or waste is a most valuable fertilizer for the farm. An animal in *one* of these breeds or types will consume or waste as much feed as will an animal in another, so that it is not only a question of profits but also a question of losses which is to be considered in our choice of animals. If the animal is not a profit, it is, most likely, a loss and should not be kept. No place is it easier to figure the profits and losses than it is with the dairy cow, since both the feed and the production are presented daily.

Next in importance to the selection of the animals is the feeding and care which they should receive. A dairy cow can no more stand exposure to damp and cold weather than can a horse, and the man who will not provide a warm, dry stable for his cows deserves only to own scrub stock and to lose from keeping them. The cow puts forth all of her energies to the production of milk and does not prepare herself for the damp and cold weather. The stable is not necessarily so expensive or so substantial here as would be needed farther north, but it should be warm enough to protect the animals from the wet weather of our summers and the cold and sudden changes of our winters. It should be well ventilated, well drained and easily kept clean. The floors should be made of either well packed clay or of wood, with a wide, shallow gutter behind and plenty of good, dry bedding should always be used. A very good fastening for one or any number of animals is the sliding wood stanchion, such as is used in our dairy at Chilocco. The manger should be low and roomy, with the bottom of the far side sloping toward the cow, so that she may reach all of the feed given her and, where the stanchion is used,

if the manger be made tight enough to hold the grain of the ration, no feed-box will be needed. The ration to be fed must depend somewhat upon the feeds most easily obtained, and, upon the price to be paid for them if they are to be bought. There are many who scoff at the balanced ration theory but it is a theory that has been proven very practical. The animal body is made up of certain elements and the milk is composed of elements that can in no wise be substituted. All, or very nearly all, of these elements must be supplied in the feed. If *one* be absent or is scantily supplied the animal will suffer accordingly, while, if there be an over supply, so much feed and money is wasted. An absolute balanced ration cannot be figured to apply to every, or even any animal to be fed but, with the work of our experiment stations to guide us, we can determine very nearly the exact ration for most economical feeding, and by carefully noting choice of feeds made by the animal, we can bring her to her best condition and production. There is no animal that appreciates and really pays for kind treatment as does the cow and she should always be handled and treated as a valuable pet rather than as an animal to be milked and fed twice or three times a day. Regularity pays no better any place than it does about the dairy—any variation in time or method of milking, feeding, etc., really causing a decrease in the milk production. Cleanliness about the cow and the stables must be enforced for the comfort and benefit of the cow and for the health of the persons who are to use the milk. Milk is an ideal media for the growth of disease and other bacteria and all filth and dirt means millions of these germs for our consumption.

Some of the most important rules as to the care of milk upon the farm, or in the large dairy, might be set forth as follows:

Always see that there is no dust or dirt in the barn or on the cow that may get into the milk.

Never leave the milk standing in the barn, or in the way of dirt or bad smells, after it is drawn.

Cool it as soon as possible after it is drawn.

All vessels used in handling the milk should be thoroly washed and scalded after each milking.

A cream separator pays where there is more than four gallons of milk to be handled per day.

In conclusion, I would say: Dairying is most assuredly a paying addition to the farm,

if properly handled. It not only furnishes an invaluable food for our tables and adds to the income from the farm products, but also keeps our farms up by the furnishing of the much needed fertilizers for our crops.

The strictly dairy animal is the only animal that really pays in a dairy, whether that dairy be large or small. She eats no more than the general run of scrub stock; her production is large and constant almost the year round, and she does not have to be sacrificed for the realization of the profits of her production.

She is an animal that cannot stand expos-

ure, as so many seem to suppose, and one that does appreciate and pay for all care and kindness given her.

Cleanliness is imperative in all things connected with the dairy, both for the health and comfort of the animal and for the health of those who may consume her products.

All in all, there is no part of the farm, in my opinion, that is so neglected in our section as is the dairy and, situated as we are, we are losing money, and our farms are really decreasing in value, because of this lack of interest in the Farm Dairy.

THE BREEDING OF CORN

By A. K. RISSER, Chilocco

THE subject of corn breeding, or corn culture, is attracting general attention and is discussed along some phase at almost every farmer's institute. While in recent years a great deal of pure bred corn has been planted and much has been said and written on the subject, yet the agricultural reports show that there is no increase in the average yield of this crop. This might cause some of us to be doubtful of the value of pedigreed seed. However, the individual cases on record and the results of investigation at our State Experiment Stations show that improved seed is one of the important factors in increasing the average yield.

In discussing the topic of corn breeding we should not get the idea that to successfully grow corn it is merely necessary to use pedigreed seed. Cultivation and fertilization are as important in corn culture as are care and food in growing pedigreed Shorthorns.

History of Corn Improvement.

I think that to the American Indian belongs the first credit for improving the plant known botanically as *Zea Mayes*. The Indians of North and South America raised this crop extensively before the Americas were discovered and although their methods were crude, probably they have improved it more than has the white man since.

Little was done in a systematic way in corn breeding until a few years ago, when several farmers of the corn belt realized its importance. Among the pioneer corn breeders were J. S. Leaming of Wilmington, Ohio, who produced the well known Leaming varie-

ties; Jas. Riley of Thornton, Indiana, originator of the Boone County White; and James Reid, East Lynn, Ill., who produced Reid's Yellow Dent. The patient labors of these men and of others more recently have made it possible to place the work of corn breeding on a scientific and systematic basis.

Necessity and Demand for Good Seed Corn.

Because of differences in soil, climate, length of growing season and rainfall, a corn improved in one locality does not afford the best seed for localities which are unlike it. It is therefore essential that every locality have its own corn breeders. Prof. Hartley of the Bureau of Plant Industry says, that in his opinion, the farmer who will produce a productive strain of seed corn adapted to his section will be able to sell good seed at a price profitable both to himself and to those who buy, and will become a public benefactor by increasing the production of corn in his neighborhood.

Important Characters a Corn Should Possess.

Before discussing the method of breeding it may be well to speak of the most important characters of a good corn. It is surprising how few people are able to point out desirable stalks, as well as ears, of corn.

A good corn may be defined as one that matures before frost or drouth appears and one that produces grain of good quality abundantly. The first effort among breeders in this locality should be to develop a strain that will mature in time to escape the summer drouths; or next best, a strain that is

drouth resistant. Considering the stalk, I would say that for this locality the desirable stalk should be without suckers or offshoots, not too high, thick at the base with a well developed root system, gradually tapering to the top, and bearing at least one good ear a little below the center. I like a stalk about eight feet high with an ear not higher than four feet. The stalk should be free of disease and well leafed, as the leaves are the shops in which the plant food is elaborated.

Short, broad leaves are to be preferred to the long, narrow ones, as they are not so easily broken by the wind. The ear, or ears, should be attached by an ear stalk not more than four inches long, and this ear stalk should be thick rather than slender. In a good strain of corn there are no barren stalks, that is, stalks without ears. This description of a desirable stalk may appear unnecessary but it should be borne in mind that the stalk is the individual and should be chosen with the same care that the animal breeder uses in making his selections. It is therefore necessary to select seed ears from desirable stalks and this can be done only by selecting from standing stalks at time of ripening.

The most important character an ear of corn should possess is that of great productivity, and this can be determined only by comparative field tests. In addition to great productivity, an ear should be of cylindrical shape, well rounded at both ends and covered entirely with grains compactly arranged. The cob should be medium in size, and should dry quickly, and of a bright, healthy color. The cob should not be soft.

The kernels should be wedge shaped with straight edges and sides. Length of grain is very desirable and selection should be toward an increase of length of grain rather than toward a small cob. If the edges are rounded, or the grains are too tapered, much space is lost and the percentage of grain to cob is reduced in proportion. The germ is the most nutritious part of the grain and should be large, smooth, and healthy in appearance. Much chaff on the grain is undesirable.

With this introduction of the subject we should be ready to take up the breeding of corn and we should have in mind a well defined ideal that we are striving to attain. The first thing to do is to select the variety of corn you wish to improve. If you have a preference as to color or variety, by all means choose it and begin with the best available of that strain. Since our climatic conditions are somewhat peculiar I think it well to

start with a corn that has become somewhat adapted to the locality, rather than to introduce seed from outside. At Chilocco we are experimenting with five varieties: Bloody Butcher, White Wonder, Yellow Dent, Mexican June, and "Indian Corn." Last fall we selected from each of these plots about 200 choice ears growing on desirable stalks. We disregarded a number of choice ears because they were later than the average in maturing and we tried to make the lot consist of ears that had matured early. This should cause the strain to become earlier from year to year, and thus have its growing period complete before the drouth appears.

If you wish to disregard earliness then the corn may be allowed to become quite dry before gathering. These parent ears that you gather should be selected with the same care that you take in selecting sires and dams for your herd. The two are very similar.

Examination of Parent Ears.

The selected ears should be placed in a dry airy place, safe from rats.

In this section of the country it will pay to fumigate the ears with carbon bisulphide in a closed bin or box in order to kill the corn worm and grain weevils that are so destructive. About January, or during the slack winter season, the ears should be taken down and arranged on a table or on boards with the tips all pointing in the same direction. With your ideal ear in mind, select from the lot the best ear as a sample and then one by one compare the whole lot and any that do not conform to it in type should be discarded. Before an ear is accepted the kernels should be examined by removing several from different parts of the ear and measuring them. All those shorter than the standard set should be discarded. The ears finally selected for the breeding plot, should then be shelled by hand and the seed from each ear placed in separate paper bags. These should then be stored in a dry place, secure from rats and where they will not be disturbed.

Breeding Plot.

The plot of ground selected for the trial should be uniform and characteristic for the locality. If the plot is not uniform throughout, one row will have the advantage of the other and the test is not a fair one. Dead furrows or back furrows should be avoided. The object of the breeding plot is to grow a corn adapted to the locality. If the plot is given extra fertilization, or if located on a specially favored piece of ground, the value

of the corn to the locality is reduced. If the plot is located on soil similar to that of the neighborhood, the strain should become better adapted from year to year. Isolation is essential in all corn breeding work. The Department of Agriculture recommends that the plot be separated from other kinds of corn by at least 40 rods. As to the size of the plot, this can be made in proportion to the time available and size of the farm—60 to 100 rows of 400 feet is a convenient size.

Manner of Planting.

A good plan is to plow the ground early, and then list. Our plots were plowed last fall and this spring we intend to list them and then plant with a one row-planter; the seed from one ear or paper bag being planted to each row. If the plot is large enough, it is a good plan to plant 2 or 3 border rows so as to have the conditions in all rows the same. The cultivation should be the same as that given in regular corn growing. If the breeding plot is better cared for than the later field crop, the conditions are new and it will be less adapted and consequently less productive.

Detasseling.

Authorities differ now as to whether detasseling is beneficial or not. The method usually followed was to detassel half of each row in such a manner that no two rows treated in the same manner would be side by side. Unless the corn has been very much inbred there may be no particular advantage in the practice. It is desirable, however, that all weak, slender, barren and diseased stalks be detasseled. If detasseling is practiced, care should be taken not to injure the stalk more than necessary in the process. The only successful manner of detasseling is to pull the tassels.

We tried cutting them last year and, unless the person doing the work is very careful, the result will be very unsatisfactory. We shall continue to detassel as the result seems to justify the labor expended. It might be well to state that the purpose of detasseling is to prevent inbreeding.

Some of the symptoms of inbreeding are poorly filled ears, barren stalks and poor germinating qualities. The results in plant life are very similar to the results of inbreeding in animal life, and should be avoided.

When the corn is dry enough to harvest the detasseled portion of each row should be gone over and the desirable ears selected and

weighed, separately for each row. In speaking of the ears, we said that the most important character an ear can possess was its ability to produce abundantly, and that this character was not visible but must be determined in comparative growing tests. We are now ready to determine which of the ears planted had this invisible character of productiveness developed to the highest degree. Each row is harvested separately and the product weighed. The parent ears for next year's plot will be the desirable ears selected from the 8-10 rows having the highest total yield. The remainder of the seed from the breeding plot should be saved for the main planting or for an increase field from which to select seed for sale. In conclusion we will say (1) that well bred seed has produced from 10 to 40 bu. more per acre than unselected seed under exactly the same conditions. (2) That if the increase is only ten bus. per acre, at \$1.40 per bu., this represents \$4 profit from using well bred seed. (3) And considering that a bu. of seed will plant 6 acres, the improved seed will have a money value of \$24.00 and we can therefore afford to pay \$6 and \$10 a bu. for well improved seed. (4) Lest we forget, we repeat, that improved seed is only one of the factors in raising the yield of corn. Conservation of soil moisture and fertility are equally important.

LESSON IN AGRICULTURE AS TAUGHT IN THE FOURTH GRADE.

BY FLORENCE MITCHELL.

The subject matter of this lesson was taken from Chap. IV, Goodrich's "First Book of Farming."

In the preceding lesson by use of chimneys filled with sand, clay, loosely packed and tightly packed soil, the pupils clearly saw that water passes easily thru sand and loose soil and very slowly thru clay and tightly packed soil.

Material: Clay, two wide-mouthed bottles, lime.

Q. John has 20 acres of clay land. You have seen how water stands on clay. John wishes to improve his land. James, what shall we tell him to do?

A. He may drain his land.

Q. In what other way might he improve it?

A. He may mix sand or manure with it to make it looser.

Q. Why should it be looser?

A. We saw that water passes thru loose soil more quickly than thru tightly packed fine soil like clay.

Q. For a good reason John does not wish to put sand upon his land. What do you suppose that reason is?

A. Perhaps he does not wish to do this because the sand is too hard to haul. It may be too far away.

Q. What else might he do?

A. He might cultivate it so as to make it very loose.

Q. Henry may put two tablespoons of clay in each of the bottles and cover with water. In one put a little lime and shake them well. After they have been allowed to stand a few minutes, Joseph may tell us what has happened.

A. The bottle in which lime was put seems to have a much thicker layer of clay than the other.

Q. Why is this?

A. I think the other settled more. It is more tightly packed.

Q. This is right. Clay that has lime in it does not pack so tightly and is made coarse. So water passes more readily thru it. Many farmers put lime on their clay land for this reason. This lime is made from limestone rock, which is burned in a stone or brick oven called a lime kiln. The farmers buy it for from 2 to 4 cents a bu., and put from 10 to 20 bu. on one acre of land once in four or five years. You may write problems dealing with the cost of putting lime on a farm. Henry may read his problems.

A. If a farmer has ten acres of clay on which he wishes to put lime at the rate of 15 bu. per acre, it costs him 4 cents per bu. What is the total cost?

EMERGENCIES—BURNS.

MAYME MCKEE, Seventh Grade.

A person cannot be too careful with fire, though it is the best servant we have. If it were not for fire we couldn't very well get along.

We must never be servants of fire, that is, we must never let it manage us, but we must manage it always.

If one must use coal-oil or gasoline to start a fire, it is well to pour the liquid into a small tin lid, or something of the sort, and pour on the wood before lighting. Never pour the liquid right out of the can, as it is liable to cause an explosion. Leave the stove-lids off

until the fire is started, or it may cause an explosion.

Extensive burns are more dangerous than deep ones, because waste matter is thrown off through the skin. The waste is thrown off from the body through the lungs, kidneys and the skin. It is thrown off through the skin in the form of perspiration.

If a small surface of the body is burned it is well to scrape a raw potato and apply it to the burn. Baking soda is also good. But if a person was burned badly, place a sheet on the floor and spread a layer of flour nearly all over it, and place the person in it; this draws the fire out.

If one's flesh should happen to catch on fire, milk is one of the best things to bathe a person in, as it stops the fire very quickly.

One may be burned so badly that they cannot live, but they can be made a little more comfortable by covering the body with linseed or olive oil. If one-third of the body is badly scalded the patient cannot live, as some of the waste matter passes off through the skin.

Suppose clothing were to catch fire, the best thing to do is to lie right down. This helps to smother the fire out. You should never run for water to put it out, as fire always likes to take an upward flight. It is well to use a blanket or something that is heavy to put the fire out, as the fire is easier checked this way.

Most often a person, when on fire, wants to run out in the air; this is the worst thing one can do as the wind helps fire to burn rather than to put it out.

If one is only slightly burned they should be cared for at once because, if they are not, it is liable to cause one to be deformed or leave a bad scar.

Treat scalds the same as burns. Never open a blister from the top; better open from the side.

Cattle and Horses That Do Not Drink.

Thousands of horses and cattle in the Hawaiian Islands never take a drink of water throughout the whole course of their lives. The upper altitudes are given up to cattle ranges and the stock runs wild. Except for a brief rainy season there are no streams or pools of water in the ranges, but everywhere is a grass which furnishes both food and drink. Horses and cattle grazing on this grass will not drink water when offered to them.—
Our Dumb Animals.

The News at Chilocco

Flag salute has been started again just before supper time.

Miss Dunlap was called home this month by the serious illness of her father.

The engine room force is preparing foundations for their new dynamo and engine.

Washington's Birthday—February 22d—was observed by a half holiday, which was enjoyed very much.

Miss Rogers, one of our teachers, is quite ill in the Arkansas City Hospital. We hope for her ultimate recovery.

Mr. Lukins is the new harness-maker here. He reports from Oklahoma City and this is his first experience in the Service.

Chilocco had a condemned horse sale last month. Horses and mules sold from \$2.00 up to \$63.50. Twelve were disposed of.

The painter's boys are hanging new paper in the office of the superintendent, assistant superintendent and chief clerk, administration building.

Mr. and Mrs. Sollitt, Arkansas City, has adopted Margaret Reece, a Chilocco girl. She was a member of the printing office force and we shall miss her.

Supt. McCowan and Mr. Risser, our agricultural teacher, attended and took prominent parts in the program of the Farmers Institute at Blackwell, Okla., February 23rd.

The JOURNAL is in receipt of four pieces of music, with words, from Mr. A. W. Moses, a former Chilocco band master. Mr. Moses is evidently having a good sale for his pieces.

About 150 Chilocco boys will have the privilege of working in the beet fields of Colorado this summer. Boys here who went there last summer had spending money all this winter.

Home One is putting on airs—musical airs. A new Baby Grand piano was received by the school this month and the superintendent ordered it to be placed in that home for the present.

The Hiawatha Society has recently purchased a piano for their exclusive use. Their club room is now complete and very cosy. The Hiawathas are not satisfied with anything half done.

Our boys' quartette, Mr. Davies, soloist, Miss Mayes, harp soloist, Leroy McCowan,

soloist, and five of the senior girls in the Hiawatha Pantomime, aided in the band concert programs the past month.

Word was received here the last of February of the death, at Muskogee, of Cynthia Mills, a former Chilocco student. Cynthia was a beautiful girl and had many friends here who were shocked to learn of her sudden demise.

Supt. and Mrs. McCowan entertained the married members of the faculty February 22d, at their cottage. A very delightful time is reported by those present. Mr. Hutto and Mrs. Carner were recipients of honors for the evening.

Henrietta Miller and Martha Matoxin, both Chippewa girls, left Chilocco during February for Fort Defiance, Arizona, where they went to take the places of assistants at that school. They are both steady, industrious young ladies and we see no reason why they should not succeed in this, their first venture toward self-support.

A large crowd of Arkansas City people drove out to Chilocco Indian school to attend the band concert. It is estimated that there were three hundred buggies at the school, most of which were from Arkansas City. A splendid program was rendered by the band and the visitors enjoyed it very much.—Arkansas City Traveler.

The last selection on the Chilocco Indian Band's program, rendered Sunday, February 24th, was by August Breuninger, a member of our World's Fair Indian Band. The march, "Indian Congress," is played by the best bands in the country. Mr. Breuninger is now in business for himself—a good example of the self-supporting Indian.

Superintendent and Mrs. McCowan entertained the unmarried members of the faculty at a very pretty Valentine party last month. Mr. and Mrs. Sickles assisted. The cottage was appropriately decorated for the occasion and those attending were entertained in a very enjoyable manner. The honors of the evening went to Mrs. Tyndall and Mrs. Davis.

The work on the new assistant superintendent's cottage, which is now completed, attests to the craftsmanship of some of our students. The carpenter work, much of our masonry, the plumbing and steam fitting, the painting, finishing and paper hanging, the wiring and gas fitting, was all executed by details from the departments at Chilocco, directed, of course, by the heads of those departments.

Francis Chapman, a Chilocco boy, who has learned the pressman's trade in our printing department, left this month to accept a good position with the Moore Printing Co., Wichita. Francis starts at \$12.00 per week, with promises of advancement. Francis is a good pressman, as the press work on THE JOURNAL forms show. Besides his trade he has, under instruction here, become a first-class clarinetist. We know he will make good and wish him success.

We are often asked: "Which is the day for visitors at Chilocco?" In answer it might be well to publish the following information: Chilocco, with its seventy employees and over seven hundred students, is always open for inspection by visitors during work hours; that is, from Monday morning until Saturday noon. Saturday afternoon is a half-holiday. Neither Saturday nor Sunday is a good day to visit the institution. The school's industrial and literary departments are also generally closed upon legal holidays. At all other times visitors are welcome and upon calling at the administration building, will be given a guide whose business it will be to take you upon a general tour of inspection of the shops, barns, dormitories, school buildings, etc. The work hours during each day are: a. m., from 7:30 to 11:30; p. m., 1:00 to 5:00. We are always glad to have visitors and willing to do our part toward making your stay here pleasant and profitable.

The printing department of the Chilocco school—The Indian Print Shop—receives many compliments on the excellency of its products, the work of our Indian apprentices at the trade. Almost every day we are in receipt of requests for specimens of our work—coming from all parts of the country. The following, from eminent authority, is a sample of the many letters received praising our boys' work:

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 21, 1907.

The Indian Print Shop,
Chilocco, Oklahoma.

Gentlemen:

We appreciate very much your kind favor of the 18th, and also the specimens of the work of THE INDIAN PRINT SHOP. They certainly are very attractive, and we recall no recent set of specimens which displays so well the value of direct, dignified typography.

The specimens sent are of an unusually high order, and we are very glad indeed to add them to our specimen cabinet.

We have sent you under separate cover one of our souvenir mallets and planers, which may prove handy.

Yours truly,
AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS CO.

CHILOCCO ATHLETIC NOTES.

BY THEO. EDWARDS, Chippewa.

Baseball is gaining favor rapidly, while basket-ball is slowly going out, tho' many interesting games of the latter have been played here the past month.

On the evening of February 9th, the first and second teams of the Southwestern college of Winfield, came down to lead our boys a merry chase. This team has been defeated only once this season and they came expecting to win an easy victory, but were badly disappointed, for their first team was beaten by a score of 44 to 17, while their second team was beaten to the tune of 20 to 6.

On the 16th of February the Tonkawa basket-ball team came up to play us a hard game, only to be sent back, beaten by a score of 29 to 14.

On the 23d of February the Tonkawa boys invited five of our basket-ball braves, the first team, to their home town, to try their skill in their gymnasium, thinking perhaps they could atone for the defeat suffered at Chilocco. In the first half it seemed as if their wishes were to be realized, for the score was 18 to 11, in their favor. But in the second half the Chilocco boys called up all their spare energy and when the whistle blew the score stood 26 to 21, in Chilocco's favor.

Our girls' first team of basket-ball won an easy victory over the Wellington, Kansas, High School girls the 23d of February, at Wellington. Score, 15 to 9. About 600 people witnessed the game.

Chas. Riding Up is the star goal thrower of the first team. Whenever Chas. gets the ball, just take your pencil and mark down 2 points.

Among other things to be mentioned in this column is the Grand Ball and Banquet, given by the Chilocco Athletic Association on the evening of March 2d. It was the first venture this association has ever made in the way of such an entertainment and it seems as if it made a success, for it was excellent from start to finish. The music, by Messrs Stickler and Sleeth, of Arkansas City, the refreshments, and the floor of the Gym could not be beaten, while it seems as if the boys in the Print Shop exerted themselves, for there were never any finer programs turned out of the shop than were printed for this occasion. The toasts, made by different members of the Association were excellent, and the good ad-

vice and encouraging words by our superintendent were heartily enjoyed. Following were the toasts: Toast-Master, Mike Lemieux; Football, Amos Duggan; Baseball, Joseph Baker; Basket-ball, George Selkirk; Chilocco Athletics, Supt. S. M. McCowan. After the toasts were made, the walls of Leupp Hall resounded with the old yell:

Rickety Rock! Rickety Rock!
Sis. Boom, Bah!
Chilocco Indians,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

WRITTEN BY THE PUPILS.

Mr. Louis Felix, better known as "Stub," visited us, on his way to Pawhuska.

J. Grant Bell our industrial teacher for the past year, has exchanged places with Mr. Stouder, of Pawhuska.

The Revised Constitution, by Miss Bettie Welch: "All men are created equal and are endowed by their *Equator* with certain inalienable rights."

Father Gibbs held Holy Communion at Chilocco March 2. This was his first visit here. He came with Rev. J. H. Reedy, one of our regular visiting ministers.

Richard Lewis and Martin Buffalo gave an interesting experiment and lesson on the depth of seed planting to the class of '07 and '08 on Friday afternoon, March 1.

On Saturday, February 23, the Chilocco Basket Ball Team went down to Tonkawa and defeated that team in a fast and interesting game. The score was 26 to 21 in Chilocco's favor.

Mr. Celso Rivera was one of our visitors the first part of the month. Many of his old acquaintances were glad to see him. Celso intends to join the Pawhuska Athletic Club this season.

The small boys of the model class have built a small barn and are now making a fence to enclose their cottage and barn. The girls are working on their bed-furnishings for the doll house.

Ditches are being dug for our electric light wires, which will, as soon as possible, all be placed in the conduit, out of sight. This will also do away with our poles, excepting those with the arc lamps on.

When the boys returned from their week's sojourn with the cows, they were greeted by the smiling features of a black-board stencil border of cows. The girls did it—they did not wish the boys to be lonesome.

The boys of the Senior and Junior classes were detailed to assist Dr. Tuck in his tests of our herd. It was a valuable experience for the boys and they made interesting reports upon their return to the school room.

In a written Science lesson test, the question "What are catch crops" was asked and little Clinton, who did not know exactly, said: "Caught me." Evidently he took it for a "catch question" instead of a "catch crop."

On Sunday, February 24th, one of our boys, Frank Waugon, died at the hospital. His death came unexpectedly. Frank was one of our best officers and we regret his death very much. His body was sent to his home in Michigan.

On Valentine afternoon at four the pupils in room 8 exchanged Valentines. Each class made a poster for the other class and a prize was awarded to the class making the prettiest poster. The Seniors won the prize, but the Juniors have the poster.

Some of the boys of '07 and '08 went bug-hunting one afternoon, instead of going to school. They reported a pleasant time playing "hooky." Also they brought in a good catch of lady-bugs, who are now employed in ridding our growing things of plant lice.

Items From the Horticultural Department.

We are laying the foundation for future development and expansion of business in our nursery by stocking up with new varieties of vines, berries, fruit trees, etc., for propagating purposes. Our purchases this spring include the following:

71 new varieties grape, 16 new varieties apple, 13 new varieties plum, 6 new varieties peach, 6 new varieties nut trees, 4 varieties raspberry, 4 new varieties blackberry, 4 new varieties gooseberry, —besides many items of shrubbery, roses, etc.

Among the new items purchased for our nursery for propagating purposes we have the following novelties: Japanese wine berry, Loganberry, Burbank's Giant rhubarb, Phenominal hybrid berry, and two varieties of seedless apple.

Mr. Crofoot has added to his vineyard seventy-one new varieties of grape—the best obtainable. He expects to be able a few years hence to demonstrate what particular varieties are best suited to this locality and climate. He also promises that we shall have grapes of all colors and descriptions from June till frost.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF INDIAN SERVICE CHANGES FOR JANUARY.

CHANGES IN THE SCHOOL SERVICE.

Appointments.

Jas. G. Evans, Teacher, Seger, 720.
 Louise Burgert, Teacher, Kaw, 660.
 Jno. Washburn, Carpenter, Moqui, 800.
 Florence T. Snyder, Matron, Lemhi, 520.
 Mollie L. Ragsdale, Teacher, Santee, 540.
 Earl M. Grove, Teacher, Winnebago, 720.
 Lizzie E. Booker, Matron, Red Moon, 400.
 Otilia A. Reagon, teacher, Quileute day, 540.
 Wm. J. Coffin, Carpenter, Kiowa schools, 600.
 Sallie E. Hagan, Teacher, Omaha day, 600.
 Reinholt H. Hoffmann, Florist, Carlisle, 720.
 Lulu E. Gigax, Teacher, Grand Junction, 600.
 Florence Pendergast, Teacher, Genoa, 540.
 Clara A. Hamilton, Matron, Leech Lake, 500.
 Samuel L. Fuller, Teacher, Leech Lake, 660.
 Horace L. Tuttle, Disciplinarian, Seneca, 720.
 Mary Kennedy, Seamstress, Winnebago, 420.
 Isabelle Goen, Seamstress, White Earth, 480.
 Minnie T. Graham, Teacher, Fort Totten, 540.
 Lucilles M. Nilles, Teacher, Fort Totten, 600.
 Mary Barnhouse, Teacher, Hoopa Valley, 540.
 Ida Buffalo, Assistant Matron, Winnebago, 420.
 Lillie M. Shipe, Assistant Matron, Tulalip, 500.
 Sylvester A. Loudon, Teacher, Rosebud day, 600.
 Bessie M. B. Blanchard, Laundress, San Juan, 500.
 Leota R. Clendening, Matron, Vermillion Lake, 500.
 Maude M. Folks, Assistant Matron, Puyallup, 500.
 Francis L. Hamilton, Carpenter, Pine Ridge, 600.
 Robert B. Demaree, Teacher, Fort Peck day, 72 mo.
 Bertha D. Proctor, Teacher, Sherman Institute, 600.
 Blanche K. Culp, Assistant Matron, Fort Totten, 540.
 Mathias Rischard, Assistant Carpenter, Haskell, 600.
 America J. Seccombe, Kindergartener, Yankton, 600.
 Maude D. Whitton, Assistant Matron, Rosebud, 520.
 Edwin A. Francis, Industrial Teacher, Tohatchi, 720.

Margaret C. Nott, Seamstress, Vermillion Lake, 500.

Jeanette M. Magill, Seamstress, Riverside, Okla., 500.

Allie E. Black Hawk, Assistant, Matron, Fort Totten, 500.

Martha S. Pittman, Domestic Science Teacher, Chilocco, 660.

Margaret Wildman, Female Industrial Teacher, Rosebud, 600.

Wm. A. Montgomery, Engineer, Martin Kenel Agricultural School, 720.

Reinstatements.

Ida L. Barnes, Cook, Ponca, 480.

A. A. Bear, Teacher, Phoenix, 720.

Maggie M. Carroll, Cook, Carson, 540.

Wm. R. Carroll, Carpenter, Carson, 720.

Clara F. Barnhisel, Matron, White Earth, 600.

Saddie F. Malley, Assistant Clerk, Flandreau, 660.

Isabella M. McGonnigle, Assistant maron, Arapaho, 420.

Transfers.

Della Bruns, cook, Jicarilla, 500, to cook, Winnebago, 420.

Anna Hauck, matron, Moqui, 660, to matron, Tohatchi, 600.

Alice B. Preuss, clerk, Salem, 600, to teacher, Phoenix, 720.

Susie C. Lambert, cook, Winnebago 420, to cook, Jicarilla, 500.

Harriet Quillian, nurse, Colville, 600, to nurse, Ft. Mojave, 720.

Lilliam M. Leith, teacher, Chilocco, 660, to teacher, Genoa, 600.

Nettie Everett, seamstress, Southern Ute, 480, to Matron, Pott., 540.

Harry C. Norman, supt., Red Lake, 1,000, to supt., Blackfeet, 1,000.

Horton H. Miller, supt., Fort Mojave, 1,600, to supt., Moqui, 1,800.

Wm. R. Beyer, teacher, Leech Lake, 660, to teacher, Haskell, 720.

Lura Stump, housekeeper, Chilocco, 500, to seamstress, Arapaho, 420.

Lida M. Johnston, teacher, Fort Totten, 600, to teacher, Carlisle, 540.

Susan M. Lelless, teacher, Oneida day, 60 mo., to teacher, Haskell, 540.

Sarah C. Coy, teacher, Cheyenne River, 600, to teacher, Umatilla, 540.

Mamie Noble, seamstress, Uintah, 500, to asst. seamstress, Chilocco, 540.

Elizabeth Cornelius, seamstress, Pine Point, 420, to matron, Bena, 420.

John J. Guyer, industrial teacher, Lower Brule, 600, to discip., Shoshone, 720.

Mary C. DeVore, teacher, Leech Lake, 600, to teacher, Chamberlain, 720.

Calista A. Sharrard, matron, Pott., 540, to asst. matron, Grand Junction, 540.

Edith D. White, teacher, Grand Junction, 600, to teacher, Fort Mojave, 600.

Etta M. Clinton, asst. martron, Albuquerque, 540, to asst. matron, Zuni, 540.

Simon Michelet, agent, White Earth, 1,800, to supt., White Earth, 1,800.

Omar Bates, farmer, Sherman Inst., 900, to asst. supt., Sac and Fox, Okla., 840.

Seldom K. Emerson, farmer, Jemez Pueblo, 720, to farmer, Albuquerque, 720.

Lorenzo D. James, carpenter, Seneca, 720, to industrial teacher, Albuquerque, 720.

Marion E. S. Wolf, seamstress, Ft. Totten, 540, to seamstress, Round Valley, 500.

Winifred L. Barlow, kindergartener, Ft. Apache, 600, to kindergartener, Nambe, 72 mo.

Sarah A. Wyman, seamstress, Leech Lake, 500, to assistant matron, Flandreau, 500.

Noah E. Hamilton, Industrial teacher, Oneida, 600, to Industrial teacher, Leech Lake, 600.

Resignations.

Della Bruns, cook, Winnebago, 420.
 Clara S. Draper, Cook, Carson, 540.
 Kathryn Nelson, Teacher, Kaw, 660.
 Nettie Runke, cook, Panguitch, 500.
 Pearl R. Evans, laundress, Zuni, 500.
 Millie Garrison, matron, Yainax, 520.
 Anna Hauck, matron, Tohatchi, 600.
 Lillian M. Leith, teacher, Genoa, 600.
 Mae Taplin, teacher, Pine Ridge, 600.
 Theo. G. Lemmon, Supt., Moqui, 1800.
 Frank M. Morton, farmer, Carson, 720.
 Louise C. Lindsey, teacher, Pima, 600.
 C. A. Churchill, supt., Blackfeet, 1,000.
 J. W. Evans, asst. supt., Yainax, 1,000.
 Kate Robinson, seamstress, Osage, 540.
 Frank V. Smith, Engineer, Carson, 800.
 Sam'l L. Monteith, carpenter, Cherokee, Adalene Evans, seamstress, Yainax, 500.
 Mary C. Jorgensen, nurse, Chilocco, 600.
 Bertha M. Hinkson, nurse, Sherman, 600.
 Ralph W. Fisher, teacher, Sisseton, 660.
 Lida Jones, Teacher, Mount Pleasant, 540.

Thomas J. Draper, Carpenter, Carson, 720.

Ida D. Thomas Martin, laundress, Yainax, 500.

Barbara S. McHargue, teacher, Morris, 660.

Drusilla Churchill, matron, Blackfeet, 540.

Isabella M. McGonnigle, asst. matron, Arapaho, 420.

Sallie E. St. Jacque, assistant matron, Fort Shaw, 500.

Allie E. Black Hawk, assistant matron, Fort Totten, 500.

Grace Allingham, domestic science teacher, Chilocco, 660.

Excepted Positions—Appointments.

Levi Baird, laborer, Oneida, 360.
 Dora Walker, laundress, Yainax, 500.
 Lula Wilson, laundress, Fort Sill, 480.
 Virgil Page, gardener, Panguitch, 500.
 Margaret Martin, cook, Greenville, 480.
 Peter Collins, Engineer, Arapaho, 720.
 Mary King, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300.
 Ella Beach, housekeeper, Nambe, 30 mo.
 John Lone Dog, assistant, Pine Ridge, 600.

Stella R. Bensell, seamstress, Siletz, 500.
 Mary Ladeau, laundress, Ft. Lapwai, 420.
 Evelyne Toupin, seamstress, Cantonment, 400.

Will H. Miller, financial clerk, Carlisle, 840.

Wallace Denny, asst. discip., Carlisle, 600.

Bertha Pradt, housekeeper, Laguna, 30 mo.

Maud M. Daniel, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300.

Harriet Loudeu, housekeeper, Rosebud, 300.

Alice N. Hauschildt, housekeeper, Chilocco, 500.

Minnie L. Prophet, laundress, Pottawatomie, 420.

Mary A. Jones, assistant matron, San Juan, 500.

Nellie F. Clifford, financial clerk, Wahpeton, 600.

Amorelli Yellow Bear, gardener, Shoshone, 480.

Effie Pemberton, laundress, Wild Rice River, 400.

Fred Lostbull, nightwatchman, Tongue River, 500.

Sarah J. Brodbeck, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300.

Ella Wells, housekeeper, Standing Rock day, 30 mo.

Lillie Perry, housekeeper, Buffalo day, Minn., 30 mo.

Charles Ammon, stableman, Sherman Institute, 480.

Milton Whiteman, nightwatchman, Tongue River, 500.

Bessie A. Demaree, housekeeper, Fort Peck day, 30 mo.

Esther M. Bettes, housekeeper, Standing Rock day, 30 mo.

Festus Palone, shoe and harnessmaker, Rice Station, 360.

Excepted Positions—Resignations.

Henry Gordon, tinner, Carlisle, 420.
 John G. Gorman, baker, Navajo, 500.
 Fred E. Smith, asst. Pine Ridge, 600.
 Edith H. Collins, teacher, Pierre, 540.
 George W. Haas, farmer, Ponca, 600.
 Madge Moore, matron, Ft. Bidwell, 400.
 Lillie Oshkosh, asst. matron, Crow, 500.
 F. E. St. Jacque, discip., Ft. Shaw, 720.
 Edna L. Plake, teacher, San Juan, 600.
 Isaac N. Webster, laborer, Oneida, 360.
 Jennie H. Royer, teacher, Ft. Hall, 600.
 Alice S. Martin, housekeeper, Laguna, 30 mo.

Daniel Howard, laborer, Agricultural, 360.

Jessie E. Parker, asst. matron, Ft. Hall, 500.

Ernest Oshkosh, industrial teacher, Crow, 600.

John J. Teeple, asst. clerk, Mt. Pleasant, 600.

D. B. Magee, stableman, Sherman, Inst., 480.

Cipriana G. Norton, housekeeper, Pima, 500.

Clara Wells, housekeeper, Standing Rock, 30 mo.

Aldine Tousey, housekeeper, Stockbridge, 30 mo.

Gertrude Coleman, asst. laundress, Navajo, 360.

Joe Wakefield, asst. engineer, Mt. Pleasant, 480.

Daisy Lambert, asst. matron, Wild Rice River, 400.

Eloise R. Penoi, seamstress, Riverside, Okla., 500.

Fred Lostbull, nightwatchman, Tongue River, 500.

Baldwin Twins, nightwatchman, Cantonment, 360.

James T. Snow, carpenter, Standing Rock, 420.

Mollie Houston, housekeeper, Casa Blanca, 30 mo.

Helen M. Hanson, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300.

Grace A. Warren, asst. matron, White Earth, 400.

Louise O. Warren, asst. Matron, White Earth, 400.

Fred Roundstone, nightwatchman, Tongue River, 500.

Emma E. Van Der Heyden, asst. matron, Green Bay, 480.

Bettie L. Coleman, housekeeper, Standing Rock, 30 mo.

Eugene Lambert, industrial teacher, Wild Rice River, 600.

Augustus Breuninger, shoe and harness-maker, Mt. Pleasant, 600.

Unclassified Service—Appointments.

Robert Leith, laborer, Genoa, 500.

Joseph Nappo, laborer, Lemhi, 500.

Nady Bard, laborer, La Pointe, 480.

Alfred Murie, laborer, Pawnee, 400.

Clyde E. Weston, laborer, Otoe, 480.

Leonard Williams, laborer, Genoa, 500.

Leonard Williams, laborer, Genoa, 500.

Siggurd A. Broste, laborer, Sisseton, 480.

George Gravelle, laborer, Red Lake, 600.

Arthur Larrabee, laborer, Sisseton, 480.

Clarence McArthur, laborer, Cross Lake, 600.

F. Horace Hughes, laborer, Ft. Berthold, 400.

Unclassified Service—Resignations.

Smith Many, laborer, Genoa, 500.

Arthur Tyler, laborer, Lemhi, 500.

Joe Jourdan, laborer, Red Lake, 600.

Leonard Williams, laborer, Genoa, 500.

George M. Smith, laborer, Sisseton, 480.

George Gravelle, laborer, Cross Lake, 600.

Arthur Larrabee, laborer, Sisseton, 480.

Frederick Huber, laborer, Ft. Berthold, 400.

Joseph B. Thomas, laborer, Standing Rock, 540.

CHANGES IN THE AGENCY SERVICE.

Appointments.

Abner S. Curtis, farmer, Navajo, 720.

Campbell Litster, sawyer, Klamath, 720.

Harry W. Searle, blacksmith, Fort Hall, 720.

Frank G. Ellis, physician, Colorado River, 1,000.

Joseph A. Pargon, physician, Warm Springs, 900.

Reinstatements.

Joe Pettigrew, laborer and watchman, Chicago Warehouse. 2.20 per day.

Transfers.

William Mickelson, clerk, Umatilla, 840, to asst. clerk, Santee, 1,000.

Peter Graves, teamster, Red Lake, 320, to assistant clerk, Red Lake, 540.

John D. Flynn, baker, Ft. Peck, 500, to additional farmer, Ft. Peck, 60 mo.

Peleg G. Kinney, blacksmith, Moqui, 720, to additional farmer, Seneca, 50 mo.

L. Wesley Aschemeier, asst. clerk, Santee, 1,000, to clerk, Tongue River, 1,000.

Resignations.

Lee W. Patton, clerk, Otoe, 720.

Frank E. Crane, farmer, Navajo, 720.

Lizzie E. Egbert, clerk, Siletz, 1,000.

Linn McCoy, logger, San Juan, 55 mo.

John V. Plake, clerk, San Juan, 1,000.

Mary E. Hughes, field matron, Carson.

Ole Oleson, assistant clerk, Ft. Peck, 800.

Olin C. Walker, carpenter, San Juan, 720.

Zach Laughlin, physician, San Juan, 1,000.

Albert Wheaton, carpenter, Ponca, 720.

D. H. Boyer, general mechanic, Ft. Peck 900.

Henry R. Herndon, assistant clerk, Kiowa, 1,200.

Edward G. Townsend, clerk, Tongue River, 1,000.

Walter W. Penrose, general, mechanic, Seger, 780

Elibeck M. Burwell, assistant clerk, Kiowa, 840.

Frank A. Smith, engineer and miller, San Carlos, 900.

Michael D. Harrington, clerk, Chicago Warehouse, 900.

Appointments—Excepted Positions.

Moki, engineer, Navajo, 30 mo.

Thomas Allison, miller, Pima, 540.

Ben DeRoche, herder, Blackfeet, 500.

Richard Jones, butcher, Ft. Belknap, 400.

Benjamin Hillside, apprentice, Crow, 360.

Klaschie Yaz-za, logger, San Juan, 30 mo.

Wm. A. Mosier, physician, Coeur d' Alene, 600.

E. J. Boos, additional farmer, Crow, 60 mo.

Frank Lambert, line rider, Tongue River, 60 mo.

Wm. I. Wilson, additional farmer, Seneca, 50 mo.

Joseph Nequette, line rider, Blackfeet, 30 mo.

Charles Moccasin, blacksmith, Cheyenne River, 360.

Henry M. Alexander, additional farmer, Pima, 60 mo.

Aubra C. Birdsang, additional farmer, Kiowa, 50 mo.

Charles Russie, additional farmer, Grande Ronde, 30 mo.

Archie McKinnon, additional farmer, La-Pointe, 75 mo.

John Tiokasin, additional farmer, Standing Rock, 60 mo.

J. H. Mollering, additional farmer, Truxton Canon, 60 mo.

Resignations—Excepted Positions.

Ralph Blackwater, miller, Pima, 600.

John Kennedy, herder, Blackfeet, 500.

Harris Connor, harnessmaker, Kiowa, 360.

Frank Wheeler, butcher, Fort Belknap, 400.

Susan A. Doe, financial clerk, LaPointe, 720.

Peter F. Daly, line rider, Tongue River, 60 mo.

Silas Armstrong, additional farmer, Seneca, 50 mo.

Isaac W. Dwire, additional farmer, Santa Fe, 60 mo.

Jas. A. Simmons, additional farmer, Kiowa, 50 mo.

Antoine DeRockbrain, additional farmer, Standing Rock, 65 mo.

Martin R. Shuler, additional farmer, Truxton Canon, 60 mo.

Appointments—Unclassified Service.

George Phillips, laborer, San Carlos, 360.

Elmer Hendricks, laborer, Canton Asylum, 480.

Resignations—Unclassified Service.

Hans Loe, laborer, Canton Asylum, 480.

Holder White Wing, laborer, Crow, 480.

Charles Mckee, laborer, Western Shoshone, 360.

Where Babies Are Welcome.

The Osage country is a land where baby may always be sure of a large welcome. For one reason, he has an earning capacity from the day he is born, which is often quite as great as his father's. One of the next things after naming the little papoose is to go to Pawhuska, the capital of their Nation, and have its name put upon the pay roll. Once every three months Uncle Sam pays up the interest on the money which he holds in trust for them, and the amount paid to each Indian varies from time to time according to how

many have gone to the happy hunting grounds, and how many wee ones have come to take the places since last pay day. The latest little arrival at the newly-built wigwam receives just as much as does the oldest grandfather or the most athletic "warrior." So that when Chief Lookout not long ago had the happiness to be blessed with twins he was not only eligible to the usual congratulations due a new father, but at the same time, unlike most new fathers, he found his estate increased by the snug sum of \$23,000. For until the children reach the age of 18 their incomes are paid to their parents.—World To-Day.

Death of Chief Kack-Kack.

The Horton (Kans.) Headlight publishes the following:

"Kack-Kack, for many years chief of the Potawatomi, died Saturday on their reservation near Mayetta at the age of 85. He and his father before him held the position as chief of the tribe for nearly a century. Kack-Kack not only had the reputation of being the oldest and wisest Indian on the Potawatomi reservation, but he was also the ugliest. He was proud of that natural mark of distinction and never tired of having his picture taken. The members of the tribe gave him the greatest burial service held on the reservation in recent years."

Kack-Kack was a wise Indian—one who did not have to die to be good. He was the balance wheel to his tribe, always a friend of the white man, ever ready to see first the benefits of any proposition to his people by the Government. He was known far and as "The silver-tongued orator of the Potawatomi."

Five Civilized Tribes Now Citizens.

At twelve o'clock the night of March 4th, the citizens of the Five Indian tribes of Indian Territory became citizens of the United States of America.

It is only after ten years of unceasing toil that the great task has been completed. Two hundred and fifty thousand cases has been heard and decided; thousands and thousands of dollars have been spent in its accomplishment. It has been a great work, the work of transforming five Indian nations into a great state for the American union. Treaty after treaty has been drawn up and signed, legislation after legislation has been passed by congress. The citizenship rolls were added to by telegraph up to the midnight hour. Now only by special act of Congress can names be added to this list.

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- No. 7. \$3.40. Like No. 5. Large Heavy Size.
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JOURNAL**

Issued Monthly from the Indian Print Shop Chillico, Okla

MARCH, 1907

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—

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