



EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The Exchange Table. Every person with newspaper experience finds real rest and solace at the exchange table after hours of hard work. Such a person can pick up the labors of men like himself and follow the lines of thought upon the editorial pages, judge of the financial strength by the cost and advertising area occupied, sympathize with the aforesaid when the typesetter has butchered a good thing, and generally get between the lines and into the lives of the fellows like himself who stand at the helm of public affairs. He glances at the local columns and sizes up the ambitious penman who handles that department, and then glances with the mind's eye over his own columns sizing up both as to quality and quantity. And if by chance his own paper is quoted, he would rather spend the minutes reading the reproduction or comment than eat the best dinner in the land be he never so hungry! Writing for the public eye is not easy. To be acceptable an article must have knowledge, and there must be woven into every line sincere conviction. "You cannot write a lie." If you do, you will be found out. There must be a motive—a high one—in every paragraph. A sincere desire to serve the cause of justice and humanity will make the editorial articles of any paper a power for good. And it is a pleasant reflection that so many of THE JOURNAL'S exchanges are so inspired.

Stormy Session. The forthcoming session of Congress bids fair to be a stormy one. Parties, when self interests are jeopardized, tether slightly. The tariff law is pinching some interests pretty hard, and the representatives of territory involved are putting up a strenuous and rebellious fight for a change. It used to be hoped in the ante-bellum days that sectional and great moral issues would soon pass and the parties separate on business issues, with succeeding peace and harmony, or at least with less acrimony than was then manifest, but now that these issues are in front, bitterness is still abroad and the feelings of men appear as tense as when the moral instead of the business interests were at stake. The pockets of the country appear as sensitive as were the consciences of the fathers in 1860-1. Hence it may logically be expected that when Congress meets next December party ties will be broken on business issues, and a new line up attempted. Conservative feeling should animate the leaders. A club is a poor argument, and never convinced, though it might kill.

Election of Senators. The legislatures of thirty-one states have adopted resolutions favoring the election of United States Senators by a direct vote and calling upon Congress to take the necessary steps to amend the constitution. The constitution provides that whenever two-thirds of the states shall demand by petition or other action of the legislatures congress shall adopt a resolution providing for a constitutional

convention to make such changes in the constitution as will make that instrument accord with the will of the people. We may therefore reasonably expect that Congress will take some action along this line, as two-thirds of the states have demanded this action "by petition or other action of the legislatures."

Estimates for 1911. The estimates for expenditures for 1911 by the Indian Bureau have been prepared for the use of Congress, and the Department has sent them to the Chilocco "Print Shop" to be printed. The book will cover 176 printed pages, 8x10½ inches. Two blank sheets are to be inserted for every printed page, so that the volume will be quite bulky, and of course is very interesting.

Cook-Peary Controversy. Two explorers start out and each wins the goal sought. One necessarily reached it first. The goal was the north pole. Each spent many years in the effort to respond to the demands of the world that the promise should be fulfilled that man was to have dominion over this earth to the extent at least of knowing its surface. Trials of all kinds—suffering, and loss of life, have characterized these efforts. All knew in advance that no pecuniary gain would attach to the discovery—only a bleak, ice-covered, uninhabited desolate region. The people even—aboriginees—were of a most uninviting class. Personal cleanliness under their habits of life was an impossibility. No commerce rewarded contact with them. A people content to so live that grease was considered a savory morsel, and decayed fish a proper dessert to a meal of sea-weed, have little to entice the white race. All animal and vegetable life is wanting in the section covered by the dash to the pole. Darkness reigns continuously six months in the year. And yet these two explorers quarrel over the honor of first going there. The only sidelight of relief in this controversy lies in the fact that both are Americans, and this country may claim the honor of doing that which the whole world for centuries has tried to do, but failed in doing.

Industrial Teaching. The last report of the Board of Indian Commissioners to the Secretary of the Interior is broad enough to cover almost the entire Indian field, but there is no recognition of the printing industry as a part of the educational training of the Indians. Would it be news to the honorable board to know that the standard typographical authorities of the United States recognize the work of some of the Indian printing offices as the equal to the best products of the highest offices conducted by whites in the United States? Such is the case. There is no good reason why the Indian Bureau should not print all documents for the Interior Department. The necessary equipment would only require slight expansion of present facilities, and the cost would be only nominal as compared with the work as at present done in the Government printing office at Washington.

New Bulletins. Ethnology. They are illustrated and intensely interesting to every student of Indian affairs. No. 42 relates to "Tuberculosis Among Certain Indian Tribes," and No. 43 refers to "Antiquities of the Mesa Verde National Park—Spruce Tree House."

THE TRAGEDY OF ASTORIA.

WHEN Napoleon sold to the United States that vast territory then known as Louisiana, embracing most of the trans-Mississippi country, there blossomed in the brain of John Jacob Astor a plan of development so magnificent in scope that it fired the imagination of Thomas Jefferson until he got to think of it as his own idea. Time has not dimmed but rather mellowed its splendor, for it gave to the world one of the tragedies that never will be forgotten and that marks a rugged chapter in American history. By the campfires in the Far Northwest and in the Canadian wilds the story of the Tonquin has been told and retold until it is a part of the folk lore of the people of the forest and plain.

Too bad that such a brilliant undertaking did not have a successful termination, but even if it did not fulfill the expectations of its originator it brought to the name of Astor a fame that is enduring. Measured by the conditions of a century ago and those of today, the project of Astor far surpasses those of any latter day captain of trade, transportation or finance. He planned a real winning of the West, a peaceful conquest of a great region to which the nation's title was doubtful, the establishment of a long chain of trading stations that would blaze the way for civilized man and open the door of opportunity for countless millions, and beyond the West itself he reached out to give to America trade of China and practically the control of the Pacific. To do it all he asked no aid. Out of his purse he drew the money to pay the cost.

John Jacob Astor had come to the

United States in 1783 an immigrant from Waldorf, a village on the Rhine. He expected to become a piano salesman, but while the ship that brought him over was icebound in the Chesapeake he heard enough from one of his fellow passengers to convince him that in this country there were far more possibilities for him as a dealer in furs than as a dealer in musical instruments. When he got to New York he started in at once as a buyer of pelts. At that time the business was in sad disorder.

In the northern part of Canada the Hudson Bay Company was in control, but it was not aggressive at that time. Far more business was done by the independent merchants of Montreal, who, a little later, merged their interests, formed the powerful Northwest Company, and controlled the whole lake region and the territory west. The men in the Northwest Company were Scotchmen, and they were the real lords and rulers of the Canadas. There was a smaller concern, known as the Mackinaw Company, that operated in the Upper Mississippi Valley. New York, in the days of British control, had a fair trade, but the Revolutionary War had driven away the British merchants.

Patiently and carefully Astor went about building up a trade on his own account. He sought no alliances and looked for no favors. He traded with the Indians, the French and the English. Occasionally he traveled to Canada and purchased pelts from the Northwest Company, the Mackinaw Company or the Hudson Bay Company. In good years and in bad years he prospered, for he was a genius as a

merchant. He was a trade economist. Most of the goods he exchanged for pelts he manufactured himself.

Then, in the first decade of the Nineteenth Century, Louisiana was purchased from France, and John Jacob Astor, sitting in his office in Pearl Street, studied the new map of the United States and marveled over the possibilities the newly acquired empire opened to the nation. The region beyond the Mississippi was less known then than is the interior of Africa today. A few years before the Columbia, that mighty river to the north had been discovered. The Rocky Mountains were a barrier hard to cross. A great domain in the far Northwest would become the territory of the nation whose people first established themselves there and raised the flag. To establish a chain of trading stations along the Missouri to its headwaters and then from the headwaters of the Columbia on the other side of the Rockies down to the mouth of the big river on the Pacific shore would open a highway to trade and settlement. The station at the mouth of the Columbia River would be a depot from which a fleet might trade along the Northwest Coast to the Russian possessions in Alaska and also with the rich markets of China and the whole Pacific.

It must be understood that thus far the whole Columbia River country was open territory. If the British got there first it would be theirs. The northern limits of the Louisiana that Jefferson purchased were vague. And what made the situation acute was the fact that the Northwest Company had pushed across the Canadian Rockies and established some trading posts in a section it called New Caledonia. It was nearing the Pacific and approaching the Columbia Valley.

To Washington went Mr. Astor to get

from the President the sanction of the government for the magnificent plan he had in mind. He got the enthusiastic support of Mr. Jefferson and the cabinet. No doubt Mr. Astor saw great profit for himself in the enterprise, but, far more than profit, he sought the fame the project would bring to him.

There was a lot of work preparing properly for the expedition. First of all, Mr. Astor organized the American Fur Company. That company got its charter just one hundred years ago. Unable to get in the United States the voyageurs he believed necessary, he recruited a force from among the attaches of the Northwest Company. For his lieutenants in the undertaking he also drew mainly on the men of the Northwest Company. These men he made partners. He gave to them 50 per cent of the interest, retaining the other 50 per cent himself. They were under no financial responsibility. He put up \$400,000. In his selection of men he exhibited exceptionally bad judgment. The plan was to send two forces, one by ship around the Horn, the other through Canada and down the Mississippi, over the Rockies and down the Columbia. The land force was to establish posts along the route and meet the other force at the mouth of the Columbia.

A fine ship, the *Tonquin*, was equipped for the sea trip. The *Tonquin* was commanded by Jonathan Thorn, a lieutenant in the navy, on leave of absence. Duncan McDougal, the partner to whom Mr. Astor gave his proxy to act in any disagreement, was a peppery flamboyant creature. Thorn and McDougal clashed at once, and there was a condition approaching mutiny on the *Tonquin* from start to finish. September 8, 1810, the *Tonquin* left New York.

On March 22, 1811, the *Tonquin* arrived off the mouth of the Columbia. The weather was tempestuous and the sea was high. At last, after much delay and trouble, the *Tonquin* got inside, and on April 12 a site was selected on a small bay for the establishment of the station which was to be the company's headquarters on the Pacific. A fortified post was built, the Stars and Stripes were raised and the settlement was named Astoria. From Astoria parties were sent up the river to explore the stream, establish stations at advantageous points and open up trade with the Indians.

Hardly had the *Tonquin* left than the people in Astoria learned from the Indians that a party of thirty white men had arrived several hundred miles up the Columbia River. It was a party of Northwest Company men who had established a trading post on the Spokane River, which empties into the north branch of the Columbia. The Americans had arrived none too soon.

It was June 5 that the *Tonquin* left Astoria. A few days later the ship arrived at Vancouver Island and anchored, much against the advice of the Indian interpreter, who told Captain Thorn the natives were the most treacherous Indians. In the morning a great fleet of canoes put off from the shores and swarmed about the ship. The Indians had sea otter skins to sell. The Indians were headed by two sons of Wicananish, the Indian chief, and by an old subchief named Nookamis. Captain Thorn expected a profitable deal and had the deck spread with blankets, cloths, knives, beads and fishhooks. The Indians had some experience with Russian traders and Nookmais was especially shrewd. He scoffed at the offers Captain Thorn made and exasperated that choleric gentleman to a high degree.

The captain, in disgust, waved Nookamis away, and, sticking his hands in his pockets, began pacing the deck. Nookamis followed him, holding the skins before him, but unable to get him to renew negotiations. Then Nookamis changed his method and started to revile the captain. The captain, white with rage, seized the skins, whipped the Indian about the face with them and then, as Nookamis ran from him, he kicked Nookamis overboard. As if that were not enough, he kicked all the pelts of the Indians overboard and drove the whole band off the ship.

It was in vain that the Indian interpreter pleaded with the captain to draw up his anchor and sail away. The captain was an officer of the United States navy, and told the interpreter to cease his chatter.

The following morning parties of Indians came out in canoes again and made signs that they wanted to trade. They were allowed on deck. Then more canoes came out, and soon Indians were clambering up the sides of the ship until the deck was crowded with them. They were willing to trade with the captain now on better terms. Once more the Indian interpreter pleaded with the captain.

Once more the partner, McKay, pleaded. It was no use. But more and more canoes put out from the shore until all the squaws were in boats alongside and all the bucks were on board. Possibly the fact that the interpreter persisted and explained that beneath the mantles the Indians wore they probably had weapons concealed at last influenced the captain. At any rate he gave orders to weigh anchor and sent some men aloft to set the sails. The Indians thereupon were prepared to trade on any terms. But they took knives and hatchets always in ex-

change for their otter skin. Then, as the captain gave orders for them to get into their boats, there was a yell. Knives, clubs and hatchets were drawn and the Indians hurled themselves upon the whites. The first man to fall was Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk. He was a calm, determined man, unobtrusive and quiet. He was leaning over some blankets which he had been bargaining with an Indian about when he was stabbed in the back and fell, mortally wounded, down the companionway.

All over the ship the battle raged furiously, but the Indians so far outnumbered the whites that the crew was overpowered and massacred. As a man fell his body was cast overboard to the knives of the squaws.

Four of the seven men who had gone aloft managed to get to the cabin, where they found Lewis. They barricaded the door and then with muskets and pistols fired through holes in the companionway and cleared the deck. As the Indians started away in their canoes the four sailors went on deck and used the deck guns with deadly effect on the savages. With the Indians went the Indian interpreter. He had not been molested during the massacre and he it was who subsequently reported the tragedy. That night the four sailors, unable to work the ship, put off in a boat in hope of making their way to Astoria. They wanted to take Mr. Lewis, but he refused.

Soon after daylight a few canoes put off from shore to reconnoiter. Around and around they circled, but the sails of the Tonquin flapped idly and there was no sign of life on board. The canoes came close and then a man appeared on deck. It was Lewis, the ship's clerk. He made signs of welcome and invited the Indians on board. The Indians were un-

willing at first, but as hour followed hour they became emboldened.

When the deck was crowded once more, crowded almost as it had been the day before, a man wounded unto death crept along the floor of the hold until he reached the magazine, where four tons of powder were stored. Then there was a report such as perhaps never was heard in Vancouver Bay before or since. The Tonquin in an instant became a volcano. Its timbers, torn into fragments, were thrown high in the air and scattered over the waters. Of the Indians who were on the deck, the beach for a mile about was strewn for days with bodies. Lewis, ship's clerk, had avenged the Tonquin's dead.

As if this tragedy were not enough, it had a horrible aftermath. The four sailors who sought to escape in the boat were cast upon the beach some miles away. They were brought back to the Indian village, tortured and killed.

Whatever courage McDougal possessed seems to have departed after he heard the fate of the Tonquin. It did not matter that the overland force, after a series of remarkable and trying adventures, reached the Columbia River country and joined the Astoria contingent. It did not matter that the Beaver, a supply sent by Mr. Astor, arrived from New York and went on to Alaska to trade. McDougal saw peril and disaster everywhere. War had broken out between the United States and Great Britain and he feared the British would swoop down upon him.

McDougal, worrying because the Beaver had not returned promptly from the Alaska-China trip, turned craven when he heard a party of Northwesterners were bound for Astoria, and that a ship sent by the Northwest Company and escorted by a British man-of-war was en route for the mouth of the Columbia. When the

party of Northwesterns paddled down the river McDougal hastened to greet them.

Then using the proxy Mr. Astor had given to him, he sold the whole Astoria establishment to the Northwest Company for a song. The stars and strips were hauled down and the English flag raised instead. As reward for his conduct McDougal was made partner in the Northwest Company.

So ended Astoria and the great dream of John Jacob Astor. For years the British held way in the Columbia valley. Then, after disputes and treaties of conflict, the boundary trouble was adjusted and America resumed control. But the winning of the West had been delayed a decade if not a quarter of a century, and the most magnificent project for American trade and American expansion that ever was fostered by one man had failed.

Chinese "Wit."

A traveler in the Orient declares that in China he found no wit or imagination, but tells the following incidents, which prove that the Chinaman has good unconscious substitutes for one or the other:

One day in Shanghai, when I was feeling sick, I called a Chinaman to me and said, "John, do you have good doctors in China?" "Good doctors!" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in wo'ld."

"Eudon, over there," I said, pointing to a house covered with doctors' signs, "do you call him a good doctor?"

"Eudon good doctor!" he claimed. "He great! He best doctor in China. He save my life once!"

"You don't say so!" I said, "How was it?"

"Me velly sick," he said, confidentially. "Me calle Doctor Han Kou. Givee some

medicine. Get velly, velly sick! Me call Doctor Sam Sing. Givee more medicine. Me grow worse. Going to die! Blimeby call Doctor Eudon. He no got time, no come. He savee my life!"

In Chefoo my wife engaged a Chinese cook. When he came she asked his name. Shaking hands with himself and smiling, he said, "My namee Young Haug Ho."

"Oh, that's too long!" said my wife. "I can't remember all that. I call you John."

"All light," he said, smiling. "What you namee?"

"My name," said my wife, slowly, "is Mrs. Melville D. Landon."

"Hi!" cried John. "Too long namee! Can't 'member all lot. Calle you Charley."

The Shakespeare Club of New Orleans used to give amateur theatrical performances that were distinguished for the local prominence of the actors according to Success. Once a social celebrity, with a gorgeous costume, as one of the lords in waiting, had only four words to say: "The queen has swooned." As he stepped forward his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks he faced the king and said in a very highpitched voice, "The swoon has queened." There was a roar of laughter, but he waited patiently and made another attempt: "The sween has cooned." Again the walls trembled and the stage manager said in a voice which could be heard all over the house, "Come off, you doggoned fool." But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as he was assisted off the stage, he screamed: "The coon has sweened."

Nearly 50,000 old soldiers died last year and were dropped from the pension rolls.

Influence.

From Forward.

Some things are valuable in themselves, like truth; some are valueless, like money, and all things are valuable for their influence. The great test is in influence, usefulness, fitness for service. Yet influence is a thing which we are very prone to ignore, especially simple, personal influence over lives, by which we may help to mold the character of our fellows.

It seems so intangible and nebulous. We can not see it. It can not be weighed nor touched. It has no material character. There is no money in it. Its exercise is accompanied by so many disappointments. It so frequently seems to be impotent, like so much energy thrown away into the air, and the sense of responsibility for exerting it, for always thinking of others and trying to help them is so burdensome and appalling that it is not strange that many men ignore all duty of influence and resolve to live their own lives alone regardless of others. But no one can do this. Influence radiates out from us whether we will or not. If we refrain from active effort to help and affect the lives of others we do not thus escape from them and from the exercise of influence upon them. We simply deprive ourselves of the pleasure of actively doing good and being of help, and we lose many chances to lift and bless other men.

The use of life in personal service is its right and noble and joyful use. Nothing else abides but the impress we make on character. All our great engineering feats will disappear and all accumulated wealth be destroyed, but every investment made in character is immortal. What we embody in ourselves and in others lasts. Influence, the most intangible thing in the world, is the one eternal thing. Once again it is true that "the things which are not seen are eternal."

Water Weddings.

Marriage among the Hopi, a tribe of the Pueblo Indians, is an institution regarding which those most concerned have least to say. When the parents of a girl find it expedient for her to get married they look up an available man and negotiate with his parents.

After the matter has been arranged the principals are notified, the girl goes to the home of the bridegroom's parents and grinds corn for them for three weeks, while the bridegroom makes a kind of sash for the bride. Then one morning at sunrise they both bathe their heads in cold water, which completes the ceremony.

There have been instances of the bridegroom refusing to go thru the performance, says a writer in *Outing*. It has then proceeded without him and been accounted valid, and several weeks later he has yielded and had his head bathed.

The Navajo ceremony is much more elaborate and impressive, but then the Navajo girls are much nicer. The regular tariff on a Navajo girl entering the port of matrimony for the first time is 12 horses. On the second occasion the tax is nine horses, while subsequent marriages are free.

This is not purchase money, but is merely a tribute of respect to a mother-in-law and a token of appreciation of the care and expense involved in bearing and rearing the lady, a recognition not unworthy of consideration by civilized bridegrooms. On the other hand, and deserving of great condemnation, is that law of many tribes, unwritten but of much sanctity, that a man and his mother-in-law shall never meet after the ceremony.

One isn't likely to get into "hot water" unless he provides some of the fuel for heating it.

INDIAN MASSACRE IN "SQUAK" VALLEY.

Special to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASH.—No one who travels today on the cultivated edges of Squak Valley, as all the settlers lovingly call it in spite of the newer appellation, Samamish, by which this fertile cup in the eastern environs of King County is officially known, would realize that 45 years ago the Indians roamed there, their tepees dotting the flat lands which the hard-working squaws rudely farmed while the bucks hunted in the surrounding hills and fished in the waters of the creeks and rivers and the beautiful lake, later christened by the white man as Samamish.

To-day the rich valley is lined with farms, and the orchards and grain fields bear willing tribute to the workers of the soil. The sons and daughters of the men and women who have made their homes there for the last 40 years are graduates of universities and are living lives of usefulness in the cities.

In 1860 the first white man came into the valley. He was William Kasto. With him was his wife, Abbie, a beautiful woman, of great culture for those days, and considerably her husband's junior. On the heels of Kasto followed several other hardy pioneers.

Mrs. Martha Bush, now living in Issaquah, the outlet for the valley's riches, is the only remaining witness of an Indian uprising which in the early days threatened the lives of all the white settlements, including the greater colony of Seattle. Had the massacre been successful this band of Indians, 100 strong, would have marched upon Seattle and given battle there. But they drank too much "fire water."

Mr. and Mrs. James Bush made their home in Squak Valley in May, 1864. When the Bushes built their two-room log cabin, the Kastos had already lived there for four years. Holstead had built a home for his family; Edward Welch lived farther out of the circle with his wife; William Johnson, unmarried, lived a mile from the Kasto home and was an occasional visitor. This formed the roll call of the settlement when the massacre occurred on the night of Nov. 7, 1864.

"Mr. Bush decided that he could make money hauling coal to Seattle, and so we settled in the valley, about three miles from Gilman," says Mrs. Bush. "When we came there were a number of Indians, employed by Mr. Kasto. Two of them were called Alex and Charlie.

"Everything went well until the Indians and a few whites who had gone into the Stillaguamish country had some difficulty, and two Indians were killed. They belonged to the Klickitat tribe.

"Now, it is a peculiar thing about the Indian that he must have revenge. But he is not particularly set in killing those who have been chiefly instrumental for his misery; any white man will do.

"This tribe of Indians, over one hundred in number, started on the warpath. They came in their canoes at night and landed at the head of the lake.

"The first I knew I heard the sound of firearms. Alex's squaw came running into our house and said the Indians were coming.

"We could still not realize that there was anything wrong. The Indians had always been so quiet, so meek, that we

never expected trouble with them. But Mr. Bush and I left the house, my 3-weeks'-old baby on my arm.

"Then a shot rang out, and I suppose I became hysterical. Anyway, Alex's squaw, who had followed unknown to me, grabbed me about the waist and carried me back to the house. Mr. Bush put out the fire in the stove and extinguished the lights. Shortly after a large number of Indians came toward our house. And when we refused to open the door they started shooting.

"While the Indians were shooting into the woodwork of our house there was a loud pounding on the door. We recognized the voice of Mr. Johnson, and hastened to open the door for him. With him was Indian Charlie. Johnson had been surprised by the Indians in his field, and being shut off from getting to his home, came to us for shelter. Charlie said he came to help us, and for this we were glad. But the truth is, he crawled under one of the beds almost as soon as he got inside, and we saw no more of him until the danger was practically over.

"Mr. Johnson, loading our guns, opened the door to shoot. No sooner did he pull the trigger than two Indians stationed on opposite sides of the door opened a crossfire on him, but the Indians shot high. I still have one of the bullets imbedded in the lintel of the door. Before they could fire again Johnson came inside and we bolted the door.

"After that we tore nails out of the walls for charges and kept up a fire as well as we could the greater part of the night.

"Dawn was breaking when we heard the voice of Alex from outside. He said that everything was quiet and that we could go to bed. He added that but two Indians had done the killing, and

these two he had disposed of with his rifle. This news was very pleasant to me, with five little children in the house. We were horrified to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Kasto and Holstead had been murdered.

"Early the next morning we ran the gauntlet of the Indians, who had consumed the remaining liquor on the Kasto place and were in no mood for any more warfare. We learned that Mr. Kasto had been killed while he lay on his couch near the window. Mr. Holstead lay by the table, riddled with bullets. Mrs. Kasto had been mutilated.

"This was the doing of the squaws of the band, who had been put to this awful work by the bucks upon the promise that Mrs. Kasto's fine dresses would go to them. And they had rifled the trunks in the house and taken all her dresses."

In the Chilocco Indian School Journal for October is a most interesting and instructive article written by William Justin Harsha, originally for the Southern Workman, the organ of the Hampton Institute. The title of the article is "Social Conditions on Indian Reservations," and is a most intelligent and sympathetic exposition and appreciation of the subject of which it treats as any one who has acquaintance with reservation conditions can testify. And it is a subject of which the mass of our people are sadly ignorant.—*Cotner Collegian*.

Though Oklahoma is the youngest state of the Union and her oil field only in its infancy let not the fact be overlooked that she is by far the greatest producer of petroleum in the nation.—*Prof. L. L. Hutchison*.

Heaven seems nearer when viewed through a clear conscience.



HOME TWO—SMALL BOYS' DORMITORY.

No "Crazy Snake Crop."

For the first time in many years the Indians in the fullblood Creek communities this year failed to cultivate what is known as the "Crazy Snake crop."

This is a share of the corn crop harvest by each member of the Crazy Snake, faction which is yearly cultivated and set aside to help pay the expenses of the Crazy Snake's annual visit to Washington, D. C.

Since the Crazy Snake uprising in the early spring Chitto Harjo, Crazy Snake has disappeared. There have been reports that he was killed in one of the battles between the Indians and the deputy marshals during the uprising and his body buried without ceremony.

Some of his followers declare that he is alive, but when questioned regarding his whereabouts shrug their shoulders, and with Indian stoicism refuse to answer questions. But the Crazy Snake crop was not planted this year, and for the first time in many years Chitto Harjo will not go to Washington in the interest of his people.

There will be much suffering in the fullblood settlements this winter. The drought of the past summer has cut down the corn crop and provisions will be scarce. The annual corn dance which is always held among the Creeks in the full moon when roasting ears are ripe was omitted this summer for the first time in many years.

Praises Bermuda Grass.

The Oklahoma City *Times* says:

A noticeable thing on the state fair grounds was the absence of dust, due to the Bermuda grass which was planted on the grounds in June and which has had no artificial watering and which has attained a good growth since then during

one of the dryest seasons ever experienced in the state.

The management is to be highly complimented on having this feature attended to early in the season, and visitors who attended it last year and are back again this year are the first ones to notice and comment upon it.

It is a big advertisement for the practicability of Bermuda grass seed and proves conclusively that it is far better than any other for use in the state of Oklahoma.

Conspicuous signs are placed on the grounds which read: "Get onto the grass," instead of "Keep off the grass," as is usually the custom.

Dust in the downtown section yesterday was thick on account of the wind, but visitors at the grounds were not bothered in the least and it was all due to the Bermuda.

Law Applies To All Indians.

St. Paul, Minn.—Coincident with application for a writ of habeas corpus made to the United States district court for the release from jail of the ten agents of the Indian affairs bureau who destroyed the "ardent spirits" in the saloons of Mahnomen, Attorney General George T. Simpson said the state will aid the federal authorities in enforcing the law prohibiting the sale of liquor to Indians.

"It is not a question of whether an Indian has been allotted land, as many of the people in northern Minnesota seem to think," said Mr. Simpson. "As a matter of fact, the state statutes prohibit the sale of liquor to any person of Indian blood. In March last I notified county attorneys in the northern counties that the state law must be obeyed."

To the one who is shod in righteousness all the ways are holy.

INDIAN SCHOOL ROMANCE.

Special to the Guthrie Capital.

GUTHRIE, OKLA.—There have been few poems in recent years that have achieved a wider popularity in this country than Fred Emmerson Brooks' "Old Ace," for the reason that he combines a love romance and a horse race in bringing a climax that has thrilled the hearts of thousands.

But the story of "Old Ace" has found its counterpart in real life among the Osage Indians in northwestern Oklahoma, where a race horse, famous in the tribe for speed and beauty, was a factor in winning for Arthur Bonnicastle, an Osage graduate of the Carlisle Indian school, a pretty, intelligent Indian bride, whose hand was sought by many suitors. Bonnicastle recently returned from the Philippines, where he has been serving in the army.

It became rumored among the young full-blood Osage boys on the reservation that Ange Penn, a full-blood girl of rare beauty, was of that age when the consent of her parents could be secured for her hand in marriage and in consequence several of the more prominent Osages—those who trace their blue blood through centuries of chiefs—began staking their ropes for the catch, each hoping and determining that he would be the fortunate one to secure her for a life partner.

No one, however, seemed to have the lead until the relatives of Arthur Bonnicastle cinched the bride for that war-scarred young hero by adding to the list of gifts to her parents that famous race horse "Hoodlum." Other suitors for her hand offered as high as 20 or 30 ponies for her, animals of exceptional beauty,

but when the relatives of Bonnicastle, or Wah-ne-a-tah in the Osage tongue, offered "Hoodlum" they played a card that won the bride.

Early in the morning of the wedding day residents of Pawhuska began arriving at the Indian camp and from then on until 4 in the afternoon all persons in attendance to attend the ceremony were invited to partake of a feast, served by Ladon Miles, a tribesman, at which 100 chickens, fine roast beef and other things which the Indians believe to be good to eat.

At 4 o'clock the bride-to-be was taken to a small Indian hut where her fifteen or twenty attendants clothed her in a costume that for decoration exceeded that of a lord high admiral. It seems, however, that Miss Penn had not entered into the marriage arrangements with joy in her heart and her lamentations caused her attendants to weep in chorus with her so that it was impossible to proceed with the ceremony.

It must be remembered that the Indian custom makes it impossible, as a rule, for an Indian bride to see her intended husband until she is seated at his side on a blanket, at which time, according to Indian custom, they are duly wed and it is then too late, of course, to object.

After an hour's delay the bride-to-be clothed in her wedding garments, was brought from the hut and was placed in a buggy waiting to convey her to the lodge of her husband. The horses were gaily decorated, an Indian walking at the head of each, and were evidently proud

of their part in the ceremony, showing their appreciation by tossing their plumed heads and jangling their nets of bells.

As she took her seat the spectators had the first good view of the bride-to-be and this view justified the zeal and ardor of the wooers, for she was pretty, of a sort of beauty that was well brought out by the brilliantly colored wedding costume. A little way down the road she met, coming at breakneck speed, a buck and three squaws, running a race from the home of the bridegroom. The first to reach the bride received a Winchester rifle, and the second the choice of a horse or the bride's raiment. This is an Osage custom that is always followed by the princes of blood.

Before reaching the bridegroom's wigwam, the bride-to-be was taken to the tent of a near relative of her future husband, where she was placed in a blanket and wrapped in it until she was invisible, and then carried to the wigwam set aside for the bridal couple. Here she was unwrapped in the presence of the guest and her wedding clothing was claimed by the squaw who had won the race. She then donned another wedding costume, for her trousseau was unlimited, and the bridegroom sent for, he appearing soon in company with the Rev. Father Edwards, the Catholic priest at present with the tribe. In the eyes of the Indians, the couple were now married, but Father Edwards had persuaded them to make the ceremony binding to all people by having the ring ceremony.

A feast followed, participated in only by the newly wedded couple, during which all the guests were supposed to depart in order that the bride and bridegroom might become acquainted.

Thus was united two of the oldest and most powerful families in the Osage tribe, both members of the progressive tribal

faction. In that country each Indian man, woman and child is worth in cash \$5,000 and in land 800 acres, so that the bride came to the bridegroom with a dower equal to his own. Bonnicastle is one of the brightest and most intelligent of the younger Osages. While attending the Carlisle school he enlisted in the regular army and saw active service in both Philippines and China, winning for himself the admiration of his officers by his bravery on several occasions. The fighting blood of the Osage warrior was displayed on numerous battlefields.

At present Bonnicastle is the most popular member of the tribal legislature and is the most traveled member of this, the richest tribe on earth. He was one of the first ones to scale "the Sacred Walls of the Temple of Dragons," and was severely wounded while fighting the Chinese in the inclosure. The Osage warriors consider Bonnicastle in the light of a redskinned Achilles.

Only by being kind to all can we be sure of being kind to any.

Only by doing the right thing "just this minute" shall we be able to do right through all the years to come.

The world is filled with opportunities. It's up to you to take advantage of them and reach a high place in life. Will you do it?

The young man, leading a dog by a string, lounged up to the ticket office of a railway station and inquired: "Must I—aw—take a ticket for a puppy?"

"No, you can travel as an ordinary passenger," was the reply.

White—"Do you think long hair makes a man look intellectual?"

Jones—"Not when his wife finds it on his coat; it makes him look foolish."

INDIAN CAPTIVE'S STORY.

CAPTURED by the Comanche Indians at the tender age of nine, and at fourteen years of age, recaptured by a band of noted outlaws, is the thrilling adventure of J. B. Dickinson, of Oklahoma City. Mr. Dickinson dislikes publicity of this character, but he related some of his experiences to a representative of *The Eagle* last night, in which he spoke more especially about his arrival at Wichita in the fall of 1872, when this was a cattle shipping point.

"Yes, I lived about five years with the Comanche Indians. They took me on Elm creek, about 16 miles northwest of old Ft. Belknap, Texas, in the spring of '67. I was herding a bunch of saddle horses on a ranch when the Indians dashed by on a periodical raid. Our camp was about 90 miles from Red River, but we crossed into the Indian country soon after dark. We rode that distance in about eight hours. They had about 1,000 head of stolen horses, and when we reached their camp, near where Lawton, Okla., now stands, they danced three days and nights under seven green scalps they had secured on their raid into Texas. I rather enjoyed the novelty for a few days but it soon grew tiresome. I spoke Spanish before they captured me, and I found a number of the older Indians who could converse with me. I soon learned their language, however.

"The Comanches knew about the time buffalo would cross the Arkansas river, above Ft. Dodge, and when the first signs of autumn arrived we would start to meet them. I have seen millions of buffalo moving south from above the Arkansas; the dust rising like that from the march

of an army. When the buffalo reached the sand hills and deep ravines along the Cimarron we would begin the work of slaughter. Thousands would be slain early in the fall, simply for their hides. These would be sold or exchanged for red blankets and ammunition. As the buffalo drifted southwest we would mix with them, and our regular winter quarters taken up around the foothills of the Wichita mountains. Thousands of buffalo would winter in the gulches around these mountains.

"I remember once, about two years after they captured me, we went into the Texas plains. We found buffalo pretty well killed off, so we ran into a big herd of fine cattle. They belonged to a rancher who lived in a deep gorge, who I have since learned was Captain Charles Goodnight. I never knew who he was until two years ago. I was talking over my experience with Captain Goodnight when he told the story of how some Comanche Indians came into the Palo Duro Canyon, in 1870, and killed some of his white face cattle, and how he dispatched cow boys to Ft. Sill for help. I then told him all about it.

"At the Goodnight ranch, on that memorable occasion, I got away before soldiers arrived. About two hundred old men and women were left at the ranch for the soldiers to capture, but the rest of us slipped back onto the reservation without the Fort officials knowing the truth about our trip to the canyon. The officers were told that only a few old men wandered off up there in search of food and shelter, but that none of the able bodied men, and warriors, were away from the reservation. Captain Good-

night made a treaty with our chief, as a ruse to send for the troops, but we knew what he was doing it for. About the time the cowboys reached Ft. Sill we were on the way back.

"The Goodnight treaty consisted of a compact whereby the Indians were to have ten head of fat cattle daily, provided no other stock were to be killed in the canyon. We all camped at a big spring near the ranch house. I often saw the white men around the ranch but I was afraid to tell anyone about myself. The Indians warned me not to say a word to white men. I was painted up like an Indian and my hair was sufficiently long to keep down suspicion. Myself and boy companion went hunting every day, so I was much in evidence around the Goodnight ranch during our stay of two weeks.

"Two years ago I joined a party of explorers at Canyon City, Texas, to map out and report to a convention held at Amarillo on January 10th, 1907. This convention sought to make the canyon a national game preserve. One day we reached that portion of the deep gorge where I once hunted deer, and I recognized it perfectly.

"I told my companions just where good springs could be found, far down the canyon, and they were curious to know how I knew. I never told them of my early experience. When we got within ten miles of the old Goodnight ranch house I described the spot and told them how the cabins looked. Judge Hudson, a member of the party said that was how it looked a few years ago, but declared they had been destroyed by fire except one old mud house. I told them of a trail that wound around the steep walls of the gorge, but they said it had long since been abandoned on account of erosion.

"Speaking of Kansas in the early days

I should say that grass grew in these fertile valleys from four to seven feet tall. I have ridden through grass much higher than one's head on horseback. In the tall grass is where we slaughtered deer, and occasionally old buffalo. In cold weather we would camp in small valleys among the tall grass. I have seen wild animals creep about among our tepees during cold weather. The young buffalo would keep headed to the storm, while the older ones would seek shelter.

"Every fall, just as the cold north winds commenced to howl, we would start for the high ridge of sand hills above Ft. Dodge. We could see across the Arkansas for twenty or thirty miles, and when the dust would begin to rise we would drop back into the Cimarron river breaks.

"Those were exciting times! The young buck who killed the first buffalo of the season was looked upon as a bright light, and when a raid was contemplated into Texas, he was asked to meet the medicine men in sacred conclave. "Mixing medicine" was meant to plan just how best to run into the Texas settlements and get back with the horses and scalps with the least possible risk. A successful "mixer" was the man who planned a trip that proved successful. In future raids he was the high chief and principal medicine man."

After leaving the outlaw band Mr. Dickinson found his way east and joined a circus. He was later picked up by Robert G. Ingersoll, the noted infidel, and educated by him. He graduated in law, finally migrated to New York where he procured a seat on the Stock Exchange, became wealthy like many others, finally went down under one of the panics which frequently sweep Wall street.

Dickinson had lead a life of adventure, toured the world, roamed the plains and hobnobbed with aristocracy and the great men of the world. One of his most cherished friendships, however, is that which existed between himself and Chief Geronimo of the Apache tribe.

INDIAN EDUCATION.

An Address before the N. E. A., Indian Education Branch, by Rt. Rev. NICHOLAS C. MATZ, Bishop of Denver, Colorado.

SOME forty years ago, a Cincinnati Priest of my acquaintance on entering a railway car at some station in Ohio was confronted by a number of ministers of other denominations who very kindly asked him to what branch he belonged. "I do not belong to any branch, he replied, I am of the Old Trunk," meaning the Catholic Church. Well, that is where I belong, the Old Trunk, planted on the Mountain of Calvary, and watered with the Savior's own blood 2,000 years ago, the Catholic Church.

And you have invited me to address you on this occasion and invoke the blessing of God upon your deliberations. I deeply appreciate your invitation and I shall endeavor to meet your expectations. It was an inspiration from on high which led you to invite a Catholic Bishop to make an invocation, acknowledging thereby the services which the Catholic Church has rendered the great cause of education. Her Divine Founder has called her into existence for no other purpose, and He defined her divine mission in unmistakable terms when he said to His Apostles: "Go therefore teach ye all nations—teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Matt. 28 ch., 19-20.

How well the Church fulfilled her mission is evidenced by the Apostolic School of Alexandria founded by St. Mark the Evangelist in the very days of the Apostles; the great Monastere institutions of the Middle Ages, which saved and pre-

served for us from the invasion of the barbarians all we have now of ancient monuments of literature and art; the foundation of all the great universities of Europe, including Oxford and Cambridge, all of them, owing their establishment and inspiration to the Catholic Church; the grand cathedrals of Europe as well as our own country; poems in marble and stone breathing a living prayer to God; the Vatican library opened to all the world by Leo the XIII where nowadays the most celebrated scholars of the universe seek their inspirations; its immense treasury of art where painters and sculptors flock to copy the sublime ideals nowhere else to be found; does it not all prove that the church is to this day the grandest educator the world has ever known? And, were she not hampered on all sides by unfriendly governments, especially in Europe and the South American Republic, she would to-day make the very deserts blossom with the most beautiful flowers of higher education, as she did in Europe before the Reformation, where she could boast of sixty-six universities, sixteen of which belonged to Germany alone.

See what the church has accomplished in our own country for the education of our Indians. She was in the field long before the dawn of our Great Republic. When Father Marquette was sailing down the Mississippi in search of souls, the souls of the Indians whom he sought to convert, the Jesuits and Franciscans were marching from Mexico following the Rio Grande

to Sante Fe, and crossing the deserts of Arizona and Southern California, not as gold hunters, but as ministers of God, seeking out the uncivilized aborigines and bringing them the "Good Tidings of the Gospel of Peace." And in this grand and noblest of all pursuits, they perished by the scores, not as our gold hunters wandering through Death Valley in search of a new El Dorado, but as martyrs at the hands of the Indians, whom they sought to save. In the very year of the Declaration of Independence the Franciscans were crossing the Colorado River in Southern Utah at a ford to this day called "El vado de los Padres"—ford of the Fathers. Flathead Indians in Missoula County, Montana, were the wonder of Mr. Morgan, our Indian Commissioner, who was not over friendly to the church, and Mother Catherine Drexel, who has devoted her immense fortune to the education of our Negroes and Indians, besides founding an order exclusively consecrated to the education of these wards of the Nation, are too well known to require more than a passing notice. But to come to the point.

You have met in our Queen City of the plains from all over the Union, to consider and to discuss the best methods of education and civilization for our Indians. This evinces a praiseworthy effort on the part of our government, which, if properly directed ought to be productive of good results. Man has been defined an educated being and has been endowed by the Creator with faculties pointing out clearly the end for which he was created, namely, perfection, and education is nothing more than the development and training of these faculties for the attainment of perfection. But in every undertaking the means must be proportioned to the end, if we may hope for success, and whereas perfection

is the chief aim of education, any education which does not make for the perfection of man in his physical, intellectual and moral nature is necessarily truncated, imperfect.

According to the design of the creator, man is the connecting link which combines the universe into one harmonious whole or unit. By his physical nature he represents the animal. By his reason or intellect he partakes of the spirit transcending to a higher sphere. By his moral nature, knowing both good and evil and capable of both, he is likened either to an angel or a demon. Every faculty of man proclaims a fitness, quality or aptitude; and whereas education is nothing more than the development or that fitness or aptitude any education which does not aim at the development of every essential attribute of man, the highest, the noblest, that which makes him more godlike, the best of citizens an angel in human flesh, is his moral nature. This can not be gainsaid, for all history stands up to establish this fact beyond doubt.

When Greece and Rome had attained the zenith of their intellectual greatness, they had reached the lowest rung of moral degradation. But why go back to ancient history? Since the absolute divorce of religion and morality from education in France at this very time, there has been such an alarming increase of juvenile delinquency, that the foremost educators in that country have been clamoring for an immediate return to religious education to save the country. We have heard the same appeal coming from some of the most prominent educators in the United States within the last few years. You all have read in the *May Cosmopolitan* an article entitled, "Blasting at the Rock of Ages," by Mr. Harold Boice, in which he arraigns, after a personal

and searching investigation, all the principal universities of the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for subjecting all the mutiplex issue of political economy, (such as marriage, divorce, the home, religion, democracy,) to a merciless analysis, as if they were mere fossils, gastropods, vertebrates, equations, chemical elements or chimeras. Summing up the whole article of Mr. Boice, the editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, says:

"Those who are not in close touch with the great colleges of the country will be astonished to learn the creeds fostered by faculties of our great universities. In hundreds of classrooms it is taught daily that the decalogue is no more sacred than syllabus; that the home as an institution is doomed; that there are no absolute evils; that immorality is a simple act of contravention of society's accepted standards; that democracy is a failure and the Declaration of Independence only speculator rhetoric; that moral precepts are passing shibboleths; that conceptions of right and wrong are as unstable as styles of dress; that children are an incumbrance; that there can be and there are holier alliances without marriage bond than within it. These are some of the revolutionary and sensational teachings submitted with academic warrant, to the minds of hundreds of thousands of students in the United States. It is time that the public realized what is being taught to the youth of this country."

"The social question of today, said Disraeli, the famous English statesman, is only a zephyr which rustles the leaves, but will soon become a hurricane. It is a dull ear that cannot hear the coming storm."

I need not tell you ladies and gentlemen, that an education which trains the intellect at the expense of the heart, with-

out developing man's moral nature, can produce only a human monstrosity. To prove this you need only visit our penitentiaries whose principal inmates, are, as a rule, bank wreckers, unscrupulous stock manipulators, forgerers, land grabbers and the like, men of high intellectual attainments for whom education furnished the means of expediting their nefarious ends. Education without development of high moral ideals furnishes the miscreant with dynamite and electricity to accomplish his purposes and society to save itself from destruction has to lodge them behind steel bars and impregnable walls. You are, ladies and gentlemen, the tutors of those wards of our government. The government is the constituted guardian and protection of these, its children. It must provide them with an education calculated to make them good citizens and lead them on towards the attainment of perfection, which is impossible without religion and morality. By an anomaly without a parallel the government proclaims itself incompetent to teach religion and therefore in part morality, which is inseparable from the religion. Here is the gordian knot which you are called to disentangle. You are to educate these aborigines and make good men and women out of them, but as representatives of the government which recognizes and proclaims its incompetence to teach religion and morality, you are left without means to accomplish this end.

What is to be done? How may this knot be cut? For 2,000 years the Church has solved this vexed problem. She did it in this country long before there was any settled form of government in the West. She did it to the utmost satisfaction of the government itself until our present Indian policy went into effect. She is doing it today at enormous sacrifices

as far as her limited means will permit and without any prejudice to your position and calling she is ready to join with you for this sublime consummation.

In this proposition you need fear neither rivalry nor competition, for the field is large and the laborers few. Moreover the Church's chief aim is the salvation of souls and on this field there can be no competition, no clash. Furthermore, Germany, England and Canada have solved the problem. Why cannot this great Republic do the same? It can and I sincerely hope that some day it will.

Sustains Jim Crow Law.

That a railroad regulation providing for the enforcement of the Jim Crow law when the train reaches the Oklahoma state line, is reasonable and legal, was the holding recently at Newkirk of District Judge W. M. Bowles, sitting in the district court of Kay county, in peremptory instructions to a jury to find against the negro bringing the suit.

The case decided was that of E. H. Adams vs. the Santa Fe Railroad. In May of last year he purchased a ticket over the Santa Fe from Hutchinson, Kan., to Newkirk, Okla. When the train reached the Oklahoma line the negro was requested to move back to the coach reserved for colored passengers as required by Oklahoma laws. The negro refused to move from the coach in which he was sitting, a coach reserved for white passengers. The train was stopped at Chilocco and the negro put off. He sued for \$10,000 damages, claiming that he was immune from the Oklahoma Jim Crow law, since he was an interstate passenger.

"The plaintiff in this case," said Judge Bowles in part to the jury, "is an interstate passenger. The question is, does this separate coach law interfere with the rights

as an interstate passenger. The United States supreme court, in an early Louisiana case, held that interstate carriers had a right to make their own rules and regulations relative to traffic. This still holds, with modifications. The Santa Fe has adopted traffic regulations, in accordance with the state law, for several reasons; the antipathy between the white and colored races is too deep and of too long standing to arise from any bias or prejudice, is probably the greatest. This regulation of separate coaches is no discrimination but merely a demarcation between the whites and blacks, made for the benefit of both. In no wise does it interfere with the rights of either, and the right of a railroad to make such regulations is, as above pointed out unquestioned."

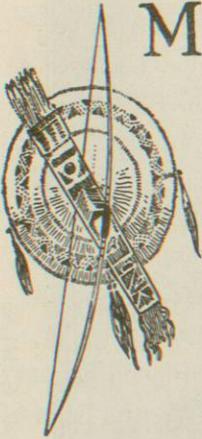
State Auditor Enjoined.

Guthrie, Okla.—Attorneys W. A. Ledbetter of Oklahoma City and J. F. McMurray of McAlester, representing George W. Choate and twenty-five other members of the Choctaw and Chickasaw tribes, recently commenced injunction proceedings in the superior court here to restrain State Auditor Trapp, the state board of equalization and the county clerks, treasurers and sheriffs of all the counties in the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations from listing for taxation or collecting taxes on allotments in those two nations.

The plaintiffs claim exemption from taxation for twenty-one years under the terms of the Atoka agreement, and assert that the bill for the removal of a restriction passed by congress last year, which purported to make them subject to taxation, was unconstitutional, that it violated the provisions of both the federal constitution and the constitution of the state which forbids the impairment of contracts.

TAUGHT SHAWNEES FORTY YEARS AGO.

Mrs. ASENATH PARKER, *Interviewed.*



MRS. ASENATH PARKER, who was matron of the Quaker Mission for Shawnee Indians at Shawnee Mission in Johnson County, Kansas, more than forty years ago, taught Bluejacket, ex-chief of the Shawnees, who, she says, was a living refutation of the old adage that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." The pioneers of that early day trusted Charles Bluejacket as they would not trust many white men, and he was a great power for good among his own people. He was educated at the Quaker Mission, which was about a half mile east of where Merriam now is.

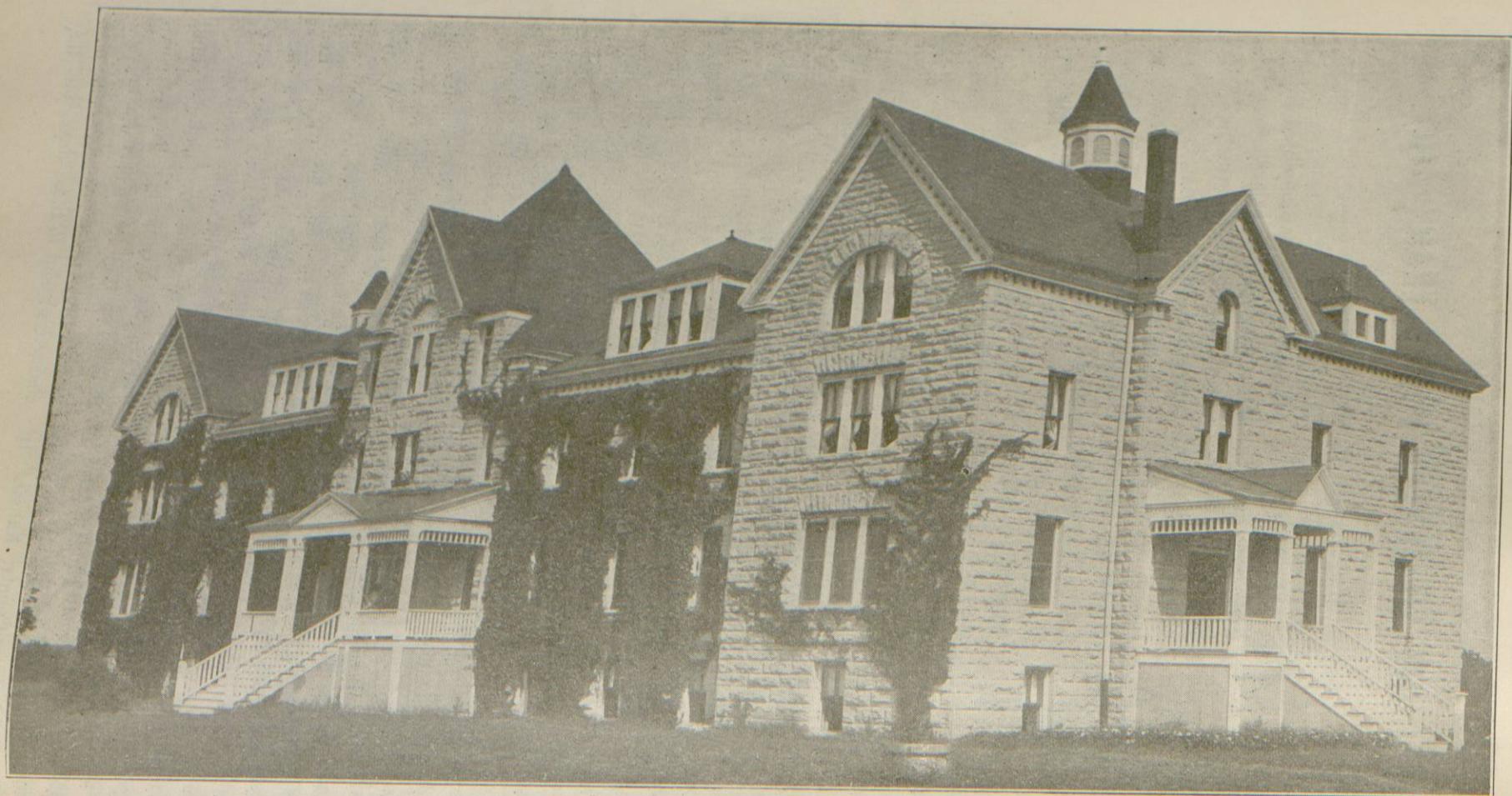
After he had been educated, Charles Bluejacket participated in the Government allotment of farms and chose one about two miles from the "Mission" and not far from the present town of Shawnee in Johnson County. Here he developed into a model farmer, but he found time to visit the "Mission" often. He would come with his Bible, and preach to the Indian boys and girls in their own tongue. Passages of the Scriptures he would translate to them. He made a lasting impression as with great earnestness and oratorical force, he urged them to follow the teachings. He was always a welcome visitor.

It was in the '50s that Elisha Parker with his wife and small children came to Kansas from Indiana with an ox team, and settled in Lyon County, Kansas. In

1865, Mr. Parker was employed by the Quakers to superintend the Shawnee Mission, and his wife was made matron. Mr. Parker died 1889, but Mrs. Parker, who is now 84 years old, recalled recently at the home of her son, C. E. D. Parker, 2900 Orville Avenue, Kansas City, Kas., many of the incidents of those days when life on the plains was new.

"I had not seen the old Mission building, which was built in 1844, since my husband and I left there more than forty years ago," Mrs. Parker said recently. "I visited it in August of this year. The old mission house, a three-story frame structure, is still standing, and I recognized it immediately, for there is little change in the house itself, except that it is very old and is showing its age. It is still occupied, however, by a market gardener. When we were there, the Mission farm included an entire section. It was worked by the Indian boys in our school, which was conducted to some extent on manual training lines, and practically supported the mission.

"The years we lived there, in 1865 and 1866, it appeared a long way to Kansas City, and was in fact ten miles. We did all our trading here, and received our mail here, so we made the trip as often as two or three times a week. I can only remember that Kansas City was a very small town, and that there were boats on the river. Westport was a half-way point between the Mission and Kansas City. Much of the road we traveled was heavily wooded, and I guess there were some bad characters about in those days, but they



HOME FOUR—DORMITORY FOR LARGE GIRLS.

never bothered us. I remember on one occasion, as we were coming into Kansas City a horseman dashed across the road in front of us at great speed and disappeared into the wood. Soon another horseman came, riding madly. When he saw us he drew up and asked if we had seen the first horseman. He explained that the man who had preceded him was a horsethief, and that he was pursuing him. I understand that they hanged horsethieves outright in those times, but it never happened in any community where I lived, although I read of it often.

"In the woods around Westport and around Shawnee Mission there were wild hogs, I remember. Some of them were very vicious. They had long tusks and were pretty ugly customers to meet single handed and unarmed. Gradually the settlers exterminated them. But one never took an excursion into the woods without thinking of this danger. There was one particularly vicious one that had been terrorizing the neighborhood and destroying crops. He was killed after a party had been organized for that especial purpose and brought into the mission and exhibited much to the relief of everybody.

"I remember the sensations which came to me when I heard the first trains go whistling up the Kaw Valley. Out in Johnson County there were no railroads, of course, because the Union Pacific was the first road to be built in Kansas. It was completed only a short time after we came to Shawnee Mission. The whistles of the flying engines that echoed through the valley sounded very comfortable and relieved our feeling of isolation.

"We had about forty Indian girls and boys at the mission. They were the orphans of the Shawnees. They ranged in age, with one or two exceptions, from 16 to 19. We taught them the English lan-

guage and all the common branches of learning. The older boys worked on the farm, and with what help we employed made the farm support the Mission.

"On the whole the Shawnees were a quiet people, cultivating the farms well and living in peace. The only race feeling appeared in the younger generation. I remember one incident that came near ending in blood. A family named Terrell occupied a part of the Mission House. In this family were several boys and one day they engaged in a quarrel with some of the boys in the Indian school over some trivial matter. Later in the afternoon, I found all the boys in the Terrell family, four or five, each armed with some sort of a firearm. The Indian boys were similarly equipped. The feeling was so high that it is certain there would have been some lives lost if I had not learned of it in time. It took a good deal of persuasion to cool down the combatants on both sides, but I finally poured oil on the troubled waters and averted a fight.

"My husband enforced the strictest discipline among the Indian boys, some of whom were as big as he. I remember that some of the Indian boys had taken a fancy to what was known as a "flying jenny," a long beam with a stump as a pivot, a sort of primitive merry-go-round.

Two of the boys would occupy each end of this beam while the others would whirl them around. The Indian boys established one of these "flying jennies" a considerable distance from the Mission in the woods. When my husband found it out he forbade them to go there. One day all of them—sixteen or seventeen in number—including our own boys, ran away to the "flying jenny." My husband went after them and brought them all back, and, one by one, gave them all

a sound thrashing. This seemed to convince them that this particular rule was made to be enforced, for they never repeated the offense."

Indians Are Increasing.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The popular idea that the American Indians are decreasing in number is dissipated by official figures showing that today there are more than three hundred thousand red men in the United States.

The increase in population of about forty thousand during the last two decades is attributed to the government's constant effort to uplift the Indian to the level of contemporary civilization. The government is not only providing this race with its powerful protection, but is providing every means for the upbuilding and enlightenment of the race, and is injecting into the Indians' daily life civilized customs and modern methods.

Three and one-third million dollars is being expended by the United States annually for the education of more than thirty thousand Indian boys and girls.

Looking to the broader and practical education of the Indian, the government is extending its system of apportioning lands. The cultivating of these allotments by the Indians, or the letting of them for short periods to white persons for farming or grazing, is a matter toward which the Indian service is directing much attention.

To encourage the industry of the Indian the government has found feasible the plan to cut down the number of approved leases on Indian allotments and thousands of Indians have become competent to conduct their own affairs free from governmental control.

During the present year the leases approved numbered about two thousand less

than during 1908. During 1909 about one thousand Indians were given the privilege of handling their own allotments, although the legal title was retained by the government.

The government officers have not been unconscious of the methods of the land speculators who would take advantage of the Indians' ignorance of business methods, and the department regards as paramount the problem of fitting the red man for managing his own allotments and for meeting the everyday situations of life in his association with the white man.

Public men whose work has brought them into close touch with the Indians are impressed with the view that the race is progressing so rapidly that eventually the government will lift its guardianship over them. Before his retirement from office former Indian Commissioner Leupp asserted that the Indians at no far distant date would reach such a standard of civilization that it would be deemed wise to abolish the Indian office.

Oklahoma Cotton.

Guthrie, Okla.—According to the report of F. W. Gist of the United States department of agriculture, made for the Oklahoma board and revised up to October 1, there will be ginned in Oklahoma this year approximately 525,000 bales of cotton from the 1909 crop, and of which number 175,000 had been ginned up to October 1.

According to Mr. Gist's estimate Oklahoma will this year realize \$40,000,000 from her cotton crop, or five millions more than was realized from the 1908 crop, although the present production will fall short about 175,800 bales.

The truth shines for all. It is hidden only from them who will not see.

CHARACTER BUILDING.

By J. H. PHILLIPS, Superintendent of Schools, Birmingham, Ala.

(Before N. E. A., Indian Education Branch.)

I WISH at the outset to disclaim any qualifications based upon experience to address the members of the Department of Indian Education. But, while I have had no experience whatever in the education of the Indian, my long experience of thirty years, in close proximity to the educational and economic problems of another backward race, enables me to realize more fully some of the difficulties encountered by those who are engaged in the noble work of uplifting a race from barbarism to civilization.

The chief weakness of our American public school system lies in the demand for uniformity. The want of flexibility and power of adjustment to the varying needs of childhood are nowhere more conspicuously demonstrated than in the application of the matter and method of the traditional school in the education of alien or backward peoples.

That school education must be adapted to the needs of the child; that the instruction in matter and method must be adjusted to the requirements of the taught, is an educational principle that has become trite from frequent repetition. I must assume that those in charge of Indian Education have been more successful in the application of this principle to the education of the Indian child, than we of the South have been in our efforts to apply it to the Negro child.

Traditional subjects and traditional methods have become so entrenched in American education, that it is difficult to secure such variations and modifications

as will effectively adjust the instruction to the capacity, the environment and the economic needs of the child. Such adjustments are impossible where the craze for statutory uniformity deadens all initiative. To subject all communities regardless of conditions to one common course, and to place all the children of the State, urban and rural, civilized, semi-civilized and savage, in one common educational mold, may be beautiful in theory, but it is unscientific and impractical.

In our democratic civilization the conception of justice is generally based upon the idea of equality. With equal rights, equal privileges and equal duties, there must be equal laws and impartial administration. This equality assumes identity of inheritance and hereditary processes; identity of intellectual and moral capacity and identity of economic needs and conditions. This misconception of equality has led to many absurd conclusions, political and educational. After centuries of contact with inferior races, we are just beginning to learn the important lesson that the Negro, the Indian and the Filipina are not merely Anglo-Saxons with colored skins. Each is the product of distinct and radically different psychological processes. The historic consciousness of each differs from that of the others, in proportion to the difference in distinctive race processes. Between the historic consciousness of the Indian child and that of his Anglo-Saxon teacher, there must be a chasm as wide as that which exists between their respective civilizations.

It will be accepted without question that the ultimate aim of all school education, whatever the race, and whatever the immediate and intermediate ends may be, is the development of character. It has required nearly twenty centuries of development to bring the Anglo-Saxon people to its present stage of civilization. Yet we indulge the Utopian expectation that a backward race without historical perspective, may in a few years be forced to span the chasm represented by these twenty centuries of evolutionary processes, and be enabled to maintain a civil and moral status equal to that attained by the older civilizations of the earth.

I assume that the development of character according to our highest American ideal is the chief function of the Indian school. In order to accomplish this result, the school must, at least in some measure, restore to the race the essential processes of development that it has lost during the long centuries of its intellectual sleep, and provide mental and moral equivalents for the evolutionary processes and race culture elements of which it has been deprived during its past history.

My experience, so far as it has any value, has convinced me of the fact that whatever is to be accomplished through the school for the uplift of our backward races, must be begun in early childhood. With the negro, this is peculiarly true, and I assume that it is also true of the Indian, and indeed of all backward peoples. In the children of these races, the period of infancy is less prolonged than it is in the children of the Caucasian race type. The child matures physically and mentally at an earlier age, and the period of acquisitiveness and of intellectual growth is correspondingly limited. These children are more mature physically than white children of the same age. But the

mental development is prematurely checked; the early closing of the brain sutures causes the arrest of brain growth and they remain throughout life mentally and morally in a state of comparative childhood.

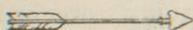
The instruction and training received after twelve or fourteen years of age generally exert little influence upon the moral character of the individual. Habits of life have become crystallized and tendencies have become established; brain development has been permanently checked and the higher faculties have become inactive. Whatever of training is received after this period is apt to remain simply as a veneer, a sort of superficial gloss. It is possible for the adult to acquire by imitation somewhat of this external culture, but invariably, in case of strain or emergency, the lower automatic habits easily break through and assert their dominion. The artificial acquirement cannot resist the force of automatic habits reinforced by hereditary instincts. The inhibitive function of the will is not strong enough to hold the active lower impulses in restraint.

It is evident, therefore, that children of these backward races should enter school relatively earlier than our white children. Kindergardens and nursery schools, as well as primary schools, should be provided at an age much lower than that usually prescribed as the minimum by our State constitutions.

It is also evident that these schools should provide practical instruction and training in moral and industrial habits; such habits must be continued so that they may become automatic before the period of brain arrest is reached.

Imitation in itself possesses little of real value at any stage of the child's development. There must be a worthy and, self-direction and purposeful effort. His ac-

tivities must at first be on the plane of the material and must deal primarily with the concrete and the objective both in matter and in method. The appeal at the beginning must necessarily be to the lower motives of self-interest, and the incentives must be such as to inspire mental as well as physical effort. In addition to this, the instruction and training should be such as to develop habits of skill and industry which may find their natural and legitimate exercise in the practical world of the individual and of the race. That education which unfits for the farm and fails to fit a man for anything else is to say the least a questionable attainment. The primary traits that the school is expected to develop are industry, frugality, thrift, self-support and self-control. These elements of character are fundamental to progress and development in those moral and civic virtues that must characterize a useful member of society and a citizen of a Republic.



THE TRAINING OF A BEAR.

ON the training of animals, Maurice B. Kirby, in *EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE* gives a graphic account of the method used, and mentions the bear as an illustration. Mr. Kirby says:

Confined in a large crate, the bear reaches permanent quarters. Immediately he is transferred to the stationary cage. A few days after the beast's arrival, the trainer calls together his assistants, and school is summarily opened by the introduction into the cage of a "choke" collar, happily named, which, after much maneuvering, is slipped over the bear's head with the aid of a long iron fork. The "choke" collar is an ingenious contrivance of tough rope, with which, by a slight movement of his hand, the trainer may choke or loose the animal at will. It takes some time to lasso the bear, for bears possess an investigating nature, and have a bad habit of tearing to pieces anything that comes near, in order that they may inspect its interior works before classifying it as friend or foe. Growl, bite, and fight as he will, ultimately human persistence prevails and the "choke"

collar coils into the thick fur about the animal's neck.

Ten or fifteen men at the other end of the rope tug the struggling bear against the bars of the cage, with his fore feet and chin sliding on the floor, as a boy drags an obstinate dog along the street by a tight rope about his neck. With Mr. Bruin's head pulled down and held hard against the floor and with his nose jammed under the iron bars of the cage, other ropes are thrown into his cell and each of the bear's feet is caught in a slip-knot. Then his legs are pulled from under him towards the four points of the compass, until he spreads out, belly flat, on the floor, like a bear-skin rug. With the animal roped into this utterly helpless position, the intrepid trainer enters the cage and cuts off the beast's claws, as close as the flesh will permit.

When the manicuring has been satisfactorily completed, an attendant passes into the cage an instrument like the punch used by train conductors to mark tickets, save that it is much larger and makes a large hole. Slipping this instrument into

Bruin's nose, the trainer cuts a round hole through one nostril. Into the bleeding circle there is clamped a metal ring, to which a long lungerope is attached, and now the beast is ready for the arena. From his legs the four slipknots are removed, the "choke" collar is loosened on his neck, and he is permitted to rise and become acquainted with the link in his nose.

There is on record the case of a bear so thoroughly lacking in logic that, after lacerating both nostrils, he even tore the link from the middle of his nose, leaving the organ in such a ragged condition that the trainer found it necessary to insert the ring in the tenderest part of his ear. With insulting impudence bruin immediately split his ear in twain, whereupon the determined trainer transferred the link to the other ear. Without pause, the self-destructive, pertinacious brute repeated the operation, thereby rendering himself practically impossible of control.

"Guess he's no account," commented the owner of the managerie, who had been watching the bear reduce himself to strips of fresh meat. "We'll have to make a cage animal out of him." A cage animal is one kept merely for show. He spends his life pacing about the little ironbarred cell in which the animals are exhibited. He is very unhappy until he reaches the time of life when food and sleep are all he wants and then he is still unhappy, as he probably has indigestion from lack of exercise. When you see an animal with his nose in rags pacing about a cage, it is probable that he refused to be "broke."

It is quite a rare case, however, when a bear does not give in after both nostrils have been punctured. When he succumbs he is taken into the arena, with two ropes trailing at his heels, one attached to the

nose-ring, the other to the "choke" collar around his neck.

Mr. Bruin now experiences the usual methods applied to beasts of his kind. He is pulled around several times in small circles by the ring in his sensitive nose, to make him understand that he is expected to waltz. If he does not understand, he is pulled around some more. In teaching a somersault, the trainer slips the rope between the bear's hind legs and, from his rear, pulls the animal's nose under his belly, until he is forced to roll over on his head. Each time this is done, the trainer prefaces the act by laying his whip on the floor at the brute's side. Finally the bear realizes that he must do a somersault whenever the whip is dropped. In wrestling, the beast is similarly governed. When he gets too rough and hugs his trainer a bit too hard, a slight jerk on the lunge-line attached to the ring in his nostrils brings him to his senses.

Unlike the elephant, which gradually grows irascible with increasing age, until he refuses to do any stunts at all, and will kill the man who tries to force him, the bear frequently dies in harness, though when he becomes stiff and senile he is employed merely to pose in a group with his mates, or to sit on a pedestal and watch younger and livelier animals go through their performances. This is also true of lions. As he grows old a lion gets lazy and spiritless.

Tigers, too, frequently grow lethargic with advancing years; but never to such a degree as the aging lion. There is always a pinch of ginger in the big striped cat. For that reason he makes a more spectacular performer than the lion, and usually a tougher proposition for the trainer.

"Love your neighbor as yourself."

DEMONSTRATION LESSON.

WHEAT AND BREAD MAKING—Before the N. E. A., Indian Education Branch, Reported by Miss ESTELLE REEL, *Secretary*.

DEMONSTRATION lessons on the subject of wheat and bread making were presented with classes of Indian children under the direction of Miss Mae McCauley and Miss Katherine L. Keck, teachers of the United States Indian School, Lawrence, Kansas.

MISS MAE MCCAULEY.

I am sure you will all agree that there is no more important subject in which a child should be instructed than in the care of health, and one of the first requisites in keeping good health is good food.

For my lesson I have selected the subjects "Wheat" and "Bread". I wish you to bear in mind that I am not a teacher of cooking but of the Fifth Grade, and, as you will observe, am of the Chippewa blood. I am a graduate of Haskell Indian Institute.

In this lesson I shall endeavor to show how practical subjects may be used in teaching reading and arithmetic. Penmanship may be taught through writing recipes and instruction in geography given by studying the crops and markets of the different states. It has always seemed to me that it would be of more value to the children if the subjects teachers use in the classroom were selected with reference to the occupations which the pupils will need to know of after leaving school instead of spending so much time teaching the height of mountains, the length of rivers, etc.

Many of the best schools of the United States consider it advisable to have the theory of cooking taught in the classroom and it would seem equally important for teachers of the Indian School Service to make this an essential part of their work, not only for girls, but for boys who are taught cooking to advantage. Teachers can begin the first year the child enters school and if the pupils are non-English speaking and the subject is "Bread," show them a piece of Indian bread and give the Indian name for bread. Then show them a piece of common bread and teach the English name "Bread," etc. Thus the foundation is laid and this work can be carried on through the grades, the teacher giving occa-

sional demonstrations by actual cooking using the oil stove in the classroom, then the pupils are ready to take up the actual cooking of meals under the Domestic Science Teacher.

Some Indian tribes use corn meal, some bean flour, others use acorn flour, but the majority of people use wheat flour for making bread.

Teacher—What grain do we get our flour from?

Pupil—We get our flour from wheat.

T. Tell the names of some of the states that raise wheat.

P. Wheat is raised in almost all the states of the U. S. but Minnesota, Kansas, N. Dakota, Nebraska, Indiana, Missouri, California and Washington are the *great* wheat producing states.

T. In what kind of soil does wheat produce well?

P. Wheat produces well in clay loam, clay, sandy soil, black loam and other soils.

T. Tell us of the preparation the ground needs before planting.

P. In this section we raise winter wheat which is planted in the Autumn. Spring wheat, however, can be raised here. For winter wheat the ground may be plowed six weeks or two months before planting as wheat does well in a compact soil. The ground should be harrowed to keep down weeds. If heavy rains fall, the ground should be disked before planting.

A riding plough is used in this section and an average of two acres a day can be plowed if the soil is in good condition and the farmer has a good team. (Pupil shows sketches of plow and harrow.)

T. Tell us how wheat is sown and the cultivation necessary to insure a good crop.

P. To sow wheat, the farmer uses a drill such as this. The wheat is poured into the drill box, from which it drops through the drill holes into the soil and is covered at the same time. This is a sketch of 8 ft. drill. With it about 10 acres per day may be sown. Wheat needs no cultivation except in very dry climates when some farmers harrow the wheat to save the moisture.

T. When is the wheat harvested?

P. At my home, wheat is harvested in the month of July. When the heads are yellow the wheat is cut and bound into sheaves like this.

Six or eight of these sheaves according to their size are put into a shock. After standing awhile it is stacked, if the farmer wishes, and later it is threshed and stored in bins, or marketed.

T. For what else beside making flour is wheat used?

P. Wheat is used for a variety of things such as stock and poultry feed, making macaroni, breakfast foods, and postum, a substitute for coffee.

T. Describe the milling, also the kind of flour we should buy?

P. Wheat is taken to the mill where it is ground into flour which is separated into different grades. It is then put into sacks or barrels and is ready for the kitchen. We can tell good flour by its creamy white color, by its gritty feeling, by the amount of water it holds, by its cakeing but slightly when squeezed in the hand.

T. How many coatings has a grain of wheat?

P. Four coatings; the hard, outside coat is called bran, the next coating contains gluten, the third consists of oil, the center is starch.

T. What are the properties of wheat?

P. The food properties of wheat are gluten, starch, oil, and minerals. The gluten builds up the tissues of the body such as blood, nerves and muscle; starch and oil make the fat; the mineral food helps in digestion and in building bone; all of these make heat and energy in the body.

T. What is gluten?

P. Wheat flour, when kneaded in water until the starch is washed out, yields a yellowish gray substance that, when moist is elastic and sticky like glue—this is gluten.

T. Write the ingredients used in making bread, also the recipe.

P. The ingredients used are milk, water, flour, salt, sugar, lard.

Write on board: 1 cup milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon salt; 1 cup water; $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon sugar; 6 cups flour; 1 tablespoon shortening; $\frac{1}{2}$ cake dry yeast.

Have all materials ready. Dissolve yeast in 2 tablespoons of luke warm water, scald milk, add shortening and seasoning, cool to luke warm and add dissolved yeast and beat in enough flour to make stiff enough to knead. Knead to distribute yeast and till no longer sticky. Put in a greased bowl and keep warm until raised to blood heat. Knead and raise again until double in bulk. Shape into two loaves. Raise and bake in a moderate oven, one hour.

T. What is yeast?

P. Yeast is a mass of tiny plants which, given the proper degree of warmth, moisture, air and food, grow and multiply rapidly producing alcoholic gas which lightens the bread.

T. Describe the plant?

P. During the growth, a bud or small enlargement starts on one side of the cell, this grows until almost as large as the original plant. If yeast is kept too long it becomes weakened and if used will make poor bread. All plants need food.

T. Tell us what food this little plant needs?

P. Its principal food is the starch of the flour. Yeast thrives in a temperature of from 70 to 90 degrees.

T. Why is yeast used in bread making?

P. Yeast feeds on the starch of the flour and grows producing alcoholic gas, which lightens the bread.

T. Why is bread baked?

P. Bread is baked to kill the ferment, to make starch soluble, to drive off gases, and to form a brown crust. It should be taken out of the pan at once and allowed to stand so it may cool.

T. Blanche may show the perfect loaf of bread and describe it.

P. The perfect loaf of bread is regular in shape, it has a crisp crust evenly browned, it tastes sweet and smells fresh and should keep for several days. (Pass the loaf around.)

T. Problems on the board which will now be explained.

1 cup milk cost	.012
6 cups flour costs	.042
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salt costs	.0001
$\frac{1}{2}$ cake yeast costs	.005
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar costs	.0008
1 lb. lard costs	.004
	<hr/>
Or about 6- $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. cost of two loaves bread.	.0639

T. A man can seed 12 acres in 1 day; how long will it take him to seed 60 acres?

P. It will take him as many days as 12 is contained times into 60 or 5 days.

T. The problems finding cost of 1 cup milk, 1 cup flour, etc., may be worked out on large sheets of paper and hung to show what pupils have done. The wheat crop at Haskell may also be worked out before class on paper.

T. In this lesson my pupils have had spelling, reading, composition, arithmetic, penmanship and geography. They have a good recipe for making bread and if we had no domestic science teacher in school, with the information I have given them they could, with a little practice, acquire skill in making bread.

T. If flour is \$2 80 per cwt., what will 6 cups of flour cost?

P. 2.80 divided by $100 = .026$ cost of lb.
 4 cups = 1 lb. flour; 6 cups = $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.
 $\$.028$ times $1\frac{1}{2} = \$.042$ cost of $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 cups of flour.

T. There are five cakes in a package of yeast. A package cost 5 cents what will $1\frac{1}{2}$ cake cost?

P. \$.05 = cost of 5 cakes.
 .05 divided by .5 = .01 cost of 1 cake.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ of .01 = .005 cost of $\frac{1}{2}$ cake.

T. Sugar is worth \$5.50 per cwt. Find the cost of $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoon of sugar?

P. 5.50 divided by 100 = .055 cost of 1 lb.
 1 lb. = 2 cups.
 .055 divided by 2 = \$.0275 cost of 1 cup.
 1 cup sugar = 16 spoons (table).
 1-16 of .0275 = \$.0017 plus cost of 1 table.
 spoon of sugar.
 .0017 divided by 2 = .00085.

T. One quart of milk costs \$.05; a cup of milk is a half pint. What is its cost?

P. \$.05 divided by 2 = .025 cost of 1 pint.
 \$.025 divided by 2 = .0125 cost of 1 cup.

T. There are 16 tablespoons in a cup of salt. If a cup of salt costs \$.006 what will $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon of salt cost?

P. 1-16 of .006 = \$.000375 divided by 2 = .0001875.

T. Lard is 15 cents a pound, find what one tablespoon of lard will cost, if there are 16 table-spoon in a cup.

P. .15 divided by 2 = .075 cost of 1 cup.
 .075 divided by 16 = .004 plus cost of 1 table-spoon of lard.

T. Class may find the cost of making the bread.

1 cup milk costs	\$.0125
6 cups flour.....	.04220
$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon salt.....	.0001875
$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon sugar.....	.0085
$\frac{1}{2}$ cake yeast.....	.005
1 tablespoon lard.....	.004
	.0645375

Total cost of two loaves of bread.

MISS KATHERINE L. KECK.

New occasions teach new duties. "Time makes ancient good uncouth," has been well said. The tepee home and the life of its inmates may have been good, but the progress of civilization is forcing the Indian from these shelters into more permanent homes, where the new duties crowd too fast for his comprehension unaided. All that is best in the life of a people centers around the home. Thus the subject of homemaking becomes of the greatest importance in our Indian training school. The Indian girl receives less training from her home environment than her white sister. We must give her the most in school, must also make her classes, training classes for the mothers as well. You have seen how the classroom teacher may use such practical subjects as "breadmaking" or other household duties to teach the English branches to Indian girls and at the same time give training which will save much time on

entering the regular classes in that work or prove of real value in the home.

Discussions of the price and value of the different cuts of meat, of vegetables, cereals and fruits, methods of keeping account of household expenses, average cost of simple furnishings, and utensils, rules of hygiene and sanitation may furnish live, interesting subjects for use in teaching reading, writing, language, spelling and arithmetic, and the facts thus gained become of equal value with the training gained through their employment.

I have charge of the domestic science department as it is technically called at Haskell Institute, the girls coming to me from the fifth grade upward.

Below this grade the work is carried on by the classroom teacher, who leads the pupil step by step to furnish a small home with the furniture and utensils necessary for cooking, eating and sleeping, considering use and price of each. She is taught the mechanism of the stove and how to control its fuel and heat in cooking the simpler foods and beverages.

With lessons on the sanitary care of food, dishes, bed clothing and sleeping room the pupil is prepared for the broader work of the Domestic Science department. Here the work includes the study of food principles, methods of cooking, digestion, cost and care of food, use and care of milk and butter, planning and serving family meals; hygiene and sanitation; and laundry work.

Classes coming in well prepared from the lower grades may advance rapidly through the daily practice in planning cooking and serving meals, caring for dairy products and laundering department linen. Effort is constantly made to cultivate adaptability; the power of making the most of the means at hand. A double boiler is a necessity in cooking cereals, and milk and egg foods over the fire, but a small sauce-pan in a larger one closely covered serves the purpose equally well. Often in call, we hear the statement: "You never showed us how to do it." The reply is, "Try to work it out from certain principles already given."

A drygoods box curtained and shelved may serve the needs of a simple household as well as a costly kitchen cabinet and the ingenuity which constructed it be developed and strengthened for further works of improvement. We find also discussions of comparative values of the greatest importance to the girls.

A girl remarked in class: "My mother says we wont have so many utensils to work with at home," meaning, of course, "We can't do so

well." Asked why they couldn't have them she said, "They cost so much." "What costs so much?" "A double boiler, for one thing." When told an ordinary double boiler costs no more than the large ribbon bow on her hair she said, "I guess its because we don't think." That must be our work to teach pupils to *think* and know real values.

Perhaps you as well as the girls will be interested considering the following study of values.

A chicken of 4½ lbs, live weight, after being bled and beheaded is 4½ lbs.; picked, 3½; feet off, 3¼; drawn, 3 lbs; boiled, 1 11-16; minus bones, skin and surplus fat, ⅔; at 10c per lb. costs, 42½ for ⅔ lb. edible flesh. Should not every house wife realize this and be able to compare its nutritive value with chuck for instance which for .48 will give 4 lbs. edible flesh for building up the body strength and tissue, and when well cooked prove thoroughly appetizing.

BREAD MAKING.

Pupil—Following our rule to have all materials and utensils ready before beginning to mix, we have here flour, milk, water, yeast, sugar, salt and lard together with the bowl, cup, spoon and pans.

Put the milk on to heat for it must be scalded to sterilize it. For two loaves of bread we take: 1 cup milk; 6 cups flour; ½ tablespoon salt; 1 cake yeast; ½ tablespoon sugar; 1 tablespoon lard.

Flour, milk and yeast are the ingredients absolutely necessary to the process, and salt, sugar and lard are used as seasoning. Yeast has been found to be the most healthful agent for lightening bread dough and is most commonly used. It is a mass of tiny plants which in a warm moist state feed on the starch of the flour and grow, producing a gas. This gas in trying to escape lightens the dough which is baked at the proper time to harden the cell walls and drive off the gas. The best bread is that which has a good proportion of gluten. Gluten as you see from this sample, washed from an ounce of flour is elastic and strong making good walls for the gas bubbles. The milk is now scalded and we pour it over the seasoning with the hot water, and cool until lukewarm, then add the dissolved yeast and beat in part of the flour, clean the bowl by working the flour down at the sides, so there will be no waste. Turn out on a floured board and knead until no longer sticky, working with a rolling motion and adding flour as needed.

Place in a greased bowl, cover, and allow it to stand until double its size, keeping it at about 78 degrees F. The sponge then looks like this and must be kneaded to work out the large gas bubbles and make it fine grained. When light

again knead lightly, until the gas in the large bubbles is distributed. Cut in loaves and when nearly light put in an oven hot enough to brown one teaspoon of flour in five minutes. When the oven is too hot a crust is quickly formed on top which presses on the air cells and causes a heavy streak; when not hot enough the air cells run together forming large holes in the center of the loaf.

Bake one hour. Brush over with milk to make a tender crust; turn out and cool quickly. Do not wrap in cloth for it gives a musty taste; keep in a tin box or earthen jar.

De Lohd Don' Caih.

De fox has a hole, an' de bird has a nes';
De Lohd had no place his haid to res'.
Fish got de watah, owl got de tree,
Niggeh dess got what de white man cain't see.
Fly eat de honey, ant eat de cake,
Niggeh des eat what de white man won't take.
But Gord made de black man, en Gord made de white,
Yessuh, Gord made dem bofe, laik de day en de night.

So de Lohd don' caih if yo' skin am dahk
Des as long as your soul's a-whitenin';
En I'se gwine to heaven on de golden ahk
Dat sails on a streak er lightnin'.

Pilate tuk watah an' wash off his han';
"De blood's on your haid of dis innocent man."
Niggeh's a sinneh, no fault er his;
White man done learn him all dat he is.
White man got brains an' de white man got talk;
White scrouge de black man right offen de walk.
But Gord made de white man, en de white man slide back,
En den Gord try again, en de bes' man was black.

Peter was proud an' his Lohd he deny:
De rooster crow free times en Peter he cry.
White man say "Howdy," en hardly say dat;
Niggeh bow p'litley an' take off his hat.
White man got money, en white man got lan';
Niggeh des got what he grab in his han'.
But Gord made de white man, en Gord made de black,
En de white man done ride on de poor niggeh's back.

But de Lohd don' caih if yo' skin am dahk,
Des as long as your soul is a-whitenin';
En I'se gwine to heaven on de golden ahk
Dat sails on a streak er lightnin'.

—Edmund Vance Cooke in *Puck*.

Since by so many trying things
One's calmness is undone,
The man who never fires up
Must be a matchless one.

MARKING THE SANTA FE TRAIL.

Special from the New York Sun.

THE last of the 100 monuments and markers along the old Santa Fe trail from Kansas City, Mo., to Trinidad, Colo., was recently unveiled at the latter place. The descendants of Kit Carson, a name that will always be associated with this once great highway of the plains over which the commerce of the Southwest passed, assisted in unveiling the monument in the center of the business district of Trinidad. Granite markers are now placed at intervals of not less than five miles along the Santa Fe trail through the states of Kansas and Colorado, and all that remains to finish the work is similar action on the part of the state of Missouri and the territory of New Mexico. Within a few years at most the work of marking the trail will have been completed from its beginning at Independence, Mo., to its end at the historic plaza at Santa Fe, N. M.

The Kansas Branch of the daughters of the American revolution inaugurated the movement several years ago. The legislature appropriated \$1,000 for the purpose, but as this was not sufficient to buy the granite monuments at the quarry in Oklahoma it was suggested that a penny collection be taken up in all the schools of Kansas on January 29, 1906, the state anniversary. This collection amounted to about \$500. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad company offered to deliver the markers free of cost to all accessible points on its line.

The enterprise was received in every county with interest and enthusiasm and generally the boards of county com-

missioners and citizens along the 500 miles of the old trail through Kansas assumed the expense of setting the monuments, thus making the money at hand furnish 89 markers between the Missouri border and the Colorado line. In addition to these there are at different points on the trail six special markers paid for by the individual chapters of Daughters or other local interests making a total of 95 from the east to the west line of the state.

The unveiling of the markers at Trinidad and El Moro, N. M., was an occasion of more than ordinary interest, as the descendants of Kit Carson participated in the ceremonies. Both unveilings were made in one day, El Moro being five miles from Trinidad. Formerly El Moro was an important point on the trail but today it is simply a collection of coke ovens operated by the Colorado Fuel and Iron company. Both El Moro and Trinidad are near the present New Mexico line, and here the trail turned south and wound across the Raton mountains, where many fights with Indians took place.

The unveiling of the monument in Trinidad near the Santa Fe railroad station took place at the edge of Kit Carson park, a tract of land given to the city by Mayor Taylor, who was one of Kit Carson's most intimate friends in frontier days. The descendants of Kit Carson who attended the unveiling were Kit Carson jr., Charles Carson and a daughter of Thomas Woods (granddaughter of the scout), all living near La Junta, Colo.,



HOME ONE—DORMITORY FOR LARGE BOYS.

and Mrs. Terquina Allen of Raton, N. M., a daughter of the trail maker.

In the pioneer days Kit Carson piloted many caravans of prairie schooners. Carson's home was at Taos, N. M., and he supervised the work of some 100 trappers, all of whom were expert shots and intrepid Indian fighters. The trapping season lasted from early fall till late spring. During these months Carson and his men would be scattered along the Rocky mountain range to the Canadian line. Then they would bring in their pelts and after cleaning them and refurnishing their outfits at Taos would take them to St. Joseph, Mo., where Carson would dispose of the furs. After their furs were sold Carson and his men would organize into detachments and "hire out" as guards on the Santa Fe trail.

It has been ascertained that in the single year 1863 there were 3,000 wagons, 618 horses, 20,812 oxen, 8,046 mules, 98 carriages and 3,070 men engaged in the freighting business along this thoroughfare, handing over 15,000 tons of freight, the estimated value of which was \$40,000,000.

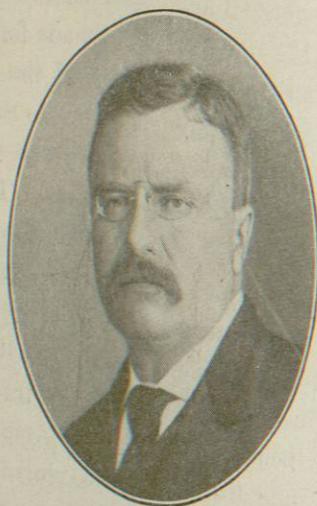
The monuments which mark the original course of the great Santa Fe trail through Kansas are not large, the majority of them standing about five feet above the ground. They are generally of red granite taken from a quarry in Oklahoma. The top of these stones are squared and bear simple inscriptions to indicate that the trail passed the place marked. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad follows this once famous highway from Ellinwood in Barton county to Cimarron in Gray county, a distance of more than 100 miles. At every station between these points a monument has been erected.

As Independence, Mo., was the point of outfit and supply to Council Grove,

more than 100 miles west, we regarded it as the real point of departure. There the trains were made up, the captains and other officers chosen and the final preparations made for the journey. The entire length of the traveled route from Independence to Santa Fe was 780 miles, 150 of which were within the present boundary of Kansas. The traders to Santa Fe, the Mormons to Deseret, the emigrants to Oregon, the gold seekers to California, the soldiers of Kearny to the Mexican frontier—all began their toilsome journey on the Santa Fe trail. It was estimated that 90,000 persons passed through Eastern Kansas during the years 1849 and 1850.

Two points of great interest on the old Santa Fe trail in Kansas are Council Grove and Pawnee Rock. The first named was the rallying point of all the wagon trains bound for the far West. Its picturesque location in the valley of the Neosho river is commented upon by every visitor. The "old bell on the hill" is still one of the monuments which mark the spot where so many councils were held during the early days of Kansas. At a very early day Col. Sam Wood bought this bell at an unclaimed freight sale of the railroad. It had been shipped from Cincinnati to a church in Lawrence, but the church people were too poor to claim it, and Wood got the bell for \$35, the amount of freight charges. It was hung up on a high stone tower on the hill and used as a general alarm bell for fire, Indian scares, political gatherings and for all the churches in the town. It was tolled on the death of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley.

The old stone tower was blown down by a cyclone and the patriotic people and school children of Council Grove contributed a stone apiece for a new tower, which was completed and on the day of



JWARN my countrymen that the great recent progress made in city life is not a full measure of our civilization; for our civilization rests at bottom on the wholesomeness, the attractiveness, and the completeness, as well as prosperity, of life in the country. The men and women on the farms stand for what is fundamentally best and most needed in our American life. Upon the development of country life rests ultimately our ability, by methods of farming requiring the highest intelligence, to continue to feed and clothe the hungry nations; to supply the city with fresh blood, clean bodies, and clear brains that can endure the terrific strain of modern life; we need the development of men in the open country, who will be in the future, as in the past, the stay and strength of the nation in time of war and its guiding and controlling spirit in time of peace.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

President McKinley's funeral dedicated to his memory.

Pawnee Rock is a great sandstone promontory which jutted out at a height of 20 feet or more upon the Arkansas bottoms just north of the present town of that name. The plain at its base was a popular camping ground on the old Santa Fe trail, while the face of the rock bore the names of countless travelers. It derived its name from the Pawnee Indian tribe. For many years this historic spot suffered at the hands of the railroad and the citizens who tore the stone away for foundations for homes and for ballast for the railroad tracks, until the Kansas Woman's Federation clubs organized a movement for its purchase and preservation. It is now owned by the state and is being converted into a park.

Only in Haskell, Grant and Morton counties, in the extreme southwestern part of Kansas, where the railroads have not ventured and settlers are few, can be seen the great trail as the early voyagers made it. Four wagon tracks run parallel in a width of 100 feet, the ruts worn by the wheels, the paths of the oxen that drew the wagon and the little ridges between. Straight as the crow flies it traverses the plain. From the very edge of the northern sky line it may be traced with the naked eye so light and dry is the atmosphere, and it is followed with the same distinctness in its march toward the southwest until it disappears over the rim of the horizon.

The Next Day It Rained.

MUSKOGEE, OK.—There have been "rainmakers" in all ages, so far as known, and they do not seem to get discouraged. The Indians have their own methods of making rain.

The Indian believes that when it gets

dry enough for the drifts in the river to burn, then it is time for a rain. Something has taught him that atmospheric disturbances cause rain to fall, though few of the Indians know what an atmospheric condition is. Neither does he know what is the answer to: Why does it rain every Fourth of July? He has an idea, however, that intense heat and lots of smoke will cause rain. Also, he knows that it is pretty dry when the river gets so low that the big drifts dry out and will burn. A big drift will make a hot fire without the trouble of gathering and piling up the timber. And it will burn and smoke many days before burning out.

One day the Night Hawks of the Cherokee Nation down on the Poteau River decided to try the old Indian method of rain-making, for they were driven to desperation by the continued drought. Up and down the river they went, setting on fire the drifts that had accumulated during the past two years. Great fires roared up from the river bed and columns of smoke black and dense rose to the heavens. The Indian "smoke talk" was pleading with the Great Spirit for rain. Incidentally these fires spread from the drifts to the woods and then to the farms. Fences and fields, dry as tinder, were burned over. It is estimated that at least \$25,000 worth of property was destroyed by the flames which got beyond control.

But the next day it rained. So, after all, the Indian rainmaker appears to be as good as any in his class. Some fields and fences were burned, but the rain came and that was what they desired.

If we are not some better than the generation that preceded us we are doing nothing to lift the world.



CHILOCCO'S FOOT BALL TEAM.

Pony Hunts On Sable Island.

From the Salt Lake Herald.

When the supply of horses runs low in Nova Scotia an expedition goes to Sable Island, rounds up a herd of wild ponies, selects the best of the lot, lassos them and transports them to the mainland and captivity. Most persons know Sable Island as one of the places where the Trans-Atlantic liners are picked up by wireless and reported and also as the place of shipwrecks, but wild horses constitute an interesting feature of it.

It doesn't fit in with one's ideas of a horse ranch, in fact, many persons think of it as a barren waste, but it has about two hundred square miles of territory and is fairly fertile. It was treeless until the Government began to plant trees there in order to make the island more conspicuous to mariners.

The ponies thrive and are a hardy lot. They prefer the open, refusing the rough shelters which persons with an eye to future profits have erected for their comfort. When a storm comes, as it does frequent-

ly, the horses gather in hollows between the sandhills and line up as if for a battle. The herd arrange themselves with the colts in the center, the mares next, then the stallions, and the master stallion of the herd in the most exposed situation.

The roping of those marked down for shipment is a hazardous task and equals a broncho busting tournament in spectacular interest. When a horse is thrown and tied he is loaded ignominiously onto a wheelbarrow and carted to a surf boat, which takes him to the Halifax steamship.

Rocky Boy and his band of Chippewa Indians, numbering about 150 braves, encamped near Bird's Eye, Mont., probably will owe their rescue from death by starvation to the promptness of Indian office officials who took speedy means to relieve the desperate plight of the red men. Some concern was felt by officials at Washington when a message came telling of the condition of the band. Ample supplies were rushed to the Indians, who for weeks had subsisted on scant herbs.

Old Indian Sees Future Man Fly.

St. Ignace, Mich.—In all this north country there is no more interesting personage than Chief Misatigo, or Santiago, as he is commonly called, the last great chieftain of the once powerful Chippewa Nation.

This old monarch of the North, now more than 97 years old, lives in his rude log cabin in a sparsely settled Indian hamlet about 10 miles from this place. At times when his mind is clear he will talk for hours about this vast domain that was the fatherland of his ancestors for many centuries.

Questioned by an interpreter as to the chief's first view of a steamboat on these waters, the old man became voluble. His eyes began to sparkle and a smile flitted over his wrinkled countenance as memories of his childhood days were lived over again. He was a young lad when Walk-in-the-water, the first steamboat on the upper lakes, made its appearance here in 1819.

The Indians were frightened when this new monster, belching forth smoke, came steaming along. Chief Santiago tells how he sought the friendly embrace of his mother. The Indians thought that the visit of this evil engine of destruction meant the annihilation of their people.

Just as the old chief was again lapsing into silence his visitors heard a buzzing sound along the road, and a red sightseeing motor car rushed by filled with a jolly crowd of tourists on their way from St. Ignace to Brevoort Lake, a noted fishing resort in the region.

"White man always want much go very fast," said the old Indian, "Canoe too slow, so he put sail on boat. Him too slow, so he make fireboat. Now fire makes wagon go much fast. Bimeby white man fly like bird. Then be happy. Go fast enough."

Train Load of Buffalo.

About 25 years ago, when it could be seen that the last of the free buffalo in the West would soon be killed out, Michael Pablo got together a small herd on his ranch in Montana and began breeding them. It was from this herd that the Canadian Government made its recent purchase of a train load of buffalo, to be bred from near Alberta. At retail a buffalo in good condition sells for \$1,000, but according to the Railroad Man's Magazine, the Canadian Government got a discount at wholesale which cut the price of the lot, 347 head, down to a quarter of a million dollars.

The train of 23 cars in which they were moved had a separate stall for each buffalo and every thing which belongs to the palace stock car, but in spite of this, one animal died from bursting a blood vessel in attempting to escape, and a calf also died from the exhaustion of the journey. The animals were still untamed and much harder to handle than on some ranches in the Southwest, where the experiment is being made of crossing them to produce new breeds of cattle.

It is said that on the Pablo ranch it wears out a horse to round up a buffalo, but even if this is the case, the retail price of \$1000 each would be enough to explain why there are now no wild buffalo known to be left outside of ranches and Government reservations.

Find Giant Molar.

Bliss, Okla.—W. J. Braiser is showing a most interesting relic in the shape of a mammoth tooth. It is the molar of some prehistoric animal and measures seven inches in length, four inches in diameter and twenty inches in circumference. The roots were three in number and measured seven inches in length. The

tooth was in a good state of preservation and showed a piece of jaw bone held between two of the roots. From amateur calculations, considering the animal to have four of these teeth on each side of the jaw, it would require a jawbone of about thirty-six inches in length and nine inches deep for the animal.

This would probably make the head four feet and a half long, two feet wide and two and a half feet tall. Prof. C. N. Gould will soon go to Bliss, where the tooth was found, and try to discover further traces of the animal that once owned the giant molar.

Quiniault Indians' Fisheries.

From the Tacoma Ledger.

The Quiniault Indians deserve praise for the efficient and far seeing methods adopted in the management of their fisheries. They have learned the lesson taught by their white brethren that if the salmon is to be conserved the fish must be permitted to go up stream to the spawning grounds. This year the Quiniaults adopted a rule under which they kept a runway in the stream free from nets, and many thousands of "blue-back" were seen to pass up the stream. Heretofore the nets have been set promiscuously and no attempt was made to conserve the fish.

But even with a runway kept open the Indians enjoyed the greatest catch in the memory of old men of the tribe this year. The 120,000 salmon caught had a value of about \$45,000 and of this sum \$24,000 will go to the heads of thirty families. That is \$800 to the family, a sum sufficient to provide well for an Indian family a year.

An Indian as an Orator.

Mohonk Lake, N. Y.—A full blooded Indian, Robert D. Agera, a graduate of

Haskell Institute, addressed the Lake Mohonk Conference tonight on "Life After Graduation." He spoke in perfect English and his description of the October morning when he started for the institute in Lawrence, Kan., a journey which marked the turning point in his life and to his mind symbolized the beginning of a new era for his people, was accorded the closest attention by the distinguished audience.

"When we left the beautiful shores of our native Michigan," he said, "the end of the season was at hand. Frost and the autumn sun had painted the woods and shores with red and purple and gold, intermixed with evergreen, and these were doubled in the surface of the clear waters of the bay. All of the leaves of the forest and the waves upon the shores seemed bidding us good-by. In fact, it was not simply the end of the season at our home, but it was the end of a very marked period in our lives, the end of the old and the beginning of the new. I went down to the Indian school and arrived there tired and filled with wonderment and joy."

The INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL, published at Chilocco, presents some very interesting features this month both from a literary and a mechanical point of view. It begins the publication of a series of papers relating to the Indian Education work read before the N. E. A. last summer. There is also an interview with Mrs. St. John, wife of our Kansas ex-Governor, in regard to her story, soon to appear, of her cousin, Chief Quannah Parker. There is also a picture of the chief as well as several other cuts showing views from the school including the JOURNAL office.—The Southwestern Collegian.

Des Do The Bes' Ye Kin.

Aw don't ye be discouraged!
 Ah think it is a sin,
 A-findin' fault about yourse'f—
 Des do de bes' ye kin!
 De sparrer's des a sparrer,
 De crow he am a crow,
 An' Mister Blue Jay sing de song,
 'At Mister Blue Jay know.
 Brer Rabbit ain't no possum,
 De squ'rl am proud to be
 His ownse'f's chipper person,
 Says, "Who is spry as me?"
 De Lord can't make all roses,
 Nor daisies in de grass,
 He got to make some turnips
 An' other garden-sass.
 Ah think you're beau'ful, honey,
 Your singin's grand to me.
 It fills ma eyes wif teardrops,
 Ma heart near burs' wif glee.
 Ah loves yuh as ye are, dear,
 Ah think it is a sin,
 A-findin' fault about yourse'f—
 Des do de bes' ye kin!
A. M. S. in New Thought Magazine.

Application and Persistence.

From the Sherman Bulletin.

The visit to Sherman of our President brings forcibly to our minds the greatness of his office as Chief Executive and the greatness of the man to be able to fill this position of stupendous responsibility.

If one analyzes the characteristics which have brought this remarkable man to this position of pre-eminence of course one immediately says, a fine mind, the cultivation of knowledge, the art of diplomacy, and honesty of purpose, but, best and greatest of all, that he stands for right in the community and for the best interests of the country at large. Then do you stop to ask yourselves what personal qualities were paramount in his achievement of these admirable results, and we would be willing to wager that, given the fine mind with which to work, application and persistence were the most potent forces in the result. From boyhood you would

find that he has applied himself to his duties, and whatever tasks were allotted to him, and the result is colossal.

When you children here at Sherman see a man like our President you may say to yourselves that he began life a child, in that respect, at all events, like yourselves; that at no period of his youthful career did either he or his parents dream of the great honors and accomplishments which were to be his but that through honesty of purpose, integrity, application, and persistence he attained these splendid results. Therefore do not imagine that by these same qualities you may become our President, but let it illustrate to you that by these qualities, and these qualities alone, he has achieved this mighty success, and that in proportion as you have good minds and good bodies you, too, may achieve fine results by application and persistence; for, given a good mind, you can accomplish nothing without them.

The year's exchanges have begun to come to our table and our students would do well to avail themselves of the instruction to be gained by their perusal. It is by a friendly critical reading of our neighbors' publications that we shall learn what to avoid and what to emulate. It is by the interchange of ideas afforded by the college publications that the various student bodies are stimulated to symmetrical improvement. Isolation results in stagnation and permits the development of unwholesome idiosyncrasies. Contact smoothes off the rough edges of conceit and produces that wholeness and well-balanced mental poise which characterizes one who is truly educated.—*Cotner Collegian.*

Today is a flower of which yesterday was the bud and tomorrow will be the fruit.

THE CONCORD GRAPE.

By C. O. PRESTON, *Nurseryman. Chilocco, Okla.*

OF all the kinds of fruit that make glad the heart of man there is none so easily grown with such small expenditure of time and money as the grape. Then are hundreds of varieties of this fruit, including early, late and all the way between—green, white, yellow amber, red, purple and black.

The Concord, one of the oldest of the cultivated varieties is large, round, black, with a bluish bloom. Bunches are large, shouldered and moderately compact. When picked from the vines it is juicy and delicious, but to obtain the finest flavor it is best to pick and put away in a cool place or in cold storage, when it may be kept for several months. It is suited to almost any climate and soil of the United States, is easily propagated from cuttings, is a free grower and a young and heavy bearer.

Young vines may be obtained from nurseries at a cost of about 3c to 5c each, or may be grown by layering or from cuttings. They should be planted in the fall, November or December, in the south, and in the early spring in northern sections, in rows ten feet apart, eight feet apart in rows. Thorough cultivation should be given and the weeds and grass kept out from around the plants. All except one of the sprouts should be removed and this tied up to a small stake, or if wire is put up in the spring of the planting a small stake may be driven in the ground near the crown of the plant and a string tied from this to the wire,

then the young vine trained up to the wire. It is better not to plant than to allow the vines to be on the ground and overgrown by grass and weeds. The young vines, well cared for in rich soil, will attain a length of from two to six feet the first season. This should be tied to a 2-wire trellis, running from the ground straight to the top wire, then the balance of the vine removed. The second year, allow one of the young vines to remain running from the main trunk each way along the wire. Each succeeding year leave a young vine to run each way from the main trunk, on each wire, removing the old vine in every case, so that there will be no surplus of old wood for the plant to feed as this decreases the vitality of the vine. This is known as the Knif-fen system of pruning. The pruning should be done as soon after the leaves fall as possible and never in late spring. The length to leave the side arm depends altogether on the vitality of the plant, but should never be left longer than to meet the next vine. They should not be more than 2½ or 3 feet the third and fourth years after planting, but may be gradually increased after that until at about six or eight years from planting, when they should be long enough to meet.

The rows should run north and south and the trellis should be as durable as possible, as Concord vines handled as above will last from thirty to fifty years, depending on the soil and climate.

The News at Chilocco

School work seems to be moving forward smoothly and efficiently. Every class seems in earnest and Mr. L. Odle, principal, is much pleased as are the teachers. The school spirit shown this term is quite marked.

The Sequoyah Society, which meets in the library, has the following officary: President—William Burns; vice president, Vanhorn Flyingman; secretary, Frank Larvier; sergeant-at-arms, Albert Yava; assistant sergeant-at-arms, John McKee.

Miss Kate Miller, school cook, has returned from her vacation, Mrs. Bent, her substitute while absent, retiring.

The effect of steady work and plenty of it is shown in all departments of this school. Earnestness and not frivolity is the prevailing spirit.

There is much interest felt here in the organization of the Y. M. C. A. (Young Men's Christian Association.) Its officers are: President—James Miles; vice president, Clayton Dickson; secretary, *pro tem.*, A. M. Venne; treasurer and corresponding secretary, J. H. Smith. Mr. Venne is the advisory member of the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. (Young Woman's Christian Association) is moving forward nicely. The following are the officers: President—Jessie Rogers; vice president, Inez Denny; secretary, Emily Goslin; treasurer, Blanche King; pianist, Nettie Tasso.

Tennis was "all the go" during moonlight nights recently.

Misses M. Phillips and Rose Dougherty are fully reconciled to their exchanged homes. Now the younger girls are all together at Home Three, and the boys at Home Two.

The Soangetaha Literary Society is equipped with the following officers: President—Samuel Durant; vice president—John Pamboga; secretary—George McClelland; asst. secretary—Geo. Foster; treasurer—Isaac Battleyou; sergeant-at-arms—James Riley; asst. sergeant-at-arms—Lemuel Spicer. The Society meets in the Third Grade school room.

Quite two hundred people passed through THE JOURNAL office on Thursday, Oct. 28, the day of the great game of foot ball between Tonkawa and Chilocco.

Assistant Carpenter John Washburn is arranging for his family to move here, being temporarily provided with a home in Arkansas City.

Among the many Tonkawa visitors to Chilocco for the football game between the Preps. and our boys, were E. Myers of the *Chieftain* and R. C. Whinery of the *News*. Both gentlemen were lavish of praise for THE JOURNAL and its office.

Harry Mellon, of Kansas City, is visiting his father, Assistant Farmer Otis Mellon. This son has been with a grocery firm in Kansas City five consecutive years.

Wm. Moses, assistant engineer, has left the school. His address is Grayling, Michigan.

The following are the officers of the Hiawatha society; President—Mary Davis; vice president—Emily Goslin; secretary—Martha White Spirit; treasurer—Flora Packard; sergeant-at-arms—Carrie Elk; pianist—Vera Hammond; programme committee—Miss Golden, Margaret Beauregard, Monona Wise.

A. J. Dent, representing "The Miehle" press company, gave us a call Oct. 27. He was in this section to erect a press for the Coryell Printing Co. of Arkansas City. Mr. W. F. Scott, of Junction City, Kansas, has joined this firm, adding long experience and a linotype machine. The firm constitutes one of the best printing concerns west of Chicago.

The Domestic Science detail, one of the most interesting, instructive and useful departments of the school, has about forty girls in its detail—twenty each on alternate days. Miss Martha S. Pittman is the teacher.

Superintendent Wise is a good hunter, and generally brings down a duck if he sees one. There are some eight employees having guns, and shooting quite frequently begins before day light. Geese are flying nightly. As Senator Ingalls once said: "Triangles of wild geese harrow the blue fields of the sky."

Miss Fanny Miller, from Kansas City, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Mary M. Dodge.

Lyle Wise rides to school in Arkansas City daily on a new bicycle.

Rev. F. R. Wright spent a few days here in October, conducting evangelistic services.

The Minnehaha Literary Society has the following named officers; President—Clara Peck; vice president, Mary Nicholson; secretary, Inez Denny; treasurer, Esther Davis; sergeant-at-arms, Blanche King.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Preston on the morning of October 22, 1909, a daughter. Mr. Preston is nurseryman of the school, and has a most interesting family of lovable children.

The girls of the domestic art department are now busy making work dresses.

Mrs. Emma Long, in charge of the mending room, has had temporary charge of the domestic art department also.

Mr. Jacob Leukens, our harness and shoe maker, is now busy making 12 new sets of harness for the school.

Painter John Heydorf, and his detail are working at Home One, painting the wood work.

The bakery boys are working hard now-a-days, as the attendance is increasing daily.

Herbert King, a former student here, recently brought his brother Elmer with him to attend school. Herbert, is always a welcome visitor.

The students in Agriculture under Miss Broad are taking some practical lessons in budding in the Chilocco Nursery. They manifest great interest in the work and some of the more advanced expressed a desire to learn it thoroughly so that they could top-work trees in their own orchards. We think that this is a good idea even for those who do not see their way to take the nursery course, and the nursery department is open to all those who are in earnest about the propagating of plants.

Ralph P. Stanion, principal of Rosebud boarding school, succeeds Dr. Jacob Breid as Superintendent at Otoe, Okla. Dr. Breid goes to the Indian Office at Washington. Chilocco will miss him as a neighbor. Mr. Stanion gave the JOURNAL a call en route the 20th of October.

Miss Kate Miller has returned from her vacation, which she spent in St. Louis. While there she witnessed the centennial celebration of that city, which was a gorgeous affair. All are glad to see Miss Miller back again at the school.

Wheat on this reservation looks fine—never better. There is a good strong stand.

Plowing has been pushed and headway is being made on this great farm of 9,000 acres. The practice of the farm department is to plow corn land in the fall, and disk it in the spring. This results in a much better crop than on the farms of our neighbors, who only lisk their land before planting.

Gardener B. M. Wade mourns the partial loss of his Irish potato crop which would have been 5,000 bushels but for high water. As it is he has secured about 1,500 bushels. This added to 940 bushels of sweet potatoes and 6,000 pumpkins, will help out in the dining room this winter, though about eight to ten bushels of sweet potatoes are consumed daily, the Indian children liking them very much.

The annual rabbit hunt is being seriously talked up. Gardener B. M. Wade says the sweet

potato field is alive with rabbits, as they eat the roots in preference to any other food. One year he says the school killed 500. It would be a great treat, easily secured, to have a rabbit feast for all.

The farm detail is now largely occupied in hauling stone to the crusher from the quarry for the tunnel and new school foundations.

Everything connected with the home life of Chilocco is scrupulously clean even to appearance of the various details. The dining room, under Miss Florence T. Snyder, and the kitchen under Miss Kate Miller, are always marvels of cleanliness and order.

Harry Carner, leader of Chilocco's band, reports all his instruments thoroughly overhauled and excellent progress being made. Everything is in good shape.

John Washburn, assistant carpenter, had a bolt pushed through his hand while steady-ing forms in the tunnel. It made a ragged and painful wound, but like other members of that detail, he does not give up, and stands by the job.

The Chilocco football boys ate supper at the Domestic Science the night after the big game with Tonkawa.

Mrs. Pittman's music pupils gave a recital Thursday evening, Oct. 28, at 7:30 P. M. No visitors were present for it was a first appearance and an experiment. The experiment was a success and they will occur once each month hereafter.

Miss Caroline F. Woolfly is absent on vacation at Los Angeles, Calif.

Louis Roy, assistant at the Print Shop, has gone to his home at Sisseton, South Dakota.

The book of estimates for 1911 for the Indian bureau at Washington, is being printed at this office and is well under way.

Hunting is good here abouts. Ducks, rabbits, etc., vary the diet of all.

The domestic science girls have begun serving meals. At present the seniors are getting breakfasts and the juniors, dinners. Pies, cakes, cookies, bread, etc., can be bought daily at the domestic science building at 5 o'clock p. m.

Construction.

Two important works are being constructed at Chilocco, one a tunnel, 900 feet long, built of concrete, 4x4 feet inside measurement, the upper part forming a sidewalk. This tunnel will contain, when finished, the steam pipes for heating some of the principal buildings, the high pressure

pipes for cooking, and the wires for lighting. Work has been going forward on this fine conduit for about thirty days, and it is estimated that 60 per cent of the total work is done. The lowest contract price offered was \$3,900. Allowing \$1.50 per day for labor the estimated cost of the job would be, by the school, about \$2,400, but as the labor costs nothing, of course the expense will be much less. For over five years this tunnel has been talked of.

The other important work is the new school building. There have been placed by the school some 400 feet of footings, concrete, 3x1 feet in dimensions. This job has been done incidental to the tunnel work, as after the forms for the tunnel walls have been filled they must have time to set, or harden.

These important structures are being pushed, to the limit by the Superintendent and every available hand is used. Superintendent of Industries O. G. Carner, is also constantly "on the job," together with Engineer Carruthers and some of his assistants. Cold weather threatens, but so far the work has been carried on in fine weather, excepting four or five days.

"Roney's Boys."

A wonderful revelation came to most of the inhabitants of Chilocco when "Roney's Boys" came and sung to this great Indian school way out on these western prairies of Oklahoma. It would be difficult for so conservative a journal as this is to do justice to this marvelous company without seeming exaggeration. There were five boys and Mr Roney himself, who is the pianist. The five boys have unbroken voices which have been trained to the limit of possibilities through modern musical knowledge and practice.

The motive back of this organization is not money-making—that rolls in unthought of. We quote from a circular which is true, every word of it:

"To delight, to stimulate, to educate, to create and to gratify a taste for the highest forms of secular and sacred music, the compositions of the master mind—this has been the constant aim, and without these high ideals financial failure and disintegration would have followed. And to do a musical "missionary work," to show to lads and to their parents and friends as well, the possibilities that might lie in their own voices, through higher cultivation, has been not the least of our purposes."

To our readers let us say: If you live within access of a town where Roney's boys sing, go and hear them. It will be a pleasant memory as long as you live.

Foot Ball.

With a crippled team, Captain Goodfox being confined to the school hospital suffering from the injuries of his leg, and Quarterback Williams going into the game with the use of one arm only, on October 23rd Chilocco defeated the strong Independence Business College team, which is made up entirely of "Old College Stars," by the score of 12-3. The line-up was as follows:

Center, Ironbear; R. guard, Flores; L. guard, Miles; R. tackle, Tellamontes; L. tackle, Dickson; R. end, Eaves; L. end, Nacho; quarterback, Williams; R. halfback, Taylor; L. halfback, Perico; fullback, Shorthorn.

Dickson and Eaves who participated for the first time this season in a regular game starred for Chilocco. Nacho did well at end considering that it was his first experience in that position.

Football is at high tide all over the country and Chilocco is no exception. Snowed under with work in the construction of a huge tunnel and the erection of the school building, nevertheless at three o'clock Thursday afternoon, October 28th, Superintendent Wise ordered all class and other work stopped that every one connected with the school might witness one of the greatest football games ever played at Chilocco. The game was with the strong University Preparatory School team of Tonkawa, Okla. A special train over the Santa Fe brought the team and 300 followers, including the school band, over 200 students with President Alley and his staff. At 3:15 our pupils led by the band, marched in military style to the athletic field and occupied the southend of the grand stand where they were seated in an orderly manner.

While this was being done, the Tonkawa rooters and band assembled on the north end of the grandstand. Then the cheering commenced. With yells and songs prepared for the occasion, under the direction of Mr. Venne, our boys and girls opened up in a manner that would have done justice to Harvard and Yale. The Tonkawa rooters let out their songs and yells, but only to be drowned by the well organized rooting of the Indians. At 3:30 the teams trotted on to the field, first Tonkawa, then the Indians. After a little warming up by both teams the game started. In less than three minutes play Capt. Goodfox, from the 45 yard line, made a beautiful drop-kick and the score was 3 to 0 in favor of Chilocco.

After a few minutes more of play Dickson was pushed over the line for a touch down and Goodfox kicked the goal, making the score 9-0. Chilocco kicked off and Tonkawa tried a forward

pass which hit the ground and Taylor recovering it ran 55 yards for the second touch down. Good fox kicked the goal, making the score 15-0.

Shortly before the end of the first half Dickson was again shoved over the line for the third touch-down, and Goodfox again kicked the goal making the score 21-0. Between halves the regiment led by the band paraded on the field to the tune of "Old Chilocco," while the Tonkawa rooters trotted in a "snake formation" on the gridiron.

In the second half with the loss of Capt. Goodfox and others, the team was considerably weaker. This and the grand rally of the visitors, which was a beautiful example of stick-to-itiveness, got for them a touch-down, but failed to kick goal. This made the score 21 to 5, and no more scoring was done. The Indians played a defensive game and punted the ball out of danger every time they got it.

The Chilocco line-up was as follows: Jones, Center, Miles and Ironbear, guards; Dickson and Tellamonts, Tackles, Eaves and Nacho, ends; Taylor and Goodfox, halfbacks; Williams, Quarterback, Shorthorn, Fullback. The feature of the game was Captian Goodfox's drop-kick from the 45 yard line which sailed up in the sky, passing at least 25 feet above the cross bar and was good to go over ten yards more. Dickson's line plays were very effective also. Jones's punting in the second half helped to put the ball in the enemy's territory very frequently.

Officials were Head, Southwestern, referee; Winslow, Brown, umpire; Leishman, Oklahoma, umpire; Dodge, Chilocco, head lineman; Odle, Chilocco, timekeeper.

ITEMS.

Immediately after supper Tuesday and Wednesday, Mr. Venne had all the students assemble in the "gym," and on the grand stand, for the purpose of rehearsing songs and yells which were gotten up for the great Chilocco-Tonkawa game here Thursday, October 28th. The boys and girls did not do as well at rehearsal as they did when the time of the contest came, and they saw their football heroes on the field. Then every one opened his and her mouth in cheering and singing their team to victory.

Who says we have "no school spirit"? The next game, and the last game of the season here, is to be on November 5, with The Central State Normal School of Edmond, Oklahoma. Edmond has one of the strongest teams in this part of the country and the game promises to be an interesting contest. Chilocco will have to do some very good playing if we wish to win this game.

A Family Lost in a Desert.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., Oct. 22.—Some where in the desert of San Diego County a family is lost. All efforts to learn the identity of the family have failed. Aside from the rumor that they were from some of the coast towns and had started across country with three horses and a wagon toward the Imperial Valley there is no clew as to whence they came or to what point they are bound.

Reports today from miners tell of the terrible sufferings of the family as evidenced by the trail they have left across the desert. They have been traced to within a comparatively short distance of the west side of the main irrigation canal. But whether they found the water or gave up and turned back almost within sight of it and were guided further away into some of the illusive canyons and arroyos with which that country abounds has not been learned. Some of the torments along the winding journey from the point where the outfit was lost, five miles east of Cariso Creek, are told by T. H. Kellogg, a mining man, who followed the trail to the point where it disappeared.

When the three horses refused to go further over the burning sands and one fell, dying, the man had unhitched the two horses from the wagon, and leading the staggering animals, followed by his suffering family, had set out across the rocky hills and parched, sandy plains. There was every evidence of extreme suffering. Kellogg says the family stopped for rest with ever increasing frequency and their uncertain trail showed that they must have been growing very weak.

CHICAGO, Oct. 22.—Miss Bertha Dougherty, a Chicago school teacher, who read today of the family lost and believed to be perishing in the California desert said tonight that she believed that the ill-fated sufferers were her brother, Jay Dougherty of Santee, Cal., his wife, Cora, and their three children, Lois, 10 years old; Robert, 6, and Elizabeth, 8 years old.