
The Indian School Journal

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FOR JUNE, 1907

NUMBER EIGHT

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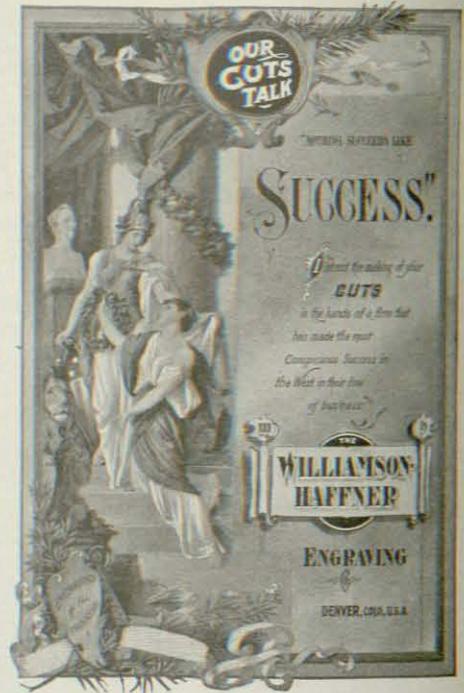
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MISTAKES ABOUT HAPPINESS



DO YOU think it would be an exaggeration to say that many of the faults of modern civilization spring from our lack of artistic appreciation? Why this endless strife between those who have and those who have not? Why, but for the fact that we all make mistakes about happiness, supposing that it must reside in possessions, whereas it lies much more in individual ability to discriminate wisely and to live selectively. Our incorrigible pursuit of wealth comes from this misapprehension. The most inveterate and typical money-getter is notoriously a man of few resources within himself and of little culture. Why shouldn't he chase his golden prize? He has nothing better to do with his time. Poor fellow, he is often enough desperately in need of a little real happiness, for some touch of ecstasy which he cannot buy. He is often enough as simple and kindly as he is capable, and his only error is pure ignorance. He has the crude idea, common to uncultivated minds, that in order to enjoy life one only need own the earth and have all its pleasures at command. He does not find out until too late that to own is not inevitably to command. He has not discovered that enjoyment does not depend wholly upon good fortune, but is equally a matter of temperament and character. He does not know what the artist in life could tell him, that happiness, while it is naturally evoked by pleasure, is essentially the product of personality, and results only from any fortunate adjustment between the soul and its surroundings.

—BLISS CARMAN.



DYING NAVAJO IN MEDICINE LODGE.

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THE INDIAN AND THE TRADER

ARTICLE I.*

BY EDGAR K. MILLER.

FOR the same reason that the word "Indian" is synonymous with the mental picture of an unclad, long-haired, feather bedecked savage, holding in one hand a tomahawk and in the other a scalping knife,

is it that the majority of people—who seem to know—describe the Indian Trader as an individual devoid of all the qualities necessary to a man of good breeding, an outcast of society who has, through his fitness for nothing else, cast his lot among red men with the sole intention and purpose of turning into his bank account whatever may be possible, by fair or unfair methods, to acquire from an indigent, ignorant and helpless people; a man of unclean mouth, immoral habits, filthy garments, connected with an ever-ready Colt's and crowned with a light-colored sombrero.

It would require endless argument and a personal visit to get most these people to believe differently; that that

age has passed along with the buffalo and the Indian whose raiment consisted solely of breech-clout and warhoop. The idea that the Indian Trader of today could be—and in most cases is—as much of a business gentleman (from his conscientious efforts to please his over-particular customers to his up-to-date methods of business office and stationery) as one would find in any day's journey along the marts of trade, either in Kansas City or Chicago, would be ridiculous—an idea to be scoffed at, unbelievable.

It is a fact that the trader is not pictured as he is; that despite what his surroundings and environments may seem to predict, he is usually without the majority of the corrupting qualifications bestowed upon him by an unknowing public; a man that would be successful in any other community, but who, from a matter of choice—often a matter of health—sacrifices what to most of us makes life worth while and becomes a necessary link between civilization and the Indian.

These articles are not penned with the purpose of offering defense to the Indian trader—he needs none—but

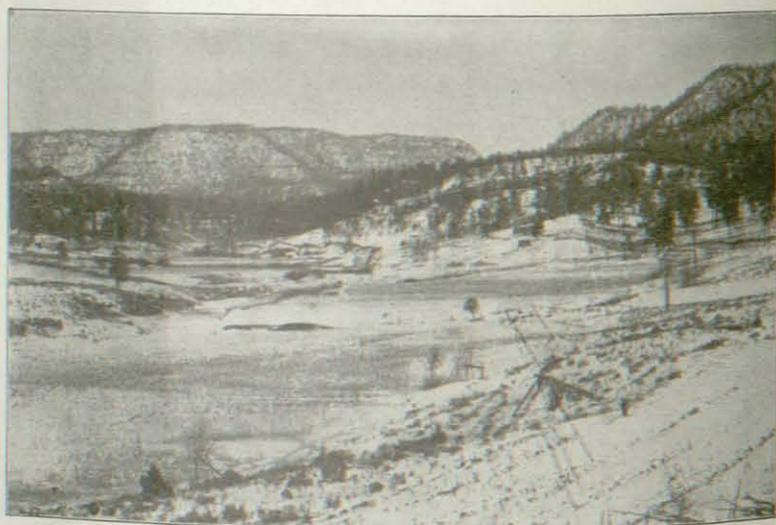
*A series of articles touching on an important phase of the Indian's civilization. The next article will be a description of J. L. Hubbell's Trading Post and of his extended labors for good among the Navajo Indians.

more with the intention of giving our readers a conception of the great good accomplished by these hospitable traders and their families and the methods of barter and trade prevalent among Indian tribes and the licensed government trader.

A two-days' journey over pinon-topped ridge and sandy plain north from Gallup, New Mexico, will land

comfortable provided for, I was invited in to lunch by Mr. and Mrs. Moore, for this trader is blessed with a woman for a wife who is a real partner in every sense of the word.

Some people believe you have to live with one to really find him out, but one gets a mighty good line on another's character by dealing with him in a business way. If there are any



LOOKING UP THE VALLEY FROM MOORE'S TRADING POST.

you in a little valley near Cottonwood Pass, nearly on the line between New Mexico and Arizona, in which has been built Moore's Trading Post. No one but an Indian guide equal to Bit-sin-be-gay, the Navajo policeman accompanying me, could ever find the place. A turn of a few yards either way and you would never know you passed close to a habitation which sheltered white people.

Perhaps Mr. Moore's place is more pretentious than the average trading post for the reason that he has used mostly lumber in its construction. Besides his store, office and living rooms, he has also a warehouse, barn, blanket building, and several other small shacks.

After making myself known and the guide and horses were well and

"yellow streaks" in a man's make up, a continued business intimacy surely uncovers them. Owing to business relations I knew Mr. Moore to be a fine business man, yet was unprepared to find his office such a modern one in every way—typewriters for every use, typewriter desks, large roll-top writing desks, great, comfortable leather swing chairs, sectional filing cabinets, transferring files, business library, works of art,—everything you would expect to find in a model office of the Masonic building, Chicago. Enjoying your Havana in front of the fireplace on the inside of this office you could hardly believe yourself so far from the railroad and civilization.

The owner of all this has been a trader in this one spot for ten years. Of what was then about the small-

est and most insignificant establishment of its kind on the Navajo reservation, they have made one of the very first in all respects, and in some respects a leader. Mr. Moore, with possibly one exception, is the best judge of a Navajo blanket extant. It is very largely due to his and Mrs. Moore's conscientious efforts that the Navajo blanket is what it is to-day—

than \$12,000.00 for their blankets alone, as against less than \$1,000 for our first year, and could and would have paid twice what we did had we been able to induce the weavers to make the goods. We had the market and could have sold all they could have possibly produced, but their present unusual prosperity engenders a disinclination on their part to do the weav-



LOOKING DOWN THE VALLEY FROM MOORE'S TRADING POST.

the best thing, either from an artistic or utilitarian point of view, made by an Indian.

During my very pleasant visit I prevailed upon this trader to give me in his own way his side of my query: "How about the Indian Trader as a help to the Indian?" The gist of his answer, which kept us up until after midnight, follows:

An Indian Trader's Start.

"Our disbursements to the Navajo Indians have grown from about \$3,000 to more than \$30,000.00 annually, and last year we paid direct to them for day labor and freight charges more than \$3,000, or more than the entire disbursements among them during our first year here. We paid more

ing, and with all our efforts and urging we were not able to get half the number made that could have been turned out by them.

"The bare statement of the above facts makes our proposition appear quite simple and matter-of-fact no doubt, but we have not found it so in practice by any means. To begin with we had to learn a new business, a strange people and their stranger language, and later create and develop a business, i. e., the blanket business; and the Indians had to learn new habits of thrift and industry before this new business could hope for success. Naturally we floundered and blundered during our first few years, just as any one will under such circumstances.



MOORE'S TRADING POST, NAVAJO RESERVATION, NEW MEXICO.

"How we came to specialize and make a leader of the blanket industry, as we have of late years, seems now more of an accident than of intention. When we came among them, the Navajo Blanket was a much despised article, bought by traders from the Indians under protest and sold to jobbers for a bare "break-even" price—often for less—as a great concession by them to help the trader pay his debts. As a source of revenue to the Indians then they were comparatively insignificant, and as an item of profit to the trader they were worse than no business. But times were hard among the Indians, trade was limited in value, and both Indians and traders were under the necessity of increasing it by every means that held out a possible hope of gain.

"In 1900 for some reason the Indians produced more blankets than they had ever done before, and I'm not sure but more than in any one year since. We had grown some in business by then, and there being nothing

else to trade in practically, I did not feel disposed to check trade in them as many other traders did, with the result that at the close of the year I found all the proceeds of my year's business, and more, tied up in Navajo blankets and no sale for them. I did not relish the idea of turning them in to my creditors at a loss to pay my year's debts, as I would have had to do, so I cast about for some way that would at least even me up and, if possible, pay a profit on my investment.

"There was no local market, and I had to look further, so in the following January, packing a few samples, I started to seek buyers for my goods. The trip lasted more than a month, was expensive and hard, but it paid, I came back with orders for more than \$8,000.00 worth of blankets and had to buy some of the jobbers to complete my orders. This gave us an idea of the possibilities of the blanket as an industry, and we have since devoted our best efforts to its development

"This has had its setbacks since

then of course, just as any thing so dependent on conditions so whimsical as Indian labor must have; and it has been injured too, and I think more perhaps by ill advised unscrupulous efforts of certain traders to force production at the expense of quality. So much is this the case that were it not for the real merit of the goods the Navajo blanket would have certainly perished as an industry and revenue producer.

*Worked For Improvement
in the Navajo.*

"We have always held to the idea of improvement in quality, even at the sacrifice of quantity, and to this more than any other thing is our success as it has been, to be attributed. This has not been any easy proposition though, as we have had to overcome not only the natural disinclination of the Navajo for what he regards as unnecessary exaction in their work on the part of the weavers, but also to meet the competition of other traders who would pay extravagant prices for inferior work, not understanding the values of the goods, and not caring what they were worth so long as they could sell them to others who knew less than they, without loss to themselves. This last has been, and is yet, the hardest difficulty to overcome, though I feel confident that it is a condition that will eventually work out and adjust itself, and once with the proper distinction established as between really good and fine blankets and the inferior article, there will be hardly any limitation to the skill of these weavers, and the possible improvement of their blankets. The output will diminish beyond question with the advance in quality, but the revenues should, and I think will, increase as the work improves.

"At any rate these are the lines we have worked on for years past, and propose to still work out. I know we have made some headway and that we have succeeded in improving not only the quality and standard of the work among our own colony, but generally throughout the Navajo Indian reservation. From the poorly paid for, unsaleable, and insignificant revenue-producing article that it was ten years ago, we have seen the Navajo Blanket grow into a thing of real beauty and merit, its production become such a source of revenue to the tribe that it is easily more than all their other resources combined, and their weavers command a price, which though is still inadequate for the labor and skill involved, is yet three or fourfold what it was then. And, best of all, the blanket is a better value to-day than it was then; and it will grow to be still a better value as the workmanship is improved. * While we may not claim the entire, nor perhaps the larger share of the credit for this advance, we feel and know however, that we have had no inconsiderable part in it.

"Our place was the first on the reservation to discontinue the sale of the cotton warp which had been introduced before our advent, and demand only wool-warp blankets. Others have followed the lead, until now no experienced trader will purchase a blanket made on the cotton warp, and not many make any pretense of keeping or selling it to the weavers. There are yet a few blankets made on cotton warp, but this is for the reason that some trader coming into the business and not knowing the difference, will buy and pay for them about as much as is ordinarily paid for like work on wool warp, until a few sales and resultant kicks and adjustments show

him how he has burned himself. Indian traders as a class have not yet been educated to the altruistic idea of freely giving the new comer—often considered an interloper—the benefit of their costly experiences and dearly bought knowledge of the goods, so he must learn for himself, just as the others of us have, what to buy and what to pass up.

thing they cannot resist, and it must be admitted to our shame, and to their credit, that they not infrequently succeed in besting us. Just now we have to keep a very close scrutiny on every trade blanket that is brought us to avoid getting stuck on a cotton warp. A new factor has entered the trade not a great way from us, and the customary number of these



GROUP OF NAVAJO INDIAN CHILDREN JUST FROM THE RESERVATION.

“There is no other business in the world where the law of ‘*Caveat Emptor*’ applies so rigidly as in dealing with Navajo Indians. They are ever on the lookout for an opportunity to best a white person, and would rather have one dollar gained in this way than any five they have earned. Even though it profits them nothing to beat their trader—and in the case of the older and experienced traders it rarely does—the temptation to try to do so, and keep trying, is some-

blankets are being made for their benefit, and it would be too good a thing not to put a few of them off on me if I should get sufficiently careless to let them by. To use a paraphrase, ‘eternal vigilance is the price’ of success in the Navajo trade.

“Apart from the elimination of the cotton warp and striving to improve the quality of weaving and designing, our next, and I feel sure our most important move, was to secure a better dye than had heretofore been used in

the blanket-weaving. This was not so easy to do as it would seem, and my first experiments were anything but encouraging. I was required to purchase several hundred dollars worth to get the thing that was supposed to be what I wanted before it would be made for me, and after I had received it and tried it out, I found out that I had paid about thirty per cent more

red, blue, and black. It has been another case of investment running into the hundreds with the profits all in the future; but this time it is going to work. That is, the dyes are, and we hope the profits will. In these dyes we have something that is absolutely unmerchanted among the Indians, as the proportion of mordants is so exacting and the process of applica-



SOME OF THE CHILOCCO NAVAJO STUDENTS.

for a little different thing perhaps to what could have been bought in the regular trade, but which was no better nor more suitable.

"We reasoned it out this way and did not give it up: We knew that there were fast and lasting colors being used in manufactured articles and thought we ought to be able to get them by showing a willingness to pay any price and so kept at it. We have found the colors, i. e., three of them,

tion too elaborate to be left with Indians. To overcome this difficulty we have had to build our own dyeing plant and Mrs. Moore has had to train as a dye expert so as to take supervision of this dyeing.

"The above indicates just a few of our difficulties. Many others are encountered. For instance: the weavers have for a long time fallen into the habit of dyeing the wool in its raw, or uncarded, condition, whereas we have

it thoroughly cleaned, carded and spun before applying the dyes. This will give you an idea of some of our troubles, for you know how hard it is to upset and revolutionize Navajo ideas, when they consider the matter as being exclusively in their own province and their own business—as they do their blanket weaving. But we get the colors and of the right kind too, and are gradually getting them to fall in with our plans, which is the main thing, and worth all it cost if we can work it out. And besides, just think of all the fun we are having, and the wealth that we are going to count up a little later—*always a little later.*

The Trader a Philanthropist.

“I well know that many people unacquainted with Indians, their character and environments, assume and assert, that the Indian trader is, if not an unscrupulous robber, at least is a grasping and unfeeling individual who is continually heaping up wealth at the expense of an ignorant, benighted and needy people. This would be deplorable if true, *but it is not.* In what follows however, I will make a candid disclaimer of any intentional philanthropy, though there is, and must be in this kind of a life an enforced philanthropy that none of us can escape if we would, and that but few of us would if we could.



A NAVAJO SUMMER HOME, AND THE FAMILY.

"For reasons unnecessary to state, we find ourselves placed here among these people, and frankly, we are trying to make a success of our business just as hard among them as we would if we were located among white people. It is a simple, straight-out business proposition with us, and is approached from that point of view. It is absurd to suppose that I can make it much of a success by grinding and impoverishing my customers, who have but rather meager means at best; and who did have only very meager resources when I first came among them. Manifestly, my only hope for success lies in *aiding and bettering* the conditions in my settlement by every means possible and to the utmost of my ability.

"This is just what we have tried to do, and have done, and what we purpose to keep doing so long as we are among these people. We have made some headway and prospered a little, it is true, but we also must have helped our people to prosper too, or we could not now be disbursing among them annually ten dollars for the one that we did when first we came among them. At the same time our Indians are without exception much better off now than then. They have more property, are more industrious and thrifty, live far better and more easily, and there is scarcely a loafer or "bum" among them. This is so pronounced that this colony is conceded by all acquainted with the reservation to be the wealthiest, best behaved and most prosperous in the tribe. Natural and favorable conditions are responsible for some of this forward move no doubt, but we know that we have helped the natural conditions along to some extent by our work and efforts to find a broader and more profitable market for the

products of the Navajo labor and skill. If this is not good Missionary work I do not understand what is. If there is anything reprehensible in sharing the prosperity that we have been instrumental in bringing about I do not see it, and do not feel in the least apologetic for so sharing. To me it is simply our right and just what we would have done, and would have been expected to do, had we been placed among white people and worked as we have and are now doing. It is, in fact, a very open question whether the same energy and effort expended in a white community would not have brought us far greater returns.

He is Also a Good Missionary.

"Now, as to Missionary or other society affiliations: Mrs. Moore has tried that in a limited way, but I have not. It is not that we both would not welcome any rational co-operation with any, or all such schemes, that would make for the advancement and welfare of our Indians, but it is the difficulty of getting together on any agreed policy of work. It is certain that no effective work can be done among these people by executive committees operating from offices in New York or Boston, or elsewhere distant, who try to work out poetical theories deduced from and based on what Heaven only knows; but certainly not on any known characteristics of these people.

"These Eastern people mean well beyond question, and would do the right thing generally if they understood, and might always be depended upon to do it if it fitted in with their preconceived theories. But they do not know, and will never learn except by personal contact and in becoming a part of the Navajo life, and even

get cut of Chemawa
wom

in
to be done at
Chemawa
Hicks
Wagonwaker



NAVAJO WOMEN WEAVING BLANKETS
Primitive Out-door Looms.

then only a very limited knowledge will ever be gained. These Navajoes are the most secretive people on earth, and no white person ever gets much more into their lives than they intend he shall. Any scheme to this end must be worked out by one on the ground, and he must be broad and open minded enough to fit his theories to the people and the conditions as they are, to get results. This is why the trader as he has been, is now, will develop to be; the most effective Missionary that is likely to come among these people for many years.

"The trader knows a little about the people themselves, may learn a good deal of their needs and requirements; may become a factor in procuring these, and may even make a little

profit for himself in so doing. If he remains a long while at one place the Indians themselves get some dim idea of this community of interests between them and the trader and will gradually come into a sort of cooperation with him in his sincere efforts for their mutual prosperity.

"The Navajo thinks in dollars and cents, and any proposition not reducible to these terms has no meaning for him. This is just as true of their relations to each other as it is of their relation with the trader. It is not perhaps what the Indian ought to be, nor what many would like to believe him to be, but it is what he is nevertheless, and unless one accepts him on these terms there is no way to lead nor to influence him. As nearly

AN ONONDAGA THANKSGIVING SONG

BY FRANCES DENSMORE

THIS is not one of the old songs, but was given to me by the composer, Rev. Albert Cusick, of Onondaga Castle, New York. Mr. Cusick is an Onondaga Indian and a descendant of Dr. David Cusick, whose history of the Six Nations was published in 1825; like his ancestor, Mr. Cusick is a devoted student of Iroquois traditions and customs. He has been ordained a deacon in the Episcopal church but seems to have retired from the ministry, living on his little farm near the Indian village where he has organized a brass band among the Indians.

This song invites close analysis. It is in two parts, yet we cannot safely infer that two-part music was characteristic of the Onondaga.

It is undoubtedly composed along the lines of the old songs, but it clearly reflects personality of the composer; we find in it, and in his explanation of it, the true Indian, the clergy man and the leader of the band.

The melody of the song, as well as its general form, is "pure Indian."

The secondary part is on two tones and contains only three syllables.

Everyone familiar with Indians knows the nasal sound by which they express approval; Mr. Cusick's pronunciation of the syllable "wah" was similar to this sound. The regularly recurring "hah-hah" suggests the beat of the drum. I am strongly of the opinion that in this song Mr. Cusick has written down (in addition to the melody of his own composition) the sounds which he heard when the Thanksgiving Songs were sung by his people; the approving "wah" of the listeners was pitched high and he has written it on the fifth of the key ex-

cept at the close the drum was pitched lower and he has placed that on the keynote, thus producing a two-part song from what was originally a melody with the usual Indian accompaniments. I think that, if written in "full score" it would be on three staves.

Mr. Cusick is very painstaking in his work, with that native patience which enables the Indian to succeed in whatever he seriously undertakes. He taught me the song with the greatest care, singing one part while I sang the other, and then exchanging parts, so that I would understand it perfectly.

The words of the song are, *You-qua*, a young Indian girl, *Ke-nah-hah*, is thinking; these words are repeated several times. During a pause in a Thanksgiving Song a speech is often made by the singer; this is represented by the words, *Oh-nen*, now, *Oh-ne*, me, *Ta-ha-no-hen-yok*, thanking, *Na*, our, *Hah-wen-ne-yo*, God.

Mr. Cusick said, "Sometimes the singer in Thanksgiving Songs makes a long speech, thanking our Heavenly Father for his protection to his people (the Indians), and then he sings again until he takes his seat; the singer may make more than one speech in a song, or he may not make any; that is just as he likes. There are about fifty of these Thanksgiving Songs in the Six Nations.

Mr. Cusick talked in a most interesting way about the traditions of his people and assured me that Hiawatha was an ancient hero of the Onondaga whose fame spread to the Ojibwa with whom he is popularly associated. I questioned Mr. Cusick regarding the

proper pronunciation of this name and he replied, "We Onondaga say Hi-a-wat-ha." An Ojibwa friend who is familiar with Ojibwa pronunciation tells me that in his language

the *i* would also be given the long sound.

If it is neither Onondaga nor Ojibwa, one wonders what authority there may be for the unmusical "Heeawatha" which one sometime hears.

you - you - you - you Ke - nah - lah you

Ull wah wah wah

- you you - you Ke - nah - lah you - you you - you Ke - nah - lah

Hah Hah

- you you - you Ke - nah - lah Hee - men - ta - ta - me - ta - ya
ha nah - men - ne - go

Hah Hah Hah Hah

- you - you you - you Ke - nah - lah

Ull wah wah wah

you - you you - you Ke - nah - lah you - you you - you Ke - nah - lah

Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah Hah

Hah.

Ull wah wah wah

AH-DOW-AH, ONONDAGA THANKSGIVING SONG, BY ALBERT CUSICK.



DANCE CLASS OF THE CHILOCCO SCHOOL IN THE MODEL GARDENS.



STUDENTS SWIMMING AND ROWING AFTER SUPPER, CHILOCCO INDIAN SCHOOL.



THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT AT CHILOCCO

TO THOSE who are in the habit of attending the usual graduating exercises held by state colleges and high schools the Commencement at Chilocco—one of the largest Indian training schools in the country—would not only be a pleasant deviation from the usual program rendered, but would, very probably, be a sort of revelation to many.



It goes without saying that graduating exercises are, generally, tiresome affairs. Not so with those of Indian schools, where graduates tell in simple, but interesting manner, of the trades they have learned during their periods at school and demonstrate, right upon the stage, their knowledge and ability to execute practically what they have learned.

Chilocco's program this year did not differ much from that of the previous year, with the exception of the Ojibwa Play, Hiawatha, an addition that entailed a great amount of extra labor by the employee force, but one that was certainly appreciated by the large audience witnessing its production.

In other parts of this issue of the JOURNAL are the programs, dates, lists of graduates, some of the commencement night papers, and other information. Here we will only attempt a brief, modest resume of the different important features of our commencement.

The graduating class of '07 was the largest in the history of Chilocco. It numbered fifty-six Indians, representing some twenty different tribes. Nine were graduated from the Academic department, seventeen from the Domestic department, and thirty from

the Industrial. The witnessing of the demonstrations, the addresses, and the interpretations of their different parts by the students graduating, in part compensated the faculty for their earnest and conscientious past year's labor.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICES.

Sunday, June ninth, Commencement started with our annual Baccalaureate Services, held in Haworth Hall in the afternoon at three o'clock, before an audience made up principally of the school faculty and student body. Many visitors were excluded on account of the scarcity of seats. The address to the student body and graduates, by Rev. James H. Reedy, of the Episcopal Church, Newkirk, Oklahoma, one of our visiting ministers, was one containing much wholesome advice to young and old, and was one of the best addresses heard at Chilocco.

INSPECTION DAY.

One of our annual commencement features is the inspection of the school by faculty and visitors. The morning was devoted to visiting the dormitories, domestic departments and individual gardens. The dormitories of both boys' and girls' were in their usual good condition and gave our visitors an idea of how neat and clean our Indian boys and girls really are. The domestic departments were busy with their usual routine work, and many were the compliments heard about the work executed, the quarters, and the way the girls conducted themselves in the discharge of their different duties. The Navajo weaving,



INDUSTRIAL GRADUATES, CLASS '07, CHILOCCO INDIAN SCHOOL.

embroidery, bead work, and fancy needlework attracted much favorable interest. The individual gardens came in for their share of praise. In the afternoon, led by members of the faculty as guides, the visitors were taken to the farm, industrial and academic departments, where all seemed interested enough to stay until the time to close up. All the industrial departments were busy with their regular work, each shop having on display an exhibit of work executed by the detail apprenticed in that department.

ANNUAL FIELD DAY.

Tuesday, the eleventh, was the day set aside for field day, one of the most interesting and enjoyable days in the commencement calendar for both students, faculty and visitors. The different events were held on the Athletic Field, which is conveniently located on the school campus.

In the morning the tennis championship finals were played on the school court. The games were all interesting to devotees of this sport, many of whom we have here at Chilocco.

In the afternoon the program consisted of athletic events, exhibition drills by the gymnasium classes and inter-class sports. The music for the occasion was furnished by the student band.

The athletic events were contested by a Northern Tribes team and a Southern Tribes team. Each team was represented in each event by three members, chosen by the captains. George Selkirk, Chippewa, was captain of the Northern Tribes team, and Joe Esau, Pawnee, of the Southern.

Following we give name of each event and the winner of each:

100-Yard Dash—Louis Paschal, Peoria. Time, 11 seconds.

16-Pound Shot Put—James Jones, Cherokee. Distance, 33 feet 10 inches.

220-Yard Dash—George Brown, Winnebago. Time, 26 seconds.

16-Pound Hammer Throw—John Swick, Mojave. Distance, 80 feet 6 inches.

120-Yard Hurdle—Jobie Taylor, Pawnee. Time, 20 seconds.

Hop Step and Jump—Louis Paschal, Peoria. Distance, 29 feet 7 inches.

Relay Race, One Mile—Southern Team. Time, 3 minutes 47 seconds.

Running High Jump—Wilber Eaves, Pawnee. Height, 5 feet 1 inch.

880-Yard Run—Henry Good Fox, Pawnee. Time, 2 minutes 17 seconds.

Running Broad Jump—Chas. Martine, Apache. Distance, 18 feet 1 inch.

Pole Vault—Thos. Duffy, Apache. Height, 8 feet 3 inches.

One Mile Run—Wooty John, Navajo. Time, 5 minutes 28½ seconds.

Discus Throw—James Jones, Cherokee. Distance, 101 feet 5 inches.

220-Yards Hurdle—James Jones, Cherokee. Time, 45 seconds.

Standing Broad Jump—Louis Paschal, Peoria. Distance, 9 feet 8 inches.

100-Yard Swimming Race—Allen Moses, Pawnee. Time, 1 minute 32 seconds.

Points—Southern Tribe Team, 95½. Northern Tribes Team, 37½.

Best all 'round man, James Jones, 19 points. Second, Louis Paschal, 11½ points.

The Championship Tennis finals were held in the morning and were won by Col. S. M. and Mr. Roy McCowan. Those taking part were S. M. McCowan, Roy McCowan, B. N. O. Walker, Wm. N. Sickles, E. K. Miller, James Thomas, Theodore Edwards and Peter Laflumboise.

The day was a beautiful one and the usual large crowd was in attendance.

CLASS NIGHT.

On Tuesday evening, annual class night, the cantata "Carnival of Flowers," was presented by the pupils of the school who are finishing the eighth grade. The entertainment was very pleasingly rendered and was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Haworth Hall was appropriately decorated for the occasion.

The members of this class are Lloyd La Motte, Dan De Vine, Clarence Atkins, John Shecag, Joseph Baker, Julia Bahylle, Julia Cornelius, Minnie Cooper, Margaret Reece, Emma Warren, Susie Norman, Bessie Bruce, Marian Nolan.

The program, as given, was: Part One—Music; Welcoming into Junior Class, Lessie Labadie; Music; Prophecy, Julia Bahylle; Music. Part Two—Presentation of Cantata: Carnival of Flowers.

WEDNESDAY'S BALL GAME.

The Elks, of Arkansas City, came out to Chilocco to gather added laurels, but our Indians took them into camp by a score of 5 to 1. It was a good game, enjoyed by all.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Haworth Hall has had some very large crowds in it, but its capacity never seemed to be stretched as it did on the night set for our Commencement Exercises, Wednesday, June twelfth. Long before eight o'clock all of the available room was occupied.

On account of our large class this year and the necessary length of the literary part of our program, only six practical demonstrations

point in the history of his race the speaker carried the audience along with the general improvement and civilization of the Red man up to the conclusion that "today you behold the remnants of what was once a large and, in a sense, a powerful nation. But today you also behold this nation, altho' decreased in numbers, even more powerful than they ever were before; for where they once had only brute strength to rely upon, today the



CHILOCCO FIELD DAY—THE FREE-FOR-ALL 220-YARD HURDLE RACE.

were made on the stage, but they were enough to satisfy all visitors that, if the other members of the class were as well qualified as those giving the demonstrations, there was no uncertainty about them all being able to not only take care of themselves, but to be worthy citizens of the body politic.

Old Haworth Hall never looked prettier—the teachers, students and the force under the electrical engineering department, had done their work well.

The program opened with music by the school orchestra. Then came the invocation by Fr. John Kiekesson, of Newkirk.

The salutatory was delivered by Michael Le Mieux, Chippewa, and was well received. The speaker had chosen for his subject the advancement of the Indian race. In opening he said: "The birth place or the time of the birth of the Indian's civilization is not known. In order to more fully grasp the thought, one must needs go back to the old world and look up the causes that brought the Indian into the grasp of the already advanced conditions of 400 years ago." From this

arts and sciences of the white man are also theirs. In proportion to the time consumed, I believe we Indians have progressed as far—may I say farther?—than the white man. But we are not satisfied; we want more; we share your ambitions, your hopes. From this standpoint,—as your eager, industrious brothers, we, the Class of 1907, give you greeting.

"All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you."

After music by the school quartette, George Brown, Winnebago, graduate of the Harness department, gave a demonstration of "making a Tug." He was assisted by others in his department and they made this part of a harness, George explaining to the audience each step in its construction.

The next number was a practical dairy demonstration; "Testing Milk," by Bert Antone, Papago. In giving his demonstration, paraphernalia from the dairy was used and he was assisted by other members of his de-

partment. Each step of our work here in testing milk was plainly shown and explained to his hearers. This demonstration was one of the best on the program and was very interesting.

Next came Grace Miller, Shawnee, who recited "Worthy?" an original composition, in her usual graceful manner. Grace has been heard often at Chilocco and her's is always a popular part of any program.

Peter Taylor, Kaw, made bread in the Chilocco way, and explained, as he did so, how easy it is for a baker to get good results, even if that baker was an Indian. From the looks of the dough, Peter has acquired his share of the baking knowledge and teaching disseminated in our school bake shop the past year.

Everyone is interested in the subject of printing, for what would the world amount to without the printing press? At a pair of cases, giving a demonstration of the setting of type were White Parker, son of Chief Parker of the Comanches, and William Sawpetty, another Comanche. They acted as assistants to Theodore Edwards, Chippewa, one of the printing department graduates. The speaker told something of the invention and starting of the "art preservative" and how the building of printing presses had advanced from times dating back to this discovery; then he gave a very intelligible and complete exemplification of the composition,

lock-up and printing of a job, which was later passed to the audience by two "devils" of the print shop. This number was heartily applauded and was presented in such a simple and interesting way that everyone could follow the speaker and understand what he was saying.

Here the students again furnished appropriate music, after which came the demonstration on the making of cakes, rolls and desserts, by Sophie Cadgwe, Kickapoo, member of the Domestic Science department.

This part of the program was the best of the evening. Everyone in the hall was interested, for who is there who does not eat, nor get enthusiastic over good things to eat? Besides the talker, there were nine other girls with dainty white cap, cuffs and apron taking part in the demonstration. Five tables were used, on each of which was an electric cooking plate. On a large table were the ovens, nearby was a dining-room table with chairs.

One of the girls at the tables made a pie, one gelatine, one bread dough, one dessert, and one rolls. At each step of the process of making these, the demonstrator explained every step of the work.

During the time the demonstrator was explaining this part of the demonstration, four girls of the Junior Class set the dining-room table, preparing it for a seven-course dinner. Two of these girls acted as servers,



CHILOCCO FIELD DAY—RUNNING HIGH JUMP.



THE '07 GRADUATING CLASS OF ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT—CHILCOCCO INDIAN SCHOOL.

two as waitresses. Each course was served to the imaginary guests in proper order.

After the pie, bread, rolls, cake, etc., were made, they were properly cooked and set out so that the audience could see just what kind of cooks our girls would make. All voiced the opinion that the result were not only satisfactory, from a culinary stand-point, but "looked good enough to eat right now," as one visitor remarked.

"Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, Embroidery" was the title of the next demonstration, which was executed in a very able manner by Maude Wade, Chippewa, who showed to the hearers how easy it was to cut, fit and make a dress when one knows how. She did her part in a manner that left no doubt of the fact that she understands what she was talking about. She was assisted by other apprentices from the Domestic Art department.

After the class song came the valedictory by Anna Hill, Oneida. Anna is a good talker and rendered her part of the program in a satisfactory manner.

Her subject was: "Indians as Teachers of the Indian." Some of the interesting pas-

sages of her paper we here give: "The Normal class was established for the purpose of fitting the Indian to become a successful teacher of the Indian. * * * The class numbering about a dozen began the course in high hopes, for were not most of them now about to realize their dreams? Dreams of teaching the children of their own people and so helping to strengthen again their once powerful race. * * * As we observed the methods of teaching in the different school rooms we noticed how readily the Indian teacher understood the longing of those little hearts to do, and express their thoughts in words foreign to them. And this was only natural, for had she not passed through the same experience as her pupils? * * * The purpose of the this class of 1907 is to prove the value of training an Indian to become a teacher of his own race. * * *

Whether at home, in the industrial, or academic work, the Indian who is educated physically, mentally and morally and placed before his people as a type of what they might be, will do more to uplift that race than all the white people put together."

The presentation of diplomas was this year made by Superintendent McCowan, who after a short address to the class, spoke encouraging words of advice to each student, as they came forward for their trade certificate or diploma.

A march by the school orchestra ended one the most enjoyable commencements ever held at Chilocco, and marked the ending of another year of school life at this institution.

CHILOCCO NIGHT—"HIAWATHA."

SYNOPSIS:

Act I.—The warring tribes are called together by the signal fire of the Great Spirit, Gitche Manito. His Voice then speaks to them in admonition and they obey his commands, washing the war-paint from their faces, singing their peace-prayer and smoking the peace-pipe.

Act II.—(1) Nokomis sings a lullaby to the infant Hiawatha. (2) The child, Hiawatha, sings "Wau-wau-tay-see." Nokomis tells Ojibwa legends to him, and Iagoo and other warriors teach him the Indian dances. (3) Iagoo and others teach the youth, Hiawatha, to use the bow and he kills his first deer. (4) The young man, Hiawatha, fasts and prays for his nation. Gitche Manito sends Mondamin, the spirit of the Corn, to test him. They wrestle and Hiawatha conquers.

Act III.—(1) Hiawatha tells Nokomis of his love for Minnehaha. (2) Hiawatha visits the Land of the Dakotahs and returns with his young wife Minnehaha.

Act IV.—The wedding feast is celebrated in the lodge of Hiawatha; Chibiabos sings, Pau-Puk-Keewis dances and Iagoo relates a wonderful story. Hiawatha tells of a vision.

Act V.—(1) Nokomis tells the story of the long winter. (2) Hiawatha, the hunter, prays for food for Minnehaha. (3) Death of Minnehaha.

Act VI.—Black-Robe comes and is welcomed by Hiawatha. Hiawatha starts on a "long and distant journey."

The Ojibwa Play, "Hiawatha," given on the lagoon, Thursday evening, June 13th, made a fitting end for a most successful commencement.

The Indian has long played his part, and it has sometimes been quite an important one, in song and story. In at least two of last season's most successful plays, Indians were leading characters. But the Hiawatha play has always been the last word in real Indian drama. When Longfellow chose the coming of the Indian Messiah as the theme of his beautiful poem, he recognized the fact that this story, common to all tongues, appeals to all hearts. The dramatization of Hiawatha is the "Passion Play" of the Indian.

This story, the coming of a "Peace Pro-

phet," has been told in all languages, but it surely never had a more beautiful setting than that given it by the Ojibwa Indians as they told it long ago in their lodges and around their camp fires. It has long been the custom for the northern Indians to play this story in the summer, using as their stages the islands scattered over their beautiful lakes. The performances thus given at Petoskey and Desbarats, Ontario, have attracted large audiences.



MINNEHAHA

Thursday night witnessed the first successful attempt, south of the great lakes, to give the play with this natural setting. As the canoes glided over the still waters of the lagoon and voices of the Indian singers were heard to rise and fall in the weird chant peculiar to the Indian dance, the audience found it easy to forget the buildings behind them and live again with the brave, young Hiawatha through the scenes of his boyhood and manhood.

The cast was entirely of Indians. Each detail, though seemingly unimportant, was reproduced with a fidelity which speaks much for the Indian's love for his folklore.

The play opened with a council. The warring tribes are called together by the "Pukwana," the signal fire of the Great Spirit, Gitche Manito. His Voice then speaks to

them in words of admonition, and they obey his commands, washing the war paint from their faces, singing the peace prayer and smoking the peace-pipe.

In the second act Nokomis, the grandmother, sings a lullaby to the infant Hiawatha. Nokomis was played by Miss Anna Hill, who acted with a spirit which showed her appreciation of the part. In this act, Hiawatha receives his youthful training in the Indian arts and crafts. As a child he is told the legends of his people by Nokomis, and is taught to dance by Iagoo, played by George Selkirk. Iagoo and other warriors teach the youth to use the bow and he kills his first deer. The impersonation of the child Hiawatha was by Junie Humphrey, and the youth by Iva Miller.

Act three tells the story of Hiawatha's fasting. Here for the first time the young man, Hiawatha, appears. This part was taken by Chief Hentoh, Wyandot. The actor's rendition of this part throughout the rest of the play, showed great dramatic feeling and

Grace Miller, who shows pronounced dramatic ability.

The wedding feast in act four presents a scene typical of the Indian. Returning home, Hiawatha and his bride are greeted by his friends, who forthwith celebrate by holding a feast. At the invitation of Nokomis, Chibiabos, "the sweet singer," played by Lloyd LaMotte, sings a beautiful love song. Pau-pukeewis, played by Michael Lemieux, dances "the beggar's dance," and Iagoo, "the great boaster," tells a wonderful story of the coming of the pale face. The company plainly show their disbelief of this strange tale, all save Hiawatha, who tells of a vision he has had and expresses his faith in the coming of the palefaces.

The next act tells of the famine and Minnehaha's death. The anguish of Hiawatha as he prays for the food that comes not, and the agony of the death scene, make one of the most effective scenes of the play.

In the last act the palefaces really come. They are priests—"Black-robos," the Indians

THE CAST:

Pau-puk-kee-wis, "The Storm-fool".....	Na-ahn-too, Chippewa
Iagoo, "The Boaster and Story-teller".....	Man-i-to-wahb, Chippewa
Mondamin, "The Spirit of the Corn".....	Jid-ji-go-nuh, Chippewa
Chibiabos, "The Sweet Singer".....	Mes-kwa-da-re, Chippewa
The Arrow-maker.....	Le Mieux, Chippewa
Hiawatha, the child.....	Wa-to-ya, E. Cherokee
Hiawatha, the boy.....	Na-wa-ta-pi-a-si, Shawnee
Hiawatha, the man.....	Hentoh, Wyandot
Nokomis.....	A-nah, Oneida
Minnehaha.....	Pa-che-ita, Shawnee
Warriors and Guests.....	Ki-lit-i-ka, Peoria
Shee-tah-ge-shee, Chippewa; Yo-ne-sa, Pima, Wee-ahm, Chippewa;	
Ghee-mong, Chippewa; Bo-neh-cun-je-gun, Chippewa; Tskit-suh,	
Pawnee; Tu-wa-wa-pee, Comanche; Yo-uk-seh, Eastern Cherokee;	
Izh-ge-me-queh, Chippewa; Gwet-se, Eastern Cherokee; O-we-nee,	
Chippewa.	

The Blackrobe, Trappers and Others.

a thorough knowledge of Indian thought and modes of expression. The story told here is brief. Hiawatha fasts. Mondamin the spirit of the corn, comes to wrestle with him. Three times they wrestle, when Hiawatha, grown stronger by repeated contact with the earth, from which he draws his strength, conquers. Mondamin was played by Martin Buffalo.

Next is the romantic story of Hiawatha's trip "to the land of the Dacotahs" for his bride, Minnehaha. The part of Minnehaha, "loveliest of Dacotah women," was taken by

say. They are welcomed by Hiawatha. Then, his duty done, Hiawatha departs

"On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the sunset.
To the regions of the west wind."

The beautiful electrical effect used in the illumination was the work of the Chilocco Engineer force. The evening was ideal and a large and enthusiastic audience was present. It is intended that "Hiawatha" will be an annual event at future commencements of Chilocco. It is a fitting finale to an Indian school's commencement programme.



THE VANISHING RACE

ARTICLE VI.

BY GEO. C. SMITHE

AN American linguistic family of peculiar interest, and of large numerical importance, being exceeded in population only by the Algonquian, the Siouan and the Iroquoian, is the Eskimaun. The Eskimo, term

or Esquimau, is of Algonquin derivation and means eaters of raw flesh, being thus a term of disrespect; but they call themselves Innuits, which as in the names of so many other tribes and races, means men—or the people—all others being foreigners and barbarians. These people are of characteristically peaceable and unaggressive disposition, and their conflicts with other native races or with white men have been more infrequent than in the case of perhaps any other aboriginal family. But it is in their habitat and their resulting habits that they show their most remarkable peculiarity, and in that they are wholly unique. They are altogether a seacoast race, occupying a narrow strip along the boundaries of continents and island, so that while their area is less than that of some other Indian families, their coastline is far greater than that of any other race on the globe.

With a population of about 35,000, divided into 61 tribes and villages, their more or less permanent settlements are scattered at varying inter-

vals along the entire northern coasts of the continent, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence around to the Copper River region on the southern coast of Alaska; along all the known coast of Greenland and the Arctic archipelago; throughout the Aleutian chain of islands nearly to Kamtchatka; and along the Siberian coast in northern Asia—an enormous stretch of more than 30,000 miles of seacoast, over which their range is limited to a belt of about 30 miles in width, and rarely penetrating 50 miles from the water. The result is a peculiarly maritime people, exceedingly daring and expert hunters of the sea, from which their subsistence and the clothing demanded by their rigorous climate chiefly come.

The Eskimo language presents the structure common to all the Indian tongues, but in vocabulary its numerous dialects bear no relation to those of any other family. Their tribal names present such unpronounceable combinations as Ukusiksalingmiut, Nageaktormiut, Igdlolnarsuk; and 51 of the whole 61 end in t, and 43 of those in miut. Bleak and forbidding as is their country, destitute of comforts and impossible of development according to any ideas that we have, they yet love it with the same passionate attachment which is the sentiment of all races toward the land of their

birth, and those individuals who have been brought for brief periods to the more kindly skies and smiling lands of this and other countries, have not welcomed the change, and have returned with eager delight to the frozen wastes which are home to them.

Southernly from the Eskimos along the mainland and islands of the Pacific coast, are the Kalusohan Family of 12 small tribes; the Skittagetan with 17 smaller tribes; the Chimmesyan with 8; the Wakeshan with 20; and the Kitunahan with 4 tribes, one alone of which bears the name Yaketahnok-latakmanay! These reach the American boundary at Puget sound, and all together number about 20,000 people. At the eastern flank of the Eskimos, occupying the island of Newfoundland, Cabot found a tribe called Beothuk, sole representative of a distinct and now extinct family.

In eastern Oregon and Washington, between the Salishan and Shoshonean territory heretofore described, was the Shahaptian Family of 7 tribes, including the Walla Wallas; and in the cost region of those states were 8 families, embracing remnants of 34 tribes with about 2,500 people. One of those is the Lutuamian Family, from Lutuami lake, which includes the Klamaths and the Modocs, notorious for the treacherous murder of Gen. Canby, in the famous lava beds.

Down the California coast were found 18 families with traces of 177 tribes, mostly now extinct. These reach to the Shoshonean wedge from the east that has forced its way to the coast at San Diego, and were the remnants of races destroyed by successive waves of hostile population. Similar indications appeared on our southern border along or near the Gulf coast, where the Uchees, Nat-

chez, Tonicas, Chitimachas, Attacapas, Tonkawas and Karankawas represented so many distinct families, and 30 tribes, of all of whom not 200 individuals are now known to be alive. The Coahuiltecan Family, of Texas and Mexico, with 22 tribes, has less than 100 survivors, all beyond the Rio Grande.

The Piman Family of Arizona and Mexico, with some 10,000 people, embrace the Pimas, who have given the Mexican government much trouble, and the Tarahumaras who are the cliff and cave dwellers today among the Sierra Madre Mountains in Sonora. The Yuman Family with about half that population, bordering those on the west and extending throughout the peninsula of Lower California, embrace the Yumas, Maricopas and Mojaves.

Between these and the Texan families, in the arid regions of Arizona and New Mexico, occupying restricted areas crowded on all sides by other races and entirely enveloped by the fierce and merciless Apaches until recent years, are the three remaining families to be mentioned, the Tanoan, the Keresan, and the Zunian—pueblo Indians, living in communal towns consisting of clustered cellular dwellings forming a single structure—antipodes truly of the continent-encircling, hyperborean and maritime Eskimos. The winter house of the Eskimos, built of blocks of frozen snow; the teepee of the prairie tribes, constructed of skins stretched over a framework of poles; the wigwam of bark and twigs; the hut of thatched grass and reeds; the cabin of split slabs; the dwelling of poles and logs covered with earth—none of these present anything like the pueblo, built of stone or adobe, one, two, three, four,



OLD-TIME MEDICINE MAN—(After Catlin.)

and even five stories high, and sheltering numerous clans and groups of families, numbering often from 300 to 700 persons. Each family has three or four rooms, nearly always a kitchen, a storeroom, and an eating and living room; and there are larger apartments for tribal affairs and public hospitalities. There is no access to the interior from the ground, but the low-

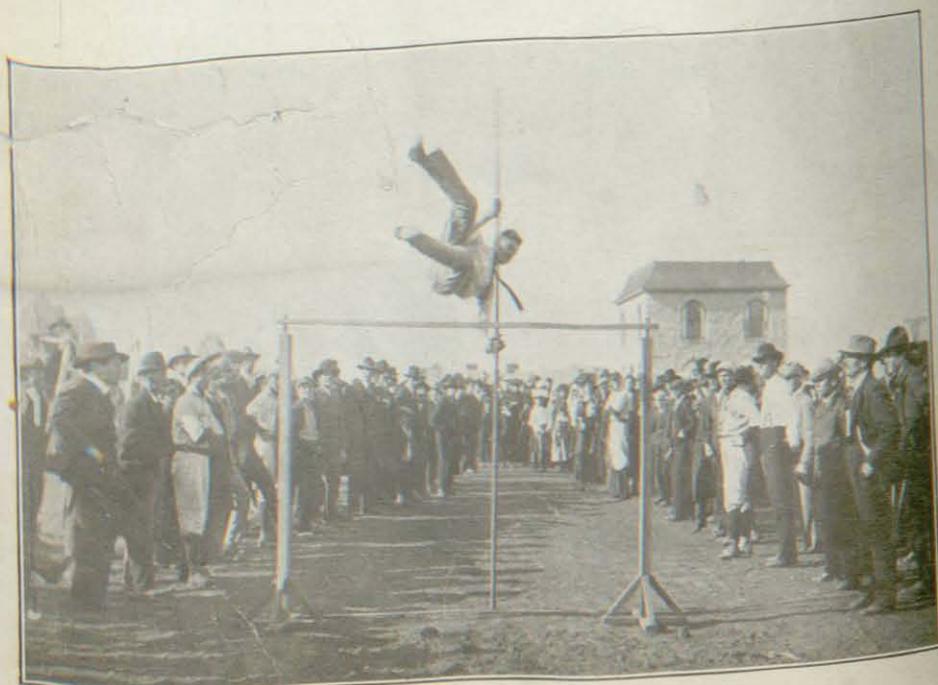
er story is entered by ladders from the roof which is reached by removable ladders from the outside. Upper stories, which recede in successive terraces, are entered by doors. Within are conducted the industries and the amusements of the people. Considerable agriculture is carried on by means of irrigation; and in that and the important industry of weaving

the men are employed, contrary to the ethics of most Indian races.

These people, living for centuries in fixed dwellings the character of which has afforded much protection from surrounding enemies, made greater progress in development than the nomadic tribes, and they may be classed at least as half civilized. They are believed to be descendants of the ancient cliff-dwellers, who adopted those dizzy situations for defense against their foes, and when they had become strong enough to take up locations more accessible, the dwellings they built were developments of the crowded and clustered dwellings of the cliffs. There the Spaniards found them in the 16th century, with a population of 30,000, though so many of their tribes had even then been exterminated that ruins of abandoned pueblos were found in abundance, and not less than 3,000 such ruins are now identified, in Arizona, New Mexico, southern Utah and Colorado, and northern Mexico. Twenty-

seven are now inhabited in the United States and one in Mexico, with a population of about 10,000, not now materially diminishing.

So, then, we may find on the American continent and adjacent islands north of Mexico, something over 50 distinct families or stocks, with languages wholly unrelated in their lexical elements; embracing more than 700 separate tribes with languages showing affinity within their respective families; and those divided into some thousands of sub-tribes, bands and clans with dialects less divergent; and these having all together a surviving population of some 340,000 out of the several millions doubtless existing here when the white man first landed on these shores. Distribute this present Indian population over the country that once was theirs, from the Florida Keys to the Aleutian Islands, and from the burning Yuma desert to the frozen cliffs of Greenland, and it would afford one individual to about 24 square miles.



CHILOCCO FIELD DAY—FIRST TIME OVER IN POLE VAULT CONTEST.

THE LOVE STORY OF POKAGON AND LONIDAW

Indianapolis Star

COULD Pokagon, sweet singer of the Pottawattomies, have been present in the Indiana House of Representatives last Tuesday when an appropriation for a monument to commemorate his tribe's last home in Indiana was voted he would have felt that he loved and sorrowed not in vain. To Pokagon and to his beautiful romance is due the action of the State in deciding to honor the memory of the Pottawattomies, for the noble character of the last chief and his remarkable love story inspired Representative Daniel McDonald to wage his long campaign for the Pottawattomie monument.

There are many others besides Mr. McDonald who believe that the romance written by Pokagon himself is the most beautiful love story of all Indiana and Michigan. The claim that Pokagon's "O-Gi-Maw-Kwo Mit-I-Gwa-Ki," or, in English, "Queen of the Woods," is to prose what Longfellow's "Hiawatha" is to poetry, is not without foundation.

One feels the pure passion of the noble chief breathing in every line of his account of the wooing of the beautiful Indian maiden who became his bride. In the simple, direct, primitive language of the Pottawattomies he tells his romance, and the great sorrow that followed. And when it is read it leaves no doubt that an Indian can love with all the passion of a "pale face." Considering the fact that Pokagon was a full-blooded Indian, his literary effort is perhaps

the most remarkable of all the Indian race.

A worthy follower of the great Menominee was chief Simon Pokagon, or Pokagon. The story of how Menominee in sorrow was forced by the troops sent by Governor David Wallace to lead his band of braves from Indiana toward the great West in 1838, has often been told. Simon Pokagon was then but a lad of 8. He was one of the small band that remained, later to find a home on what is now the Government reservation near Holland, Mich. His father was made chief of the Pottawattomies in Michigan and the son, destined to be the last leader of the rapidly diminishing tribe, now numbering but 200, succeeded him. Simon Pokagon was born at what was known as Pokagon Village, on the Pottawattomie lands in Indiana in 1830. He was sent to Notre Dame University, where he became a remarkable student and graduated with honors. He wrote many articles on the Pottawattomie and the Indian race in general, and also gave lectures. He died on Jan. 25, 1899, near Hartford, Mich.

A short time before his death he wrote the story of his courtship and marriage to Lonidaw, a fair Pottawattomie maiden. The great charm of the story lies in the simplicity with which the lover pours forth the passion and the grief of his heart. It is the beautiful legend of the princely Hiawatha and the fair Minnehaha, or Laughing Water, in real Indian life.

Pokagon begins his story by telling how he chanced to meet the shy and



winsome Lonidaw, how he sought her favor, doubting and hoping in turn until she graciously smiled on him and said, "Ae," which is "Yes." Then he was forced to be absent from her for several months.

The night before his return he slept in the woods and listened to the great spirit, Manitou, give the tradition of the origin of the trailing arbutus. Pokagon concludes the vision: "When he had done the old man slept, and a maiden passed her hand above his head; he began to grow small, streams of water began to flow from his mouth and very soon he was a small mass upon the ground, his clothing turned to withered leaves. The maiden moved away through the woods, and over the plain, and all the birds sang to her, and wherever she stepped, and nowhere else, grows our tribal flower, the trailing arbutus."

And thus the lover, with a lover's enthusiasm, paints the scene in the morning when he continued his journey to Lonidaw's wigwam: "The sun though yet unseen, had painted the eastern sky a brilliant red. High in the air were multitudes of wild pigeons, sweeping the heavens as far as the eye could reach, and moving in a line, like columns of trained soldiers, southward to procure their morning meal. All the twigs and branches of the grand old forest were thickly fringed with needled frost, forming a silvery screen through which the sunshine was sprinkled down, shedding the glory in the tree tops on the ground, filling my youthful soul with love for the Divine.

"Stillness reigned almost supreme along the trail I passed, only broken now and then by the woodpecker beating his chiseled bill into some decaying wood in search of food; or some partridge on a prostrate tree,

sounding his rolling drum to entertain his lady love of early spring. I paused and listened to his oft-repeated drumbeats of love, poured forth in military style, and to myself I said, 'Happy lover; no doubts disturb thy trusting heart, while fear and sore distrust are warring in my soul.'

"I reached the wigwam of my bride to be. All was quiet as the morning air. My fluttering heart was all the sound I heard; that like a bird in a cage, beat the bars that held it fast. While standing before the door a strange feeling held me there in bonds which none but a doubtful lover can ever know, and which no language can express.

"While there I stood, Lonidaw opened wide the door, bidding me come in. The chilling gloom of yesterday had left no impress on her face; but instead the fondest smiles of maidenhood were plainly written there, I thought perhaps the deer in the night returned, but soon I learned that he had not; then well I knew those smiles so sweet were all for me alone."

"With mutual hearts we clasped each other around, and sealed again the marriage vow with concert kisses, imparting a thrill of joy so pure that only they who truly love can ever feel and fully understand."

The wedding followed, a description of which is charmingly given by the bridegroom himself.

"When the moon of flowers and bloom came," he writes, "and mating birds were moving northward, and wild flowers were blooming, and the trees were putting on their robes of green, I took the hand of my dear beloved Lonidaw and she became my bride. No wedding cards were passed around, no gifts were made, no bells were rung, no feast was given,



THE LATE CHIEF POKAGON.

no priest declared us one. We only pledged our sincere faith before her mother and the King in heaven. Our hope, our joys were one. Hand in hand along an ancient trail we took our course until we reached a land of game. Here we paused, and like two mated birds that search and find a place to build their nest of mud and straw, so we, beside an inland lake where towering woods embrowed its shore, and flags, rushes and wild rice in plenty could be found, built our wigwam home of poles and bark. There oft at dawn and eventide, we fished from our birch canoe, and that

she might have more success than I, oft times I would bait well her hook and let my own go bare, then wonder why she caught more fish than I.

"Oft returning from the chase, weary and tired of carrying game, I'd follow down the trail upon a narrow neck of land that ran into the shore, and I never failed to see Lonidaw's erect and slender form on hasty run, to get to the boat to bring me home. No swan ever faster swam or elegantly appeared than she, when bending to the oars, pushing her birch canoe across the swelling bosom of the lake. As she would approach me

while waiting on the shore I always hailed her, 'Queen of the Woods.' On our return across the lake she would cling to the oars and have me steer, I always felt her image in my heart and loved to see it in the lake, and oft would ask her if her feelings were akin to mine. Her only answer was an approving glance and down-cast smile. Thus, happy in each other's love, we floated down life's stream, all unprepared for cataracts and rocks along the shore.

"Two years flew quickly by when Olomdaw, our first child, was born. The night he came no man of skill or neighbors gathered at our home. Alone in the presence of the Great Spirit and myself, Lonidaw went down to the gateway of death's dark valley and brought forth our darling boy, together with a father's and mother's crown, one for her and one for me. As I beheld in the first morning light our cherished infant nestling on her breast and saw Lonidaw smile in triumph as she gazed on me, my love, respect and sympathy for her were all a sea without a shore. All about our woodland home wild birds and flowers rejoiced with us, and we were richly blessed, feeling the dear boy was sent of heaven to our wigwam as a seal to our union, that it might not be broken; for if there is one holy tie of love more sacred than the rest it is that a true-hearted husband feels for his dear wife when their first child is born."

Nearly three years of pleasant life for Pokagon and Lonidaw passed on, and a second child, a daughter, which was christened "Hazeleye" was born. These two little papooses grew up together amidst the lakes and forests, the pride of their father and mother.

At 12 years old the son, Olomdaw, went away to school to be gone three

years. When he returned at the end of that time the curse of the redman was upon him, the drink habit. It was not long until he passed away.

The father writes: "I do not wish to bleed my heart or sadden yours; suffice to say, as darkness succeeds the meteor's glare, so his young life went out and left us in the midnight of despair. Dear little Hazeleye was left us then; that sweet rosebud, just opening into maidenhood, the very image of her mother. She was our only hope, and as our hearts were bound up in hers, we consoled ourselves with the assurance that she was far removed from the alluring serpent born of the white man.

"But such was not the case. One day while Hazeleye was fishing in the lake two drunken fishermen rowed their boat with such recklessness they ran into her bark canoe, which was crushed and overturned, throwing her into the water. Lonidaw, standing on the shore, saw the crash and heard her scream. She wildly cried, 'Oh, save my child,' and in her frenzy plunged into the flood and swam desperately, as none but a mother could, to save her drowning child. The faithful dog, returning from the hunt, rushed into the lake and reached the wrecked canoe just at the time Lonidaw did. But Hazeleye had gone to the bottom never to rise again. The mother, strangling, struggling, sank beneath the waves, and rising she caught hold of the dog and he swam with her to the shore."

Pokagon, the husband and father, was just returning from the hunt when he saw her laying on the beach of the lake apparently dead. He clasped her in his arms and carried her to their wigwam, and on mats and rushes she had lately made he laid her down. She began to gasp,

and then to breathe, and then, amid sighs and groans, sobs and tears, she told him the sad story of their child. After a lapse of several weeks, which seemed stretched into years as he sat beside his dying wife, he heard a sigh. Slower, slower she breathed until she ceased. The sun had set.

"And then," he said, "I pressed my hand close to her side until I felt the last pulsation of her heart. Then, oh, then, I knew she was dead."

Then came the funeral, of which he wrote: "On her funeral day, no relatives in sable robes appeared. No hearse with ostrich feathers crowned bore her form away. But native hunters of the wild, who oft had shared the bounties of her home, dug her grave at early morn; then came the fragrant woodland flowers, and on her casket they laid them. They came with blankets pure white around them and with moccasins of deer hide upon their feet, while with uncovered heads and muffled tread, slowly they bore her from the door away. A Christian teacher and I next to them came, while in our rear true hearted neighbors followed. Tenderly they carried her along the winding trail, under lofty archways of giant trees, until they reached her last resting place, which she in life had chosen. And there among the evergreen trees upon a beautiful headland, near the shore of our forest lake, in sight of the waters that covered our Hazeleye, we gathered, and they sadly consigned her to the grave, dropping therein modest forest flowers which she in life oft wore, and much admired; and as we listened in silent prayer to the solemn words, 'Earth to earth and dust to dust,' a little dusky maiden of our band, who lately had been taught the Savior's love, and knew Lonidaw well, all unbidden, sang:

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

"The closing words were scarcely sung, when from the shore across the lake, in child-like tenderness, the song was again sung, and again and again repeated from shore to shore, weaker and weaker until it died away, a mere whisper in our ears.

"In tears of gratitude, and with a heart of prayer, I blessed the little maiden there. One by one the friends forsook the spot, leaving me there alone to commune with the spirit of my departed Lonidaw. Kneeling beside her grave I breathed a silent prayer to the great spirit that she might be received into the arms of Hazeleye in His Kingdom beyond. Then I arose with a broken heart, and sorrowfully wended my way homeward."

Thus ended the romance, and the chief of the Pottawattomies seldom smiled thereafter. Since his death five years ago the tribe has been without a real chief. There are so few left that the government agent easily manages their affairs. Representative McDonald of Marshall County knew Pokagon well and greatly admired him.

With the appropriation sought from the State Mr. McDonald hopes to rebuild the Indian chapel at the old Menominee village, near Twin Lakes, and erect a plain, but substantial monument to the memory of Menominee and his tribe.

The INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL comes up to its standard and its standard is high. The mechanical construction of this magazine far surpasses any other that comes to our table. The halftones add greatly to its appearance. It is always welcome.—Collegian, Texas Christian University.



A CHILOCCO CLASS IN DOMESTIC ART.



CLASS IN PHYSICAL CULTURE AT CHILOCCO.

Chilocco Commencement, 1907

Colors and Mottos.

SCHOOL: Red, White, and Green.

CLASS COLORS:

ACADEMIC: Red and Green.

INDUSTRIALS: White and Blue.

DOMESTICS: White and Purple.

CLASS MOTTOES:

ACADEMICS: "*Why.*"

INDUSTRIALS: "*An idle man is never content. Work and enjoy life.*"

DOMESTICS: "*As we sow, so shall we reap.*"

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

Baccalaureate Services.

SUNDAY, JUNE NINTH.

THREE P. M.

Hymn	-	-	-	-	-	School
Prayer	-	-	-	-	-	
"Our Father"	-	-	-	-	-	Choir
Music	-	-	-	-	-	Choir
Baccalaureate Address					Rev. James H. Reedy	
Music	-	-	-	-	-	Quartette

Benediction.

Inspection Day.

MONDAY, JUNE TENTH.

MORNING.

Dormitories.

Domestic Departments.

Individual Gardens

AFTERNOON.

Farm Departments.

Industrial Departments.

Academic Department

Field Day.

TUESDAY, JUNE ELEVENTH.

MORNING.

Tennis Championship Finals.

AFTERNOON.

Music - - - - - Band
Exhibition Drills - By Girls of Gymnasium Classes
Music - - - - - Band
Interclass Sports.

Base-ball Game, Athletic Field, Wednesday
Afternoon at Two O'clock.

Class Night.

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE ELEVENTH.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

CANTATA—CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS,

Presented by Pupils Finishing the Eighth Grade.

Commencement Day Exercises.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE TWELFTH.

EIGHT O'CLOCK P. M.

March - - - - - School Orchestra
Invocation - - - - -
Salutatory - - - - - Michael Le Mieux
Music - - - - - Selected
Demonstration: Making a Tug - George Brown
Demonstration: Testing Milk - Bert Antone
Recitation - - - - - Grace Miller
Demonstration: Bread Making - Peter Taylor
Demonstration: Printing - Theodore Edwards
Music - - - - - Selected
Demonstration: Cakes, Rolls, Deserts Sophie Cadgue
Dress Making, Plain Sewing, Embroidery Maude Wade
Class Song - - - - -
Valedictory - - - - - Anna Hill
Music - - - - - Selected
Presentation of Diplomas - Supt. S. M. McCowan
March - - - - - School Orchestra

Chilacco Night.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE THIRTEENTH.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

THE HIAWATHA PLAY—BY CHILOCCO STUDENTS.

On The Lagoon.

“Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not;
Listen to this simple story,
To this song of Hiawatha.”

Graduating Classes.

ACADEMIC.

Anna Hill, Oneida.
George Selkirk, Chippewa.
Michael LeMieux, Chippewa.
Grace Miller, Shawnee.
Richard Lewis, Pima.
Clinton Merriss, Peoria.
Eliza Wetenhall, Chippewa.
Roxana Smith, Eastern Cherokee.
Bettie Welch, Eastern Cherokee.

DOMESTIC.

Josephine Parker, Chippewa, (Advanced) Science.
Emma Warren, Chippewa, Art and Science.
✓ Julia Cornelius, Oneida, Art and Science.
Minnie Cooper, Art and Science.
Marian Nolin, Chippewa, Art and Science.
Ella Skenadore, Oneida, Science.
Martha White Spirit, Winnebago, Science.
Sophie Cadgue, Kickapoo, Science.

DOMESTIC—CONTINUED.

Maggie Roberts, Chippewa, Art and Science.
Josephine Smith, Chippewa, Art and Science.
Nannie Long, Wyandotte, Art and Science.
Lillian Silas, Oneida, Art and Science.
Maud Wade, Chippewa, Art.
Minnie Skenadore, Oneida, Art.
Ella Tubbs, Eastern Cherokee, Art.
Adeline Thieffault, Chippewa, Plain Cooking
Charlotte Webster, Chip., Trained Nurse.

INDUSTRIAL.

Theodore Edwards, Chippewa, Printing.
Louis Roy, Sioux, Printin
Napoleon Garcia, Pueblo, Baking.
Peter Taylor, Kaw, Baking.
Santiago Duran, Pueblo, Baking.
Dionicio Delgadillo, Pueblo, Masonry.
George Brown, Winnebago, Harness.
Richard Imich, Apache, Harness.
Charles Tall Bull, Cheyenne, Blacksmith.
Kent Kayitah, Apache, Blacksmith.

INDUSTRIAL—CONTINUED.

Zeno Big Smoke, Cheyenne, Blacksmith.
Alex White-whirl-wind, Sioux, Blacksmith.
Allen Moses, Pawnee, Slaughtering.
Wibur Eaves, Pawnee, Farm.
Jobie Taylor, Pawnee, Farm.
John Stone Road, Cheyenne, Farm.
Frank Marques, Pueblo, Engineer.
Frank Oliver, Chippewa, Plumber.
Ben White, Chippewa, Engineer.
Bert Antone, Papago, Dairy.
Amos Komah, Comanche, Dairy.
Steve Pensoneau, Shawnee, Dairy.
Narcisse Pensoneau, Shawnee, Dairy.
Van Horn Flying Man, Cheyenne, Dairy.
Spencer Coger, Eastern Cherokee, Dairy.
Bennie Davenport, Potawatomi, Dairy.
Manuel Torres, Pueblo, Dairy.
Levi Gilstrap, Shawnee, Dairy.
Keya James, Navajo, Dairy.
James Peacock, Seneca, Farm.

Educational Department

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

AGRICULTURE:—A SCHOOL SUBJECT.

BY C. W. BURKETT,
KANSAS EXPERIMENT STATION.

TEACHING THE LESSON.

1. Review the last lesson. The teacher can conduct this review by asking some pupil for a general summary of the last lesson, or by asking special questions that cover the facts in the lesson. This review, ought of course, to be brief, and ought to cover only the vital points.

2. After the review, let the day's lesson be taken up earnestly, and with the aid of any subject that will stimulate interest and awaken attention. These can be provided with very little trouble and no expense. One day you may use a handful of poor and a handful of good soil, and point out some of the differences. Another day a root, a flower, a seed, a diseased plant, a pestilential weed, an ear of seed corn, or any of a thousand and one objects that will suggest themselves from a study of the text.

It often happens that one of the pupils ask a question that the teacher does not know how to answer. Let the teacher be perfectly frank and admit that he does not know. At the same time let him say that he will take pleasure in finding a satisfactory answer. Both the cooperation and the confidence will be helpful.

The teacher should remember that we have hundreds of Agricultural Experiment Stations and Scientific Laboratories where men and women are at work trying to find answers to agricultural questions. Don't be surprised or embarrassed if a great many questions that you cannot answer are asked. Who can answer all the questions that a child can ask? The teacher can always write to the Agricultural College and Experiment Station of his state for answers to difficult questions, or he can ask some good farmer.

THERE SHOULD BE NO MEMORIZING.

Do not ask pupils to memorize the text. Get them to answer questions and make all

explanations in their own words. Much harm has been done to children by compelling them to commit lessons to memory in order that they may receive perfect marks.

A pupil who tells in his own words the main part of a lesson, though minor parts are unuttered, has had more true mental drill than his classmate who memorizes the lesson, but who will likely forget it in a short time. The latter learned to memorize, the lesson, but failed to learn to think. Agriculture must train to right thinking.

WRITTEN WORK ABOUT THE LESSON.

It will be desirable at times to vary the plan of recitation. Let the pupil try his descriptive power by writing parts of the lesson.

The teacher may say, "After you have studied your lessons in agriculture to-day you may write for me, in your own words, a summary of a certain topic in the lesson, or an abstract of the whole lesson."

The teacher can write on the blackboard a few topics as a guide. After some drill, however, in this writing, the pupils will not need any guidance.

EXPERIMENTS.

Experiments are a desirable feature of agricultural teaching. They serve:

1. To stimulate interest.
2. To quicken observation.
3. To lead to new thought and investigation.
4. To link old truths with new truths.

The teacher should bear in mind that his effort is not so much to help the pupil as it is to help the pupil to help himself. The secret of good teaching lies in following this cardinal principal.

Plan not to overdo the experiment side of teaching. You will not need an experiment for every day. An experiment each week will be sufficient, or as often as convenient. You want the class to engage in this work. The teacher should help, but should let the members of the class prepare the material and conduct the experiment.

The teacher can, however, introduce new experiments when he finds one that appeals

to him. Here is one, for example. The object of the experiment is to show how cultivation checks the evaporation of moisture from the soil. Take two lumps of loaf sugar. Place one lump on top of the other, on a saucer or on a plate. Slowly pour a little ink on a plate or in a saucer. The lower lump will quickly take up the ink by capillary attraction, and the whole lump will soon be saturated. The top lump will not get ink until considerable time has elapsed, since the air spaces between the lumps checks the upward flow.

Cultivation acts in the same way as the points between the lumps. The cultivating tools break off the tops of the soil tubes that carry the water, and the dry dust acts as a mulch or blanket that keeps the water in.

TWO KINDS OF EXPERIMENTS.

Not all experiments can or should be performed in school. The object of all experimentation is to stimulate the pupils' ambition to find out things and to do things for themselves. Therefore, the teacher will recognize two kinds of experiments,—the school experiment and the home and vacation experiment.

THE PUPIL'S PART.

Let the pupils freely ask questions. We often learn more by asking questions than we do from the answers. It is an excellent plan to require pupils to make a list of questions as a part of the preparation of the lesson. Let these questions include original interrogations as well as questions suggested by the book.

The teacher does not need to answer all the questions. Often the greatest good will result from letting the pupils find out answers. The teacher may make a list of his own questions, or a list from the questions asked by the pupils, or combine both.

These questions may be written on the blackboard or written by each pupil in his note book. Considerable interest and profit will result from such questions.

REVIEW THE WORK FREQUENTLY.

The teacher should be in no hurry to cover the text. Review frequently. In these reviews, it is well, if possible, to present the lessons in a different form from that in which they are presented the first time. Hence, if the teacher will use a few minutes each day, and make out questions and state the topics of the lessons, the synopsis will be very helpful. Such an outline gives in an easily remembered form the vital facts of the lesson.

AN OBSERVATION WALK.

It will be well to occasionally take your pupils for a walk in the neighborhood of your schoolhouse. There are always many things of interest to be seen by the pupils and many points of your lesson in agriculture can be enforced by a observation lesson in the field. Then, too, there is a good feeling of confidence established between teachers and pupils by this out-of-door comradeship.

WHOM TO TAKE.

In deciding whom to take you should consider the nature, purpose, and length of the walk. If it be a short walk, take your whole school. If a long walk for the special purpose of visiting some distant field, farm, meadow, or forest, take only these who are strong enough for the trip, and who are interested in the objects to be seen. In general there are walks of three kinds:

1. Short walks of general interest. Invite the whole school to go on these.
2. Walks of more strictly agricultural nature. On these it will be best to take only your pupils in agriculture.
3. A combination of the two. You will, of course, take the whole school on these combination walks.

WHEN TO GO.

Some of the walks may be immediately after school, some at the noon hour. In other cases you should take fifteen, thirty, or forty-five minutes of your regular school time for this purpose; or you may go during the closing minutes of the noon hour or recess, and return fifteen or thirty minutes after the usual assembling time; or, you may dismiss school fifteen or thirty minutes earlier than usual and continue your walk as long as you deem wise. It should be made clear to the pupils that the walk is not a frolic or a recess; that they are really to learn something; that it is a part of their school work.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR.

Let anything of interest claim your attention,—a hibernating insect, an egg-laying butterfly, a leaf gnawing worm or bug. It will always be well for you to go over the ground in advance of your class and find some of the chief objects of interest. Keep all the children busy. If, for the moment, there be nothing of special interest, ask them to search for injurious insects, wild flowers, weeds in seed; to note leaves of various kinds of trees, bark of trees, cries and flight of various birds, etc. Let each walk also have some

special object, such, for example, as the observation of the number of kinds of weeds to be found in the region traversed. As you walk you may also call the children's attention to any agricultural object lesson you can. Ask such questions as these: "Is the field cultivated too deep or too shallow? Which of these cotton plants is the better? Which would furnish the best seed for next year's crop? Are there any cotton plants with no ears in this field? Which bears the most corn? Which will make the best seed corn? What is the name of that weed over there? How many names can we give for it? Which do you think is the best name? Is it a bad weed? Why? Where does it grow? How long does it live? What kind of a seed has it? How does it spread? Does it make many seeds?" Let us send a good specimen of it to our Experiment Station and find out what its real name is. Let us also gather seeds and plants too, and put both in our school collection.

"Yes (in answer to a question), that is a cocoon." Bring it with you, and we shall put it in our breeding cage in the schoolroom and see what kind of moth will come of it. Is that cow fitted for making beef or milk? How much will she give daily? Is she a Jersey? How do you know? What is the matter with this apple? When did the worm get into it? What will become of the worm? Could this kind of injury be prevented?"

AFTER USE OF WALK.

"Our walk" should be made the topic of an essay or composition on the following day, or you may have a blackboard exercise by asking volunteers to tell what they learned or saw, and listing the items until you have secured an inventory of the mental accessions of the class. Make it a practice to clinch or fix the knowledge gained in a walk by some kind of a review the following day, or on your return to the school.

FINAL WORDS.

No matter how limited your instructions in agriculture may be, if it sets your pupils to thinking about the subject, if it starts them to reading about the business they are to follow, if it introduces them to plant and animal life for culture only, if it prepares them to be experimenters, if it makes them acquainted with the literature of farming, you have made their lives. This great power is in your hands. Who shall hinder you from using it? —Western School Journal.

UNIQUE FEATURE AT SHERMAN.

Following is a condensed report of the commencement exercises at Sherman Institute, the large Indian school at Riverside, California, sent in by our correspondent there:

The deep interest of the people of Riverside in Sherman Institute and its work was again demonstrated last evening when the hall was crowded for the commencement entertainment. Long before the doors were open, the grounds in front of Tonner hall were packed with an eager throng and within a few minutes after the visitors were admitted the Assembly hall was packed to its utmost capacity. Many stood up throughout the entire program and many others were unable to gain admittance. The program in general was a meritorious and enjoyable one, but interest undoubtedly centered in the unique Eagle dance given by Chief Tewaquaptewa and his followers of the Hopi tribe.

The entertainment was in representation of a convention of Indian wards presided over by John Galt as "Uncle Sam" with Ray Contreras acting as sergeant at arms. After the opening chorus by the delegates representing different trades taught in the school, "Uncle Sam" entered accompanied by goddesses of Liberty who sang "The Star Spangled Banner" with a patriotic fervor that stirred the audience to great enthusiasm. "Uncle Sam" gave an address of welcome after which the children representing the various trades and lines of employment in the school presented their reports to him telling of the work they were doing in the school and how they hoped this training would prepare them for future usefulness. The following extensive lines of activity were reported: blacksmiths, housekeepers, tailors, typewriters and stenographers, printers, nurses, carpenters, dressmakers, representatives of plain sewing and embroidery and basketry, harness makers, shoemakers, engineers, electricians, laundry employees, bakers, farmers, gardeners, domestic science classes, farm girls, and last but not least, "dishwashers," "patch" girls and "trash" boys. These last were little folks and their demonstrations were received with enthusiastic applause. In attempting to leave the stage by the wheelbarrow route the two "trash" boys received a tumble and were promptly cared for by the nurses who were on hand with their bandages and other paraphernalia.

The representatives of these various depart-

ments presented samples of their work which was commented on in a fitting manner by "Uncle Sam," and perhaps the most amusing feature in the way of a demonstration was the presentation to "Uncle Sam" by one of the farm girls, of a lusty young pig.

A delegation of young men from the literary department sang a stirring Sherman song and closed with the school yell. The Anvil song by a chorus and a duet by a typewriter and stenographer were other pleasing features of this portion of the program. At the close of the part first of the program, representatives of the domestic science department served a lunch which certainly looked very appetizing as seen from the audience.

The second part of the program opened with a drill by heralds of the Sherman ranch, sixteen of the younger boys and girls, each one carrying a beautiful Sherman banner. This drill was one of the pleasntest features of the evening. A song by a Sherman farmer, Adolpho Montijo followed, and this introduced a song and dance by the Sherman milk maids and milk men which was executed in a pleasing manner. A song by the city milk cans and chalk pump followed and this grotesque "take-off" on the quality of city milk excited much amusement. The trumpeter re-called the entire company of delegates and the program closed with a stirring farewell song.

Between the two portions of the program came the Eagle dance by the Hopi Indians lead by Chief Tewaquaptewa. If any of the audience expected to see in this chief of one of the most famous tribes of the southwest any long haired, blanket Indian, they were mistaken. He is a young man, probably somewhat over thirty, dignified and impressive in his bearing with an alert and intelligent face and evidently possessing many strong qualities which would make him a natural leader among his people. He lead the Eagle dance with a drum and a group of his followers accompanied him with huge rattles. Their fantastic native costumes were brilliant in colors and yet produced a harmonious and pleasing effect. Their chanting was of the typical Indian character, a trifle monotonous and yet having a weird melody about it that was after all rather pleasing. After the opening chant, two boys came in representing hunters. They added a striking feature to the program by whirling cords, making a better imitation of the sougning of the wind than we have ever seen produced by any stage mechanism in the theatres.

Then four Eagles came in led by Mrs. Tewaquaptewa in native costume and with hair dressed in the time-honored traditionary Hopi manner. The costumes of these representatives of the king of birds had been brought from the Hopi reservation in Arizona, and were unique and beautiful in a striking degree. It is safe to say that nothing like them has ever been seen before outside of the Hopi villages. The eagle feathers were certainly beautiful and the entire costumes were such as transformed the young men into very perfect representations of these noble birds. Their fantastic dance was watched with breathless interest by the audience and when it finally closed and the eagles had departed, one by one the great assembly broke out into long continued and hearty applause. The whole performance was a bit of realistic Indian life such as one would willingly travel many miles to see.

Just before the closing chorus the chief and his wife and child came on the stage, and he spoke a few words of greeting in English. Nothing in the entire program was more heartily received and these representatives of the native race were given a real ovation.

Excellent music for the entire performance was furnished by the Sherman orchestra which certainly acquitted itself with marked credit.

B.

Sample Chapel Exercises Program.

The following is a sample program of chapel exercises of the Tulalip Training school, Tulalip Agency, Washington. The superintendent says: "This is a sample of an ordinary program for an ordinary Sunday evening service, solving in some respects what is frequently a very perplexing problem in Indian school work."

1. Organ Prelude:..... Dr. Buchanan
- (a) Frühlingslied..... Mendelssohn.
- (b) Cujus Animam (Stabat Mater)..... Rossini.
2. Processional: Alleluia! Alleluia! No. 92. School
3. Gregorian Chant: The Lord's Prayer, No. 143. School.
4. Recitation in Concert: Prayer of St. Chrysostom. School
5. Tenor Solo:..... Dr. Buchanan
"Glory to Thee, My God, this Night." Gounod
6. Scriptural Verse: Alphabetical Series. "R." Miss Hankins.
- "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy."
7. Hymn: There Came a Little Child to Earth, No. 61. School
8. Story: The Life of Christ (continued), Miss Edmundson.
9. Hymn: The World Looks Very Beautiful, No. 153. School
10. Reading:..... Miss Wright
11. Hymn: Oh, Mother Dear, Jerusalem! No. 241
12. A Short Heart-To-Heart Talk Superintendent
13. Recitation in Concert: Psalm XXIII. School
14. Recessional: Forward Be Our Watchword, No. 160. School
15. Postlude: Edouard Batiste's "Processional March."..... Dr. Buchanan

CHILOCCO'S ANNUAL PICNIC.

Saturday, May eighteenth, marked another epoch on the calendar of "good times" at Chilocco. It was picnic day, with the weather exceptionally fine. The Chilocco student body look forward to this annual play day with as much expected pleasure as they do toward Christmas, or any other holiday. The little ones were up at three, or earlier, and there were no morning dreams for the older ones afterward.

For several reasons the picnic was very appropriately placed this year. In the first place it afforded a day of relaxation after a strenuous week of final examinations. Then again, it was early enough to include all the boys who had contracted to work in the Colorado beet fields.

Before departing for the pleasant wooded glen down by the "Chiloc," the annual contests for first honors in the military department was held on the athletic field at 8:15. For a number of weeks the officers of the several companies had been putting their lines through the schedule of movements preparatory to this event and, as expected, all the companies gave splendid exhibitions of military skill and precision. The judges for the contest were Mr. Geo. H. Kelley, of Fort Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. J. E. Shields, formerly instructor in military tactics at this school, and Mr. Wm. Davies, assistant principal. The judges unanimously awarded the first honors and banner to Company C, second battalion. This company will be allowed to keep the banner until the next annual contest. In addition to the banner, each of the officers of the winning company received a handsome prize. At the close of the contest the columns began moving eastward over the gently rolling prairie to the grounds by the quarry, where nature seems to have taken special pains to prepare a cosy place for just such purposes as a May-day picnic.

The day previous our efficient kitchen detail prepared a variety of picnic dishes; such as cold meats, buns, sandwiches, pies, cakes, doughnuts, radishes from the school gardens, barrels of iced milk and ice cream from the school creamery. It took almost an hour to serve the whole student body, but by one o'clock all were satisfied and the groups began to scatter over the island, engaging in different sports and amusements.

At one o'clock the members of the Chilocco Gun Club, which is the youngest of organizations at Chilocco, had their first try at

clay pigeons. Following the exhibition of the gun club came a number of odd contests that attracted everybody and were funny to the extreme. The three-legged race was first and was won by Earl Jennison and John Le Barre. The sack race, in which there was some twenty entries, was exciting and was won by Joe Dubois. The doughnut race, which was a test of ability to eat a doughnut suspended on a long string, without use of the hands, was won by Sylvester Van Wert. Next came a number of pie-eating contests for both boys and girls. Next came the egg race, in which there were 12 entries. Thomas Duffy, who has had several years' experience handling the sphere on third base, easily won out in collecting the ovals.

The tug of war was the most exciting of all and was a contest between the engineers and the shops. The engineers won the first try by a scratch. The second was easily won by the shops and was decisive. The contest was the best two out of three, so each side prepared for the final try. The chief engineer saw that his side was beaten unless some shrewd tactics were employed. Being a resourceful fellow along such lines he soon had his side posted and before the third try had fairly started the engineers had won.

The last contest on the very full program of amusements was a baseball game between the Normals and Employes. It was to be a five-inning game, but when that number of innings had been played the score was a tie and the employes demanded another try. Up to this point the Normals were merciful, but the employes persisted so in having a decisive result that the Normals took several full breaths and left the score 7-4 in their favor. Mr. Abernathy, the genial Santa Fe operator at the Chilocco station, acted as umpire. He could at any time command a high salary as a professional umpire of the National game, but prefers instead that serenely peaceful and quiet life which may be found only in such places as Chilocco station.

By the time the baseball game was over Miss Miller and her corps of able assistants for the day, had prepared another course of refreshments, which were very satisfying and which were enjoyed in the shade of the many beautiful trees about the grounds. The shadows were now growing long and deep and all were tired, so the columns began slowly winding their way back toward the little White City by the lagoon, feeling not only that the day had been well spent, but that after all, life was worth more than mere living.

SPOKANE IN INDIAN LEGEND

BY WOLF.



WHIS-TEL-PO-SUM, chief of one of the three tribes of Spokane Indians and one of the bravest and most truthful men I ever knew, is responsible for the annexed traditional history of Spokane, the chief city of the Inland Empire composed of 150,000 square miles in eastern Washington, northern Idaho, northeastern Oregon and southeastern British Columbia.

It is difficult to send the mind back to prehistoric Spokane, a city built beside the tumbling falls hundreds of years before the coming of the white man, and to imagine that a great lake's waves tossed and rolled over the site of what is today a cosmopolis of 96,000 people, gathered together from every state and territory and province on the American continent and from the four corners of the old worlds, yet Chief Whis-tel-po-sum has spoken, and the legend, as handed down from generation to generation, is given herewith:

"Centuries ago, and long before the pale face was known on this continent, where Spokane is now situated, and for many days' travel east of it, was an immense and beautiful lake, with many islands rising from its surface.

"The country swarmed with game, the lake abounded with fish, and it was veritably a hunter's paradise. Many well populated villages lay along the shores of the lake.

"One summer morning the entire population was startled by the rumbling and shaking of the earth. The waters of the lake began rising and

pitching and were tossed into waves mountains high, which threatened to engulf the entire country. To add to the horrors of the situation, the sun became obscured by an eclipse and darkness enveloped the frightful scene.

"The terror-stricken inhabitants fled to the hills for safety. The quaking of the earth continued two days, when a rain of ashes began to fall so heavy that there was little difference between day and night.

"The downpour of ashes continued several weeks. The game abandoned the country; the waters of the lake receded; dry land appeared where once the waters rolled, and desolation spread over the entire country.

"The Indians died by thousands from starvation. The remnant that escaped followed the course of the receding waters until they arrived at Spokane falls. There they founded their first village, and the bay was their swimming and bathing pool.

"There the devil, in the form of a coyote, gave the Indians a great deal of trouble, but finally they snared him, and all the Indians were in at the killing, after which they divided the carcass among the people of the different tribes.

"From that time prosperity smiled upon them until the coming of the pale faced race, which could not be snared. The Indians often declared that the pale face was the worse devil of the two, for he left them nothing."

Michael M. Cowley, an early settler in the Spokane country, who traded with the Indians many years ago, and Major R. D. Gwydir of Spokane, who was for years agent on the Colville res-

ervation, north of Spokane, say they heard the legend nearly half a century ago and vouch for Chief Whis-tel-posum's veracity. They say the Indians pronounced Spokane as if written Spo-kan, with the accent on the last syllable. It means wheat, and when applied to the tribe it is interpreted as "the men who live in the country which grows the wheat," to distinguish them from the Colvilles, Coeur d'Alenes, Nez Perces and other tribes inhabiting the districts in which big game abounds.

"The Indians also have a similar word, but pronounced 'Spo-kan-ee,' which means 'the sun.'" Mr. Cowley added, "and from the two words, 'Spo-kan' and 'Spo-kan-ee' the early settlers evolved Spokane, which was given to the Indians as a tribal name. Much of the legendary lore of the tribe has been lost. Even the earlier interpreters of the language are at variance in their understanding of the meaning of the word 'Spokane.' One of these says the chief of the tribe

was known as 'Illim-spo-kan-ee,' which means 'Son of the sun.' From this interpretation and the nature of the valley, being more open and having more sunshine than that of the Colvilles, inhabiting the northern districts and the Coeur d'Alenes, living among the mountains and the foothills in the east part of the country, the tribal name is believed by some to have meant 'Children of the Sun.' The original name was 'Lin-co-mahn-nah,' the meaning of which has long since been lost."

NEWS dispatch from Arapaho, Oklahoma: Scabba, the big, jolly Indian who is a familiar figure on the streets of this city, and who farms like a veteran on the Washita, was a leader of a band of Indians in a war party that terrified the whites in this country, Texas and Kansas for months, in 1874. Chief Little Robe was the main spirit of the movement, but Scabba was captian of a squad. When the surrender came he signified his intention to become a good Indian and learn the white man's ways, and he has done so ever since. He can chop two cords of wood a day, or mould brick like a professional, and has a field of grain every year for sale.



THE POPPIES, THE STARS, AND THE DEW.

BY ISABEL McARTHUR.

In the garden, the poppies are dreaming.—
 The stars keeping watch over head.
 With the dew drops reflecting their gleaming,
 From their cool, drowsy, rich crimson bed.
 As my sleepless eyes gaze from the window,
 The scene brings a memory of you,
 When you told me, my cheeks, eyes and tears, love
 Were the poppies, the stars and the dew.

That night, in the garden we parted
 In tears, but a hope bright and clear,
 You'd return, and our Eden be started,
 E'er the poppies should bloom the next year.
 But tragedian, Time, shifts the scene, love,
 And the rosy morn hope of us two,
 Is, one, all alone, with a heart ache.
 And the poppies, the stars, and the dew.

The News at Chilocco

It was a great commencement.

Miss Tyndall, teacher, has resigned.

The Chilocco Gun Club holds two shoots each week.

Mr. H. Keton, of Arkansas City, is our new hostler.

Mrs. Bullard, nurse, has resigned to go home to nurse sick ones there.

Mrs. McKnight, small boys' matron, has been transferred to the Sac and Fox agency.

Our base ball boys beat Blackwell on our athletic field in a one-sided game of ball last month.

Mr. and Mrs. Sickles, of Independence, Kansas, are guests of their son and his family here.

Mr. Carner was the first one to take a swim in the lagoon this year. His act was a prelude to Hiawatha.

Miss Loretta Howe, of Arkansas City, now has charge of the Employes Club dining room and kitchen.

The persons who wore the white badges with the word "Guide" on it, were much in demand during the "big week."

Many former students and graduates visited us during commencement—and we were very glad to welcome them back.

The superintendent always sets his dates so that it rains the day or so before commencement. How does he do it?

"I never saw Chilocco so beautiful," was the expression of the people of Arkansas City, who visited during commencement.

The "Hiawatha" booklet, "printed by Indians, right at Chilocco," were much in demand during commencement week.

We were glad to see so many pupils' families and relatives here during commencement. We like to see the interest manifested.

Mr. Stack, recently of the Grand Junction, Colo., school, has been appointed disciplinarian here and has entered upon his duties.

Supervisor Charles was with us for a few days this month. We were sorry he could not stay longer. He went from here to Ft. Lewis, Colorado.

The commencement exercises were attended by many visitors from all parts of the

country. A great many relatives of our student body visited us.

The Print Shop force has been a very busy one the past month. Work for Kiowa Agency, Nez Perce Agency, Lac du Flambeau, and other places has been executed.

One hundred new phonograph records have been recently purchased by the school for use in phonograph concerts for the amusement and instruction of our student body.

Rehearsals and commencement preparation have interferred with band practice so that we have been without our weekly concerts for some time and we all miss them.

Mr. T. C. Havell, who has been at Chilocco the past three weeks surveying the reserve, has finished his work here and is now doing some government surveying at Pawnee, Oklahoma.

Our carpenter and his detail have shown us that they can turn out anything that can be made of lumber. They made twelve canoes for use in our Ojibwa play, and they are real boats, too.

Willie Burns, a Chilocco Comanche student, filled out the diplomas and certificates which will be presented to our graduating classes this year. Willie gets some beautiful results with the pen.

Little Edward Edwards, Chippewa, died here last month. His body was sent home to Kewena Bay, Michigan, for burial. Edward was a bright little chap and his death was a distinct loss to the school.

Mr. Miller has left for a month's visit to Idaho and the Northwest on school business. The printing force will enjoy a much needed outing during his absence. There will be no JOURNAL issued for July.

Henry Thompson, one of the old Chilocco, print-shop apprentices visited us commencement week. He has been working at his trade on the Daily Chieftain, Okmulgee, since leaving school, over a year ago.

There never was a prettier spectacle anywhere presented than "Hiawatha" at Chilocco. The stage, the water, the electric lights, the actors, the boats—all helped to make beautiful our lagoon on that evening.

Rev. Wright, the noted Indian evangelist, of Dallas, Texas, made Chilocco a visit last month. His efforts met with much favorable response. We are always glad to have Mr. Wright with us. He helps push the good things along.

The engineer and his detail have finished wiring and connecting the lights for all the arches on the grounds. At night, with all the lights burning, Chilocco can be seen from high points miles away.

Clinton Merriss, this year graduate, who recently left to accept the position as disciplinarian at the Ft. Shaw, Mont., school, writes that he likes his work. He says that a good many of the boys of that school work on the irrigating ditches during vacation.

One of the enjoyable events of Commencement week for the men employees was a shooting contest by two picked teams of the Chilocco Club. Each contestant shot at 25 blue rocks. We have some good shots here. This shoot was a friendly one for an oyster supper.

George Bent, who has been assistant disciplinarian at our school for nearly two years, left last month to accept the position of disciplinarian at Riggs Institute, Flandreau, Dakota. It is a deserved promotion for Bent, and we are sorry to lose him. He is a fine example of the educated Indian.

Edward Nanonka, a Hopi young man who has been our assistant carpenter, has resigned and left to join the Carlisle band. He is a good musician and leaves many admirers at Chilocco who wish him success wherever he may be. Six or eight of our boys are now with the Carlisle band, which has had an eight weeks' engagement in the east.

Our ball nine went to Pawhuska this morning of May 27th to play the fast nine in that city. The Pawhuska Braves are graduates of Indian schools who are located now in the capital of the Osage Nation and they put up the real article on the diamond. The first game was won by Pawhuska; the second by Chilocco. Our old star, Peter Laflumboise, played with Pawhuska. The boys enjoyed their trip although the weather was bad.

Sunday, May twenty-six, four special coach loads of Chilocco students left over the Santa Fe for Rocky Ford, Colo., where they will work in the beet fields most of the summer. The students, over two hundred in number, were under the charge of J. E. Shields, former disciplinarian here. It was an interesting sight to see them leave the station, though some of our girls looked rather "sad and lonely." Their absence will be felt, but the outing in the Colorado atmosphere will be a fine thing for all those who left.

Mr. Stauffer, of the Keams Canon, Arizona, agency and school, arrived at Chilocco June third with a class of Hopi students. He left the boys at Colorado, where they joined our other boys there. Mr. Stauffer is probably the best posted man on customs and life of the Hopis of Arizona. He has been stationed at the Moqui agency for over fifteen years and during that time has virtually lived with these "strange brown people of the desert." He is an interesting talker, an agreeable companion, and an industrious worker for the good of the Indians under his care. He is now stationed at the Third Mesa, Oraibi, Arizona.

The Right Reverend Francis Key Brooke, D. D., of Guthrie, has confirmed the following persons at Chilocco: April twentieth: Madeline Goslin, Mary Leeds, Mary Nicholson, Bessie Parker, Jesse Bird's Head, Herbert [unclear], John Hyuma, Clara Park [unclear], [unclear] Yellow, [unclear] [unclear].

music, [unclear] various women [unclear] Louis Exposition. Her sketches show a poetic, sympathetic nature and are calculated to help the Anglo-Saxon in his effort to understand the red man. Without such understanding it is impossible to become intelligent helpers of the Indian in their difficult task of assimilating the white man's civilization.

The little booklet is a most artistic production, in paper, type, illustrations and arrangement, the very creditable work of the Indian Print Shop at Chilocco, Okla.—Southern Workman.

MONUMENT TO SEQUOYAH.

Following is a dispatch sent out from Tulas, I. T., which gives some interesting information regarding Sequoyah, the noted Cherokee:

Sequoyah, inventor of the Cherokee alphabet, for which he has been designated the "American Cadmus," and "the greatest of all Indians," is to be commemorated by a monument. It will be erected at Muldrow, in the Cherokee Nation, which is but a few miles distant from the lodge in which Sequoyah lived when a resident of Indian Territory. The old house is still standing.

The Sequoyah Monument Association will raise a fund and have charge of the erection of the shaft. A large part of the amount needed has been guaranteed.

The monument will be of native marble from the quarries of Marble City.

Mr. Carter was the first to take a walk in the large tree yard. His act was praised to his credit.

Miss Lavette House, of Arkansas City, was the champion of the Employees Club during the year and season.

The persons who wore the white badges and the red "mantle" on it, were much in demand during the year.

Miss Lavette House, of Arkansas City, was the champion of the Employees Club during the year and season.

Muldrow which was traveled by Sequoyah. The cost will be about \$5,000, most of which will be subscribed by the Cherokee tribesmen, who hold the name of Sequoyah in reverence.

The idea to erect a monument to Sequoyah was suggested in 1891 by J. S. Holden, of Fort Gibson, but not until a few days ago did the enterprise take definite shape. Finally a meeting was called at Muldrow and the Sequoyah Monument Association organized. Now it is believed there will be no more delay.

But little is known of the history of Se-

quoyah. He was born in old Cherokee Nation, in Georgia, about 1767. His father was a German trader name George Guist, and his mother was a full-blood Cherokee, whom tribal historians describe as one of the most beautiful and queenly of her race.

Sequoyah was one of the first Cherokees to come to Indian Territory, arriving about 1837, then an old man. He remained six years, then went West. He died in New Mexico in 1843. His place of burial has never been located.

Sequoyah invented the Cherokee alphabet between the years 1822 and 1824. It consists of eighty-five characters. He first taught it to his little daughter, then to others. In 1831 the Cherokee Phoenix, the first newspaper of the Cherokees, appeared at New Echota, Ga.

At this time many of the Cherokees had become familiar with the alphabet and the paper was welcomed by the tribesmen. He was one of the pioneers of civilization among the Cherokees. In 1843 the Cherokee Advocate, the first newspaper in Indian Territory, was published at Tahlequah, the historic capital of Cherokee Nation. It was printed in Cherokee and English.

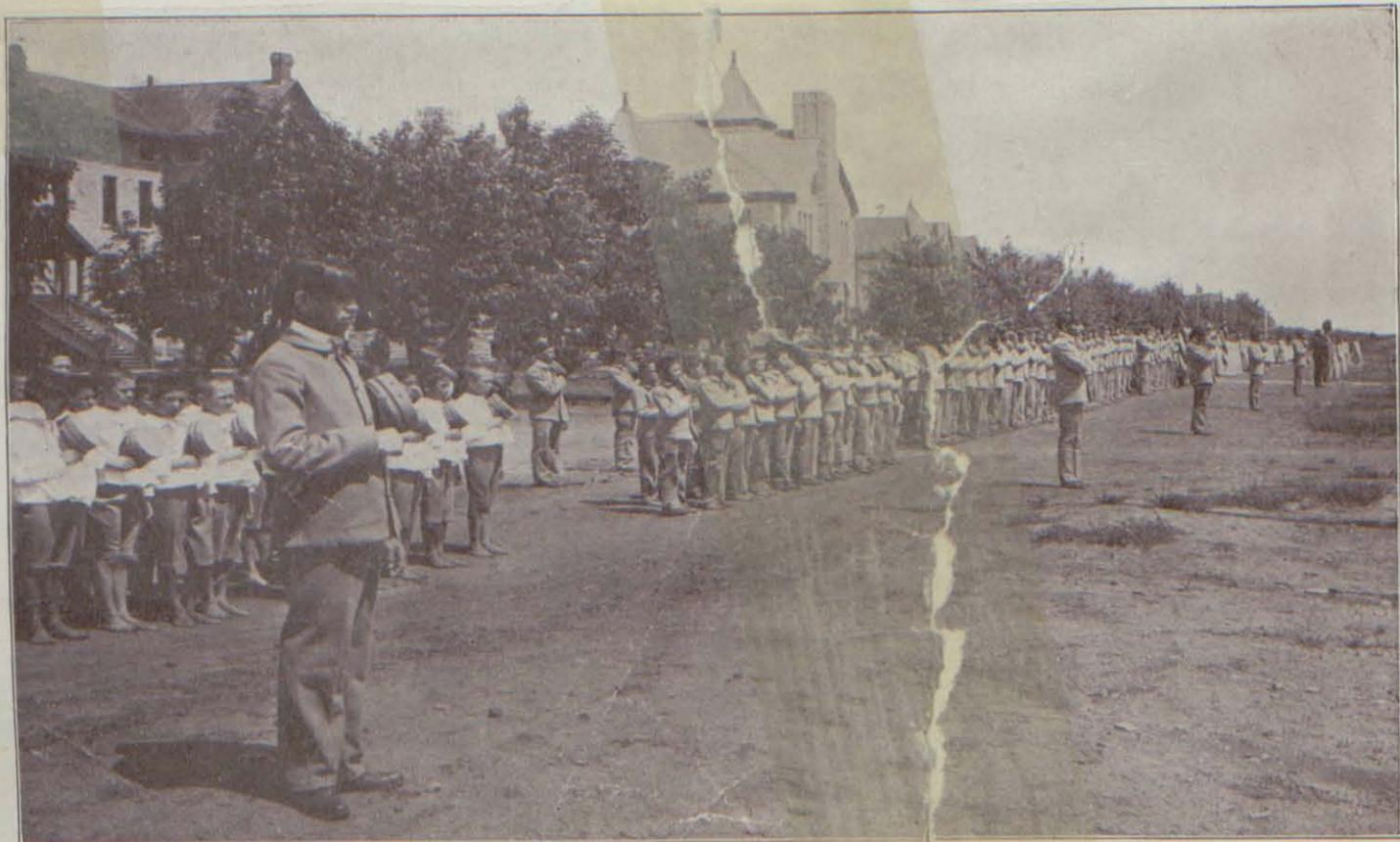
The separate statehood movement was revived in 1905 the convention which met at Muskogee to draft a constitution for the new state to be made of Indian Territory. The name "Sequoyah" for the commonwealth was suggested.

The name Sequoyah was suggested in the following eulogy, written by J. S. Holden, which appeared in the Fort Gibson News, October 15, 1904:

He was the Cadmus of his race—
A man without a peer;
He stood alone—his genius shown
Throughout a hemisphere.
Untutored yet so great;
Grand and alone his fame—
Yes, grand and great, the future State
Should bear Sequoyah's name.

The Sequoyah seal has been incorporated in the seal of Oklahoma, and the constitution to be submitted to the vote of the people on August 6 includes sections from the Sequoyah Constitution.

THE grazing leases recently awarded by the department at Washington on Osage lands will bring the tribe \$181,000. Those awarded at the agency at Pawhuska since will increase this sum \$19,000, making a total of \$200,000 which goes to the tribe and is placed to their credit in the U. S. treasury and will be disbursed as surplus monies. This makes about \$100 to each member of the tribe.—Ponca City Courier.



FIRST AND SECOND BATTALIONS SALUTING THE FLAG, CHIHOCCO INDIAN SCHOOL.



CHILOCCO STUDENTS PICKING CHERRIES, AN ANNUAL OCCASION.

CHILOCCO COMMENCEMENT

DEMONSTRATIONS

BREADS, ROLLS AND DESSERTS.

SOPHIE CADUE, Kickapoo.

It can be truly said there are breads and breads, but they are made very much the same. They are all made from dough, and it is here that the great difference lies. But before the dough we must have a sponge. This is the first step in bread making.

To make enough for one loaf, use one cup of liquid. Milk is best. It must be scalded to kill the germs which are always present.

The milk is then cooled until luke warm. To this is added from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ a yeast cake dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of luke warm water.

Flour is now added—enough to make a thin batter. It will take about one and one-fourth cups of flour.

Water, potato water or sour milk will take the place of sweet milk in the sponge if sweet milk can not be obtained. They should be treated in the same manner as sweet milk.

If the liquid is more than luke warm when the yeast is added it will kill the yeast.

More yeast is used if the sponge is required to rise quickly, but is apt to taste in the bread when done.

After the flour is added the mixture is beaten a few moments longer to admit air—and make it rise better. It is then covered and set away to lighten. This will take from four to eight hours. When the sponge is light it will have a bubbly and foamy appearance. It is then made into a dough.

For this amount of sponge, one-half tablespoon of sugar, one tablespoon melted fat and one teaspoon of salt are added and flour until it can be stirred no longer with a spoon. It is then turned upon a floured board and kneaded until smooth and elastic. This requires about fifteen minutes. When properly kneaded, the dough is put away in a warm place until double in bulk. If allowed to rise longer the bread will be coarse grained.

When the dough is light it is ready to shape into a loaf. To do this it is turned upon an unfloured moulding board. Flour should never be used because it will make the bread streaked. The dough is worked just enough to make it fit smoothly into the pan.

It must then rise until double in bulk. When light enough it is put into the oven for

baking. A temperature of from 400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit is best for bread. A loaf of this size requires nearly one hour's baking. When done it is turned upon a rack and cooled.

In making a dough for rolls more sugar and shortening are required. They are mixed in the same manner as the bread dough just explained. To make Parkerhouse rolls the light dough is turned upon an unfloured board and kneaded a little while, then it is rolled out to one-half an inch thickness. It must be lifted up, turned and stretched and allowed to shrink. The rolls are shaped with a biscuit cutter. Each one is brushed over the top with melted butter, then one half is folded over the other half and the edges are pressed tightly together. They are then placed in a buttered pan one inch apart. The tops are again brushed over with melted butter. The rolls are now covered and set away to lighten. In about one-half an hour they will be ready to bake. Rolls need a hotter oven than bread. It should be between 450 and 500 degrees Fahrenheit. They will bake in from twelve to fifteen minutes.

A fitting close for every meal is a good dessert. We are making here a gelatin dessert called "Macedome of Fruit." The foundations for any gelatin dish are liquid, sugar and gelatin.

To make this dessert we have used two-thirds of a package of gelatin which has been soaked in one-half a cup of cold water until completely swelled. The time required varies with the brand and the amount of gelatin used. To this soaked gelatin we add two cups of boiling water and one cup of sugar. It must be stirred constantly until completely dissolved. When cool, one cup of lemon juice is added. The mixture is now strained to remove all particles which might cloud the jelly.

Either milk or fruit juice may be used for the liquid. Fruit juice is diluted with water, the amount used depending upon the strength of the fruit. After straining, the jelly is ready for moulding. The mould should be thoroughly chilled and wet in cold water. A few spoonfuls of jelly are put into the bottom of the mould and allowed to set. The design is then arranged; sliced bananas

and blanched almonds are used here. Another layer of jelly, then another of fruit, is added and so on until the mould is filled, taking care that each layer is firm before another is put on. Meanwhile the dish containing the jelly should be kept in a pan of luke warm water to prevent it from setting before it is put into the mould.

When the entire mixture is firm it is ready to unmold. To do this, set in a pan of warm water for just a moment, then turn upon a serving dish. It may be necessary to use a pointed knife to loosen the sides. Our jelly should be chilled and it is then ready to serve. A garnish of whipped cream is appropriate.

We will now turn to an entirely different and yet quite as popular a dessert—a pie.

The first and most important part of any pie is the crust. All people can not make good crusts. The following recipe will make one large pie: One and one-half cups of flour and one-half teaspoonful of salt are sifted together, one-half cup of cold shortening is added and cut with two knives until the mixture looks like meal. Cold water is now added. Ice water is better but is not absolutely necessary. We use just enough to make the mixture hold together.

The paste is next turned upon a floured board and rolled out to about one-eighth inch in thickness. It is then carefully fitted into an oiled pan.

The fruit which is used for filling is sweetened to taste. A little flour is sifted over and mixed in to prevent the juice escaping. It is then put into the pan. We are now ready for the upper crust. It is rolled out just as the lower one, but an opening must be made to let the steam out. Just before fitting on, the edge of the lower crust is wet with cold water. This makes the crusts stick together tightly and keeps the juices in. The two are then pressed tightly together and the pie is ready to bake. This will require from twenty to thirty minutes, depending upon the kind of fruit used. When done remove from the pan and cool.

Made in this way, pies are flakey and tender and a not unwholesome form of dessert.

BREAD AND BREAD-MAKING.

PETER TAYLOR, Kaw.

It seems rather useless to make a statement that bread is our most important article of food, since this fact has been fully realized by everyone from that time, thousands

years ago, when the first flat cake was either baked in the hot ashes, or on a heated stone, down to the present day when we have our browned, flakey loaves baked in our modern ovens.

Bread is made from flour of wheat, or other cereals by adding salt, water and ferment. Wheaten flour is best adapted to breadmaking as it contains all the various substances in the right proportion to make the loaf spongy.

To be a perfect food, bread must be made of entire wheat flour, which differs from ordinary flour, since it contains all the gluten found in the wheat.

Yeast, or ferment as scientists tells us, is the lowest form of vegetable life. It is made up of germs found floating in the air, and these belong to a family of which there are many species. These germs, or spores, grow and multiply very rapidly under favorable conditions and produce fermentation. Yeast should never be used unless it is perfectly fresh.

As I have mentioned the principal articles required in the making of bread, I will now give a practical demonstration as to how the dough is mixed and handled.

After deciding on the quantity of bread required, we first get the requisite amount of yeast and dissolve it in luke-warm water. While the yeast is dissolving we get our flour ready in the trough, and also have the rest of the water ready. If in warm weather, we use cold water; in cold weather we use warm water. The water used must not be too warm, neither must it be too cold; as the yeast-plant is killed at a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and life is suspended, but not entirely killed, at a temperature of 35 degrees.

After we have mixed our yeast and water and added salt, we pour it in the trough and add the flour as it is required; then we mix this dough thoroughly and let it stand over night, or between 6 and 8 hours. This is what we call the sponge, or the foundation of the bread. In the morning, or whenever the sponge is ready, we add more water to it, also a little sugar and some lard; then we proceed to mix well the dough. We must do this carefully that there may be no lumps. When this is kneaded well the dough is covered and allowed to rise in a temperature about 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, until the dough has doubled in bulk. Then it is kneaded again, rolled into loaves, placed in greased pans and allowed to rise again. When it has again doubled its bulk the pans are placed in

a hot oven and baked from 45 to 55 minutes. If the oven be too hot the crust will brown quickly before the heat has reached the centre, and prevent further rising; the loaf should continue rising for the first fifteen minutes of baking, when it should begin to brown, and continue browning for the next twenty minutes. The last fifteen minutes it should finish baking in a reduced heat. Experience is the best guide for testing temperature of the oven.

Remove loaves at once from the pans and place side down. If a crisp crust is desired, allow the bread to cool without covering; if soft crust, cover with a towel during cooling.

THE PRINTING ART.

THEODORE EDWARDS, Chippewa.

Printing is commonly called "the art preservative of all other arts" since it furnishes the means of recording knowledge for the use of future generations. Printing from blocks was known in China at a very early period and came into use for ornamenting fabrics in the 12th century. In the 14th century playing cards, etc., began to be printed.

The first real advance in the art of printing has been due to the invention of movable type, or blocks, or bases upon which but one letter is made, and which can be used a number of times. Up to this time no movable type had been used; all that was printed had to be carved or cut out and then printed, after which it was of no use whatever.

For the invention of printing I would say that this honor is probably due to Lourenz Coster, but Johann Gutenberg, with the aid of Johann Fust and Peter Schoeffer, of Germany, was the first to put it into practical use.

Printing received its second impulse early in the 19th century, caused by the invention of the cylinder press, which was run by steam. Up to this time all styles of presses were in use. For instance, I will give you a description of one of Franklin's printing presses, (if he ever had more than one.) It consisted of two upright timbers with cross pieces to stay them together at top and bottom, and two intermediate cross timbers. On the bottom of one of these timbers the type rested, while the top timber had a screw passed through it. After the type had been inked by hand, a paper was spread on the top timber which was screwed down, thus making a print of the type. Then the timber

was loosened and the paper taken out and hung up to dry, after which the operation was again performed. Such was the way of printing a newspaper in those days. No wonder Franklin lived so plainly. There was not much money in printing then, I think.

For a contrast: compare a press feeder, or pressman, of those days, with the sweat streaming from his forehead, shirt-sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and ink all over his hands, with a modern press-feeder now in an ordinary newspaper office, with hands as clean as they can be, with little tips on his fingers, looking around but feeding the press all the time at the rate of three or four thousand an hour, seemingly just as unconcerned as if he were feeding his own self. Or for a greater contrast: picture a man standing around a press, looking wise as an owl, while the press, (which is fed from three large rolls of paper) prints, cuts, pastes, folds, counts and delivers complete in an hour some 36 thousand 16-page papers. This press, the Hoe-Sextuple perfecting press, is the greatest press of modern times.

So much for the press. Before we can do press work we have to do the type setting. In quite a few print shops the type-setting machine has replaced hand composition, especially on daily newspapers. These machines can set much more type than a person can, and as these offices have just a limited time to do such work in, a machine is a necessity. Nowadays machines do nearly all the work on newspapers and magazines from the type setting to the addressing and mailing. Although they may in time do away with the compositor, or type setter, they can never make a machine that will put the ad-setter or job compositor out of business.

It is nothing but a nuisance and a hindrance to turn out poor work or do poor printing; as you can never make a profit out of such work. If you do this class of work you have to do it at cut-rate prices or go out of business, and poor printing will not give you a good living even if you do cut prices, for they say, "A man's character is shown by the style of his printing." Therefore a business man does not want to have a poor letter head printed, for it will never bring him any extra trade. You know yourself, when you see good printing, you say, "Well, that fellow must be a pretty good business man," for you will notice that it is only the thriving business men and firms who have good stationery.

I have told you something of presses and printing, now I will give you a practical printing demonstration, such as we have every day in our Chilocco print shop.

(Here followed a practical demonstration.)

DRESSMAKING, PLAIN SEWING, EMBROIDERY.

MAUD WADE, Chippewa.

When I was a little girl I thought it would be very nice to sew on a machine and make dresses, as grown-up folks did. When I was sent to school and was asked where I wanted to work, I said the sewing-room. But I did not get to sew on the machine; I was sent to the mending room, where I had to mend old clothes and darn stockings for half a day at a time. I was not allowed to talk and I could not leave the room without permission.

In the domestic art class I found it different and sewing was more interesting. The first year we made our models and that was just like making doll clothes; but, O my! every stitch had to be just so. The hems and seams had to be a certain width and they had to be basted each time before stitching, I never could see any use in basting seams; to me it was just like a waste of time and thread, nevertheless I had to baste.

Then we took up plain sewing. Then dress-making—making our own clothes. After then learning to cut the garment and in making the garment every stitch counted, too. The basting was just as important as the stitching of the seams. Then followed the finishing. Every girl should have training in sewing. They should know when they are buying good material and be able to judge what is best suited for the house or to wear around the house to work in, and what is best suited for evening wear or a party dress, but just the selecting of the different material is not the only thing to be considered; most anybody can select a piece of cloth for a dress, but without some training in sewing they will not know what number of thread to buy or what number of needle to use. This is a very important part in sewing. For fine cloth, such as cambric or linen, you must have fine thread to sew it with and a fine needle to sew with. In sewing heavy dress goods, coarse thread and a coarse needle are used.

For our demonstration we have selected the street costume, tailor-finished skirt and jacket.

At one time the making of a tailor-made

suit was considered impossible to the dress-maker, but now, with authentic information at hand a very creditable suit can be made by one who thoroughly understands cutting by measure and fitting dresses.

The difficulty is not so much greater in making a dress of this character than in making one with a drape waist, although the basting and fitting must be done very accurately, with almost innumerable pressings, while each minute detail must be given its proper consideration; each in itself is quite simple, but when properly executed complete a perfect garment.

In making the dress we used woolen goods. It should be sponged before making, as this will prevent the goods from shrinking or spotting.

In shinking or sponging our cloth we take a piece of muslin one-half yard longer than the cloth to be shrunk; wet thoroughly and then ring out well, lay the muslin over the table, leaving the muslin folded one-half yard longer than the cloth to be sponged. Fold the end of muslin over the end of cloth and roll it all together smoothly; let it remain for six or eight hours, as it must be thoroughly dampened. After removing cloth from sponge, place it over the pressing board, which should be about thirty-six inches wide and twenty inches long; press lengthwise of the cloth with a hot iron, and use a cotton cloth to prevent scorching. Be sure that the cloth is thoroughly dry before cutting it, as it is not perfectly shrunk until dry.

In drafting the pattern for the tailor-made skirt make the plain seven-gore pattern. In cutting the skirt be careful to allow for all the tucks and pleats. After the pleats or tucks are layed shape the skirt according to the pattern drafted.

The measures for the skirt: Waist, around the waist tight. Hips, six inches below waist line, easy, not too tight. Length, from waist line to skirt length.

To make the skirt place the gores with top edge even and baste the seams; when all seams are basted the skirt may be fitted and seams stitched. The seams in tailor-finished skirts may be bound with skirt cloth; tape or ribbon can be purchased especially for this purpose. Stitching on the right side is used as a finishing for tailor-finished suits. We have a pleated skirt, the pleats are stitched and carefully pressed. When a skirt has been fitted and made, much depends upon the manner in which it is pressed.

For the jacket we drafted a pattern for the jacket. Cut the linings by the pattern; it is best to do this before cutting into the cloth; baste the seams and fit, then trace seams according to the basting; cut the cloth and make jacket. To insure a good fitting garment put in facing and interlinings of canvas. The linings and outside are made separate, then place together, so that no seams will show. Trim in any way with rows of stitching with braid, or bands of the cloth.

After the dress has been made it will some times need repairing. In mending the woolen dress it is usually darned; in the cotton dress a patch may be put on if the torn place is large. This is almost as important as the making of the dress, for the cloth will get torn or wear out some time. It is well to know how to mend neatly.

The fancy needle work is very pretty, as the embroidering of a shirt-waist suit. This may be plain with a small design embroidered on it. Table linen doilies, sofa cushions, and many articles used in the house may be embroidered. Some one will say "I can buy these ready made." You can, but they will cost more, and almost every one would prefer hand embroidery to that done by machine. Hand embroidery and lace help to give the home a refined appearance.

THE BABCOCK TEST FOR BUTTER-FAT IN MILK.

BERT ANTONE, Papago.

The Babcock test for butter-fat was invented by Dr. S. M. Babcock, professor of chemistry in the Wisconsin University, about the year 1890. At first, it was considered by the majority to be only one of the many attempts made by scheming men to hoodwink the farmer and dairymen, but within a very short time it was found to be a very simple and accurate test and, today, it is used in almost every country on the globe where milk is bought and sold.

The apparatus used in this test are: The Babcock test machine, the graduated test-bottles, the pipette, the acid measure and a pair of dividers, together with sulfuric acid and hot water. There are several kinds of this machine in use, varying from the small two-bottle size, which is run by hand, to the large twenty-four or even forty-eight bottle size, run by steam power. In the ten-bottle size machine which we have here, the crank is turned by hand at the rate of eighty turns

per minute, causing the bottles to turn about twelve-hundred revolutions per minute, or seventy feet per second. It is made with swinging receptacles for the test bottles and, when in operation, throws these to a horizontal position so that, in any liquid mixture acted upon by the centrifugal force generated, the heavier constituents will be thrown to the outside, or the bottom of the bottle, and will force the lighter constituents toward the center or the neck of the bottle.

The test bottles are made of especially strong glass and have a capacity of about fifty cubic centimeters. And they are tested and accurately calibrated for a direct reading of the percent of butter-fat found. The pipette is used for measuring the milk for the test and delivers 17.5 cubic centimeters when filled to the mark on the stem. It is filled by sucking with the mouth and catching the top of the tube with the finger at the proper time. If too much is drawn into the stem, the column may be lowered by a slight raising of the finger. This milk is carefully poured into the test-bottle, holding in a slanting position so that the neck will not fill with air and cause the milk to overflow during the operation.

The acid-measure, 17.5 cubic centimeters to the mark on its side, is used for measuring the acid and, since sulfuric acid will destroy wood or cloth and will burn the skin severely, great care must be taken when it is handled. This acid is added to the milk in the bottle, again being careful to hold the bottle in a slanting position. The contents of the bottle are now shaken with a rotary motion until thoroughly mixed, after which the bottle is placed in the machine. When filled, the machine is closed and turned for about five-minutes.

The sulfuric acid, when thus mixed with the milk, dissolves all of the lighter solids in the milk excepting the butter-fat. The fat is now in suspension in a liquid much more fluid and more heavy than itself, thus, any force acting upon the mixture will cause the two constituents to separate, the fat coming to the top, or toward the neck of the bottle.

Having run five minutes, enough hot water is added to the mixture to bring the butter-fat into the neck of the bottle and it is again whirled for two or three minutes. This causes all of the fat to gather from the large body of the bottle into the narrower neck.

Hot water is again added to bring the fat column above the lower calibrations on the

neck and the bottles once more whirled for one minute to gather all of the small particles compactly at the top of the column.

This completes the operation of testing and a very simple method of reading the percent of fat is obtained by placing the points of the dividers at exactly the top and bottom of the fat column and then moving the lower leg to the point marked zero on the neck and reading at the point touched by the upper leg.

Here we have the reading—5.4 per cent—milk from a cow giving 37 pounds, or nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ gallons per day. No. 81, the Blue ribbon Jersey of Chilocco's herd.

Osage Omaha Removal Case.

The contested enrollment case of what is called the Omahas, among the Osage tribe, has been heard at Pawhuska this week by the allotting commission. The Omahas number about forty or fifty members and include the Wheeler, Fuller, Moncravie, Bruce, Murphy, Crouse, Scott, Stevers, and Adkins families and their descendants. They trace their ancestry back to Edward Paul Loise, the son of

Paul Loise, whose mother was an Osage woman. Edward Paul Loise, according to history, married an Omaha woman and went with the Omaha tribe. His descendants, however, returned to the Osage tribe some time along in the eighties and were placed on the Osage rolls in 1889. In the 1896 investigation they were charged with fraud in obtaining membership, and four of the older ones were dropped from the rolls. These four were, as we are informed, Mesdames Murphy, Wheeler, Adkins and Fuller. The department held at the time that there was not sufficient evidence to remove the others. The allotment bill provides that the investigation at this time must be upon newly discovered evidence or evidence gained since the 1896 investigation. Attorney Woodward, for the tribe, claims to have direct evidence of fraud, while the attorneys for the defendants claim there is no evidence aside from what was brought out in 1896, and was decided upon by the department at that time. The Osage tribe is represented by their national attorney and the Omahas by Attorneys McDougal, of Kansas City, Speed, of Guthrie, and Beekman, of Arkansas City.—Press Dispatch.



A LOAD OF "JOURNALS" STARTING FOR THE SANTA FE STATION—
FIVE INDIAN PRINTERS IN CHARGE.

In and Out of the Service

Good Words For a Carlisle Indian Artist.

The following mention in print and the cut here reproduced recently appeared in *The American Printer*, of New York City, a magazine devoted to the "Art Preservative." The cover design mentioned herein was also reproduced in colors and was the best of those shown, which goes to prove that Saul is an artist of no mean ability.

"The fourth specimen is not competitive and is reproduced because of the interesting fact that it was drawn by an Indian student

conventional designations, such as Archie Libby, John White, etc.

"These Indian printers do all the printing work of the institution and publish a weekly paper."

Indian Names Shock Treasurer.

When Assistant Subtreasurer Thomas J. Akins reached his office in the federal building yesterday morning a batch of warrants, sent to the subtreasurer to be cashed, was on his desk. Mr. Akins's eye happened to catch the name on the first warrant, and he gave a start and took another look to make sure that his eyes were not deceiving him. The warrant had been issued to Mr. Billy Mule. Mr. Akins at first thought there had



PRINTERS AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

of the United States School at Carlisle, Pa. Thomas T. Saul, the artist who sketched the design, is a full-blooded Sioux, and has developed rapidly under the able instructors at Carlisle. He has shown aptitude for printing and sketching, and stands high as an orator and athlete. The illustration shows the printers of the Indian school, with their white instructor. Saul is in the top row and is indicated by a cross. The members of the printing class represent these tribes: Pueblo, Moahwk, Seneca, Cherokee, Miami, Cheyenne, Alaskan, Chippewa, Oneida, Shoshoni, Sac and Fox. Some of them retain their Indian names, such as "Burning Breast," "John-runs-close-to-the-village," "Mumble-head," etc., while others have assumed more

Mr. Akins turned to the next warrant. It had been issued to Mr. Has No Shirt. Mr. Has No Shirt had indorsed the warrant and it had been cashed. Next came Mr. Straight Crazy, followed by Messrs. Big Baby, Skunk, Matches, Noise, Bug, Calf's Head, Bear Going Up Hill, Standing Twenty, Different Tails, Little Turtle, Mad Bull, Plenty Horses, and Mmes. Turkey Leg, Short Woman, Lean Woman, Bear Louise and Dirty Face.

Then Mr. Akins came to a warrant that made him yell to the office force for help. It was Grover Cleveland. Mr. Akins was mystified for a few moments, until he went to the bottom of the heap and found a memorandum to the effect that the warrants were issued to Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians by Charles

been some mistake. The warrant had been cashed, however, and Mr. Billy Mule's signature was on the back.

E. Schell at Darlington, Okla., for rentals of ground and other concessions. Most of the warrants were for small amounts. All the names quoted are genuine, as it was necessary for the Indians to indorse their warrants before they could be cashed.

"Darlington, Okla.," mused Mr. Akins, "Well, they are certainly darlings for turning out names. Wonder if Noise and Matches are related? Mr. Grover Cleveland, Mr. Big Baby, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Bear Going Up Hill. Wouldn't that sound fine?"

Mr. Akins was kept busy all day showing the collection to visitors.—St. Louis Republic.

Notes From Colorado River Agency, Arizona.

We are harvesting a giant crop of alfalfa.

Miss E. A. Hall has gone to Keams Canyon.

Health of the school is very good this quarter.

The days are warm but the nights are cool and pleasant.

Our fire-fighters are well drilled, and one never saw such hurrying as when an alarm is sounded.

The Boy's Dormitory is being rapidly built. When completed it will be by far the best building here.

The School and Class gardens are splendid. The smaller children under Mrs. Atkinson have an especially fine vegetable garden.

Grading of the right-of-way will soon be finished to the river, and we expect trains to the Agency by the middle or last of July.

Ross Cox, who has been laid up with a broken leg on account of foot-ball, has gone home to recuperate. Foot-ball is now tabooed.

The band is playing first-class music now. Mr. A. W. Moses has been untiring in his efforts to get the band up to its present high standard.

Isaac Cattaway, who graduated here, had his foot and leg very severely burned while working on the railroad, near Parker, May 1. He is walking around now and nearly well.

Our celebrated Oleander is now at its best. The branches are bending under the weight of glorious clusters of bloom, many of which will be carried to the Mesa on May 30, to lie

on the graves of a few of our Nation's dead who have found their last resting place in this desert.

Supt. Atkinson is very proud of the way the railroad and bridge construction people speak of our Indians. A large number of this tribe has worked on the railroad grading for several months past never losing a day. The railroad bosses say these Indians are first-class teamsters and laborers; that there are none better. Good for our boys!

Hon. Levi Chubbuck, Special Inspector of the Interior Dept., was here a few days the first of the month. Mrs. Chubbuck was with him. She gave the classes some most enjoyable and instructive talks while with us. She held up to the classes examples of good done by Indian boys and girls, asking of these to go and do likewise. Mr. Chubbuck gave some chalk talks in his forceful way that will be of practical and lasting benefit to the children. We hope to see them again.

F. G. E.

To Study The Nez Percés.

The Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology of Harvard is making arrangements to send a party this summer to study the Nez Perce Indians in Idaho. The effect will be to learn something of the language and customs of the tribe, about which little is known, as they are a secretive people. H. J. Spinden, an instructor in the department of anthropology, will be in charge of the work, and will have as his assistant R. R. Hellman, a student in the medical college. They will leave Cambridge immediately after the close of the college year and will spend about six weeks in the work.—Kansas City Journal.

Comment From an Eastern Sanctum.

New York City, March 23, 1907.

Editor INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL,
Chilocco, Oklahoma.

I wish to say that I am very much interested in the copies of your JOURNAL which come to the exchange table of The Nature-Study Review. I find in it many interesting articles and the excellence of its typographical work makes it a pleasure to read it.

Thanking you for your kindness in sending the JOURNAL in exchange for the Nature-Study Review, I remain,

Very truly yours,

M. A. BIGELOW,

Managing Editor.

OLD CHEROKEE LAWS AND TREATIES.

From *The Arrow*, Tahlequah, I. T.

C. J. Harris, ex-chief of the Cherokees, and now serving as assistant executive secretary, and who is thoroughly posted on the customs, usages and history of his people, has furnished the *Arrow* the following interesting article on the old laws and constitution of the Cherokee tribe of Indians:

"The oldest written Cherokee law, that we have any knowledge of, was enacted by the head chiefs and warriors in the national council assembled at Broom Town in the old Cherokee nation east of the Mississippi river, dated 11th of September, 1808, which authorized the appointment of 'regulating parties' to consist of six men; one captain, one lieutenant and four privates, whose duties were to suppress horse stealing and robbery, and to protect children as heirs to their father's property, and to look after estates in general in their respective districts. At this time the Cherokees had three head chiefs, and this law was approved by Black Fox, principal chief, Path Killer, second chief and Tooehaler, third chief. From this time written laws gradually superceded usage and custom; the enactment and enforcement of laws being done by members of a body termed 'council' and the head chiefs, until May 6, 1817, when it was agreed that there should be thirteen members elected as a standing committee, whose legislative action should be concurrent with that of the council and the head chiefs.

"In 1830 the nation was divided into eight districts, judges, sheriffs, clerks, etc., and representation in the national legislature provided for. The capital was at New Echota, a few miles above the present town of Calhoun, Georgia. At this date laws had been enacted to require white men to obtain a license to marry Cherokee women and services performed by a minister of the gospel or other authorized person; that a white man should not have more than one wife, and recommended that a Cherokee not have more than one; to prohibit gambling; to collect merchant and poll taxes and debts from citizens; to provide for education of children; to regulate the making of improvements and the conduct of slaves and to prohibit the introducing of whisky into the nation with stringent penalties for so doing.

"April 10, 1810, the seven clans which composed the Cherokee tribe, met in council and passed an act of oblivion for all lives "for

which they may have been indebted one to the other, and thereafter blood revenge was taken from the clans and vested in the authorities of the nation, thus obliterating the practice of holding any one of the members of a clan responsible for crime committed on a member of another clan by a member of his clan.

"In a convention of delegates from the several districts, on the 26th day of July, 1827, the first Cherokee constitution was adopted and a regular republican form of government, modeled after that of the United States, provided for. From 1817 to 1826 Path Killer was principal chief of the Cherokee nation. From 1826 to 1828, William Hicks was principal chief. During these years and until 1837 and 1838, when the body of the Cherokee people were forcibly expelled from their homes east of the Mississippi to that of the west, under the treaty of 1835, good and wholesome laws were enacted for the protection of life and property.

"A portion of the Cherokee people had moved from the east to west of the Mississippi, under the treaties of 1817, 1819, 1828 and 1833, and organized a government in the country now owned by the Cherokees, as early as July, 1824, with John Jolly as principal chief, so the coming of the Eastern Cherokees to the home of their brothers in the west made it necessary to form a union of the two bands and inaugurate a new government. The act of union between the Eastern and Western Cherokees is dated July 13, 1839, and commences as follows: 'Whereas, Our fathers have existed as a separate and distinct Nation, in the possession and exercise of the essential and appropriate attributes of sovereignty from a period extending into antiquity, beyond the records and memory of man.'

"After the act of union in convention, on the 6th day of September, 1839, the constitution under which the Cherokees lived until the abolishment of their tribal relations, was adopted. The events of the war in the United States from 1861 to 1865 necessitated certain modifications which were made by amendments thereto; one of the amendments being that 'Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever hereafter exist in the Cherokee nation,' although on the 21st day of February, 1863, the national council had enacted a law emancipating the slaves in the Cherokee nation belonging to its citizens.

"In conformity with this constitution and the various treaties with the government of

the United States, both of which it was the highest aim on earth of the fullblood legislator to uphold, the Cherokee Indians enacted their own laws, lived in their own vineyards, educated their children to a higher life, and it may be said of them 'thou hath done well.'"

Kansas City's Indian Relics.

Speaking of the prominent Indian Curio department of the Kansas City Public Library, the Journal of that city recently published the following:

The Indian exhibit is the predominating class in point of extensiveness and numbers. The principal contributors towards this class are D. B. Dyer, whose exhibit is limited principally to trophies and curios, including articles of clothing, implements of war and ornaments of the more modern Indian, and Edward Butts, who has contributed a valuable collection of Indian antiquities, of mound builders and other tribes of earlier ages.

In October, 1904, a collection of Indian relics valued at \$150,000 was given to Kansas City through the board of education by Mr. Dyer. The collection then had been a part of the city's museum as a loan for ten years and had been used as a foundation for a public museum, which was established at the time the loan was made. It consisted of thousands of Indian, Philippine, and Mexican relics, and since then Mr. Dyer has added to this collection from time to time.

Most of the articles were obtained by Mr. Dyer while he was United States Indian agent in Kansas and Indian Territory. During the fifteen years that he acted in this capacity he had charge of the famous Lava Bed Modoc tribe in Indian Territory and eight other tribes. He also had charge of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

Several of the articles of which his collection is composed are valued at from \$1,000 to \$3,000. One Cheyenne squaw's dress, the waist of which is ornamented with 1,500 elk teeth, representing the slaughter of 750 animals, is valued at the top price—\$3,000. There is also a dress made of solid beads, which was the property of the daughter of "Old Man Afraid of His Horse," a Sioux chief, the valuation of which reaches up into the thousands of dollars. A war bonnet, worn by "Cloud Chief," a Sioux, also adorns the same cabinet, as does a buck-skin coat more than 100 years old, which belonged to this chief. The war bonnet is adorned

with 700 Indian scalps taken in battles. Cloud Chief died in the early '70s, but these trophies were obtained by Mr. Dyer from Chief Strong Scalp, one of his progeny.

Of course, in this collection may be found gaudy fans and other ornaments made of beads, skin, bark and animals' teeth, but the most interesting are the gorgeous pieces of Indian clothing, blankets, weapons and trappings.

There are scores of Navajo blankets of the brightest colors, all woven by hand; bead ornaments that represent days and weeks of tedious labor to manufacture, and bearing decorations that beautifully and truthfully portray the Indian's conception of fine art. There is a crude looking walking stick, incased in a network of beads, formerly the property of Chief Geronimo.

Fierce looking war clubs and bows and arrows, many decorated with gruesome looking human scalps, as well as hair bridles, papoose carriers, tomtoms, and tomahawks, arranged artistically, adorn one of the cabinets. At one end of the case stands a wooden horse, such as are found in harness and saddlery stores. On this are all of the trappings of an Indian warrior, formerly the property of Powder Face, one of Sitting Bull's lieutenants during the uprising of the Sioux Indians in the late '70s.

In this collection are specimens bought or traded for by Mr. Dyer from the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Wichitas, Kiowas, Sioux, Kickapoos, Crows, Creeks, Cherokees and Modocs, not excepting the weavings and pottery made by the Utes, Pueblos and Navajos.

To DO things without being told, the boy who, seeing the necessity of a certain work in his routine and knowing, sets immediately about doing it, without being told; the boy that plans and executes, who is always finding a better way to do that which he is told, is the need of the hour. The young man who studies the work that he has to do because it has been done always one way effects not his methods; he is working for improvement and perfection; because the man before him always laid down his tools or pen when the clock strikes six, makes no difference to him; his work interests him more than his play. The man who plans and can execute, the man who cannot only suggest new ideas but has a willing hand to aid in the carrying out of the same is the man worth while. The world is full of good advice but shy of doers.—Newport Herald.

This Wide, Wide World

Pen Pictures of Places, Persons and Populace

SENATORS, SPEAKERS AND PRESIDENCY.

It is a curious fact that nobody has ever yet stepped out of the Senate into the White House. It is an equally curious fact, that no man has ever reached the White House, either by election or through succession, who has ever been Speaker of the House, except one. Many Presidents—Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Buchanan and others—had previously been Senators, but none were in the Senate at the time of their nomination or election to the presidency. Many Senators—Cass, Blaine, Sherman, Logan, Hill, Allison and others—attempted to reach the higher office, but all failed. Garfield was elected to the Senate just before his nomination as President. But Garfield was not thought of in connection with the presidency at the time the convention met which nominated him. The convention went to him after many unavailing ballots in a deadlock between larger personages. Moreover, Garfield had not qualified for the Senate at the time of his nomination for President; thus his name is not on the Senate roll. Many Speakers of the House and ex-Speakers—Clay, Banks, Colfax, Blaine, Carlisle and others—were aspirants to the presidency, but all these were beaten either in the convention or at the polls. Polk was the only President who ever held the post now filled by Mr. Cannon.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

After changing some views through the years, I am now distinctly of the opinion that Southern white men must teach the negro schools. I say "Southern," because my observation is that Eastern white men and women are mischiefmakers. They do not understand the negro character, and they cannot understand it.

Will Southern white men undertake the work? There is much prejudice against it. It can be removed. The Teachers' Association in Alabama will discuss the question at its next state meeting, and, I believe, will resolve that it is the patriotic duty of Southern white men—not white women—to engage in this reformatory work. Teaching is one of the great professions. There is only one

thing that is higher. If it be such a great calling, to teach a negro how to become a citizen ought not to be considered a less honorable pursuit than merchandising or farming. The white preacher goes at the sick man's call and the white doctor; and charitable women, thousands of them within my personal knowledge, and of my own family, wait upon those who, from poverty or illness, need them. To teach them should be considered a leading work of the State.—W. D. Jelks, Governor of Alabama, in *North American Review*.

JOHNSTON AND SHERMAN.

When the restless spirit of Johnston took its flight from earth the South bade farewell to as brave a knight as ever shivered a lance "when knighthood was in flower." His death, following so quickly that of William T. Sherman, was a dramatic coincidence. They had fought a long and bloody duel—hilt to hilt and toe to toe, and the arena extended from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean. Sherman advanced with sword and torch in the hands of his splendid army; Johnston met him with strategy and the stubborn resistance of his thin lines of gray. The duel ended only when the resources of military art were exhausted and the shattered remnant of Johnston's weary columns was overthrown by Sherman's overwhelming numbers. When the conflict was ended and the battle flags were furled, these two captains met in the capital of the Republic and shook hands across the bloody chasm. Sherman died in February, 1891, and Johnston, broken in health and feeble with age, was one of his pallbearers, an office which he had also performed at the funeral of his friend, General Grant. A month later he joined the silent hosts to which these antagonists on many a field of glory had preceded him.—Robert L. Taylor, in *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine*.

WORKMEN WHO OWN THEIR JOBS.

People who believe in co-operation are greatly interested in the Caledonia Coal Mining Company, at Saginaw, Mich., all the stock in which is owned and controlled by the workmen who dig the coal. The company has been in existence but a few months, but already it has forced a reduction in the local retail price of coal from \$4.50 to \$3.50 a ton. Started with a membership of 100 and a total capital-

ization of \$59,000, the demand for coal has been so great as to necessitate the increasing of the membership to 500 and the capital to \$250,000. Some time after it was in full operation, a strike of coal miners closed every other mine in the State of Michigan. Only the Caledonia kept on producing to its full capacity, and—true to the principles its owners profess—it did not take advantage, by a cent, of the opportunity to raise the cost of coal. As evidence that the experiment is so far greatly successful, Mr. Cook states that recently the Caledonia has leased an additional 500 acres of coal lands, adjoining its present holdings, and is already at work putting down new shafts.—*Technical World.*

"TIPPING" IN EUROPE.

According to immemorial usages, European servants are entitled to tips as an assured part of their income. At the hotels the theory is that the landlord furnishes a guest a private room and the use of the public rooms, heat and light, food and dishes, but not the menial service. For convenience he keeps at hand a corps of servants who will respond to the guest's summons, but at his expense. In old times travelers were attended by their own servants to wait on them. The modern custom echoes the ancient. The traveler no longer carries with him a retinue of servants, because he can hire temporarily those of the landlord. The customary fees are the payment. To avoid feeling is really to cheat the servants, who need all they can get, heaven knows. A chambermaid at the best hotels receives as wages only about \$2 a month. Tipping servants in America is a regrettable imitation of the European custom, without its resting on the reasonable basis of the foreign institutions.—*The Traveler Magazine.*

A GOOD WORD FOR ALASKA.

Is it necessary for one to travel through Alaska to understand its vastness; to climb its mountains to appreciate the beauty and variety of its scenery; to walk along its rivers and valleys to realize its enormous mineral wealth; to mingle with its people to see their mode of living, and to hear their comments upon local conditions; to know what is necessary in the way of Industrial and governmental aid to develop one of the richest countries on the globe. Congress in session from 4,000 to 6,000 miles away could but faintly hear

the cry for help, and for a long time those of our citizens who had gone to that land to make their home were left to battle alone with the serious problems arising from climate, distance, lack of transportation facilities, want of proper laws, and inefficiency and dishonesty in the administration of the few laws enacted under a misapprehension of the true state of affairs. During the last few years investigating committees have visited Alaska, with the result that better laws are passed and enforced impartially.—*Leslie's Magazine.*

OUR HOUSE AND STREET LIGHTS.

When Doctor Carl von Welsbach discovered the idea for the gas-burner which every one is now familiar with, he did not realize the enormous extent of the industry thereby established. Doctor von Welsbach met with the usual objections in his work, one of which was the difficulty of obtaining a satisfactory material for the "stocking" or mantle of the burner. It was seen that the ash of the cotton of which he made his first mantles contained alkalies which destroyed the thoria, the oxide of the element thorium—the rare element found, after vast experiments, to be the most efficient substance for the flame. After a long and arduous search, it was found that ramie, or china-grass, was the best material for the mantles, and that plant is now raised in large quantities in Southern Italy and in India for the gas-lighting industry.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A COUNTRY OF TROUSERS.

In Ile-de-Re, France, says *The Travel Magazine*, the peasant women work with the same ease as the men in the salt and oyster beds, at the catching of shrimps and also in the fields. While engaged in these labors they wear baggy knee-breeches, loose waists and light-colored sun-bonnets. The sabots of the winter have been put aside and the feet are bare, although the legs of old stockings are often drawn up as far as the knee, as a protection from the heat and insects. It is indeed a country of trousers. Nor does it stop with humanity, for many of the donkeys, as well, wear long striped red and white or blue and white coverings on their legs, which look very much like the remnants of Uncle Sam's wardrobe. These are put on the stubborn little animals to keep off the flies and mosquitoes, so that they will be less liable to kick.

THE OJIBWAY GAME OF "MOCCASIN."

The game of moccasin is to the Ojibway what poker is to his paleface brother. Like poker, also it is a game into which the psychological element enters largely, and in which the study of physiognomy plays an important part. It is played as follows:

A couple of blankets are pegged down taut on the ground, end to end. On either side of these opposing players range themselves, usually six from a tribe. The players on one side of the blanket correspond to dealers. Each is provided with three moccasins. Under these, by deft manipulation, much on the order of the shell worker at a county fair, he conceals three marked pieces of bone. In the closed palm of his left hand he holds three pieces of bone similarly marked.

The players on the opposite side of the blanket are each provided with a short birch wand. Their problem is to indicate with this wand as accurately as they can the marked pieces under each moccasin, so that in the order pointed out they shall correspond to the order of the pieces held in the other dealer's hand, from left to right. Thus, if a player correctly indicates the position of the first piece, but misses on the other two, he loses two-thirds of the wager. Should he indicate at the start, as the first of the series in the dealer's hand, the piece which actually is in the center of the series, he necessarily has missed all his chances and loses his entire wager. But should he indicate correctly the position of the first two pieces, the third, of course, he could not miss, and he, therefore, wins his opponent's wager.

At either end of the blanket is seated an Indian with a tom-tom. On this he keeps up an incessant pounding, accompanying it with a savage chant—an improvised apostrophe to the god of luck. In this chanting business he is materially aided by the bucks who are not playing. This chorus swells to savage yells of exultation whenever a player makes a lucky guess.

The play never ceases, but goes on by day and by night until one tribe or the other is denuded of its possessions. As fast as one player loses his individual stakes his place is taken by another. Each side holds in reserve a collection of common tribal possessions, which are staked by some chosen player at the heel of the game, and as a last chance.

To the beating of the tom-toms and the guttural chant the players with the wands

move them in fantastic figures over the moccasins, but their eyes are glued on the faces of the dealers. All the savage stoicism of the latter is brought into play to suppress any fleeting emotion, any change of countenance or gleam of the eye that might furnish his opponent a clew to the desired location of the marked pieces of bone. Sometimes a player's wand will but touch a moccasin, his eyes meanwhile narrowly watching for the least flash of intelligence in his opponent's face; then, like a butterfly, it will be up and circling about again until, encouraged by some expression, real or fancied, on the dealer's countenance, it will drop like a flash on a moccasin, while the dealer grunts corroboration or negation to the guess.

Last year the moccasin game was played on the shore of Big Bowstring Lake, about fifty miles from the Leech Lake reservation. To the rendezvous came about one hundred canoes from each tribe, the Ojibways living along the 150-mile course of the Big Fork having the longer journey to make. Squaws and papooses accompanied the bucks, and the canoes of either side were laden with all their belongings. Guns, ammunition, blankets, camp utensils, pelts, dried meat, tobacco, clothing, and about a score of scraggy Indian pories, the latter brought overland, formed part of the motley collection of stakes. The very canoes themselves, and even the tepees and coverings were ultimately to be sacrificed on the altar of chance, for the Ojibway is an inveterate gamester. Long before civilization had even touched him his game of moccasin existed for the purpose to which it is now being put.

Indian Chiefs in Washington.

A Washington dispatch says: Chief Flatmouth, Simon Bonga and five other prominent Indians in the councils of the Chippewas, of Minnesota, arrived here today. They came to present several grievances to the "Great Father," Commissioner Leupp, of the Indian office.

The Indians claim that there are hundreds of thousands of dollars due their people for the sale of timber and their lands, and they want a distribution of tribal funds. Last summer they entered into contract with Judge W. B. Mathews, of Washington, to become their attorney, but the interior department has thus far failed to ratify their selection. Capt. A. G. Bernard had the chiefs in tow today.

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Choral from the Wa-wan Ceremony. Otoe song of the Peace pipes. Raising the pipes. Child's Prayer. Song of the Ghost Dance.

Songs of the Warpath and Battle:

☛ "Warrior, rise and sing." "Sister trotting follows me." Waeton wa-an. Rallying Cry. Captive Song. Scalp Dance.

Social Songs:

☛ Song of the Horse Society. "Manitou is looking at me." Ishebuzzi. "Friend, let us walk."

PART III

The Indian element in modern Composition:

☛ "Dawn," by - - - - - Arthur Farwell.

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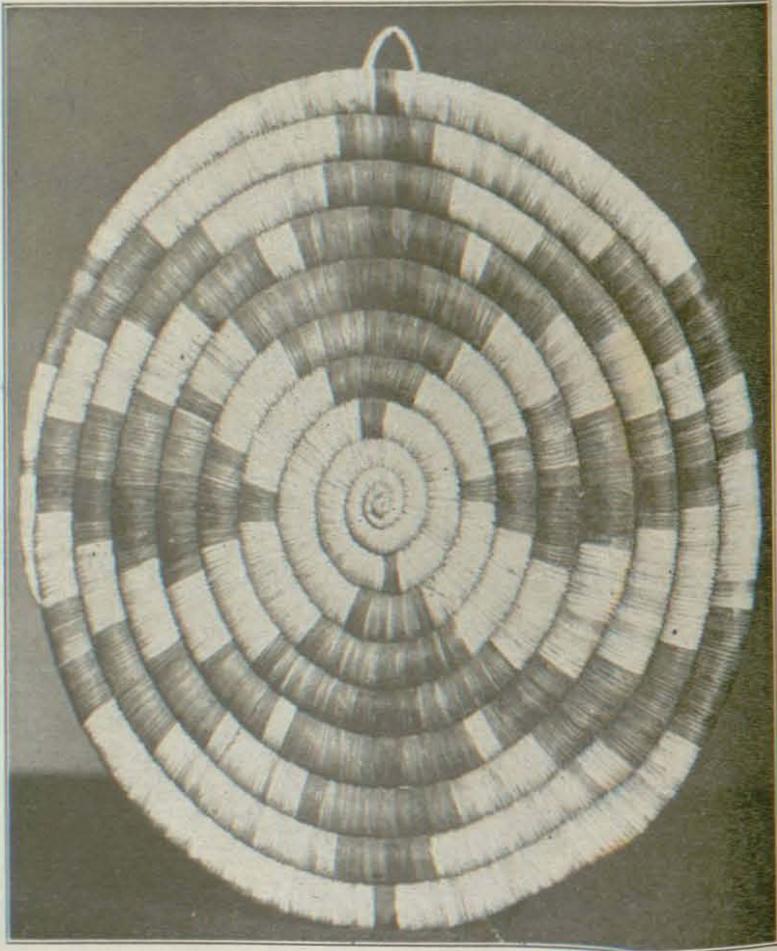
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Service Changes, Sketches, News

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