

MISSING PAGE

"CHECKERBOARD GRADES"

and within the year by class or grade level.
from primary grades through vocational school
and general rating in department and academies.
See microfilm publication TRA-123.

is necessary for
record was made in New
whose primary

MISSING
Page

CASE FILES

by surname of student
bound records relating to individuals pupils
recommendations, physicians' certificates, attendance
and correspondence relating to travel, vacation, non-attendance
Information usually includes date of birth, names of parents, religious
preference, degree of Indian blood, and tribe. Some files also include
and newspaper clippings. Information about many students was
collected and filed with records current in 1912. No earlier case files
files are restricted for privacy reasons for children born after
Freedom of Information Act (5 USC 552).

A-25-030-1-1

FORMER STUDENTS

of boys or girls and arranged alphabetically by surname of the former
of former Choctaw students. The information given on most cards
tribe, degree of Indian blood, age, sex, and the date that the student
school. Some of the cards only give information about the address of a

THE STORY OF HIAWATHA

THIS very pretty and interesting Indian story, as produced by the students of the Chilocco Indian School, bordered on the artistic to the extent that it was favorably commented upon by the literary folk of this and other countries.



The poem, as produced at Chilocco, has been printed in book form by the printing department of the school. It is on deckle-edge rough stock, gotten up in a very attractive manner, embellished with characteristic illustrations. This booklet we are willing to mail to any particular address upon the receipt of ten cents in stamps. Address all orders, with your stamps, to

The Indian Print Shop,

U. S. Indian School, Chilocco, Okla.

E. KIRKPATRICK,

FURNITURE, WINDOW SHADES, CARPETS, QUEENSWARE, STOVES.

Undertaking a Specialty.

Easy Payments.

ARKANSAS CITY - - KANSAS.

GEORGE O. ALLEN,

Wall Paper, Painting,
Signs.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

J. S. YOUNKIN

Has Best Values in

FOOTWEAR

Arkansas City, Kansas.

EAGLE JEWELRY CO.,

(Successors to EAGLE LOAN CO.)

Carry a Full Line of

Jewelry, Watches, Diamonds, Etc.

210 South Summit St.,

ARKANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

CALL AND SEE US!

BUNKER AND FRETZ

The Up-to-date Druggists

915 South Summit St., Arkansas City, Kansas.

A. H. FITCH,

**Everything in Music and Sewing
Machines.**

325 S. Summit Street,

ARKANSAS CITY, - KANSAS.



PLAIN BUILDINGS AT THE CHILOCCO SCHOOL—HOME FOUR, DORMITORY FOR THREE COMPANIES OF STUDENTS.



EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The Rubber Plant Industry. It will be recalled that a year or so ago the wires flashed the news over the country of the discovery of a rubber plant on the western deserts. THE JOURNAL soon felt the effects of this, from the fact that the immediate utilization of the plant was attempted, nurseries started, and capital quite liberally enticed into the new enterprise, resulting in the employment at extravagant prices of Indian laborers, who found the new business more lucrative than making blankets and Indian curios. A letter from one of our correspondents at the time said: "The rubber people have swooped down upon us and set about to buy anywhere from 100 to 500 tons of the plant, and have made us buying agents, so we are working to the limit and overtime to get it out. . . . I note what you say about the small and medium sized blankets, and will send all I can possibly spare to you this week, but with this new industry cropping up, there will be no more made this year, so I'll have to do the best I can by you and let it go at that." This same writer now says, under date of Crystal, New Mexico, October 11, 1908: "I have yours of the 5th inst. The rubber weed industry was a complete failure, not only in the Navajo country, but in the Southern Colorado district as well. The promoters have given up entirely and quit the country. The weed said to have carried it is here and in abundance, but its availability as a source of rubber supply seems to be another matter." The blanket business may be resumed.

"Jobo"—A Nature Sketch. In the last JOURNAL was an article entitled "Jobo, a Nature Sketch," which we appropriate from *Sturms*—an excellent magazine published in Oklahoma City, Okla. By some accident we have lost the name of the author of this most excellent and rare contribution to recent literature. Our readers will be delighted if they will read and study "Jobo's" experiences.

A Look Forward. The resumption, recently, after the summer vacation, by THE INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL of its old form was greeted with pleasure, not alone by the officials of the Indian department, who permit the publication of the agency and school service changes in its columns, but by service readers and friends of the Indian generally. It is looked upon as standard authority on Indian affairs by its numerous constituency, and hopes in the future even more than it has in the past to deserve this confidence. Its contributors are among the foremost workers in the Indian service, whose practical thoughts are invaluable, and whose utterances are always welcomed to our columns. Typographically THE INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL speaks for itself. Its high class work is the product of Indian education along mechanical lines, and

it stands unsurpassed by any journal of its class in this or any other country. Our ambition will be to keep it at the front, allowing no competitor to surpass it in either form or substance.

Do Indians Steal? Rev. D. A. Sanford had a paper in the last issue entitled "Do Indians Steal?" His supreme test is the amusing watermelon—amusing, because people generally do not consider it a very grievous sin to appropriate the luscious melon without leave or license. But why differentiate between Indians and white men? There are no more thieves among one class than another. And is not mention suggestive and an incentive? Let these race, color, and sectional distinctions die. If allowed to do so one part of the Indian problem will be solved.



A SUGGESTION FOR TEACHERS.

The attention of teachers of Indian children is directed to an article in this JOURNAL under the heading "*'Skinny,' the Officer.*" It has been wisely said that when a child's anger has been aroused it is not well to try by force to break its will. The right thing to do is to change the current of the child's thought by kindly suggestion. Then when fully recovered—it may be hours afterward—refer to the offense and teach its folly and injury. The mind has been reenthroned and is in condition to receive instruction. The story to which special attention is directed is not fancy but a fact. Along the same line, is the experience of an instructor here at Chilocco. All know the "Major." He was once called upon to go to the slums in Chicago to assist in starting what is now called "The Forward Movement" in that city. His services as drillmaster were to be utilized among the boys. A learned Doctor of Divinity who lived in Evanston was the originator of the movement. The Doctor and the Major agreed upon plans, as follows: The basement of a large saloon on south Halsted street near Blue Island avenue was secured from the landlord, until suitable quarters could be rented, or bought. The Doctor had had the place cleaned out and at night the Major found him all alone, cutting up candles to light the place. These were placed upon improvised brackets along the seventy by fifty feet of wall. There were no seats—absolutely nothing but floor, walls and a low ceiling. Steps led down to the room from the sidewalk. After the candles had been lighted the Doctor said, "Well, how about the boys?" The couple went to the sidewalk and told every boy that passed that a boy's military company was to be organized down stairs, and each was invited to join. That first night twenty-five street Arabs were induced to stand in line and be instructed in the "School of the Soldier." There was much enthusiasm. The announcement was made at about 9 of the clock that they would drill again the next night. Whoop, la! How they did shout to the street! The next night seventy-five boys put in an appearance, besides three little girls, one of whom was a cripple. The neighborhood was astonished. It was a disorderly assemblage when "attention!" was called. But silence and order were soon secured. Again at 9 o'clock the announcement was made of a drill the following night. In the meantime the Major called two or three military friends to his assistance. Promptly, when the door was opened, over

125 little toughs swarmed into that basement, besides a number of young girls who wanted to be "Soldiers."

The Major noticed in the mob about a dozen young fellows, of from 16 to 19 years of age with sticks about as long as lath. He saw at once there was going to be trouble; that this gang had come down to "clean out the Shebang!" as was afterward told him. "Police," was the first thought. No, force was not the best thing. "Change the current of their thought." Lucky inspiration: "You fellows there, with sticks! Come over here. I want ten boys with swords!" They came, and after a confidential talk, each was appointed captain of ten to fifteen boys. The line was formed, and the captains placed in front of their respective commands. Never was better order maintained in assemblage. They forgot all about "cleaning out the shebang" in their effort to keep the lines straight and the boys in step! At the end of the drill, the "captains" were specially thanked for their services, and at the suggestion of the Doctor, whose lungs could not stand the tobacco smoke, it was voted unanimously that hereafter no smoking in the hall should be practiced!

The next night found the basement locked with a howling mob in the street. The saloon keeper up stairs had rented the basement from the landlord to get away with "the forward movement." But it lives to this day, and is one of the most cherished institutions of the City of Chicago, having grown to large proportions, with suitable buildings, and lands in Michigan, to which are carried hundreds of children from the congested districts each summer, enabling them to see grass, and animals, and wide open spaces, called fields. The Doctor still heads the "movement." Let teachers read "'Skinny,' the Officer."



"SKINNY," THE OFFICER.

From the Youths' Instructor.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, boasts the only boy police force in the country. There are twenty-five boys in this police force, every one wearing a star, and every one authorized to make arrests, if necessary. Moreover, it is considered such an honor to become a boy policeman that the street boys try to keep a clear record throughout the year. Two or three bad marks against them at the police station mean the forfeiture of the coveted privilege of being appointed a policeman another year.

This unique police force has been in existence for several years, and was the result of much thought on the part of the

chief of police of that city, who was in despair at the holiday pranks of the urchins of Council Bluffs.

There was no juvenile court in the city at that time. There were several organized gangs of "tough kids," who delighted in their frequent arrests by the policemen. The police court was the only means of quelling the youthful spirits of these gangs and the chief had been much disturbed at the frequent appearance in court of a number of tough street boys.

When, one day, the worst of the leaders of these gangs was brought into police court, the chief eyed him dubiously. He had been an old offender, and the judge

and the chief wondered what was to be done with him.

The chief took the boy into his own office. It was the day before Hallowe'en, and he knew from dread experience that much mischief and some lasting harm were to be expected from the special gang of which this boy was the proud and acknowledged head. As the chief pondered the matter, he caught the gleam of admiration in the boy's eyes at the flash of the police star on his breast. The glance sent a hopeful thought to the chief. Scolding and threats did the boy no good, nor did the police fines or other punishment. His parents took no interest in the training of the boy, and yet the chief fancied there was much good in him.

"How would you like to be a policeman?" asked the chief slowly, rubbing his cheek reflectively with a brawny hand.

The boy grinned cheerfully at the suggestion.

"Yep," he remarked, briefly. "Goin' ter be when I git big."

"I'd like to have your advice on a plan I've been thinking of for some time," went on the chief, confidentially.

The boy straightened in his chair, fascinated at the thought of being taken into the confidence of the chief.

"Now, we've always had a lot of trouble with some of the boys on holiday nights here," said the chief, "and it seems to me than you have a lot of influence with that crowd of yours, so I have been thinking of appointing you a special policeman for to-morrow night to see that there is no harmful mischief allowed on your street. What do you think?"

The boy's eyes grew larger and rounder. For the first time in his life, speech failed him. His customary language did not seem to fit the case at all. "Gee!"

he stammered, as his mind slowly grasped what it all meant. "Would I have a star, jis' like the big fellers?"

"You would wear a star like the other policemen," said the chief, gravely. "You would be a specially appointed policeman, to serve without pay, of course; but fully authorized to preserve the peace and to make arrests, if necessary."

Accustomed as he was to the language of the police court-room, the boy listened breathlessly to these words. Pride swelled deep in his bosom. He rose importantly while the chief fastened on the star, the sign and signal of his authority.

There was a long, confidential talk with his chief before he strode sturdily out of the door, and he squared his shoulders manfully as he left, for a duly detailed policeman must do his duty.

Within the hour, the youthful special officer returned to the police station. He was accompanied by a barefooted and struggling lad, who struck out fruitlessly at his captor. An angry exclamation by the prisoner was ruthlessly choked by the flushed and perspiring officer.

"Cut that out," he ordered, grimly. "No back talk goes here; see?"

The policemen loitering in the station eyed them with much amusement. But the special officer insisted upon conveying his struggling prisoner straight to the chief.

He saluted gravely as he entered the office and displayed his capture.

"Pinched him stealin' a gate, chief," he announced in the street slang which was the only language he knew. "I tole him it didn't go; see? I showed me star; but he run out his tongue, and said no kid dast to pinch him. So I showed him; see? Ain't I gotter right to pinch any kid what's vierlatin' the law, chief,—hey?"

The chief patiently explained to the amazed prisoner that the boy officer had every right to arrest violators of the law, and was acting under orders from the chief in so doing. The eyes of the prisoner rolled startingly, and he wiped his forehead on his shiny shirt-sleeve reflectively.

"I wanter to be one, too, chief," he begged; "I kin help to keep de kids straight, as good as Skinny, here. Go on, lemme be one, too."

His suggestion met with approval, and Skinny and his friend went out of the police station beaming with their new importance. The news flew briskly, and within an hour the police station was crowded with beseeching boys, anxious for a job on the force.

The chief rose to the occasion, and then and there conceived the plan of forming a squad of boy officers. He knew many of the boys and their records. With much care, he chose twenty-five of them, and duly fastened on their stars, making something of a ceremony of the matter. He impressed upon them that it was a serious thing, and that they were to be specially appointed policemen to assist in guarding the city, and to preserve the peace and fair fame of Council Bluffs on the many holidays of the year.

They listened gravely and marched out as decorously as the regular force, breaking ranks only when they had reached the main street of the town, and had turned to their own special beats. Although the policemen and business men smiled indulgently at the plan, they were amazed when the holiday passed, and it was found that the street boys had made positively no disturbance requiring the police or angry neighbors to settle.

Once a year these policemen are chosen. Any boy whose record for the preceding twelve months has not been exactly to his

credit, is promptly scratched off the list.

As a result, there are now many well-behaved boys in the city, who take a real pride in keeping order, and who consider it the honor of the year to be members of the boy police force.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE INDIANS.

In a letter to Edward S. Curtis, President Theodore Roosevelt commends his work in the following language. We reproduce it, not as an advertisement for Mr. Curtis, for his work is patriotic and speaks for itself, but to give a sidelight on the President's idea of Indians in general and the necessity of preserving a record of them as a race:

"I regard the work you have done as one of the most valuable works any American could now do. Your photographs stand by themselves, both in their wonderful artistic merit and in their value as historical documents. I know of no others which begin to approach them in either respect. You are now making a record of the lives of the Indians of our country, which in another decade cannot be made at all, and which it would be the greatest misfortune, from the standpoint alike of the ethnologist and the historian, to leave unmade. You have begun just in time, for these people are at this very moment rapidly losing the distinctive traits and customs which they have slowly developed through the ages. The Indian, as an Indian, is on the point of perishing, and when he has become a United States citizen, though it will be a much better thing for him and for the rest of the country, he will lose completely his value as a living historical document. You are doing a service which is much as if you were able suddenly to reproduce in their minute details the lives of the men who lived in Europe in the unpolished stone period. The publication of the proposed volumes and folios, dealing with every phase of Indian life among all tribes yet in a primitive condition, would be a monument to American constructive scholarship and research of a value unparalleled.

"Wishing you all success, I am,

"Sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

WHITERIVER (ARIZ.) ITEMS.

The average attendance for Fort Apache Indian school for September was 183—104 boys and 79 girls. The Canon day school has 42 pupils and the Cibecue day 47. Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Scott will soon be ready for the pupils at the new school on East Fork.

Saturday, Oct. 10, was parents' visiting day at Whiteriver. There was a large number of parents present, many coming 30 to 50 miles to see their children here at school.

W. A. Lee, industrial teacher, and the farm boys, raised an excellent garden this year. More than 400 bushels of potatoes were raised on one acre—700 bushels on less than two acres. The garden was irrigated and all kinds of vegetables were grown.

Supt. C. W. Crause began work on the new school building Oct. 6. More and better accommodations are badly needed here. The new building will be 93 feet long and 77 feet wide, with a large basement. There will be three school rooms and a large assembly hall to seat 300 people. All the carpenter work will be done by G. N. Quinn and the carpenter boys who have learned their trade at this school.

A good corn crop is reported from every part of White Mountain Reservation this year.

The White Mountain Apaches sold a large number of horses to eastern buyers this year.

Teach People to Help Themselves.

From "Pointers," of Kanas City, Mo.

Geo W. Bent, a Cheyenne Indian, writes in a recent issue of the Chilocco Indian School Journal: "Education is the setting free of powers of the individual and its development guided and controlled. Why has not the

Indian race risen as has the Anglo-Saxon? Because the individuals composing it have depended upon external energies alone to develop them. They were ignorant of the great law underlying physical and mental development, the law of self-activity. Their only salvation lies in education gained by their own energetic efforts. We who to-day enjoy the benefits of education and advantages of which our fore fathers were deprived, by exerting ourselves may serve as the instruments through which our race may emerge from dependence into independence; from a supported nation into a self-supporting one."

This is exactly the idea advanced by Chas. Zueblin, professor of sociology in his lecture on "Labor." While giving due credit to the men and women who are establishing libraries, free baths, rest rooms, pleasant lunch rooms, and even profit sharing in business, he says the real advances must originate and be worked out by the common people themselves. All these other agencies help, but can not permanently advance a nation in the scale of civilization. The Professor said we could find an educated, refined and cultured class in Russia, Spain, and many of the half civilized countries; there was not much difference between the gentleman of ancient Rome and the English gentleman of to-day, but a nation rises in the social scale just as the people advance, and the United States ranks higher among nations because the masses here rank higher. The great problem is to get people to help themselves. Perhaps the greatest new agency along that line is selling homes on the installment plan—selfish in itself, but beneficial in the results.

No man ever lost any time by putting a curb on his temper.

THE LAKE MOHONK CONFERENCE.

IN DUE SEASON THE JOURNAL received a tentative program of the "Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian and Other Dependent Peoples," together with some papers which, though not relating directly to Indian affairs were so close akin that we may refer to them hereafter. We must be content now to only reproduce the opening address of the President of the Conference, Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, U. S. Commissioner of Education, whose sentiments we cordially endorse, and the Platform, with some minor extracts from the earlier addresses.

The program included:

First day, Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1908. Topic, "Indian Affairs."

First session, 10 A. M. Opening address of the presiding officer.

Remarks of Hon. Francis E. Leupp, United States Commissioner of Indian affairs.

Presentation of Indian affairs in the field under personal direction of Commissioner Leupp.

By Miss Anna C. Egan, Supt. Ft. Yuma Indian School, Yuma, Arizona.

Miss Josephine Foard, Field Matron, United States Indian Service, Laguna, New Mexico.

Mrs. H. J. Johnson, wife of Superintendent of Round Valley Agency, Covelo, Cal.

Mrs. Elsie E. Newton, Special Indian Agent, Washington, D. C.

Miss Clara D. True, Superintendent Potrero Indian School, Banning, Cal.

Mr. Moses Friedman, Superintendent Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

Mr. George B. Hagggett, Superintendent Western Shoshone School, Owyhee, Nev.

Mr. H. H. Johnson, Superintendent Puyallup Indian School, Tacoma, Wash.

Mr. W. C. Kohlenberg, Superintendent Sac and Fox Agency, Okla.

Mr. R. G. Valentine, Supervisor of Indian Schools.

Second session, 8 P. M. Address of Rev. W. R. Johnston, Tolchaco, Ariz., Missionary to the Navajo Indians.

Address of Rev. Dr. George L. Spining, Long Beach, California.

The second day's session was devoted to the Philippines.

It is our purpose to reproduce the addresses of all who spoke on Indian affairs as soon as we can secure complete copies.

Opening address of the presiding officer, Hon. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education at the Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian and other Dependent Peoples. Wednesday Morning, October 21st, 1908

I shall say only two things and say them in the fewest words. The first is, that the white man's burden means, in the broad and large, education; and the second is that to educate a dependent people in reality is to learn how better to educate our own people.

Years ago, one very severe winter, when Mr. Moody was trying to lead men to a better life through meetings in Chicago, many bitter words were spoken about the wrong-headedness of trying to bring men to salvation when what they needed on the spot was bread and coal. The Chicago Tribune defended the evangelist chiefly on the ground that to make men better was to make a permanent improvement in their lot by making them able to help themselves without dependence on charity. Pestalozzi gave up trying to improve the condition of the Swiss peasants through improved farming and turned to improvements in education. He had found that to increase their income without any uplift in their morals and intelligence was to make them better off for a day and worse off than ever the day after. So we find among

our Alaskan natives, to speak of those with whom I have most to do, that while they can earn money a-plenty, unless they use it for their own good it only makes them poorer than before.

I do not stop to discuss the case of the dark man who has had no contact with the white man and his civilization. Such a dark man in these days is for the most part a hypothetical case. His feet are already mired in the outlying swamp-lands of a degenerate civilization, if he has not yet come within sight of a better civilization. It is a common saying that first of all he acquires the white man's vices. But it takes the white man's virtues to combat the white man's vices. Let a dark man get that first corrupting contact with civilization and nothing will save him but more civilization. He must be taught some new industry or taught to have some part of his own in the white man's industry. And when it comes to a conflict with the white man's vices, he must acquire the white man's morality and religion or he is doomed. His health, his industry, his prosperity, his moral life are all endangered by the first touch of civilization, and the mastery over these dangers is nine-tenths of it a problem of education.

This does not mean that the dark man must acquire all of the white man's civilization or acquire it in a hurry. But he must acquire enough of the good that is in it to overcome the evil that is in it, and that before it sends him altogether to the dogs.

And just here we find the lesson that white men are learning for their own education from their efforts to educate dependent races. Our traditional education does not grapple directly with daily needs. The education of the schools has been mainly an education for the higher

life. It has prepared only indirectly and remotely for everyday life. The conspicuous need of an education for everyday life in the training of dependent peoples brings out sharply the need of training for everyday life in the education of any people. Education, to be sure, must concern itself with the higher life. Unless it does that it does not amount to much for any purpose. But what is needed is that the education for the higher life shall be securely dovetailed in with an equally good education for everyday life. The higher will then give life to the lower, and the lower will furnish a point of contact for the higher. It is those who are dealing with dependent people and backward individuals who are really getting the first firm grasp upon this problem. It is well that they should understand that their successes will count not only for the benefit of the people with whom they are dealing, but for the benefit also of those people that pride themselves on their civilization and their zeal for the uplift of those less favored.

The problems, accordingly, with which this conference is concerned are problems of peculiar interest for the educational world and for the whole educational world.

Not exactly pertinent to our own Indian question, but of value conjointly in its consideration, are the following remarks of Charles Hopkins Clark, editor of the *Hartford Courant*, who spoke at the Conference on "The Philippines":

"As to the Filipinos themselves, I have my doubts whether men and women who know no winter can equal those upon whom nature forces a struggle for existence. There is little stimulus to exertion when a fig leaf is enough for the outer man and a fig enough for the inner man, and both may be had for the trouble of picking them. Add to this the effect of centuries of disorder and misgovernment, and few motives for thrift and accumulation are to be expected. It needs the stimulus of the white man's instruction

and supervision to set them going. Heretofore white men have, as a rule, been unable to resist the local diseases, but medical science is making wonderful advances these days. Manila, so long a most unhealthful spot, has been made to show one of the best records in the world. Let it be possible for the industrious and thrifty white man—not the wandering adventurer, to settle there and under his guidance native labor can vastly increase the productiveness of those regions and improve itself at the same time.”

And this, also, by Hon. John T. McDonough, formerly Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands, whose opinion of the Filipinos could safely be applied to Indians represented here in the Chilocco Training School:

“In conclusion, permit me to say that I learned to admire the Filipinos. As a people they are sober, modest, well-behaved and religious. They are not greedy or avaricious; and they are not grafters. They seem to be in no hurry to get rich, and they take time for pleasure, time for recreation, time for music and time for the theatre. I have often thought that they were happier and more contented than our great captains of industry who give so much time to accumulating and worshipping of the almighty dollar.”

Again, value attaches to the opening remarks of Hon. Mason S. Stone, Commissioner of Education of the State of Vermont, formerly superintendent of the Manila public schools:

“There are two local opportunities. First, an opportunity to assist and support a belated people. This is the great provincial opportunity for the reason that rarely has a government had in its own thrift and progress a better opportunity to convey its ideas and ideals. The Filipino people are few compared to the number in the United States, and whatever the great means available in the United States, duty, at least, demands that we share such means with our weaker wards.

“The second opportunity is that of testing our republican form of government. Our particular form of government has grown up with the Anglo-Saxon race. It never has been applied to a people of antipodal characteristics and training. Nevertheless, as self-government is the outgrowth of culture and civilization rather than a racial matter, it is presumable that our governmental ideas would be applicable to the Filipino people in their progress for the higher estate.

It would be a crime, almost, to thrust full sovereignty upon the people at once.”

Here, also, are some points worth attention while considering our own Indian family troubles. It is from the address of Hon. W. Cameron Forbes, Vice-Governor of the Philippine Islands:

“The people are industrious but physically not by any means robust. The medical reports indicate that a very large proportion of them have their vitality sapped by perfectly preventable diseases, notably, intestinal parasites which lurk in the unclean water the people are accustomed to drink. A campaign against this would be successful only when pure water is supplied. Besides water, the people must learn to supply themselves with better and more nourishing food. The prevailing diet is fish and rice which the poorer classes almost universally eat with their fingers, a method which tends to spread disease. The construction of cold storage plants should have a very considerable effect in making available meats and other good classes of food.”

And here is something along educational lines which is closely allied to our own experiences with the Indian. Hon. E. G. Hill, Member of Congress from Connecticut, said, among other good things:

“Time has told in the development of a system of education which to me is a marvel. Think of it: In the last year of Spanish control, the appropriation for schools was \$80,000; there was an enrollment of 100,000. Last year the appropriation was two million dollars and away over there in the Far East, a half million brown boys and girls are daily saluting the American flag and singing the Star Spangled Banner in our own tongue. They are eager to study and quick to learn and nothing but the poverty of the people and lack of equipment and teachers prevents double daily attendance now recorded. This is the home of the future.”

And, finally, here is something which strikes hard at our philanthropic purposes in Porto Rico, which does not “stand pat” in our experiences with Indians. The facts must stand as stated, though painful in recital. They were told by Mr. Everett W. Lord, Assistant Commissioner of Education of Porto Rico:

“The agricultural schools have yet to get be-

yond the experimental stage. Agriculture is the natural industry of Porto Rico, yet it has never been scientifically practiced. The crude methods employed necessitate an undue expenditure of labor and result in a comparatively scanty return. So it was reasonable to feel that this subject deserved attention. Schools, provided with gardens and equipped with tools, were established in all districts of the island. We quickly learned that few of the Porto Rican people cared to have their sons taught to be farmers; they looked upon education rather as something which should relieve them of the necessity of tilling the soil. The number of agricultural schools has diminished from year to year, and they have all but disappeared, despite our conviction that instruction in agriculture is of primal importance to the island.

"The industrial schools established for manual training met the same difficulties encountered by the agricultural schools. They were placed in the best buildings, well trained teachers were secured, but in spite of this the sentiment against manual training, the feeling that work with the hands is more or less essentially ignoble, resulted in the eventual overthrow of the industrial schools, and for two years Porto Rico has been without mechanical education of any sort.

"The establishment of kindergartens was an experiment which met with the warmest approval of the people. The Department found itself swamped with applications, and after a year or two it was necessary to discontinue the few established, since they could not be extended to all municipalities, and to continue them might justly provoke the charge of favoritism. In the present school year the kindergarten has again been added to the school system.

"Co-education was another doubtful experiment. It had never been known in Spanish times, little provision having been made for any education of girls. From the first, the American officials felt it necessary from a financial standpoint, if from no other, that the school be co-educational. Co-education was announced as the policy of American administration. It was vehemently opposed in some quarters and separate schools were maintained in some towns. Gradually, however, these separate schools disappeared. Today the entire system is co-educational."

PLATFORM.

Of the Twenty-Sixth Annual Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian and Other Dependent Peoples. October 21-23, 1908.

At the session of the Mohonk Conference a year ago the platform adopted presented a preliminary review of the progress accomplished in behalf of the Indians during the twenty-five years of the history of these Conferences. That worthy story we do not need so soon to repeat. Suffice it to say that our Government has with general wisdom, and with a prevailing purpose to do justice to all our dependent people, carried on its good work under the charge of its various Departments. So far as the Indians are concerned, most of the principles we have contended for are accepted, and they are carried out by a body of officials who have never been surpassed in character and capacity. What remains is to complete what is begun, giving education and citizenship to the Indian, putting him, as soon as possible, under the same administration of law as governs other citizens about him, so that Indian administration as such may as soon as possible come to an end. To certain remaining incidental wrongs and needs we call attention.

A much larger task is before our country in the control of our non-contiguous possessions as to the method of whose government there is less agreement among our people and our law makers. In their behalf as in behalf of all our dependent or belated people the duty of this conference is to insist upon the application of the universal Christian principles of altruism. We are not to consider what they can do for us, but what we can do for them. We are not to look upon those people as inferior, but as our equals in right, if not yet in opportunity; and we are to put them in the way of receiving every opportunity for justice and liberty that we possess, that they may share with us the rights of full self-government. To this end we must ask laws to help them rather than to

help us, and by education and every form of Christian service bring them into the full possession of the highest Christian civilization.

Believing, then, that we are to count no races inferior and subject, but that all races of men have the same rights to life, liberty and happiness that we enjoy, and that so far as their care has been put in our hands, it is our duty to seek to give them their rights, we now offer to the American people and to our legislators these following recommendations for certain particular needs that require present and pressing attention.

1. Observing the confusion which comes from the complexity of the administration, particularly in Alaska, and the difficulty in securing prompt administration of justice, we ask Congress to consider whether some more united and responsible form of administration may not be devised; and particularly we ask that laws be enacted and executed which by imprisoning offenders shall prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors to the natives. We also ask that increased appropriations for the education of Alaskan youth be made.

2. The additional appropriation needed to purchase small homesteads for the rest of the wronged, dispossessed and homeless Indians of California, Congress should make at this coming session, to complete the work of justice and mercy so well begun by the Government last year.

3. The allotting their lands to Navajo Indians who have for years lived on the public domain, should be completed under Section 4 of the General Severalty Act; and where the title to land and water, which due care of its wards by the Government as guardian would have secured to such Indians has been lost to them and taken up by white men, we believe that the Government should by law provide other land and water rights for such dispossessed Navajos.

4. We warmly commend the policy of the Indian Bureau which puts emphasis on the education of Indian youth near their own homes, and the closing of the non-reservation schools, or the modifying of the courses of study and methods of administration so as to admit white pupils and ultimately bring these institutions under the control of the states in which they are located. We also urge the enlargement of the system of day schools for the people.

5. For Porto Rico we repeat the demand of justice that the rights of full citizenship be given to all its people. We further ask the immediate extension of the Forestry Service to Porto Rico, and the consideration of such aid or direction as may wisely be given for public projects of irrigation and for the Sanitary Service: also that consideration be given by Congress to the encouragement of the coffee industry.

6. For the Philippine Islands we repeat and emphasize the urgent request of the Philippine Commission and the Secretary of War that tariff relief be given to them such as has been given to Porto Rico. We protest that the refusal to do this is selfish and unjust.

7. Hawaii has trustfully sought the rule and protection of the United States. Her peculiar and most important commercial position requires of us special and earnest consideration. We ask of Congress particular study of those conditions which require exceptional legislation in her behalf, particularly in view of the disadvantages which the Coastwise Shipping Act imposes on her in restricting passenger travel. In view, also, of the peculiar population of Hawaii, we desire that the attention of the Commission on Immigration be given to the special conditions which now limit European immigration.

8. In view of the coming international congress at Shanghai to control the traffic in opium, we urge, that Congress enact a drastic law which shall forbid the production, manufacture, importation, sale or distribution of opium in any of its forms in this country or in any of its dependencies except as to be used under strict medical direction.

Next to the need of seeing our duties in their proper proportion is the need of courage to meet those duties. Fear, which is implanted in our nature as a safeguard, becomes exaggerated to cowardice, so that "man can take no step until the event is known." Thoreau truly says that there is nothing greater to be feared than fear. We even fear to think, to trust in our own vision, to be ourselves; and yet it is only by thought that we can acquire conviction, and only through conviction that we reach the power to make decision and live an intentional life—the only life that really counts. All else is drifting.

CHILOCCO FRUIT YIELD FOR 1908.

By C. O. PRESTON, *Nurseryman.*

The following is therecord of the amount of fruit picked and delivered during the summer of 1908, not making any allowance for fruit picked and eaten by pickers and others.

Cherries, 218 bushels, all Early Richmond.

Peaches, 531½ bushels, mostly Alexander, Hale's Early, Triumph, and Champion, the later varieties all having been destroyed by the brown rot.

Apricots, 17 bushels, crop badly damaged by brown rot.

Plums, 62 bushels, mostly Burbank. Crop very badly damaged by the brown rot.

Prunes, 10 bushels, Tatge.

Crab apples, 13¾ bushels, quality good.

Apples 443 bushels; defective windfalls used for vinegar, and 1152 bushels sound apples, 230 bushels of which are still in cold storage in Arkansas City.

Early Harvest, Golden Sweet, Cooper's Early White, Duchess, Maiden Blush, White Fall, Rambo, Jonathan, Ben Davis, Little Romanite, and Minkler, were well loaded with a fine grade of fruit.

The Limbertwig, White Winter, Pearmain, Fall Pippin, Grime's Golden, and Red Astrachan, had a light crop of fine fruit, while the Missouri Pippin, Arkansas Black, Mann, and Hyslop crab, were almost barren.

Grapes, 10,265 pounds, all Concord; good quality, an increase over the 1907 crop of nearly 6,000 pounds, or more than 50 per cent.

This makes a total of 2447 bushels of tree fruit and 10,265 pounds of grapes, or a total of approximately 2652 bushels of fruit.

Purchases of Material.

During the year ended June 30, 1908, the Santa Fe spent the enormous sum of \$41,738,113.17 for the purchase of new material and supplies, or over \$5,000,000 more than during the previous year. Of this amount \$3,327,062.88 was for new rail; \$6,319,998.86 for lumber; \$12,381,705.24 for new equipment; for fuel, \$7,715,040.78; for miscellaneous expenditures, \$11,441,368.51; for stationery, \$482,801.82; and the Santa Fe paid Uncle Sam the tidy little sum of \$44,172.86 for postage stamps. It is a little hard to grasp the hugeness of forty-two millions of dollars, but it makes it easier to comprehend when we say that it means the spending of \$800,000 every week in the year, \$114,000 a day, or about \$6,000 every hour in the day for every day in the year. And it is predicted that the purchases will be even greater during the year to come. Great indeed is the Santa Fe.

One of the most difficult things in the world sometimes seems to be to keep one's temper. Both people and things seem to conspire to annoy us, and we really feel that it would be a satisfaction to "let fly" as do some of our neighbors. As a matter of fact it would be nothing of the kind; we should only cause irritation to others, and their irritation would probably react again upon us, making life ten times more difficult than before. A calm serenity of temper and a self-control which keeps a person unruffled in the petty annoyances and ills of every day life indicate the possession of perfect mental health.

"Anybody can go on dress parade, but it takes a man with iron in his blood to fight and win battles."

THE STRENGTH OF RACES.

BY DR. C. WOODS HUTCHINSON, IN *World's Work*.

WE ALL have, in pensive moments, lamented the passing of the noble red man. Bards have melodiously chanted the melting away of the painted savage like snow before the sun of civilization. Even while we 'amen'ed, we have been perfectly willing to share the profits of said disappearance and melting; although, to a purely Pickwickian regret at his passing, we have added a gentle pang of self-reproach in ascribing its recurrence to the vices of our civilization.

Rum, gambling, and venereal diseases are universally accepted as the factors of our own introduction which have caused the ruin of this innocent child of nature. This explanation has such a soothing and soul-satisfying sound, it gives us such a secret sense of superior virtue in being able to resist the destructive temptations to which our red brother has succumbed, that it seems almost a pity to disturb our belief. Besides, the facts supporting it lie so obviously and flatly on the surface of things. The most casual visitor to an Indian reservation or a trader's post can see with his own eyes that poor "Lo" does get most abominably drunk upon the vilest of whiskey whenever he has the price, that he does gamble away the whole proceeds of a season's laborious trapping, or his entire quater's income and rations, under the skilful manipulations of the white gambler and his female harpies.

But there is another side to the shield. These excesses are both morally and physically lamentably injurious, but the conviction is growing among careful students of the Indian that these influences are not

in themselves sufficient to account for his decay, and that others more vital are at work.

VICES NATIVE TO THE INDIAN.

In the first place, the Indian was not only thoroughly familiar with all these vices, but had been addicted to them for centuries before the first white man set foot upon American soil. Almost every tribe, except a few of the most stupid and degraded, had some form of intoxicant, upon which our firewater was an "improvement" only in the sense of its being more concentrated and enabling them to "get there" quicker. Like all savages, they have been gamblers from their boyhood for countless generations. It was their principal pastime around the lodge fire at night, and their greatest and most eagerly expected feasts and gatherings, at which not merely all the clan but scores from neighboring tribes would come together, beginning with dances, games, and races, would wind up in one gorgeous gambling spree, in which the warriors would stake not merely their ponies, their pelts, and their wampum, but their weapons, their clothing, and even their wives and families.

As to venereal disease, so far from the white settlers bringing it to them, it is now the opinion of the most careful students of the subject that it was actually brought to Europe from America by the sailors of Columbus's second voyage.

On the other hand, there were two things which we did introduce to the Indian, which were entirely new and untried. These were the infectious diseases

of civilization, and habits of industry. The former we introduced to him in all innocence and indeed ignorance, the latter under the mistaken impression that they constituted a virtue. Both have proved deadly to a degree.

We never succeeded in making the Indian believe in industry, but we compelled him either to act as if he did or move farther west, and he usually moved.

The modern industrial civilization of the

of both governments show more than 400,000, although this includes many mixed bloods. The second fact on which there is substantial agreement is that our worst campaigns against the Indian tribes—so far from rising to the dignity of even a partial extermination, were little more than healthy gymnastic exercises for the noble savage—even when, as sometimes happened, women and children were included in the attack.

the element which has injured and morally debilitated almost every Indian has been his most serious enemy, and has terminated them. The infectious diseases of civilization, especially those which are transmitted by personal contact with the white man, and the general loss of Indians in any considerable number was in the early years of the aborigine is one which we have only come to appreciate properly in recent years.

INDIANS AS PLentiful AS EVER.

Since we have begun to look into the matter carefully, we find ourselves facing a somewhat unexpected state of affairs. First of all, while accurate data are obviously out of the question, it is the opinion of the most careful students of the American Indian, like Mallery and Farrand, that it is doubtful whether his total population in the area of these United States has ever been very much greater than it is at present. Where the early explorers and pioneers reported attacks by thousands of plumed and painted warriors, swarming from every nook of the forest and from behind every rock on the hillside, the conservative modern historian reads hundreds. For "kings" he reads chiefs; for "nations," tribes, or even bands.

The aboriginal population of this country at the landing of the white man was astonishingly sparse and thinly scattered, and is estimated by Farrand at not to exceed between 500,000 and 700,000 north of Mexico, where today the census

A VILLAGE EXTERMINATED BY THE MEASLES. Myriads of personal contact with

was against the Indians were Sunday-school picnics by comparison with the savage wars to the knife, and the knife to the hilt, which they were constantly waging against one another before our coming, and still continued until the combination of the white man became sufficiently far-reaching to put a stop to them. The Huron-Iroquois alone are believed to have been responsible for the extermination of some fifteen or twenty tribes and the depopulation of an area equal to a small empire. The deadly rifle of the white man has saved at least five times as many Indian lives as it ever took, by putting a stop to this perpetual intertribal warfare. Even the rapacity and the injustice which have often marred our commercial and economic relations with the Indian have been marked in the main by a rude fairness and humanity, which he never even dreamed of practising with his fellows.

We have taken his hunting-grounds, but we have given him valuable agricultural lands and rations in return. And the "pestilence-breeding swamps," which were so fiercely denounced by his sentimental friends, when the northern Indians first began to be concentrated in a south-

central reservation, have now been discovered to be the garden of the whole country (Oklahoma), and are eagerly crowded into by the white settlers.

We have frequently and abominably cheated and lied to the Indian in our land deals; but, like the gamblers of the mining camps, we have generally left our victims a grubstake, and have made famine, instead of a yearly visitor to their wigwams, an almost unknown influence in their lives. In other words, our contact with the Indian, demoralizing as it may have been in many respects, has greatly diminished his mortality from death in battle, and famine. What then has been the element which has injured him most seriously in our contact with him? The infectious diseases of civilization, especially those which by centuries and generations of exposure and loss of virulence have come to be described as "the diseases of infancy." One thing is almost constant in the history of our contact with every tribe: at first, rapid diminution in number and vigor, usually attributed to the use of rum and to other vices of civilization; then a period of standstill, later followed in most cases by a slow but steady increase again in numbers. The influences which caused the sudden diminution, the stay in decline, and the adjustment and increase were chiefly the infectious diseases of civilization, and the slow acquisition of immunity to them.

Roughly speaking, I think it would be safe to say that for every Indian that has been killed by bullets, starvation, and alcohol, three have been killed by bacilli. As that experienced observer, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the well-known Arctic explorer, expresses it: "Many things have combined to bring the downfall of the liberty-loving aborigine, but no blow has

been so acute as the warfare of the infectious diseases, and among these infections the most fatal results have been brought about by what we regard as "the diseases of childhood."

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell has recently expressed a similar opinion in regard to the Eskimos. Both report attacks of measles, mumps, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox which swept off 20, 30, and even 40 per cent. of a tribe.

Pick up where you will almost any book of travel, of exploration, of study in the Indian country, and you will find it filled with stories of mysterious plagues which swept down upon the villages and tribes and not merely decimated but almost exterminated them.

A VILLAGE EXTERMINATED BY THE MEASLES.

My earliest personal contact with the Indians in any considerable number was in the valley of the Columbia River in Oregon. And the first story that I heard from the old settlers about their diseases was of a mysterious plague which had swept down the lower reaches of the Columbia, just ahead of the vanguard of the white settlers. Not merely were whole clans and villages swept out of existence, but the valley was practically depopulated; so that, as one of the old patriarchs grimly remarked, "It made it a heap easier to settle it up quietly." So swift and so fatal had been its onslaught that a village would be found deserted save for the dried and decaying bodies of the dead. The canoes were rotting on the river bank above high-water mark. The curtains of the lodges were flapped and blown into shreds. The weapons and garments of the dead lay about them rusting and rotting. The salmon-nets were still standing in the river, worn to tatters and fringes by the current. Yet, from the best light that I was able to secure up-

on it, it appeared to have been nothing more than an epidemic of the measles caught from the child of some pioneer or trapper and spreading like wildfire in the prairie grass. Even with some knowledge of the problems of immunity, the thing appeared to be incredible until I began to get reports at first hand of equally astounding modern instances.

For instance, a colleague of mine, who had been Government doctor to the Coast Survey and stationed in farthest Alaska in attendance upon the men engaged in the construction of lighthouses, told me of the coming of the 1889-90 epidemic of influenza or gripe into those fastnesses. Shortly after it had run its course among the white workmen, a couple of Indians, who had been bringing salmon and berries in from their summer village on one of the islands, ceased to turn up with their supplies. The workmen endured canned provisions in patience for a week or so, and then a couple of men were sent to stir the Indians up. When they landed at the village they found every member of the tribe attacked by the disease and disabled, so that many of the sick were half-crazed with thirst for want of a snigle Indian well enough to wait upon them. Over one-third of the seventy-odd inhabitants of the village died outright and another third was so seriously ill that it took them months to recover.

It is now a familiar story from medical missionaries, army surgeons, and tropical physicians all over the world that the diseases which in civilized communities have so greatly declined in virulence as to scarcely even cause anxiety and which are described under the title of the "diseases of childhood," will smite the non-immunized aborigine with the fury of a pestilence. Everywhere that the white race has come in contact with the savage,

among the Maoris of New Zealand, the Blackfellows of Australia, the Papuans of Borneo, the Negritos of the Adaman Islands, the Eskimos of the Arctic Circle there is the same story of measles, influenza, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, mumps, assuming the spread and fatality of a plague.

As for the more serious infections to which civilization has not become immune, Virchow summed up our knowledge of them in one graphic statement with regard to small-pox, namely, that every known nation or tribe that had been exposed to small-pox within the past century and had not adopted vaccination, had been swept out of existence. "*Deleta ab variola*," "destroyed by small-pox."

And this is literally true. All the Oriental races above the lowest stages of civilization and some indeed in stages little higher than savagery, habitually practice inoculation from a mild case, which, it will be remembered, was introduced into England itself by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu before the days of Jenner. All Occidental races which are not in process of elimination rely upon vaccination.

The other diseases, to which we have acquired but little or incomplete immunity, such as pneumonia, bronchitis, dysentery, etc., fall with tremendous weight upon the aborigine. The mortality is at least double and sometimes quadruple that in the white race; but the contrast is not so enormous as in the case of the milder infections.

The most striking illustration of this class is afforded by tuberculosis, at once the child and the deadliest enemy of modern civilization. When we woke with a shudder a few decades ago to find the fact staring us in the face in the boldest of figures that one-seventh of our entire race

die of tuberculosis of the lung alone, it was hard to imagine that the situation ever could have been worse. Yet our Indian wards furnish us with abundant ground for the belief that it was much worse, and that not so very long ago.

It was not until comparatively recent years that tuberculosis appeared to have gained much headway among the Indians. So long as they clung to their ancestral life in the open air, they have comparatively little opportunity to contract the disease, and if contracted, their natural method of life supplied them with a considerable part of the modern open-air treatment. But so soon as they began to be limited to a definite reservation and crowded into permanent villages, or, with well-meant but often deadly kindness, gathered into schools and missions, the disease quickly appeared among them and created fearful havoc. Particularly was this the case when they were induced and often coerced, by a well-meaning but not particularly intelligent government, to give up their tepees and hogans and become civilized at one bound by living in those air-tight wooden boxes known as frame-houses.

Absolutely the only thing that the Indian liked about these new quarters was that they could be made extremely warm at the expense of ventilation, which his tepees never could, and he naturally proceeded to work this advantage for all it was worth. The result was that within five or six years the agency physician would have been almost as glad to get the tribe out of their houses as the Government was to get them into them.

Although generally known among physicians that the reservation Indian suffered frightfully from tuberculosis, it was only within comparatively recent

years that actual statistics covering the question began to be collected.

During a residence of six years on the Pacific Coast, I made careful inquiries of agency and other physicians, ranging from Alaska to Mexico and covering considerable part of the inter-mountain region and the great Southwest. From almost every quarter came accounts of enormous mortalities from tuberculosis, 30, 50, and even 70 per cent, of the total deaths being attributed to this cause: and this, it will be remembered, in comparison with a rate in the surrounding white communities of barely 12 per cent. Some of these statements were, of course, according to the inevitable tendency of the human mind in studying a new and surprising phenomena, a trifle exaggerated. Estimates of 50, 60, or 70 usually scaled down to about 40 per cent. on actual statistical study. But there was a sufficiently appalling residue left even after the most careful allowance for overstatement.

TUBERCULOSIS AMONG THE SIOUX.

The most careful and admirably collected series of statistics which have yet been published are those of Dr. James A. Walker, of the Rosebud Agency of Dakota. These covered ten years of careful personal observation by Dr. Walker himself and are as absolutely reliable and dependable as statistics can well be in this imperfect world. Starting out in a cautious and conservative frame of mind, indeed strongly impressed with the quite correct belief that the real condition of affairs had usually been overstated and exaggerated, Dr. Walker proved as a matter of coldest and most inescapable fact that of nearly five thousand Ogalalla Sioux, no less than 42 per cent. of all who died, and their death-rate was a high one, succumbed to tuberculosis.

It must be remembered, too, that these were not a handful of wretched Piutes living from hand to mouth on roots and snakes, or of lazy Siwash squatting over their clam-beds and their rancid salmon, but as superb specimens of the noble savage as were ever imagined by Cooper. Tall, erect, fine looking fellows, the best fighters that ever wore feathers in their hair, as scores of United States regiments can testify to their sorrow, averaging five feet nine and one half inches in height and thirty-eight and three quarter inches in chest-girth, nearly two inches above the average of our boasted superior white race, living in good houses, supplied with abundant rations of the best quality by a paternal government, owning their own cattle, and with the finest hunting range in the United States within easy distance, nothing could have been more ideal than their physique and their surroundings—and yet these splendid children of nature went down before the attack of tuberculosis like cattle before the rinder-pest.

In the eleven agencies from which I was able to obtain exact figures, through the kindness of the Commissioner, the Hon. Francis Leupp, the average tuberculosis death-rate was between 50 and 60 per cent. of all the deaths recorded. So that I think it would be perfectly safe to say that the death-rate of the Indian from tuberculosis, even under the most favorable conditions, is from four to six times that of the surrounding white population.

From the point of view of mere general vigor of physique, this state of affairs is difficult to account for. From that of the fearful susceptibility of an absolutely virgin tribe to a new and untried infection, it is perfectly harmonious and logical. A most graphic picture from life of just how tuberculosis affects a newly exposed tribe

is given in a private letter courteously sent me by Dr. Paul Hutton, army surgeon at Fort Seward, Alaska.

Of 117 Indians examined by him in their houses and shacks in the villages surrounding the fort, no less than 24, or 20.6 per cent., had well-advanced pulmonary tuberculosis, 12 per cent. more in an early stage, 16.2 per cent. had tuberculous diseases in other organs and regions, making a total of 48 per cent. who were tuberculous.

Now as to the future of the tribe. These 117 adults had had 312 children of which 172 (or 55 per cent.) are dead, with indications of tuberculosis as a cause in the vast majority of cases.

BECOMING IMMUNE TO CONSUMPTION.

As we have no ground whatever for assuming that our primitive ancestors, when first exposed to the disease had any higher degree of natural resisting powers than have the more vigorous specimens of our Indian tribes, we have, I think, fairly good ground for the belief that, destructive and deadly as tuberculosis still is, it has undergone considerable diminution in virulence in the past 1,000 or 1,500 years. It is, of course, well known that a marked decline in its death-rate has occurred within the statistical period, though that of course, dates back only about seventy years. Within this time, however, there has been a diminution of nearly 50 per cent. in the actual death-rate from consumption, and the process is steadily going on. Most of this of course, is probably due to our greater knowledge of the disease and more intelligent method of fighting it, but a considerable share is undoubtedly due to the immense improvements in food, housing, and general sanitation that have been made, and the gradually increasing resistance which the race has developed.

An interesting straw pointing in this same direction is that, as between civilized races, those which have been longest and most constantly exposed to tuberculosis and other city and slum infections possess a decidedly higher resisting power than those who have lived in the open.

One of the many interesting features about the brilliant and successful Jewish race is that its death-rate from tuberculosis is only about one-fourth that of the surrounding community. In the most crowded wards of New York and Chicago, for instance, the Jewish population has a death-rate from tuberculosis of about 150 per hundred thousand living. Its Gentile neighbors in the same wards, in the same streets, have a death-rate of from 450 to 550 per hundred thousand living. Throughout the country at large the contrast is almost as striking. The general average death-rate from tuberculosis, according to the United States census for 1890, was about 160 per hundred thousand living. That of the Jews, especially collected and compiled by Dr. John Billings, was only 22 per hundred thousand living.

This of course brings us to the question how is this immunity on the part of the race or mitigation in the virulence of the disease brought about? The answer, of course, must be purely speculative and a mere expression of probabilities. But it would appear that two chief groups of factors are at work. One of these is the tolerably obvious one of the dying or serious crippling under the attack of, let us say measles, a hundred generations ago of those who were most susceptible. Consequently, this type would leave either no descendants at all or a smaller number of descendants than those who had a higher resisting power. Each successive generation would, therefore, contain a larger

and larger number of the descendants of those who are most highly immune to the disease. A smaller number in each successive generation would be attacked, and those who did develop the disease would resist it better and exhibit it in a milder form. Of late years it has been suggested by one of our most thoughtful and brilliant students of bacteriology, Dr. Theobald Smith, that side by side with this there tends to go on a process of lessening of virulence and poisonousness on the part of the infectious germ.

The one thing which any germ must require, if it is going to survive, is to provide for its escape from the body of one victim to another. Therefore, any strain of any germ which is so virulent as to kill its host or victim before it has had this opportunity to transfer itself to another, will tend to become extinct. The milder strains of the germ, which allow their victim to live until he can excrete them in his sputum or other excrete for a sufficiently long time to be fairly safe of transferring them to another individual, will be likely to survive and dominate the situation.

Many of our disease-germs quite closely resembles bacilli which are harmless, normal inhabitants of our food-tubes, skin, or surroundings. It is quite possible that we have literally bred our own disease germs, as society has often made its own criminals in the slum and the stews.

The outlook for the educated Indian seems even worse. In the last report of the Medical Officer of one school to the Indian Bureau of Canada, the careers of whose 250 graduates had been closely followed for seven years, no less than 75 (or 30 per cent.) were already dead of tuberculosis.

This may partially account for the oft lamented slight permanent results of our efforts to educate the Indian.

PASSING OF INDIAN DANCES.

Of all the Indian fiestas, that of the Eagle Dance is perhaps the most important. During the ceremony a young eagle, the symbol of power upon earth, is killed, and its spirit, laden with messages, joins that of the dead chief. This ceremony has recently been held for the last time in the history of the people. It has always been a fiesta of rare occurrence, being held only in commemoration of the death of the ruling chief or a person of great importance. The fiesta has not been celebrated for more than twenty years, and this final one marks the death of the last of the hereditary chieftains of the tribe, and in consequence the passing, not only of this title with its sacred trust of legend and history, but of this peculiar and mysterious tribal rite, whose deep significance is now doomed to oblivion.

The death of the last hereditary chief, old Cinon Duro, marks literally the passing of the Southern California Indian as an entity, for with this ancient custodian the wealth of their tradition was buried, excepting fragmentary records gathered by a few enthusiastic ethnologists. This ancient man had no son to whom he could entrust the sacred mission. He was over a hundred years old and had practically outlived his own descendants, for in 1860 he had four sons. This in itself is a pathetic example of civilizing "influences," a fact which is emphasized at the spectacle of the dances, when the gap between the little group of eight or ten dancers, all over ninety years of age, wiry, athletic, tireless, and the lounging spectators of their own people, young fellows none of whom are over forty, is especially noticeable.—*Southern Workman*.

Oklahoma has now 200 schools under Indian support.

BISON RANGE IN MONTANA.

The bison range in the Flathead Indian Reservation in Montana, to establish which Congress at the last session appropriated \$40,000, has been selected. The location of the range is the one recommended by Prof. Morton J. Elrod, of the University of Montana, after he had carefully examined several parts of the country. It lies directly north of the Jocko River near the towns of Ravalli and Jocko. Approximately 12,000 acres are embraced in the tract, which will be fenced in a substantial manner under the direction of the engineering department of the United States Forest Service. Funds for the purchase of bison are being raised under the auspices of the American Bison Society, which was largely instrumental in securing the appropriation.

The first person to spend actual money in the effort to preserve the American bison from total extinction was the late Austin Corbin, who many years ago fenced some 6,000 acres at Bule Mountain Park, New Hampshire, and secured a herd of bison. The Corbin herd became in course of time the inspiration of the national movement which is now furthered by the American Bison Society. This society, of which President Roosevelt is honorary president, and William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, is president, was founded in 1904, and the Montana bison range is directly the result of its efforts.

Details of the management of the herd in the new national bison range will be worked out as soon as the herd is purchased, when the construction work on fences and buildings will also be begun.—*The Oasis*.

The length of life hereafter may depend upon its breadth now.

LAST POTAWATOMI CHIEF IS DYING.

BY MAX SOCHA.

ALONE in his little hut, nursed by his faithful squaw, the companion of 60 years, David Crotch, the last chief of the once mighty Potawatomi Indians, is awaiting the summons of the Great Spirit.

The story of David Crotch is full of pathos, suffering and privation. The history of his race is repeated in the story of his life, he who in his early days was a mighty chief, feared and honored by his kinsmen, respected by the white traders and trappers with whom he came in contact—now an invalid, without an heir, his tribe dwindled down to a mere handful, their lands becoming the property of the white man whose civilization the Indian cannot understand. With these facts before him and seeing no salvation for his kinsmen, David Crotch is preparing to enter a new and strange land where strife for material gain is unknown.

Along the winding banks of the Big Cedar river, in the interior of Menominee county, is the settlement of the Potawatomi Indians. Half a century ago, when their now dying chief was in the prime of early manhood, this settlement numbered many thousands. The warriors roamed all over the upper peninsula from the Menominee to the Ontonagon rivers, eastward toward the shores of Lakes Michigan, Superior and Huron.

The streams abounded with fish, the fleet deer and giant caribou roamed through the unbroken forest. In little clearings on the fertile highlands the squaws cared for the Indian corn and

potatoes while the braves, with bow and arrow, pursued the stag and moose.

Then came the white man. Attracted by the glowing descriptions of the untold wealth of copper and iron, a different set of men than the French traders and trappers, with whom the Indians were friendly, appeared on the scene. Again the white man invaded the territory of the red men. The braves remonstrated; a council of war was held, and the hot headed ones of the tribe advocated aggressive measures against the invaders, but the wise counsel of their chief, David Crotch, prevailed, and the tomahawks remained buried. Firewater and sickness had decimated the tribe, and the chief saw that it was useless for his braves to attempt to resist the whites. His father had fought with Black Hawk against the pale faces in Illinois in 1831 and had seen the futility of the struggle.

In the early days of the American republic the Potawatomi tribe of the Algonquin family of Indians occupied a large portion of Michigan and were subdivided into numerous independent bands acknowledging as their highest chief the forefathers of David Crotch, who is a direct and lineal descendant of the noted warriors of the early days. The Potatomies were constantly at war with the Iroquois, who drove them westward as far as Green Bay in the seventeenth century. An alliance was then formed with the Ottawas and Chippewas, known as the United Nations, and supported by the French, early in the eighteenth century

they reestablished themselves back in Michigan, Indiana and Illinois. They entered the conspiracy of Pontiac and were allied with the English during the wars of the revolution and of 1812, but were subdued by General Wayne. Several treaties were concluded with the tribe and the last one, when the Potawatomes disbanded and moved to Indian Territory and northern Wisconsin and upper Michigan, was signed by the father of David Crotch, Chief Ne-Sah-Wahquet, in 1833.

After that the war spirit of the tribe was broken. Ne-Sah-Wahquet counseled for peace and advised his son to try to keep on friendly terms with his white neighbors. This he promised and David Crotch has kept his word.

Every year some member of the tribe loses part of his property to an unscrupulous white speculator, who by a petty loan has induced the Indian to mortgage his property. Closer and nearer comes the white man and the little band of Indians is unable to stop the movement.

Just as the gigantic tree in the primeval forest is infested with parasites when decay sets in, so the Indian is rapidly disappearing from the upper peninsula, exterminated by disease and firewater.

David Crotch, the once mighty chief, was in his prime, over six feet in height, broadshouldered and strong.

During the fifties of the past century, when his word was law and he was absolute master over the life and destinies of his tribesmen, he became a Christian. A daring Methodist missionary spread the Christian gospel among the red men of upper Michigan. David Crotch was quick to see the advantages his tribe would gain from religious teachings.

In their settlement along the Big Cedar a church was built. Coarsely hewn logs were carried by the men and framed into

a structure in which to worship the "Prince of Peace." This church, built nearly 60 years ago, is still the house of worship of the tribe. It is kept neat and clean and services are held every Wednesday by the Rev. Sid. D. Eva of Hermansville, who speaks their Indian language and looks after their spiritual welfare, assisted by two Indian lay preachers. The once powerful tribe has dwindled to a few hundred who assemble in their little church every week. The young minister is doing all he can to check the inroads of disease and the drink-loving red man is lured into the neighboring village, where he gets drunk on cheap whiskey and is relieved of his earnings as trapper, hunter or woodsman.

And now, reflecting on the past glory of his race, their misfortunes and decline, Chief Crotch awaits death. Covered with a coat he lies huddled up in a bed far too small for his gigantic frame.

Through the cracks of the hut the autumn wind sighs softly. Through the thatched roof the old chief can catch glimpses of the blue sky as he listens to the warbling of the birds and the murmuring of the Big Cedar. The sun sends down its rays just as it did years ago, when David Crotch, in the councils of his tribe, urged peace and good will toward the white men who had invaded his hunting grounds with steam and electricity, and who neglect their dying friend, the last chief of the Potawatomes.

There are still lacking 500 of the schools promised by Government on the four millions of dollars of Indian school money yet in Government keeping.

There have been eight purchases of land this year for California Indians and more are pending,

GRANDFATHER'S STORY OF A BRAVE BOY.

From the Washington (D. C.) Star.



THIS all happened when grandfather was a little boy—long, long ago, as he told me the story himself, however, as he sat in a deep arm-chair by the glowing fire on a winter's night when the buzz of the great city was dying down and the tap of the policeman's club on the pavement outside made me at least feel very safe and thankful.

When grandfather was a boy he lived on the frontier, and he was the loneliest little boy I ever heard of. Just think he did not have a single playmate, and he never owned a toy except those he fashioned with his own hands!

Of course he had a bow and arrow, and he had a feather headdress that a friendly Indian had given him, but they were not exactly playmates. I have said that he had no playmates; that is hardly true, for he had Nimble Foot, the white horse, who had been born and brought up on the ranch, and he had Brindle, the cow, who was staked out in a new place so often, and ate everything within range of her rope in a really alarming fashion; and then sometimes—not often, but sometimes when times were hard—Black Feather, an Indian boy, crept up to the big house where grandfather lived, and begged food of the mother, and told weird tales that chilled the blood of little grandfather as he sat and listened. Black Feather did not belong to the friendly Indians and the mother

was afraid of him. She always thought that he came to spy on them. But she gave him food and tried to befriend him because her heart was good and true. Now, grandfather, whose name is John, liked Black Feather, not only because he was young and companionable, but because he believed in him and trusted him with all the devotion of his lonely boyhood. He used to watch for the coming of the Indians and sighed when the months passed without a visit.

John used to resort to all sorts of plays to fill his days. He was an Indian, a trapper, or a missionary, as the mood seized him, and sometimes he would don his mother's gown and play he was a brave woman defending a large family as he was sure his mother would defend him. When all these things ceased to interest him he would tie a rope to his waist, and he would tie the other end to a peg in the ground and then he would make believe he was the cow Brindle, "staked out." To be so confined made him realize how jolly it was to be a free boy with father and mother to talk to. Then would John release himself and be glad that he was not a cow; and so he would begin the old games again with renewed vigor.

Nimble Foot was a great joy. That horse was almost human in his love and gentleness and yet he was as swift as the wind and as strong as a horse could be.

"Some day the Indians will come after that horse," father used to say, with fear in his eyes; "there is n't another horse like him on the plains."

"Then I'll go after them!" John would

say valiantly, and mother would shudder and cry: "Oh John, remember you must never go where mother's call 'coo-coo' will not reach you! And you must always answer back 'coo-coo' to me."

"But if I am Brindle staked out I cannot call back," laughed John.

"You can say 'moo-moo!' said father, "and that will do just as well."

Well, one day mother was washing by the little log house. Then she remembered that she had not seen or heard John for some time—raised her head and called "coo-coo." There was no reply.

"Perhaps he is Brindle!" she smiled, she called loudly, "moo-moo," but no friendly voice replied. Then a terrible fear came in mother's eyes. She ran to the pasture and shouted: "Here, Nimble Foot! Nimble Foot!" The horse never failed before to come trotting up, but now he came not!

Mother's face went white as death. She flung her arms up wildly and called for father, but he was far, far away, and in all the empty world there was no one to help or comfort her.

Just then, from out of the shadow of the woodpile Black Feather presented himself. For a moment the old distrust mother felt for the boy rose to the surface, but she dared not show it

"John!" she gasped. "He is gone!"

The dark face never flinched.

"He go—where?" asked the calm voice.

"I am afraid the Indians have taken him!" Black Feather looked quickly on the ground. Mother had not thought of that, but sure enough the soft earth showed the marks of many feet and the story was plain.

"Give me horse!" commanded Black Feather. "I go find boy." Then, because he did not know of Nimble's disappearance mother began to trust Black Feather a

little. "The horse is gone, too!" she sobbed.

Just for an instant a quiver passed over the Indian boy's face.

"I go—myself!" he grunted, and away he ran.

And now we must go to John and consider how he had fared.

He had thought how few things he had and how many things he wanted. Then he began to think it was time he staked himself out and played he was Brindle for a while. This he did and began to make believe to nibble the grass. Just then, away across the pasture he saw four big Indians on horseback, and they were after Nimble Foot. As he stood tied to his stake John saw the red men try to lasso the beautiful white horse, but he was on guard, and trotted at full speed toward the house. John untied himself and with no thought of personal danger ran toward his beloved Nimble. The Indians saw the boy and galloped up to him. Nimble took fright and ran in another direction. But the Indians captured the boy!

"Now," grunted one big fellow, "you-call-your-horse!"

John stood mute.

"You call!" cried another, lashing the poor child mercilessly. In another moment John had decided what to do. He would call Nimble, he must obey, but if they carried him off, somehow he and Nimble would run away and get back home. It would be easier to escape with Nimble than without. So John call clearly, and when the horse heard the dear old tones he trotted up promptly. It was strange, but as long as little master was there it must be all right. Nimble neighed softly, and coming close to John, stood still. Then quickly and silently a big Indian secured Nimble, and jumping on his back with John in his arms, darted off.

leading his own horse and followed by his mates.

John knew that no cry could help him, so he lay very still, while his heart almost broke with sorrow and fear. Over the plains they flew to a deserted spot where once a log house had stood. But the Indians had razed and burned it long ago. The wood pile was still standing, and behind that the four Indians halted and dismounted. From their talk John learned that they were to remain there over night and to be joined by another party that had gone to steal in another direction. Nimble was tied to a stake. A fire was started and the evening meal was prepared. John was very hungry, for they had ridden all day without food. Full of fear as he was he ate and later stretched himself under the stars and fell asleep.

Suddenly he awoke. What had roused him? He heard Nimble stirring near by; could it have been that?

"Coo-coo!" came softly.

"Oh, is that you, father? Mother?"

John jumped up.

"Coo-coo!" again it came. Then the boy crept over to where the white horse stood, for the sound came from there.

Behind Nimble stood Black Feather! He had heard the old call and he used it to a good purpose now.

"Take you—your horse!" whispered the Indian, "and—go!"

"And you?" breathed John, faithfully to his friend, whom he trusted.

"I make fight—I scare—Injun!"

It almost seemed a joke, so jolly was Black Feather's voice.

John took hold of Nimble's halter and then he saw that the Indian boy had a gun and was running toward the blackened ruins of the house.

John sprang on Nimble's back, and with a cry, "Home, home! good horse!"

he lay flat upon the animal's back and buried his face in the soft mane.

Just then a shot rang out on the still night and the four Indians behind the woodpile arose. They saw Nimble disappearing in the moonlight, and they fired a few wild shots; again answering shots came from behind the ruined log house, and the Indians evidently thinking that a rescue party had come after John, and was covering his retreat, and would later come out in an open attack, got frightened. From the back of his fast flying steed John laughed as he saw the four braves taking to the opposite direction with haste. And John knew that one Indian boy, faithful to his little white friend, was saving them all.

John reached home before daylight and you can imagine what a welcome he and Nimble received.

Two days later Black Feather appeared and asked for bread. Not a word could the family get him to say of his part in the rescue. He ate a good meal and told a few funny stories to adoring John, then wandered away across the plain, looking much the same as any other Indian.

A noted Ponca chief, Standing Bear, recently died at Niobrara, Neb.

A tree grows straight or crooked, just as it is forced to by the circumstances of its early life. While only a twig it can be trained in almost any shape, but as it ages it becomes firm and unchangeable so far as shape is concerned. The mind, or intellect is not like the tree. It has infinite power to change its growth at any time during life. If you have neglected your mind and it has begun to show bends and crooks you don't like you have a mighty good chance today to begin training it straight. No! You are not too old. You won't be till you die.

HISTORY OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL.

BY GLENN D. BRADLY, TOPEKA, KANS.



THE parent line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad was preceded nearly fifty years by a wagon road. This remarkable highway, which was the forerunner of one of America's greatest railway systems, played an important part in the westward expansion of the nation, as it opened up the entire southwest to emigrants from the Missouri valley and the thickly settled eastern states.

The route of this highway, after crossing the Missouri River near the present site of Kansas City, followed a southwesterly course through Council Grove to Arkansas River. It then followed the "big bend" of the river, passing where the towns of Great Bend and Larned now stand, and continued along the river valley westward to a point about one hundred and thirty-five miles west of Walnut Creek. Here the road forked. One branch passed directly over the plains to the Cimarron River, ascended that stream for some distance and, again crossing the plains in a southwesterly direction, led past the Rabbit Ear Mounds and the Santa Clara, entering New Mexico at Vegas. The other fork of the road ascended the north bank of the Arkansas River to Bent's Fort, Colo., thence ran south over the Raton Mountains and along the eastern base of the Taos and Santa Fe ranges, rejoining the other road near Vegas. This latter road led di-

rectly to Taos, the pueblo of the Arkansas, and beyond to California. As will be readily seen, this route is today followed almost identically by the Santa Fe Railway.

Until 1825 two distinct civilizations had been developing in southern north America. East of the Mississippi River our forefathers had settled and were making good their right to possession through the conquest of the soil. What is now the entire southwestern portion of the United States was then Mexican territory. The commercial center of all northern Mexico was the old city of Santa Fe. Between this city and the Missouri River lay the great plains, some six hundred miles in width, and this "great American desert," as it was then called, had proved an impassable barrier to the intermingling of the peoples of New Mexico and the United States. The early Spanish explorer De Vaca journeyed over these plains to the present site of Las Vegas early in the sixteenth century. Coronado, another Spanish adventurer wandered over what is now the state of Kansas along the route of the afterward famous trail, but, aside from the efforts of these explorers, there was practically no attempt made by white men to cross the praries until the nineteenth century.

The Santa Fe Trail had its real beginning through the efforts of American traders to reach the city of Santa Fe by the overland route. The problem was to get merchandise from the Missouri border into this Mexican trade center and, as enormous profits were to be realized on the sale

of goods that could be transported over this route, strong inducements for attempting the journey were offered.

The first white man to cross the plains to Santa Fe was a French creole named Le Lande, who was an agent for a merchant in Kalkaskia, Ill. Le Lande reached Santa Fe in 1804 and was followed in 1805 by James Pursley, an American trader. These men had successful trips but for some reason both settled in New Mexico and never returned to the States, hence they have left no account of their experiences. Pursley is known to have wandered northward from Santa Fe into what is now Colorado, where he discovered gold.

A history of the Santa Fe Trail proper divides itself into three parts: The pack mule period, 1807-1824; the ox wagon period, 1824-1848; and the stage coach period, 1848-1870. Each of these periods will now be dealt with in its respective order.

In the year 1807 Captain Zebulon Pike of the United States army visited New Mexico, and the official report of his trip gave the Santa Fe trade its first impetus. This report quoted the prices on American cloth as ranging from two dollars to twenty-five dollars per yard in Santa Fe. The prospect of the high profits which could be made in this and many other lines of merchandise at once fired the Yankee traders with a desire to make the trip.

During the pack mule period, from 1807 and 1824, wagons had not come into use and trading expeditions over the plains were made by random adventurers, their goods being transported on the backs of mules. But little is known concerning these early expeditions. The records of that time show that a Captain Becknell made a successful trading expedition from the Missouri River to Santa Fe in 1811.

So great was Becknell's success that he organized a party of thirty men the following year and again attempted the journey. This company disregarded the course of the Arkansas River and started directly overland. As the season was late when they started, winter overtook them on the plains and nearly all the members of the expedition perished, only a few of the number reaching their destination.

During the period from 1807 to 1824 the Mexican government did not openly sanction the overland traffic, and hence the early traders were regarded as spies and smugglers and treated accordingly. In 1813 a party organized by Messrs. McKnight, Bread and Chambers crossed the plains with a supply of goods and reached Santa Fe in safety. All the members of this party were arrested as spies. After several years' imprisonment they escaped, reaching St. Louis in 1822. They at once organized another expedition and, late in autumn, started back for New Mexico. They were overtaken by a great blizzard and obliged to winter on an island in the Arkansas River near the present site of Cimarron, Kan. Their animals having died from exposure, the men were obliged to cache their goods and return to St. Louis. To cache merchandise was a common practice in the early days of the old trail. The cache was an improvised warehouse where goods were stored, if an emergency arose, until the owners could dispose of them. According to Gregg, the famous historian of the prairies, a cache was made by digging a jugshaped hole in the ground, the inside of which was lined with dry sticks and grass to protect the goods from dampness. The opening was closed to keep out rain. To insure the goods against discovery by the Indians the dirt from the excava-

tion was carried away and hidden or was dumped into a nearby river, while the turf was allowed to take root again. If no turf could be obtained a campfire was built over the spot to conceal it more effectively.

The pack train of 1822 was called an *atajo* in Mexican and a pack mule was known as a *mule de cargo*.

During the early history of the trail the caravans were made up at Franklin, Mo., a point one hundred and fifty miles west of St. Louis. In starting a mule caravan, the saddle or *aparejo*, which was a pad of leather nearly square and stuffed with hay, was thrown over the animal's back first. It resembled a book placed over the back of a chair. Under this *aparejo* was placed a sheepskin to prevent the animal's back from chafing, and over the skin was a bright red saddle or *xerga*. The load of a *mule de cargo* was about three hundred pounds, the goods being lashed to the saddle and covered with a cloth to protect them from bad weather. The oldtime caravans numbered from fifty to two hundred mules and made from twelve to fifteen miles without stopping. When they were ready to start the mule drivers elected one of their number captain and, although he had no real authority, he was looked upon as a sort of leader who could at least select a camping place for the night.

By 1824 the importance of Santa Fe trade was such as to attract the attention of Congress. During that year Mr. Benton of Missouri introduced a bill in the United States Senate authorizing the president to appoint a commission to survey a road from the Missouri River to the boundary line of New Mexico, and from thence, in conjunction with the Mexican authorities, the road was to be extended to Santa Fe. The Federal government attempted

to carry out this plan in good faith but, since no permission had been obtained from the warlike tribes of Osages, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Kiowas who then controlled the entire Arkansas valley, the survey was completed only to the Arkansas River. As a result the traders continued to follow the old trail along the river valley and they were forced to rely upon their own firearms and the scanty protection of a few companies of troops for safety.

Beginning with this period (1824-1848) large ox wagons had come into general use for transporting goods over the trail. The Mexican government, encouraged by the prospect of big tariff revenues from these wagons, had now assumed a half friendly attitude. Traders could now enter New Mexico without fear of being arrested as spies and smugglers, and this freedom from restraint, together with the friendly interest shown by the American government, gave opportunity for organizing the prairie commerce.

Whereas the first period had been characterized by individual enterprises, the second period witnessed the growth of soundly organized companies doing business as common carriers over the trail. So rapidly did the volume of business increase that, by the year 1830, the starting point for the wagon caravans had moved westward from Franklin to Independence, Mo., a town situated ten miles from the Missouri River and near the present Kansas border.

Independence at once became the headquarters for the overland trade route. Articles intended for the Santa Fe commerce were purchased in St. Louis and transported up the river to Independence, where they were received by Aull & Co., who outfitted the traders. The bacon and beef re-

quired to provision the caravans were procured from the neighboring farmers. In the early thirties Independence became the best market west of St. Louis for cattle, mules and wagons. Thousands of merchandise wagons, each wagon being drawn by twelve mules or six yokes of oxen, were now leaving Independence each year. Several thousand teamsters and packers made their headquarters in that town. The wages of these men while on duty ranged from \$25 to \$50 per month, including rations. They received no guarantee of safety other than that furnished by their own fighting strength—there was no employers' liability law in the old days of the Santa Fe Trail.

The wagons started from Independence during the month of May. The various caravans would travel separately until they reached Council Grove, two hundred miles westward. Here, when all had arrived, they organized into one great caravan and traveled in a body for protection against the Indians. From eighty to ninety days were required by the loaded wagons to traverse the trail. When they had arrived within two hundred miles of Santa Fe couriers were sent ahead to arrange for the payment of customs duties and provide storerooms for the goods. The Mexican government charged 100 per cent tariff duty on all goods brought into Santa Fe over the trail. On arrival the traders were at once busied with the sale of their goods, while their drivers enjoyed a true western celebration.

The old city of Santa Fe although the commercial center of the Southwest at that time, was described by a New York journalist about 1834 as a small town of two thousand people sheltered in a "collection of mud hovels." It was situated "up against

the mountains, at the end of a little valley through which runs a mountain stream." Although insignificant in size the town tried to assume all the pretensions of a large city. It had a public square, a governor's palace and a promenade—yet the public square was unfenced and neglected, the promenade was the top of sandhill, and the palace was simply the largest mud house in the town. Commenting upon the moral character of the place this writer claimed that it was a most sacrilegious act to call so wicked a town as this Santa Fe (Holy, Faith), for gambling was even authorized by law in that place. The government officials, military officers, judges, lawyers, doctors and priests all gambled and many of these were gamblers by profession. The town had a dozen stores of fairly respectable size and it was estimated that about \$750,000 worth of goods would be imported that year. The traders remained in the city about four weeks, starting back over the trail early in September. The returning caravan usually numbered from thirty to forty wagons lightly loaded with silver bullion, gold dust, Mexican blankets and wool. The freight rate between Independence and Santa Fe was ten dollars per hundred pounds. Each wagon earned about \$550 on the trip.

The Mexican War broke out in 1846, trouble having been brewing since 1840, and for a period of eight years the Mexican and Texas freebooters marked the history of the trail with robbery and murder. Yet the traders pushed on and the business did not greatly diminish.

The trail became of recognized military importance in 1846, as the American army of invasion moved over it into New Mexico during that year. The occupation of this region by American

troops resulted in the expulsion of the Mexican authorities. In 1848 the entire region now comprised by New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada and portions of Utah and Colorado passed into the hands of the United States. A new era for the Santa Fe trade, under the direct sanction of the Federal government, had now begun.

At the beginning of the final period, that of the stage coach, 1848-1870, the commerce of the trail had become of great importance. By this time its colonizing influence could scarcely be overestimated.

In August, 1848, Colonel Gilpin of the United States army reported to the government from Fort Mann, an outpost on the western course of the trail, that within the preceding eight months more than 3,000 wagons, 50,000 head of live stock and 12,000 persons had passed his station—all going westward.

By 1848 Westport and Kansas City had begun to share with Independence the business of supplying this trade. The real origin of Kansas City dates from that year, and the present metropolis owes its beginning and much of its consequent greatness to the old Santa Fe Trail. Otherwise its present position might have been assumed by any one of several towns in that vicinity.

The overland mail was started in 1849 and the organization of this enterprise marked the period of greatest usefulness and likewise the final period of importance for the trail as a public highway.

A contributor to the Kansas state Historical Society has left this description of the overland stage and its equipment: "The stages are beautifully painted and are made watertight with a view of using them as boats in ferrying streams. The team consists of six

mules to each coach. The mail is guarded by eight men armed as follows: Each man has at his side, fastened in the stage, one Colts revolving rifle; in a holster below, one Colts long revolver, and in his belt a small Colts revolver, besides a hunting knife, so that these eight men are ready in case of attack to discharge one hundred and thirty-six shots without having to reload. This is equal to a small army armed as in ancient times, and from the looks of this escort we shall have no fear for the safety of the mails."

The American occupation of what was then northern Mexico had made the great expansion of prairie commerce and the beginning of an overland stage route possible and necessary. After the Mexican War and during the final period of the great trail's history Congress made more or less pretension to guard this traffic against Indians and desperadoes, but the number of troops furnished was always inadequate to be thoroughly effective over so great an expanse of country.

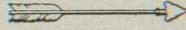
Stirring adventures continued down into the early seventies; yet these encounters were mere incidents in the march of civilized progress. The development of the West, which had now fully begun, was not to be retarded. As the Missouri valley became more and more thickly settled, emigrants gradually spread over eastern Kansas.

Railroad building had commenced about 1870 in this region, and as the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad progressed westward the eastern headquarters of the trail receded before it. Its eastern terminal passed to Hays City, and then the towns of Kit Carson, Granada, La Junta, El Moro and Las Vegas in turn held the position

formerly occupied by Independence and Kansas City.

With the development of the Santa Fe Railroad the old trail passed into history. Its importance as a commercial and colonizing factor had ended, only to be taken and carried to completion by the railroad. As to how this railroad has performed its task of linking the Pacific coast with the

Mississippi valley; as to how thoroughly it has performed its duty in colonizing this vast territory; as to how it has opened up the richest grain fields of the continent, an empire of unequalled growth and prosperity, the great Southwest stands today as lasting tribute to the beneficial power of the Santa Fe and the genius of its builders.



STORY OF AN INDIAN HERO.



THE beautiful valley, called by the Indians Otzinachson, and known to us as the West Branch of the Susquehanna, was the last foothold in Pennsylvania, east of the Allegheny Mountains, that the Indians were forced to abandon. Long after the outposts of civilization had advanced far up the valley the red men tarried by the graves of their ancestors. They were loath to leave the clear waters of the river, encased in the fruitful little valley that was hemmed in by hills and mountains. Well they knew that the time was drawing near when inexorable fate would compel them to turn their backs on their old homes and trudge towards the setting sun, but they dreaded to make the change.

The time came, however, when the westward movement was almost imperative. It was decided that the tribe should migrate to the headwaters of the stream, fully fifty miles beyond the limit of white settlement. But a few friendly Indians, who were on the best of terms with the whites, refused to heed the command of the chiefs to move

westward. This bred vengeful feelings on the part of their kindred.

The advance line of civilization at this time was the mouth of Lycoming creek, now within the limits of Williamsport. At the base of the mountain lived a young friendly Indian named Fleet-Foot, who made a living by hunting and fishing, assisted by the handiwork of his young squaw, who made handsome baskets that were sold to the settlers.

Both Fleet-Foot and his wife Minnawaqua (Sparkling Water) were remarkably fine types of the Indian of those days, but they had a little papoose that was a wonder and a delight to all the whites in the sparse settlements. Even the fondest mothers admitted that he was just the sweetest little thing they ever saw—with the exception of their own children, of course. He had great, big, laughing hazel eyes, half-rosy cheeks, a nose that a sculptor would have adored and the cunningest little mouth. He was named Star-Eyes.

Little Star-Eyes was about 2 years old when the tribe migrated to the new location far up the river. Angry threats had been made against Fleet-Foot because of the refusal to join them, but he was happy and contented, and Minnawaqua dreaded

the thought of leaving her white friends.

One day, shortly after the migration, Fleet-Foot was hunting in the mountains. Minnawaqua left her wigwam, a solid structure of logs, which the whites had helped to build, to go to a spring for water. She had left Star-Eyes playing on the floor, but when she returned, in a few minutes, the child had disappeared. She hastily looked about, called him, and then hurried out of the house to renew the search.

She had hardly passed the door when she stopped, turned pale and pressed her hands to her heart. Her keen native instinct detected strange moccasin tracks on the ground. They indicated the presence of four individuals. Her mind comprehended it all as she sunk fainting to the ground. Star-Eyes had been kidnaped by his kindred in revenge for Fleet-Foot's refusal to join them, that was evident.

There was great commotion among the settlers when they heard of the dastardly act. Many of them were eager for immediate pursuit of the captors, but Fleet-Foot dissuaded them by saying that the Indians would surely kill the papoose if they found that they were followed, and besides, there would be danger of ambush by a large party of Indians.

About ten days after this episode, just before daylight in the morning Fleet-Foot and Minnawaqua were suddenly awakened by the voice of Star-Eyes at the door crying bitterly. In a trice the child was in the arms of his overjoyed parents, but they were surprised to find him tremblingly feeling their faces with his hands. What was the matter? He always spoke in English.

"Star-Eyes tan't see."

True enough, he was totally blind, although the big, lustrous eyes looked just as natural as on the day he was abducted.

Fleet-Foot understood it all. The tribe had wreaked their vengeance by blinding the innocent child and had then stealthily returned him.

The settlers were wild with rage when they heard of it. Some of them were eager for an expedition against the Indians, but cooler counsels prevailed.

Among the settlers were a Quaker family from Philadelphia, who had taken a special interest in Fleet-Foot's little family. Part of the Quaker family, including the mother, were about to make a journey to the city to visit their friends, and it was suggested that Minnawaqua and her blind child should accompany in order that the latter's eyes might be examined by an oculist and treated, if there was any prospect of restoring the sight.

It was a tedious journey in those days, on horseback all the way to Harrisburg, and thence by primitive stage coach; but it was accomplished, and the little blind papoose was taken to an eminent oculist. Examination showed that the eyes had been blinded by holding close to them, with the lids opened, a very hot object, probably either a red-hot iron or a superheated stone. It was not the first case known of such Indian atrocity.

The oculist did his best to repair the vision, but all he could accomplish was to restore just sufficient sight for the child to distinguish between light and shade. He could distinguish persons only by their voices.

Ten years passed, and the line of settlement reached farther up the valley. The kind Quaker family moved a dozen miles above to the mouth of Pine creek, and Fleet-Foot, with three children in addition to the nearly blind boy, determined to move westward with them. It was difficult for the Indian, even with the help of Minnawaqua in basket making, to earn a liv-

ing for his little family. There were white hunters in the woods now, and game was getting comparatively scarce. Even after the removal to Pine creek the Indian was sorely pressed by poverty, and he soon determined, though with great reluctance, to join his tribe at the headwaters of the river, nearly forty miles away.

It was a sad parting. Minnawaqua, with all the stoicism of her race, could not repress her grief, and tears trickled from the beautiful, but nearly sightless orbs of Star-Eyes, now a handsomely framed youth of 14 years. And there were moist eyes, too, in the Quaker's family, and in the households of the other settlers.

It was in the autumn following the spring when Fleet-Foot joined his tribe. Rumors had been rife all summer that the Indians were in ugly mood and that a raid down the river, to sweep away the advanced settlements, was imminent. The consequence was that the settlers were fully armed and prepared to quickly muster all the men within a dozen miles along the river.

Just at daylight one morning the Quaker's family were awakened by a violent pounding on the door. On opening it they were amazed at finding Star-Eyes there in most pitiable plight. He was weak and haggard, his buckskin clothing was almost in shreds, there were only remains of his moccasins and his feet were bleeding terribly.

He quickly told his story. The Indians were on the warpath up the river. After the war party started he instantly took to the woods, made a long detour in the mountains, running at his best speed all the time, and then struck the river below the advancing redskins. His imperfect sight had caused his clothing to be torn to tatters by underbrush and his moccasins

had worn out in that almost perpetual run day and night of forty miles. He thought the Indians would surely reach the settlement the following night.

The alarm was quickly rung along the valley. A good force of brave men hurried up to meet the savages and to take a good defensive position. But their services were not needed. When the Indians found that their approach had been heralded and that the settlers were ready for them, they abandoned the raid and retreated.

Star-Eyes remained with his Quaker friend. About two weeks after the events just noted he and two of the Quaker children were gathering nuts in the woods. Suddenly there was a small volley of rifle shots, and poor Star-Eyes fell dead in his tracks without word or groan. The other children were unharmed.

This was the awful retribution visited upon the nearly sightless Indian boy for saving his white friends from slaughter.

Within an hour after the dastardly act of assassination a dozen brave settlers were on the trail of the murderers, five in number, as indicated by their tracks. The long strides shown by the moccasin tracks showed that the assassins were running, and that they were determined to make sure of escape. But the pursuers were swift runners, too. Nerved by their gratitude to poor Star-Eyes, and by the horrible atrocity of the Indians, they were determined to avenge the crime at all hazards.

As evening approached the pursuers found that the trail was getting "warm"—they were nearing the culprits. Sun-down, twilight, and the trail still warmer. As the tracks grew indistinct, and when fully twenty miles of distance had been covered, one of the party suddenly saw a glimmer of light in a little valley some

distance ahead. It was evident that the Indians, believing themselves now safe from pursuit, were camping for the night.

A careful reconnoissance, a patient wait of three hours under the glimmering stars, a cautious advance, the simultaneous crack of a dozen carefully aimed rifles at close range.

Four of the sleeping Indians never awoke; the fifth one helplessly writhed in agony. As the settlers rushed up to dispatch the wounded redskin the light from the campfire fell full upon his face, and they suddenly stopped, as if they had been riveted to the ground.

It was Fleet-Foot the father of Star-Eyes!

The muzzle of a rifle was at his head and a finger on the trigger. His eyes turned up sadly; he recognized the settler, raised his hands and faintly said:

"Yes; but listen." They knelt beside him to catch his words, for he was evidently dying.

"When the party returned," he said, slowly and painfully, "they knew of course, that Star-Eyes had betrayed them. They bound me, Minnawaqua and my three young children to stakes, intending to burn us all. Older Indians, with one or two chiefs, urged that we knew nothing about the act of Star-Eyes. In the end there was a compromise. Five warriors, including myself, were to go to the settlement and kill Star-Eyes. I was obliged to accept the terms to save Minnawaqua and my three little ones. You know the rest."

"And you were one of the murderers of your own boy?" excitedly exclaimed the settler that covered him with the rifle.

"No," came faintly from the dying Indian. "I might shoot myself but not Star-Eyes. There was no bullet in Fleet-Foot's rifle. I deceived them."

Suddenly he raised his head, turned his

already glassy eyes toward the twinkling stars, pointed his finger upward and said:

"There is Star-Eyes now. Do you see him? He is beckoning to me. I must go to him!"

Then his head fell back, his hand dropped down—he was with his boy.

The 10,000 landless Indians of California are in 250 bands, some of which are few in numbers, and these are so scattered that there is great difficulty in providing schools and missions for them. Only by admitting them to the white schools wherever these are, and by including them in the Christian teaching of the churches nearest them, can they be instructed and evangelized. Ten consecrated field matrons are doing noble work at different points, but more are needed for places remote from any church work.

Its the Hit That Counts.

"Boys, it's the hit that counts," said President Roosevelt recently to some middies at target practice.

"The hit counts everywhere. There is such a thing as honorable failure, but honorable success is better. And, do you know, my lads, that success is very much a matter of habit. The habit is usually formed at school, and when once formed, it abides. It is true that some boys who were failures at school have succeeded fairly well in after life, but they succeeded not because of the failure, but in spite of it and failure is hard to overcome. On the contrary, you watch the lad who succeeds in all his undertakings at school, at the class room, in his examinations, in class room contests and field contests, and if you will follow that lad in his after career you will be apt to find a successful man. It's the habit he has formed of hitting and not missing."

POISONING PRAIRIE DOGS.

Attempts made last spring at poisoning prairie dogs in national forests on an extensive scale seem to have been highly successful in ridding selected areas of the pests, and plans are now being made to carry on the work much more widely next year.

The first experiments in this line were made in New Mexico by a stockman who has since entered the forest service. In 1901, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the division of biological survey of the department of agriculture, made a report upon "The Prairie Dog of the Great Prairie," in which the damage done by the dogs is pointed out, and various methods of poisoning them were suggested. This report of Dr. Merriam's may be said to have blazed the way for practical work in prairie dog extermination.

Prairie dogs are very obnoxious to the stockman, for they devour much grass and undermine the surface of the ground with their burrows. Where they establish themselves the destruction of the range is only a question of time.

Range improvement in national forests is one of the chief objects of regulating the grazing. For this reason the forest service is leaving no stone unturned to prevent the range deterioration. Stockmen who had suffered heavily from the prairie dog pest were solicitous to have the work taken up and gladly offered to cooperate with the service in furnishing men and horses to distribute the poison.

To ascertain what success could be had in ridding considerable areas of the pests, a selection was made of parts of the Leadville and Pike national forests which were badly infested. The region in these forests upon which the dogs were located aggregated 300 square miles or more. In order to de-

monstrate the effectiveness of the work an area of some 60,000 or 75,000 acres of actual dogtown was selected for the test. From 80 to 90 per cent of the dogs were killed with the first distribution of the poison. It will be necessary to go over the ground a second time and by "spotting" the occupied holes the remaining dogs will be easily killed with a very small amount of the poisoning material. The average cost per acre for the poisoning material was only one and one-half cents, and even then it was found that more material had been used than was necessary.

The poison is prepared by coating wheat with a preparation of strychnine, cyanide of potassium, anise oil and molasses. When sufficient quantity is ready, the poisoned wheat is carried to the field of operations. There the stockmen supply men and horses, the wheat is given out to the riders, and distribution begins.

Each rider carries the wheat in a tinpail supported by a gunnysack slung across his right shoulder and hanging at his left side. His left hand is free for the reins. With his right hand he uses a tablespoon to measure out the poison and drop it near the entrance of the holes. A little practice enables the men to drop the wheat while keeping the horses at a smart trot. By crossing the town, to and fro, like a man sowing grain, they can cover a large area in a surprisingly short time.

The action of the poison is almost instantaneous. Most of the prairie dogs in a town are dead within an hour or two after the bait is dropped.

The work is considered to have demonstrated the entire feasibility of fighting the prairie dogs in this way. It was found, however, that to be successful the poison must be scattered in

the spring, when the dogs first come out from their winter quarters and before the green grass is offered to appease their hungry appetites. Next spring the poisoning will be undertaken much more extensively. Stock-

men and others who wish to try the dog medicine on their own account can obtain the formula for its preparation and directions for its use from the forest service of the United States at Washington.



THE OLD SOLDIER TRAMP.

(Scene—A City Police Court.)

"Yer honor. I pleads guilty; I'm a bummer; I don't deny that through the whole long summer The sun-warm earth has been my only bunk. I hain't been able to earn a livin'; A man with one leg planted in the tomb Can't get a job—an' I've a strong misgivin' 'Bout bein' cooped up in a soldier's home.

"Whar did I lose my leg? At Spottsylvania— Perhaps you've read about the bloody fight— But then I guess the story won't restrain you From doin' what the law sets down as right. I'm not a vag through choice, but through misfortune. An' as fur drink—well, all men have their faults An' Judge, I guess I've had my lawful portion O' rough experieuce in prison vaults.

"I served as a private in the Tenth New Jersey, An' the boys'll say I done what's right; There ain't a man can say that Abram Bursej War ever found a shirkin' in a fight. Right in the hell-born, frightful roar o' battle, Whar shot an' shell shrieked through the darksome woods, You'd always find me doin' the best I could,

"We had a brave ol' feller fur a colonel— We called him Sweety, but his name was Sweet— Why, Judge, I swear it by the great eternal! That brave ol' cuss'd rather fight than eat. An' you can always bet your bottom dollar In battle Sweety'd never hunt a tree. He'd allus push into the front an' holler, 'Brace up, my gallant boys an' follow me!'

Well, just before the Spottsylvania battle Ol' Sweety cum to me an' says, says he: I tell you, Abe, 'tain't many things'll rattle A tough ol' weather beaten cuss like me. But in my very soul I've got a feelin' That I'm goin' to get a dose today. An' 'tain't no use fur to be concealin' The skittish thoughts that in my bosom play.

"Fur many years you've been my neighbor, Bursej, An' I have allus found you squar' an' true— Back in our little town in ol' New Jersey No one has got a better name than you. An' now I want your promise squar'ly given That if our cause today demands my life, An' you yourself are left among the livin' You'll take me back an' lay me by my wife.

"Well, judge, that day amidst the most infernal An' desperate bloody fight I ever seen, Way up in front I saw the daring colonel Throw up his hands an' tumble off his steed. In half a minute I was bendin' o'er him, An' seein' that he wasn't killed outright, I loaded him on my back an' bore him Some little distance back o' the fight.

"The blood from out a ghastly wound was flowin' An' so I snatched the shirt from off my back; For I could see the brave ol' cuss were goin' To die unless I held the red tide back. An' purty soon I seed he was revivin'. An' heard him whisper, 'Abe, you've saved my life. Your ol' wool shirt, along with your connivin' Has kept me from that grave beside my wife.'

"Well, Judge, while I stood there beside him, schemin' On how to get him in a doctor's care, A ten-pound shell toward us came a-screamin' Just like a ravin' demon in the air, An' when it passed I found myself a lyin' Across ol' Sweety's body, an' I see That 'tarnel shell, that by us went a flyin', Had tuk my leg along for company.

"Well, Judge, that's all, 'cept when the war was over. I found myself a cripple an' since then I've been a sort of shiftless worthless rover, But just as honest as the most o' men. I never stole a dime from livin' mortal, Nor ever harmed a woman, child or man— I've simply been a bum, and hope the court'll Be just as easy on me as it can."

Then spake the Judge: "Such helpless, worthless creatures Should never be allowed to bum and beg; Your case 'tis true, has some redeeming features For in your country's cause you lost a leg. An yet I feel the world needs an example To check the tendency of man to roam. The sentence is, that all your life—your camp'll Be the best room in my humble home."

The soldier stared! Dumb! Silent as a statue! Then in a voice of trembling pathos, said: "Judge, turn your head, an' give me one look at you. That voice is like an echo from the dead." Then forward limped he, grimly, hand extended. While tears down his sunbrowned cheeks did roll, And with slang and pathos strangely blended "Why, Colonel Sweety, durn your brave ol' soul."

THE PUEBLO OF TAOS.

JOHN MARTINEZ.

AMONG the many divisions of villages of the old historic Pueblo tribe of Indians scattered throughout the great southwestern region, often called the "Sahara of America," is the Pueblo of Taos, one of the foremost and typical of its kind. Taos is situated in the extreme north central part of New Mexico, a short distance from the boundary line separating New Mexico and Colorado, and, like most of the other pueblos, it lies in a section influenced by the mighty Rio Grande.

Should we leave the train at the nearest town, we should then take a stage, drawn, not by a team of the fancy driving horses which are commonly seen on country roads in the East, but by smaller and partly untamed Indian ponies, and proceed on our journey under the scorching sun and over the dry, unused roads, with no scenery to divert our attention other than the sagebrush growing in the valley, the Taos Mountains rising in the distance, and the clear blue sky. After a day or two of this kind of transportation we should suddenly come upon a herd of goats and sheep under the care of one or two young Indian shepherds with their dogs, and possibly a herd of horses near by. These are sure signs that we are within a reasonably short distance of the Taos pueblo. We now approach the pueblo, great piles of buildings, one house built on top of the other to the height of six or seven stories, appearing from a distance something like a large mass of sand bearing the rich color of "mother earth." Against these houses may be

seen a number of crudely made ladders by which entrance may be gained. Unlike the white man's house with doors on the side, the Taos house has its door on the roof where another ladder is placed on which to descend into the room. This was formerly done for protection against wild animals and human enemies. This kind of door, however, is no longer necessary and the more modern houses may be found with doors on one side. Windows in these peculiar dwellings are usually very small, affording a limited amount of fresh air and light. The inside of the rooms is generally whitewashed with ground gypsum, though sometimes it is left well smoothed and the original color of the earth. The fireplace usually takes up one corner of the room and about this may be found the cooking pots. Not much space is taken up by furniture, for little if any is to be had. The walls of the Taos home are not adorned by pictures, as is the case in white people's homes, but on the walls, as well as from the ceiling, hang strings of red peppers, (or "chile" as it called,) colored ears of corn, baskets, bags containing clothes, hats, and other Indian goods; thus they economize space as well as adorn the wall. Instead of the usual oiled board floor seen in the average civilized home, the Taos house floor is none other than smooth, level, and hard, dried clay, which, however, receives the same scrupulous care that the average modern American home floor gets at the hands of a trained house-keeper.

The Taos Pueblo Indian dresses in a

strictly Indian garb, generally consisting of a loose calico shirt, light leggings and pantaloons, moccasins, and, if not too warm, a light-weight blanket (red preferred.) The women dress in an equally simple way, though from the knee down to the foot, the leg is heavily wound in a wide buckskin bandage, which serves mostly as a protection from snake bites and from injuries from the low brush. The long hair is worn parted in the center all the way down the back of the head, and braided on each side with fur or worsted. The Taos Pueblo is possessed of a stronger individuality than that characterizing any of the Pueblos, and will always jealously take the aggressive to maintain his rights. Strangers receive the treatment and respect due them, but the Pueblos, like many Indians of other tribes, still have a tendency to distrust the white man. They cannot be blamed, for they are apt to judge the white people entirely by the traders and Government officials, who have not always proved themselves honest to the Indians. They have yet to see the better side of civilization; and until then they will not do much in co-operation for their own advancement.

The Taos Indians could perhaps be classified as a non-progressive people, owing to their unwillingness to forsake the old Indian customs and adopt those brought by civilization. There is but one Government day school in the pueblo and this is fairly well attended in spite of the fact that the teacher does not get the support and backing from the children's parents which she ought to have. Many still point to the fact that during all these past years they have lived comfortably and peacefully without the aid of the white man's education, methods, and manners of living; and being satisfied, why should they run the risk of a change?

There also exists here a very strong sentiment against young Indians leaving the pueblo to attend some Eastern or any non-reservation school. Returned students from Hampton are cautioned and earnestly requested by the officials of the pueblo to adhere strictly to the Indian customs, dress, and Indian life in general. Such are the obstacles which education and those having it are obliged to confront.

The Taosan depends entirely upon agricultural pursuits, including stock-raising, for a living. The land to which the Indians have access is a fertile one, despite the fact that, owing to the dry climate, irrigation must be resorted to. In farming, as in everything else, the Pueblo will stick to methods prevalent centuries ago, such as threshing wheat by piling it up and enclosing it in a small circular fence or corral and then driving a herd of horses on the run around it till it has all been well tramped. They then wait for the wind to come, at which time the wheat is separated from the straw by being tossed up in the air, when the wind blows away the light straw, allowing the grains of wheat, which are heavier, to fall to the ground. Hay, grain, and corn are all cut down not by the mowing machine but by a small, hooked, hand sickle. The Indians' products consist of corn and wheat, which find ready sale at a near by mill, and a limited amount of vegetables and fruit. Repeated conflicts have taken place between the Indians and neighboring towns over water rights.

While the Taos Indians are slow in adopting modern ways of living as defined by civilization, they have nevertheless fully acquired the blessings of labor which always play an important part in the development of any race; and this largely accounts for the stubborn and independent

feeling characteristic of the Taosan, who prefers life in his adobe house where he can nurse his grievances secluded from the rest of the world.

Catholicism, which is so predominant among the Pueblos farther South, is to a certain extent prevalent here, although, owing to the work of some small missions, there are quite a number who are Protestant in name if not entirely in heart; for it is a hard matter for an Indian to change his religious beliefs. The Pueblo Indian, however, properly trained under good influences, such as are afforded by the many missions of the various churches, will make not only a good Christian but a man and citizen possessing the highest qualities.

A Washington special states that Maj. James McLaughlin, Indian inspector, has returned to Washington to finish the roll of Sisseton and Wahpeton Sioux Indians, preparatory to the distribution of the amount awarded to that tribe in pursuance of the act of congress restoring annuities taken from them in consequence of the participation in the uprising of 1862. "The court of claims has awarded the Indians \$786,400", said Maj. McLaughlin. "From this should be deducted an allowance of \$90,000 for attorney's fees, leaving the balance to be distributed among the Indians, of whom about 4,400 will get \$160 apiece. The Indians live in Minnesota, South Dakota, Montana and other states of the northwest. "I cannot approximate the date when the payment will be made, as it will take some time to complete the work on the roll. I enrolled one man in San Francisco and another in Walla Walla, Wash."

At one point Indian neighbors raised \$18 to help rebuild a poor little Indian home which had been burned.

There is a strange mountain in the Death Valley of Nevada. It is known as Mount Blanc, and consists entirely of borax. Mount Blanc is approximately 1,500 feet high and two miles in diameter. Frank M. Smith, of Oakland, owns the mountain absolutely, and thereby is said to control the visible supply of borax in the world. The market value of this borax where it lies is something more than \$100 a ton. Experts estimate that the mountain has at least 3,000,000,000 tons of borax in it. This mountain, standing at the north end of the Funeral Range, within a stone's throw of Death Valley, says a western writer, makes Smith easily the richest man in the world, from point of resources. But this borax deposit is merely a lining for the pot of gold that rests in Funeral Range.

President Castro lives in what is probably the most remarkable dwelling place of any modern ruler. It stands within a park at Caracas, and is built almost entirely of steel. The outer walls are covered with a kind of soft stone, so to look at, there is nothing peculiar about the place, but it is said to be the strongest house in the world, and it will resist the heaviest gunfire. The idea of a steel "palace" occurred to the president after he had had experience of one or two earthquakes. One night he was awakened by an earthquake, and in his fright he jumped out of a window and broke his leg. After that he decided that bricks and mortar were not safe, hence the reason for his metal abode.

Some fellow said that opportunity knocks once at every man's door. That is a mistake. Opportunity is your guest and if you get no good out of her it's because you are too familiar and are always passing her by like "one of the family."

Official Service Changes

CHANGES IN SCHOOL SERVICE DURING AUGUST, 1908.

APPOINTMENTS.

Cora M. Hall, teacher, Cantonment, 540.
 Mamie P. Lett, seamstress, Wild Rice River, 480.
 Geo. M. Barton, carpenter, Albuquerque, 720.
 Mary E. Metzler, nurse, Albuquerque, 600.
 Sarah A. Myers, teacher, Blackfeet, 600.
 John Heydorf, painter, Chilocco, 600.
 Aleatha Sloan, teacher, Fort Yuma, 600.
 Clara E. Crawford, cook, Canton Asylum, 480.
 Nell G. Edgar, teacher, Otoe, 600.
 Mary J. Freeman, asst. matron, Tohatchi, 540.
 Joseph A. Parkhill, engineer, Navajo, 1000.
 Geo. B. Thomas, industrial teacher, Grand River, 720.
 Geo. A. Bell, carpenter, Shoshone, 660.
 Oliver H. Humbargar, industrial teacher, Shawnee, 780.
 Ellen Humbargar, asst. matron, Shawnee, 500.
 Mary E. Bratley, seamstress, Klamath, 500.
 Arthur J. Wheeler, physician, Pine Ridge, 1100.
 Cora C. Cooter, teacher, Morris, 600.
 Susie Thomas, seamstress, Umatilla, 500.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Lizzie A. Richards, teacher, Carson, 600.
 Nellie Norris, teacher, Cass Lake, 540.
 Vela H. Adams, laundress, Fort Belknap, 500.
 Jessie Brown, cook, Grand River, 500.
 Jeremiah H. Lynch, carpenter, Grand River, 600.
 Bona P. Alexander, teacher, Klamath, 720.
 Louis J. Rising, farmer, Warm Springs, 600.
 Metta P. Lindsey, seamstress, Wahpeton, 480.
 Sara C. Cloutier, teacher, Yakima, 600.
 Louise B. Shipley, seamstress, Pine Ridge, 500.
 Bessie K. May, matron, Crow, 600.
 John Washborn, carpenter, Pierre, 720.

TRANSFERS.

Albert H. Kneale, principal, Crow, 1200, to supt., Winnebago, 1400.
 Cora M. Embree, asst. matron, Fort Shaw, 600, to asst. matron, Carson, 540.
 Peter Paquette, principal, Arapahoe, 1200, to principal, Cheyenne, 1200.
 Mary H. White, matron, Arapahoe, 600, to matron, Cheyenne, 600.
 Joseph E. Maxwell, add'l farmer, Navajo Extension, 75 mo., to supt., Leupp, 1200.
 Walter Riesbol, teacher, Cut Finger day, 60 mo., to teacher, Flathead, 720.
 Lulu C. Riesbol, housekeeper, Cut Finger day, 30 mo., to housekeeper, Flathead, 300.
 David W. Gilliland, teacher, Kickapoo, 540, to teacher, Fort Apache, 720.
 Mjinnie Tillson, teacher, Tongue River, 540, to teacher, Fort Shaw, 600.
 Jos. T. Escalanti, farmer, Fort Mojave Agency, 720 to ind'l teacher, Fort Yuma, 720.
 John B. Woods, clerk, Fort Berthold Agency, 1200, to supt., Lower Brule, 1400.
 Mary J. Freeman, asst. matron, Tohatchi, 540, to matron, Otoe, 520.
 Wm. P. Long, ind'l teacher, Seneca, 600, to farmer, Otoe, 720.
 Amalia Scheurle, kindergartner, Arapahoe, 600, to kindergartner, Navajo, 600.

Robert Ross, ind'l teacher, Colo. River, 720, to ind'l teacher, Tohatchi, 720.

Mabel C. Whitaker, teacher, Sia, 72 mo., to teacher, Navajo, 600.

Esther T. Joiner, matron, Otoe, 520, to asst. matron, Tohatchi, 540.

Philip H. Sayles, principal, Sisseton, 1000, to principal, Riverside, 1200.

Annie B. O'Bryne, matron, Vermillion Lake, 540, to matron, Southern Ute, 600.

Fred Schiffbauer, carpenter, Cheyenne, 600, to carpenter, San Juan, 720.

Alice Mc Mahan, teacher, Southern Ute, 600, to teacher, San Juan, 600.

Lucy Sobin, laundress, Morris, 480, to laundress, Shoshone, 480.

Gertrude J. Knowles, kindergartner, Navajo, 600, to kindergartner, Shawnee, 600.

Benson O. Sherman, blacksmith, Chamberlain, 600, to blacksmith, Hayward, 540.

Wm. Hunt, Ind. teacher, Siletz, 600, to Ind. teacher, Warm Springs, 400.

Emily Hunt, seamstress, Siletz, 500, to asst. matron, Warm Springs, 600.

Nicholas Rischard, carpenter, Pawnee, 720, to engineer, Wahpeton, 720.

John B. Jones, farmer, Red Lake Agency, 720, to farmer, Wahpeton, 600.

Mary E. Perkins, asst. clerk, Yakima Agency, 720, to clerk, Yakima, 720.

Sophia Foland, laundress, Canton Asylum, 480, to laundress, Yankton, 500.

Wm. Soedt, farmer, Umatilla, 720, to discip., Zuni, 800.

Morton C. Hel'n, teacher, Winnebago, 720, to teacher, Pine Ridge, 720.

Chas. J. Palmer, farmer, Otoe, 720, to farmer, Morris, 720.

Julia Wheelock, laundress, Shoshone, 480, to laundress, Morris, 480.

John W. Warrell, farmer, Tongue River, 720, to farmer, Umatilla, 720.

Katherine C. Bingley, teacher, Phoenix, 660, to teacher, Carlisle, 720.

Wm. E. Thackrey, principal, Fort Totten, 1000, to principal, Crow, 1200.

Guy G. Jarvis, ind'l teacher, Kickapoo, 540, ind'l teacher, Colo. River, 720.

Fred E. Bartram, teacher, Taholah, 720, to teacher, Port Gamble, 720.

S. E. Crane, carpenter, Jicarilla Agency, 780, to carpenter, Puyallup, 840.

Frederick W. Griffiths, teacher, Port Gamble, 720, to discip., Puyallup, 720.

Johnson Williams, teacher, Jamestown, 720, to teacher, Puyallup, 600.

Abraham Welfelt, blacksmith, Shawnee Agency, 720, to engineer, Santa Fe, 900.

Annie F. Burton, asst. matron, Cherokee, 540, to patent office, Washington, D. C.

RESIGNATIONS.

Thomas M. Jones, principal, Cheyenne, 1200.

Mary C. Jones, matron, Cheyenne, 600.

Nora Crum, nurse, Cheyenne, 600.

Mahlon M. Hutchins, ind'l teacher, Lower Brule, 600.

Allah E. Saxon, asst. matron, Carlisle, 600.

Frank E. Slater, principal and physician, Colville Sanitarium, 1200.

Byrdie D. Perkins, asst. matron, Uintah, 500.

Belle L. Harber, seamstress, Uintah, 500.

Eliza H. Fishback, cook, Uintah, 500.

Wm. D. Ryder, engineer, Navajo, 1000.

Sarah A. Hale, cook, Martin Kenel Agri., 500.
 Alma M. Frost, matron, Rainy Mountain, 600.
 Sarah J. Porterfield, asst. matron, Riverside, Okla., 500.
 Maggie Allender, matron, Southern Ute, 600.
 Katie M. Ward, cook, Shawnee, 450.
 Rachel W. Korn, cook, Shawnee, 450.
 Morna M. Eldred, kindergartner, Shawnee, 600.
 Clara E. Barclay, seamstress, Klamath, 500.
 George Duvall, farmer, Klamath, 660.
 Pearl O. Powell, laundress, Klamath, 500.
 Rose H. Roberson, teacher, Klamath, 660.
 Emily Staiger, seamstress, Warm Springs, 480.
 Myra L. Shriver, housekeeper, Bullhead day, 30 mo.
 Louis J. Rising, farmer, Warm Springs, 600.
 Nettie E. Schlytter, teacher, Wittenberg, 600.
 Minnie F. Crafton, matron, Yankton, 540.
 Amas B. Iliff, carpenter, Zuni, 720.
 Lulu C. Stevenson, asst. matron, Morris, 500.
 Oscar H. Boileau, farmer, Morris, 720.
 Ethel Mason, teacher, Morris, 600.
 Maud L. Middleton, housekeeper, Phoenix, 500.
 Nellie L. Hamilton, nurse, Osage, 600.
 Rilla A. Williamson, teacher, Tongue River, 660.
 Bessie E. Paris, cook, Tongue River, 480.
 Ellen C. Pierce, seamstress, Umatilla, 500.
 Mary E. McDonnell, matron, Truxton Canon, 600.
 Frankie Potts, laundress, Truxton Canon, 500.
 Anna Hauck, cook, Truxton Canon, 540.
 Laura B. Norton, teacher, Carson, 660.
 Maggie E. Percival, nurse, Carson, 660.
 Mary H. White, matron, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, 600.
 Noah E. Hamilton, discip., Flandreau, 800.
 Clara Whitehead, teacher, Flandreau, 600.
 Nellie Scott, asst. matron, Pierre, 500.
 Norman S. Richards, teacher, Chehalis, 720.
 Ella M. Merrill, laundress, Puyallup, 500.
 Maggie J. McAllister, seamstress, Santee, 420.
 Oscar M. Waddell, supt., Winnebago, 1400.
 Nora H. Hearst, teacher, Santa Fe, 600.

APPOINTMENTS—Excepted Positions.

Festus Pelone, shoe and harnessmaker, Rice Station, 360.
 Lillian Bennett, cook, Blackfeet, 420.
 J. F. Meredith, physician, Fort Bidwell, 480.
 Thomas J. Flood, asst. clerk, Haskell, 660.
 Wm. Penn, gardener, Shoshone, 480.
 Webster Whitehead, engineer, Shawnee, 500.
 Lawrence Isham, discip., Hayward, 600.
 Louise M. Carufel, assistant, Wittenberg, 360.
 Belle G. Helm, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300.
 Dick Bender, nightwatchman, Carson, 480.
 Julia DeCora, asst. matron, Pierre, 500.
 George Pratt, engineer, Pima, 540.
 Jose Allison, assistant, Pima, 360.

RESIGNATIONS—Excepted positions.

Lev Belcourt, carpenter, White Earth, 600.
 Sophia Parker, cook, Pine Point, 420.
 Stella Gregory, baker, Wild Rice River, 400.
 Authur Sutton, asst. discip., Haskell, 600.
 Jackson Saunooke, disciplinarian, Rainy Mountain, 420.
 Madeline Jacker, seamstress, Rainy Mountain, 500.
 Scott J. Porter, discip., Hayward, 600.
 Lena Skenandore, assistant, Wittenberg, 360.
 Edna Frazier, housekeeper, Cheyenne River, 30 mo.
 Annie Williams, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300.
 Josie B. Reed, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300.
 Clara L. Primm, financial clerk, Morris, 600.
 Fleming Lavender, shoe and harnessmaker, Albuquerque, 600.
 Matilda Hunt, housekeeper, San Felipe, 30 mo.
 Nellie Smith, seamstress, Bena, 420.

Wm. Brown, shoe and harnessmaker, Carson, 480.
 Andrew John, nightwatchman, Carson, 480.
 Simeon Lee, physician, Carson, 600.
 Anna R. Hill, teacher, Chilocco, 540.
 Ella Degering, housekeeper, Colville, 300.
 Clara Degering, housekeeper, Colville, 300.
 Francis Mansfield, shoe and harnessmaker, Fort Apache, 400.
 Emma E. Apachose, asst. cook, Pima, 360.
 Rudolph Apawcum, assisat, Pima, 400.
 R. Garn Clark, physician, Panguitch, 450.
 Julia Seelatsee, seamstress, Nevada, 480.
 James E. Brewer, discip., Puyallup, 660.
 Sallie O. Babcock, housekeeper, Standing Rock, 30 mo.
 Amelia Billy, housekeeper, Swinomish, 300.
 Emma W. Pickrell, housekeeper, Port Madison, 360.
 Blena Byanauba, laundress, Santa Fe, 540.
 Dolores Cerna, housekeeper, Cochiti, 30 mo.
 Mary Valverde, housekeeper, Jemez, 30 mo.

APPOINTMENTS—Unclassified Service.

Harrison Diaz, laborer, Albuquerque, 600.
 Mary L. Maguire, laborer, Canton Asylum, 360.
 Wm. F. Kridle, laborer, Canton Asylum, 480.
 Silas F. Keith, laborer, Canton Asylum, 480.
 John L. Cogan, laborer, Standing Rock, 540.
 Louis Lambert, laborer, Standing Rock, 360.
 Lewis Baker, laborer, Grand River, 500.
 Kenneth O Connor, laborer, Martin Kenel, 480.
 Andrew Anderson, laborer, Rainy Mountain, 400.
 John Allen, laborer, Puyallup, 500.

RESIGNATIONS—Unclassified Service.

Gena Twedt, laborer, Canton Asylum, 360.
 Thomas Eastcott, laborer, Canton Asylum, 480.
 Wm. Mutchler, laborer, Standing Rock, 360.
 Harry Slater, laborer, Martin Kenel, 480.
 Walter L. Shultz, laborer, Riverside, Okla.
 Andrew Wood, laborer, Rainy Mountain, 480.
 John O. Sipes, laborer, Phoenix, 600.

MARRIAGES.

Maggie Donnelly, matron, Southern Ute, became by marriage July 1, 1908, Maggie Allender.

CHANGES IN AGENCY SERVICE DURING SEPTEMBER, 1908.

APPOINTMENTS.

Albert J. Thoes, blacksmith, Fort Mohave, 720.
 Harry B. Miller, asst. clerk, Kiowa, 720.
 Willie E. Bisbee, general mechanic, Cheyenne River, 720.
 David D. Gibson, Jr., engineer, Mesalero, 1000.
 Albert H. Spears, physician, Menominee, 1000.
 Harrison C. Weston, farmer, Fort Hall, 720.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Thomas Brownbridge, blacksmith, Crow, 720.

TRANSFERS.

James W. Wilson, clerk, Nevada, 900, to clerk, Seger, 1000.
 Walter W. Penrose, gen. mech., Seger, 800, to engineer, Colorado River, 900.
 Susie McDougall, teacher, White Earth, 600, to asst. clerk, White Earth, 720.
 Richard Newmark, lease clerk, Yankton, 1000, to clerk, Fort Berthold, 1200.
 Charles W. Cranford, farmer, Carlisle, 720, to farmer, Fort Mohave, 720.
 Hugh H. Phelps, carpenter and gen. mech., Flathead, 720, to carpenter, Shoshone, 720.

W. A. Eaheart, clerk, Fort Yuma, 1000, to financial clerk, Green Bay, 1200.
 Mahlon M. Hutchens, industrial teacher, Lower Brule, 600, to add'l farmer, Rosebud, 60 mo.
 Roy A. Perry, asst. engineer, War Dept., to engineer, Pima, 1000.
 Katherine B. Porter, clerk, Union, 1020, to pension office, Washington, D. C.

RESIGNATIONS.

Elmer G. Crittenden, carpenter, Nevada, 720.
 Samuel F. McCluney, stenographer, Union, 960.
 James M. Tolson, carpenter, Shoshone, 720.
 Bert Jones, blacksmith, Southern Ute, 760.
 Fred Rains, chief clerk intruder division, Union, 1620.
 Lillian M. Cass, stenographer, Union, 1200.
 Carroll S. Middleton, physician, Klamath, 1000.
 Edward Lieurance, physician, Warm Springs, 1000.
 Walter W. Penrose, engineer, Colorado River, 900.
 George S. Martin, physician, Blackfeet, 1400.
 Henry J. Schoenthal, clerk, Crow Creek, 1200.
 Mark Quashera, herder, Western Navajo, 780.
 Simon W. Smith, physician, Cheyenne River, 1200.
 Isaiah Palmer, engineer, Coeur d' Alene, 720.
 John R. Kemp, wheelwright, San Carlos, 780.
 Grattan A. Dennis, farmer, Santa Fe, 720.

APPOINTMENTS—Excepted Positions.

Joe Lowrie, add'l farmer, Nevada, 60 mo.
 Charles H. Stone, add'l farmer, Nevada, 60 mo.
 Sam David, teamster, Rosebud, 360.
 Rush C. Fine, financial clerk, Yankton, 1000.
 Roy Longknife, herder, Fort Belknap, 480.
 William H. Wisdom, add'l farmer, Cantonment, 50 mo.
 Fitz Lee, asst. blacksmith, San Juan, 400.
 John Howard, engineer, Southern Ute, 600.
 Calvin M. Wagner, add'l farmer, Fort Totten, 60 mo.
 Pierce D. Egan, add'l farmer, Fort Yuma, 60 mo.
 R. N. Clark, financial clerk, Jicarilla, 600.
 Vacit Cheama, custodian of antiquities, Zuni, 480.
 Isaac J. Powell, add'l farmer, Warm Springs, 60 mo.
 Frank Saice, asst. carpenter, White Earth, 480.
 Alice C. Hansen, financial clerk, Hoopa Valley, 960.
 Patrick Burns, add'l farmer, Tongue River, 60 mo.
 Edward H. Davies, add'l farmer, Western Navajo, 65 mo.
 Tohanny, add'l farmer, Western Navajo, 65 mo.
 Jim Fielding, add'l farmer, Truxton Canon, 60 mo.
 Gilbert, stableman, Uintah, 400.
 Klache Yazze, asst. carpenter, San Juan, 400.
 Joe Alveres, asst. engineer, Fort Peck, 400.
 Robert Watson, add'l farmer, Flathead, 65 mo.
 Mamie Robinson, financial clerk, Fort Yuma, 1000.
 D. F. Porter, overseer, White Earth, 800.
 George W. Williams, add'l farmer, Western Navajo, 65 mo.
 Arthur L. Sandin, add'l farmer, Fort Totten, 65 mo.
 Levi Bird, asst. carpenter, Crow Creek, 360.
 George J. Robertson, add'l farmer, Truxton Canon, 60 mo.
 Katherine M. Hill, financial clerk, Sac and Fox, Iowa, 600.
 Herman McCormick, add'l farmer, Western Navajo, 65 mo.
 John Raish, teamster, Leech Lake, 320.
 Stuart Hazlett, overseer, under supervision of Chas. E. Dagenett, supervisor of Indian employment, 100 mo.
 Peter Pretty Bear, janitor, Cheyenne River, 360.
 Charles Billedeaux, asst. mechanic, Blackfeet, 360.
 Wm. K. Smith, add'l farmer, Tongue River, 60 mo.
 James Grant, add'l farmer, Fort Totten, 30 mo.
 Frank Fog, butcher, Crow Creek, 360.
 Lewis M. Weaver, add'l farmer, San Carlos, 75 mo.

RESIGNATIONS—Excepted Positions.

Joe Lowrie, add'l farmer, Nevada, 60 mo.
 Leon M. Harris, add'l farmer, Truxton Canon, 60 mo.
 Peter Marcellais, add'l farmer, Fort Totten, 30 mo.
 Hans Aspaas, asst. blacksmith, San Juan, 400.
 Louis Speak Thunder, herder, Fort Belknap, 480.
 Waldemar J. Moe, add'l farmer, Fort Totten, 65 mo.
 Alfred One Feather, blacksmith, Cheyenne River, 360.
 James Swan, wheelright, Cheyenne River, 360.
 Sophia I. Thomas, financial clerk, Fort Berthold, 600.
 Vacit Celia, custodian of antiquities, Zuni, 480.
 Robert A. McIlvaine, add'l farmer, Warm Springs, 60 mo.
 Sydney Atwine, stableman, Uintah, 400.
 Harriet H. Kyselka, financial clerk, Hoopa Valley, 960.
 E. D. Weston, add'l farmer, Tongue River, 60 mo.
 Joseph A. Kitto, blacksmith, Santee, 600.
 John Ferraris, add'l farmer, Western Navajo, 65 mo.
 Carlo Picchioni, add'l farmer, Western Navajo, 65 mo.
 Joseph Roberts, blacksmith, Red Lake, 600.
 James R. Way, add'l farmer, Fort Totten, 65 mo.
 Zeb Gebeau, add'l farmer, Flathead, 65 mo.
 D. D. Hull, add'l farmer, Flathead, 65 mo.
 Tohanny, add'l farmer, Western Navajo, 65 mo.
 Wm. Pell, teamster, Leech Lake, 320.
 Jim Fielding, add'l farmer, Truxton Canon, 60 mo.
 Charley Day, stableman, Western Navajo, 720.
 Wilson Lee, asst. carpenter, San Juan, 400.
 Sam Long, blacksmith, Seger, 480.
 Wm. V. Parkinson, add'l farmer, Rosebud, 60 mo.
 Geo. W. Williams, add'l farmer, Western Navajo, 65 mo.
 Charles N. Freeman, financial clerk, Green Bay, 1200.
 Patrick Burns, add'l farmer, Tongue River, 60 mo.
 Frederick Jerome, add'l farmer, Ft. Totten, 30 mo.
 Naydee Worley, financial clerk, Coeur d' Alene, 600.
 Joseph M. Audic, physician, Coeur d' Alene, 600.
 John Raish, teamster, Leech Lake, 320.
 Levi Big Eagle, butcher, Crow Creek, 360.
 Edward Doublerunner, asst. mechanic Blackfeet, 360.

APPOINTMENTS—Unclassified service.

Hugh Lejder, laborer, Crow, 480.
 Joseph Pickett, laborer, Crow, 480.
 Willie Pete, laborer, Western Shoshone, 360.
 Thomas Biglake, laborer, Crow, 480.
 Herman G. Rolfes, laborer, Otoe, 480.
 A. C. Scott, laborer, Seneca, 420.
 Theodore Rockwood, laborer, Santee, 600.
 Frank Blackhair, laborer, Crow, 480.
 Edward Turner, laborer, St. Louis Warehouse, 720.
 James Brown, laborer, Fort Belknap, 400.
 Charley Day, laborer, Western Navajo, 720.
 Sidney Sioux, laborer, Seger, 360.
 George W. Williams, laborer, Western Navajo, 720.

RESIGNATIONS—Unclassified Service.

Charles Caskey, laborer, Western Shoshone, 360.
 Herman G. Rolfes, laborer, Otoe, 480.
 Joseph Pickett, laborer, Crow, 480.
 James Kennedy, laborer, Seneca, 420.
 Edmund Felix, laborer, Santee, 600.
 Warren E. Ayres, laborer, Mescalero, 720.
 Thomas Biglake, laborer, Crow, 480.
 Sioux Littlecalf, laborer, Seger, 360.
 Arthur Kaernbach, laborer, St. Louis Warehouse, 720.
 Ed First Smoke, laborer, Fort Belknap, 400.
 James Kenote, laborer, Green Bay, 360.
 Charley Day, laborer, Western Navajo, 720.
 Sidney Sioux, laborer, Seger, 360.
 Taylor Bush, laborer, Omaha, 540.
 Herman G. Rolfes, laborer, Otoe, 480.

ABOUT INDIAN WITCHCRAFT.

From Southern Workman.

AN INTERESTING contribution to Indian literature appeared in one of the recent publications of the University of California in which Philip Stedman Sparkman discusses the culture of the Luiseno Indians—their food and clothing, their pottery and basketry, their weapons and implements; indeed everything, which has any bearing on their manner of life. Considerable attention is given incidentally to what may be called the witchcraft of these people. For by whatever name those who practice their craft may be known—shaman, medicine-man, or what not—it is as witchcraft that we naturally consider it, if only for the sake of comparison.

“As may be supposed,” says the writer, “witchcraft is still much believed in, though not nearly so much as formerly. A person whose children are dying, even of such a disease as consumption, will imagine that some evilly disposed wizard is bewitching them. He will perhaps go to some wizard and ask him who is killing his children. The wizard will inform him that a certain person is doing so; and after this nothing will make the man believe otherwise.

“To bewitch a person it is considered necessary to get something belonging to his body, as a little of his hair, the paring of his nails, or some of his blood. For this reason it was formerly customary when one had his hair cut, to carefully sweep up every particle, carry it away, and bury it for fear that some enemy might possess himself of it to bewitch him. Some follow this custom still.”

Here at least are a few beliefs that have about them a particularly familiar ring. The Negro folk-lore is especially rich in just this sort of weird faith in evil powers, and we have not to go so very far back in the annals of our own ancestors to find in certain communities quite general credence in similar witchcraft.

The same sort of credence in a different form appears in the methods used for curing the sick. Of the methods of treatment followed by the Indian doctors, Mr. Sparkman says:

“One of their methods of treatment is to suck the part of the body affected and pretend to draw out something. Sometimes it will be a greenish or blackish fluid, or perhaps a reddish liquid that they declare to be blood; at other times beetles, lizards, or stones. A Cahuilla doctor is said to have sucked a rattlesnake about a foot long out of a woman’s chest. * * Some of the healers must either be sleight-of-hand performers, or else possess the power to hypnotize.

“We have heard of one patient who did not believe in their supernatural powers who said, ‘They make you think you see things you don’t see.’ ”

The information is not given as to whether this doubting one had been a pupil in the schools and so had his intelligence quickened by education, or whether it was by native shrewdness alone that he realized that his people were merely the dupes and victims of imposition on the part of their shrewder and more keen-witted medicine-men, as is the case with all ignorant peoples. But at least it must be recognized that education is the most effective antidote for witchcraft.

The question is sometimes asked whether we do right in civilizing the more backward peoples; whether in doing so we are not increasing wants in them which they are unable to gratify; whether, in short, there is not more happiness among them in their native state. One answer, at least to this question may be found in a study of witchcraft. Certainly there can be no doubt about bringing increased happiness to a people in releasing them from the terrors and miseries of imaginary enemies and visionary evils.

SOME "INDIAN FRIEND" ITEMS.

Indians have two enemies, whiskey and tuberculosis, but both will fall before sanitary knowledge if United States Christians do their duty.

At the Sherman Institute in Riverside, Cal., no pupil is allowed to play cards or games for any stakes.

Speaking of the need of legal protection an Indian said at the third Zayante conference "the juries up in our country do us awful injustice."

In speaking of the hardships endured and the want of medical help one of the California Indians said "seven were born in our band last year but eleven died."

The phonograph has recently been used by the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington to register the native songs of the Indians. Several hundred songs have thus been obtained and it is designed to secure the most complete record possible of the vanishing melodies. The credit for this action must be given to Miss Alice Fletcher, who thus describes how her interest in this subject was aroused:

"While I was living among my Indian friends, I was stricken with a severe illness and lay for months ministered to largely by my companions of the Omaha tribe. As I was thus shut in from all the world, the Indians coming and going about me in their affectionate solicitude, I would ask them to sing to me. Because I was weak, I suppose, they sang softly. There was none of the distracting drum, and, devoid of the barbarous noise which had displeased me, I realized the sweetness, the beauty and the meaning of those wonderful songs.

"Color and dramatic action are marked qualities of Indian music. Every religious, tribal and social ceremony, as well as personal experience, is expressed in the melodies, and there is hardly a phase of life that does not find in a manner of speaking its representation in sound.

"Strange to say, the funeral song is expressive of joy and hope. That of the Omahas, of which I have a record and which is the only one possessed by that tribe, suggests in its major strains sunshine, birds and verdure, and has a fleet, happy

movement. Nevertheless there is a latent harmony between the song and the ceremony."

A letter received a few weeks ago from Mr. Gill at our Walker River mission informs us that the introduction of the poultry industry there is meeting with a fair amount of success. Nearly 600 chickens have been supplied at cost to nineteen Indian families. "Every chick," says Mr. Gill, "is a responsibility, or tie to bind the Indians to the home-life." The children are very fond of the fluffy little things, and one man reported that his children loved them too much, for there was danger of the chickens being hugged to death. Another man killed his dog because it had bitten one of the chicks, and, adds Mr. Gill, "I had not thought of the poultry industry as a remedy for the worthless curs while advocating more chickens and less dog." Mr. Gill hopes that "the chickens will not only help to break up the roving propensities of the Piutes, but will prove a source of considerable income to them, as eggs here have never been below forty cents a dozen even in the most abundant season."

I knew an Indian, Yellow Eagle, who, in order to get his coup feather, dug a hole in the ground on the open prairie far from camp or habitation. Over it he fixed a covering of brush, upon which was laid the carcass of a freshly slain antelope. In this trap he lay for three days awaiting the eagle's coming. When at last, lured by the bait, one did alight, he seized it from below, and despite its flapping, clawing and pecking, he plucked the precious feathers before freeing the astonished and terrified bird. I recall none but the American aborigine who has been able successfully to pull the American eagle's tail.—*Army and Navy Life.*

"A smile is ten times better than a snarl," and it is more profitable—you feel better, and so does the person with whom you come in contact.

You can never regret that you have done your work good.

Educational Department

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

AGRICULTURE IN THE GRADES AT CHI- LOCCO.

For the past month all the grades from 5th to 10th had at least two lessons on budding. This subject is especially interesting to us at present, since the school nurseryman has just budded several thousand cherry seedlings in the nursery, besides a number of trees of other kinds. All the classes were taken out to watch the work, and the 8th grade pupils actually executed the operation on a number of trees.

The 7th grade are continuing the study of the "Propagation of Plants," and have seen and practised in the school room or out of doors the processes of "cuttings," "layering," "budding," and will take up the subject of "grafting" when it is done here in winter.

The eighth grade pupils have been busy a whole month on "Forage Crops," and as the different seeds were examined, it was a surprise to learn how many kinds of forage crops are really grown at Chilocco, and the people from the north found a number of kinds new to them among the collection.

Drawings were made of the most common crops here used for meadow or pasture, the leaf was distinguished of a number and the roots examined. "How to make a good pasture, or meadow," was very hard to learn. But we did find out how it is done.

During most of October, the class was working on the contents of the soil, with attention to requirement for fertile soil as applying especially to the crops of the school farm.

The 6th grade have taken up the study of the soils and will continue with the same subject through the coming month. We will follow up the requirements for all root growth in the soil, as we have learned them in order. Since soil water is the most important of these, that will come first. This will be followed by the temperature of the soil, how lost, and how saved.

The 5th grade have just learned the parts of the plant and uses of the parts, and will now continue the same subject, showing how these uses can be carried out by conditions in the soil, air, and water used by the plant.

Several plants were used and a number of experiments performed in this study in all of the grades. Two germinators, made by one of our 5th grade pupils, have done us good service, showing through their glass sides, the roots and tiny root-hairs of the corn and radish plants that were grown in them.

The process of transpiration was also watched from the leaves of these plants.

All of the classes have done some outside observation work, and, after reviewing in the class what we have seen and done outside, find the work has been very profitable.

EQUIPMENT AND APPARATUS FOR AGRICULTURE.

In all of the grades, the apparatus has been of such a nature as could be manufactured by the children. The most useful pieces we found to be our germinator, and a soil tester. Since the germinator is larger and provides better drainage, it was preferred to raising plants in glass jars.

Three of these were made, and they are fifteen inches long, twelve inches high, with glass sides one and one-half inches apart. They were filled with fine, clean sand and the seeds planted at different depths, close against the glass side, so that the roots and root hairs could be plainly seen from the outside.

The soil testing apparatus consists of two upright end pieces three feet apart, supporting a shelf six inches above the table, the shelf containing four round holes for lamp chimneys to be slipped into. Any small lamp chimney may be used. The top end is tied over securely with a piece of cheese-cloth, and the chimney inverted and half filled with soil.

The soils tested are sand, clay, humus, and garden soil. Water is poured into the chimneys until each one contains the same amount. Then they are held until water ceases to drip from the lower end. Now they are placed in a rack and allowed to dry. A pan is placed below for catching water as it passes through the chimney.

Percolation, water-holding capacity, and capillarity may all be studied with this apparatus, or soils may be tested in any way that may be required.

PLAYING STORE IN SECOND GRADE.

As it is necessary for children to know how to spend their money correctly, we have set aside an hour each week to "play store," as we call it. We had no toy money, so our printers made it at the "Print Shop." We have the following values: 1 cent, 5 cents, 10 cents, 25 cents, and 50 cents, and \$1. "We will play store this afternoon, so each one bring something to put in the store," is announced to the class.

When they march in after the noon hour, each one will have something to put in our store, such as dolls, soap boxes, candy boxes, perfume bottles, marbles, balls, knives, post cards, etc. Both white and colored crayons are used for candy. Sometimes I have different colors of shelled corn mixed, for mixed candy; so much for five cents. I used our school books for story books at so much each. I use anything that I think will be of interest to the children. After I have the store arranged on my desk, and on the window sill, I call the monitors to pass the toy money. I have each value in a separate box. Each pupil receives the same amount. After each one has his money, I have them count it and have a few, one at a time, stand and tell me how much he has. I see that he has given the correct answer. Then they think of one or two articles they wish to buy before they come to the store. After I call up one of the pupils as a clerk, we are ready to sell. I call them to the store in different ways. Sometimes I begin at the back of the room. Have two come at a time until all have been to the store. At another time I have all the girls come, two at a time. Then the boys. Just as they come into our store, we are ready to wait upon them. We ask, the clerk and I, if they would like this or that, showing them different articles on the table. They soon tell us what they wish to buy. Sometimes they ask us the price and sometimes we tell them. After they understand the way I would have them do, I let different pupils do all the buying and selling, while I watch and see if they do it correctly. I sometimes have the clerks give wrong change so as to see if the children count their money before they go to their seats. We have never succeeded in cheating them. They always come back and say how

much more they need before they have the correct amount.

After each one has been to the store once, if we have time, those who wish to may come again.

After the buying is all over we sit up straight and I call on different pupils to tell what they bought, how much they gave the clerk, and how much change they received, if any. They then bring the different articles back to the store in an orderly manner. Then the pupils, to whom the different articles belong, come up after them.

It is a good plan to have store either as the last lesson in the morning or the last in the afternoon, as the children will be more or less excited and will wish to talk over what happened, while they were playing store.

Playing store grows old to them, in fact, the interest seems to grow and each trial adds to the value of the store.

NOVEL AND GOOD.

From Teacher's Instructor.

WHAT can be better for these bright days in the late fall, when the air is full of late summer sweetness, than to make a study of the Indians and imitate their wholesome out-of-door life as far as it is possible in connection with school? Tell the children about how they make their wigwams of poles tied together at the top and covered with skin or cloth, and set them to making miniature ones in the sand-pile or on the playgrounds. Tell how they hunted and fished to get their food and how they learned all about the lives of the animals and knew all their ways. Tell how they planted "Indian corn" and beans and nice squashes, and dried them for winter use, and gathered wild rice and saved that for winter, too. Tell how they went on

hunting expeditions in which the whole tribe joined, starting in September and remaining away from their village till spring, when they came back to plant their corn. Tell how they buried their dried corn and other stores in the ground to keep till they should want them again.

Tell about the Indian characteristics that are worthy of imitation. Tell how honest they were, so that the traders knew that though they did not have money enough to pay for what they wanted at the time, they would be sure to pay it though it might be weeks and months before they saw them again.

Tell how they worshiped the Great Spirit, and tried in every way they knew to please him; and how Black Hawk, their great chief, said, "For myself I never take a drink of water from a spring without thanking Him for His goodness."

Tell how Black Hawk hated drunkenness, and forbade the trader to bring liquor into his domain; and when they disobeyed him and brought it against his will he rolled the whiskey barrels out of doors and broke them in with his tomahawk. Tell how brave too, Indians were, and how even the young boys would endure any pain rather than cry out or beg for mercy.

There are many lessons of courage and faithfulness and self-control and endurance to be learned from these first dwellers in our land, whose feet walked in the very places where our feet tread today. To miss them would be to lose a part of our inheritance as Americans. Let us give them to the children under our care as their right.

The Bureau of American Ethnology and the Indian Bureau have agreed upon the following spelling of Indian names: Potawatomi, Mohave, Navaho, and Wyandot. We shall try and observe these forms in THE JOURNAL hereafter.

EDUCATION OF OKLAHOMA INDIANS.

BY HARRY N. HORNER, JR., IN *Sturms'*.

THE SCHOOL that has done more than any other and is doing most for Indian education in Oklahoma is the Government school at Chilocco, the only non-reservation school of the state. Here there are in regular attendance about seven hundred pupils. About forty different tribes are represented, coming from more than a dozen different states and territories. There are Navahos, Mohaves, Hopi, Pueblos from Arizona and New Mexico; the Sioux from the Dakotas; Sac and Fox from Michigan; the Oneidas from Wisconsin; the Kickapoos and Potawatomes from Kansas; the Chipewas and Crows from Minnesota; the Quapaws, Senecas, Miami, Ottawas, Wyandots, Otoes, Poncas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Apaches, Pawnees, Shawnees, Kiowas, Comanche, and Osages from Oklahoma.

There has been little or no friction between the tribes, and it has proven a good thing to thus associate them, as they are forced to use the English language as a common medium of communication.

The report of the superintendent of this school for the year 1906, says in part: "Agricultural teaching has been given prominence all through the course of study in the school room, while the advanced class in agriculture has been given much of the same instruction and work as students would receive in a state agricultural school."

The school farm consists of nearly nine thousand acres of good agricultural land, about one-third of which is under cultivation, the rest being used for grazing and haying. Here they

grow all kinds of crops suited to Oklahoma soil and climate, and in their gardens is a large variety of vegetables. The net income of the farm for the year 1906 was \$12,000. Practical work is carried on in stock raising and dairying. Large herds of pure bloods are maintained there which furnish a large per cent of the meat they consume.

Their large dairy department is conducted in a most creditable manner and gives the student a thorough training and experience in that line, while in the class room they get instruction and practice in stock judging, methods of feeding, value of different feeds, etc.

In the industrial department practical trades, such as carpentry, blacksmithing, harness making, printing and engineering, are taught.

Probably nothing is more important for the Indian's future than that he have a home. In the departments of domestic science and domestic art, the work of "home making" is taken up. Chilocco girls are taught how to make good bread, how to do laundry work, how to make and fit their own dresses and how to decorate a room.

The greatest amount of attention is given to industrial work—the text book part is not overlooked, yet not used extensively.

Athletic training also receives due attention.

Social and religious organizations exist there as in other schools. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have a large membership at Chilocco.

Chilocco does not intend to give the Indians a college education, the course of study extending through the eighth grade only. What they do intend to do is to teach the Indian how to live an industrial and moral life, how to make a living for himself and family and how to meet the everyday problems.

THE APACHE INDIANS.

BY TAYLOR P. GABBARD, IN *Native American*.

UNLIKE the Mohaves, the Apaches bravely opposed the encroachments of the white men, and as a result throughout this part of the territory, places bearing such significant names as "Battle Flat," "Skull Valley" and "Bloody Basin" are pointed out as the scenes of fierce encounters and frightful massacres.

As early as 1830, representatives of the Hudson Bay company visited this region, and thirteen years later, a party of hunters and trappers, notable among whom were Paulin Weaver, Kit Carson and Captain Joe Walker, explored the country lying along the Verde river, and for a time, engaged in the fur business, meanwhile maintaining friendly relations with the natives; and while the trapper and fur trader, as such, played a comparatively small part in the conquest of Arizona, yet their accounts of its vast expanse aroused considerable interest.

But the awakening occurred in 1861 when the famous Walker party of gold-seekers from Southern California crossed the territory from west to east, prospecting for precious metals. They experienced the delightful climate and beheld the magnificent scenery, the beautiful and fertile valley, the broad mesas waving with excellent pasturing, the extensive pine forests, and abundant evidence of valuable minerals.

Their reports were heralded far and wide, and soon from the "inside" (a pioneer name for California) and over the Santa Fe trail, hundreds of emigrants were hastening to the new country and in a short time a promis-

ing settlement was formed in and around Prescott.

At first, the Apaches watched this invasion and occupation of their best lands with some curiosity, and their demands for pay being answered by the report of the rifle, they resolved to exterminate the whites.

Immediately the signal fires blazed on the mountain tops, flashing the news from clan to clan, until twenty tribes were roused and on the war path.

At this time the federal government was so engrossed with the civil war that but little military aid could be afforded the settlers, so the brunt of the perilous situation was borne largely by a few dauntless fellows such as King S. Woolsey and John Townsend, whose invaluable services are worthy of an honorable place both in the history of Arizona and in the universal annals of heroic men.

The winter of 1863 witnessed the beginning of this merciless war which dragged on until 1870, when General George Crook, the greatest Indian fighter of his day, was placed in command of the military operations against the the Apaches. Reinforcements were received, and Prescott being centrally located was made division headquarters with outposts, garrisoned with regular soldiers, at camp Verde, Date creek, and other points.

The shrewd general, whom the Apaches called "Gray Fox," formed alliances with the friendly tribes and induced several hundred warriors to join his forces as scouts, which under the leadership of the famous white

scouts, Al Seiber, Dan O'Leary and Pat Kehoe, did much effective service.

So began General Crook's memorable three years' campaign in which the war tribe were subdued, rounded up and corralled in the Verde valley, from whence, as so many cattle, they were removed in 1873 to the San Carlos reservation where, fifteen thousand strong, they were for several years guarded by a large body of U. S. troops.

In 1882, five hundred of them, under the leadership of the war chief, Loco, broke away from the reservation, raided the Gila valley, killing some fifty settlers besides destroying much property, and escaped into the fastnesses of the Sierra Madres, from whence, after two years of maneuvering, General Crook succeeded in returning them to the reservation.

Again in the spring of 1885, under Chief Natches, whose father, Cochise, was the son of the war god of the Chiricahua, and with the crafty, cunning Geronimo as second in command, a large body of Apaches left the reservation and again headed for the Sierra Madres. Captain Crawford of the 3rd U. S. Cavalry was placed in command of one hundred Indian scouts with which he pursued the marauding Apaches far into Mexico, and while camping in the heart of the mountains his forces were fired upon by a body of Mexican soldiers who afterwards claimed they thought it was Geronimo's band, and the brave captain, who stood on a large rock waving a piece of white cloth, was mortally wounded. Later the hard-pressed Apaches, acknowledging the supremacy of the pale faces, returned to their reservation, their power broken and their fair domain forever overthrown.

Nothing is more deceptive than love of self.

The News at Chilocco

The depot of the Santa Fe Railway at Chilocco, Okla., is 1,141 feet above the level of the sea.

Snow, sufficient to whiten the ground for an hour, fell in Chilocco on the night of October 22d, 1908.

The walnut season is over, but the stock secured by Chilocco prophecies fun for the coming winter evenings.

R. M. Pringle, chief engineer of the Indian Service, was here looking over our power plant the middle of October. From here he went to the Pacific coast.

A prairie fire "after taps," roused twenty-five of our boys in Home One a few nights ago. The fire hadn't a ghost of a chance, notwithstanding the wind.

J. Grant Bell of Pawhuska school was a visitor here on Oct. 18, and for a few days. Being formerly an employee here, he had many friends to greet him.

The dairy barn is a busy place just now. Dairyman C. W. Leib, informs us he has 101 cows, 1 bull, and 165 sheep to care for. He milks 50 cows, and feeds 23 calves.

James DeVine, Indian assistant engineer has been appointed to a good position in engineering at Ft. Defiance. "Jim" is a good fellow and all will wish him success.

A remarkable phenomenon occurred the other night. Supt. John R. Wise was hastily called from sleep by Special Agent McConihe, who showed him a rainbow caused by moonlight.

The transformation of the old barn by carpenter O. G. Carner and his gang of helpers, is a work of art. One by one these substantial improvements are made and utilized. This barn has been made to hold 3,000 bales of hay.

L. S. Abernathy, Santa Fe local agent, has had a present from his wife in a bright little daughter. He is in luck, also, in that a bulletin of the Santa Fe company gives him credit marks for special services.

The students at Chilocco are busy as bees. Studies and industries are progressing finely. A good atmosphere prevails. Improvements take the place of decay; ambition, that of gloom, and everyone is encouraged and hopeful.

John Kelly, assistant engineer at Chilocco, has been appointed engineer at Leupp, Ariz., at a considerable increase of salary. Mr. Kelly will be missed, and leaves hosts of admiring friends. Mrs. Kelly will remain here for a time.

Special Agent McConihe put in appearance the middle of the month. Everybody feels cheerful when Mr. McConihe comes around. He is a shower to this ranch in the spring, a cooling breeze in the summer, a harvest of good things in the fall, and a warm-hearted companion in the winter. With these seasons' compliments we doff our *chapeau*, and bid him welcome always.

A good work has been done in Home One by subdividing the large rooms, making places for additional rooms for study, etc.

General repairs are to be made at the dairy barn. Dairyman Leib has been long suffering and slow to anger, and is to be congratulated.

A new porch is being put in at the hospital.

Harnessmaker Leukins is fabricating a line of light harness. Also making parts for 50 sets of double harness. They are working also on 60 sets of bridles.

Superintendent John R. Wise is making plans for a turkey dinner Thanksgiving Day, with the usual line of appropriate attachments, such as celery, cranberries, etc. Gobble!

The appearance of the lawns about Chilocco were a constant subject of comment about the time the Star-Automobile contest and invasion. And since that time all have been proud to see how nice they can be made. But it is for all to keep them so. Particularly must this be remembered during the winter when the ground is soft. "Keep off the grass" is more important now than in summer. Let the trees and shrubs alone.

The farmers, Messrs. Studer and Mellon, are rounding up the stock for winter, besides closing up other matters before snow falls.

B. M. Wade, gardener, reports 1140 bushels of sweet potatoes dug, on ten acres. The Irish potato crop was a failure on account of wet weather. At least two-thirds of the crop was lost by this cause. He is arranging some hot beds, and there is promise of lettuce about Christmas time.

Miss Kate Miller is spending her vacation in St. Louis, and of course, being at home, is having a jolly time.

Supt. John R. Wise contemplates ordering a junk bee by all hands, and shipping the stuff to the nearest blast furnace. It is at present sprinkled all over the farm.

A platform is being constructed by Carpenter Carner in the gymnasium.

John Heydorf, painter has about completed the painting of the Superintendents cottage. He is also putting in glass at the dairy barn and elsewhere. Repainting and decorating Home Two is also on his emergency list.

Isaac Seneca, blacksmith, is building a new lumber wagon which will bear the name "Chilocco," as well as everything on wheels hereafter.

On Sunday, Nov. 8, a number of our Catholic children will go to Newkirk to be confirmed.

New uniforms are being made in the Domestic Art room for Home Two girls. They are made of blue serge, trimmed with white braid.

Ollie Chapman, who is now Mrs. Ridingup, visited here for a few days.

Mr. Chas. Barone has returned to school after a visit home on account of his father's death. He reports that he is anxious to resume his studies.

The reading room in Home One has a new cabinet for magazines, books, etc.

Otis Mellon, from Kansas City, Kans., has been recently appointed assistant farmer at Chilocco.

Mrs. Mary Lawrence has been appointed teacher at Chilocco. This is a worthy appointment. Mrs. Lawrence has been with us some time as a supply, and has won honors and friends.

The new library has been decorated, the old Swastika symbol entering prominently into the design. The room is to have a waxed floor and some attractive Indian rugs.

One hundred new Gospel Hymnals No. 6 have been placed in use at Chilocco. The singing improves each week.

The telephone system is about complete. All important points can now be reached by wire, and it is found a great convenience and help. Twenty phones have been installed.

It is estimated that we shall have about 2,000 tons of hay as our share of the land leased for cutting.

Amos Dugan, former student, is here visiting with Mr. George Bent. He is here, seeking health.

The boys "absent without leave" number less this year than ever before known in Chilocco.

Miss Sadie F. Robertson has moved to Home Two.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jones have moved into their new rooms at Home Two and think housekeeping is fine.

Baby Martinez is on the sick list.

Home Two is daily and hourly expecting a Mexican parrot from Texas. Then the fun will begin. Listen as you go by.

B. S. Rader and his detail are plastering the lower halls in Home Two and the painter will follow him. Home Two has been badly in need of repairs.

Isaac Seneca and family spent a week at home during the month.

There is a great demand for new pictures of Chilocco school. Mr. Schaal has awakened interest with his camera.

Headquarters seems busy with the annual estimates.

Miss Jennie Hood has been entertaining her sister Miss Bessie, from Winfield.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Carruthers have returned from a long vacation having had an extended trip to the western coast. They visited four different Indian schools.

The old red barn is certainly "as good as new." Its appearance is fine.

Athletic Notes.

Foot ball is improving and the squad is still large.

On the 10th of October the pigskin chasers journeyed to the Osages' country in search of scalps, and when we struck the trail and the dust of the battle cleared away, we had the enemy beaten by a score of 22 to 0. After the game the Osage School opened their doors to us and to show us the true Indian spirit toward their visitors. We were given a party; all the Chilocco boys wore a smile which meant they were pleased. We shall always have a warm spot for our fellow tribesmen.

We met Epworth University at Oklahoma City on the 17th inst. We were defeated by a score of 10 to 0, but this does not prove the best team won, as luck seems to be against us so we lost. Lafromboise carried the ball across for a touch-down but lost it as he got across and an Epworth man fell on it, thus losing our hard earned touch-down. We out-played our opponents but we lacked wind.

The boys and girls are looking forward for the basket-ball season to open.

The management is making up a schedule including some of the leading institutions of this section including Kansas University, and Baker University.

We are going to have plenty of good and fast material.

Saturday, October 24, found us out on the war path again. This time to do battle with the pale-faces of the Southwestern College of Winfield. We had heard of their whirlwind team. We had not forgotten the defeat of 64 to 0 that they administered to us last year and we were determined to win, but when the battle was over we had to be satisfied with a score of 10 to 5. The score should have been 5 to 5, but Wilkie, our speedy sub-half, lost the ball at a critical moment and therefore gave Southwestern her second touch-down. We feel that we are doing well considering the make up of the team. We have only two veterans on the line up, the rest playing their initial season.

The following members of the squad have taken part in these games: Emmett Quanoone, center; Jas. Robertson, sub.; James Miles, guard; James DeVine, guard; John Swick, tackle; Carlos Tellemontes, tackle; Juan Pablo, end; Henry Good Fox, end; Wilbur Eaves, sub.; Walter Regan, quarter; Joe Heredia, sud.; Louis Paschal, half; Thomas Blindwoman, half; George Brown, full.

SMILES.

A correspondent in Chicago sends us a few "smiles:"

"You have read of the banquet here when Taft and Bryan were both present. Forgan spoke of himself (chairman?) as a thin slice in a tongue sandwich. The toastmaster spoke of his dilemma and said he feared the fate of the colored girl's cameleon. A friend asked, 'Where is your cameleon?' 'Dead,' was the answer. 'What was the matter with it?' 'Well, I put it on red and it turned red; then I put it on green and it turned green; then I put it on yellow and it turned yellow; then I put it on a piece of Scotch plaid and it done got busted trying to make good.'"

"Judge Cutting, at the bankers' convention, said he was there under a misapprehension. Thought he had been invited in order to be consulted on the weighty financial questions. Knew he was qualified, for, last winter, when things looked bad, he took an afternoon off and read up on the subject. Now he felt like pouting—like the boy in the lawyer's office. Told the lawyer he was going to quit. 'What's the matter?' asked the boss. 'Don't you like your job?' 'Naw!' said the boy. 'I don't like this law business. Been here three months and sorry I learned it.'"