
The Indian School Journal

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH IN THE INTERESTS OF THE UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE
AND PRINTED BY INDIAN APPRENTICES AT THE U. S. INDIAN SCHOOL, CHILOCCO, OKLAHOMA

VOLUME EIGHT

FOR DECEMBER, 1907

NUMBER TWO

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

THE JOURNAL has a wide circulation, both in and out of the Government Service. See the American Newspaper Directory for bona-fide circulation.

Advertising rates made known on application. Communications should be addressed to THE INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL, S. M. McCOWAN, Editor, or E. K. MILLER, Business Manager.

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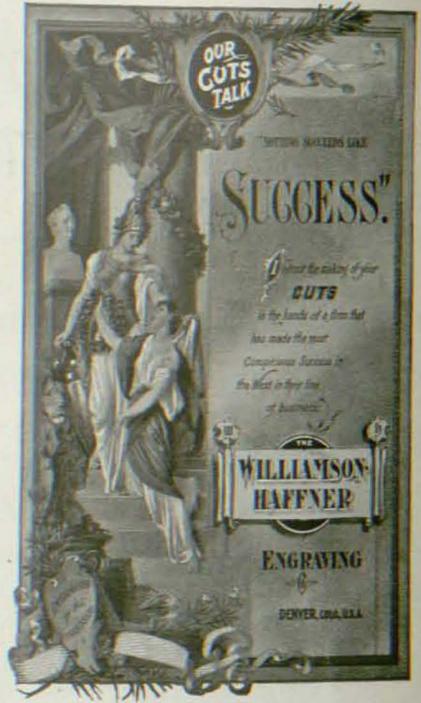
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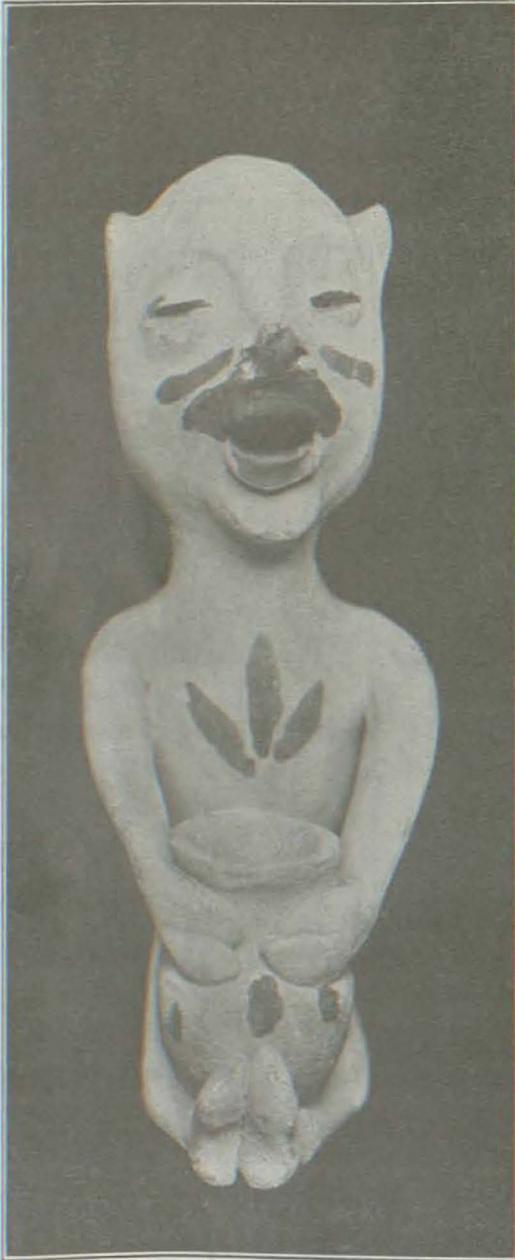
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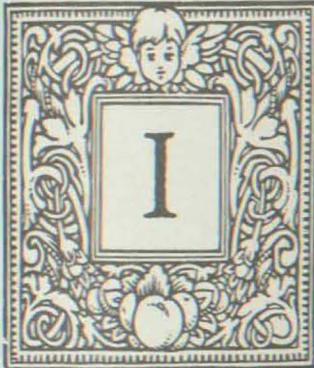
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IT TAKES a hundred men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home. I not only admire woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the redeeming glory of humanity, the sanctuary of all the virtues, the pledge of all perfect qualities of head and heart. It is not just nor right to lay the sins of men at the feet of women. It is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater. A man's desire is the foundation of his love, but a woman's desire is born of her love. **T**he one thing in this world that is constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench, is woman's love. It rises to the greatest heights, it sinks to the lowest depths, it forgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life, and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty, can extinguish it. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth; the love that has wrought all miracles of art; that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life, and stronger than death.





INDIAN CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Photo by L. A. Huffman.

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DEATH OF "AT MOUTH, CHIEF OF THE CHIPPEWAS

BY FRANCES DENSMORE

"IN his birch-bark wigwam, Flat Mouth is dying;" this was the news which greeted me when I reached the Leech Lake Indian reservation in Minnesota, July 22nd, 1907.

Flat Mouth was recognized as the greatest chief of the Minnesota Chippewas. He was a member of the Pillager Band; his influence was largely instrumental in putting down the Pillager uprising nine years ago. After settling the disturbance at home he went to Washington with a party of his chosen followers to adjust matters with the authorities there. Six times he has been to Washington in behalf of his people and been received with honor at the Capitol. When stricken with his last illness and unable to attend a council of his tribe, he sent for the attorney, who was present from Washington, saying that he wished to shake hands with him once more. Flat Mouth was a loyal American and the stars and stripes floated beside his wigwam. He was about sixty-eight years of age and was ill only a month.

The agent summoned the best physicians available for consultation, but as the old chief felt himself failing, he

turned to his own people for help. They carried him out of the frame house which the Government built for him and laid him in a birch-bark wigwam, where he could see the blue sky through the smokehole and feel the earth close to his weary body. Then they sent for the medicine-men and day after day and night after night was heard the throb of the medicine-drum. There were eight in the "medicine party," and the leader was Gay-me-weh-nosh, (Bird-who-flies-through-the-rain,) a blind man, so old that his eyes must some-day have seen the prairie unscarred by the white man's wagon wheels.

Faithfully they sang their songs and tried their magic in Flat Mouth's wigwam, but the spirit of the old chief was entering upon Ke-wah-kun-ah, the Home-ward Way. As a last resort they decided to hold the Grand Medicine Ceremony in the open air, hoping that, if it could not restore the chief to health, it would at least make his last hours free from pain.

Accordingly a Grand Medicine enclosure was made, oblong in shape with rounded corners and openings at the ends; the paling was about two



FLAT MOUTH'S BODY AND COFFIN.

feet high, composed of small branches stuck in the ground and closely intertwined. At the openings were poles between which blankets were suspended, like the doors of a wigwam. Beside the eastern opening was a large United States flag and near it stood a decorated Grand Medicine pole. The enclosure was about thirty feet long and its western opening was opposite the door of Flat Mouth's wigwam.

The great ceremony was to take place in the afternoon, but in the morning I found the old chief laid on a bed of boughs within the Grand Medicine enclosure, receiving treatment from the medicine men. They marched in a circle before him, skaking their rattles and bearing food as an offering to Gitche Manito, the Great Spirit. Pausing in front of Flat Mouth the leader made a long prayer to Gitche Manito, then approached the old chief, shaking his rattle fiercely at his body, arms, head and limbs, in order to shoot the magic power from his rattle into the sick man.

During most of that day and the interesting scenes of the following morning I was the only white person present. The gathering of Indians was quite large, as in addition to the medicine party his relatives had assembled, bringing with them their children and dogs, and putting up their tents.

In the afternoon Flat Mouth was laid upon a bed of boughs in the center of the enclosure, his head protected only by an umbrella. It was evident that the end was near, but he was still conscious.

At the beginning of the ceremony the medicine men carried him around the sacred circle, lifting him gently on his blanket. When he had been again placed on the bed of boughs a speech was made by Ga-da-gwa-ban-dung (One-who-sees-it). In this speech he said that he wished to make some of his special medicine in which he had the greatest confidence. One of the ingredients had been revealed to him in a vision when he was a boy and he always carried a little of it in his medicine-bag; it was part of a large animal, but he could not reveal more concerning it. After still further assuring Flat Mouth of the remarkable power of his medicine and securing his consent, he proceeded to brew the medicine, singing as he stirred the mixture. When at last it was finished an assistant walked five times around Flat Mouth carrying the steaming cup, then he gave it to the old chief, who drank it.

The medicine men prayed to Gitche Manito, asking that their efforts be successful, and they ate the feast which one of their number cooked in a hug kettle, within the sacred circle. There was dog soup, rice and bread.

Then the medicine party marched slowly around Flat Mouth, each carry-

ing his Medicine bag and often shoot-
ing it toward the dying man. Some
of the medicine bags were made of
the entire skin of a small animal; one
had been formed from the paw of a
huge bear and another from the head
of a hawk, each contained a special
"medicine" of magic power, revealed

him, with all the barbaric honors of his
race and tribe. At last the noisy drum
was silent and in the crowded wig-
wam they waited for the end.

It was about six o'clock when the
shrill lament of the women was heard.
An Indian policeman hastened from
the wigwam and, taking Flat Mouth's



A CHIPPEWA MEDICINE MAN AND HIS HOME.

to the owner in a vision and guarded
as his most treasured possession.

Every rite of the Grand Medicine was
used, but by half past four o'clock
the old chief was failing so fast that
they carried him into his wigwam, where
they tried their most heroic treatment
by in-pounding on the thin drum of the
Indian juggler, shaking their rattles and
singing. The noise inside the wig-
wam must have been deafening, but
the songs were changing to solemn
minor cadences. They knew that it
was all in vain, for the old chief was
going as his fathers had gone before

rifle, fired shot after shot, which
echoed and re-echoed among the pines
and far across the lake. Twenty
times Flat Mouth's rifle spoke to tell
the reservation that the last great
chief of the Chippewas was dead.

According to the custom of the tribe
his friends began at once to array the
dead chief in all his richest garments
and beaded ornaments. Two hours
later I stood beside him and saw one
of the medicine men place a pipe in
the hand that was still mobile, but on
the face of Flat Mouth lay the dignity
of the great Silence.



FLAT MOUTH LYING IN STATE.—WIFE AT THE RIGHT; MEDICINE MAN AT THE LEFT.

The next morning I was asked to enter the wigwam during the funeral feast, in order that the interpreter might explain my willingness to take a photograph of the chief. Then the medicine men held what corresponded to a funeral ceremony. One after another they sat beside Flat Mouth and talked to his spirit, guiding him on his journey, saying "avoid such and such a place,"—"one road goes that way, do not take that road,"—"you will soon meet a friendly spirit who will help you,"—"be careful when you cross the river on the bridge that sways,"—"ask often and enquire the way." They talked very loud and rapidly, with occasional taps on the Grand Medicine tom-tom and frequent interjections of "huh, huh," in order to throw the sound forcibly on its way to the traveling spirit.

When this was concluded they sum-

moned me to the wigwam and removed the sheets of birchbark from the top, so that the summer sunshine rested once more upon the face of the old chief. Others asked to take a similar photograph, but were refused. At the end of the wigwam lay the dead chief on his bright green blanket and woven splint mat; around him were his most treasured possessions, arranged with tender care; at his feet sat the blind medicine man with the Grand Medicine tom-tom and rattles; at one side was the waiting coffin, and all around were seated the Grand Medicine party. And I was alone with it all.

When the picture was finished the medicine men and women shook hands with me—dusky hands reaching up from the shadow—and in the presence of their sorrow I forgot that I was not an Indian.

A few moments afterward I saw Flat Mouth lifted upon his green blanket and lowered into his coffin. Beside him were placed his blue military coat, his pipe, his fan of feathers and his tomahawk.

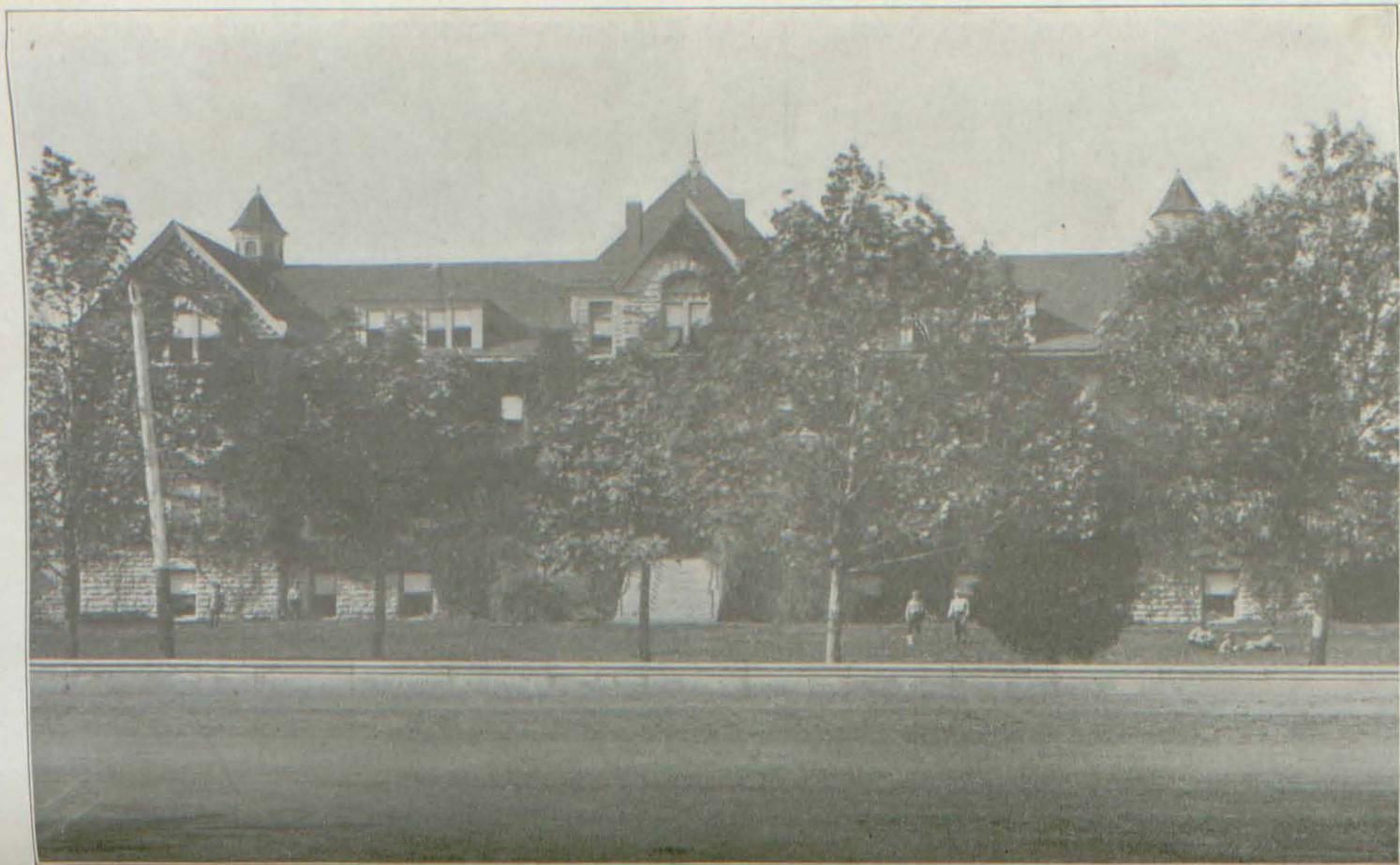
After a consultation with Flat Mouth's wife I made a wreath of Norway pine and laid it myself upon his coffin. An Indian policeman cut the hoop of green wood on which the wreath was twined and the long strips of green bark which held the pine in place. Sitting in the forest we made the wreath while an Indian boy from the Government school helped prepare the greens; so the pine trees that had sung to Flat Mouth all his life, the man and the boy who represented the Indian Service, and a Christian white woman, made their offering to the dead chief.

The burial which took place that afternoon was very simple. The officials of the agency and many tourists gathered to pay their respects and marched to the heathen cemetery, where a Lodge of Red Men from Walker repeated the ritual of their order. All around were the little pointed houses which the Chippewa build over their dead, but the stars and stripes floated at the head of the open grave. No word of prayer was uttered as the coffin was lowered. There was only the silence, and the wind in the pine trees.

The woven splint mat was lowered upon the top of the coffin, an Indian policeman laid the wreath of Norway pine at the head of the rough wooden box, and then the soil of the prairie closed in its embrace, taking to its bosom the last great chief of the Chippewa Indians.



VIEW OF CHIPPEWA INDIAN CEMETERY—TAKEN FROM A POINT NEAR FLAT MOUTH'S GRAVE.



MAIN BUILDINGS AT THE CHILOCCO SCHOOL—HOME ONE, DORMITORY OF THREE COMPANIES OF LARGE BOYS.

A VISIT TO THE HOMES OF QUANAH PARKER AND GERONIMO

BY EDGAR K. MILLER



IT IS not often that in one's lifetime he is treated with the distinction and privilege of being the guest of such a big Indian chief as Quanah Parker, of the Comanches, and so renowned an Indian as Geronimo, chief of the Apaches. It has been my good fortune to be allowed the pleasure of visiting a number of the homes of the most conspicuous and prominent Red Men of the present time, but in no case have I enjoyed a visit quite so much as that taken to the home of Quanah Parker.

It was a very beautiful morning in September that the writer, in company with two daughters and a son-in-law of the chief, left Lawton, our objective point being the Parker home, some four or five miles from Cache, a town on the Frisco about an hour's ride from Lawton. At Cache we were met by two more sons of the chief in charge of a covered carriage which comfortably seated the party. The winding road led out south-west toward the foothills of the Wichita mountains, traversing some very fine unimproved Indian country which only awaits the magic touch of the white man to be transformed into a prosperous farming community where in their different seasons bountiful crops of corn, wheat, prairie hay and cotton will do their share toward making of this great unused domain a great country; then modern white man's farm houses with their orchards, wind mills, etc., will garden spots,

greet the eye in place of the little Indian shacks, which irregularly dot the country here and there. For be it known the Comanches are "well off," owning much land.

After half an hour's ride we arrived at the Parker road gate which marks the entrance to the broad acres of the Parker homestead. The trail to the house winds southward through herds of fat, lazy cattle, and leads up to the top of an elevation of the land where visitors are brought to a stop by a wire fence about twelve feet high, which surrounds the residence, barns, sheds, stock corrals, etc.

The house, a modern two-story frame affair with double-deck porches running around three sides, sits in the middle of the wire-fence enclosure, immediately surrounded by a well-built picket fence. It is claimed by some writers that this house was a present to the chief, built and presented to him by cattlemen, but this statement is refuted by members of his family who told the writer that Chief Parker and his first wife planned it and paid for it. The fence, house and barns are painted white, the roofs are red with large white stars as conspicuous decorations. It is a picturesque place, well set off by the beautiful groves near by and the rough, craigy old boulders of Mt. Sheridan as a back-ground.

The Chief's Mother.

Chief Parker's mother—who was a white woman—was captured in the massacre of a Texas settlement by

the Comanches. The story of her life of twenty-three years among one of the fiercest tribes of the Southwest, as the only wife of a great chief, is one of the romantic stories of the early days in Texas.

At the beginning of the struggles of the young republic of Texas, just after she had won recognition from the civilized world as a separate Government, there moved, in 1837, from the East Texas pineries to the prairie country, into what is now Limestone county, a family which had already become noted for ability in the work of hewing out a livelihood in that section. This family was that of Captain George Parker and his brother, Benjamin. The section to which they moved was then on the frontier, but was destined to be settled rapidly and to become the seat of one of the first institutions of higher learning in the young Republic.

Because of periodical depredations by the wild and bloodthirsty Comanches, who were one of the last tribes of the Southwest to make terms of peace with the whites, Captain Parker erected a strong stockade, into which the little settlement could gather at the signal of danger.

One night, in the early autumn of 1837, while scurrying Gulf clouds obscured the full moon, suddenly, without warning and before the signal could be given, the Comanches swooped down upon the little settlement. It was a fierce struggle, but not for long, as the odds were overwhelmingly in favor of the Indians. The garrison fought desperately and the battle was a bloody one, all the whites being killed except the little son and daughter of Captain Parker.

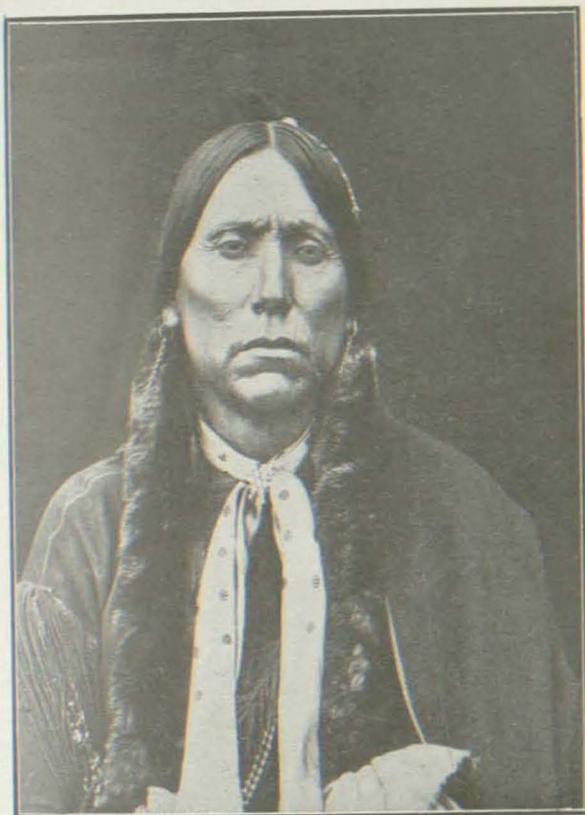
Little Cynthia Ann, the daughter of Captain George Parker, has been described as a winsome and bright child

and very precocious. She was 9 years old at the time of the massacre, and was taken captive by the Indians with her brother. He escaped the second night and it is said he is still living in Texas.

Among the warriors who captured her was Nacona, a young buck, who was considered a leader and promising among them as a future chief. He claimed the girl, and she was brought up for him by the squaws, and when she was about 14 or 15 years old, or as near that age as she could tell in later years, she became his wife.

Expedition after expedition was organized and sent out for the missing girl by several of her relatives who lived in Anderson County, Texas, where many of them still reside. But not even a rumor of her whereabouts could be discovered. Her beauty, strengthened by the rapidity with which she forgot the white and took up the Indian life, led the Comanches to keep secret her presence. Twenty-three years slipped by and the Comanches continued to make their incursions into Texas, going as far down as Austin, until just before the breaking out of the Civil War. It was in 1860 that news came of a large body of Comanches depredating settlements on the Bosque, above Waco.

Captain L. Sullivan Ross, afterwards the gallant Confederate Brigadier General and later Governor of Texas, was ordered to take troops and to exterminate the marauding savages if possible. He started at the head of a large body of men and in a few days surprised the Indians. The Comanches, who were under their young Chief, Nacona, saw that it was to be a fight to the finish. No quarter was asked nor given. The Texans soon gained the day, but not until after they had killed nearly all the Indians, including Chief Nacona.



CHIEF QUANAH PARKER,

A very good likeness of the Head Man of the Comanches.

The remainder began a wild flight, with the Texans in hot pursuit, determined to obey the orders to exterminate them if they could. One young Indian, who had been always near the chief as long as he was alive, was one of the most desperate fighters among them. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for several shots aimed at him point-blank failed to hit him.

Several Texans pursued him, among them Captain Ross himself. Just as a Texas Ranger had gotten within pistol shot of the young savage and leveled his pistol to shoot, the warrior turned quickly, pointed a pistol at the Texan's head and fired. The Ranger rolled from his horse and Captain Ross, riding forward, reached the side of the Indian's horse and was preparing to shoot, when the young Comanche suddenly cried out in broken English:

"No shoot! Me paleface. Me paleface squaw!" at the same time tearing open her beaded and fringed hunting shirt showing the neck and shoulders of a white woman.

"Instinctively I felt," said Governor Ross later, while relating this incident, "that this must be the long-lost and much-sought Cynthia Ann Parker. I asked her after I had taken charge of her, for she offered no further resistance, but she could, or would not, tell anything except that she was a paleface."

The legislature was in session, and a brother of Captain Parker was a member. The captive woman was taken to Austin with the others, but no definite light could be thrown upon her identity, as she could not speak English except a few broken words, and could not tell when or where she was captured.

She was taken to the relatives of Captain Parker, but never became entirely satisfied to live with her white relatives until a short time before she died, but made many attempts to steal away and return to the Comanches. She showed one trait of her Anglo-Saxon origin, never, it is said, shown by an Indian woman, and that was that she cried frequently for her adopted people and her children. She did not see her children again after she was captured. She lived seven or eight years, and died just after the close of the war, a broken-hearted mother. She was buried in Palestine, Texas.

Her oldest son, who was born about 1842, received the name of Quanah Parker, the latter the name of his mother. In 1882 Quanah Parker, who had grown up to be a magnificent young Indian, intelligent far above his tribe, came into his own as chief, having as co-chief his father-in-law Yellow Bear.

Quanah has followed the traditions of his people, and has three wives, having stipulated in the treaty he made for his people with the United States, when peace was declared after the big fight with General Mc Kenzie, that he be allowed to have three wives.

The fight in which he was engaged with General McKenzie was the last one the Comanches had with the United States troops. Quanah has always been for peace since then. He is the head chief and has been since 1885.

The star decorations on his comfortable home are in honor of the "Lone Star State," of which his mother came and where she died and under whose sod she now rests.

The Chief's Home Life.

Not long after we arrived supper was announced, and as I entered the spacious dining-room with the long,

oblong-shaped table and its many chairs—perhaps twenty-four—I could not but think of Chief Parker's past history and of the excellent example for good he was actually setting other members of his tribe who have sometimes been made to believe that the white man's way is not always best to follow.

I was made the guest of honor—was given the seat that Ambassador James Bryce had occupied only a few days before—and the meal was one of the best I ever enjoyed. Potatoes french-fried, steak done to a turn, biscuits that looked and tasted like those made in the D. S. department at Chilocco, with sauces, fruit and other edibles too numerous to mention. Surrounded by his wives and children, to whom he is ever a kind father and indulgent parent, occupying the head of the table, Quanah Parker, although an Indian, is a pleasant host and an extremely interesting personage.

The home is cared for by the three wives, who all have children. One of them, the oldest, is "boss" of the household, the younger wives being subservient to her will. As in a white home where wealth abounds, in the Parker home are found servants and plenty of spare rooms for the stranger, guest, or his children, many of whom are now grown—some being happily married—most of them living apart from him, but often coming to the parental roof on an occasional visit. His children have been educated in Government schools and are bright, intelligent, industrious and capable of making their own way.

While a guest at the Parker home, which is not only spacious but comfortably and modernly furnished, I was taken around the country in the chief's official carriage, an old-style army stagecoach (a gift, I believe

A PRAIRIE GHOST

BY EDMUND THICKSTUN



THE reason for Charley Maupin getting benighted on the prairie that summer evening was three-fold: First, the bald-face horse he was trying to cut out didn't want to leave the herd that he had been running with for several months, and he exasperatingly kept on the farther side of the bunch, while the others seemed to be always getting between Charley and Baldface. Then, Pinto, the pony Charley was riding, was lazy, not well trained for such work, and he was tired, having been on the go since early morning. Besides, the ride was too long for one day. He had left home away down on Bad river, at 7 o'clock, had ridden out to where the two Plum Creeks head, reaching there about noon; but had not found this stray Baldface until 6 o'clock in the afternoon. Then he had pursued Baldface in the long Dakota twilight, until Pinto had slowed down to a walk, and resolutely refused to be spurred to action.

So engrossed had Charley become in his work, that he had not noticed how the day was wearing away. He now remembered his mother's words of the early morning with great distinctness, when he, for the first time, thought of getting "somewhere." "Somewhere", on the plains, means a human habitation, though you never hear the uninhabited prairies called "nowhere." When Pinto absolutely refused to go further, it was so dark that Charley could not establish his

bearings, so he reluctantly decided to stay where he was until morning.

This for a lad of sixteen, with more or less of Indian training, required considerable nerve. An average white boy, on the plains, if he is not afraid of Indians, lies down on the prairie where night catches him, with apprehensions for nothing but snakes. Not so the youth of Indian training. Earth and sky are peopled with ghosts anxious to play some uncanny pranks on the lonely one lying on the open prairie. Charley made a comical grimace as he reached the conclusion to stay where he was. When his mother, a quarter-blood Sioux, had told him that morning to "get somewhere" before night, his little sister Genevieve had recited from James Whitcomb Riley, "Yes, fer the goblins 'll ketch you ef you don't look out." These words now occurred to the lonesome chap very obtrusively. But his horse was dead tired, and he was badly worn himself, so he must, perforce, prepare for the night.

Picketing his horse, he seated himself on his saddle, and ate the jerked beef and bread he had in his pocket. He then spread his slicker on the ground, wrapped himself in the saddle blanket, and layed down on the slicker, with the saddle for a pillow.

The mighty silence strangely oppressed the boy. He could not sleep. His thoughts went wandering back home, and shortly he was conning the creepy tales he had heard old Indians tell in their tipis, and at his father's house. They oppressed him even more than the awful silence of the summer night. This silence was now broken by a rustling sound back of

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him. He arose quickly on one elbow, and peered earnestly in the direction of the sound. Might it not be the trailing garments of a ghost, advancing on him from the gloom? His heart seemed perfectly still for some moments. Then he made out some last year's dry weeds, that the breeze, springing up, had stirred. He was glad to hear even that sound, but did not sleep any more than before.

He now remembered the story of the Indian who had been caught out in the night, and, coming to a forest, had collected a heap of hard chunks in the dark, with which to make a fire, but could then find no match with which to light his fire. He sat by the pile of chunks, however, and dozed for a few moments. When he awoke, the moon had arisen, and by its light the horror-stricken man beheld the weather-beaten bones of a skeleton, collected in his heap of fuel. The grinning skull surmounted the pile. The poor fellow sprang to his feet to leave the place, whistling loudly to exercise the spirit of the dead man, whose bones he had disturbed. This tale fascinated Charley, lying there, looking up at the stars. He might then be lying near a skeleton; who could tell? In the olden times, Indians had placed their dead on platforms, erected on poles, and in trees. Latterly they had put them in boxes, and had placed the boxes on the higher points of the prairies. He had passed near such a box that very day. Suppose that he should be lying near such a box, or near where a body had been placed on poles years before? The poles and all the cerements had long ago rotted, but the bones would still be intact. It was highly improper for him to disturb the resting place of the dead, and this skeleton might join bone to bone, and get after

him. Ouch! Would he have presence of mind enough to whistle? He felt sure that he would not.

Thus cogitating, the poor fellow dropped into a troubled doze. Pinto had retired to the full length of his rope, and head toward the sleeper, was eating in a circle. He sneezed loudly, and this awakened Charley from a dream of the skeleton in the woods. The boy sat up quickly, and Pinto as quickly raised his head. The pony's outline, as he faced Charley, seemed, to the confused imagination of the boy, to be something else, and struggling to his feet, he blundered toward the shape. A bronco wishes you to approach him carefully in the night, and this bronco seemed as much astonished as Charley, so, giving a loud snort, he sprang backward, and continued to back away as fast as he could. Pinto seemed to be running off. Charley now sprang forward, his energies alert, to catch his escaping horse. As he did this, a horrible rattling began behind him. It was the skeleton. Surely its bones had joined together and were in full pursuit of him!

With a cry of dismay the boy sped onward, not daring to look back. Sure enough, he forgot to whistle. He forgot even the horse, in his wild haste to escape the terror behind. The pony now turned tail and ran in good earnest. The noise grew louder, and as it appeared to gain on Charley, he redoubled his efforts to escape. Notwithstanding his great fright and dismay he could remember the half cynical skepticism with which he had listened to many old Indian tales, and the memory troubled him. O, he could believe anything after this.

Onward dashed the pony; onward fled the terrified boy; onward crashed and rattled that mysterious something

seemingly determined to overtake the fleeing youth. He with thickening breath was straining every muscle to escape, and had gone about 100 yards, when his right foot tripped on something. This threw his weight in such wise that he fell over to the left.

Just as he hit the ground, crash! bang, thump! came that awful pursuing Something. Charley gave a gasp, and thinking it surely had him, he lay still. It surely had a bony arm across his neck, while some other portion of its grewsome anatomy was surging against the small of his back. The pony was now standing still, but was pulling and jerking at his rope. The prostrate boy associated the third jerk with his own feelings, because it seemed that something behind surged against his back at the same time the pony jerked.

Charley put his hand to his neck and found that its bony arm had a tightly-knotted rope around it and that the rope extending under his own neck—was probably connected with his pony's neck. He laid hold of the rope, and with a few gentle words, quieted Pinto, at which that awful something ceased those awful surgings. Charley then more closely examined the terror and found that it was his saddle, to which, in lieu of a picket pin, he had fastened Pinto when he lay down.

When he had arisen from his sleep, and was in the act of moving toward the pony, the creature, fastened to the saddle horn, began to retreat from his master and the saddle, dragging along the ground made the appalling din which Charley had mistaken for a dead man's bones. When he stumbled he fell directly across the rope; then the saddle horn, clamped over his neck, checked Pinto, but did not prevent him from making a few wild plunges.

After Charley recovered his breath and his nerve, he sat still for some time, laughing at the way he had been chased by a saddle. A fifteen minutes search enabled him to recover his blanket and slicker, and, lying down again, he quickly fell into a slumber that was interrupted twice by Pinto moving around far enough to draw the rope against him. When this would occur, Charley would merely change the rope so the pony could go on eating, and he would immediately fall asleep again. At sunrise he mounted and "tore out" after the bald-face horse, found him, met with better luck than on the evening before, and arrived home at two o'clock in the afternoon. The ghost story he told his sisters Pauline and Genevieve that night was slightly different from the regulation stories they had been hearing from the old Indians.



(Selected.)

The world will buy largely of anyone who
 Can deliver the goods.
 It is ready and eager to barter if you
 Can deliver the goods.
 But don't take its order and make out the bill
 Unless you are sure you'll be able to fill
 Your contract, because it won't pay you until
 You deliver the goods.

—Nixon Waterman.



THE OLD INDIAN'S DEATH-CRY

By LUCIEN M. LEWIS.

They say that the white man's a blessing;
To me he has never been so;
He's taken my bow and my arrow,
And has left me a plow and a hoe.
He has driven our deer from the forest;
The bison long since are all dead,
And even the quail and the rabbit
From the fields and the prairies have fled.

He's come with his books and his teachers—
I could read long before the whites came;
I learned from the streams and the forests,
As I followed the trail of the game.
They claim our squaw dance is vulgar,—
He's given us one even worse,
While the rum and the spirits he's brought us
Are proving the poor Indian's curse.

The doctor has come with his pill-box,
To cure or to kill, as he may;
As for me, I prefer the old tom-tom,
To drive evil spirits away.
And even the white man's Bible,
Where every thing good should be found,
Has never a word about heaven—
The Indian's dear hunting ground.

Oh give me the bow of my fathers,
Let me hear its sweet music once more,
Ere I break away from my moorings,
And embark to eternity's shore.
Then cover me over with blankets,
Let me die without cavil or cant;
Beat loudly the tom-toms above me,
Sing slowly the Indian's death chant.

RECEIVED IN FULL MEMBERSHIP

BY EMMA DEK. SLEETH



IT WAS a superb day in the early summer when we left the Chilocco school on an overland trip of 200 miles or more to visit the Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Wichita, Kiowa, Caddo and Comanche tribes of Indians for the purpose of inducing them to send their children to the Chilocco school. Our conveyance was a covered wagon, a prairie schooner, and not a first-class one at that. It was drawn by two horses, not government mules, with one in reserve tied behind the wagon. Our company consisted of three employees of the school and three pupils, a Comanche, a Caddo and a Kiowa boy, who acted as our escorts to introduce us to their people.

We took provisions enough with us to last a week, and replenished our little keg of drinking water wherever we could find it. We found the Buffalo Springs on the outskirts of the Caddo country. They are a score or more of little pools of cool water oozing out of sandy pebbled plains. As we sat in the twilight resting and drinking we imagined we could see the innumerable herds of buffalo come trooping down to get a cool drink. Our last supply of water came from a small stream shaded by a few trees in which some cattle were cooling their hot hoofs.

We drove them out and filled out keg. Knowing that our bill of fare would consist mostly of canned goods, we secured some nice fresh roasting ears from a corn-field close by. We looked in vain for the owner's home, and felt real glad to meet him in the corn

field where we readily paid for what we had taken. He was there to meet just such proceeding. Our first supper was eaten on the banks of the Chikaskia, one of the prettiest little streams in the territory. It has a pebbled bed, something unusual in streams in this country. We had good bread and butter, fresh corn roasted in the shucks, fruit and pic-nic coffee. It was a sumptuous meal and eaten with the appetites of campers.

Over the prairies we lumbered along; the days were so hot and the nights so cool, that very often we allowed the horses to rest in the shade during the day when we would drive far into the night. Once, while driving leisurely along, we heard a hissing sound that seemed very close to us. It sounded very much like the noise a rattlesnake makes in warning. For a few moments we were puzzled. We looked all about us and asked each other where the horse was that we had tied behind the wagon, for it was nowhere to be seen. The poor beast had fallen and was being dragged, and the noise we heard was the rope tightening about its neck and choking it. We were more careful after this, for we would rather have returned to the school without the children we were in search of than to lose a government horse, although we did hear of some officials who wanted to look impressive and drove like Jehu on a very hot day and killed a very fine horse.

When we arrived at the Cimaron river we found it away out of its banks and were obliged to sit there for several days and watch it fall before we could cross it. Our supply of provisions was running low. Our last supper

consisted of a few cold beans, some hard tack and a prune apiece for desert. The next evening we reached the end of our journey, the Kiowa school at Anadarko, I. T. From this point we were to branch out into the Caddo, Wichita, Apache and Comanche country, and like the victor bringing in his war trophies, the glory of our triumphal entry of peace would be the number of Indian boys and girls we could induce to attend the Chilocco school. The Kiowa school was like a poor man's cottage in comparison with Chilocco's many large handsome stone buildings, but to us tired, worn-out campers it was a little palace. We received a hearty welcome from the superintendent and employees and was made to feel at home.

Our time was limited, and the next day we visited the absolute monarch of the Indian reservation, the agent, and got his permission and what assistance he could render to secure children for our school. But with all these credentials it means visiting tepees, explaining all misrepresentations, entreating; yes, almost preaching, to induce the majority of Indian parents to send their children away from home to school. They have so many excuses and very many of them reasonable ones too, and with the view they take of education it is difficult for them to yield. Very often the wish of the child decides the question, but even then if the journey is not taken immediately their minds change or they are persuaded out of the notion by others, and it is a common saying not to count your recruits until just ready to start. We felt very sure of getting some Wichita, Kiowa and Apache children, but we were not so certain about the Comanches. They are the aristocrats of these lower tribes. And if we were unsuccessful along all lines, we would

do no worse than others had done and who had greater influence than we had.

A few years ago, the commissioner of Indian Affairs in company with the superintendent of the school, paid these tribes a visit for the purpose of asking them for their children. The chiefs met and demanded a beef. The beef was given and they had a feast. After it was eaten they forgot their promise, and the officials came back empty handed.

At this time the Kiowas were 20 miles away holding their annual dance. They had pitched their tents away off from the white man's civilization, had invited their friends, the Cheyennes, and were holding one more religious feast in the old way before the white invaders would spoil their feasting and dancing grounds.

We procured horses from the school and rode all over the Caddo and Wichita reservation, going from tepee to tepee, often entering when they were seated at their noon or evening meal; but then one is apt to find an Indian eating at any or all times. The coffee pot hangs on the fire, it is "meals at all hours". We were reminded of the custom of Bible times as we saw a table nicely spread with a white cloth and the guests reclining as they ate. This was in a cone-shaped tent, or tepee, made of straw in which the Wichitas live. They build their cone-shaped tents very high, probably 20 feet, and until they get smoked inside the golden colored straw presents a very sunny and beautiful appearance. We were without any provisions, and not receiving an invitation to eat, we appeased our hunger by buying some melons from a Wichita woman who was quite old—looked as if she might be seventy. We handed her a dollar and was surprised to see how quickly

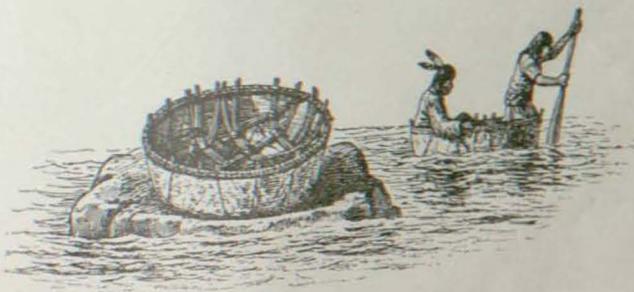
and accurately she made change. We sat down on the hilly side of the prairie and ate those half-ripe pumpkin colored melons that we bought for Rockyfords. Just as the faint light of day was lingering on the western horizon—there is no twilight on the prairies—we rode into the agency, well satisfied with our day's work.

The morrow was the Sabbath and our friends at the school said we should attend the Wichita church and hear a native Indian preach. Our rested ponies were saddled and we started to attend church among the Wichita Indians. They have had missionaries among them for quite a long time, and have made considerable progress on the narrow road. Their little church is frame, and if there were well defined roads in this country we would say it was at the "Cross Roads". It is built near a very pretty ravine where there bubbles forth one of the coolest of springs. Here the Indian families resort after the services and eat their luncheon, as the custom used to be in some country districts among our own people. It is a neat plain little church with straight upright pews, and had the walls been whitened and the seats and floor a shade cleaner, we might have thought we were in the little Quaker church in Philadelphia where we once visited. The sisters seemed to cling to one side of the house and the brethren to the other, as in "ye olden

times", and be it to their credit not one person looked around as we entered a little late, for preaching had begun. "Kechi Joe" filled the pulpit. He preached with great earnestness, and repeated one word so often that we thought it must be the Indian for God. It reminded us of a sermon we once heard in a Swedish church. The text that was used was, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God will be my God." Then, as now, we understand but one word. Often have we thought since then that with many of us it might be well if we but understood fully just that one word.

The Indians listened very attentively, although "Kechi Joe's" sermon was long. When he seemed to have closed, there was a slight commotion, and the young Indian man whom we noticed sitting on the front seat alone, arose and stood before the rude altar, wrapped in a snow-white sheet. There was quite a little ceremony, and then the sisters and brethren came forward and grasped his hand in hearty welcome into the church. The thirsty came forward and drank from the wooden pail and rusty tin cup that were placed on the front seat, greeted each other very much as white people do, then left to eat their dinner near the cool springs.

As we rode away we were silent, each busy with her own thoughts, "Where little is given, little will be required".





MAIN BUILDINGS AT THE CHILOCCO SCHOOL—HOME THREE, QUARTERS FOR SMALL BOYS' COMPANIES.



THE VANISHING RACE

ARTICLE IX.

BY GEO. C. SMITHE

CONTINUING the illustrations of Indian oratory, a passage is here quoted from a speech of Pontiac, the great Ottawa chieftain, in a council with the French at Detroit in 1763: "My Brothers: I have no doubt but this war is very troublesome to you, and that my warriors frequently kill



your cattle and injure your property. I am sorry for it, and hope you do not think I am pleased with this conduct of my young men. And as a proof of my friendship, recollect the war you had seventeen years ago, and the part I took in it. The northern nations combined together and came to destroy you. Who defended you? Was it not myself and my young men? The great chief Mackinac said in council he would carry to his village the head of your chief warrior, and that he would eat his heart and drink his blood. Did I not then join you, and go to his camp and say to him, if he wished to kill the French he must pass over my body and the bodies of my young men? Did I not take hold of my tomahawk with you, and aid you in fighting your battles with Mackinac, and driving him home to his country? Why do you think I

would turn my arms against you? Am I not the same French Pontiac who assisted you seventeen years ago? My Brothers! I begin to grow tired of this bad meat which is upon our hands. I begin to see that instead of assisting us in our war with the English, you are actually assisting them. You tell them all we do and say; you carry our councils and plans to them. Now take your choice. You must be entirely French like ourselves or entirely English. If you are French, take this belt for yourselves and your young men, and join us. If you are English, we declare war against you."

Black Hawk, at a council on Rock River, Ill., in 1831, responding to Gen. Gaines, who had enquired who he was, and if he was entitled to sit as a chief: "My Father! you enquire, 'who is Black Hawk?— why does he sit among the chief men?' I will tell you who I am. I am a Sauk; my father was a Sauk; I am a warrior, so was my father. Ask these young men who have followed me to battle, and they will tell you who Black Hawk is! Provoke our people to war and you will learn who Black Hawk is!"

From a speech at a later council, after his release from captivity, these sentences are extracted: "I feel that I am an old man. Once I could speak



BLACK HAWK,

ONE OF THE GREATEST INDIAN WARRIORS OF THE OLD-TIME CHIEFTAINS.

but now I have little to say. We have met many of our brothers today; we were glad to see them; we have listened to them; their hearts are good. They have taken care of my wife and children, who have no wigwam. The Great Spirit knows I thank them. * * * Say to our Great Father, and to Governor Cass I will listen to them. Many years ago I met Governor Cass in council, far across the great prairies toward the rising sun. His advice was good, but my ears were shut. * * * On your road you will pass where our village once was. No one lives there now—all are gone. * * * I will give you my hand; we may never meet again, but we shall remember you. The Great Spirit will be with you, and with your wives and children. I will shake hands with my brothers here, and then I am done." The village to which he makes touching reference was a permanent town of 10,000 to 12,000 people, with streets and parks and

bark-covered houses. Its site was on the bank of Rock River near its junction with the Mississippi, three miles south of the present city of Rock Island. Its name was Saukenuk; and adjoining it was a lofty bluff known as Black Hawk's Watch Tower, commanding a wide view on both sides of the Mississippi River and overlooking now the cities of Davenport, Rock Island, Moline, and Milan.

Of his religion, Black Hawk said: "The white people believe if a man repents at death, that is enough to insure him a happy hereafter, but I teach my people that they must be good all the time, and above all, that they be ever thankful to the Great Spirit for all their blessings. For myself, I never take a drink of water from a spring without thanking Him for his goodness."

Red Jacket, illustrious Seneca chief and perhaps the most noted of all Indian orators, at a council at Buffalo in

1825, replying to the speech of a missionary from Massachusetts, who urged the Indians' acceptance of his instructions, rejected the overture in an address from which extracts are here given: "Friend and Brother: It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and He has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken His garment from before the sun and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Brother, we have listened with attention to what you have said. All have heard your voice, and all speak to you as one man. Our minds are agreed. Brother, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great waters and landed on this island. They found friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat. They gave us poison in return. The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their number had greatly increased. They wanted more land—they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. Brother! our seats were

once large and yours very small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us. You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to His mind, and if we do not take hold of the religion you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. How do we know this to be true? How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people? Brother! you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book? We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love one another, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion. Brother! The Great Spirit has made us all, but he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us a different complexion and different customs. To you he has given the arts; to these he has not opened our eyes. Since he has made so great a difference in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given to us a different religion, according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied. We do not wish to destroy your religion, or take it from you—we only want to enjoy our own. Brother! We are told that you have been preaching to white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We



RED JACKET,
KNOWN AS THE GREATEST INDIAN ORATOR.

are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good and makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians we will consider again what you have said. * * * Brother! you have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey and return you safe to your friends." (A civility, says one historian, which the missionary had not the grace to accept).

On another occasion, when a clergyman had made a strong effort to impress the old pagan favorably to Christianity, he responded: "Brother! If you white people murdered 'the Saviour,' make it up yourselves. We had nothing to do with it. If He had come among us we should have treated Him

better." And in another address on the same subject he said, "We do not worship the Great Spirit as the white people do, but we believe that the forms of worship are indifferent to the Great Spirit. It is the homage of sincere hearts that pleases him, and we worship him in that manner." Red Jacket was a determined and powerful opponent to the Christianization of the tribe, and championed the cause of the pagan faction until his death, which occurred at the Seneca village near Buffalo, in January, 1830, at the age of 78. His Indian name was Sa-go-yewat-ha.

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer World in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No friends torment, no Christians thirst for gold,
To be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

THE TRIBE OF SERI INDIANS

C. M. GINTHER IN *Farm and Fireside*

THE savagery into which tribes of men may descend when they refrain from practising the peaceful and elevating arts of agriculture is well illustrated in the condition of the aboriginal tribe of Indians called Seri, or



Seris. Something has been known about this repulsive tribe of Indians since the time of Coronado, but no movement towards studying their characteristics was ever undertaken by the United States Department of Ethnology until recently, when Prof. W. J. McGee was intrusted with the important and difficult mission. Prof. McGee selected the members of his expedition with much care, and set out from Tucson, Ariz., in the month of October. After innumerable difficulties and severe suffering the party reached the borders of Seriland in December.

The Seri Indians were found to be a distinctive tribe in habits, customs and language. They inhabit Tiburon island in the Gulf of California, and a limited adjacent area on the mainland of Sonora, Mexico. They call themselves Kum-kak, or Kmike, which may be translated "spry." Their habitat is arid and rugged, consisting chiefly of deserts, sands and naked mountain rocks, with permanent fresh water only in two or three places. It is separated from settled Sonora by a nearly impassable desert. Two centuries ago the population of the tribe was estimated at several thousand, but it has been gradually reduced by almost constant war fare to barely four hundred.

The Seri men and women are of

splendid physique. They have fine chests, with slender but sinewy limbs, though the hands, and especially the feet, are large. Their heads, while small in relation to stature, approach the average in size, the hair is luxuriant and coarse, ranging from typical black to tawny in color, and is worn long. They are notably vigorous in movement, erect in carriage and remarkable for fleetness and endurance.

The Seri subsist chiefly on turtles, fish, mollusks, water fowl and the other foods of the sea; they also take land game, and consume cactus fruits, mesquite beans and a few other vegetal products of their sterile domain. Most of their food is eaten raw. They neither plant nor cultivate, and are without domestic animals, save dogs which are largely of coyote blood. They have absolutely no conception of the idea of using horses for domestic purposes, and so far as could be ascertained, no Seri Indian was ever seen to mount a horse. They know nothing about leading an animal, and have never have been known to depart from the custom of immediately slaying an animal as soon as they become possessed of it. Cattle and swine are altogether unknown; even cooking is essentially without practice among them.

The habitations are flimsy bowers of cactus and shrubbery, sometimes shingled rudely with turtle shells and sponges; in some cases these are in clusters pertaining to matronymic family groups; in other cases they are isolated, and are then often abandoned and reoccupied repeatedly, and are apparently common property of the tribe.

The Seri clothing consists essentially of a kilt or skirt extending from waist to knees. Sometimes a pelican skin robe is worn as a waist or mantle, and used also as bedding. The head and feet as well as the bust and arms are habitually bare. Cords of human hair and skins of serpents are used for necklaces.

The sports and games of the Seri Indians include racing and dancing and there are ceremonial dances at indicated seasons to celebrate the epochs in the lives of their maidens. The dance is set to the music of rude improvised drums. Decoration is ordinarily limited to symbolic face painting, which is seen especially among the females, and to crude ornamentation of the scanty apparel. A peculiar pottery is made, and the pieces are sometimes decorated with simple designs in plain colors. This pottery is distinctive, and is remarkably light and fragile. Shells are used for cups and to some extent for implements. Their basketry is not extensive nor distinctive.

Their weapons are the bow and arrow and harpoons. The tips of the arrows are coated with a remarkable poison unlike any ever met with before. It is peculiarly fatal, and even a scratch from one of them will cause death in a few hours. This poison is gathered by placing lobe of liver on the ground, and then torturing rattlesnakes until the maddened reptiles strike their fangs again and again into the mass until it becomes thoroughly saturated with the poison. Then an unknown poison of vegetal origin, compounded by the priest doctors of the tribe, is added to the mass. Afterward the liver is enclosed in wrappings tied about with fibers of the poisonous cactus and hung in a retreat until putrescence causes

other poisons to form within the substance, when it is considered fit. The tips of the weapons are dipped into this horrible compound, which is believed to be one of the most deadly and quick-acting poisons ever discovered.

The Seri vocabulary is meager and essentially local. The terms designating food materials and other tribal essentials are fairly full, but abstract terms are lacking. In spite of their fine physical development their mental acquirements are but little above the beasts they run to death for food.

This remarkable tribe is exclusive, and intolerant of aliens, and strange as it may sound at this day, it is actually true that no white men have ever explored Tiburon Island, the stronghold of the Seri clans. Several years ago Admiral Dewey commanded an expedition to take soundings and chart the Gulf of California and for several weeks cruised in the waters of Tiburon bay, but no landing was effected, and no sight of the wary natives was obtained. No less than forty expeditions against this lawless and ferocious tribe have been undertaken by the Mexican government in the last two hundred years, but none of the various parties were successful, and none of the members ever returned alive from the shores of the stronghold. Notwithstanding Professor McGee was accompanied by a strong party, and the male members of the Seri tribe are known to be fewer than one hundred, he was warned against undertaking to penetrate Tiburon Island, and heeded the warning. All of the natural elements that are adverse to the white man's conditions are present in Seriland; intolerable heat, absolute failure of pure water, impassable deserts, turbulent sea channels washing in every

direction about the shore of Tiburon, and frequent gales that dash upon the rocks every form of craft known upon that narrow sea.

They are entirely without the "knife-sense," if such a term can be used to define utter ignorance of the uses and purposes of the edged tool. They have no knives as weapons or implements and utensils. When shown the use of a knife they failed to adopt it, and returned to their original way of crushing with a sea-worn stone weighing usually about three pounds. This stone is used in a multitude of ways. They will quickly beat the quarter from a carcass, mashing and crushing through tough tendons and fibrous materials, breaking bones and reducing to convenient dimensions any substance with which they have to do. Grinding they know nothing of, but the seeds of cactus are occasionally crushed in an incomplete manner by the use of this stone and another one, upon which it is pounded rather than rolled.

They cannot comprehend firearms, and do not possess any such weapons. They make a rude raft out of canes and dead cactus stalks with which they navigate the treacherous channels about Tiburon. These rude water craft are formed by merely lashing the stems or cactus together with fibrous strands stripped from desert growths. A paddle is used in propelling, the oarsman kneeling on the craft, half submerged as he paddles.

Professor McGee enlisted the services of Senor Encinas, a ranchman on the borders of Seriland, who had occasionally treated with the stragglers of the tribe on forays across the deserts. He had gained their confidence, and but for that the expedition must have failed. A large party was found near the ranch and detained in

their camp. It was there Professor McGee studied the habits, customs and history of the tribe insofar as was possible. The feet and legs of these Indians are clothed with a sort of scaly horn which effectually protects against the thorns and sharp stones that come in their path at almost every step. Trails that lead into bunches of thorny cactus are quickly and unhesitatingly followed by them, and coyotes and other denizens of the desert may not dare enter where these hardy savages burst through with impunity.

Their speed and endurance are absolutely amazing and past all belief were their feats not witnessed by credible and unimpeachable witnesses. The boys of the tribe are supposed to catch jack rabbits, for the grown men are above such minor pursuits. The antelope and full-grown deer engage their attention, and they pursue them always on foot and without weapons. Their poisoned arrows would render the meat unfit for food, and so they simply start out and run down the fleetest and strongest animals. Professor McGee succeeded in obtaining the consent of a full-grown Seri runner to engage in the pursuit of a deer, alone and unassisted. The warrior ranged over the desert until a full-grown buck was seen feeding. He started in pursuit, drove the maddened animal toward the ranch, headed it off continually, and eventually, after three hours of straining pursuit, succeeded in driving it right up to the ranch gate, where he caught it by the heels, slung it on his shoulders, and carried it, kicking and struggling, into the inclosure.

Numerous reports made by commanders of expeditions sent out by the Mexican government relate that upon numerous occasions bands of



MAIN BUILDINGS AT THE CHILOCCO SCHOOL—HOME FOUR, DORMITORY OF THREE COMPANIES OF LARGE GIRLS.

Seri were seen, but when the horse-men put their horses to fast speed in the attempt to catch them, they merely put off across the sands and soon outstripped the fleetest horses. Upon one occasion Senor Encinas, the ranchman, started to make a journey of fifty miles to a neighboring ranch. During his absence the baby of a Seri woman encamped on the adjacent desert grew dangerously sick, and one evening at sunset the mother, carrying her year-old child, started to go to him in order to procure medicine such as he had given her before. At sunset she started and at daybreak she was importuning the Senor for the

medicine, holding in her hand a large jack rabbit, which she had run down and captured for a gift-offering to insure the good offices of the Senor. Sixty and seventy miles a day under the parching sun is not unusual for these untameable and wild tribe of Indians.

They have no religion, but are observant to a remarkable degree of the marital obligation. They consider it the height of Seri ambition to kill a stranger, and the depth of Seri disgrace to mingle Seri with alien blood. They are the lowest tribe of people of which the ethnological bureau has ever had knowledge.



THE APOSTLES' CREED IN NAVAJO

Jesus-tinne-e dayotlannigi

TRANSLATED INTO NAVAJO BY REV. L. P. BRINK, CHRISTIAN
REFORMED MISSIONARY AT TOHATCHI, N. M.

1. Ayeuite-Diyinni, Atгаа, Ta-altscho bea Bitsiili wostlan, yadilthgilth ado nah-astsan Ayilai.
2. Ado bi-Yih ta-athlai baischinnigi, Jesus Christ, nigyi Bikyehi,
3. Ey Nilchi Diyinni bitsaando agodiilya, kaan-ottini Mary bischin,
4. Pontius Pilate bizaadkyexxo tgitotsoosniin, tsinalthnoustsit bekajin golth adda-askaalgo, dahastsaan ado tleybidoolthtgin, chiintitgax gwiiya iya,
5. Tgagi jin aleyxgo dahastsaan-den ganaatsa,
6. Yadilthgilth biyigunea tax-diya, ado Ayeuite-Diyinni, Atгаа, Ta-altscho bea Bitsiili nishnaadjigo dasitta,
7. Aden dokalth dajinannigi inda dasnesnannigi gantsidokosgo biniyi.
8. Nilchi Diyinni wostlan.
9. Diyinn-go athla-n-datleylthli ta althaan tinne-e ta-altscho biyi daholoni wostlan, dadiyinni ta-altscho ta-athlai tinne nahalinngo wostlan,
10. Banhakki-addajitea annahidittago wostlan.
11. Atsiis nadiitsago wostlan.
12. Ado hool-aago iinago wostlan. Amen.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN!

Dear Editor of THE INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL: In the Columns of your worthy JOURNAL, page 51, you publish the Washington (D. C.) Post editorial comment upon the "Poor Indian." Your reader fails to understand how this scholarly editor lost the control of his patience as to give vent of his feelings. The outburst of his feelings begin with these sentences "In judging the treatment accorded to conquered and inferior peoples by the dominant races, while justice a fair dealing in the abstract cannot be ignored, due weight should be given to what has been universal usages.

"Very little historical reading is necessary to show that from the earliest time, including the Egyptian Homeric and Hebrew conquests, there has been but one method adopted. S seizure, dispossession, confiscation, captivity, enslavement, and the Hebrews, acting under Jehovah's sanction, exterminated the peaceful tribes that came into their path, and under divine guidance 'went up the land to possess it.'" According to the tune of these foregoing sentences, your reader failed to understand them, the consistency of a worthy "Christian Nation" which he attempts to voice.

Does the editor of the Washington Post desire to see this formidable Nation disappear like those "Egyptian Homeric and Hebrew Nations" as the all merciful "Jehovah" sanctioned to exterminate their once haughty governing power? Far from it; the United States policy to govern her conquered race is based upon the love of Christ, who died to redeem the world. This solid foundation of the United States shall stand as long as the Nation shall adhere to it. Let us pick up our silver dollars and see the motto of the United States Nation. The worthy name of Jehovah; "In God we Trust." Are we ashamed of this? No sir, we adore our motto. It must remain there in view of every individual who earns a dollar, and learns to trust in God for everything that is done, in the transaction of business, even in dealing with an inferior race; if we consider ourselves superior in judgment, let us as a Nation manifest our sober, patient and indulgent spirit as becoming to a modern dominant race. The race question should always be laid aside—yes laid aside,— we should only take care to govern ourselves with a divine charity in our discussions upon the advancement of our be-

loved Indian race; and isn't it time to stop talking about the constant treachery and cruelty on their part—in this we only stir up a hatred against an Indian race.

The Government is already solving a great question of what should be done with the Indian. Our policy in educating the Indian youth, and besides the cash payment in annuities of millions of dollars, is not to be lamented, nor we should not fear that such humane and liberal treatment would result in a large degree of degeneracy and pauperism. If any enormous amounts of monies are contributed by individuals to advance their welfare, such ought not to be proclaimed from the housetop; for the Governor of the great universe will reward our philanthropic enterprise to the realization of the better achievements to civilize our aborigines. Let us congratulate the success of the Government in educating the aboriginal youth. Chilocco herself graduated 56 boys and girls last year; this is only a harbinger that an Indian is not to disappear in a few generations hence; as we often prognosticate would become, for they shall exist in this great Nation of the United States. Our Government is bound to make a success to civilize her wards, and we are under no obligation to be ashamed of the good work we are doing for our Indian race. In pursuing this educational work and standing by our Indians with pen, is fulfilling the demands of our National Constitution, while we seek to do, with all that lies in our power, something tending to the welfare and happiness of our people. Indians are forming part of the people of this great Nation: Therefore we bid them God speed the Unity.

W. A. ELIAS, (Chippewa).

Maine Indians.

About sixty children of the Penobscot, or Tarratine, tribe of Indians are now attending the school on Indian Island, near Bangor, taught by the Sisters of Mercy. Most of the pupils are very young, although a few are sixteen and seventeen years of age.

Many of the Indian boys and girls, after they have finished their studies at the island school, or the schools in Old Town, are ambitious for more learning, and quite a number have attended Carlisle Indian School, while two or three of the girls have attended Radcliffe College. At the present time there are three representatives of the Penobscot tribe at Carlisle.—Carlisle Arrow.

W. SAID OF THE INDIAN'S WAY

Old-Time Indian Eloquence.

Hidden in the dusty vaults of the state capitol of Iowa, Prof. Benj. F. Shambaugh employed by the state, has discovered the petition of a former chief of the Mesquakie Indian nation to the "Great Father of Iowa," for compensation for the seizure of the lands of the Mesquakies by the whites. The petition is believed to be one of the most beautiful pleas ever written by an Indian, and, in part, is as follows:

"Eighty times has the oak shed its leaves since the Mesquakie and the Sac owned the hunting grounds of Iowa, when a few whites crossed the father of waters to dig lead near the wigwams of the red men. Ma-ta-waqua, the father of Poweshiek, offered shelter to the pale faces in his wigwam and shared with him the deer his arrows had killed. He gave him leave to take the ore from the mines and his warriors smoked the pipe of peace. But the pale face was not content with the dull ore that sends death to the heart of the warrior; he coveted the great prairies which the Great Spirit made to hide. He called his brothers from the land of the rising sun and they flocked like locusts to the prairies of the Sioux, the Sacs, and the Mesquakies, and the Great White Father sent his warriors to drive the red man from the hunting ground of his fathers to the sandy desert beyond the muddy river.

"Black Hawk, the Chief of the tribe, put on his war paint and sent Swift Fox to Poweshiek, the chief of the Mesquakies, and White Bear to Keokuck, the chief of the Sacs, to speak thus: 'Lo, the Mesquakies and the Sacs have fondled a snake. They gave their ore to the pale faces and he has taken their prairies. Black Hawk is on the war path to gather the scalps of the enemies of the red men and he asks his kin to help him to rescue the hunting grounds of their fathers. But Keokuck and Poweshiek would not put on the war paint, and their words chilled the heart of Black Hawk like a winter blast from the far off head waters of the big muddy river. Yet he has met the warriors of the Great White Father in many battles, and scalps hung from their girdles when they left the hunting grounds of their fathers. When the Sioux were driven into the land of the setting Sun,

the Great White Father sent one of his warriors to Poweshiek to speak thus:

"The white man is the friend of the Mesquakie. The white man has wampum and the red brother has land. If the Mesquakie will remain the friend of the white man and his warriors and give up to them all the prairies between the Father of Waters and the muddy river, the Great White Father will pay the Mesquakie and their children, which will buy their food and clothing. This money will be paid as often as the flowers bloom and the leaves fall and as long as the grass grows and the water flows.'

"The Mesquakie had faith in the words of the Great Father and gave the land for the pledges. They have kept the covenant. But the Great White Father has not kept faith with the red brother. He pays the Mesquakie less money than he promised. He does not pay him as often as the flowers bloom and the leaves fall, but only when the howling winds whirl the white flakes around the wigwam of the Mesquakies.

"Po-si-do-nake has spoken."—Carlisle Arrow.

An Indian Industrial Fair.

The Indian Industrial Fair was held in Darlington the first week in October. Agent Charles E. Shell has spent much time in preparing for this exhibition. In our estimation it was a great success. There were forty-one exhibits of field corn, and ten of Indian corn. This represents much labor on the part of our Indians in the Darlington agency districts and is prophetic of the future. The following is a complete table of the exhibits and prize winners:

- Corn, Field—41 exhibits; 1st prize, \$2.00, Lone Man. 2nd, \$1.00, Victor Crow Chief.
- Corn, Indian—10 exhibits; 1st prize, \$2.00, Hail (Arapaho.) 2nd, \$1.00, Percy Cable.
- Corn, Kaffir—6 exhibits; 1st prize, \$2.00, Lone Man. 2nd, \$1.00, Sage.
- Cotton—2 exhibits; 1st prize \$2.00, Frank Sweezy. 2nd, \$1.00, Man Going Up Hill.
- Potatoes—2 exhibits; 1st prize, \$2.00, Man Going Up Hill. 2nd, \$1.00, Percy Cable.
- Yams—1 exhibit; 1st prize, shirt, Cut Nose.
- Milomaize—1 exhibit; 1st prize, shirt, Frank Old Bear.
- Cabbage—1 exhibit; 1st pr., boots or pants, Hail (Arapaho)
- Quilts—6 exhibits; 1st pr, \$2.00 in calico,

Mrs. Blow Away. 2nd. pr, \$1.00 in calico,
Mrs. Etta Lump Mouth.

Bread—3 exhibits; 1st pr., 75c in calico,
Mrs. Wm. Fletcher. 2nd pr., 50c in calico,
Mrs. Tall Red Bird.

Biscuits—2 exhibits; 1st pr., rocking chair,
Mrs. Nat Murphy. 2nd pr., 50c in mdse.,
Mrs. Standing Bull.

Cookies—2 exhibits; 1st pr., rocking chair,
Mrs. Etta Lump Mouth. 2nd pr., 50c in mdse.,
Mrs. Blow Away.

Pies—2 exhibits; 1st pr., sack of flour,
Mrs. Otto Pratt. 2nd pr., 50c in mdse., Jes-
sie Matches.

Cakes—2 exhibits; 1st pr., sack of flour,
Mrs. Kate Left Hand. 2nd pr., 50c in mdse.,
Mrs. Julia Prentiss

Onions—2 exhibits; 1st pr., 50c, Cut Nose.

Peanuts—1 exhibit; 1st pr., 50c, Perry
Cable.

The Judges were, White Spoon, Jesse Bent,
Peter Paquette, Mrs. Bibb and Mrs. Mollen-
koph.

Sixteen different articles won first prizes
and several of the Indians did not have exhi-
bits here because they did not understand the
character of the fair. This year is a great
improvement over last year, and we believe
next year will be as far ahead of this as
this year was of last. The Indian Industrial
Fair has come to stay.—The Indian Outlook,
Darlington, Okla.

Efficient Indian Laborers.

The major part of the work of turning the
Colorado river from the Salton sink to its old
channel was done by Indian laborers of the
desert tribes, to whose efficiency Dr. A. L.
Leeds pays a warm tribute in an article in
the current number of Forest and Stream.
These Indians have long been accustomed to
agriculture and to conducting irrigation work-
ings on a small scale, and when given oppor-
tunity for regular work at fair wages, they
grasped it eagerly. Indeed, they speedily
proved themselves the most faithful and ef-
ficient of all of the laborers employed upon
this work. When the Mexican teamsters quit
and went to work elsewhere, Indians were
speedily broken in to take their places, and
stayed by the job until it was finished. In a
day or so work was moving as speedily as
ever. This heavy work was done by the In-
dians during the summer, when the thermom-
eter ranged between 112 and 118 in the shade.
Even the Indian boys showed themselves will-
ing and efficient workers.

The experience had with these Indians is
not unlike the experience had in Western
Washington with the Indians of this part of
the world. From the earliest settlement of
the Puget sound, the Indians here, never hav-
ing been pauperized by the receipt of govern-
ment bounties and rations, were willing to
work for the white men. They handled lumber
in the yards and loaded ships; they worked on
farms and assisted in clearing much of the
land put in cultivation. Few of them ever ex-
hibited the distaste for labor which tradition
assigns to the Indians.

Alaska Indians have always been willing
workers, when given fair pay and decent
treatment. During the earlier days of the
Treadwell mine a large share of the working
force consisted of Indians. They are fewer
in number there now, a fact due, according
to some observers, to the large number of
casualties in that mine. At New Metlakahla,
Indians follow almost every variety of occu-
pation; have acquired comfortable homes on
the white man's model, and, collectively, con-
stitute as thrifty and industrious a communi-
ty as can be found on the continent.

The reservation system is responsible for
the unthrift and the pauperism of the larger
number of American Indians, rather than any
racial defect or any inherited unwillingness
to labor.—Editorial in the Seattle Post-Int-
elligencer, Seattle, Wash., Oct. 16, 1907.

A dispatch sent out from Lawton gives the
following: The cultivation and improvements
of the land belonging to the Comanche Indi-
ans has increased in value until they will be
the wealthiest of American tribes. Agent
John P. Blackmon stated today that the bids
for the leasing of the allotments of the Co-
manches were double the amount of the last
bids when they were leased before, and in
some instances they were three times what
they were receiving on the leases just expir-
ing. The income of one member of the tribe
has been raised from \$500 to \$1,200 per year.
Under the wise council of Chief Quanah Park-
er the Indians of his tribe are becoming a
great deal less extravagant, as is the old chief
himself, for under the regulations of the de-
partment, providing for the leasing of their
pasture lands, their income has been so meag-
er that they were compelled to economize in
every way possible. Now they have become
accustomed to minimizing their expenses and
will be able to save a great deal out of their
increased income.

This Wide, Wide World

Pen Pictures of Places, Persons and Populace

CHINA'S REJECTION OF OPIUM.

A transformation is in progress in the world's most populous empire—a transformation which all thinkers agree in describing as momentous. Powerful Viceroyalties like Chang Chih-tung and Yuan Chi-kai are sowing their Provinces with schools of Western learning; and the sixteen other Provinces are doing the same. The broadminded Tuan Fang, Viceroy of Nanking, who has traveled much, has actually ordered the erection of an immense girl's school in his capital city. And the old literary examinations have been abolished; offerings to the dead prohibited; and cultivated Chinese educated in America and England are fast rising into prominence. The Chinese penal code, 2,000 years old, has been entirely revised, and horrible tortures and methods of capital punishment—such as the "slicing" and strangulation—abolished forever. Nine thousand miles of railroad are under construction, including one line from Peking to Hangkow; and to descend abruptly to smaller things—but with vast social consequences—the Empress Dowager has declared against the footbinding of the women. An imperial edict has gone forth, and societies have been formed in all parts of the Empire against the ancient practice; and each of the eight great Viceroyalties has put forth proclamations of his own against it. Truly, China is awakening from her sleeping sickness, guided and directed by Japan. But surely the most significant of all the many signs is the momentous edict giving warning of the total suppression of the opium traffic and smoking all over the Empire, which is to be accomplished within ten years. Each year the area of home-grown poppy is to be reduced 10 per cent, otherwise land will be confiscated. On the other hand, a bonus will be given for early cessation in culture.—W. G. FitzGerald in *Technical World*.

FLY A PUBLIC ENEMY.

One by one the plagues of Egypt are being abolished by science. The frogs were abolished long ago by the drain-tile. The fleas are checked by insect powder, and the darkness that could be felt has melted away before the arc light. The sixth plague still remains

in full glory. The fly is always with us. The great Doctor Radcliffe used to declare that the three worst annoyances of life were smoke, flies and irrelevant questions. Humanity has hitherto accepted these with a patient shrug of the shoulders as among the inevitable. At last the worm has turned. It is proceeding slowly to put on smoke consumers, and has declared a war of extermination against the fly. The motive which whet our hitherto easily blunted purpose are supplied by science. They are, first, that the fly carries disease; second, that their very presence is a sign of dirt. That the fly is frequently the angel of the pestilence has long been suspected, but its most vivid and impressive demonstration was furnished by the disgraceful death-rate from typhoid, one of the most scandalous of the many murders of official stupidity, in our camps in the South during the Spanish-American War. It was clearly proved by the eminent commission of experts, who investigated the situation post-mortem, that the principal means of the spread of this dread disease was the flight of flies from the excreta of the earliest cases to the food exposed in the camp kitchens, carrying the typhoid germs on their legs and probosces. Experiments were promptly set on foot, and a gruesome vivid corroboration furnished. Flies were allowed to feed upon meat smeared with cultures of various bacilli, then induced to alight on gelatin plates, and walk about on them. These plates were then placed in an incubator, and every step of the track of the fly could be traced by the clumps of bacilli which sprang up where his feet had planted them.

Not merely typhoid, but tuberculosis, diphtheria, measles and sepsis (blood poisoning) may be readily carried by these pests. The fly must go.—*Collier's Weekly*.

FISH HATCHERIES' GREAT OUTPUT.

Samuel F. Fullerton, superintendent of hatcheries for the state game and fish commission, gives some record breaking statistics relative to the output of the state hatcheries this season.

"This season's output from both the St. Paul and Glenwood hatcheries for pike," he said, "is 169,800,000 fry. This beats any previous record of the state by 120,000.

"Relative to trout, we have shipped from the Glenwood hatcheries alone 1 million brook trout fry. From St. Paul hatchery, there

Hardly had she reached her native state when she was followed by letters, and quite a voluminous correspondence ensued. Although the bride elect was oftentimes cold, the loyalty of the man never swerved and determining to know the worst, Mr. Kaiser set out for California. When he got here he would not take "No" for an answer, so there was nothing to do but to say "Yes."

As soon as the longed for word had been spoken the bridegroom went to Oakland and soon had a cage ready for the bird, where they are now dwelling in comfort and happiness.

Mr. Kaiser is the son of a well to do farmer, and is himself a successful engineer. He holds a lucrative position in Oakland, California.

* * *

These Indians Are Honest.

Many curious instances in the manner in which the honesty of the Indian manifests itself are cited in the north country of the Canadian Northwest:

One of the tales is of a native who desiring food and tobacco and blankets broke into the store of a remote trading post which had been locked and abandoned for a few weeks, while the white man in charge transacted business elsewhere. The Indian supplied his needs but left pelts in payment for what he took and months later he came back to ascertain if he had left enough.

One Indian found a post closed when he went to dispose of his skins. Being unwilling to wait, he forcibly entered and left his pack but nothing with it to indicate his identity. Then he retired, fastening the door as best he could, and not until a year later did he return.

Then he walked into the post and told his story and the price of the skins was handed over to him without question. The accounts of the white man had been carefully kept and he was certain that no claim but a just one would be made.

An unusual degree of confidence is reposed in the halfbreeds who are lieutenants of the white traders. In Edmonton I saw a trader give one of his halfbreed employes \$1,250 to be taken to a distant post and there distributed as wages to others.

The two shook hands and parted, not to meet for a year, and the white man said he was sure that not a cent of the money would fail to reach its rightful destination.

In the town of Edmonton itself honesty seems to vie with hospitality for the credit of being the most prominent trait of the citizens. Scores of thousands of dollars' worth of furs are stored there in warehouses which are seldom or never locked or guarded.—World Today.

Indians Like Gold Teeth.

The statement of Secretary Hitchcock that "the grafters would steal the gold from the teeth of the full-blood Indians if the department of the interior did not protect them," causes the average man to smile. The full-blooded Indians have a fancy for gold teeth, and many of them have a row of teeth that glitter. This is where the secretary got his idea.

It may be interesting to know just how some of these Indians get the gold put in their teeth. The following story is told by a clerk in the Choctaw land office, who saw the incident when it happened:

John Willis, a Mississippi Choctaw, was making a deal with a white man, perhaps a grafter, whereby the white man was to get his surplus land under lease. He incidently remarked that he had a tooth that he wanted fixed, so the grafter, who was very anxious to please Willis, told him to go to a dentist, have his teeth fixed and have the dentist charge it to him, the grafter.

The Indian went over, and decided that he would have a full set of gold teeth. He had the dentist pull all his teeth, some of them perfectly sound, and a new set made of gold. The bill amounted to \$280, which, according to instructions, the Indian had charged to the grafter, and which the latter had to pay.—Muskogee (Ind. T.) Dispatch to Chicago Chronicle.

Big Society Event of the Osages.

One of the big events in social circles among the Osages at the camp is in progress. The Indians are making this the one event of the year, and together with the regular quarterly payment is attracting a large attendance. Grayhorse, Fairfax, and Bigheart, and several visiting tribes among which are the Otoes, Poncas, Kaws, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes are present and participating in the festivities. The principal event advertised is the En-gro-skah dance which will be given by a few of the more select in each tribe. The festivities are expected to continue until the payment is over. The Indians have learned the white man's ways sufficiently to charge admission at the door. The dance is being conducted in what is known as the round house at the village north of town.—Osage Journal.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HOPI.

The following article we take from The Indian Outlook. It gives our readers some idea of the difficulties encountered by a missionary and the intense skepticism shown by these strange "Brown men of the desert." The writer has visited Miss Johnson; was there just as she was finishing up her little chapel last year at the First Mesa. While not having all the success she would like, she is nevertheless rewarded by the fact that her small class of converts is continually assuming larger proportions. The fact that she has to do all her talking through an interpreter and that the Hopi do all they can to discourage a convert from taking up Christianity, even to the point of threatening ostracism, makes her labor not only difficult, but extremely discouraging.

The little paper came a few days ago and I am more than pleased with it. Many of the items of news were about Indians that I knew personally, as I spent two years among the Cheyennes.

The Hopi Indians among whom I labor now, are very much different in every way from the Cheyennes. To begin with they have always cultivated the soil and raised corn and melons, sometimes going on foot five miles or more to their fields. If the Indians of Oklahoma could see these people bringing in corn, melons, squashes, onions, beans, and chili from their fields and gardens in this desert land, they would be inspired to go to work and plant great fields of corn and vegetables on their fertile allotments.

How well, too, have they known the distress of a famine for there are sometimes years when there is no rainfall; so they are always prepared for another siege. Their store rooms have an abundance of corn, dried corn, beans and other dried vegetables, and sometimes piki (a Hopi bread) is stored away in the walls of their kivas (underground club rooms.) When the white people first helped them when their crops were short, they were afraid to eat the things that were given to them. They thought if they ate bacon they would have whiskers like the hair on a pig. When they first cooked rice they filled a kettle with it, and when it swelled up and run over on the stove, they scraped it up and threw it out and some were afraid to eat it for fear they would swell up and die. They would not drink the first coffee they saw for fear it was the white man's black drink and would

make their heads crazy. They are very fond of the three articles I have named, and use them whenever they are so fortunate as to get them, and some of them are even wondering why the white man will not let them have the black drink. As yet there are no Hopi men who drink, but I fear the time will come when they will get it. They are afraid of it yet but some of them are talking about it.

A few of them have found joy in believing the gospel, but we have no church organization yet.

We are struggling to keep the old Hopi road out of the "Jesus Road," and I rejoiced greatly when one of the Christian men said: "I am sure now that the old road the Hopi people are following is all a lie; there is only one right road, and that is 'Jesus Road.'"

The last year has been a testing time for those who want to follow Jesus, and some bravely stood the test; while others whom I know to be in earnest, fell into temptation and took part in the old ceremonies which are so numerous in this tribe.

How we need the prayers of Christians everywhere for this difficult work!

ABIGAIL E. JOHNSON.

Good Advice to Oklahoma Indians.

Several months ago THE INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL contained a short article entitled "Oklahoma Indians Pay Big Usury." It was there stated that some Cheyennes and Arapahoes had paid at the rate of 1200 per cent interest on short time loans. This is thievery pure and simple, and the man who is guilty of committing such a deed is worse than the unfortunate who is prosecuted for petty larceny. You Indians ought to tell one another of cases of this description, and boycott these law breakers. I am not saying this to teach you Indians to do wrong. You ought to pay your debts to bankers, merchants, and everybody else. But when a man loans you a sum of money and gets you to sign a paper which you do not understand, and in which he says one thing, and the paper says another—he is a crook. When you go to borrow money take some educated Indian who is your friend, or some tried and trusted white friend, who will see that you get justice. But don't borrow at all unless you are obliged to. The Bible says: "The borrower is servant to the lender."—The Indian Outlook, Darlington, Okla.

In and Out of the Service

Ripples From Round Valley, California.

The girls bring in wild flowers every day. The Manzanita has been in bloom two weeks and the valley throbs with bird-song and the thousand-throated insect life, all saying, "Spring is here."

Mrs. Ledger, boys' matron, is quite proud of her boys—they have new waists.

Mrs. E. Robinson, our bright little "cookie" had an attack of heart trouble last week and she says it was not the kind she had when she was a girl, either.

Ben Mathers, our stable man, just more'n helped in raising the flag-pole last week. We 'xpect because it was in front of the girls' building.

Matron Florence Monroe is fast getting the sitting room for Co. A. girls in order. Window seats, cozy corners, couches and pretty pillows—Oh, my!

Our genial gardener invited the afternoon session of advanced students, with their teacher, out to get an object lesson in transplanting asparagus.

Our new commissary building is nearly completed and will make five buildings on the north side of the campus. They all look "mighty fittin'" to visitors.

Mr. Perry, our industrial teacher, has the lawns and flower beds in ship-shape; the rose bushes are all trimmed and new trees set out, making the place pleasant to look at.

The industrial night classes are in full swing—rugs and pillow making in Miss Monroe's, fancy work in Mrs. Tuttle's and "nighties" in Mrs. Wolf's class.

Mrs. Johnson's program, "George Washington's party under the direction of Uncle Sam," February 22, was a great success. Caleb Lew, as Uncle Sam, read off the numbers to be presented. He sat on a flag-draped seat with his old crony "John Bull" and their side-play was very laughable, while their dance at the end of the first part of the program was funny in the extreme. The second part was under the direction of Miss Myrtle Beam and was well received; the tableaux being very fine. A class of boys and girls recited Kipling's "Recessional" in concert, which was heartily applauded. The first tableau was: "Our country," Uncle Sam, (Caleb

Lew); "Our Army," Washington, (Eben Dorman); "Our Cousin," John Bull, (Don Fullwider); "Our Negro," Aunt Dinah, (Ada Brown); Red Cross Nurse, (Frances Parker); Colonial Dame, Mollie Stark, (Miss Lucinda Smith); "Peace," (Marcades Moran). Second tableau: Class of small girls as Colonial Dames enjoying "A Boston Tea Party." Third: Betsy Ross making a flag under direction of Uncle Sam. Fourth: Uncle Sam and Columbia were the hit of the evening—Uncle Sam holding staff of flag, Columbia grasping the colors in one hand leaning forward, shading her eyes with the other, was a beautiful picture. In an empire gown of red, white and blue, with her curly hair, Anita Pollard was a typical Columbia. Mrs. Parthenia Tuttle, our laundress, sang a solo, "Sunshine and Rain," in so pleasing a manner that she was sincerely applauded. A large crowd of town people enjoyed the entertainment and the dance which followed. Music by Miss Julia Donehue. 'OLF.

Sherman Institute's Ranch Details.

From the Sherman Bulletin.

The Sherman Institute ranch, located near the foothills on Magnolia Avenue, about four miles from the school proper, is one of the most popular branches of the institution. Especially the girls find it a happy change from the routine of institutional life.

Under Miss Little as teacher and matron, and Mrs. Haller as housekeeper, the girls' work at the ranch is practically that of the rancher's daughters, as they keep the home for the ranch detail of boys.

The housework consists in caring for the rooms and clothing and preparing and serving appetizing meals in family style. Each girl has the entire care of a table throughout the week, planning, preparing and serving the meals with the supervision of the housekeeper.

In connection with the housework the girls gather the vegetables for the tables; plant and cultivate a kitchen garden and flower gardens; they have charge of a small poultry yard, setting the hens and caring for the young fowls; they feed a few pigs; milk a few cows; look after the milk and cream, and churn the butter.

Besides the domestic tasks the girls have advantage of a literary institution which enables them to keep up with their classes while at the ranch. The school system is

so arranged that they attend school on alternate days instead of the half day as practiced at the institute.

The girls at the ranch are evidently securing practical instruction in cookery, judging from the delicious samples sent to the superintendent a few days ago for inspection. Effie Sachowengsia, a Hopi, sent a peach pie; Gertrude Duro, Mission, a fine roll of butter; Iolo Sewensie, Hopi, cinnamon rolls; Maude Riley, Pueblo, a loaf of bread very light and sweet; Mary Carillo, Mission, a white cake, with orange filling. We are proud of the progress and interest our girls take in their industrial work at the farm. Work is what counts and the employees at the ranch, as well as the pupils, are imbued with this idea.

It is endeavored to make the work a pleasure and not drudgery, and to emphasize home life.

A recent dispatch from Muskogee, Indian Territory, says: The biggest bonus ever paid for an oil lease in the midcontinent field was paid here by George W. Barnes & Co. to Lena Glenn a three-year-old Indian girl. The child sold through the courts a fifteen-year lease on twenty acres of land for \$43,000, and in addition to the bonus she receives 10 per cent of all the oil produced.

The bidding for the lease was spirited and half a dozen companies stayed in until the \$20,000 was reached. The Producers' Oil Company stayed until \$42,000 was reached.

The land has not got an oil well on it, but is surrounded by wells that flow naturally from 1,000 to 1,500 barrels per day. The twenty acres joins the tract on which Bob Galbreath drilled the first well in the Glenn pool.

It has never been definitely determined just what was the greatest number of Indians in America when they were unmolested. Some authorities say that the number could not have exceeded a million, others assert that it could not have been more than 800,000, and still others contend that there were never more than 500,000. At the present time there are 284,000 members of the red race in the United States. There are Indians in 18 states and three territories, exclusive of Indian Territory. Nearly all the tribes are west of the Mississippi, in fact most of them are beyond the Missouri. There are 156 reservations in all. In the southwestern part of New York there are about 5,000 descendants

of the great warrior tribes living on eight reservations.

The Indians make a strong religious showing. They have 390 church buildings and a total membership of 40,000. Two Indian chiefs, who became converted to the Methodist faith, and who were later licensed to preach, were Ma-Nuncie and Between-the-Logs. Father Negahnquet is said to be the only living full-blood Indian who is a Roman Catholic priest. He studied in Rome, and upon his return to this country said mass in the big Catholic church at Oklahoma City. This was the first mass ever said by a full-blood Indian priest on American soil. He is now working among the people of his race in Oklahoma and Indian Territory. He attended Chilocco some years ago.

The Cherokees, who tracked De Soto's footsteps for many weary days while he was marching through the southern forests and swamps, and who later welcomed Oglethorpe to Georgia, are the most advanced Indians in civilization and the most eager for education, spending \$200,000 a year on their schools and colleges. The Chickasaws have five colleges with 400 students, maintained at a yearly cost of \$47,000. They also have 13 district schools, costing \$16,000. The Choctaws have 150 schools, in some of which the higher branches are taught. The Seminoles, one of the smaller tribes, have ten colleges and 65 common schools, with a total attendance of 2,500.

The Sherman Bulletin tells why that Indian school was named as it is, as follows: Sherman Institute was named in honor of Hon. James S. Sherman, Member of Congress from Utica, New York. Mr. Sherman is Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs and has been one of the staunchest and most practical friends the Indians of America ever had. He is also Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee. He visited this school about the time it was first opened and is in close touch with its work. The pupils of Sherman Institute have a mighty warm spot in their hearts for Mr. Sherman.

Six of our young men employees of Indian blood vote at all elections, local as well as national. They each cast a ballot in the Charter election on Friday.—Sherman Bulletin.

HOOPA VALLEY INDIANS.

The daily Humboldt Times, Eureka, California, prints the following about an interesting tribe of that state:

The Hoopa Indians probably are better endowed, physically and mentally, than any other Western tribe. They were the Romans of Northern California, levying tribute upon the Klamath and other conquered tribes. They occupy a beautiful valley on the lower part of the Trinity river, Humboldt county, surrounded by verdureclad hills, the river entering and leaving the valley through picturesque rocky gorges. To the west, between the valley and Redwood creek, is a mountain ridge about 4,000 feet high. To the east is a mountain wall about 1,500 feet high, while still farther away is Trinity summit, a horse-shoe shaped ridge about 6,200 feet high, a favorite summer camping place, but bleak and forbidding in winter with its fifteen or twenty feet of snow. On this ridge are the sources of three clear and sparkling creeks, which flow into the valley through almost impassable gorges, the water of the southern one dashing and tumbling down in a series of picturesque rapids and falls, perhaps suggesting the musical Indian rame rendered into English as Tish-tang-a-tang. Four good sized streams also enter this six-miles-long and one-mile-wide valley from the west, giving an abundance of pure mountain water for irrigating and domestic use, and providing congenial homes for the luscious, speckled trout.

The Hoopa Valley reservation is about 12 miles square, but comparatively little of it is suitable for agriculture or even for grazing, consisting as it does of steep and rugged mountain ridges, covered with forests of sugar pine, digger and yellow pine, cedar, fir (or Douglas spruce), oak of several varieties and madrona, with occasional specimens of yew, redwood, alder, willow, maple and cottonwood. Of shrubs there is a great variety, the most important to the Indians being the hazel, and the least desirable the hazel oak, which some people will try to make you believe is chewed by the Indian women and used to color their basket material.

The elk and the grizzly, plentiful in former days, are practically exterminated. Smaller bears, black and brown, are still plentiful in the rough country east of the valley. Mountain lions and bob-cats are occasionally seen. The small valley quail are quite plentiful, while ruffed grouse, pheasant and the larger

quail may be found in the mountains. Salmon, sturgeon and eel may be had for the catching in season, the former and the saw-haw or acorn soup, being a staple article of food for the older folks and an occasional much relished dish among the more progressive. If sunshine is scarce at home, go to Hoopa, where they are well supplied.

There is an undercurrent in the life of the Hoopa which escapes the notice of the casual observer, but which is of great interest to the student of ethnology. It manifests itself in many curious customs, religious observances and superstitions, many of which are described in Professor P. E. Goddard's interesting treatise on "Life and Culture of the Hoopa." Allotments of agricultural land have been made, and the Hoopa are now self-supporting. Farming and stockraising are the principle occupation. All wear citizen's clothing and many read and write. Several are blacksmiths and carpenters. They are generally peaceable, thrifty and equal to the average white man under similar conditions as far as honesty and sobriety is concerned. Their services are in good demand on the farms and ranches, as well as in the mills and lumber camps in the vicinity of the reservation. All in all, they are deserving of great credit and in time will no doubt take their places as honored and respected citizens—the original Native Sons of the Golden West.

A Few Prominent Indians.

One of the foremost Indians in public life today is Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanches, and a political power in the new state of Oklahoma. Chief Parker is a democrat, and there are many who say he will go to the senate from the newly admitted commonwealth. He was opposed to the union of Indian Territory with Oklahoma. Chief Parker's mother was a white woman, who was captured by the Indians when a girl and later became the wife of Quanah, a Comanche warrior, father of the present Quanah. In the list of prominent Indians of today also might be included Dr. Charles Eastman, prominent writer and a Sioux; Dr. Carlos Montezuma, practicing Chicago physician, and an Apache; Frances LaFlesche, an Omaha Indian, now a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a government employee; Honore Jackson, a successful lawyer in Chicago; Miss Angel DeCora, a Winnebago, an artist who has met with success in illustrating Indian life, and Miss Zitkala Sa, Yankton Sioux, a magazine writer of some note.

This Wide, Wide World

Pen Pictures of Places, Persons and Populace

LARGEST AMERICAN PRISON.

"The city of crime," Mr. Thomas Speed Mosby, pardon attorney to Governor Folk, calls the Missouri state prison, in an article in the *North American Review*, which will confirm many theories of the criminologists, but must be read in the light of the fact that the statistics exhibited were gathered during a period of great industrial prosperity,

At no time during the last twelve years have there been less than 2,000 convicts in the Missouri state prison, and from 800 to 1,000 are received every year. This great number of prisoners, which makes the penal institution at Jefferson City the largest of its kind in the United States, is explained by the fact that, unlike most of the populous states, Missouri has only one penitentiary. It is a rich field for the study of criminology, but the influence of heredity did not enter into Mr. Mosby's investigations; and his method is statistical rather than scientific.

The theory so tenaciously held by prohibitionists that the traffic in rum is responsible for a very large proportion of crime is not borne out by the records at the Missouri state prison. Of 1,794 convicts received for a recent two-year period, 8.52, or nearly one-half, had led temperate lives. Religion, it seems, was slightly more of a deterrent than education, for 73.5 per cent of those two-year convicts had received a fair degree of education and 71 per cent of them professed belief in religion and belonged originally to nine denominations. Of the 1,794 prisoners 1,689 were native born Americans and 105 were foreign born; and of the Americans 819 were born in Missouri. There were only eighty female prisoners, and fifty-three of them were negroes. Nearly one-third of the male prisoners, or 523, were negroes. The percentage of illiteracy among the convicts was 26.5, which was four times as great as the average percentage of illiteracy among the noncriminal population of Missouri.

HONESTY IN ADVERTISING.

That advertising pays is a fact now generally recognized, but it is still an open question whether truthful advertisements produce results equal to those of announcements which, if not quite deceitful, are nevertheless obvi-

ous exaggerations. The first exponent of paid-for publicity on a large scale was a famous manager of circuses to whom was accredited the cynical observation that "the American people love to be humbugged." It is a significant fact, however, that the practice of that able showman did not conform to his precept, and that the continuance of his success was really due to the excellence of his productions. Doubtless, he was as well aware of this truth as anybody else, and merely chuckled over the additional advertising obtained at no cost, through a witty observation that could not fail to appeal to the American sense of humor. Second only to the showman in using what seemed to be a daring innovation was the publisher of a story paper, who, also, always gave more than he promised.

Not a few ambitious emulators of these pioneers mistook the true cause of their successes and endeavored to achieve similar benefits by mere pronouncements, without regard to accuracy. But it did not take long, for merchants especially, to discover that lasting gain could not be obtained in this manner, and year by year they have become more heedful of the injunction, that, irrespective of its inherent merit, honesty is the best policy.—*North American Review*.

ORIGIN OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

Quite recently there has been more or less discussion as to the origin of the postage stamp.

Perhaps the most authentic story is that which comes from the Post-Office Department at Washington.

It appears that about sixty-five years ago Rowland Hill was traveling through one of the northern districts of England, and for a time was sojourning at an inn where the postman came with a letter for a young daughter of the innkeeper. The young miss turned the letter over and over in her hand, and after examining the envelope minutely, inquired the price of the postage, which was a shilling. She sighed sadly and returned the letter to the postman, saying that it was from her brother, but that she had no money.

Mr. Hill was an onlooker, and touched with pity. He paid the postage, and his action seemed to embarrass the girl. When the postman had gone she stated to Mr. Hill that some signs marked on the envelope conveyed to her all she wanted to know, and that as a fact there was no writing enclosed. In ex-

tenation she said that she and her brother had contrived a code system of communicating, as neither of them were able to pay post charges.

Mr. Hill thought of the results of a system which made such frauds possible. Before another day he had planned a postal system upon the present basis.—Harper's Weekly.

THE KAISER AT HOME.

The Emperor of Germany is an indulgent husband, but a rather severe father. He believes in a soldierly training for his boys, such as he himself had. He makes an exception in the case of his only daughter, whom he affectionately styles his "Nesthakchen" (a term popularly employed in Germany for the last-born), and who habitually takes liberties with the dread war lord which his own wife would shrink from. She is a very engaging little person, this Victoria Louise, and even in the presence of company this dainty puss has been seen to pull her father's mustache and dandle herself on his knee in the most brazen manner.

Though usually dictatorial and rather gruff with his sons, the Kaiser is by no means lacking in affection for them. Once, when the Kaiser had won a trophy—namely, a silver tankard filled with three-mark pieces—at a sharpshooters' contest, where he had been the guest of honor, he turned to his aid-de-camp, telling him to take care of the prize, but put the money loosely into his trousers, saying: "That's pocket money for the boys." Very often when a guest at banquets, he will stuff his coat-tail pockets with sweetmeats from the dessert, to make a like use of them.—Lippincott's.

CHINESE EMPRESS AT CLOSE RANGE.

The Chinese Empress is a trifle under the average height of European ladies, yet so perfect are her proportions and so graceful her carriage that she seems to need nothing to add to her majesty. Her features are vivacious and pleasing rather than beautiful. Her complexion is not yellow, but sub-olive; and her face is illuminated by orbs of jet half hidden by the dark lashes, behind which lurk the smile of favor or the lightning of her anger. No one would take her to be more than 40 years old.

She carries a tablet on which, even during a conversation, she jots memoranda. Her pencil is the support of her scepter. With

it she sends out her autograph commands, and with it she inscribes those pictured characters which are worn as the proudest decorations of her ministers. I have seen them in gold frames in the hall of a Viceroy.

The elegance of her culture excites sincere admiration in a country where women are illiterate, and the breadth of her understanding is such as to take in all details of government. She chooses her agents with wise judgment, and shifts them from pillar to post so that they may not forget their dependence on her will. Without a parallel in her own country, she is sometimes compared with Catharine II, of Russia. She has the advantage in the decency of her private life.—World's Work.

WOMEN MUST LIKE TO WORK.

The increase in the number of women in the trade and industry of America is alarming. Out of 305 "gainful occupations" enumerated by the Census of the United States, there are only eight in which women do not appear. From four out of these eight occupations women are excluded by law. At the present time there are over 6,000,000 women at work in various trades and occupations in the United States. In 1900, of every five American women over 10 years of age, there was one who was going outside of her family duties and who was taking part in the gainful work of the working world. At that time there were forty women civil engineers, thirty women mechanical and electrical engineers and three women mining engineers, besides fourteen women veterinary surgeons.—Technical World.

MAKING FLAGS FOR THE NAVY.

Little known to the outside world, there is, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a picturesque and interesting department in which many skilled needlewomen are kept constantly at work—namely, the flagmaking establishment. To supply the hundreds of vessels, ranging from the great battleships down to the tiny launches, with their prescribed quota of bunting, requires the constant manufacture of many thousands of flags. To cut out, sew and complete these, Uncle Sam maintains an extensive plant going at full blast all the year round, and employing nearly half a hundred skilled needlewomen and a few men. This department costs the Government \$60,000 a year, the largest proportion of that amount being for materials. Each ship in the navy has to have 250 flags, and they receive a complete new set every three years.—Technical World.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION—RED AND WHITE.

Oraibi, Arizona,
March 17, 1907.

Editor of the JOURNAL:

I chanced to see in your JOURNAL of February, 1907, an article on Oraibi and the Hopi, called "Pen and Camera in Tusayan," and was astonished at the remarks of the author concerning us.

In the first place, if the author would look up the history of the country he would find that Coronado did not conquer or discover and never even saw Oraibi! The next remarkable statement is that "meals are eaten at all hours of the day, babies and adults, chickens, dogs and cats eating from the same dish."

I would ask in what Hopi house did the author see men and beasts eating together? And we eat three times a day, as other people do; and again: where did he see the horse and burro meat? Again, he says "most of the houses are indescribably filthy." I know that many of the houses are far from clean and the older ones are small and close, but very few, if any, are "indescribably filthy." I would advise the author to make his next trip through the poor parts of some of the large towns of "the noble white man" then write an article on indescribable filth.

Next we come to the Hopi marriage, and this is worse than all. First, "the girl's people sometimes have to pay for her husband." This is most interesting information. Did the author, having failed to find a market elsewhere, come to Oraibi in the hopes that some Hopi girl would buy him? We are pained at his disappointment and hope that should he make us another visit he will have a notice on his back stating his price, we will then do all we could to help him and will notify the town crier.

Again, I find that "it is not uncommon to see a Hopi girl of thirteen years carrying a child of her own birth," and yet there is not a mother in Oraibi nearly as young as thirteen. And to conclude, "sometimes a man will have two wives." There is no such practice as this among the Hopis and never has been.

We have a civilization of our own perhaps much older than that of the white man, and perhaps the oldest in the world, and if circumstances over which we have no control, have reduced us to poverty, we think that the Americans should show us some consider-

ation and such statements as those in your article are very much the cause of strong prejudice, which we feel you all have against us.

Should my remarks appear bitter you must excuse them on the ground that so much of this has been done to us and we have had no voice to defend us.

Yours faithfully,
F. CHUAHUIA.

Albuquerque, N. M.,
March 19, 1907.

Dear Mr. Miller:

I want to express my congratulations on your article on the Hopis, which I have just found time to read. It is certainly the best description of these people and their customs that I have ever seen.

Sincerely yours,
J. W. REYNOLDS.

Room 5, Cromwell Bldg.

The Osage Rolls.

There are 2,185 Osages who participated in the last payment. This is sixty-seven more than participated in the December payment. This increase is not, however, accounted for by births, as thirty-three are re-instatements which had been reported dead and dropped from the rolls at former payments according to the old custom. The reinstatements were made upon the opinion of the attorney general in holding that the names of all members of the tribe as constituted on the first day of January, 1906, and all children born to persons on said roll should constitute the final roll of Osages. The births during the last quarter were thirty-four.—Osage Journal.

Names of The Different Tribes.

The following names of different tribes and the corresponding Osage name have been furnished by Thos. Mosier.

Osage—Wah-shah-sha.

Kaw—Kon-sah.

Creek—Mus-ko-keh.

Cherokee—Shah-lah-kee.

Delaware—Wah-pah-ne-que.

Sac & Fox—Sah-ke-woo.

Pottowattomie—Wah-ho-ah-hah.

Caddo—He-shaw.

Comanche—Pah-to-kah.

Sioux—Pah-pah-wah-hou.

Quapaw—Oh-kah-pah.

Winnebago—Hoo-ton-gah.

Otoe—Wah-sho-cla.—Osage Journal.

Lolami in Tusayan Indian Boyhood and Others



INTELLIGENT people like to read good books. The time to enjoy an interesting story is in the evening after the day's work is over and your mind is in that condition to fully absorb what you read. Are you a reader? Do you enjoy good books? If you do you will be interested to know that THE INDIAN PRINT SHOP has for distribution a limited number of very good volumes describing Indian Handicraft, Indian Life, etc. People who have read Dr. Eastman's *Indian Boyhood*, Clara Kern Bayliss' *Lolami in Tusayan*, pronounce them not only interesting, but instructive. *The White Canoe* is equally good. Read the list below and write us to forward what you would like

Lolami in Tusayan,.....	regular price, 50c; our price, 35c
Lolami, the Cliff Dweller,.....	regular price, 50c; our price, 35c
The White Canoe,.....	regular price, \$1.00; our price, 60c
Indian Boyhood,.....	regular price, \$1.60; our price, \$1.25
How to Make Baskets,.....	regular price, \$1.00; our price, 75c
More Baskets and How to Make Them,.....	\$1.00; our price, 75c
The Plea of Our Brown Brother, and Ke-wa-kun-ah, <i>written by Frances Densmore and done into book form by the Indian Print Shop</i>	35c

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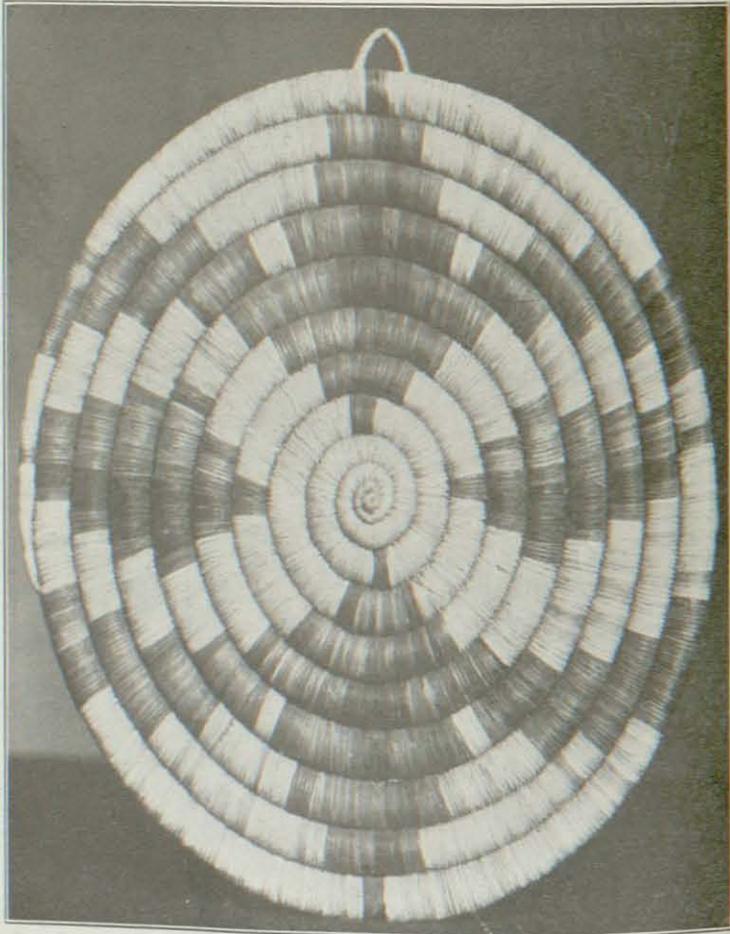
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