

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

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CASE FILES

only by surname of student.
bound records relating to individuals pupils
recommendations, physicians' certificates, attendance
and correspondence relating to travel, vacation, non-attendance,
etc. Information usually includes date of birth, names of parents,
us preference, degree of Indian blood, and tribe. Some files
and newspaper clippings. Information about many students
collected and filed with records current in 1912. No earlier case
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
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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Peace of the World. It is a long time now since the world has seen a destructive war, the last being that between Russia and Japan. Everything tends toward peace. Commercialism, so-called, consciousless as it often is, makes for peace. The better interpretations of Christian doctrine incline more and more to peace. War, in the name of the "Prince of Peace," has passed out for ever. Still the relics are here. Sequence follows cause persistently, but its memories die eventually. The soldier's shoulder strap is the last trace of the armor of old, when steel plates guarded the shoulder from the descending cutlas. The innocent looking fences are but the shadows of the feudal age, when knight fenced against knight with beetling ramparts and high stone walls. Appeals to the martial spirit with fife and drum are still heard in the most peaceful communities, however. And even the church still sings war songs in its efforts to advance the cause of Him who said if a man strike thee on one cheek turn the other also. One-third the hymns in any ordinary church music book contain warlike appeals, and are filled with warlike similies. Leading this processional is the old favorite: "Soldiers of Christ arise, and put your armor on." "Gospel Hymns" is a serious offender in this matter. It seems to us the title might well be "Army Hymns," in view of the lack of "gospel" in so many of the hymns. But the world is advancing, and morals and financial interests alike speak loudly and wisely for peace, and must certainly prevail. The individual has been taught the lesson of arbitrating his personal differences, and the nations will also come to the same methods. Frances Willard in her contest with the liquor traffic had no Carrie Nation tactics. She abhorred force. Her method was to win by love and reason. Still in speaking of this true disciple of the "Prince of Peace" that staunch religious journal the Youth's Instructor says: "She threw her lance into the thickest of the fight, and when she fell, it was with face to the foe and harness hacked in front." And so it goes all along the line.

The Old Soldier. There is no disputing the fact that the American people lead all others in the matter of recognizing the services of its soldiers when they are no longer able to perform the duties pertaining to the profession of arms, but are the methods employed in doing so the best? To give the old soldier a pension and to provide him a home (without his wife) is benevolence and charity, but would it not be well also to let the old soldier work? It is the spirit and letter of executive orders that the old soldier shall be preferred in Government employment,

but there are so many reasons for not complying with this order, that the old soldier's opportunities for Government employment are limited. One of the greatest bars is the law of age limitations for applicants. The postoffice department of the Government is wholly under this rule, notwithstanding the fact that many of its duties could be performed by old soldiers as well as by the young men now preferred. For instance, the gathering of mail from boxes in the city. There are thousands of men thus employed which it would be a benefaction to replace with the grey-haired old veterans who offered their lives in their country's service. Again, every public building in the country might just as well and perhaps better be policed by the veterans than by the young fellows now sitting in halls and doorways watching the passing throng. President Roosevelt once said, addressing a meeting of old soldiers, that he had little sympathy for any man who laid down, but a lot for the one that fell down. There are thousands of old soldiers who do not want to lie down. Let the Government help them to stand by honest labor as long as they can. To do so, it will be necessary to amend the age-limitation laws, and to modify the civil service rules, which make the wounds and physical disabilities incurred in the service a detriment, where physical examinations have to be made in competitive cases, "except in the cases of persons discharged by reason of disability or wounds received in line of duty." The hardship comes in when a man so wounded or disabled recovered in hospital and went back to the ranks, carrying with him some defects which now bring derogatory marks in physical tests. It would have been better in such cases that he never had been a soldier. Could not these matters be remedied and employment instead of charity be extended them?

National Finances. The country was never in better financial condition than now. President Roosevelt, in his annual message to congress gives us some interesting figures showing this condition. He says:

During the period from July 1, 1901, to September 30, 1908, the balance between net ordinary receipts and the net ordinary expenses of the Government showed a surplus in the four years 1902, 1903, 1906, and 1907, and a deficit in the years 1904, 1905, 1908 and a fractional part of the fiscal year 1909. The net result was a surplus of \$99,283,413.54. The financial operations of the Government during this period, based upon these differences between receipts and expenditures, resulted in a net reduction of the interest bearing debt of the United States from \$987,141,040 to \$897,253,990, notwithstanding that there had been two sales of Panama Canal bonds amounting in the aggregate to \$54,631,980, and an issue of three per cent certificates of indebtedness under the act of June 13, 1898, amounting to \$15,436,500. Refunding operations of the Treasury Department under the act of March 14, 1900, resulted in the conversion into two per cent consols of 1930 of \$200,309,400 bonds bearing higher rates of interest. A decrease of \$8,687,956 in the annual interest charge resulted from these operations.

These figures speak for themselves and need no comment.

The Beaver and His Works. Things are passing away which once dominated the west. The Indian is changing slowly it is true, but changing, and they are adopting the more comfortable ways of our modern civilization. The animal and vegetable life of the west has also undergone changes.

Many men are now living who saw countless thousands of buffaloes ranging the lands now occupied by farmers in the prosecution of their industries, and the beaver has practically passed away also. It was this little animal which first enticed the

hunter to the region of the mountains and beyond. His skin sold for a few cents in the early days, and being carried to China brought fabulous prices. And the vegetation was transformed when touched by the feet of the white man. The virgin sod of the upland prairie spread out for hundreds of miles west of the Missouri river, covered with a dense growth of nutritious grass. Touched by the wagon wheels of the white, a new vegetation followed immediately, and the crease in the sod made by the wheels, could be traced for miles with the naked eye the next season. In the rich bottom lands a species of sedge grass covered them, rising in knife-like stems higher than the wagon tops. This, also, has disappeared.

Returning to the beaver, it will be recalled that we reproduced an article in the January number of the INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL from *The World Today*, under the heading "The Beaver and His Works." The article attracted general attention. Wm. S. Smith, of the University of Denver law school writes us:

"The Beaver and His Works" in your January issue is interesting. We have in Denver a section of a cottonwood tree cut down by beaver, and the tree measures thirty-five inches in diameter. The chips are shown, and the slope of the kerf and marks of the teeth are there for a study. The tree had fallen when about ten inches of the heart remained intact. This section is now on exhibition in the window of the Moffat Railroad office, and was cut along the line of their road in Gore canon, Colorado. We have never heard of a larger tree cut by beaver."

Capt. B. L. E. Bonneville, of the 7th Regt. of Infantry, New York, was given leave of absence for about three years by the War Department to explore the Rocky Mountains and Pacific slope. He fulfilled his commission to the letter. His travels began in the fall of 1831, and ended in October, 1833. His reports are full of interest, and tell of great hardships and discoveries. In one of his letters he speaks of the beaver, as follows:

During a mid-day halt in one of these beaver valleys, Captain Bonneville left his companions, and strolled down the course of the stream to reconnoitre. He had not proceeded far when he came to a beaver pond, and caught a glimpse of one of its painstaking inhabitants busily at work upon the dam. The curiosity of the captain was aroused, to behold the mode of operating of this far-famed architect: he moved forward, therefore, with the utmost caution, parting the branches of the water willows without making any noise, until having attained a position commanding a view of the whole pond, he stretched himself flat on the ground, and watched the solitary workman. In a little while three others appeared at the head of the dam, bringing sticks and bushes. With these they proceeded directly to the barrier, which Captain Bonneville perceived was in need of repair. Having deposited their loads upon the broken parts, they dived into the water, and shortly reappeared at the surface. Each now brought a quantity of mud, with which he would plaster the sticks and bushes just deposited. This kind of masonry was continued for some time, repeated supplies of wood and mud being brought, and treated in the same manner. This done, the industrious beaver indulged in a little recreation, chasing each other about the pond, dodging and whisking about on the surface, or diving to the bottom, and in their frolic often slapping their tails on the water with a loud clacking sound. While they were thus amusing themselves, another of the fraternity made his appearance, and looked gravely on their sports for some time, without offering to join in them. He then climbed the bank close to where the captain was concealed, and, rearing himself on his hindquarters, in a sitting position, put his fore paws against a young pine tree, and began to cut the bark with his teeth. At times he would tear off a small piece, and holding it between his paws, and retaining his sedentary position, would feed himself with it, after the fashion of a monkey. The object of the beaver, however, was evidently to cut down the tree; and he was proceeding with his work, when he was alarmed by the approach of Captain Bonneville's men, who, feeling anxious at the protracted absence of their leader, were coming in search

of him. At the sound of their voices, all the beavers, busy as well as idle, dived at once beneath the surface, and were no more to be seen. Captain Bonneville regretted this interruption. He had heard much of the sagacity of the beaver in cutting down trees, in which, it is said, they manage to make them fall into the water, and in such a position and direction as may be most favorable for conveyance to the desired point. In the present instance, the tree was a tall, straight pine, and as it grew perpendicularly, and there was not a breath of air stirring, the beaver could have felled it in any direction he pleased, if really capable of exercising a discretion in the matter. He was evidently engaged in "belting" the tree, and his first incision had been on the side nearest to the water.

Captain Bonneville, however, discredits, on the whole, the alleged sagacity of the beaver in this particular, and thinks the animal has no other aim than to get the tree down, without any of the subtle calculation as to its mode or direction of falling. This attribute, he thinks, has been ascribed to them from the circumstance that most trees growing near water-courses, either lean bodily toward the stream, or stretch their largest limbs in that direction, to benefit by the space, the light, and the air to be found there. The beaver, of course, attacks those trees which are nearest at hand, and on the banks of the stream or pond. He makes incisions round them, or, in technical phrase, belts them with his teeth, and when they fall, they naturally take the direction in which their trunks or branches preponderate.

"I have often," says Captain Bonneville, "seen trees measuring eighteen inches in diameter, at the places where they had been cut through by the beaver, but they lay in all directions, and often very inconveniently for the after purposes of the animal. In fact, so little ingenuity do they at times display in this particular, that at one of our camps on Snake River a beaver was found with his head wedged into the cut which he had made, the tree having fallen upon him and held him prisoner until he died."

Great choice, according to the captain, is certainly displayed by the beaver in selecting the wood which is to furnish bark for winter provision. The whole beaver household, old and young, set out upon this business, and will often make long journeys before they are suited. Sometimes they cut down trees of the largest size and then cull the branches, the bark of which is most to their taste. These they cut into lengths of about three feet, convey them to the water, and float them to their lodges, where they are stored away for winter. They are studious of cleanliness and comfort in their lodges, and after their repasts, will carry out the sticks from which they have eaten the bark, and throw them into the current beyond the barrier. They are jealous, too, of their territories, and extremely pugnacious, never permitting a strange beaver to enter their premises, and often fighting with such virulence as almost to tear each other to pieces. In the spring, which is the breeding season, the male leaves the female at home, and sets off on a tour of pleasure, rambling often to a great distance, recreating himself in ever clear and quiet expanses of water on his way, and climbing the banks occasionally to feast upon the tender sprouts of the young willows. As summer advances, he gives up his bachelor rambles, and bethinking himself of housekeeping duties, returns home to his mate and his new progeny, and marshals them all for the foraging expedition in quest of winter provisions.

After having shown the public spirit of this praiseworthy little animal as a member of community, and his amiable and exemplary conduct as the father of a family, we grieve to record the perils with which he is environed, and the snares set for him and his painstaking household.

Practice, says Captain Bonneville, has given such a quickness of eye to the experienced trapper in all that relates to his pursuit, that he can detect the slightest sign of beaver, however wild; and although the lodge may be concealed by close thickets and overhanging willows, he can generally, at a single glance, make an accurate guess at the number of its inmates. He now goes to work to set his trap; planting it upon the shore, in some chosen place, two or three inches below the surface of the water, and secures it by a chain to a pole set deep in the mud. A small twig is then stripped of its bark, and one end is dipped in the "medicine," as the trappers term the peculiar bait which they employ. This end of the stick rises about four inches above the surface of the water, the other end is planted between the jaws of the trap. The beaver, possessing an acute sense of smell, is soon attracted by the odor of the bait. As he raises his nose toward it, his foot is caught in the trap. In his fright he throws a somersault into the deep water. The trap, being fastened

to the pole, resists all his efforts to drag it to the shore; the chain by which it is fastened defies his teeth; he struggles for a time, and at length sinks to the bottom and is drowned.

Upon rocky bottoms, where it is not possible to plant the pole, it is thrown into the stream. The beaver when entrapped often gets fastened by the chain to sunken logs or floating timber; if he gets to shore, he is entangled in the thickets of brook willows. In such cases, however, it costs the trapper diligent search, and sometimes a bout at swimming, before he finds his game.

Occasionally it happens that several members of a beaver family are trapped in succession. The survivors then become extremely shy, and can scarcely be "brought to medicine," to use the trapper's phrase, for "taking the bait." In such case, the trapper gives up the use of the bait and conceals his traps in the usual paths and crossing-places of the household. The beaver now being completely "up to trap," approaches them cautiously, and springs them ingeniously with a stick. At other times he turns the traps bottom upward by the same means, and occasionally even drags them to the barrier and conceals them in the mud. The trapper now gives up the contest of ingenuity, and shouldering his traps marches off, admitting that he is not yet "up to beaver."



SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY JOHN E. RASTALL.

IT WAS among my personal experiences to have been of a party of emigrants from Wisconsin who went west from Milwaukee in 1856 to settle in Kansas, and I came in contact several times with the Indians of that day, an account of which may be of interest to some JOURNAL readers. This was fifty-two years ago.



Our party was composed very largely of men who sympathized with the movement to make Kansas a free state, and was led by Hon. Edmund G. Ross, who afterward became United States senator from Kansas, becoming conspicuous by his vote against the wish of his party for the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, the President. Mr. Ross at the time of which we write had been foreman of the Milwaukee *Daily Sentinel* job office and the writer an apprentice under him. The moving



spirit of the enterprise was E. D. Holton, a prominent man of Milwaukee, who afterward became President of the National Board of Trade. The town of Holton, Kansas, was founded by our party upon its arrival, and was named in his honor. The bell today calling the people of Holton to worship in the Congregational church there was his gift.

Our party consisted mainly of five families, each having a wagon drawn by two yoke of cattle, and a sixth wagon used as a bachelor's hall for the few single men. The expedition was very well supplied with provisions and arms.

Our course from Milwaukee was southwest and we crossed the Mississippi river at Dubuque, Iowa. Thence to Iowa City, Iowa, which was the end of the railroad. This was in the spring of 1856. There was another railroad to the south, which had reached Mount Pleasant, Iowa, twenty-one miles west of the Mississippi river.

Thence we cut loose from all connection with civilization, and after traversing the

state of Iowa, crossed the Missouri river crude sketch in chalk of a steamboat. at Old Fort Kearney, now Nebraska City. The block house was deserted and had been turned into a meat market. Thence we turned southwest, and soon came in contact with Indians, full-blood and half-breeds.

They were a curious sight to those who had never seen Indians before, their dark skins, peculiar dress, customs and stock, all had marked characteristics. The main travel line of the Indians was east and west, up and down the river valleys, and our course lay diagonally across their trails, we making the first wagon road in that portion of Nebraska and Kansas.

It must have been an Indian reservation we were crossing one day when we passed the bark home of a half-breed who lived at a fall of water on one of the numerous streams we had crossed. Our party had been much increased *en route*, and we had a portion of Gen. James H. Lane's command with us—a force organized to resist the "Border Ruffians" from Missouri, and other parts of the south, who were trying to force a constitution upon Kansas with a slavery clause in it. I went to the door of the Indian house, and with two or three of our party entered. Its walls and roof were bark, and uprights extended from the earth floor to the roof on the sides, from which to the walls cross-pieces had been fixed, and platforms thus made for sleeping, etc. Two Indian women sat upon one of these "bunks," a mother and daughter. As we entered they very unceremoniously flung themselves around facing the wall. As they did so, I noticed each had suspended from a belt around the waist, an ugly-looking knife, such as sailors use on board ships—a tool for all purposes. On the inside of the bark door was a

We felt unwelcome, as not a word had been said to us, and the attitude of the women and the look of the knives were not inviting. Besides, a number of Indians had gathered outside, and were watching us with interest. All of them were armed. Upon leaving this house, our men entered into an arrangement for a foot race. The Indians wore only blankets suspended from the neck. The chosen racer took the line with our man, dropping his blanket. Away they went, the Indian winning. Our wagons had passed out of sight and sound, and we had to speed to catch up. That same evening we encamped near an Indian village. Some of our men found a water-melon patch, which they virtually destroyed hunting for ripe melons, as the season had not advanced far enough for them. This owner became justly angry, and signals were passed. We noticed Indians coming mounted and armed from every direction. One had his hair roached like a helmet, and he wore a cape over his shoulder, and carried a spear in his hand. Things looked suspicious. We formed our wagons into a circle, the pole of one being pushed under the rear of another and under the reach were piled the two neck-yokes of the cattle for breast-works. The oxen were kept close in. About ten o'clock an alarm was sounded. It appeared that two Indians had been detected crawling in among the cattle. Each was under a blanket, with the corners of one end caught in the hands. Slowly they thus crawled until well within the herd when they both rose to their feet, waving their arms, and thus shaking the suspended blanket, trying to scare the tired steers. But the stampede was unsuccessful, though the Indians escaped. We were glad to leave the neighborhood at daybreak.

One day at noon, a huge Indian on horseback, came up to our camp which had been formed for a rest at mid-day, to enable us to feed and rest. He was followed by his wife, also beautifully mounted. Evidently a chief, he sat and quietly looked us over for at least ten minutes without saying a word—not even the usual Indian “How?” At the end of that time he jerked his horse shortly around and rode slowly away, followed by his wife. They were typical Indians, and formed a picture never to be forgotten.

Soon afterward we approached the Nemaha river, and from the bluffs overlooking the bottom lands, saw a party of Indians a mile away moving down the valley. We should cross the trail they were on at right angles as we advanced. A few of us who were mounted determined to meet them as soon as we struck the trail, and we dashed down the bluffs, out upon the bottoms, and turned west, for our party was going southwardly. The grass along all the western rivers in that day was very tall, higher in fact than a man on horseback, so we did not see the Indians again until we suddenly came upon them directly in front. Two Indians were on horseback directly on the trail with arrows in bow and drawn. As we came nearer one said: “White man fight?” “No!” we all shouted, for we were unarmed and scared at this warlike reception. The bows were then lowered, and we advanced and shook hands with the two braves. A dozen squaws and children were visible, with whom we passed a friendly “how!” but a dozen empty saddles told us plainly to be careful, as in the grass all around us were the Indians who belonged in those empty saddles, and whom we could not and did not see. The ponies of the women were heavy laden with household

utensils and one end of tepee poles were swung to the saddles, while the other ends dragged on the ground. We were very glad to get away from these Indians.

Upon another occasion the party I had been traveling with became separated. I was alone, in the timber edging a stream, which I had crossed. As I came out upon the treeless bottom land I saw near me a hunting party of mounted Indians. It was too late for me to avoid them, and I therefore followed a rule of my life to face a danger unflinchingly if I could not avoid it, and I rode directly up to them with my hand extended and the word “How?” upon my lips. You can imagine their surprise to see a boy of sixteen alone, mounted upon a Mexican mustang, with a light rope for a bridle and stirrups, and only a blanket for a saddle!

They all shook hands with me, laughing, but before they could recover themselves I had turned my pony and moved away; nor did I look back. They were Indians of the wild sort and heavily armed.

The horse, then as now, was the favorite companion of the Indian, and I have seen very many herds on the horizon in the west, with a solitary figure—a lookout—standing immovable, watching our train passing in the distance. Very many times have I gone to these herds, sometimes thinking them buffaloes, but could never find that solitary watchman. He would disappear upon the approach of a white man, and all I could find was the herd of ponies grazing quietly. The Indian had disappeared completely. There were miles of open prairie all around, but you would look in vain. In moving a herd of horses, the practice was for an Indian to ride close up behind them, backward and forward, slowly

driving them forward. The endurance of the horses of these herders was remarkable, for I have known them to gallop up and down behind a drove of ponies for an hour without a halt.

Upon reaching Topeka, after crossing the Kaw reservation north of the Kansas river, we frequently had calls from members of this tribe. They all wore blankets, and would push the door open, walking in and stand waiting until either driven out or fed. Very many of them seemed to delight in long finger nails, for they were uncut, and were as long as bird claws. Topeka at the time had a population of perhaps 150 persons.

We did not pass or see a single white man's habitation between Nebraska City and Topeka, where today large cities exist, and a teeming population abounds.

INDIAN'S FRIEND ITEMS.

There are over five hundred pupils in the Indian school at Chemawa, Oregon.

On December 28, 1908, Longboat was married in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, Toronto, Canada, to Miss Lauretta Maracle, an Indian lady.

Many Indians living on the White Earth reservation in Minnesota went all the way to Minneapolis, a distance of two hundred miles, to see the Minnesota-Carlisle football game.

The Quinault Indians of Washington State took over 77,000 salmon during their season that ended the last week in November. For these they received \$30,000. The catch for the preceding year was 48,000 fish.

A recent press despatch from Brantford, Ont., said: "The Six Nation Indians have made the Prince of Wales their head as Honorary Chieftain of War. The

ceremony took place amid great Indian splendor. All the tribes were represented and Superintendent Smith acted as proxy. The Prince had chosen to ally himself with the clan of the Turtle, receiving the title "O Non De Yoh," meaning "Lord and King." A silk sash and an address on buckskin will be forwarded to the Prince. Hut-cho-nu-pah, last of the medicine men, died last month in the Snake hills of the Creek nation. He was 95 years old. For half a century he had been one of the most turbulent spirits in Oklahoma. Hut-cho-nu-pah led the last rebellion of the Creeks in 1890. His faction was subdued by the Creeks themselves before the United States troops got there. In a battle Hut-cho-nu-pah's band was annihilated and he was condemned to death. But so great was the awe in which the old medicine man was held that no one could be found to be his executioner. With his adherents dead and himself imprisoned his influence was so potent that he compelled the election of a friend as chief, and was pardoned. The medicine man fought for the Northern forces during the Civil War. He always asserted that he was under the especial protection of the Supreme Being.

The Murrow Indian Orphan's Home is about to be taken over by the American Baptist Home Mission Society. The charter is being revised to make the transfer legal. This institution has over 3,500 acres of land and is destined to exert a broad and lasting influence over the Indian. Rev. J. S. Murrow, D. D., its founder, is the president.—*Indian Outlook*.

Perhaps the best rule of life that was ever formulated, was to expect little and do your everlasting best to land a whole lot.



OSCEOLA, A FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEF.

BY MAJ. GEN. O. O. HOWARD, *in St. Nicholas.*

I SUSPECT "Uncle Sam" was born July 4, 1776. If so, he was still a young man, only twenty-eight years old, when Osceola came into the world. The Red Stick tribe of the Creek Indians had a camp on the bank of the Chattahoochee. The water of this river is colored by the roots of trees, shrubs, and vines which grow along its sluggish current, and it is very black. Osceola's mother, living near this dark river, named her baby As-aa-he-ola,—black water. Spanish tongues by and by shortened it to the beautiful and Latin-like name of Osceola. Osceola's mother was the daughter of a Creek Indian chieftain. His father is said to have been an Indian trader born in England. There were three children, two girls and the boy. Osceola's mother, the proud and hightempered Indian princess, became angry for some reasons, and taking her son, went into the wilderness of southern Georgia and joined her own people, while his father took his two daughters and passed over to the far West. The princess taught Osceola both English and her own language, but she had come to hate the white people, and did not fail to bring up her son with the same unkind feeling.

Late troubles arose between our white settlers and the Creek Indians in

Georgia, and General Jackson was sent to drive them farther south.

At this time Osceola was only fourteen years old; yet he was so smart and so fierce that he became a leader of his people. Under him they fought hard, and were driven at last to the middle of Florida, where not far from one of Uncle Sam's stockades, called Fort King, the tribe joined the Seminole Indians, who lived there. These Florida Indians, the Seminoles, were really a part of the Creek nation, and spoke almost the same language. They soon became fond of Osceola, and as their head chief Micanopy was very old, in all fighting Osceola became the real leader. He had two underchiefs, one named Jumper and the other Alligator. They were as fierce as he was and hated the white people as much as he did, and enjoyed doing all he told them to do. As Osceola grew, he had a fine, manly bearing, and a deep, soft, musical voice. He was quick at learning a new language, and he was very skillful in the use of the bow, though he liked better the white man's rifle with powder and ball. It is said he always hit what he aimed at.

For fifteen years Osceola went from tribe to tribe and from chief to chief all over Florida and other States of the South.

wherever he could find Indians. He always spoke against the white people, saying they were two-faced and would not treat the Indians with justice and mercy. I believe that Uncle Sam really had a good feeling for his red children; but the white people were very few in Florida, and they were afraid of the Indians, and wanted to send them away to the West. They asked Uncle Sam to send his officers and agents to make a bargain with the red men. This bargain was called the "Treaty of Payne's Landing." It was signed at Payne's Landing on the Ocklawaha River, May 9, 1832, by some of the Indian chiefs and Uncle Sam's white officers and agents.

It was agreed that all the Indians were to go far away beyond the Mississippi River before the end of the year, and that Uncle Sam should give them three thousand dollars each year, and other things which were written in the treaty. Only a few of the Indians really agreed to go, and Osceola, now twenty-eight years old, was very much against giving away the Seminole country. He aroused the whole nation; nine-tenths of the head men were with him, and gathering good warriors, he divided them into companies, and drilled them. Osceola called an Indian assembly and rising to his full height, took a strong bow in his right hand an arrow in his left, and said: "I will not sign a treaty to give away the Indians' land, and I will kill the chiefs or any followers who sign it."

Two years passed and then some Seminole chieftains, who had gone beyond the Mississippi, returned. They reported against the removal of the Indians, and the Indian agent called a meeting of well known Indians and white men to talk it over. The old chief, Micanopy, spoke for the Indians, but Osceola sat near and whispered into his ear what to answer the

agent. Micanopy was old, and wanted peace. He, Jumper, Alligator, and others said they never meant to sign away their land, but only agreed to send some men to look over the new country before they decided what to do. The meeting became very excited, and at last Osceola sprang to his feet and defied the agent, saying, in a taunting manner, "Neither I nor my warriors care if we never receive another dollar from the Great Father." The agent, spreading the treaty upon the table, remonstrated with Osceola, but the fierce chief drew his long knife from its sheath and cried, "The only treaty I will execute is with this," and he drove the knife through and through the paper into the table.

Soon after this Osceola had an interview with Captain Ming of the Coast Survey near Fort King, but he declined every civility, and said, "I will not break bread with a white man." A formal council was arranged, but here Osceola, in a threatening manner, seized a surveyor's chain, and declared, in a loud voice, "If you cross my land, I will break this chain into as many pieces as there are links in it, and then throw the pieces so far that you never get them together again." The Indian agent, in desperation, sent for Osceola and ordered him to sign the paper for transporting the Indians, but he answered, "I will not." When told that General Jackson, the president, would soon teach him better, Osceola replied, "I care no more for Jackson than for you."

The Indian agent knowing that Osceola stirred up his people, had him put in prison at the fort, but he escaped by making promises to his guard. As soon as he was free again, he began to get his warriors ready for battle. He went from place to place very fast, hardly stopping

for food, till he had a large number of braves gathered near Fort King. Their rifles were kept ready for battle. Soon after, three white men were wounded, and a white mail-carrier was killed. The chief, Emaltha, who was friendly to the treaty, was assassinated. The war has begun.

It was now 1836, and Osceola was thirty years old. Hearing that Major Dade, with one hundred ten officers and men, was to pass along the military road from Fort Brooke at Tampa Bay, Osceola sent Micanopy and Jumper with eight hundred of his warriors to wait in ambush for them. The plan was so well arranged that the whole command except three men were killed. These men escaped to Mampa, and told the terrible story. Osceola himself had remained with a small force near Fort King, for he wished to kill the Indian agent, his long-time enemy. Lieutenant Smith and the agent were walking quietly toward the sutler's shop a half mile from the stockade, when a number of Indians attacked them, and both were killed. The agent was pierced with fourteen bullets, and the lieutenant with five. The sutler and four others were killed, and the store and outbuildings burned. The fire gave the first alarm at the fort. In the meantime, Osceola's warriors under Micanopy and Jumper had been so prompt that the first battle was over before their leader joined them. Then the dreadful war went on. Osceola met General Clinch with one thousand regular soldiers at the crossing of the Withlacoochee River. There were not a thousand Indians, but Osceola brought them into battle like an experienced general. His men followed his own brave example, and fought with tiger-like ferocity. Osceola is said to have slain forty of our officers

and men with his own hand. The Indians fought till their ammunition was gone, and then with bows and arrows and knives.

After this, Osceola went through very many battles, but he never despaired and never surrendered until the fearful battle came when the Indians were defeated by General Taylor. Then the water ran with blood of Uncle Sam's quarreling children, and Osceola's men were scattered to the four winds. Even when Osceola would not have been captured but for an act of treachery. He was asked to come to a conference at a camp not far from St. Augustine. He came with some of his warriors, trusting to the word of the commander, but he and his companions were at once surrounded and carried to St. Augustine as prisoners of war. Our officers said it was right to do this because Osceola had not kept his promise in peace or war; but we do not like to think that the officers and agents of Uncle Sam broke their word, even if an Indian chief did not keep his. Though Osceola fought in the Indian way, and hated the treatment that the white people gave the Indians, still we know that he did not hate the white woman and children, and constantly told his warriors to treat women and children with kindness. After he was taken to St. Augustine, he was in a sad condition. His spirit was broken by defeat and imprisonment, and he grew feeble as he realized there was no escape.

When he was taken to Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor, he knew that he should never see his own land again. Then he refused food, would see no visitors, and died, broken-hearted, after a short illness, aged thirty-three. He was a brave enemy, and respected as he had been by the Indian nation, his manly nature was too proud to be long under the control of the white man.

KANSAS GETS LONGBOAT.

LAWRENCE, KANS., Jan. 21.—Tom Longboat, the hardy little Indian who won fame by defeating Dorando, the Italian champion, recently, will assist Coach Hagerman with the Jayhawker distance men a week in March before the dual meet in Convention hall. Longboat will come to Lawrence as the guest of Coach Hagerman after his Marathon race in Convention hall in March. Hagerman became acquainted with Longboat in 1907, when, as a member of the Irish-Canadian Athletic club, he assisted Tom Flanagan in coaching the Indian runner for three successive meets. In that time Longboat made a mile in 4:19 on the cinder path at Toronto. As soon as Coach Hagerman learned that Longboat was coming to Kansas City he invited him to come to Lawrence and the Indian is going to give his former trainer a lift. Longboat with his experience will be able to give the varisty men pointers, which should do an inestimable amount of good. It is also the plan to have Longboat give an exhibition in Robinson gymnasium, and that he may better demonstrate his ability, the four best Kansas runners will be selected to compete with the champion.

EXPERT ON LONG HORNS.

The old long-horned steer of the western range is practically extinct, but his memory will be preserved by the curious collector. In the frontier days of Abilene, Dodge City and Fort Worth, when thousands of cattle were trailed from the Southwest, the way was marked by horns. Some of these were knocked off in fights, but the most belonged to steers that died on the way. G. D. Beck, who exhibits mounted horns on Sixteenth street, east of the live stock exchange building, began following the old Southwest trail

thirty-seven years ago, in quest of long horns. He believes he has mounted more long horns than any other man in the United States and asserts that he knows the length and value of every long pair in existence.

Fourteen years ago, he sold for \$150 to the Evans-Snyder-Buel Commission company, at the stock yards, a pair measuring eight feet seven and one-half inches from tip to tip. Not long ago this firm refused an offer of \$500 for them. The only other pair of horns in the United States longer than these is in the Transit house, opposite the Union Stock yards in Chicago. They measure nine feet two inches and the owner has refused several big offers for them.

Other long horns at the Kansas City stock yards are in Colonel C. F. Morse's and George R. Barse's offices. They measure eight feet four inches each. In Cherry Tilden's office is a pair that measure seven feet three inches. The largest pair of horns ever taken from a steer slaughtered in Kansas City are in the Rogers Commission company's office. They measure six feet eight inches. The longest horns have come from "outlaw" steers that have lived practically a wild life and "rustled" in the Southwest mountain districts.

A Relic Search.

MONROE, LA., Jan. 16.—The party of scientists from the Philadelphia Academy of Science, which came here several days ago, left to-day to continue explorations for relics to the upper Ouachita river in Arkansas. Skeletons and curiously wrought pottery which have been unearthed were apparently buried hundreds of years ago. The skeletons will go to the Smithsonian institution in Washington and the pottery to the Philadelphia academy.



INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT CHIEF.

NOT long ago there died on the Shoshone Indian reservation in Wyoming Chief Washakie of the Shoshone tribe. This old chief, says a writer in the Sunday Associated Magazines, never wronged the whites or any of his own people. Yet all the Indians feared him. Single-handed, Washakie could pilot any number of whites through any hostile country. He it was who piloted General Fremont across the country when he went to make a way for the advance of civilization beyond the Rockies.

Washakie was a wonderful man in many ways. He never broke his word. Once when one of his sons led a band of restless young warriors away from the reservation to pillage among the whites, Washakie sent a runner to say that if the warriors were not back on the reservation by sunrise the next morning, they should never return.

They did not heed the warning, and the old chief personally led some of his best fighters against his son. True to the word of Washakie, none of the band ever returned. All were slain.

Always stern, and vowing all his life that he would never break his word, Washakie kept his promise in this case as he did in every other.

For his long, valuable services to the whites in the troublous days of the early frontier, President Grant once sent a

beautiful black pony, a fine saddle and a silver-mounted bridle by special messenger to the chief.

When the messenger arrived at the agency building, the sun had just set. Washakie was standing at the window looking on the gold and purple which flooded the snow-caps of the mountains with color.

Post-trader Moore soon found the Indian and told him to look at the pony, with its fine saddle and bridle. The pony stood beneath, where it could be seen to good advantage.

"Well, Washakie," said Moore, "what have you to say to the White Father for sending you such a beautiful present?"

Washakie did not speak.

The post-trader repeated the question; but instead of replying, the old chief began to drum with the fingers of both hands on the window panes. Thus he stood for some moments. Moore finally walked to where he could see the Indian's face, and was surprised to see that Washakie was weeping. Great tears were rolling over his scarred cheeks, and occasionally the great, fearless warrior sobbed, something that no torture could have made him do.

In due course, Washakie turned about and said slowly, "Tell the White Father for me that when the Frenchman gives thanks he has plenty tongue, but no heart;

when Washakie gives thanks, he has plenty heart, but no tongue." A message, it may be added, that none understood better than the silent great man to to whom it was sent.

Good old Chief Washakie fought in one hundred and fifty-seven battles in aid of the whites.

Chief's Daughter Suicides.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—It was an ordinary suicide, committed in an ordinary manner. A deputy coroner held an inquest this afternoon and the jury returned a verdict to the effect that Miss Alice Law, 26 years old, killed herself by inhaling illuminating gas through a rubber tube. All this was very ordinary, but the great tragedy of stifled ambition behind it all lifts the suicide of Miss Law out of the commonplace.

It was reported that she had killed herself because of a disappointment in love, but this was not true. Her only love was music, her only idol Beethoven. Her mother, Mrs. R. A. Law, is an Englishwoman and lives in Williston, N. D. She married a Chippewa chief, now dead. The girl received a good education and finished a technical course in Purdue university in 1902. The practical English mother induced her to take up the study of draftsmanship and engineering, arguing that no one could hope to make a living by envying the nightingale and "writing silly little tunes."

So Alice worked at a desk in the offices of the Myron C. Clark Publishing company, 355 Dearborn street, eight or nine hours a day, but her heart was not in her work.

"She was crazy about music," said Mrs. Higgins, at whose home Miss Law boarded. "In the three months that she lived with me she wrote music all over the wall-

paper in her bedroom. She kept a blank book especially for jotting down refrains that would come into her head and she frequently would get up in the middle of the night to write in that book.

"Funeral marches and 'laments' were her passion. Every night before going to bed she would play Chopin's Funeral march and Beethoven's Fifth nocturne. The Fifth nocturne she considered the greatest thing in music and Beethoven the greatest composer. She was swallowed up, body, soul, and mind, in music.

"Thursday night she got home late. They told me at the office that she had stayed overtime to finish her work and set her desk in order. Without speaking to anyone in the house, she went to her room. At breakfast this morning we noticed the smell of gas and traced it to Miss Law's room. We opened the door and found her dead."

He'll be Roosevelt's Guide.

LONDON, Jan. 19.—R. J. Cunningham, the English professional hunter, who will be the guide, manager, counselor and friend of Theodore Roosevelt and his party on their African hunting tour, probably knows more about equatorial Africa than any other white man. He knew Africa before the Uganda railway made traveling easy and safe.

Mr. Cunningham is now organizing the Roosevelt caravan and gathering materials and supplies. Besides being a hunter and guide Mr. Cunningham is an expert collector of natural history specimens. He has made important collections for the British museum both in Norway and Africa. He has guided numerous hunting parties in Africa and for a time was chief hunter for the Field Columbian museum.



AN UNIQUE ORGANIZATION.

FROM Supt. Horace J. Johnson, of the Round Valley School and Agency, California, we have received the following interesting news item:

"A meeting rather unique in itself was held in the assembly hall at the Round Valley Indian School, California, on the morning of December 28, 1908.

"Gathered there were fourteen Indians belonging to the reservation, for the purpose of organizing an association to be incorporated under the laws of the state of California to acquire by purchase a tract of land upon which to bury their dead.

"The meeting was organized by the election of Raymond Brown as Chairman and William Perry, a returned Riverside pupil as Secretary. After some discussion as to the proper name of such cemetery association, the meeting selected from the names mentioned, (among which were Concow, Concow and Little Lake, Winona, Mill Creek and Headquarters,) the latter designation as being the one most suitable. This name is descriptive of the location, as it is located near where the old agency was which in times past was designated as Headquarters to distinguish the locality from Soldier quarters and Lower quarters, other noted points on the reservation.

"After the selection of the name it was

decided that the business of the corporation should be entrusted to a board of directors to consist of five members selected by ballot from among the incorporators. Henry Smith, a returned Phoenix and Hampton student, and Frank Perry, were appointed as tellers and the members then proceeded to ballot for directors with the result that Frank Perry, Frank Whipple, Raymond Brown, Jack Anderson and Edwin Smith were chosen as such. All of these Indians are progressive. They are of more than average intelligence, industrious, sober, can read and write, live in comfortable houses and are good providers for their families.

"After preparing necessary papers to file with the proper state officials to secure Letters of Incorporation, the meeting adjourned sine die.

"The incorporators are Dan Wright, Captain of the Concows, Frank Perry, Frank Whipple, Raymond Brown, Jack Anderson, Edwin Smith, William Perry, Henry Smith, Cyrus Brown, Alex Frazier, John Wilsey, Jim Stevens, John Strangit and one other, all of whom excepting two can read and write. All business was transacted in the English language.

"The Indian Office states that it knows no other such organization in the United States composed solely of Indians."

The Navaho Dictionary.

The Franciscan Fathers at St. Michaels intend issuing, in the near future, a dictionary of the Navaho language. The book will be the result of over ten years' work, and will contain, besides a vocabulary, a series of articles on Navaho religion, ceremonies, arts and industries. Each of these subjects will be followed by a list of Navaho terms employed, and detailed explanation. The book will be as complete as it is possible to make such a work after years of special study and work. To students of Indian lore this

work will be well nigh priceless. The authors are, without doubt, the best informed people in the world as regards the Navaho, their past history and present conditions.—*Gallup (N. M.) Republican.*

Use Horse Flesh for Beef?

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—Inspectors of the health department, it was learned yesterday, have for several weeks been investigating charges that horse flesh is being sold in Chicago for beef. Several arrests have been made, but in no instance has it been shown that the horse flesh was sold for consumption in Chicago.

WHAT CAN YOU DO ?

That's what the world is asking you.
 Not who you are,
 Not what you are;
 But this one thing the world demands—
 What can you do with brain or hands ?
 Once show the world what you can do,
 And it will quickly honor you
 And call you great;
 Or soon or late,
 Before success can come to you,
 The world must know what you can do.
 Up, then, O soul, and do your best !
 Meet like a man the world's great test,
 What can you do ?
 Gentile or Jew,
 No matter what you are, or who,
 Be brave and show what you can do !

—*The Watchman.*

THE "VOYAGEURS," AS DESCRIBED BY IRVING.

From his book "Astoria."

THE "voyageurs" form a kind of confraternity in the Canadas, like the arrieros, or carriers of Spain, and, like them, are employed in long internal expeditions of travel and traffic: with this difference, that the arrieros travel by land, the voyageurs by water; the former with mules and horses, the latter with batteaux and canoes. The voyageurs may be said to have sprung up out of the fur trade, having originally been employed by the early French merchants in their trading expeditions through the labyrinth of rivers and lakes of the boundless interior. They were coeval with the *coureurs des bois*, or rangers of the woods, already noticed, and, like them, in the intervals of their long, arduous, and laborious expeditions, were prone to pass their time in idleness and revelry about the trading posts or settlements, squandering their hard earnings in heedless conviviality, and rivalling their neighbors, the Indians, in indolent indulgence and an imprudent disregard of the morrow.

When Canada passed under British domination, and the old French trading houses were broken up, the voyageurs, like the *coureurs des bois*, were for a time disheartened and disconsolate, and with difficulty could reconcile themselves to the service of the new-comers, so different in habits, manners, and language from their former employers. By degrees, however, they became accustomed to the change, and at length came to consider the British fur traders, and especially the mem-

bers of the Northwest Company, as the legitimate lords of creation.

The dress of these people is generally half civilized, half savage. They wear a capot or surcoat, made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trousers, or leathern leggins, moccasons of deerskin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco-pouch, and other implements. Their language is of the same piebald character, being a French patois, embroidered with Indian and English words and phrases.

The lives of the voyageurs are passed in wild and extensive roving, in the service of individuals, but more especially of the fur traders. They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gayety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance. They inherit, too, a fund of civility and complaisance; and instead of that hardness and grossness which men in laborious life are apt to indulge toward each other, they are mutually obliging and accommodating; interchanging kind offices, yielding each other assistance and comfort in every emergency, and using the familiar appellations of "cousin" and "brother" when there is in fact no relation. Their natural good-will is probably heightened by a community of adventure and hardship in their precarious and wandering life.

No men are more submissive to their leaders and employers, more capable of enduring hardship, or more good-humor-

ed under privations. Never are they so happy as when on long and rough expeditions, toiling up rivers or coasting lakes; encamping at night on the borders, gossiping round their fires, and bivouacking in the open air. They are dexterous boatmen, vigorous and adroit with the oar and paddle, and will row from morning until night without a murmur. The steersman often sings an old traditional French song, with some regular burden in which they all join, keeping time with their oars; if at any time they flag in spirits or relax in exertion, it is but necessary to strike up a song of the kind to put them all in fresh spirits and activity. The Canadian waters are vocal with these little French chansons, that have been echoed from mouth to mouth and transmitted from father to son, from the earliest days of the colony; and it has a pleasing effect, in a still golden summer evening, to see a batteau gliding across the bosom of a lake and dipping its oars to the cadence of these quaint old ditties, or sweeping along in full chorus, on a bright sunny morning, down the transparent current of one the Canada rivers.

But we are talking of things that are fast fading away! The march of mechanical invention is driving everything poetical before it. The steamboats, which are fast dispelling the wildness and romance of our lakes and rivers, and aiding to subdue the world into commonplace, are proving as fatal to the race of the Canadian voyageurs as they have been to that of the boatmen of the Mississippi. Their glory is departed. They are no longer the lords of our internal seas and the great navigators of the wilderness. Some of them may still occasionally be seen coasting the lower lakes with their frail barks, and pitching their camps and lighting their fires upon the shores; but

their range is fast contracting to those remote waters and shallow and obstructed rivers unvisited by the steamboat. In the course of years they will gradually disappear; their songs will die away like the echoes they once awakened, and the Canadian voyageurs will become a forgotten race, or remembered, like their associates, the Indians, among the poetical images of past times, and as themes for local and romantic associations.

Nothing Mean About Him.

A boy from a public school entered a green-grocer's shop and invested in five cents' worth of chesnuts. In about half an hour he returned and handed the proprietor one of the nuts.

"What does this mean?" asked the dealer.

"Well," remarked the youthful customer; that is the only sound nut I found in the lot, and so thought you had put it in by mistake. I am an honest boy, and don't want to take a mean advantage of a fellow."

Who's Lonely?

One day last fall, on the loneliest coast on Cape Cod bay, the writer ran across an old man living all by himself in a little shack hardly large enough for a chicken coop. He was carefully sewing on a net and smoking a corncob pipe. One would think to look at the situation that a month of such solitude would land a man in the madhouse.

"Don't you get awfully lonesome here Uncle Ned?" I asked.

"Who, me?" he replied, cheerfully. "Well I should say not. No sir-ee."

"Why, Uncle Ned, what on earth do you do to keep busy?"

"Who, me? why let me see"—musingly—"sometimes I sets and thinks, and sometimes I jes' sets!"—*Success.*

A WORK AMONG OKLAHOMA INDIANS.

BY HARRIET M. BEDELL.

WHIRLWIND is a settlement of blanket Cheyenne Indians, about ten miles from Fay, Okla. It was named from the original allottee, Whirlwind, whose wife was a communicant of the Church. Through her influence a Church day school was established several years ago. Bishop Brooke transferred the Rev. David A. Sanford from Bridgeport to Whirlwind, who, with his wife and daughter, labored faithfully until October, 1907, when he retired from the work. He was succeeded by the Rev. James J. H. Reedy, and in December the Board of Missions sent Miss Harriet M. Bedell, of Buffalo, N. Y., to assist in the work.

The Indians live in tepees in a very primitive way, and many of the old-time customs still prevail among the older ones—wailing at funerals, burying with the dead all belongings, cries of the medicine man, calls for feasts, etc. The men and women dress in Indian costume, both wearing their hair in two braids over the shoulder; many paint their faces.

These people are very religious, and unless the Church sends to them the true Gospel of Christ, they do many strange things in the name of worship. Our great hope is in the school. We have forty-one pupils enrolled, and they are under our constant influence both in an educational and spiritual way. All our industrial work goes hand-in-hand with work in the homes and all our methods are adapted to the special needs of the Indians here.

We are so often asked why Indians so

soon fall back into their old ways on their return from school. I, too, used to wonder why; but since being among these people the reason is very clear to me. When in the Indian boarding school the girl learns many things under proper conditions and with fine equipments. She returns home. Everything is so different—the fire in the ground instead of a stove; covered dried grass instead of beds; no chairs, no cupboards, no tables. How can she put into practice what she has learned? She loves her people, and of course soon lives as they do, even going back to the Indian dress.

The unwrought character of the Indian must be considered in dealing with him. We believe the day school is a better solution to the problem of dealing with him. In our work here we teach them to use what they have and try gradually to better the condition of the home. We feel quite encouraged, though the work is slow. Many have bought stoves, beds, etc. A few have made tables, and washing and bathing is now done in most of the homes.

In answer to the question "Is it worth while?" comes the answer, "yes" most emphatically. With the same advantages for the same length of time, the Indian could have stood side by side with the European. He may not now reach the standard of civilization of the white man, but he does approach it. Then why not help him? Then the aim of our efforts may be realized long before the Indian becomes fully civilized—namely, the

spread of Christ's Kingdom among them. The other work is but a means to this great end.

Contributions are solicited for any of the following departments of work: Educational, industrial, gymnastic, and clothing for school children, which we must supply. Money is specially needed for repairs on present buildings, desks, and other equipment for school, furnishings

for mission home, a fund for paying for land, and a fund for building and furnishing a chapel. At present we are worshipping in an old Government building, which is nearly filled when the school is seated; we shall need room for at least 350. At least \$4,000 is needed to bring everything into proper working order. This work is very dear to the hearts of all missionary workers.



AN INDIAN CHRISTMAS.

AN old-timer now living in Denver gives a narrative of a rather strenuous Christmas on the plains fifty-two years ago. "In 1856," he says, "a train of military supplies for the United States Government was sent from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., to Fort Laramie, in the Rocky mountains. It was early in October when we started and winter had already begun to show itself, while the Cheyenne Indians were hostile on the plains of Nebraska also. It took us two months going from Fort Leavenworth to deliver our supplies to the quartermaster at Fort Laramie. We left our oxen and freight wagons there—starting back to Leavenworth with a light two-horse wagon and four extra horses, when we were caught in a terrible blizzard at Ash hollow, a canon of the hills striking the North Platte valley northwest of the present town of Ogalalla.

"The blizzard left the whole country covered with a deep fall of snow which prevented further travel on the land for that winter, leaving our party in a very precarious, exposed and destitute condition, with a prospect of perishing from cold and hunger. We took only enough provisions to last to Fort Kearney. After

the storm the provisions were about used up and the weather was thirty degrees below zero. It happened providentially, however, that we were within but a few miles of Chief High Bear's band of Ogalalla Sioux Indians who proved to be quite friendly and with whom we stayed seven weeks before we could move from there. Then we had to travel for sixteen days 160 miles on the ice-bound surface of the Platte.

"Christmas day found us in the midst of the Ogalalla Sioux camp with only buffalo meat as our main food and that without any salt to season it with—for there was no salt in the whole Sioux camp.

We did, however, for a time and as a luxury have one very small piece of bread with our morning and evening meal, for flour was so scarce and the Indian traders could not spare us more than a sack, for which we had to pay \$20. We had to make that sack of flour last our whole party for nine weeks through that bitter cold weather. Sugar was out of the question, as it was 50c a pound. So we took our hot coffee straight and was very thankful to get it. Our party of eleven men had only a thin canvas tent to sleep in at night. As soon as we could get to

the Indian village, however, through the snow-drifts of the hills, we got a little corn meal from the trader and some sugar and made a mush feast for the Indians. Some of them in return for our kindness came together and gave us one of their Indian dances, while some squaws showed their appreciation of our gift and their good will by sticking up our two wagon sheets into a wigwam in which to live like the Indians. To show the desire of Chief High Bear to be friendly with us and treat us kindly he was very watchful of any covert acts of offense and anxious to control his people from anything they might do to annoy us. One day the valise of John Rowland, a young man of our party, was missing from our lodge—evidently stolen by some Indian in the camp.

“Our captain made complaint of the matter to Chief High Bear, who was very angry about it and it was not long before the whole village knew of it, for we soon heard gunshot reports. It was the chief, who had shot one of the village dogs and had given vent to his displeasure in that way. He gave orders for the village to be searched thoroughly for that stolen valise. It was not long before it was found hidden in some willow bushes near by and returned to the owner. High Bear did not want any more trouble for his people, for it was only one year previous to that time that by reason of Sioux depredations on our people passing overland to Oregon and California that General Harney had punished them with his little United States army of horse, foot and artillery by attacking them on the Blue river not far from Ash hollow—the very same Ogalallas and some Brule Sioux under Chief Little Thunder—killing many of them and destroying their villages.”

Pointers to Young Men.

The young man accepting the first position finds that results are what count the most in the world of wage earners, and that the young man who makes ready promises and does not keep them will not be apt to be favored with an increase of salary when the personnel of the working force is gone over to see which of the men in the employ of the firm are giving efficient service and are deserving of recognition.

The young man must make up his mind to accept his first position with one thing in view—that he will work all the time he is on duty in business hours, and that he will not allow any portion of the work to lie neglected.

The small tasks, he will find accumulate rapidly, which will make work outside of his regular hours a necessity.

A bad habit to fall into is to grumble all the time that you are doing too much work for the salary paid. When a young man is hired by a business house, it is a plain business proposition—the duties of the position are fully explained, and the employe agrees to do so much work each day for so much pay. If the young man agrees to do the amount of work that belongs to the position, and if he finds there is too much work for the pay, he has the privilege of seeking another situation, the same as the employer has to get another man to do the work if he learns that the young man cannot fill the position.

In my study I am sure to converse with none but wise men, but abroad it is impossible to avoid the society of fools.
—*Sir William Waller.*

The men who work with their hands can't stifle a sneaking suspicion that they are the only ones who make an honest living.

BEWARE OF THE FIRE.

From The Youth's Temperance Banner.

Ring out! Ring out! a mighty alarm,
In city and county and State;
A fire! a fire! all over the land
Is burning the small and great.

Arouse! arouse! ye women and men,
And never grow weary nor tire;
Our boys! our boys! the noblest and best,
Are being destroyed by fire.

Turn out! turn out! with ballot and prayer,
There's fire in the bottle and bowl,
Destroy, destroy, the traffic in drink,
'Tis burning the brain and soul.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!

Beware, of the Rum-fiend's fire!

'Twill burn thy body and soul, my boy,

Beware, beware, of the fire!

—Rev. C. H. MEAD, D.D.

A Big Oklahoman.

See Kans-i-ta, Caddo Indian, attracted considerable attention and wonder, at the Rock Island depot on Saturday as he went north on the noon train from Binger, his home town.

He beats the old German of New York, Wouter Van Twiller, who was 5 feet 6 inches tall and 6 feet and 5 inches around. This Indian is 5 feet 7 inches tall and 7 feet and 5 inches around. He is twenty-six years old and weighs 696 pounds.—Exchange.

An Indian Artist.

An artist whose western address is Crow Agency, Mont., may be the chief exhibitor when the Fine Art institute holds its next show early in January, at Kansas City, Mo. Joseph H. Sharp studied in Antwerp and Munich, but found his favorite subjects on the plains and Indian reservations. Eleven portraits he painted of famous Indians were purchased by the government in 1900 for the Smithsonian institution; and in 1902 he received a commission to paint fifteen portraits each year for five years for the University of California.

The Misplaced Comma.

What a great difference in the meaning of a sentence a misplaced comma can make! Take the following, for example:

“James, my husband is a very sick man.”

“James, my husband, is a very sick man.”

The following bit of perverse punctuation was perpetrated by an English compositor. What the author meant to say can be ascribed by a rearrangement of the punctuation marks:

“Caesar entered on his head; his helmet on his feet; armed sandals upon his brow; there was a cloud in his right hand; his faithful sword in his eye; an angry glare saying nothing; he sat down.”

Had a Fuzzy Feeling.

In the soft twilight of a summer afternoon, mother came upon young hopeful standing in a brown study by the greenhouse door. His hands were clasped before him and his lips were dejectedly parted. “Why, what’s the matter, lamb?” mother asked bending over him. “I’m finking, muvver.” “What about, little man?” “Have gooseberries any legs, muvver?” “Why no, of course not, dearie.”

A deeper shade fell athwart dearie’s face as he raised his glance to her. “Then, muvver, I’ve swallowed a caterpillar.”—The Crucible.

A fellow often gets a jar,
Upon the stair,
And tumbles like a falling star,
For want of care,
All through a step he reaches for
That isn’t there.

Thus oft an apprehension throws
Us with a twist.
I think, of all the earthly woes
Upon the list,
The ones that jar us most are those
That don’t exist.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE APACHES.

BY REV. J. F. G. HARDERS, *Superintendent Lutheran Mission for the Apaches.*



THE reservation of the Apaches, lying in the heart of Arizona, comprises a large surface of land. And it is indeed a good piece of land which Uncle Sam has reserved for the temporary use of the Apaches: in the northern part live the White Mountain, in the southern part, the Carlos Apache together with the Tontos and Mohaves. Nature has equally provided good soil in both parts, having especially favored the northern part with more game than the southern.

Excepting only a few bands the Apaches are to this very day nomadic. No one will fail to notice this fact, after he has lived among them for any length of time. Nevertheless there is a difference between those to whom homesteads have been allotted on the White Mountain and on the Carlos reservations.

On the White Mountain reservation, along the Cibicue and Caesso, especially at the former place, we find a people of whom one may dare say, it is settled. These people are always living at the same place, and with a certain measure of skill, industry and success work a piece of farmland which they call their own. In other parts of the reservation, as in the White river basin, East and North Fork, Turkey creek, in Fort Apache, etc., the tribe is not so settled. They are moving, but traveling at certain times, back and forth between certain places,

and returning to the same places again. These also have their small farms, and raise horses and cattle in the grassy regions. The Indian Agent there is intent upon helping the Indians raise good stock, which will sell at a profitable price. During the days of my recent visit there 400 head of cattle were received which were distributed likewise. An attempt of this kind a few years ago had proved a failure. The Indians thought that such good animals ought to be good to slaughter and eat, and accordingly they also did.

Conditions on the San Carlos reservation are entirely different. Actually settled are exceptionally very few, and these are especially such who have occupation directly with the Agent, in one of the two schools, or with the railroad company. At present the Apaches number about 5,000. Of these 2,000 belong to the White Mountain and 3,000 to the San Carlos reservation. Of these 3,000 that should have homes on the San Carlos part of the reservation, not more than one-third at the most are at the present time, and since a number of years living on the reservation. The rest live off the reservation, and are moving about here and there accordingly as they can find work and a means of subsistence. At some places they are beginning to become settled. This is near Globe, similarly at Fort McDowell, where a small reservation was given to them by the Government. Also in Verde Valley, east of Jerome, where the government has organized a day school less than a year ago. The Indians can not make their own living on

the reservation. Heavy rains have partly washed out their farm land, in some places totally destroyed the irrigation ditches. So the government don't force the Indians to stay on the reservation. This makes the Indians believe that they will not hold the reservation very long, and the fact that once in a while voices are heard—nobody knows from where—to the effect that within an indefinite range of time the reservation will be opened for mining purposes, confirms the Indians in this belief the more and more.

This is always feared in spite of the fact that through the effort of the San Carlos agent recently a few hundred of stallions were distributed among the Indians for the purpose of raising a better breed of horses than the small Indian ponies.

The missionaries there confront a difficult proposition. Under the present circumstances it is near to impossible for them to accomplish anything permanent, nor effect full and successful, with the people by their work. Now in Roosevelt, Fishcreek, Gisela, Paeson, Angora, Verde, Jerome, Prescott, and other northwestern places of settlement, they soon find their people in the southwest, near Florence, Winkelmann, San Pedro, Mammoth, Christmas Camp, Fort Grand, Aravapai, etc. Since a number of years' missionary work has been done among the Apaches by the Joint Synod of Wis., Minn., Mich., Nebr., and other eastern states. This German Lutheran society invests annually about 6,000 dollars in this mission. Three chapels and a mission school have been erected. Four missionaries, ordained ministers, three well trained Indian helpers, one graduate school teacher, and several other feminine helpers are at work. The word of God is preached in all chapels on Sundays and week days,

and wherever the Indians move to they are looked after and cared for. The missionaries give instructions in the government schools also. Services are held also in the government chapel in San Carlos, recently there erected. Sermon service and Sunday school every Sunday morning and sermon service every Friday evening, the evening before Ration Day, as this brings many Indians together at the agency.

A year ago the mission school at Globe was organized. It is at the present time a day school, but will at all events become a boarding school next fall.

The mission work is not without success: but to speak of this and to give the missionaries due credit is not the place of the writer of these lines.

All the missionaries possess a smaller or greater knowledge of the Apache language. The writer of this article edits a paper for the Apaches, which is printed monthly in 1,000 copies. Until today it appeared half in the English, half in the Apache language. After January first it will be printed altogether in the Apache language. Besides this paper other Lutheran papers, edited by the above named Synod, are used among the Apaches. You will find few Apaches who can really speak English. There are a number of such among the younger element, who can understand and use the common phrases of the English language which occur again and again in daily life, but are mostly incapable for having a conversation in the English language, reading a book, or periodical, or even a daily paper. Not small is the number of those who grew up without any schooling at all, and very small the number of these who were educated in non-reservation schools.

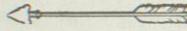
There are nine schools for the Apaches,

Pastoral care by the missionaries can only be irregular and temporary. The Indian can make his "tulipai" and gamble and gets without much difficulty all the whisky he wants through Mexican and unconscientious Americans.

What can be done to amend matters?

The answer will vary according from which standpoint of view the answer is given by the one asked.

I can only give the answer of the Christian answering as a Christian: Love, love that does not tire, true love, love that wounds and heals.



THE INDIAN AGENCY SYSTEM.

From the Sherman Bulletin.

SINCE the Indian Department has abolished all of the Indian agencies in the United States with the exception of two, it may be of interest to our readers to know something of the history of the agency system.

During the colonial period the spread of trade brought a large number of tribes in contact with the French and the English, and each nation strove to make allies among the natives. Their rivalry led to the French and Indian war, and its effects were felt as late as the first half of the nineteenth century. When the revolution began the attitude of the Indians became a matter of importance and plans were speedily devised to secure their friendship for the colonists and to thwart English influence. One other means employed was the appointment of agents to reside among the tribes living near the settlements. These men were charged to watch the movements of the Indians and through the maintenance of trade to secure their good-will toward the colonists. As the war went on the western trading posts of the British became military camps, which drew the colonial troops into a hitherto unknown country.

Conditions arose which necessitated new methods for the control of the Indians,

and in 1786 Congress, to which the Articles of Confederation gave exclusive right and power to manage Indian affairs, established two districts—a northern district, to include all tribes north of the Ohio River and west of the Hudson River, and a southern district, to include all tribes south of the Ohio River. A bonded superintendent was placed over each, and the power was given to him to appoint two bonded deputies. Every tribe within these districts laid claim to a definite tract as its own territory, and these tribal districts came to be recognized as tribal lands. The old trading posts became in time industrial centers, and the Indians were called on to cede the adjoining land.

The right of way from one post to another was next acquired. As settlers advanced more land was secured, and so rapidly were the tribes constrained to move westward that it became necessary to recast the districts established in 1786. The plan of districting the country under bonded officers was continued, but on a new basis—that all tribal holdings, or, as they came to be called, "reservations," which were grouped geographically into superintendencies, should each be presided over by a bonded superintendent, who was directly responsible to the Commissioner

of Indian Affairs at Washington. The reservations were in charge of bonded agents, who reported to the district superintendents. This plan continued in force until the middle of the nineteenth century. When the office of the superintendent was abolished their agents became directly responsible to the commissioner. For more than eighty years the office of agent had been almost exclusively filled by civilians. The powers of the agents had expanded until both life and property were subject to their dictum. While many men who filled the difficult position were honest and labored unselfishly for the welfare of the Indians, it is said that others abused their trust and brought discredit upon the service.

President Grant in 1868-'69 sought to remedy this evil by the appointment of army officers as Indian agents, but Congress, in 1870, prohibited the employment of army officers in any civil capacity.

The President then appealed to the religious denominations to suggest candidates for Indian agencies, and to facilitate this arrangement the reservations were apportioned among the various denominations. The plan led to the amelioration of the Indian service through the concentration of the attention of religious bodies upon particular tribes, thus awakening intelligent interest in their welfare.

About this time commissioners were appointed to visit and report on the various tribes, and in this way many facts and conditions hitherto unknown were brought to the knowledge of the government authorities and the public. As a result new forces were invoked in behalf of the natives. Industrial schools were multiplied both on and off the reservations, Indians became agency employees, lands were allotted in severalty, and through citizenship legal rights were secured.

This radical change, brought about within the two decades following 1873, led up to the act of March 3, 1893, which permits the abolishment of agencies where conditions are suitable, giving to the bonded superintendent of the reservation school the power to act as agent in the transaction of business between the United States Government and the tribes.

Nowadays when Johnny is bad at school the teacher takes down her book and gives him a black mark. Next day Johnny is worse than ever. Fifty years ago when Johnny was bad at school the teacher took down a dogwood sprout, made two dozen black marks around his bare legs and Johnny never repeated the offense. Fifty years ago Johnny got up at daylight, started a fire, fed the stock, milked a dozen cows chopped and brought in wood to last mother all day, ate a hearty breakfast, and walked five miles to school. Today Johnny does not get up at all unless he is forced to, eats little or no breakfast; goes out behind the house to smoke a cigarette, and if the school house is over three blocks away grunts about the long distance he has to walk. The Johnny of fifty years ago is now a hale and hearty man. Fifty years from now the Johnny of today will be dead and buried.

He was Late.

A young boy got a job with a Scottish farmer once.

"Ye'll sleep in the barn," the farmer said, "and I'll expect you oot in the field ilka morn at four o'clock."

"Very well, sir," said the boy.

But the first morning he overslept a little and it was 4:30 when he reached the field. The farmer leaning on his hoe, gave him a black look.

"Where have ye been all forenoon?" he growled.

GIANT ENTERS SCHOOL.

From University Life, Wichita, Kansas.

Only a short time since, Princeton University was standing on tip toes yelling herself hoarse, and going into hysterics because she had a man in school and on her basket ball team who was six feet and eight inches in length. She also claimed this to be the tallest college man in the United States. It may be possible to pick up some infant like that in the east, and pass him off for a man, but they must not suppose that the west is to be so easily deceived.

Princeton University is a great school. We would remove our hats to them in many respects, but when it comes to tall men they simply are not in our class, and must stand back out of the way. Neither do we draw the line here. Any college in this broad domain, who feels that they have a human being of the greyhound variety worthy of notice just trot him out, and we will excel him with inches to spare and give up the medal. In order to treat all alike we will go further and give every city, village, and farmplot in this same domain an opportunity to tell of their men.

We do not claim the tallest man in the United States, but we do claim the tallest college man in the United States, and the tallest human being in Kansas. We have a specimen such as there are few of in captivity. Neither does he pose in the museum with excelsior sticking out of his sleeves, but every day he recites five times and assumes all the responsibilities and pleasures common to the college man.

Sidney Hotchkiss, of St. Paul, Minn., entered the University last Monday morning and expects to be with us until completing his college course. He is six feet and ten inches in height and well propor-

tioned, as proven by the fact that he weighs two hundred and twenty-one pounds. Mr. Hotchkiss is a Jayhawker by birth, but moved into Oklahoma at the opening of the Strip. Three years ago his folks sold out there and moved to Minnesota where they own and manage a large wheat ranch.

Why Not?

"This," said the teacher to her class of small arithmeticians, "is a unit." She held up a pencil. "This book is a unit, too," said she. "And these are units;" and she showed them a ruler, a flower, and an apple.

Then she peeled the apple, and, holding up the peel, "Now, children what is this?"

Silence.

"Come, you know what it is," she urged.

Little Bill's hand went up slowly.

"Well, William," said the teacher.

"Pleathe, ma'am, the skin of a unit."

A solicitor for the Lawrence (Kas.) Journal called on a woman the other day and asked her to take the paper and have it delivered to her home every evening. "Not me," said the madam. "I've just subscribed for another paper and they gave a 'God Bless Our Home' motto, a kitchen range, some flypaper, a rainy day skirt, an ice pick, a picture of Edward Bok crossing the Delaware in a gilt frame and will send me to the next exposition throwed in."

An amusing incident occurred in one of the New York courts the other day. The lawyer for the defense was making a very lengthy cross-examination of an old lady when he was interrupted by the judge with the remark, "I think you have exhausted this witness." "Yes, judge," she exclaimed, "I do feel very much exhausted."

INDIANS TO HELP THE INDIANS.

From the Southern Workman.

THOSE people—and there are a great many of them in our midst—who think that the Indian is slow to learn the lessons of civilization, must often find their theories rudely shaken as evidence comes to light from time to time to show the progress which the Indian is constantly making. We have to look back only ten years to see changes in the people and in the conditions of life on the reservations that are astonishing even in the west, where changes are proverbially rapid and radical.

In considering the Indian it is necessary to remember that independence has ever been one of his ruling passions. His dealings with the white man in the past have always been characterized by an intense desire to be let alone, to be allowed to go his own road. He desires no change. He was pre-eminently a conservative—a “stand-patter.” He would not be driven or coerced. Conformity to any law except that of his own will was not in his program. And he had no desire for work. Yet anyone who will look may now see his attitude in these respects changed or changing. The law of the land was given to them, and, though they wanted it not, a large number of the tribes-people already understand its blessings and realize that “law is liberty.” Then the opportunity for work was offered them and a wise administration took them by the reluctant hand and led them into fields of labor. Now, many of them have come to know that to earn a good living for themselves and thier families is not necessarily a lessening of their in-

dependence. Indeed the majority are already coming over to the side of thrift and enterprise. Thus they have learned or are learning two of the greatest lessons of civilization—that “law is liberty” and that “the law of labor is a law of love.”

Following closely upon this comes another lesson—that in organization is strength—and evidence is forthcoming to show that the Indian is beginning to grasp this lesson also. For, according to certain newspaper reports, there has recently been formed in Idaho the Nez Perce Indian Association composed entirely of red men and to be governed by them alone. One of the rules of the organization is that none but men who have attended non-reservation schools may hold office. The report states that this organization was planned by returned students from Eastern schools in the hope of elevating to a higher plane the life of the whole tribe. The movement has the sanction of a wise and aged ruler of the tribe, and has thus enlisted the sympathy and interest of the older Indians who have, here as elsewhere, usually looked with disfavor and derision upon the returned students. Moreover the Federal Government is said to have given, through its agents, its endorsement of the move because one of the aims of the association is to teach that the attitude of the Government is always favorable to the betterment of the conditions surrounding the tribe. Marked changes are expected to be wrought by the new association, for one of its primal objects is the elimination of several of the barbaric customs of the tribe and the en-

couragement of modern, sanitary methods of living. For some time similar associations have been in successful operation on the Sioux and other reservations. Some eight or ten years ago, indeed, a party of educated young Indians of Standing Rock formed a bond pledged to sympathy and help towards their elders and made an organized effort to heal, as far as possible, the breach that had always existed between the returned students from the schools and the old people who ridiculed and persecuted them.

These are important steps in the right direction and, though they may be feebly taken at first, they will grow stronger with every effort, and we shall eventually see everywhere help coming to the more backward Indians from the best possible source of such help—the more progressive element among their own people.

INDIAN EDUCATION IN PRACTICE.

From the Indian News.

An honest difference of opinion exists in the public mind as to whether non-reservation schools for the education of Indian youth are profitable for the government or of permanent benefit to those there educated. Carlisle has been the most famous of these and the ability of its students to keep themselves in the same football class as our highest institutions of learning has invested them with a certain glamour and attracted to them a complimentary measure of popular interest.

But the purpose of the institution is not primarily to develop football stars and were that its only permanent achievement there would be strong reason for carrying out the suggestion that has been made that its activities be discontinued. It is claimed, also, that training there received does not last; that the young men and

women upon returning to their reservation relapse into the primitive ways and tribal customs of their environment.

Doubtless more instances of such results could be pointed out than it is agreeable to contemplate, but even so, the ledger should be justly balanced. What is the measure of good accomplished to offset the record of evil or unprofitableness, which has been made with good intentions, at least, and at cost of much money and trouble?

One answer to that seems likely to be given by the Nez Perce Indians located in Idaho. This is the branch of the original tribe that submitted peaceably to the disposition which the government undertook to make of the tribe more than thirty years ago and did not take part in the rebellion which Chief Joseph directed with such extraordinary skill and bravery. They probably number fewer than fifteen hundred, yet even so they are much the larger remnant of the tribe, as it was separated a generation or more ago.

Last week the Nez Perce Indian association was organized at Kamiah, Idaho, and a constitution was adopted. The man who formulated this instrument was a graduate of Carlisle. The membership is open to Indians of the tribe, but only graduates of non-reservation schools are eligible for office. The planning of this enterprise has been in the hands of returning students of Carlisle, who instead of dropping back to the old plane of life, have set themselves to the task of lifting the tribe to their own, and the venerable Chief Mosses, who is held in great reverence by those over whom he holds sway, has approved the scheme, thus insuring the acquiescence if not the enthusiastic cooperation of those who have not had the benefit of a liberal education. The

objects for which the association will primarily strive are the elimination of the barbaric customs of the tribe and the substitution of modern sanitary methods of living for the more primitive method now followed in many of the camps. But their ceremonies are not to be forgotten or even left to tradition. These young Indian diplomats are too tactful for that. They will be carefully put on record in the Nez Perce history: but the younger men will be taught as citizens and to keep on good terms with government. At the same time, Indian legislation in congress will be closely watched and the needs of the tribe will be presented through the local Indian office. This is the bright and encouraging side of the problem of Indian education, and should the experiment measure up to its promise the tribe should be entitled to drop the somewhat contemptuous name of Pierced Noses and be known by a more dignified title.

We beg to present herewith the first number of our school paper. We shall not hope to reach that literary excellence attained by our larger brothers and sisters of the Indian school field, but will try to keep our friends informed of the current happenings of interest in this locality. The cooperation of all friends of the school is solicited, and we trust that our efforts may meet with your approval.—*Indian Progress*, (Wind River, Wyoming.)

Will Remove Anything.

An exchange says that alcohol will remove grass stains from summer clothes. The exchange is right. It will also remove summer clothes and also spring and winter clothes, not only from the man who drinks it, but also from his wife and children.

It will remove household furniture; food from the pantry; the smiles from the face of his wife, and the happiness from his home. As a remover of things alcohol has few equals.

Official Service Changes

CHANGES IN SCHOOL EMPLOYEES DURING NOVEMBER, 1908.

APPOINTMENTS.

Edward M. Stitt, carpenter, Fort Lewis, 720.
 Darcy V. Wheeler, teacher, Standing Rock, 60 mo.
 Lester D. Riggs, physician, Tulalip, 1000.
 John H. Smith, nightwatchman, Chilocco, 480.
 Frances L. Lee, asst. matron, Colville, 540.
 Sallie Duvall, asst. matron, Haskell, 500.
 Rachel M. Garrison, teacher, Klamath, 660.
 Robert Liebert, industrial teacher, Riverside, 720.
 Nora E. Hostetter, baker, Rainy Mountain, 420.
 Lucy A. Blair, laundress, Leech Lake, 500.
 Mina Osborne, laundress, Leupp, 500.
 Elizabeth F. Taft, nurse, Mt. Pleasant, 600.
 Elizabeth Foster, teacher, Pima, 600.
 Laura J. A. Gove, asst. matron, Pima, 540.
 Burt E. Dunbar, carpenter and painter, Pine Ridge, 900.
 Pearle Wyman, teacher, Cherokee, 540.
 Geo. J. Robertson, carpenter, Fort Mohave, 720.
 Martha D. Beiler, asst. teacher, Jicarilla, 600.
 Elizabeth Sipes, cook, Jicarilla, 500.
 Mary I. Darrell, cook, Rosebud, 500.
 Estella P. Middleton, seamstress, San Juan, 540.
 Exie O. Grimes, asst. matron, San Juan, 520.
 Jean C. Morgan, kindergartner, Sac and Fox, Okla., 600.
 Quincy A. Bruenfel, industrial teacher, Martin Kenel Agri., 600.
 Ernest M. Hammitt, engineer, Grand River, 840.

REINSTATEMENTS.

Bessie E. Paris, cook, Fort Hall, 540.
 Rose H. Roberson, asst. clerk, Sisseton, 720.
 Jennie Gray, asst. matron, Tomah, 500.
 Louis J. Rising, farmer, Tongue River, 720.
 Mary M. Lalor, asst. clerk, Carson, 720.
 Wm. D. Ryder, engineer, Chamberlain, 840.
 Maggie Kishbaugh, teacher, Hoopa Valley, 600.
 Frank L. Hoyt, teacher, Pipestone, 600.
 Oscar H. Boileau, farmer, Pine Ridge, 720.

TRANSFERS.

Eliza M. Wetenhall, teacher, Fort Lapwai, 500, to asst. teacher, San Felipe, 48 mo.
 Thos. P. Myers, principal, Sac and Fox, Okla., 840, to principal, Blackfeet, 1000.
 Viola M. Caulkins, cook, Grand Junction, 500, to laundress, Santa Fe, 540.
 Merrill M. Griffith, clerk, Blackfeet Agency, 1100, to supt., Fort Bidwell, 1100.
 Theresa Connor, laundress, Rainy Mountain, 480, to seamstress, Tomah, 540.
 Pearl F. Harper, asst. matron, Navajo, 600, to asst. matron, Western Navajo, 540.
 Jennie Kingston, cook, Shoshone, 540, to cook, Western Shoshone, 500.
 Floyd G. Brooks, Ind. teacher, Lac du Flambeau, 600, to Ind. teacher, Chamberlain, 720.
 Anna C. Doerr, cook, Vermillion Lake, 480, to cook, Cheyenne River, 540.
 Louis J. Rising, farmer, Tongue River, 720, to industrial teacher, Crow, 600.
 Alice C. Peairs, matron, Umatilla, 540, to cook, Grand Junction, 500.
 Calista A. Sharrard, asst. matron, Grand Junction, 540, to stewardess, Haskell, 600.

Hattie B. Parker, laundress, Colorado River, 600, to asst. matron, Haskell, 600.

Wm. H. Bishop, clerk, Warm Springs, 1000, to supt., Red Lake, 1200.

Annie Triplett, stewardess, Haskell, 600, to matron, Kickapoo, 520.

Charlotte Schulz, field matron, Klamath Agency, to teacher, Klamath, 720.

Elizabeth A. Marshall, laundress, Mescalero, 500, to laundress, Fort Sill, 480.

John W. Kelly, asst. engineer, Chilocco, 640, to engineer, Leupp, 800.

Louisse Cavalier, teacher, Pierre, 600 to teacher, Moqui, 720.

Carrie A. Bellinger, baker, Pine Ridge, 500 to asst. matron, Morris 500.

Helene T. Smith, teacher, Pipestone, 540, to financial clhrk, Morris, 600.

Hiram Jones, discip., Cheyenne River, 720, to discip., Morris, 720.

Florence G. Whistler, teacher, Lac du Flambeau, 600, to teacher, Mt. Pleasant, 600.

Sarah E. Marsh, matron, Kickapoo, 520, to asst. matron, Navaho, 540.

Harvey V. Scoonover, teacher, Pine Ridge, 720, to teacher, Blandin, Kans., 60 mo.

Albert J. Thoes, blacksmith, Fort Mohave, Agency, 720, to wagon maker, Phoenix, 720.

Elizabeth Scoonever, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300, to housekeeper, Blandin, Kans., 30 mo.

Flora F. Cushman, teacher, Moencopi, Ariz., 72 mo., to teacher, Colville, 720.

Bert R. Betz, asst. clerk, Cheyenne River, Agency, 900, to principal, Fort Totten, 1000.

Gertrude F. Flint, seamstress, Truxton Canyon, 540, to seamstress, Leupp, 540.

Lottie G. Rasch, asst. matron, Fort Shaw, 600, to Female, industrial teacher, Rosebud, 600.

Elizabeth J. Richards, teacher, Pima, 600, to teacher, San Juan, 600.

Jessy M. Wilde, teacher, Fort Totten, 600, to teacher, Vermillion Lake, 540.

RESIGNATIONS.

Drusilla Churchill, matron, Blackfeet, 540.
 Nettie Sheridan, cook, Cheyenne River, 540.
 Frankie Kelleher, cook, Rice Station, 600.
 John M. Lindsey, gardener, Western Navajo, 720.
 Gertrude H. Allen, cook, Western Shoshone, 500.
 Orvilla D. Carey, laundress, Pryor Creek, 500.
 Celia A. Grimes matron, Pryor Creek, 540.
 James E. Kirk, teacher, Ronan, 60 mo.
 Belle McClelland, housekeeper, Genoa, 500.
 Anna C. Gooder, matron, Genoa, 720.
 Bona P. Alexander, teacher, Klamath, 720.
 Effie W. Parker, kindergartner, Riverside, 600.
 John R. Porterfield, industrial teacher, Riverside, 720.
 Cora Grant, seamstress, Ft. Lewis, 520.
 Sister Arsenia, teacher, Lac Courte Oreille, 60 mo.
 Sister Nepomuka, asst. teacher, Lac Courte Oreille, 45 mo.
 Mamie Crockett, cook, Leupp, 500.
 Mable N. Kennedy, laundress, Lower Brule, 480.
 Agnes A. Morrow, teacher, Moqui, 660.
 Joseph A. Parkhill, engineer, Navajo, 1000.
 Emily C. Shawk, housekeeper, Phoenix, 500.
 Louise B. Shiply, seamstress, Pine Ridge, 500.
 Thos. M. McKinney, farmer, Pine Ridge, 720.
 Nellie C. Cullity, seamstress, Ft. Belknap, 500.
 Leota R. Clendening, matron, Vermillion Lake, 540.
 Geo. G. Davis, teacher, Ft. Belknap, 72 mo.
 Cora Davis, housekeeper, Ft. Belknap, 30 mo.
 Eliza Matthews, seamstress, Phoenix, 660.

Jas. C. Waters, teacher, Phoenix, 720.

Claude L. Richardson, carpenter, Rosebud, 720.

Jessie M. Minnis, teacher, Vermillion Lake, 600.

Mary E. Collins, matron, Warm Spring, 540.

Nettie H. Lewis, housekeeper, Simnasho, 300.

APPOINTMENTS—Excepted positions.

Mary E. Halsey, housekeeper, San Felipe, 30 mo.
 Fleming Lavender, shoe and harnessmaker, Ft. Apache, 400.
 Adeline P. Beauchamp, housekeeper, Ft. Berthold, 40 mo.
 Catherine Benoist, assiatant, Flandreau, 480.
 Mary Gates, housekeeper, Standing Rock, 30 mo.
 Clara L. Wheeler, housekeeper, Standing Rock, 30 mo.
 Mary S. Boney, laundress, Western Shoshone, 500.
 Russell Tallbull, nightwatchman, Cantonment, 360.
 Mary C. Dupois, housekeeper, Cheyenne River, 30 mo.
 Stella Dupuis, housekeeper, Ronan, 30 mo.
 Thos. J. Pugh, physician, Ft. Yuma, 400.
 Ed Brisk, teamster, Keshena, 400.
 Lucinda Moore, cook, Klamath, 500.
 Jos. C. Bartholomeau, engineer, Rainy Mountain, 720.
 Martha B. Crotzer, asst. matron, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, 500.
 John Potvine, blacksmith, Lac du Flambeau, 600.
 Belle Lord, Indian assistant, Leech, Lake, 420.
 Bessie Peters, teacher, Second Mesa, 540.
 James Devine, asst. engineer, Navajo, 600.
 Wilson Kirk, nightwatchman, osage, 480.
 Lucinda L. George, seamstress, Otoe, 500.
 Dora Dorchester, housekeeper, Camp McDowell, 30 mo.
 John S. Dodson, asst. carpenter, Phoenix, 600.
 W. Q. Farris, discip., Pierre, 720.
 Carrie A. Gilman, housekeeper, Blackwater day, Ariz., 30 mo.
 Jaun Chiago, asst. engineer, Pima, 360.
 Mable Tomlinson, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300.
 Ida Sears, baker, Pine Ridge, 500.
 Agnes P. Ryder, cook, Bismarck, 500.
 Antoinette Reier, housekeeper, Colville, 300.
 Chas. F. Martell, farmer, Ft. Mohave, 720.
 Lulu Ferguson, housekeeper, Jicarilla, 300.
 Margery Gillespie, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300.
 Marian Whiteis, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300.
 Clara A. Swanker, housekeeper, Cochiti, 30 mo.
 Theresa Angus, cook, Vermillion Lake, 480.
 Hida Powell, housekeeper, Simnasho, 300.
 Maurice Medicine, nightwatchman, Cantonment, 360.
 Ella B. Kirk, housekeeper, Roman, 30 mo.
 Andrew B. Thach, physician, Fort Yuma, 400.
 Frank Waubano, teamster, Green Bay, 400.
 Ellen Miller, cook, Klamath, 500.
 Tilia Brown, cook, Yainax, 300.
 Moses E. King, carpenter, Lac du Flambeau, 600.
 Mary E. Brown, financial clerk, Morris, 600.
 Nellie David, housekeeper, Camp McDowell, 30 mo.
 Hattie Graham, housekeeper, Blackwater day, Ariz., 30 mo.
 Henry Apawcum, asst. engineer, Pima, 360.
 Minerva D. Henke, housekeeper, Pine Ridge, 300.
 Wm. C. Giron, carpenter and painter, Pine Ridge, 900.
 Pacificque Sears, seamstress, Pipestone, 540.
 Jacob Dalley, nightwatchman, Cheyenne River, 400.
 Josephine Liephart, cook, Fort Shaw, 600.
 Nat P. White, discip., Riverside, 480.
 Jeanette M. White, seamstress, Riverside, 500.
 Dollie A. Jackson, asst. cook, Osage, 400.
 Francis Corbett, discip., Truxton, 540.

APPOINTMENTS—Unclassified Service.

Chas. Parshall, laborer, Fort Peck, 500.
 Carl Olson, laborer, Rapid City, 720.
 Samuel Baskin, laborer, Santee, 420.
 Myron J. Sherman, laborer, Chamberlain, 500.
 Earl C. Gasman, laborer, Chamberlain, 500.
 George Rock, laborer, Fort Belknap, 500.
 Edward Nananka, laborer, Fort Sill, 500.
 Fred Shipley, laborer, Otoe, 480.
 Paul Wickey, laborer, Phoenix, 500.
 Ray E. Bassett, laborer, Phoenix, 600.
 Louis Kafader, laborer, Fort Bidwell, 600.
 Olav Aspesletten, laborer, Pierre, 500.
 B. J. Cochrane, laborer, Grand River, 500.
 Joseph Fly, laborer, Grand River, 500.
 Arthur P. McDonell, laborer, Standing Rock, 240.

RESIGNATIONS—Unclassified Service.

David C. Buckles, laborer, Fort Peck, 500.
 Earl C. Gasman, laborer, Chamberlain, 500.
 Richard Jones, laborer, Fort Belknap, 500.
 Josse E. Hunter, laborer, Fort Sill, 500.
 C. F. Yokum, Fort Bidwell, 600.
 John J. Quinn, laborer, Pierre, 500.
 Paul Wickey, laborer, Phoenix, 500.
 Lewis Baker, laborer, Grand River, 500.
 B. J. Cochrane, laborer, Grand River, 500.
 Louis Lambert, laborer, Standing Rock, 360.
 John L. Cogan, laborer, Standing Rock, 540.

MARRIAGES.

Frances M. Fisher, Teacher, Pima, 720, became by marriage Mary F. Hudson.

CHANGES IN INDIAN AGENCY SERVICE DURING
DECEMBER, 1908.

APPOINTMENTS.

Morris D. Richey, blacksmith, Fort Totten, 800.
 J. J. Henry Meier, logger, San Juan, 55 mo.
 Wm. R. Bebout, physician, Lower Brule, 1,000.
 Roy L. Gleason, physician, Fort Mohave, 1,000.
 Wm. G. Schneers, blacksmith, Green Bay, 720.
 Chas. J. Laffin, physician, Warm Springs, 1,000.
 Issac Z. Stalberg, physician, White Earth, 1,000.
 Robert D. Mosher, asst. clerk, Blackfeet, 900.
 Elmer F. Kinne, physician, Luepp, 1,000.
 Arthur M. Hyler, engineer, Colorado River, 900.
 Geo. A. Landes, physician, Yakima, 1,000.
 Carl H. Phillips, electrician, Mescalero, 720.

REINSTATEMENTS.

John F. Irwin, blacksmith, Western Shoshone, 720.
 Joe Prickett, asst. clerk, Kiowa, 720.
 Arthur C. Plake, farmer, Osage, 720.

TRANSFERS.

Spencer Hilton, financial clerk, Kiowa, 1,000, to trade supervisor, Kiowa, 1,500.
 Wm. J. Lovett, clerk, Red Lake, 1,000, to clerk, Kiowa, 1,000.
 Commodore P. Beauchamp, carpenter, San Juan, 720, to carpenter, Jicarilla, 780.
 David H. Roubidoux, add'l. farmer, Vermillion Lake, 60 mo., to add'l. farmer, Nett Lake, 60 mo.
 Abraham Chadwick, asst. clerk, Rosebud, 720, to copyist, Indian Office, 900.

RESIGNATIONS.

Edwin W. Smith, farmer, Standing Rock, 780.

Henry C. Goodale, farmer, Fort Berthold, 780.
 Wm. V. Seifert, carpenter, Cantonment, 720.
 Simeon L. Carson, physician, Lower Brule, 1,000.
 David W. Peel, carpenter, Uintah and Ouray, 720.
 George J. Robertson, add'l farmer, Truxton Canon, 60 mo.
 George B. Perce, add'l farmer, Santee, 65 mo.
 J. C. Crocker, financial clerk, Seneca, 720.
 Charles W. Davidson, stenographer, Uintah and Ouray, 900.
 Fred S. Bever, add'l farmer, Pawnee, 60 mo.
 Joseph Kuck, wheelwright, San Carlos, 780.
 Geo. W. Hawkins, physician, Siletz, 1,000.
 Henry C. Lovelace, blacksmith, Crow Creek, 720.
 Wm. J. Griffin, physician, La Pointe, 1,500.

APPOINTMENTS—Excepted positions.

Hosteen Yazze, stableman, San Juan, 480.
 Wm. B. Connell, financial clerk, Kiowa, 900.
 Joe Alveres, asst. engineer, Fort Peck, 400.
 Max Brachvogel, financial clerk, Coeur d'Alene, 900.
 Shows His Gun, apprentice, Crow, 360.
 Field Young, line rider, San Carlos, 780.
 David D. Dean, financial clerk, Sac and Fox, Iowa, 600.
 John Mail, asst. engineer, Fort Peck, 400.

RESIGNATIONS—Excepted positions.

Wm. Spier, stableman, San Juan, 480.
 Fred Lydy, stableman, Lower Brule, 480.
 John Howard, engineer, Southern Ute, 600.
 Daniel Frazier, teamster, Santee, 480.
 Luke Rock, apprentice, Crow, 360.
 Tom Benton, carpenter, Yankton, 400.
 Glen L. Coffee, line rider, San Carlos, 780.
 Grace King, financial clerk, Yakima, 900.
 Catherine M. Hill, financial clerk, Sac and Fox, Iowa, 600.
 Joe Alveres, asst. engineer, Fort Peck, 400.

APPOINTMENTS—Unclassified service.

Walter Dorsh, laborer, Kaw, 360.
 Joseph Pelkey, laborer, Winnebago, 360.
 James Pambrun, laborer, Blackfeet, 480.
 Henry Lodge, laborer, Fort Belknap, 400.
 Albert Anderson, laborer, Crow Creek, 540.
 Wm. O'Neill, laborer, New York Warehouse, 900.
 Richard Left Hand, laborer, Cheyenne River, 360.
 Harry G. Grantham, laborer, Kaw, 360.
 Jonas Johnson, laborer, Colville, 660.
 James Brown, laborer, Fort Belknap, 400.

RESIGNATIONS—Unclassified service.

Asbury A. Neer, laborer, Kaw, 360.
 Pipe Chief, laborer, Fort Belknap, 400.
 Albert Evenson, laborer, Crow Creek, 540.
 Jonas Johnson, laborer, Colville, 660.
 Harry Sturgis, laborer, N. Y. Warehouse, 900.
 Anson Simmons, laborer, San Carlos, 420.
 Walter Dorsh, laborer, Kaw, 360.
 Thomas Shawl, laborer, Fort Belknap, 400.
 Joe Phillips, laborer, Otoe, 600.

A scientist has discovered that the feminine white ant lays 80,000 eggs a month, and a Kansas editor wants to know if it is possible to cross the white ant with the Plymouth Rock hen.

Educational Department

STORIES BY STUDENTS.

The pupils of several grades have written Indian stories they as remember having heard them from the old people of the tribe. We shall publish some of these during the next few months with the hope that by so doing some of these Indian myths may be preserved.

The following story is one of the first received:

The Star Husband.

Mary A. Davis, Cheyenne, 9th Grade, January, 20, 1909

Once upon a time there were two sisters who lived upon this earth when all of the animals were friendly to men, and could talk to each other.

The names of these two girls was Earth and Water.

They lived in tents covered with skins of animals and for beds they used soft grass and rushes, and they did not have to work for their food because they had many animal friends who supplied them.

One summer night these two sisters lay awake for a long time looking up into the sky and talking to each other.

Earth said, "Sister, I had a dream, and I dreamed of a young man and it seemed that he came from where the stars are." Water said that she too had dreamed of a great brave and she wondered if the stars were the star-men whom they dreamed of.

Water said if it was so she would choose the brightest star for her husband, and Earth said, I will choose the little twinkling star beside him for my husband.

When these two sisters awoke they found themselves in the sky.

The elder sister who had chosen the bright Star, found an old warrior, a very old man, and the husband of the younger sister was a fine looking young brave.

These Star-men were very kind to their wives and lived very happily.

One day these two young women went out to dig wild turnips, and before they started the old man told his wife to be careful and not hit the ground too hard, and the young man told his wife the same thing.

The younger woman forgot and struck the

ground too hard, with the long pointed stick with which the women used to dig turnips. That the floor of the sky gave away and she fell down to the ground below, two very old people found the girl lying on the ground and they felt very sorry for her so they took her to their home and gave her something to eat and doctored her bruises, and tried to comfort her but she kept crying for her husband and said that she wanted to go back to him and could not live without him and the old woman told her that fallen stars never returned to Heaven.

Night came on and all the stars appeared in the sky, but the little twinkling star did not appear, he was now a widower and painted his face very black.

This poor wife of his waited a long time thinking he would come to her, but he did not come.

One night she dreamed she saw a tiny red star in the sky which she had not seen before she said. That is my son "Red Star," in the morning when she awoke she found a pretty little boy by her, who grew to be a handsome young brave.

His cousins in the sky the Star-Children always guided him by night.

It is said that Red Star's children and their children are the Indian or red men of America.

A maid, a man, an open fan,
A seat upon the stair,
A stolen kiss, six weeks of bliss,
And forty years of care.

Scratching Good for Hens.

It is a well known fact that the hen, to do her best, must have some exercise. She wants to do some scratching, sure, to give her a chance. Make her work for part of her feed in straw strewn on the feeding floor. Hens, like all other creatures, if they find that they can get a living without working for it, are going to take it that way, but if they find they must do some scratching in order to get their breakfast or dinner they will scratch and be glad to do it, and the more scratching a hen does the healthier she will be and the more eggs she will lay.—

Farmer Tribune.

The News at Chilocco

Home One has now hot water in every department. Plumber Dumont also reports both tubs and hot water in all parts of the hospital annex. He is just beginning to see daylight after the surprises of the recent cold snap.

During January this school enjoyed about one week of skating on the lagoon. The children had a glorious good time.

Mrs. G. H. Barkley of Regina, Sask., D. of C., has been here visiting Mrs. Edith B. Crawford for a few days. They were schoolmates in younger days.

Nurseryman Preston is making plans for the coming spring. His work touches the esthetic side of the school stomach closely, and the luxury of fruit the year round, is a matter of concern with him.

Claude Poohuma got his finger caught in the circular saw of the carpenter shop and loses it up to the second joint. This is a very serious loss, though fortunately it is the left hand. A similar loss exactly was sustained by Antonio Sinez in the power house a few weeks ago.

Mrs. J. Leukens is away spending a week at Piedmont, Okla., with her father and family.

John Heydorf, our school painter, is never idle. He is always fixing up things, and he was needed. The polish that follows him brings joy and smiles always. He has a little job of fixing up twenty-five new tables for Home One, turned over to him by Carpenter Carner.

Poultryman Wm. Hills has started his incubators—five for 360 eggs each, and one for 220. On the 26th he sent to the main school kitchen three large tubs of honey made by the school bees, and has 384 pounds more to deliver.

Miss Nancy R. Seneca, hospital nurse, has been taken to Arkansas City hospital for treatment, and Mrs. Cora Carruthers has taken her place, being assisted by Maude Emiotte. Patients in the hospital are all doing nicely.

The weekly morning chapel exercises which have continued through the fall months are growing even more interesting the last few weeks. The songs, Bible reading, news, both school and JOURNAL, as well as the instructive and inspiring talks given by the teachers,

are profitable to all. On Wednesday of last week Miss Broad gave an excellent talk on "Why it snows." This week Wednesday Miss Hood's talk on Forest Reserves was of particular interest to our boys and girls as many have visited and are familiar with them.

Miss Gertrude M. Golden has been transferred from Cheyenne and Arapahoe School to Chilocco as teacher. The JOURNAL extends a cordial welcome.

Miss Bessie Hood, who has been temporarily filling a position as teacher here, has returned to her home in Winfield.

Supt. H. B. Peairs of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, spent a few days at Chilocco recently. He met many friends and seemed to enjoy his visit.

Special Agent W. W. McConihe spent Sunday, the 24th of January, at his favorite stopping place, Chilocco Indian Training School. He is always welcome.

A. D. Dodge, "commissary," is accommodating to all, but has to hold back from the sweeping and bucket brigade. He requires the presence of the old broom before issuing a new one, and the leaky bucket before a sound one comes. His warehouse shows care and system in his multitudinous duties.

Visitors to the Indian "Print Shop," as our JOURNAL office is irreverently called, have been numerous the past month. The school is one of the attractions for visitors to Arkansas City, Kans., and Newkirk, Okla., and they are brought here to see the sights. They are always welcome.

Maj. John E. Rastall was invited to the Normal class, Mrs. Jessie S. Rowen, teacher, to answer some questions not made clear in the school history. One was, why there were so many changes of leading or commanding generals during the civil war, and why Gettysburg was given the importance in history accorded it. At the conclusion of the exercises the major was thanked by the teacher and class.

Mr. Frank E. Brandon, disciplinarian of Ft. Sill school, Okla., has been here on a brief visit. He writes an article on the school which will appear in our next issue.

Jacob Leukens, harnessman, is to be congratulated on his work. His class has so far the present fiscal year made sixty sets of double harness and four saddles. The harness has been boxed for shipment.

Charles Dagenett, supervisor of Indian employment, spent the 28th at Chilocco.

New wardrobes are being placed in Home One. There are eight being built and will form a permanent part of the structure.

R. C. Bushnell, of New York, brother of Mrs. E. H. Colegrove, has been here visiting for a week or two. He has gone to Oklahoma City.

The Sequoyah Literary Society began the new year with a meeting on January 8. The officers elected for this quarter are as follows: President, Louis Paschal; Vice President, Dan DeVine; Secretary, Levi Willis; Sergeant-at-arms, James Robertson. The programmes at the two last meetings have been well rendered and a good live society is promised for the remainder of the year.

Louis Studer, farmer, has burned over much of the pasture and hay land on this reserve. His duties keep him moving actively, which he seems to enjoy. The JOURNAL man visited the hog pens on the 28th inst., and saw about 130 winter pigs enjoying themselves as only little fat pigs can. The pens contain nearly 400 head all told.

Inspections are held regularly every morning in the Homes, by the matrons, and on Sundays by the superintendent and his staff. This constant watchfulness is having its effect upon the character and habits of our Indian scholars.

The grass is beginning to show the effects of the warm spring sun at Chilocco.

Mrs. A. D. Dodge, who has for a year been out of service, has once more entered as teacher here. Mrs. Dodge has an excellent record as instructor, and is maintaining it.

There is always something doin' when a married man's chin is up in the air and a look of self-consciousness possesses him, and he wears smiles that sit like a halo about him! The first question naturally is, "Is it a boy or girl?" Barn boss H. Keaton had this same old manner as he beckoned a JOURNAL reporter to him the other day, and led him mysteriously into the carriage shed at the new barn, and proudly pointed to a newly painted wagon he had there, illuminated by Dr. Heydorf with the word "Chilocco" on both sides. Its a good job, and no wonder—

A large amount of repair work is being done just now by the carpenter shop detail.

Mrs. Jessie Rowen is justly proud of her work and success in holding the interest of her scholars. An examination of some of the note books in use, reveals superior and conscientious work. They are beautiful in ex-

ecution, and doubtless accurate in detail. Mrs. Rowen is among our best and most respected teachers, and she is to be congratulated upon the results of her excellent work.

The Sequoyah Literary Society is on the boom and the members are going to make this the banner year of the society. The program was a good one last Friday. The question for debate for the 5th of February is to be of great interest; and all who possibly can attend should come. The question is: "Resolved, That the non-reservation schools should be abolished."

S. L. Fuller, principal teacher at the Sac and Fox school, has been a pleasant but observant visitor here.

ATHLETICS.

Basket Ball.

The Basket Ball team recently made a trip to Haskell, when we were badly defeated, but the night's ride put the team on a slump and thus caused our discomforture.

On the trip, however, we managed to trim the Winfield Y. M. C. A. and the Sedgwick teams. All had a good time, but the boys discovered that "There's no place like home."

Homes Three and Two are the two rivals of late and each are striving for the championship on the court. Home Three is still in the lead, but Home Two is improving, and by the latest score, things look bright for them.

The girls have recently begun practice. We are sadly crippled from the loss of four of our last year's team, but new recruits have joined and it is looking favorable for good results. Nannie Long and Mary Nicholson are the only veterans on the team. Etta Davenport is a coming guard, and with a little more experience will be hard to beat.

Base Ball.

The balls, gloves and bats have been dug up from their storing places and spring practice seems to be the go. We are going to have a winning team. Foster, Apekaum, Prophet, and Regan are busy taking the kinks out of their arms.

The veterans of our last year's line up are Paschal, Jones, Baker, Perico, Regan, and Butler, and with these veterans we have the nucleus for a strong team. Haskell has sent us a challenge for a couple of games, and we hope to prove ourselves up in this department of athletics.

Some Pertinent Words.

From a late Message by President Roosevelt.

We are fighting against privilege.

No man should be allowed to play the game of competition with loaded dice.

Success may be made too hard for some if it is made too easy for others.

The reason for the exercise of government control over great monopolies is to equalize opportunity.

The man who serves the community greatly should be greatly rewarded by the community.

In this stage of the world's history to be fearless, to be just and to be efficient are the three great requirements of national life.

In whatever it has accomplished or failed to accomplish, the administration which is just drawing to a close has at least seen clearly the fundamental need of freedom of opportunity for every citizen.

Industrial liberty was a fruit of political liberty, and in turn has been one of its

chief supporters, and exactly as we stand for political democracy we must stand for industrial democracy.

The function of our government is to insure to all its citizens, now and hereafter, their rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The Retort Ready.

A bustling agent for a patent churn invaded the office of a busy merchant one day and proceeded to deliver his lecture.

"One moment, please," said the merchant, "May I ask to whom I am indebted for this visit?"

The caller produced his card. It contained the inscription: "Barton Zebulon Day, Agent for Cosmopolitan Novelty Company."

The man of business studied the card a moment. Then he looked up.

"I am honored by your call, Mr. Barton Zebulon Day," he said, with a genial smile, "but this is also my B. Z. Day. Good day!"

MY CREED.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift,
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift!

—Author Unknown.

INDIANS RELUCTANT MODELS.

From the Kansas City Star.

J. H. Sharp's pictures of Indians and Indian life, with a number of fine landscapes by way of further evidence of this artist's versatility, will be retained in the Swan gallery all of this week, under the auspices of the Fine Arts institute. Interest in this exhibit is growing.

The pictures, fifty-two in number, have drawn attention to an American who has found an enduring specialty in art. Mr. Sharp's home the greater part of each year is a commodious log cabin at the Crow agency, in Montana. Absaroka hut, Mr. Sharp calls his home—Absaroka being the tribal name of the Crow Indians. This retreat is filled with curios and other interesting things, not including the artist's sketches and pictures. It is chiefly for the winter scenes that Mr. Sharp goes to the Crow agency. He paints out of doors when the weather permits and when the thermometer drops below zero he finds shelter within a sheep wagon studio.

Mr. Sharp has painted the Indian as he really is in his daily life, at home, in camp, on the hunting field, at all seasons and in all occupations. One of the striking canvases in the exhibit at Swan's is entitled "The Gamblers." All Indians love the game of chance, and this picture is a faithful representation of a scene common in Indian tepees.

"The public has no idea what a man undergoes in painting Indians," said Mr. Sharp recently. "It is impossible, almost, to get models for a picture like 'The Voice of the Great Spirit.' In working out such a painting one has to make separate studies, without letting the model see the picture itself. One fine, Juno-like woman I needed for the painting mentioned, and I tried for weeks to bribe her with money, presents and coaxing. I was in despair,

and happened to mention my difficulty to the agent. He said: 'I'll get Julia for you.' In a short time he brought her over and she posed. When I asked the agent how he had worked the miracle he said: 'Well, Julia wants to get married, and I told her that I'd hold up the wedding until she posed for that picture.'

There is another story in connection with that very painting and the same model. Julia balked at the bare ankles. Later I got another woman for that. After much coaxing she went to a neighbor's tepee and returned—with one bare ankle. I had to paint it, and then she returned to the tepee, put on the moccasin and leggings and took off the others, and returned to pose for the other ankle.

"I pay all my models \$2 per sitting of from two to three hours, but it is hard to get them at that. Some of them have peculiar ideas of posing. Old Slow Bull, a noted Sioux chief, was on the reservation last summer. He has a beautiful face to paint and I couldn't rest until he promised to give me a sitting. On the appointed day I waited until after noon, and was about to give it up, when another Sioux came to tell me that Slow Bull couldn't come himself, but had sent this man in his stead to do the posing. And this fellow was not paintable or interesting at all.

He'd Sell the Coal Lands.

Washington, Jan. 25.—A plan for the sale of the coal lands of the Choctaw nation in Oklahoma, valued at millions of dollars, is proposed in a bill introduced in the Senate to-day by Senator Owen. Mr. Owen's bill, he said, is for the purpose of winding up the affairs of the five civilized tribes. Owing to legislation enacted by Congress to protect the Indians from coal mining syndicates, they have been un-

able to sell any part of their mineral holdings.

The Owen bill provides that the coal deposits shall be sold separately from the surface lands, no bidder to be allotted a greater area than 1,840 acres. Each bidder, however, may purchase surface land to the extent of 20 per cent of this area for mining purposes. The bids are to be opened and the allotments made under the direction of the secretary of the Interior.

The asphalt lands are to be sold separately from the surface in tracts not to exceed 2,680 acres. The bids for the coal and asphalt lands are to be opened before September, 1910. The bill also directs that the other unallotted lands of the five tribes shall be sold as follows:

Grazing lands in tracts not to exceed 160 acres and agricultural lands in tracts not to exceed 980 acres, the bids to be opened before January 1, 1910.

The Santa Fe Caravans.

From "Annals of the City of Kansas and the Great Western Plains," published in 1858.

As a mountain train *en route* is one of the grandest spectacles that our country affords, we furnish, for the benefit of our readers not fully apprised of its import, a short detailed description of a *mountain train*.

Train is only another word for caravan. These caravans, then, consist of from forty to eighty large canvas covered wagons, with from fifty to sixty-five hundred pounds of freight to each wagon—also, six yoke of oxen or five span of mules for every wagon. Two men as drivers for every team, besides supercarries, wagon masters, etc., who generally ride on horseback. When under way these wagons are about one hundred feet apart, and as each wagon and team occupies a space of about ninety or 100

feet, a train of eighty wagons would stretch out over the prairie for a distance of a trifle over three miles. In 1857, 9,884 wagons left Kansas City for New Mexico. Now, if these wagons were all in one train they would make a caravan 223 miles long, with 98,840 mules and oxen and freighting an amount of merchandise equal to 59,300,000 pounds.

How grand or magnificent the great caravans of the wandering nations of the Eastern world may be we know not, but certain it is that in America the tourist will find the vast caravans of the mountain and the prairie presenting a business spectacle unsurpassed by the nomads of the East.

A Zebra Cavalry Horse.

Washington, Jan. 21.—If an experiment in animal breeding that has been started at the government experiment station at Bethesda, Md., works out, a cavalry horse that is half zebra may be evolved, and the day may come when Uncle Sam's troopers in the tropics may be dashing after the enemy mounted on beasts that resemble animated barber poles.

So far the experiments have progressed to the point that two young colts have been born at the Bethesda station. The sire of the two young hybrids is that famous zebra King Menelik Abyssinia sent to President Roosevelt. The dams are burros. One of the colts is about three weeks old. The other is younger. Both are of hues indescribable. The government's scientists are delighted.

It is the hope of the experts that there will be evolved a beast of burden that will have advantages over both the horse and the mule and will be immune to some of the diseases that affect both of these animals. It is believed also there can be

developed an animal that will be useful for cavalry purposes in the tropics.

Got Nineteen Bighorn Sheep,

Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Reed in their recent two months' trip in Lower California shot more bighorn sheep than ever before were secured by one hunting party.

This means much, for the successful stalking of sheep on the peninsula is regarded as one of the most difficult accomplishments. The Reeds' nineteen victims, according to *Fur News*, were not only excellent specimens, but included bighorns of all ages.

The bighorn sheep, like the antelope, is growing rare, and even in Lower California it taxes the ingenuity of a hunter to get a shot at one. Mr. Reed was anxious to secure specimens of all ages for preservation in some museum.

Every animal shot was carefully measured, samples of shrubs or other food on which it may have been feeding gathered and a photograph taken. For the establishment of a museum of natural history in California Mr. Reed has contributed money as well as personal effort and his hope will probably be realized in the near future.

Mrs. Reed has often taken her life in her hands on their hunting expeditions. She can skin and preserve big game like a professional, knows woodcraft thoroughly and is a dead shot with the rifle. When in the field she wears a short khaki skirt, flannel shirt, khaki hat and elkskin shoes and leggings.

Things That Don't Pay.

My young friends, there are many things in this world that it doesn't pay to do. It doesn't pay to pass off for more than you are worth; it tends to depress your market quotation.

It doesn't pay to lie. Your lies must all be kept on file mentally and in the course of time some are pretty sure to get on the wrong hook.

It doesn't pay to live without work. You will work harder, and get a poorer living than if you did honest work.

It doesn't pay to be a practical joker unless you can enjoy the joke when you happen to be the victim.

It doesn't pay to cry over spilt milk, neither does it pay to spill the milk.
—Dr. S. A. Steele, in *Work*.

Two Irishmen were walking in the country, and, for the first time, saw a locomotive scurrying across the landscape. "By all the saints above, phat's that, Pat?" asked Mike. "Begorra, I believe it's a steamboat lookin' fur water!" answered Pat.

The big white house at the 101 ranch was totally destroyed by fire the morning of the 13th. The fire started from the furnace and the entire building was enveloped in flames before the alarm was given. The occupants barely made their escape in their night clothes.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
—William Cullen Bryant.





HUNTING THE WILD HORSE.

From the Denver Post.

THOUSANDS of wild horses are running the mountain ranges between the White and the Bear rivers in Rio Blanco county, and as a result there has been developed a business and sport of which little is known in Colorado.

The ranchmen of that section have turned wild-horse hunters, and are making it profitable to trap the animals and break them for the market. In addition, it furnishes them a wonderfully exciting, if rather dangerous sport. The wild horses are a decided menace to the settlers in more ways than one, and there are so many of them that it will take a long time to get rid of them.

Edward James of Rengeley, Rio Blanco county, tall, tanned and picturesque, was in Denver recently, and he told the story of how they hunt the wild horses in his county—Rio Blanco county.

James is a deputy game warden, and knows more about the white river region than any man in Colorado. He has lived there for over twenty years.

“There is no other sport which compares with it,” declares James, and he has hunted about every wild animal in the category.

There are quite a number of men in Rio Blanco who make a business of hunting the horses for the market. Their work is not only interesting, but decidedly dangerous.

The method of capturing the wild horses is simple enough, and is in many ways similar to that used by the big game trappers of Africa.

A trap, which is really a small sized corral, is constructed by the hunter on a trail followed by the horses. The trap is usually about thirty feet across, and open at one end. The hunter merely herds the horses into the trap.

Catching the horses is the simplest thing about the whole business. It is disposing of them after they are captured which affords interest to the hunter.

The horses must be cut out of the trap one by one, and broken. The men selected

The Indian School Journal is clean, wholesome and instructive.

ROBERT KLACHM, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

for the work enter the trap afoot, and rope, throw and tie a horse, after the custom pursued by horse breakers the world over. Then a saddle is put on and it is up to the breaker to ride and break the horse.

Some of his horses are easily subdued, while others are never broken.

It is mighty dangerous business for the men who go into the trap and rope the horses, and afterwards, too, because sometimes they will put up a bitter struggle, and many have been badly injured in their efforts to conquer the savage nature of the beasts.

The state of Colorado claims the horses, and the hunters must pay \$5 a head for every horse taken as an inspection fee. The horses, after they are broken, will sell for about \$15 a head. It has been made a fairly profitable business by some one outfit claiming to have taken 500 head of horses in a single year.

The horses are a big nuisance to the country. They go in with the ranch stock, and lead off valuable tame horses. The range of the wild animals is centered in the Blue mountains between the White and the Bear, and on the Utah line.

The horses run in bands, each band usually consisting of a bunch of mares led by a stallion. Some stallions lead as many as a dozen mares. The stallions of different bands have the most terrific battles for the supremacy whenever they meet.

Once broken it is declared that the wild horses makes a splendid animal for domestic purposes. It is an ideal saddle-horse, and many are being used in the Rio Blanco country for ranch purposes.

The origin of the wild horses is quite clear. Mr. James says:

"Years and years ago stock taken into the country by the settlers strayed away,

mixed up with the Ute horses and simply went wild. They have been breeding year after year, and increasing rapidly and adding further to their number by recruits from the ranges of the ranchmen. Lots of horses are taken from wild herds which bear brands, and these are turned back to their original owners."

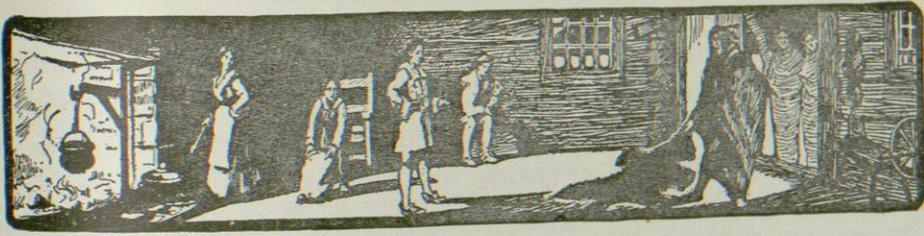
Schools on Indian Lands.

To facilitate the matter of securing sites for school building purposes in districts where the land is held as Indian allotments in the former Indian Territory, Secretary Garfield, acting under the discretionary power vested in him under the act of congress of May 29, 1908, known as the omnibus Indian bill, has promulgated a regulation providing that the restrictions may be removed from any and all Indian land regardless of blood or status, on an area of two acres to be used for school purposes.

Pursuant to this ruling, J. C. Wright, commissioner to the five civilized tribes, has now in his office some seventy-five applications of removal under the provisions stipulated.

The purpose of this ruling is to secure immediate action in the establishment of schools in the Indian districts without waiting for tedious legal processes necessitated under other regulations.

The Sioux Indians have long desired to provide a proper memorial for Sitting Bull, their last great war chief. They have subscribed a fund to erect a monument and Senator Gamble of South Dakota has reported favorably a bill to set aside a portion of the Standing Rock reservation in South Dakota for a cemetery. When this is done the Sioux expect to remove the body from its present burial place in North Dakota to the Standing Rock reservation.



CONCERNING THE LASSO.

THE LASSO is a very old and useful article. Its proper handling is a work of art, and is the ambition of every cowboy. Here is something we find in the writings of Washinton Irving speaking of its origin and use, which will interest JOURNAL readers. This refers to the year 1833:

The Californian horsemen seldom ride out without the lasso; that is to say, a long coil of cord, with a slip noose; with which they are expert, almost to a miracle. The lasso, now almost entirely confined to Spanish America, is said to be of great antiquity; and to have come originally from the East. It was used, we are told, by pastoral people of Persian descent; of whom eight thousand accompanied the army of Xerxes. By the Spanish Americans it is used for a variety of purposes; and among others for hauling wood. Without dismounting, they cast the noose round a log, and thus drag it to their houses. The vaqueros, or Indian cattle drivers, have also learned the use of the lasso from the Spaniards, and employ it

to catch the half-wild cattle by throwing it around their horns.

The lasso is also of great use in furnishing the public with a favorite though barbarous sport; the combat between a bear and a wild bull. For this purpose, three or four horsemen sally forth to some wood frequented by bears, and, depositing the carcass of a bullock, hide themselves in the vicinity. The bears are soon attracted by the bait. As soon as one, fit for their purpose, makes his appearance, they run out, and with the lasso, dexterously noose him by either leg. After dragging him at full speed until he is fatigued, they secure him more effectually; and tying him on the carcass of the bullock, draw him in triumph to the scene of action. By this time he is exasperated to such frenzy that they are sometimes obliged to throw cold water on him, to moderate his fury; and dangerous would it be for horse and rider were he, while in this paroxysm, to break his bonds.

A wild bull, of the fiercest kind, which had been caught and exasperated in the

I can't get along without your magazine. It's great!

M. E. TRAVIS.

same manner, is now produced, and both animals are turned loose in the arena of a small amphitheatre. The mortal fight begins instantly; and always, at first, to the disadvantage of bruin; fatigued, as he is, by his previous rough riding. Roused, at length, by the repeated goring of the bull, he seizes his muzzle with his sharp claws, and clinging to this most sensitive part, causes him to bellow with rage and agony. In his heart and fury, the bull lolls out his tongue; his is instantly clutched by the bear; with a desperate effort he overturns his huge antagonist, and then despatches him without difficulty.

Glass in Japan.

Until very recent times the uses of glass, except in the form of enamel and small ornaments, were unknown in Japan. When the first railway cars were introduced, passengers used to break the window glass with their heads, so unused were they to this feature; and finally designs were painted on the panes to show that the sashes were not empty.

Instead of looking-glasses most of the Japanese formerly used placid water. Only the wealthy had mirrors, and these were of polished metal. Glass is now used in quantity, of course, but although there are factories in several large cities, notably at Osaka, almost all of it is imported, and enormous reserve stocks are always kept at Tokoyo and Yokohama. During the past year, however, importations have fallen off—presumably an indication that the native glass factories are gaining.

The use of glass for drinking-vessels is still rare, porcelain and lacquered wood being preferred.—*Washington Times*.

Pure Water on the Chilean Desert.

In the big desert of Chile there is a

considerable amount of brackish water, but no water that either human beings or stock can drink. Science, however, has come to the aid of this rainless section of the country, in the form of an ingenious desert waterworks consisting of a series of frames containing twenty thousand square feet of glass. The panes of glass are arranged in the shape of a V, and under each pane is a shallow pan containing brackish water. The heat of the sun evaporates the water, which condenses upon the sloping glass, and, made pure by this operation, it runs down into little channels at the bottom of the V, and is carried away into the main canal. Nearly one thousand gallons of fresh water is collected daily by this means.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Totem Poles of Alaskan Indians.

From a Sitka Letter to the Boston Transcript.

Two races had already set their stamp upon this wondrous coast before the Americans possessed it. The Indians were scanty, and were wholly settled in villages upon the water front, many of which are still in existence. The northern tribes bear so striking a resemblance to the Japanese that it is impossible to resist the conviction that they are descended from cast-aways from Asia. When first reached by the whites they were an artistic people, every part of their boots, tools, clothing and houses bearing some sort of decoration.

The most striking remains of this artistic period are the totem poles, which may still be seen "in situ" in several villages in British Columbia, and at Wrangell and a few other places in Alaska. The finest collection is at Sitka, but they have been brought there from elsewhere, and artistically planted along the shore.

A good lasso is often a friend indeed.

SCALPING.

From Chicago Record-Herald.

According to Indian tradition, scalping arose in this wise:

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years ago, when all the Indians in the world were of one tribe and under one chief, there arose a dispute in the tribe as to who should succeed the old chief, who had just died without issue. There were two principal aspirants to the honor, each having considerable following. The dispute finally ended with strife and war, and for the first time in their history was "brother's blood shed by brothers."

The chief of one of the factions had a beautiful daughter, and one of the bravest warriors was a suitor for her hand. Her father consented to the match on one condition—that the young brave should journey to the camp of the enemy, many miles away through the deep snow, kill the chief, his rival, and return with some unmistakable token of his death. In spite of the snow and the distance, the young man immediately set out on his journey and, after lying in ambush for several days, finally entered the camp, boldly attacked the chief in his tent, slew him and cut off his head.

Next morning the murder was discovered, and the tribe set off in hot pursuit. Little by little they gained upon the fleeing warrior, who in his anxiety to elude his pursuers cast away all his impediments, to his very clothing, retaining only his stone knife and the trophy which was to win him his bride.

His pursuers gained rapidly until finally so near did they come he could hear them on his trail. His grewsome burden grew heavier and heavier, and as a last resort he whipped out his knife, stripped the scalp from the head of the dead man and, thus lightened

of his load, reached his own camp in safety, presented to his chief the token of his prowess and was wed, amid great rejoicing, to the damsel of his choice.

From thenceforth he was permitted to wear an eagle's feather in his cap, and to this day the eagle's feather remains the sign of the successful warrior, the number he displays depending upon the number of scalps he has taken.

Indian Life As It Is.

From the Kansas City Times.

Although Kansas City is of the West and comparatively near the largest Indian reservations, the people here scarcely know the Indian as he really is. The fifty-two paintings by Joseph H. Sharp, which are to be exhibited in the Swan gallery, 1008 Grand avenue, for a brief period, beginning next Sunday afternoon, represent several Western tribes as Mr. Sharp found them in their own villages. Mr. Sharp has won world-wide distinction by his portraits of red men. He has lived among the Indians the greater part of the last five or six years. He has been privileged to camp with them and witness their ceremonies; he has been with them on the march and when after game; he has smoked the pipe of peace with them and has enjoyed the confidence of their chiefs and their medicine men. His pictures present in realistic and faithful manner a phase of Western life which is fast disappearing.

Fifty-two canvases are in the collection to be shown here, under the auspices of the Fine Arts institute. In recognition of the value of the exhibit the Swan gallery will be relighted and redecorated, in part, and otherwise changed. Admission will be free to members of the institute. To the public there will be a small admission charge.

HISTORY OF INDIAN SCHOOLS.

From the Sherman Bulletin.

The question as regards the establishment of the first schools for Indians in the United States has been asked so often that the writer gives the following facts regarding same:

After the establishment of the United States Government the following Christian bodies either instituted secular day and boarding schools among the Indians or continued those already in existence, and these schools have borne a large part of the Indian education, viz.: Roman Catholic and Moravian from Colonial times; Friends, 1795; Baptist, 1807; American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1810; Episcopal, 1815; Methodist Episcopal, 1816; Presbyterian (North), 1833; Old School Presbyterian, 1837; Methodist Episcopal (South), 1844; the Congregational American Missionary Association, 1846; Reformed Dutch 1857; Presbyterian (South), 1857; United Presbyterian, 1869; and Unitarians, 1866. Until 1870 all the Government aid for this object passed through the hands of missionaries.

On July 12, 1775, a committee on Indian affairs was appointed in the Continental Congress with General Schuyler as chairman, and in the following year a standing committee was created. Money was voted to support Indian students at Dartmouth and Princeton Colleges. After the War Department was created in 1789 Indian affairs were left in the hands of its Secretary until 1849, when the Department of the Interior was established and the Indian Bureau was transferred thereto. General Knox, Washington's Secretary of War, urged industrial education and the President was of the same mind. In his message of 1801 President Adams advocated in-

troducing among the Indians the implements and practices of husbandry in the household arts.

The first petition of an Indian for schools among his tribe was made by David Folsom, a Choctaw, in 1816. The Ottowas, in their treaty of 1817, and in their address to President Monroe in 1822, stipulated for industrial and literary education. In 1819 the first appropriation of \$10,000 was made by Congress for Indian education, the superintendents and agents to be nominated by the President. In 1823 there were twenty-one church schools receiving Government aid and the number was increased to thirty-eight in 1825.

The first contract school was established on the Tulalip Reservation, Washington, in 1869, but it was not until 1873 that Government schools proper were provided. In the beginning there were only day schools, later boarding schools, on the reservations, and finally boarding schools remote from them known as nonreservation schools.

Contract or church schools were abandoned June 30, 1900. The religious societies have since taken care of their own schools, and appropriations for Indian education is applied under the law entirely to Government schools.

To maintain the Government day, boarding, and training schools involves an annual expenditure of about \$5,000,000.

To make paper fireproof, whether written, printed, painted or stamped for hangings, dip it in strong alum water—a saturated solution—and dry thoroughly. Test after the first dipping—if it burns, dip and dry again. Neither color nor quantity will be in the least affected; on the contrary, rather improved.

INDIAN LAND FRAUDS.

EAGLE PASS, TEX., Jan. 16.—One hundred and thirty-eight indictments in connection with alleged Indian land frauds were returned by the grand jury to-day. The hearing grew out of an inquiry by a subcommittee of the Senate committee on Indian affairs last year at Shawnee, Ok., and Washington.

It is understood that some of the men indicted are widely known in Oklahoma, Mexico and elsewhere.

In June, 1906, an effort was made to remove restrictions from the sale of Kickapoo Indian lands in Oklahoma. The lands had been allotted to the Indians in 1904 by the government, they getting the use and occupancy for twenty-five years, at the end of which time they were to receive patents in fee simple. The lands were among the most valuable in Oklahoma.

An effort was made by Congress to take off the restrictions for sale in the Indian appropriation bill of 1906.

Meanwhile many of the Indians had removed to Mexico, where they had been five years. It is alleged that a number of land speculators immediately left Oklahoma for Musquez, Mexico, and Eagle Pass and sought to secure deeds from the Indians. It is also alleged that the Indians were supplied with liquor, and, failing to secure deeds in this way, the Indians were arrested by Mexico officials who had them locked up while a number of deeds were placed on file in Oklahoma, where the lands are.

The United States government charges that the deeds were obtained by forgery and fraud.

The Senate committee requested the Attorney General to proceed against the parties for the recovery of the land. One hundred and thirty suits were filed in

the United States circuit court for the Western district of Oklahoma which are now pending. The Senate committee also requested criminal prosecutions.

Achievements of a Consul.

W. E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Francis E. Leupp, commissioner of Indian affairs, has made himself immortal by recommending that his office be abolished. His case, however, is not unique. Maxwell Blake of Missouri succeeded in abolishing his office when he was consul at the Madeira islands. He advised the Department of State that a consulate at Funchal was entirely unnecessary and that the \$2,000 salary paid to the incumbent of that office was entirely wasted. The Secretary of State acted upon his recommendation, abolished the consulate and left Mr. Blake suspended, as Mohommed's coffin is said to have been, in the air. But shortly after his return to the United States he was offered the consulate at Dunfermline, Scotland, where the salary is \$3,000 a year, and where Andrew Carnegie was born. And now Mr. Blake wants to abolish that office also, and has recommended that his job be terminated, because a consul is not necessary at that point. Dunfermline is only a few miles from Edinburgh on the south and from Dundee on the north; the only business that Mr. Blake has been called upon to perform since he assumed his post there is to certify invoices. This, he says, can be just as well done at Edinburgh, which can be reached in half an hour or forty-five minutes at the outside at any time of day. Before the famous bridge over the Firth of Forth was erected a consulate at Dumferline might have been necessary, but in Mr. Blake's opinion it is no longer required, and he recommends it be abolished.

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ADDRESS

THE WEEKLY KANSAS CITY STAR,

KANSAS CITY, MO.

A Brief Description of Our School.

THE CHILOCCO INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, established by the Honorable James M. Haworth, the first superintendent of Indian schools, after whom our assembly hall is named, was opened for pupils in January, 1884, in the large dormitory now known as Home Two. Its location is on a beautiful tract of land, 3 miles in extent north and south, and nearly 5 miles east and west, in Kay County, Okla., but bordering upon the Kansas state line, about six miles south of Arkansas City, Kan. Large as this school reservation seems to be, it is all either under cultivation or utilized as meadow or pasture. Chilocco is a money-order postoffice; it has telephone connections both north and south, and flag stations on the "Santa Fe" and "Frisco" railway systems—both railroads running through the school lands.

The school plant now consists of some thirty-five buildings, principally of white stone, heated by steam or hot water and lighted with electricity, with all modern conveniences and equipment. The stone used in their construction is the handsome magnesian limestone, quarried on the reservation. The water and sewerage systems are first-class.

This is known as the best equipped institution in the United States Indian Service for imparting practical knowledge of the agricultural industries so much needed by the majority of Indian boys. The principal crops are wheat, corn, oats, broom corn, sorghum, millet, alfalfa, and prairie hay. The beef and dairy herds contain about 1000 head. Over 10,000 gallons of milk are produced during each quarter, and most of the beef and pork used during each school year is raised and butchered at the school. The large orchards, vineyards, nursery and gardens afford means of practical instruction in these related industries.

The trades school includes instruction in blacksmithing, horseshoeing, wagon making, carpentry and cabinet making, shoe and harness making, painting and paper hanging, printing, broom making, tailoring, stonecutting, stone and bricklaying, electrical and steam engineering, plumbing and steam fitting; also the domestic arts, such as sewing, dressmaking, baking, cooking, housekeeping, laundering and nursing. Instruction, rather than money making, is the object. Nearly the entire product of the farm and industrial departments, however, is utilized by the school.

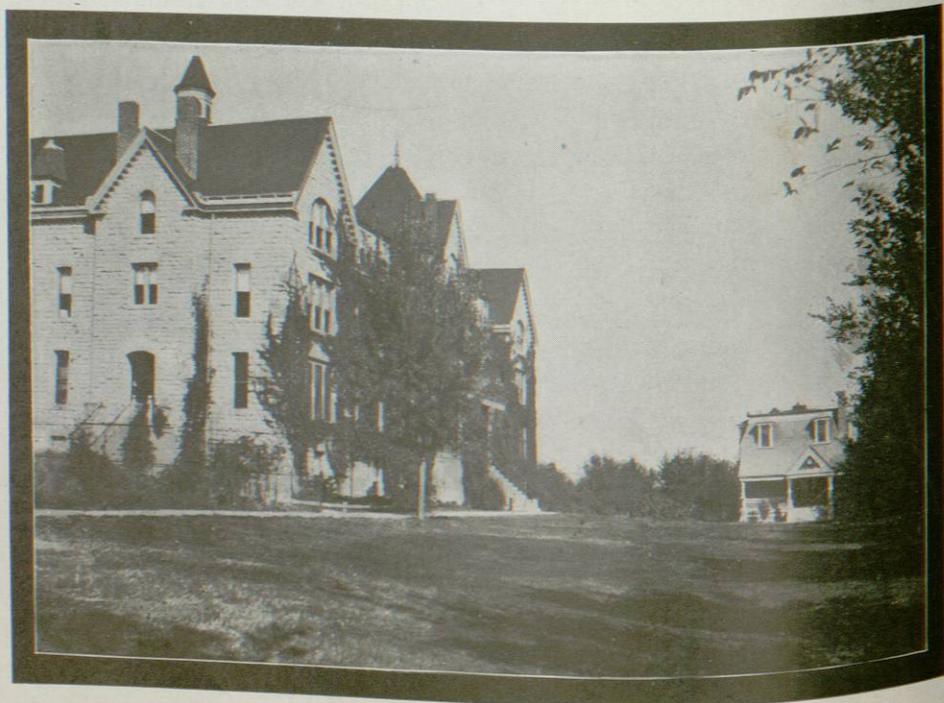
The literary course is designed to give a thorough grammar school training. Music and military tactics are included in the course. There is a library of 1,500 volumes, especially selected to meet the requirements of the school. Religious instruction, while nonsectarian, is not neglected, and the object of the school is to graduate Indian young men and women with well-formed characters, as well qualified as possible—industrially, mentally and morally—for successful competition with the youth of any race or color. Base ball, foot ball, tennis, basket ball, etc., are encouraged, but no attempt is made to organize professional teams. The school band is in frequent demand at neighboring towns. The attendance is about 700 pupils, representing many different tribes.

CHILOCCO VIEWS.

POST-CARD SERIES.



INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL OFFICE.



HOME ONE AND SUPERINTENDENT'S COTTAGE.