



THE INDIAN SCHOOL JOURNAL



CHILOCCO



OKLAHOMA

January 1911

A Magazine Printed By Indians

The Indian School Journal

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CONTENTS:

EDITORIAL COMMENT:

Parcels Post—Preventing Liquor Licenses	Aviation Record	How	
Best to do it—Indians Love to Sing	- - - - -		3-5
Lake Mohonk Conference—Addresses "The Way Out," by EDGAR A. ALLEN, Supervisor; "The General Reorganization of the Five Tribes Schools," by J. B. BROWN, Assistant Supervisor	- - - - -		5-9
The Disciplinarian, by FRANK E. BRANDON, in charge of Kiowa Sub-Agency			9-10
Canada's Indians, from the <i>Southern Workman</i>	- - - - -		11-12
The Good-Medicine Tree, by MR. JUSTIN HARSHA, in the <i>Southern Workman</i>			13-18
Indian in Statuary (Illustration)	- - - - -		17
Memoirs of a White Indian, from the <i>Youth's Companion</i>	- - - - -		19-25
Illustrations	- - - - -		20-22-26
Sentiments (Colored Insets)	- - - - -		27-30
"Liquid Damnation" Barred	- - - - -		31-32
Some Facts About Oklahoma	- - - - -		33-34
Wild Animals in National Park	- - - - -		35
Canadian Indians Hunt Buffalo	- - - - -		37-38
The Mohave-Apache Indians, by SUPT. TAYLOR P. GABBARD, in <i>Native American</i>	- - - - -		39
Locating Indian Battle Fields	- - - - -		41-42
Cynthia Ann Parker's Reburial, from the <i>St. Louis Globe-Democrat</i>			43-46
The Great Chief Red Cloud, by DR. THOS. A. BLAND, in <i>Chicago Tribune</i>			47-49
The News at Chilocco	- - - - -		50-54

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Parcels Post. We believe one of the most desirable measures ever introduced in Congress is the bill providing a parcels post, that is, requiring the Post-office Department to carry and deliver packages at a reasonable rate. Under the proposed law, it would be possible to send parcels under four pounds weight anywhere in the country for 12 cents a pound, while on the rural routes packages weighing up to eleven pounds could be dispatched at the same rate. This is the international parcels post rate. While *THE JOURNAL* believes, however, that ultimately no business whatever will be transacted by the Government which the individual citizen can do, under present conditions, the parcels post will be a great boon to the people. The experience of other countries, particularly Great Britain, shows that such a law is of the greatest good to the greatest number and works injustice to none.

Preventing Liquor Licenses. *THE JOURNAL* is under obligations to U. S. Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, for copies of two bills introduced by him in the Senate, one of which provides that no license for the sale of intoxicating liquors or beverages, nor for their manufacture, shall hereafter be issued by any officer of the United States to operate within the limits of any State prohibiting the sale or manufacture thereof. The other bill provides that no common carrier shall hereafter ship into any State alcoholic liquors or beverages, where the laws of such State forbid the manufacture or sale thereof. This latter bill provides also punishment for a violation of the proposed law, of every officer, agent, or servant, of such common carrier taking part in such shipment or delivering the same to the consignee, by imprisonment for not less than one year for each offense. This will greatly aid the enforcement of prohibitory laws. As a nation we have been receiving large sums for permits to sell prohibited articles in prohibition states, which is to say the least an anomaly in government. The best people of the country, we believe, and particularly the officers and employees of the Indian Service will commend Senator Owen for his consistency in trying to defend his State, with its large Indian population, from the encroachments of a purely mercenary system which tends to nullify the laws of the commonwealth which he represents.

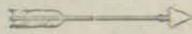
Aviation Record. They have been having a meeting of expert aviators (men who fly by machinery) at Los Angeles, Calif., and the Wright Bros., an American firm, have won the record for attaining the greatest height, which is officially reported at 11,474 feet, or over two miles. This was accomplished by an employee of the Wrights named Arch Hoxsey, in a gale of wind said to have been moving forty miles an hour. The flight was witnessed by 75,000 people, and the machine was landed at the place it started, after being in the air over two hours. He left

the ground at 1 o'clock and at 2:45 began his descent. This specific statement is made to show the great progress which is being made in the art of flying, which is only an art and can hardly be classed yet with the utilities. Like many other of our useful things which are first a novelty or a luxury, they soon become a necessity, and this will undoubtedly be the case with these flying machines. The need will develop the way. The death of Mr. Hoxsey in a subsequent flight is but an incident in the progress of events, unfortunate and terrible as it is. The road to success with all great inventions is strewn with the wrecks of their progenitors, physical and financial.

How Best To Do It. The proposition of how to do a thing best and quickest comes to every man. If a load is to be lifted, the best and quickest solution of that problem is to get under the load and lift to the best of your ability. Theorizing how best to do it, will not move a pound, and often leads into error. Take hold with both hands, and something must "give." That is the resolute way of tackling a problem. The folly of theorizing while action waits is the reason of so many failures in life. The story is told of an English king who summoned a class of friends, and propounded the following: "Why is it that an apple dropped from the top of a mast on a moving vessel will fall upon the deck some distance from the foot of the mast, which is perpendicular?" The whole nation went to work at the problem. Pamphlets were written and printed upon the subject. Lectures were delivered involving the philosophy of the thing. But one practical fellow had the temerity to ask, does it do that? Upon a practical test the apple was found to fall at the foot of the mast and not away from it. The Indian problem, so called, is best solved by getting very close to the man you want to help. A day's work alongside an Indian is worth a year's theory as to his nature, his wants and in acquiring a knowledge of how best to help him. For nearly three hundred years we tried to convince him by force that our way is the best. That method failed. Then for a number of years and until recently we went to the other extreme and the Indian was delighted and even amused. He will accept all the money, all the land and all the rations we choose to give him, and be contented and peaceful. Now we are beginning to realize that we have not yet touched the right spot. Experienced Indian employees believe that the Indian has yet to be taught the simple fact that labor brings reward. There is not an Indian boy or girl in any school who will not labor long and hard if the reward is in sight. It must not be so remote as that bread cast upon the waters will return after awhile. The "return" must be a present and visible one. Hold up a silver dollar to an Indian boy and he will cheerfully and happily labor a week for it. All the sermonizing and theorizing in the world could not get him to do that. And when he learns how to do in one day what before took him a week to do, and at the end of that day his half dollar is given him, you have struck a well-defined trail leading to a solution of the Indian problem.

Indians Love to Sing. The various meetings at our Indian schools where song forms a part of the exercises, are a revelation to many people. The Indian youths sing most heartily, in excellent time, and with a spirit and vim that is remarkable. When we recall Shakespeare's assertion that a man without music in his soul is fit for

treasons, stratagems and spoils, it is refreshing to think that our Indian wards are none of these. And as we turn from the school room with its hymns and patriotic airs to the Indian camp, and listen to the native music of the older Indians, we feel how great the progress which has been made in the direction of leading the Indian youths to travel the white man's road. There are instances of exceptional efficiency after training. Many Indians are in bands, opera troupes and others in concert companies. There is certainly music in the soul of the red man, indicating a well of harmony, the source of all that we esteem of social goodness. "Time" seems absent in the child fresh from the tepee, but it is but a few days when they learn to keep step, and from that time forward the progress is rapid in their development. Indian teachers would do well to cultivate the musical inclinations of their pupils.



LAKE MOHONK CONFERENCE.

[The following addresses were delivered at the Lake Mohonk Conference.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

THE WAY OUT.

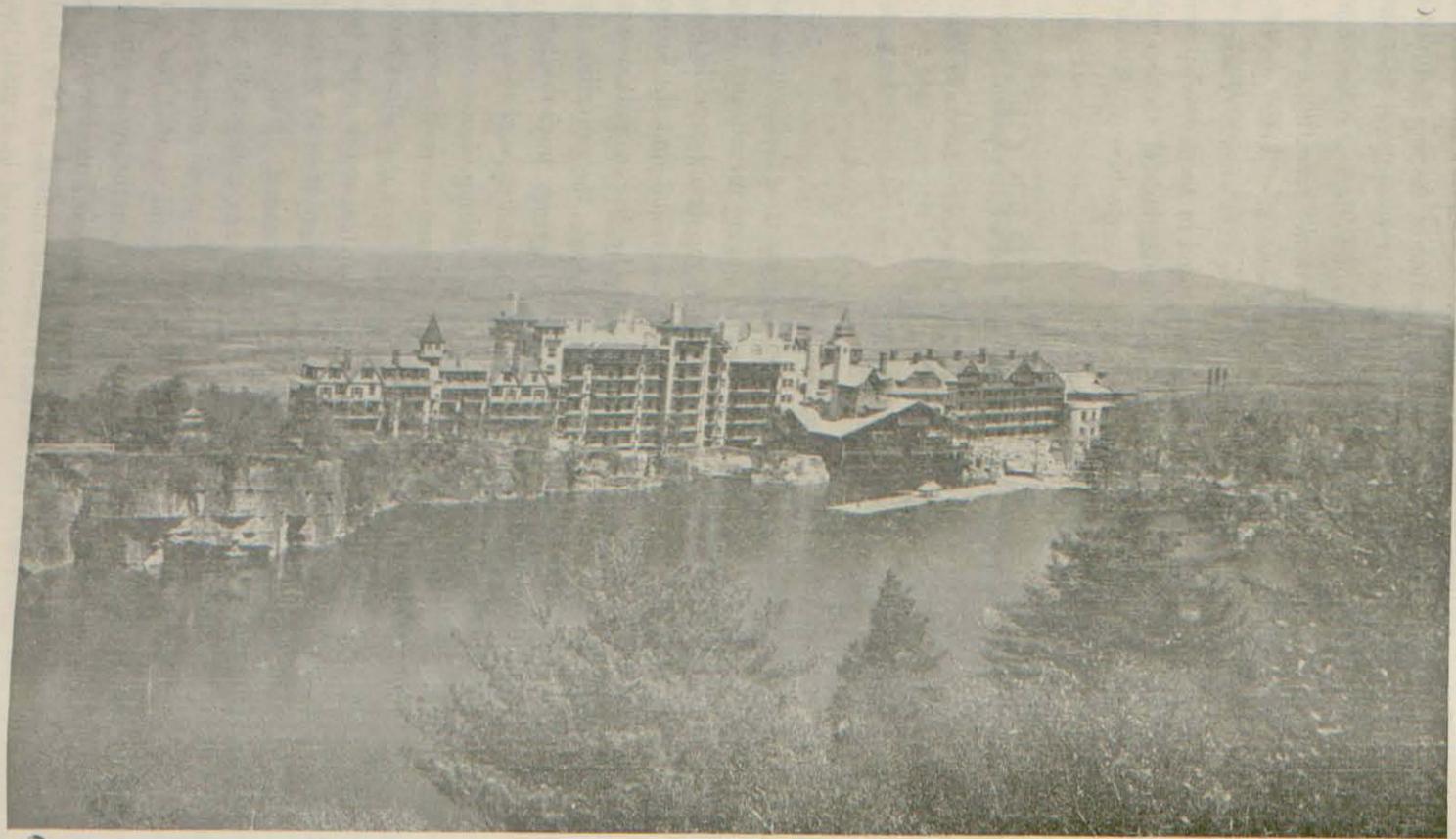
BY EDGAR A. ALLEN, SUPERVISOR.

I SHALL speak only upon one phase of this subject. In all its breadth it has been before you in all the meetings today and I am sure you have been thinking of it from every side. The requisite of a good guide in finding the way, in taking any party through a country or out of the country, is first that he should know the way himself, that he should be able to guide people in such manner that they will miss the byways that lead nowhere, that he shall be able to cross the chasms in the way and be able to surmount the rocks that obstruct his path and be able to carry his party in safety to the place to which they are going.

In the next place he needs to know what equipment is required, what property should be taken with the party. This is a very important matter to us because, in looking at the Indians who are on the way, on some of the ways, we see that there are those that go nowhere and those that go somewhere. We find a good many of them who are camped by

the trail, contemplating their equipment, and not even making the attempt to get anywhere. If you should go to the Osage reservation you would find the Indians sitting calmly by the roadside contemplating their lands, their royalties, their annuities and the trust funds that are to come to them by and by, and as a result they are doing nothing,—most of them.

The Indian does not need more property; he has so much that it has become an impediment to him and he is not being able to get anywhere because of it. He has his burro overloaded. Had I the disposition to offer any criticism at all, of the thought of the present with respect to the Indian it would be that too much stress is placed upon the conservation of his property and too little upon the salvation of the man himself. After all, the man is the thing and in a great many cases it would be far better for the Indian if his property were wiped out of existence, although it would be to our shame to permit it. I wonder what young man,



Lake Mohonk Mountain House, where Mr. Albert K. Smiley each year entertains the invited members of the Indian Annual Conference.

worthy of the name, feels that he is handicapped if he starts out into the world without money, if he has courage and opportunity. I do not believe one of you would feel that he labors under any disadvantage because he has no inheritance, but that in many cases an inheritance is a distinct disadvantage. The Indian, then, does not need property. He is not lazy; he is willing to take the road, Mr. Cloud told us this morning, and I am sure no one would attempt to dispute it. Mr. Leupp, our former commissioner, also said this morning that the Indian is not a lazy man.

There is one thing I believe he does lack, and that is individual courage. We must supply him with that. We have our schools established for that purpose. We have classes, schools that justify their existence by the necessity for bringing the Indian out from savagery and giving him an education. At our great school at Carlisle near here we have presented some of the greatest exhibitions of class courage. Once every year a train backs into the institution grounds and all the students who can muster \$3.70, to take them to Philadelphia and back, go down with the football team to the annual contest with the University of Pennsylvania. We know how hard they try to win; we know how much courage is given to those players by the band of boys and girls who stand and shriek and whoop to urge them on to victory. They have the courage of a band standing together. But while desirable that is not sufficient. We do not want only the courage of the mass, but the courage of the boy and girl growing into the man and woman, capable of standing alone and against all of the forces that oppose. We want him to be able to demand an equal share of opportunity. We want him to be able to say,

"I am here, ready to take my part of the responsibility, ready to pay my taxes if you please, and I want only an equal chance in the world."

It occurs to me that the place where the Indian boy and girl is to acquire this spirit is in the public schools. To get individual courage, he must sit elbow to elbow with the white boy and girl; he must learn as we learned our most valuable lesson—not from our teachers—but from our playmates: must grow up with these people with whom he is to contend. Graft is all about him on the reservation; he has many enemies—but more friends. The enemy is the one who gets after him most industriously, the one who is following him up and furnishing whiskey and all the many forms of dissipation, all the temptations to go wrong. To these temptations he often yields because he has not learned by experience to contend against the tempters. He *will* learn if he goes into the public school and these meet the boy who is going to be the man to try it; he will meet that fellow; he will learn his methods and he will learn by sitting in the same seats and under the same teacher the lessons that will enable him to contend against him when he becomes a man.

Not only that; he will sit in the same seats with those who are to be his friends and know how to appreciate that friendship. He will there grow up to be the man that he ought to be, the man who can stand alone with that individual courage, not class courage; stand out as an individual whether there is another Indian within a thousand miles of him or not. If he is the only Indian in the combat, he will be able to go it alone assuming his proper responsibility and demanding all the privileges that come with citizenship.

I am going to close without being called down. "They way out" leads through the public school bulding. The way out of the reservation leads into the school house and the Indian will emerge from that school house with his white brother and they will march along together, the

Indian with his own peculiarities, the Indian with his own color. the white man with his own peculiarities and his own color. together in the great way impelled by the one high motive of the best character of citizenship.

EDGAR A. ALLEN.

THE GENERAL REORGANIZATION OF THE FIVE TRIBE SCHOOLS.

By J. B. BROWN, *Assistant Supervisor in charge of the schools of the Five Civilized Tribes.*

THE problem in the Five Tribe schools was rather a complicated one. It should be understood that the five tribes constituting the tribes of Eastern Oklahoma comprise about one-third of the Indian population of the United States; there are something like 100,000 altogether. That includes intermarried whites. Altogether, perhaps half of these are "Restricted Indians," deducting the 23,000 freedmen, about half of those remaining are what we call restricted Indian, that is having one-half or more of Indian blood. That gives a population of 36,000 Indians in each class or something near that. These Indians formerly had a school system of their own called a tribal school, something over twenty boarding schools that were maintained and governed by the tribes. That meant that the superintendent must be and was in almost every case a member of the tribe. Each school was governed by a Board of Members of the tribe and it is at least a matter of very well grounded rumor that the tribesmen in some cases were not entirely free of graft, one upon another. The condition of those schools was well stated by our Commissioner and the worst of those have been closed. The problem that confronted Mr. Lipps in going there was first

whether or not the entire system should be wiped out, whether or not these schools should be closed entirely and an effort made to get such schooling as we could from the public schools and let the others go.

The first question was whether the Indians themselves wanted the schools continued. That seemed to be answered in most of the tribes in the affirmative; then if any schools were to be maintained, which ones. The policy decided upon by the Indian office on Mr. Lipps' advice was that the better equipped schools should be continued, repaired and strengthened. There was a demand on the part of the Indians and the restricted class, too, that some of the schools, or a large number of them should be retained. It was found that the schools were in an unsanitary condition. Those worthy of repair, the best of the schools, it was decided should be retained and the others closed. In making that decision consideration was also given as to the neighborhood which would be best served by the schools. We find in the full blood settlements the children are very timid and difficult to get into the public schools and we have found that when a school has been closed, these children stayed out entirely. The parents

have been interviewed, or the chief of the tribe and the governors and we found that some hundreds of full blood children would have no school facilities or use no school facilities if these schools were not kept up. So twelve were selected out of twenty-one or twenty-two and these we decided to repair and put in sanitary condition. That is largely the work of the summer and has kept the superintendents and people in the Muskogee office very busy indeed. The decision then was made to change the old contract system to that used in other bonded government schools. That involved the selection of superintendents for these schools.

Of the twelve schools kept ten are officered by superintendents who were in the Service before, so that a revolutionary method was not adopted there, but so far as possible the change has been made with as little violence as possible. The desire has been to keep every good feature that we are able to keep in the schools. There have already existed and it should be understood that there were good things, methods existed, principles involved there, from which the rest of the Indian Service may learn and we have endeavored to learn some of those things. That the criticisms were justly aimed at these schools—due rather to the system than the people in charge of them is evidenced by the fact that the people who have stayed and are now in charge of these schools are working as harmoniously, as enthusiastically, energetically and as successfully with us as are any other superintendents with whom we have, either of us, had to deal. So we feel that it was the system rather than

the people which accounts for such criticism as may properly have been aimed at those schools.

I have but a short time to say what we are trying to do. We have tried to change the ideals of education. The old ideals prevailing there have been unfortunately that an education is to train one to do without work. We have tried to show and are going to try harder to show that education is merely to make the work more effective; that the reward for labor well done is not exemption from labor but more labor. We are trying to teach them this ideal of education and this is the example which we are trying to set for them through our superintendents and teachers. This ideal of industry we are striving to hold up to them and to bring that about we have tried to put men and women in charge of schools who are willing to preach and to practise this doctrine and to teach the men, women, and children never to ask to have done for them the things they can do themselves. One of the worst influences affecting the usefulness of the work, has been the feeling on the part of superintendents and all concerned that the schools are about to close. No business is going to succeed if you are always getting ready to quit; a man, woman or child filled with that idea that it is time for him to begin to get ready to quit, has already quit. I hope we will not quit in that way, but that when it comes time to close those schools, when they shall have served their purpose and the flag is taken down that the last day and the last year may be the best as well as their best year's work.



THE DISCIPLINARIAN.

BY FRANK E. BRANDON, *in charge of Kiowa Sub-Agency.*

THIS is a subject that requires more than ordinary care to handle, and the office, a man of many times the skill and ability usually characterizing the average employee in any United States Indian school.

Webster defines the word as "one who enforces rigid discipline." and as he is our authority we are then to presume that each man, acting in that capacity throughout the service, is a success if he is a disciplinarian.

Having performed the duties pertaining to this position, I am convinced that Mr. Webster never served in that capacity in an Indian school, for, had he done so, I am inclined to think he would have devoted more space in his dictionary to defining the word, or it is very probable he would never have written a dictionary at all; or again it may be that on account of the tariff on wood-pulp, book paper is too high to permit a complete enumeration of the duties of a disciplinarian.

You notice I keep repeating the word disciplinarian. I do so that you may keep the subject in mind, that thereby I can acquaint you with a class of men who fill a very difficult position.

There being no Civil Service examination for disciplinarian they are appointed from among the men who have passed the farmer's examination, hence the failure of so many to make good. Likewise the oft repeated vacancy in that position, the constant watch of Superintendents for good ones, and the inclination to keep him once he gets one.

To be a success the disciplinarian must be versatile, kind, gentle, yet firm. He must possess that rare quality in man that will enable him to administer justice tempered with mercy. He must never forget he was once a boy, and while ever insisting on obedience to rules, yet when one is broken, be able to see with the eyes of the boy, and above all else he should never give vent to his temper of personal feelings, except when alone in his own room.

He must be broad enough to eliminate self when opposed or overruled, and never harbor resentment toward his charges. He must look to his Superintendent for general orders, and be able to take the initiative when emergency requires immediate action.

He must possess rare executive ability and also be able to suppress a smile when something arises that requires stern level-headed measures, at such times, for instance, when boys cunningly resort to some ridiculous incident in order to win the smile that means the loss of all chance for reproof for the offence in hand.

He must be the chum and good fellow with the boys, but avoid as a serpent, familiarity; for it breeds contempt. Profound respect, not from fear but confidence, must be gained and retained, or all other efforts are in vain.

He must transmit and enforce orders from his Superintendent in spirit, as well as in letter. He must be able to take orders or he is not competent to give them. He must be amenable to discipline in order to be able to properly administer the same.

In addition to all of this, he must be a drill master, constantly studying the tactics of the United States Army.

He must be an example to the boys, after whom they may safely pattern, for he will be remembered throughout their lives and, at last, he must be one of, and much to, all the other employees.

These are only a few of the many necessary qualifications of a good disciplinarian. Space would not permit of a complete enumeration, but if you have read so far, and are yet doubtful as to the remaining virtues of these men, go ask your disciplinarian.

Hearings were resumed on January 4 by the special committee of the House of Representatives which is investigating Indian affairs in Oklahoma. Notices were sent to the attorneys to bring all additional witnesses before the committee at that time and Chairman Burke expects to conclude the hearing in a few days.

CANADA'S INDIANS.

From the Southern Workman.

THE Canadian Government, like that of the United States, has a Bureau for dealing with Indian affairs, and comparison is sometimes made between the two countries in regard to their success in the management of the Indians. Canada recognized very early that the Indians are a people requiring protection and special legislation. The earliest statutes were confined to the protection of the lands received for the Indians, to the restriction of the liquor traffic, etc. The rights of the Indians remained in all their original force and white men were forbidden practices which were a menace to the native population. Gradually, however, the development of the Indian Department led to a series of encroachments on the natural rights of the Indians to manage their own affairs.

The Indian policy of the Canadian Government has nevertheless continued to be more a *laissez faire* policy than has that of the United States. This has been more easily possible because in Canada the spreading white population has not pressed quite so rapidly upon the Indian country, and there is not the same pressure for acquisition of Indian lands. Whether for the same reason or because of a better respect for law, there appears also to have been less sacrifice of the Indian to white men's greed and less graft in dealing with Indian property.

But, however that may be, the Government at Ottawa has not yet reached the advanced stage in its process of educating and domesticating the Indian that the Washington Government has attained. There are still large bands occupying

vast tracts of virgin territory, living by the hunt and maintaining almost their primitive customs and conditions. The Government authorities, in dealing with these Indians, are therefore in a position to profit in some measure by our experiments and to avoid the mistakes which our own Government has made in blazing the trail.

In this connection the warning sounded by a recent writer in the *Winnepeg* press is pertinent and timely:

"The present moment is a fateful one for the York and Churchill Indians and for all those living in the great area to the north of Manitoba. In this region, practically untouched by the white man, are now living some six thousand Indians and halfbreeds. * * *

"In the light of the past one trembles to think what will become of these splendid fellows if white men in any number get into the country. But with building of the Hudson Bay Railway and the exploitation of the natural wealth of the country, other than fur, this region, which will soon be a portion of the province of Manitoba, is bound to come more and more under the control of white men. It is time now to concern ourselves with the future of our Indian wards. * *

"Obviously there is much that we can do, though it may entail extra expenditure by the Department of Indian Affairs. We can co-operate to a much greater extent with the churches in the teaching of Indian children, and this teaching can, doubtless, be conducted along more practical and common sense lines. We can

elevate the Indian service by employing as Indian agents and inspectors only men of the highest character, whose lives furnish some guarantee of an understanding of and a sympathy with the Indians. Above all, we can keep intoxicating liquor out of the new territory. At whatever cost for police or magistracy, intoxicating liquor must be kept out of the region through which the railway passes.

"It will be to the lasting disgrace of Canada if she allows the six thousand Indians and halfbreeds between Lake Winnepeg and Hudson Bay to be demoralized and decimated. They deserve a better fate. Speaking only the other day of the Indians of Norway House, the Rev. John McDougall had the following to say. 'They are as noble and as worthy a people as I ever knew—faithful and true, steadfast to the mission, to the Hudson Company and to the Government.'"

Here is a sane and valuable argument that is prompted by a wise sympathy for the Indians and that is not lacking, as so much criticism of any Indian policy is apt to be lacking, in good suggestions. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the native people of the North, that the Canadian Indian Office may have many such advisors and that their advice may be heeded.

Teeth of Huge Mastodons.

Seattle, Wash.—A hydraulic nozzle cutting away an ancient gravel bank on the Kougark river, 120 miles from Nome, to wash out gold, uncovered sixteen mastodon teeth, grinders of eight huge elephants that roamed over Seward peninsular when that now frozen country was covered with abundant vegetation.

Near by the nozzle uncovered a beaver dam, the frame of which was composed of fir timbers a foot in diameter. There is

not a fir tree within hundreds of miles of the place today.

The mastodons, beavers and fir trees are shown to be contemporaries, confirming the belief that the mastodon lived long after Alaska had ceased to have a tropical climate.

At the sale of the reservation lands ordered to be thrown open to settlement, held at El Reno to-day, every one of the 131 tracts was sold. Lot No. 6 was purchased by Sheriff L. A. Chambers at the rate of \$81.00 an acre. The lowest price paid was \$5.00 an acre. The El Reno American reports the total amount of the sales to be \$265,457.60. The sale was called by Mr. J. P. Gutelius, whose fame as an auctioneer is wide-spread. Purchasers pay one-fifth of the cash price down and the remainder in six annual installments. The proceeds of the sale go to the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians in Oklahoma.
—*Carrier Pigeon, Nov. 15.*

When money talks the only thing it says to most of us is "good-by."



CATHERINE SNELL, SIOUX—"GIVE ME FOOD FOR MINNEHAHA."

THE GOOD-MEDICINE TREE.

By WILLIAM JUSTIN HARSHA, *in the Southern Workman.*

THERE was great excitement in the Kiowa village. The air tingled with it. Saddle Mountain, which rose in silent grandeur about the village seemed to be softly merry over it. The creek sang of it. To be sure, it was excitement of the distinctly Indian sort—deep, subdued, non-committal. But from the chief headmen and dog-soldiers down to the women, girls, and babies, the whole band was conscious of it; the very dog and ponies sniffed something now in the air.

"*Wah-hee!*" muttered Old Chief Tall Tree. "This makes my mind travel back over the trail of life. It is like the old days when a bear was sighted in the hills.

"Yes," agreed dog-soldier Big Elk, "the whole village is stirred up as it used to be on the day of a hunt."

Then the two men sat down in the sun to smoke and pretend that they did not respond to the thrilling infection.

Under the plum bushes beside the spring a group of women were gathered. Ostensibly they had come to fetch water but in reality they were there to hide a too eager curiosity. Their buckets stood on the bright fallen leaves. On other beds of red and yellow leaves the women themselves were seated. There was time to talk it all over and the day was warm—it was one of those sunny December days for which Oklahoma is famous.

"What can it mean?" softly asked Matilda Slow Walker, her deep black eyes searching the circle of which she was a unit. "A good-medicine tree?" My two ears have never heard of such a thing. We have good-medicine feathers and flow-

ers and seeds and stones and bugs, but a tree!' *Eh la!* This is something new."

"The Jesus-woman is a strange person," said Caroline One-Eye. "She says she will show us the best medicine we ever looked on. What can she mean?"

"The best medicine!" sneered Margaret Oke-paugh. "Have not the Kiowas found all the good medicine there is in all the world? How can a white woman show us any better than we already have?"

"As for me I shall pray to the badger for my good luck," put in another. "So my mother and my grandmother did. This road is good enough for me; it runs in my heart like the well-worn trail to the top of the mountaia."

"Yet that Jesus-woman is as sly as a bob-cat. We must watch with our two eyes what she is about."

This was the conclusion in which they all agreed in spite of their outward non-chalance and disapproval.

The children of the band, however, were frankly curious. They stood around the mission chapel in which the Jesus-woman was at work, their alert black eyes piercing every crack and cranny of the building to get a peep at what was going on. The shades were closely drawn against the chapel windows. It was comparatively dark on the inside of the building, so that nothing could be seen. What could Paye-own-mah, the missionary, be doing? "The best of all medicine?" This is what "Happy Heart" had said. Why then did she not let them see? For the first time in her life the Jesus-woman was hiding herself from them; it was very strange.

"Wait until the Jesus-Birthday comes: then you shall see." This was all Pay-own-mah would say.

She had two assistants in her work—Asa and Ramona, returned students, who were doing all they could to help in the work of educating and uplifting their people. In the eyes of these two helper-burned a great light.

"What do our poor fathers and mothers know about Christmas?" they asked, one of the other. "The Jesus-Birthday means little to them. We will show them! The kind Happy Heart is letting us help to show them. And when they see they will be glad."

So Asa and Ramona passed in and out of the chapel, their faces beaming, their arms full of mysterious packages and bundles.

On her part the missionary was counting confidently on the spectacle she was preparing. Matters had not been going well. The band was for the most part stoically steeped in heathenism. The "Great Kiowa" constellation of stars, known to white people as the "Great Dipper," was to them the supreme god. Among lesser gods the badger was the favorite. Medicine was made to these and to the gods that dwell in brooks and hills and birds and snakes; the loving Father was not approached in petition.

Sickness was prevalent. There was old Bear Striker, the medicine chief; he was feverish and half choked with a stubborn quinsy. There were the fine young braves, Little Deer and Whirlwind, who were far gone in consumption. Trouble lay deep and dark in the tepee of Tall Tree and his wife; their only child lay on its couch against the dew-cloth, hot, tossing, moaning in a mysterious ailment. Then there was the Pawnee woman, who had recklessly married a Kiowa man, thus

pushing into a tribe where she was not wanted and where her life was made a rankling misery. That this Pawnee woman was blessed with four children made matters all the worse, for the Kiowa women as a rule possess but one or two or none at all. There is no jealousy sharper than that which lies in a childless woman's aching heart.

Dearly as the tribes-folk loved Pay-own-mah, they were persuaded that all this misery, and other of like sort, had come to them with her coming.

"It is not as it used to be when we were left in peace," was the general conclusion.

By gentle words and a patient, self-sacrificing life Happy Heart strove to show the people that she was their friend and by no means their enemy.

"She comes into our tepees and shows us how to sew the dresses and the bed-quilts, but what of that?" the women said. "Has she ever brought us good medicine? *Wah-hee!* It is not to be expected that a white woman should. Has she ever given health to one of us or to one of our babies?"

This judgment was founded on prejudice, not on fairness, for the Jesus-woman had assisted nature in more than one struggle with disease, dispensing simple remedies and nursing with skill and wisdom. But due credit was not given her; the people meanwhile had been making medicine to their gods and to them they gave praise when recovery came.

On this approaching spectacle, then, which was to be a surprise, the missionary depended to teach these babes of nature a great lesson and to win their minds as well as their hearts to herself and her cause.

"There is an appeal in it—in this

sweet Christmas thought—that is stronger than anything else in the world," she was sure. "There is nothing like it; there has been nothing like it in all the ages. Even heathen minds will respond to it."

On the day before Christmas she made a special round of the tepees to give pressing personal invitations.

"And how are you feeling to-day, Bear Stalker," she asked pleasantly, as he stepped within the tepee of the medicine chief. "I am going down—down," the sick man said, making the expressive Indian sign for sickness. "Shall never come up again." "Oh, surely it is not so bad as that," cried Happy Heart.

"Your throat aches with the quinsy, but you will soon be 'all better' as you Indians say."

"*Eh, ah!* The red devil that dwells in the owl has taken me by the throat!" wailed the chief.

"But you must come to the 'good-medicine tree'," urged the missionary and after some persuasion obtained a muttered acceptance.

She found the two consumptives, Little-Deer and Whirlwind, crouched over a steaming stove in a stuffy cabin. They were closely wrapped in blankets; their matted heads were bowed in hopelessness; the fear of whipped animals lay in their eyes.

"Come, braves!" the Jesus-woman said. "You ought to be out in this glorious sunshine. There are good and happy thoughts for you if you would seek them. Is it not so?"

"We shiver like hungry coyotes when we are out of doors," grumbled Little Deer.

"Ah, but you must sit where the sun kisses you and the winds fail to find you."

"The wind blows everywhere and it is cold," muttered Whirlwind. Then hopefully Happy Heart turned to her invitation. Without revealing what her surprise was to be she succeeded in arousing the curiosity of the young men to such an extent that they promised to be present at the entertainment of the evening.

So it was with Tall Tree and his wife and with Pawnee Woman. They were found in abject squalor and misery; they were persuaded that there was to be something worth seeing in the chapel that evening. With Indian reluctance they allowed an acceptance of the invitation to be drawn from them.

"And be sure that you bring poor little sick Mysee with you," Happy Heart said to Tall Tree's wife; to Pawnee Woman she said "Mind that you bring all four of your children."

When the great moment came, therefore, the chapel was crowded to the door with eager tribes-folk. Not one of the band was missing. In a snug corner sat Bear Stalker, his throat and head well wrapped in his medicine-chief's blanket. On the front seat sat Little Deer and Whirlwind, for the moment forgetting themselves in eager amazement. In a knot of sympathetic women sat Tall Tree's wife, her sick babe snuggled to her breast. In a far corner, surrounded by her children, Pawnee Woman hid herself, her head hung low, her lonely heart aching for the kind of word that was never spoken.

And the good-medicine tree! It was nowhere to be seen. There was a curtain hung across a corner of the room near the platform and in and out of a space at its side passed Asa and Ramona, their faces beaming. Half an eye could see that be-



THE INDIAN IN STATUARY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR—THE BUFFALO DANCE

hind this curtain stood the surprise. The sharp eyes of the Indians did not fail to detect the truth. But—what could it be?

There was no buzz of excitement. The room was still with Indian stillness. But behind each bronze-brown forehead lay a throbbing brain; under each red-brown breast raced a palpitating heart.

Then Happy Heart took her place to explain.

"Tomorrow is the Jesus-Birthday," the missionary began. She was standing up bravely on the platform, her slender form clad all in white, a sash of the national colors wound around her waist.

"To Christians this is the dearest, happiest day in all the year."

Then she went on to tell how the day was celebrated in various countries where the strong, wise white people live. Asa interpreted for her.

She described the happy homes, the bearing of gifts, the widespreading of cheerfulness and love. Most of all she dwelt upon the Christmas trees that in all lands—in Gothic Germany, in stalwart Scandinavia, in merry England, in soft lands of the south—stood for brightness, beauty, and good cheer.

"And why should we not have a good-medicine tree as well?" she demanded in conclusion.

By this time the simple hearts in her audience were deeply thrilled with expectancy; all eyes were bright with unwonted emotions. Little sick Mysee had ceased her wailing. Pawnee Woman was looking up bravely. Whirlwind and Little Deer had straightened their thin backs and were eager and intent. Bear Staker's blanket had slipped from his iron-gray head and the smother in his throat was almost forgotten.

"Asa—pull the cord," commanded Happy Heart.

Now Ramona behind the curtain had been busy lighting the tiny wax candles on the Christmas tree. The lamps in the chapel, at the missionary's command, had already been turned low. Consequently when Asa drew the cord—what a spectacle was disclosed!

A deep-breathed "Ah!" swept the room, for the red folk after all are of like stuff with ourselves and our children. A tall pine that touched the ceiling stood in the corner. It was decorated with tinsel, stars, and gifts; a white-robed angel stood in its topmost branches; the whole was glowing with lights.

"Yes—*Wha-ha!* It is the good medicine tree." the people whispered in delighted agreement.

As she distributed the gifts Happy Heart told of the love of Jesus through which all good gifts come to men, and the story was as new to these heathen minds as the sight of the tree was new to their eyes. There were dolls for the girls and horses for the boys and blocks for the babies, all of these provided by good friends in the North and East. And there were more useful presents that loving hands had made—gowns and stockings, mittens and scarfs. Bright tears of joy and thankfulness stood in the eyes of mothers, and the fathers breathed chokingly, for with red folks as with the white, the surest way to reach parents' hearts is through kindness to their children. And by means of it all Happy Heart was drawing the tribes-people nearer to one another in friendship and sympathy.

"For Mysee—poor, weak, sick Mysee, whom we all love—here is a doll, all dressed and ready for play. See the dolly opens and shuts her eyes! And it can say 'Mama!' and 'Papa!' Is not that wonderful?"

There was a great stir of happiness

when Mysee drew the doll to her breast, and when the child murmured, "*Ya-oum*," everyone laughed though many wept, for *Ya-oum* in the Kiowa language means, "The best little girl of all." And Mysee's hysterical moaning was hushed.

"For little Deer and Whirlwind, here are sweaters. They will keep the young men warm and maybe they will be relieved of their distressing cough."

The young men came forward and when they took their gifts Little Deer said:

"Now we can sit in the sun where the sharp winds cannot find us."

Beside Bear Stalker sat a small dusky grandson. When the name of this fat little brave was called, he went forward timidly to receive his gift, led by a sister's more confident hand.

"What have we for the grandson of the famous chief, Bear Stalker?" cried Happy Heart. "Ah—here is something—a 'Jumping Jack.' Do you know what this is? Now watch! When I pull this string—

A mighty shout went up when the arms and legs of the toy began their comical wavings—and Bear Stalker? The old chief, touched to the heart, sprang to his feet and laughed with such vigor that the quinsy swelling in his throat burst and he could breathe freely.

"*Wah-hee! Eh-la!* What is this? I am coming up; soon I shall be all better," he declared, and with his brown hands he made the expressive sign for recovery, slowly passing his right hand under his left and bringing it quickly up again.

"My dear people," Happy Heart said, "I want to speak now of Pawnee Woman. Is it her fault that she is Pawnee and not Kiowa? Did she speak the soft words asking in what tribe she was to be born? She is a good wife and mother; her hus-

band and her children love her. Why should you women look on her with the sharp glances of the lynx? Why do you speak of her with poison on your tongues?"

Dead silence fell. "You Kiowa women love your tribe," continued the missionary. "Into it you were born, and you are proud. But are you not strong also? Can you not reach out a hand? Will you not think the loving thought of Pawnee Woman?"

The brown faces of the women brightened. Happy Heart saw that her moment had arrived.

"Pawnee Woman, please come forward. Lead you four children by the hand. Come to me. We will see what the Jesus-tree holds for them."

The trembling mother stepped to the platform. Then there was a spontaneous movement of Kiowa women. They crowded around Pawnee Woman, took her hand, touched her elbow, and softly whispered in her ears: "Sister! Sister!"

"Is not this tree a good-medicine tree?" cried Paye-own-mah in conclusion. "Are we not all truly happy and thankful? Let me tell you this, my people: there is no 'medicine' so good as cheerfulness, there is no 'good luck' so strong as love."

And as the Kiowas moved slowly to their tepees that night, the bright Christmas stars shimmering their dark heads, Great Kiowa constellation brightest of all, they said one to another:

"Yes, the Jesus-woman is right. She does not speak with a forked tongue. To be brave and cheerful is good-medicine; to love is the best of all."

Sending a boy through college educates his father how to support him.

The fellow who buries the hatchet may still have a knife up his sleeve.

MEMOIRS OF A WHITE INDIAN.

From the Youth's Companion.

MY people said that of all the professions, that of war was best suited to one of my temperament, and I agreed with them. Therefore it was intended that I should go to a military school, preparatory to entering West Point.

But my lungs were not so sound as they should have been, and our family physician said that I must go West and live on the high, dry plains for a time. I went, well provided with letters to the members of a great fur-trading company at Fort Burton, Montana. One of them, dear old Kipp,—or Berry, as the Indians called him,—was appointed my guardian. I was to stay on the frontier a year. I remained there except for occasional visits East, for so many years that I do not like to count them. I went, a boy of seventeen. I am white-haired and wrinkled now.

There were no railways in Montana in those early days. Except Fort Burton, there was no settlement save Helena, Virginia City, and one or two other mining-camps in the mountains. On the great plains were various tribes of Indians, millions of buffalo and other game.

My friend and guardian, Berry, followed the buffalo with the Blackfeet, here one year, there another, as was determined by the shifting of the herds, and his trade with the people amounted annually to thousands of fine buffalo-ropes, beaver-skins and other pelts. Through him I came to know the Blackfeet, and to love them, I learned their language, lived with them, hunted, and warred with them against other tribes, and was adopted as

a member of the tribe. So I do not write of those buffalo days from hearsay, but from actual experience.

It was Chief Running Crane who gave me my name, Ap-pe-kun-ny—Spotted Robe. I lived for months at a time in his big lodge of eighteen skins.

The first winter of my residence on the Montana plains passed, the buffalo shed their heavy coats, and "new lodge time" came—the season when the short-haired buffalo cowhides were most easily converted into soft leather.

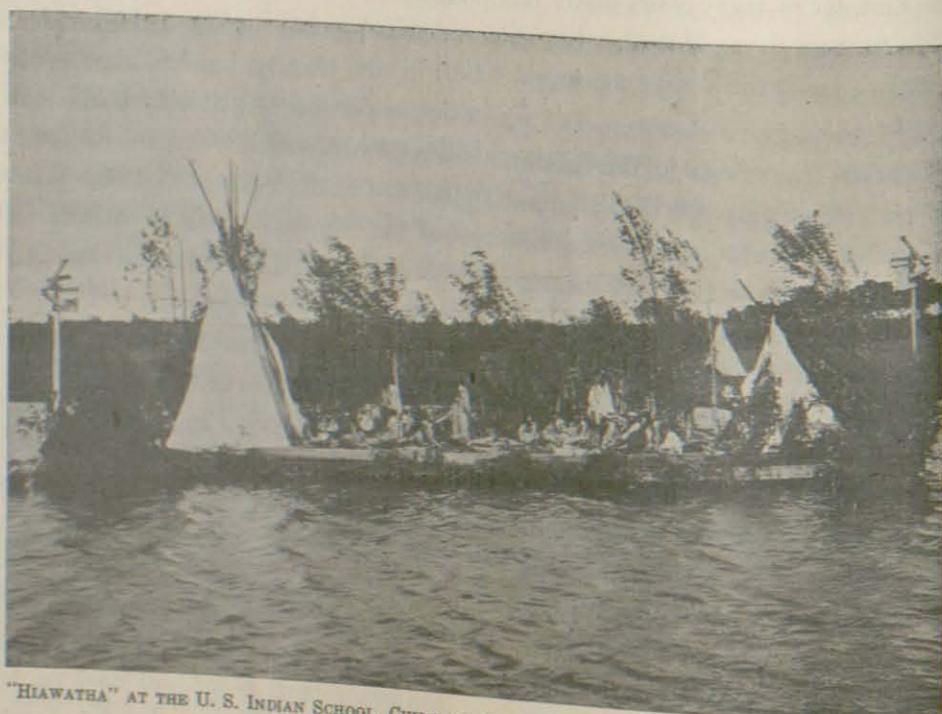
Our trading post was in the Judith Basin, not far from where the town of Lewistown now stands, and the Blackfeet, three thousand people in five hundred lodges, were in camp near us. All the winter and spring buffalo had been plentiful in the vicinity, but for some cause which no one was ever able to learn they had suddenly grazed away to the westward, and scouts reported that the nearest of the big herds was in vicinity of the Musselshell River, near its junction with Big Crooked Creek.

Thither the Indians decided to go, as nearly all the families wished to make new lodges, and Running Crane asked me to join him in the big hunt.

"Don't you go," said my friend Berry. "There isn't as dangerous a locality in the whole country as that is. Where the Musselshell flows into the Missouri there is a good ford, and war parties from all the different tribes, Siuox, Cheyennes, Crows and the north Indians are constantly passing. Just you stay here with me and keep your hair on." "Though the



"HIAWATHA" AT THE U. S. INDIAN SCHOOL, CHILOCCO, OKLAHOMA. SCENE: HIAWATHA TO THE WESTWARD.



"HIAWATHA" AT THE U. S. INDIAN SCHOOL, CHILOCCO, OKLAHOMA. SCENE: THE WEDDING FEAST.

enemy be as plentiful as grass leaves," said Running Crane, "no harm shall come to white son of ours. Whenever were my people not victorious over the warriors of the enemy?"

In a way, that was not an idle boast; but he might have added that even the victorious may suffer heavy loss. I went with my Indian friend; but there came a day and an hour when I wished that I had remained at the post. To me, not even the sight of a multitude of buffalo, the plain dark with them to the horizon, was so impressive as a view of three or four thousand Indians and their twelve or fifteen thousand packed and loose horses trailing across the country from one camping-place to another. They formed a slender column miles long, the pack and travail horses following a three-rut trail deeply worn in the earth, the various bands of loose stock prancing and playing to the right and left of it, as they were herded along by the young boys.

What a medley of color there was in the trappings of the horses, the costumes of the riders, the painted rawhide pouches, sacks and other receptacles in which were stored the food and finery and other property of the people!

And the people themselves! Hilarious youths and maidens, mischievous urchins, staid mothers with infants clasped to their breasts or perched at their backs, wrinkled and bent old men and women peevishly quirting their stolid mounts, proud warriors and still more proud and dignified chiefs and medicine men, riding in advance of the long column, discoursing of bygone hunts and battles, and the strange doings of the gods.

More than once in the course of a day's march I would ride to one side and dismount and watch the great caravan go by, and then I would hurry on and regain my

place at the side of my good friend, the chief.

Skirting the foot of the Moccasin Mts. and the Black Butte, we saw innumerable bands of antelope and deer and elk and here and there a few buffalo, mostly bulls. The hunters had no difficulty in securing an ample supply of meat for the great camp. Daily Running Crane and I would make a detour to one side of the trail, or ride far ahead and kill an antelope or two, or a deer or elk, or perhaps a fat young bull buffalo for our lodge.

Traveling by easy stages, on the afternoon of the fourth day we came to the mouth of Big Crooked Creek, and went into camp on the border of the Musselshell. Big Crooked Creek is the modern name of the stream that Lewis and Clark named *Sak-a-ja-we-ah*, in honor of that intrepid Indian woman to whom was largely due the success of their expedition.

Ever since early morning we had been passing immense herds of buffalo that ran off out of sight in the broken country. Material for the new lodges was assured.

The great camp was under what may be called military rule, enforced by order of the chiefs by the "In-ah-kiks," an order or fraternity of young men which had several subdivisions.

That all might have an equal chance in the great hunt, the country was to be scoured by sections, the hunters starting each morning in a body to run a certain herd selected by the scouts. Should any one go off by himself to hunt, thus disturbing and scattering the game, the In-ah-kiks would in reprisal destroy his lodge and property.

A big herd of buffalo south of Crooked Creek and west of the Musselshell was the first to be attacked, and early in the morning Running Crane and I, with the several hundred other hunters, set out for the



The Wichita Group and Old-time Grass Lodge—Government's Indian Exhibit, L. P. E.

chase, each one riding his best horse, bare-back, and stripped to the least possible weight.

Besides myself, a very few of the men were armed with .44-caliber repeating rifles. The rest carried muzzle-loaders, smooth-bore and rifled, some of which were flintlocks. Some had no other weapon than a bow and quiverful of arrows, but at the close range of a buffalo run this was terribly effective. Riding up beside one of the huge animals, the hunter would drive an arrow clear to the feathers into it, and often, if no bone was struck, quite through its body.

After perhaps a half-hour's ride we sighted the buffalo—four or five thousand of them—in a basin several miles in extent and much broken by slender, flat-topped buttes on which was a scattering growth of dwarfed, wind-twisted pines. We were far too many to approach the animals in a body, and after a brief consultation, about a third of our number circled off to the west, another third to the east, leaving the rest of us to rush the herd when they should come into the flanks of it several miles farther on.

We had dismounted behind a low ridge which screened us from the watchful eyes of the old sentry bulls, and while we waited, earnest prayers offered by the medicine-men for our success in the coming run, and the gods—the sun and Old Man—were besought to protect us from all danger.

We waited there nearly an hour, and then a couple of young men who had been peering over the ridge called out to us to mount; that the other parties were ready.

In another moment we were over the ridge, quirting our horses, urging them to their utmost speed. Yet they did not need it; a trained buffalo horse became

madly enthusiastic the moment that he was given free rein, and laying his ears flat to his head, he dashed after the fleeing animals with such determination that no bit could check him, much less the leather thong the Indians used in place of one.

But he could be guided. He would swerve to the right or left simply from the pressure of the rider's knee and when the hunter selected some certain fat cow, would use all his energy to run up alongside of it, so that the shot could be given. But no horse could long keep the pace of the frightened buffalo, although at the start and for a mile or more he could outrun them. Their muscles seemed to be tireless, and once started, a run of ten miles and more at top speed was no task for the animals.

At the start we were three hundred yards or more from the nearest of the buffalo, which were well scattered over the plain in groups of various size, and singly. Some were feeding, some lying down; numbers of the funny-looking, red-colored calves were playing tag; solitary old bulls stood, head lowered, pawing the fine, white alkali earth, sending the dust skyward in slender columns like smoke from chimneys.

As they became alarmed at our rush, they did not, as would deer, scamper away each in his own direction; instead, they formed into a compact herd, and then went southward with a deafening thudding and rattle of hoofs.

Fan-like, we spread out and attacked their rear, those riding the faster horses pressing on into the midst of them. I was one of these. I had done it often before, each time telling myself that I would never do it again, for the danger was great. But always excitement would get the better of my discretion.

Try as they would, so densely were they massed, the animals we rode beside could not crowd more than a gun-barrel length or so away from us, and those we passed closed up the narrow lane we had made. In front, behind, on all sides was an undulating sea of brown humpbacks, black, sharp horns and gleaming coal-black eyes. If a man's horse fell with him in such a place there was nothing to save him from the sharp hoofs of the dense mass behind.

Selecting only the biggest, fattest cow buffalo, I simply poked my rifle out to one side or the other—aim was not necessary—and pulled the trigger.

Nine times I fired in the course of a ten minute's run, and then something attracted my attention that drove from my mind all further thought of a big killing.

Happening to look ahead, I saw that the other parties of hunters had each massed as large a portion of the scattered herd as we, and each one of them was coming quartering toward us at a tremendous speed. When they should all meet, I for one did not wish to be there. I glanced at the other riders near me; they too, were checking up their now tired horses, all but one man, named Two Bows, and were letting the buffalo pass them. In two or three minutes we were again at the tail of the herd, where I shot one more, making an even ten.

Two Bows was a noted warrior, a very successful hunter, but he was not popular with his people. He loved too much to brag of his deeds. He was a very reckless man, taking all sorts of risks, and it was really wonderful how he had managed to come through some of them unharmed.

He himself asserted that it was because of a certain under-water animal that had appeared to him in a dream, and said, "When in danger, when in doubt what to do, call me and I will help you. Call

me four times: once from the north, once from the south, and from the east and the west, and wherever I may be, I will come to your aid. Failing not to call me, nothing can harm you, and you shall live to be white-haired."

What the Blackfeet dreamed, that they believed really occurred. They thought that when asleep their shadows (souls) actually departed from the body, and went forth on strange adventure.

So in all his recklessness Two Bows was sustained by his unquestioning faith in the animal of his dream. Where we had withdrawn, he rode recklessly on, urging his horse into the very center of those rushing streams of buffalo, and discharging shaft after shaft from his bow as he went.

The three bands met. Imagine if you can—something like five thousand buffalo, five million pounds of impetuous flesh and bone, rushing to a central point. They packed together so densely that not a few of the smaller ones were trampled to death. The terrific pressure forced others up on their hind feet, and they pawed the air and the backs of those next them, trying to climb out of the press. There was a deep thunder of groans and grunts mingled with the clash of horns and rattle and pounding of hoofs.

When they met, Two Bows was in the very center of the jam, and suddenly we saw him, horse and all, actually tossed up in the air by a huge bull.

"He dies!" cried Running Crane, who was at my side; and so I thought.

The horse fell and disappeared. Two Bows, however, was more fortunate. In falling, he clutched the long, shaggy hair of a bull, and raising himself, secured a firm seat astride its hump. Intensely frightened at its strange burden, the bull bucked and jumped, and unable to free

itself, surged forward with prodigious force and speed. At the same time, the now united herd began to break up and stream madly in all directions from the common center.

As usual, the old men of the camp, on superannuated ponies, and the women and children on fat, lazy *travail* mares, had closely followed the hunters, in order to cut up and pack home the game. They could now be seen madly fleeing in all directions. I could plainly hear the shrill "*Na-ya-yah!*" of the women and the screaming of the children. But our main interest was in Two Bows.

With all his faults, none disliked him so much that they wished to see him die, and with one accord the hunters pressed forward to rescue him if possible.

Soon clear of the herd, the bull fled eastward toward the Musselshell with far more speed than our tired horses could attain, and we would soon have lost sight of it and the rider altogether had it not stopped now and then to try to shake or jar Two Bows off. I have seen some ludicrous things in my time, but that huge, unwieldy, long-whiskered bull trying apparently to imitate the lithe, lightning-like antics of a wild bronco is fixed in my memory.

We soon realized that Two Bows had no weapon of any kind. Had he possessed even a knife, he could have drawn it across the sinews of the bull's neck. He dared not jump, for once on the ground, he would be at the mercy of the infuriated animals. We followed, several hundred of us, sometimes gaining, sometimes losing ground.

"*I-kak-i-mat!*" (Keep up courage!) we cried, from time to time, as if the poor fellow could hear us! Down into the breaks of the river we rushed, across deep converging coulees, through thickets

of berry and rose brush, through groves of low branched pine, and out on the level bottom at last.

Here the bull started bucking and circling again, and we rapidly approached him. If only one of us could get near enough for a certain shot, Two Bows would be free. We were near enough now to see the man's face; it looked ashy; the eyes were fairly bulging, and watched us with a great appeal for help. Running Crane, I, and a dozen others in the lead, were closing in, calculating when best to aim the delivering shot, and then, like a flash, the animal was off again, straight across the wide bottom toward the river, which there flowed under a cut bank at least thirty feet high.

"He's going to jump!" "He's going off it!" I heard on all sides of me, and then, with a last, long leap, the bull and its burden disappeared.

A moment later we were at the edge, looking down, and again we were too late. The shallow water was flowing over a quicksand in which the bull was floundering, and we got just a glimpse of Two Bows as the frantic animal rolled upon him and forced him down into it.

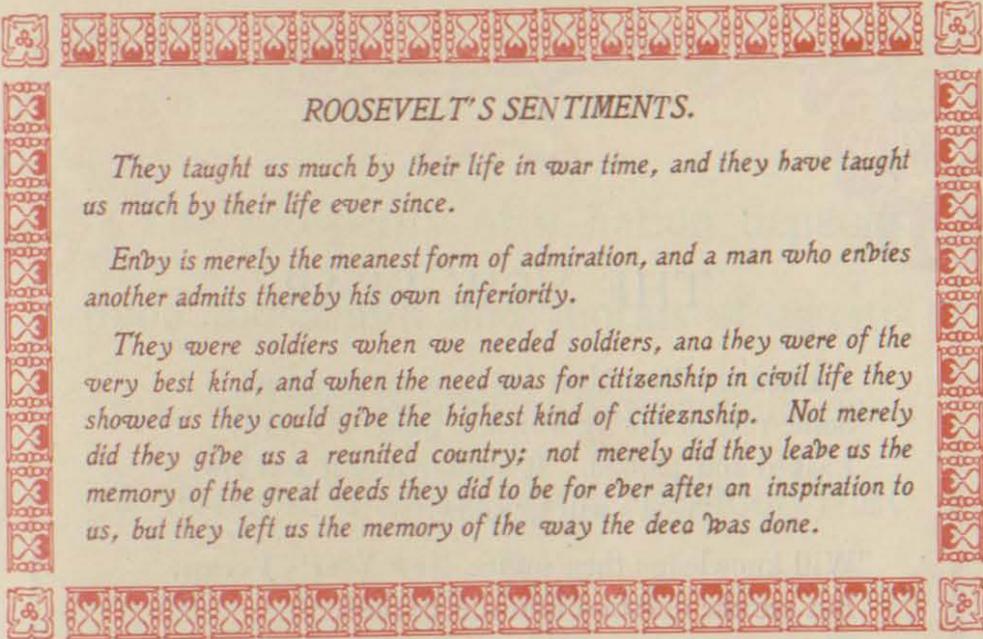
Some one fired and killed the bull; others hurried to collect brush driftwood, anything to sustain one's weight, and they hurried out to the place.

Well, why should I describe the rest? The next day the body of poor Two Bows, wrapped in many a robe, was lashed to a platform in a cottonwood-tree, and beside him were placed his weapons. Two horses were killed there, that his shadow might have shadow steeds to ride to the Sand Hills,—shadow land,—and for many a night thereafter we could hear the wailing of the women.

It takes more than an alarm clock to enable a man to get up in the world.



INDIAN HOMES ON TONKAWA RESERVATION, OKLAHOMA.

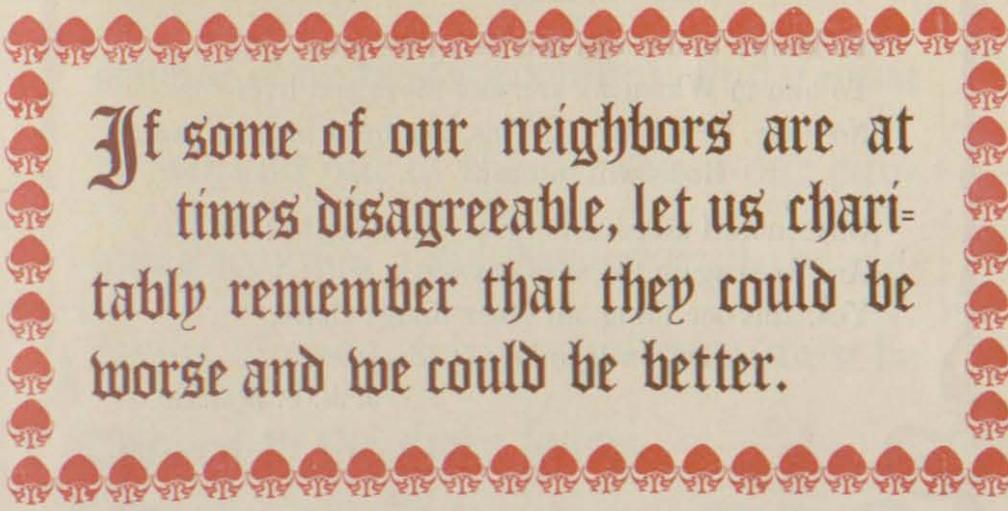


ROOSEVELT'S SENTIMENTS.

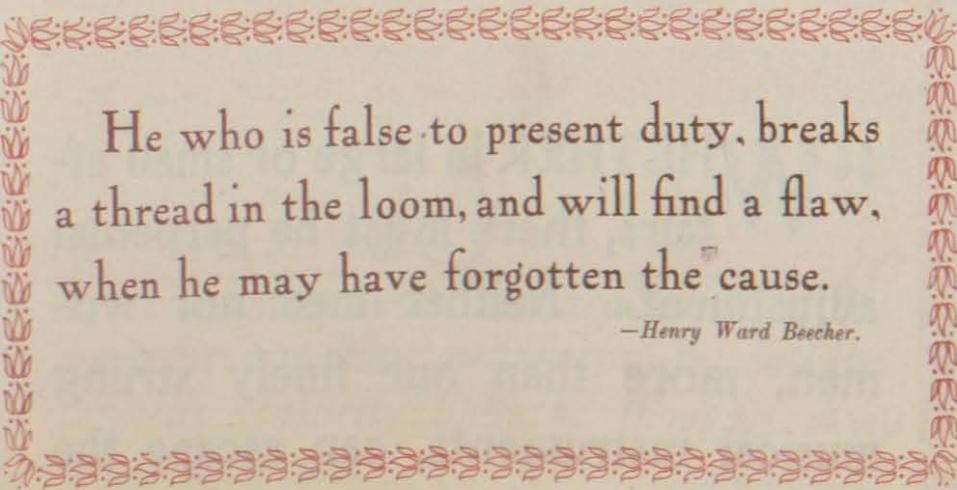
They taught us much by their life in war time, and they have taught us much by their life ever since.

Envy is merely the meanest form of admiration, and a man who envies another admits thereby his own inferiority.

They were soldiers when we needed soldiers, and they were of the very best kind, and when the need was for citizenship in civil life they showed us they could give the highest kind of citizenship. Not merely did they give us a reunited country; not merely did they leave us the memory of the great deeds they did to be for ever after an inspiration to us, but they left us the memory of the way the deed was done.

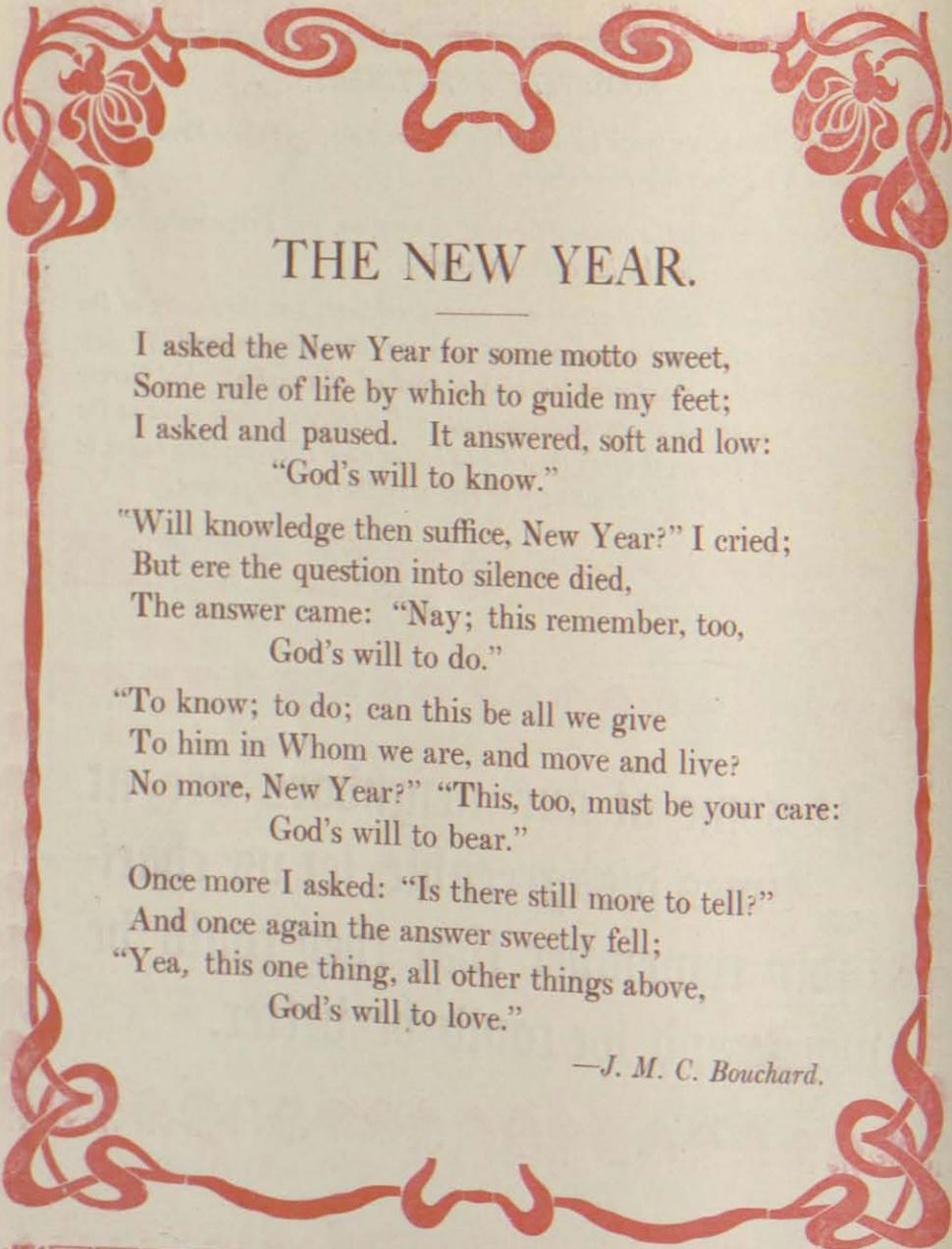


If some of our neighbors are at times disagreeable, let us charitably remember that they could be worse and we could be better.



He who is false to present duty, breaks a thread in the loom, and will find a flaw, when he may have forgotten the cause.

—Henry Ward Beecher.



THE NEW YEAR.

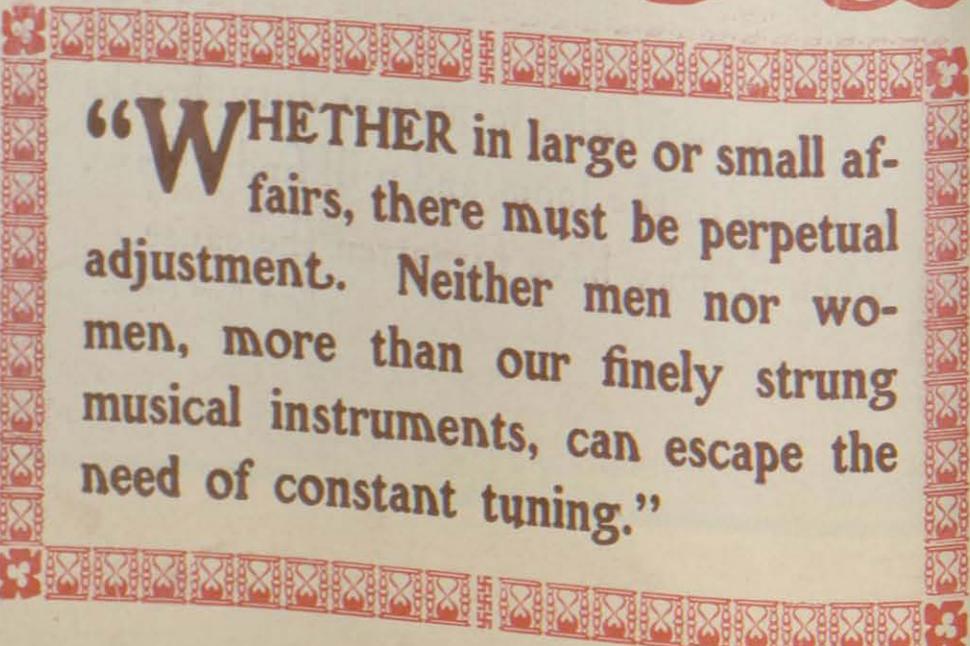
I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused. It answered, soft and low:
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried;
But ere the question into silence died,
The answer came: "Nay; this remember, too,
God's will to do."

"To know; to do; can this be all we give
To him in Whom we are, and move and live?
No more, New Year?" "This, too, must be your care:
God's will to bear."

Once more I asked: "Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell;
"Yea, this one thing, all other things above,
God's will to love."

—*J. M. C. Bouchard.*



“WHETHER in large or small affairs, there must be perpetual adjustment. Neither men nor women, more than our finely strung musical instruments, can escape the need of constant tuning.”



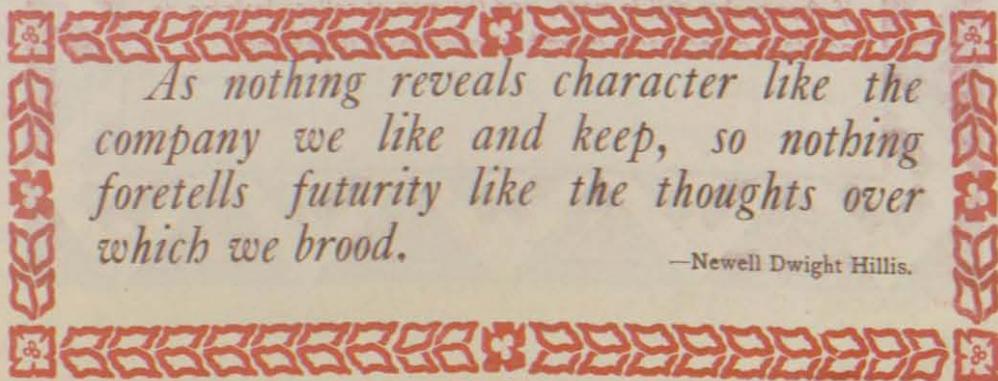
The prosperity of a nation depends upon the health and morals of its citizens, and the health and morals of people depend mainly upon the food they eat and the house they live in. The time has come when we must have a science of domestic economy, and it must be worked out in the homes of our educated women. A knowledge of the elements of chemistry and physics must be applied to the daily living.

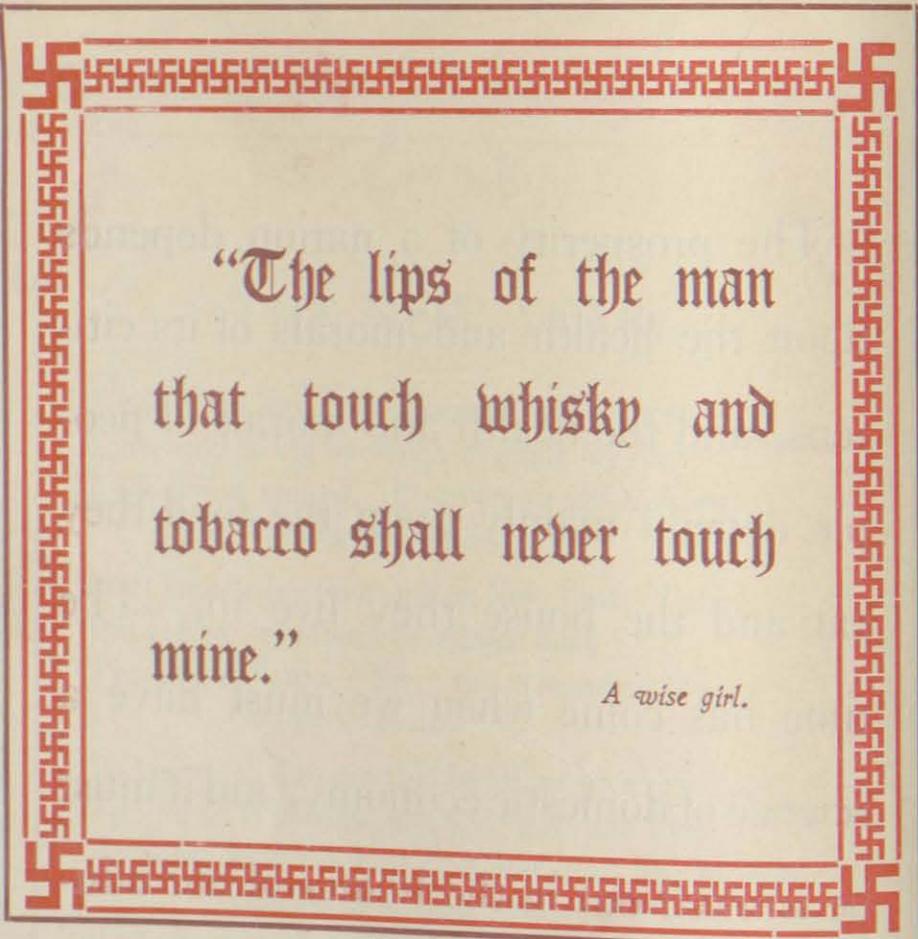
—Ellen Richards.



As nothing reveals character like the company we like and keep, so nothing foretells futurity like the thoughts over which we brood.

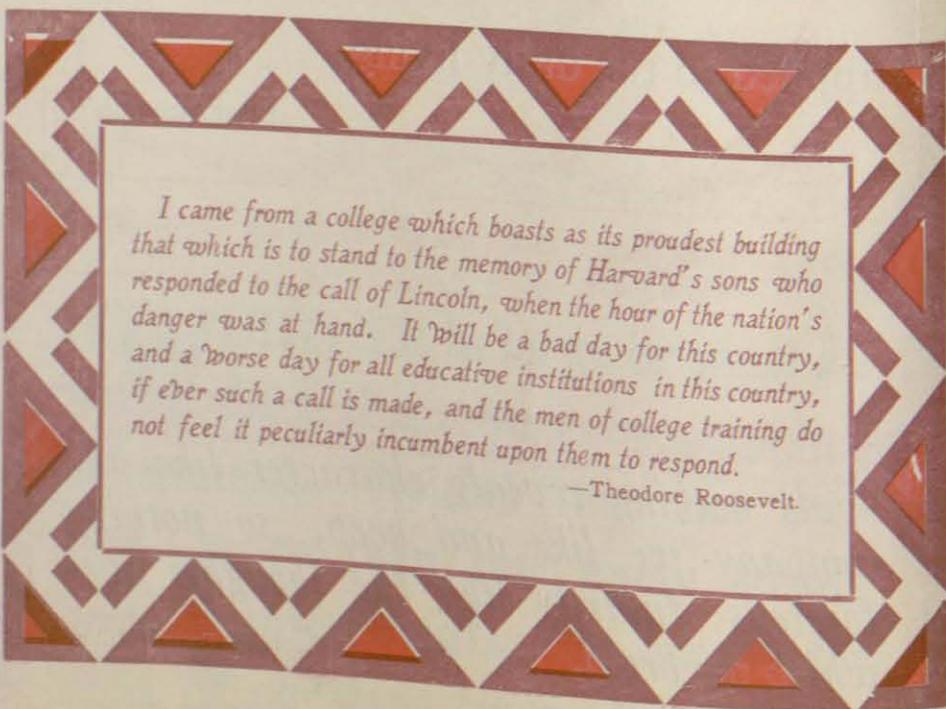
—Newell Dwight Hillis.





“The lips of the man
that touch whisky and
tobacco shall never touch
mine.”

A wise girl.



*I came from a college which boasts as its proudest building
that which is to stand to the memory of Harvard's sons who
responded to the call of Lincoln, when the hour of the nation's
danger was at hand. It will be a bad day for this country,
and a worse day for all educative institutions in this country,
if ever such a call is made, and the men of college training do
not feel it peculiarly incumbent upon them to respond.*

—Theodore Roosevelt.

"LIQUID DAMNATION" BARRED.

ABSOLUTE prohibition against the introduction of liquor in the Indian country is to be enforced by the interior department, if it is possible to do so. Violators of the law are to be prosecuted and the department proposes to fight for the enforcement of the law in all the courts.

Commissioner Valentine, by direction of Secretary Ballinger, has notified Special Agent Johnson and his assistant to prevent the introduction of liquor in the Indian country by railroad, through express companies or otherwise, and to present evidence of the violation of the law to a United States district attorney for prosecution of the offender. It will be recalled that Special Agent Johnson a few days ago directed his assistants to seize liquor going into the Indian country by express, and that his order has been revived by special directions of the secretary of the interior.

The radical order enforcing prohibition in the Indian country, is a complete reversal of the understanding of the department's intention in the matter of enforcement of the law. Following the conference between the department officials and the delegation from Moorhead and Cass Lake, department officials made it known that the saloons in these and other towns would be permitted to run, with the understanding that they would co-operate with the government officials in keeping liquor from the Indians.

No attempt was to be made to prevent white men from getting liquor, but the municipal authorities and the saloon-keepers in the Indian country were to be held strictly to account for any violation of the law.

The fact that such an understanding had been reached was published broadcast, and it resulted in a storm of protests to President Taft and to Secretary Ballinger. These protests, together with reports from Special Agent Johnson and Inspector McLaughlin stated that the only way to keep liquor from the Indians was to prevent its introduction in the Indian country, although the municipal authorities were doing their best to see that the law against the sale of liquor to Indians was being enforced.

If there is to be any modification of this policy it will have to be brought about by congressional action. The treaties under which the interior department is operating say that prohibition shall be in force unless otherwise ordered by congress and that body will be given an opportunity to change the law in the coming session, which begins at once.

Several treaties also provide that the president may permit the introduction and sale of liquor by executive order, but it is stated here that he is not likely to take that action, but will leave the whole question to congress for disposition.

Both Secretary Ballinger and Commissioner Valentine made emphatic statements of the government's intention to enforce the law.

"The law is to be enforced," said Secretary Ballinger. "The details of enforcing it are necessarily in the hands of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. As the enforcement of the law entails prosecutions it would hardly be proper for me to discuss the matter at length at this time."

Commissioner Valentine made this statement: "You may make statement as

emphatically as you can express it. We are going to enforce the law. The law prohibits the introduction of liquor into a certain section of Minnesota. If we find that the law is being violated, the evidence obtained will be submitted to the prosecuting officers. That is about all I care to say on the subject at this time."

The explanation of the apparently vacillating attitude of the interior department is explained in a political way.

In all the turmoil over this question both the liquor and the anti-liquor interests have tried to make political capital out of the situation. Secretary Ballinger and Commissioner Valentine have declared that they are not siding with either party, but have had in mind simply the keeping of liquor from the Indians. But, during the recent campaign, any radical step that might have been taken would have looked as if the department was siding with the anti-saloon people, and the announcement of the department's in-

tention of enforcing the law in the way indicated was delayed until after election.

Now that political capital cannot be made out of it, the department is going ahead with the enforcement of the law, as indicated in Secretary Ballinger's letter to the Commissioner in October, in which he directs his subordinate to enforce the law, "without discrimination as to localities."

Commissioner Valentine says that with the strict enforcement of the order against the introduction of liquor into the Indian country it will not be necessary to proceed against the saloons.

"If the saloons cannot get liquor certainly they cannot sell it, and the whole traffic will be stopped," said the commissioner.

Department officials were vague on the question whether they would attempt to put the breweries in the Indian country out of business.



A CHILOCCO PET.

SOME FACTS ABOUT OKLAHOMA.

From King's Hand Book of United States.

THE Chilocco Indian Industrial School was founded by the Government in 1883, near Arkansas City, Kans., and teaches farming and the mechanical trades to two hundred Indian youths. The Cherokee outlet extends westward only to the meridian of 100 degrees, because up to the Mexican war that was the western boundary of the United States.

(The book containing this quotation was copyrighted in 1891. It shows a picture of the school, probably Home 2.)

Oklahoma was originally part of the Indian Territory, set apart for the five aboriginal tribes from Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi. The eastern part afforded more than land enough for them, while the western part was unoccupied. The revolt of many of the Five Nations during the civil war and their conquest by Federal troops necessitated a reaffirming of the grants and patents, and in this readjustment permission was given to the United States to buy the unused lands for the purpose of settling freedmen (colored) and wild Indians upon them, and the government purchased millions of acres from the Cherokees, Seminoles and Creeks and placed there several wild tribes

Oklahoma. covering 2,000,000 acres came within this purchase, but remained unoccupied. The whites claimed it as public land available for settlement, but the Creeks maintained they sold it only for Indian and freedmen's (colored) occupancy. In 1889 therefore the Government repurchased Oklahoma from the Creeks at greatly advanced prices. April

22, 1889, President Harrison proclaimed the opening for settlement of 1,400,000 acres of Creek land and 500,000 of Seminole land. Great processions of "boomers" poured into the territory and within half a day the city of Guthrie arose with 10,000 inhabitants and other cities sprang up on the prairies.

The name Oklahoma is said to mean "Beautiful Country," and for years the region has been known as the Boomers' Paradise.

The first Governor was Geo. W. Steele, appointed in 1890.

Oklahoma is about the size of Ohio.

Indian Needs.

From the Indian's Friend.

At the Lake Mohonk Conference the Commissioner for Indian affairs, members of the Board of Indian Commissioners, Winnebago, Choctaw and Sioux Indians, officers of various ranks and departments of the Indian service, officers of societies formed for the temporal welfare of the Indian, educators and religious workers, all united in testimony or endorsement of the need stated above either directly in utterances of no uncertain sound. Commissioner Valentine, doubtless unconsciously, emphasized in his address the double proposition so often set forth by *The Indian's Friend*, that material possession, without spiritual renewal of the individual nature, confer but little permanent benefit on their owner, and that the crying need to-day of the wealthiest tribes in the land was for those who would go to Oklahoma and "create character," a task entirely beyond the power of mere

book learning and industrial training to perform. Mr. Cloud, Winnebago, declared that the Indian must be reformed "from the inside," and Mr. Parker, Choctaw, said the same thing in terms similar to those of Mr. Valentine. And the appreciative reference made to missionary effort by almost all the officials of the Indian Bureau showed that they had a clear perception of the limitations of mere intellectual and industrial efforts. It is not often given to a body like The National Indian Association to have such unanimous public testimony from such a varied array of expert witnesses to the correctness of the fundamental principles upon which it has worked for thirty years. Of hard-

ly less value and importance was the declaration made by the Secretary of the Indian Rights Association, and implied in the address of Commissioner Valentine, that the Indian never stood in greater need of help than he does to-day. If the Commissioner finds it necessary to make such a public plea as he did on behalf of the five wealthiest and most "civilized" tribes, how much greater must be the needs of all the others?

On all three of the chief contentions continually set before the American public by The National Indian Association, it found itself publicly supported by practically every Indian interest represented at the Conference.



"DUMB BELLES"—CHILOCCO INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL.

WILD ANIMALS IN NATIONAL PARK.

WASHINGTON.—Tame bears are almost as dangerous to have around the house as wild grizzlies, according to the annual report of the acting Superintendent of Yellowstone National park, Maj. H. C. Benson, of the Fifth Cavalry. In part Benson says:

Many complaints were received during the summer of damages in various camps by bears. They frequently become so tame that they do not hesitate to destroy tents or go through windows into houses to secure food, and sometimes they refuse even to be driven away.

One man working in a camp near Excelsior Geyser was quite severely bitten and scratched by a bear that he tried to drive away from the supply tent during the night. He was confined to the hospital for 12 days as a result of his injuries and his companion who ran to his assistance also received some scratches. It was thought that it would become necessary to kill some of these vicious bears and many requests to do so were received from parties who suffered from their depredations, but this was not resorted to. The estimated number of elk in the park is from 30,000 to 40,000. Many of these elk wander out of the park into adjoining states, and a few of them are killed during the season. An occasional one may also be killed inside the border of the park, but such poaching is very limited.

A herd of 29 wild buffalo was seen in the Pelican valley on February 23, and a small herd of five was seen on Cache Creek on February 3. One bull died during the winter in the vicinity of Yellowstone Lake, and its skeleton and hide were sent to

the National museum, Washington, as specimens.

Moose are frequently seen in the southern and also in southeastern parts of the park and are believed to be increasing in number.

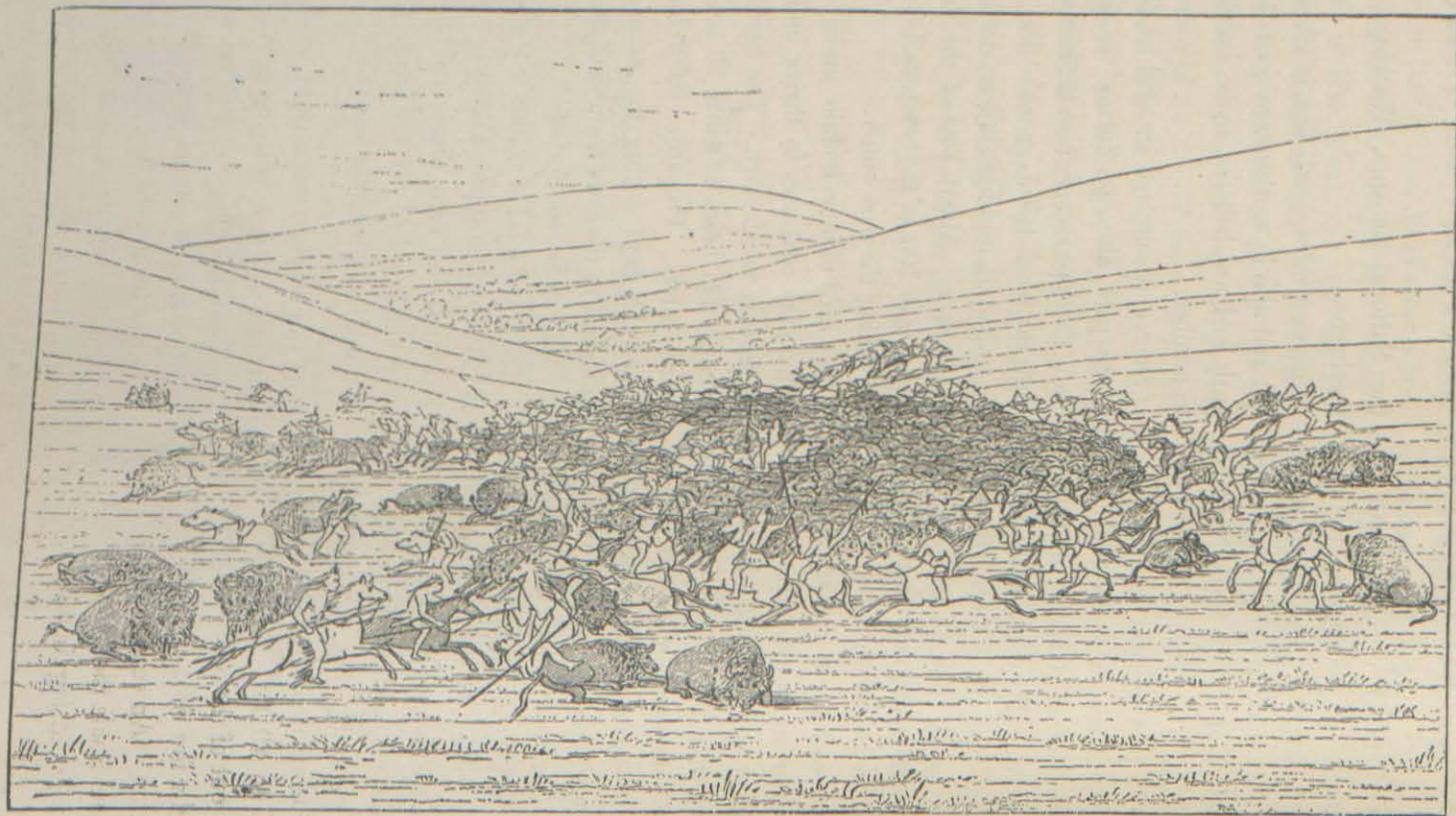
Deer and antelope are still numerous in the park although during the winter many antelope escape from the boundary. Both the black tailed, or mule deer, and the white-tail, or Virginia deer, are found in the park. About 800 of the black-tailed and 100 of the white-tailed were fed during the past winter.

The herd of tame buffalo under fence in the park continues to thrive and the increase is satisfactory. The herd now numbers 121 head, of which 28 are this year's calves. Probably 6,000 tourists visited this herd during the summer, it being one of the main features of the stop at Mammoth Hot Springs."

The grand total of visitors in the season of 1910 is given approximately as 19,575. Ten small fires were discovered but they were extinguished by the park patrols and soldiers during the summer.

If you do your work right no one can find fault with it or with you. Whenever a man half does his work or does it in the spirit of any way to get through with it in order to get the money, he is never successful. If you perform your work poorly or in a slipshod manner you will always have trouble. You can never get ahead because you will have to do too much of it over and every time you have to do over you lose money.

Said lonely Harold, "I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."



A BUFFALO HUNT IN PROGRESS.

CANADIAN INDIANS HUNT BUFFALO.

DURING the middle of last century there lived on the plains of the North west, between the Red River of the North and the Rocky Mountains, an exceedingly interesting group of people—the Red River half-breeds. They were excellent hunters, according to a distinguished contributor to *Forest and Stream*, splendid plainsmen, and able to support themselves and their families on the prairie by hunting the buffalo. It was between 1850 and 1870 that the Red River half-breeds attained their greatest fame as buffalo hunters. Each spring they gathered at Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, for their long journey across the plains, where they killed great numbers of buffalo, dried the meat, and made pemmican for sale and for winter subsistence. The women dressed the hides, which were sold to the Hudson Bay Company.

The cost of one of these hunting trips, in which fifteen or sixteen hundred persons took part, was great—not less than twenty-four thousand pounds or one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The hunting grounds extended from the Saskatchewan, on the north, southward sometimes as far as the Yellowstone River. They followed the buffalo wherever they were, and took their whole families and all their worldly possessions, transported in the famous Red River carts.

When the buffalo were found, if the situation was favorable, a "surround" was made. As the band of hunters drew near, the buffalo, with tails on end, rushed off in headlong flight. Presently the swiftest horses began to overtake them and to disappear in the dust kicked up by the flying herd. The noise and con-

fusion caused by the animals were astonishing. A thick cloud of dust hung over the scene, the air was full of pebbles and sand kicked up by the hurrying feet. Shots began to be heard, and presently the prairie was strewn with brown bodies. In such a race the men rode their best horses, trained buffalo-runners, as experienced as their masters in picking out the best animals, in avoiding the holes and obstacles that lay everywhere on the prairie, in avoiding also the charge of angry animals that they overtook and passed. Really, the experienced rider paid no attention to his horse, and merely loaded, fired and reloaded until the chase was over.

Nearly all these men used muzzle-loading flintlock guns. Their bullets were carried in their mouths, the powder was in a cowhorn hung under the right arm. They loaded on the run, spat a ball into the muzzle, jarred the gun stock against the saddle or with the hand, threw some priming into the pan and fired.

Accidents were frequent. Horses fell or were caught by the buffalo and killed; guns burst; sometimes men were shot. By bursting guns men lost hands, arms, and sometimes even their lives, and Indian hunters have told of men falling from their horses in such a way that whipstocks, arrows, bows and guns were driven through their bodies.

When the chase was ended, the hunters returned over the buffalo-strewn prairie to identify the animals that each had killed. This seems a most perplexing operation to indoor people.

Imagine four hundred horsemen entering at full speed a herd of some thousand buffalo, all in rapid motion. Riders

in clouds of dust and volumes of smoke, which darken the air, crossing and recrossing each other in every direction; shots on the right, on the left, behind, before, here, there, two, three, a dozen at a time, everywhere in close succession at the same moment.

Horses stumbling, riders falling, dead and wounded animals tumbling here and there, one over the other; and this zigzag and bewildering melee continued for an hour or more in wild confusion, and yet, from practice, so keen was the eye, so correct the judgment of the hunter and so discriminating his memory, that after getting to the end of the race he could not only tell the number of animals he had shot down, and the position in which each lay—on the right or the left side—the spot where the shot hit and the direction of the ball, but also retrace his way, step by step, through the whole race, and recognize without the least hesitation or difficulty every animal he had the fortune to kill.

A hunter was asked how it was possible that each could know his own animals in such a melange. He answered by putting this question:

"Suppose," said he, "that four hundred learned persons all wrote words here and there on the same sheet of paper, would not each be able to point out his own hand writing?"

Wild Animals Kill Stock.

S. A. Sponseller of Showlow, Ariz., contributed 2,800 lambs to the sheep department of this market this week, says the *Kansas City Telegram*. This was his windup shipment, leaving him about 9,000 head of ewes to carry him over the winter. According to Mr. Sponseller this season has been irregular where he is located, which is about 50 miles back from

the nearest railroad point, which is Holbrook. "If the winter is mild," said Mr. Sponseller, "we may get through fairly well, but if we have many storms or bad spells, there are bound to be losses. It may seem to some bright persons that the ranchman out in the wilds of Arizona up among the mountains has few losses, and that his sales represent big profits. But we have our worries just the same, and our losses come at frequent intervals. We may start in for the winter full of hopes, and before spring we may have had losses.

We have the wolves to contend with. Two kinds of wolves, the big timber kind and the coyote, both work on our flocks. We try to poison and trap them off but they follow us everywhere and devour our sheep. If a few sheep become detached from the main flock, they are in danger of being caught by the wolves. Then in the spring of the year, when the lambs come, the big bob tailed wild cats go for the lambs. So we are kept on the watch all the time. We are not troubled out there with settlers, but then we have these other troubles that keep us guessing. In the winter we herd our flocks down in the deserts and low lands, and in the spring we move back into the high altitudes of the mountains. Heavy shipments of sheep have been made this fall from all parts of the country, and it looks as if the number of sheep on hand was less than a year ago."

Unleased lands of the Osage nation to the extent of 700,000 acres are to be thrown open to oil men, according to Charles J. Kappler, one of the attorneys of the Osage nation. The proposition first must be approved by the Osage council and then by the department of the interior before the lands can be sold.

THE MOHAVE-APACHE INDIANS.

BY SUPT. TAYLOR P. GABBARD, *Camp Verde, Ariz., in Native America.*

FOLLOWING the death of Chief Nok, Captain John Kavaketchumd and others of the old warriors undertook to persuade the Mohave-Apache to select another chief. But, in view of the fact that it is the purpose of the government gradually to place them upon the same footing as other citizens of the United States, and as it is deemed prudent to discourage their custom of choosing one of their number as chief, many of the young men and some of the older ones refused to support the movement. but when it is considered that from time immemorial it has been the custom of the Mohave-Apache to have a chief to exercise the supreme powers of government in matters pertaining to their safety and happiness, it does not seem strange that these primitive people should cherish and strive to perpetuate this custom. So, in response to the request of the old warriors and in memory of the Indian's form of government, the position of honorary chief of the Mohave-Apache was established in conjunction with the United States Indian police force of the Camp Verde Indian district, and Pete Okatea (Ah-la-lap-pah) of Camp Verde, Arizona, was chosen to fill the position.

Chief Pete was born in the Verde at Cottonwood, Arizona, about the year 1866, and was about eight years old when his people were removed from the Verde valley to the reservation at San Carlos, Arizona.

At the age of fourteen he entered the United States Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania and continued in attendance

there for seven and one-half years. Then he enlisted in the U. S. army and was sent to Wyoming where he was stationed for one year, going from that place to Fort Huachuca, on the Mexican border, where he served two years more and was honorably discharged. Returning to San Carlos he was employed as a government scout for six months, after which he engaged in farming for a period of four years.

At that time many of the Mohave-Apache were leaving the reservation and going back to their old homes. So Pete departed from San Carlos, and came to the Verde valley where he married So-wa-ka-joh, the daughter of Quail. Being an excellent farm hand, Chief Pete has worked for a great many of the ranchers in the Verde, and is well known throughout this part of the country. He was one of the founders of the Camp Verde Indian school and ever since has been one of its most loyal patrons.

His integrity, education and experience, together with his interest in the general welfare of his people, and his knowledge of and faith in the white people, make him a competent leader of the Mohave-Apache, and entitles him to the respect and consideration of Christian people.

Men are not put into this world to be everlastingly fiddled upon by the fingers of joy.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The laws of conscience, which we pretend to be derived from nature, proceed from custom.—Montaigne.

Detested sport, that owes its pleasures to another's pain.—Cowper.



MEMBERS OF THE KINDERGARTEN CLASS FROM SACATON, ARIZONA.

LOCATING INDIAN BATTLE FIELDS.

H. C. FISH of the North Dakota Historical society, with S. S. Campbell of Sentinel Butte, acting as guide, has located the site of the battle of Kildeer mountain—the engagement fought on North Dakota soil in civil war days—and traced the route followed by General Sully and his army on their spectacular march through the Indian-infested Bad Lands before and after the battle.

Mr. Campbell was in Sully's army and kept a diary of the entire campaign. He has not been back to the scene of the battle in the forty-six years, but, by aid of his diary, was able to take Mr. Fish over the line of march below Dickinson, north, to the exact place near the Diamond C ranch, where the battle of the mountain, as it was known, was fought on July 28, 1864. He also found the coulee on the side of the mountain, where the 6,000 Sioux had their camp.

It is the purpose of the State Historical society to erect monuments on the battlefield and at several points along the line of march. As Sully's campaign was, in the opinion of many the most conspicuous episode of frontier times in North Dakota, the people of the state are manifesting much interest in the effort of the Society to commemorate it in a suitable manner.

Kildeer mountain, the highest peak in the brakes south of the little Missouri, is the only heavily wooded spot in the region. For this reason deer and other game were plentiful there in early days. The Indians called it "Ta-Ha-Kouty," meaning the place where we kill deer, and frequently camped there to hunt. Berries and nuts grew in profusion upon

the mountain and these, as well as game, attracted the red men.

In the spring and summer of 1864 an unusually large number of Sioux were in camp there. It was not a hunting camp, however, as it transpired, but a war camp, for the Sioux, like the Indians elsewhere in the north, had decided to take advantage of the time of war to stir up trouble.

News of the threatening rendezvous of the Indians in the Bad Lands reached the war department, and, in May, General Sully was ordered to leave Sioux City and penetrate the wilds of western North Dakota with the purpose of seeking out the rendezvous and scattering the tribes.

His army made its way up the Missouri to Fort Rice and thence struck out across the country into the dangerous Bad Lands. The first day out, the scouts met a party of Indians and had a skirmish with them, but it was not until the third day and after sixty-seven miles of rough country had been traversed in the series of rapid marches that the soldiers encountered the main strength of the war party near Kildeer mountain.

The battle began at 9 in the morning and lasted through the day. Few of the Indians had guns and their attack was in true red man fashion with war clubs in a hand to hand fight and with arrows shot from behind the trees. The turning point of the battle came when a horde of the Indians with fiendish yells made a rush from the rear for the twelve cannon brought along by the soldiers. The unexpected burst of grape shot which greeted them sent them fleeing in a panic. The rest of the tribes were soon on the run for the hills.

General Sully and his army camped that night near the battlefield. The dead were buried and horses staked over the graves to efface signs of the burial places. An attempt was made the next day to pursue the Indians through the Bad Lands, but it was found so difficult that the chase was given up. The abandoned camp of the Indians was found on the mountain and the 1,600 tepees, a large amount of dried venison, blankets and camp belongings were burned.

While the soldiers were bivouacked that evening near the mountain. 600 of the Indians made a wild dash through the camp, supposedly with the intention of stampeding the horses. Two guards were killed, but aside from that the raid accomplished nothing. All that night the battlefield near by was lighted up with the flickering torches of the Indians who had stolen back after their dead and wounded.

Two thousand two hundred soldiers and about 6,000 Indians were engaged in the battle of Kildeer mountain. General Sully reported 150 Indians killed, but Mr. Campbell is of the opinion that the number was much larger.

General Sully continued his campaign for some time after the battle of the mountain, but it proved however, to be only the beginning of the conflict between the soldiers and the Sioux. The culmination did not come until twelve years later when the Custer massacre occurred.

The Visit to the Kiowas.

From the Carrier Pigeon.

Complaints have been made to the Superintendents in this field that during last July considerable bodies of Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians visited the Kiowa Indians. While there, they indulged in presentation or gift dances. The Kiowas, who are poor and in debt, gave freely and

extravagantly to our Indians, much to the detriment of the former. The Kiowa Indians thereafter made plans to return the visit and a comparatively small number of them came to the vicinity of Watonga, where they were entertained by a body of our Cheyennes; but the majority of the Kiowas were discouraged from making the return visit by their Agent.

The Indian Office desires that tribal visits of this kind, and particularly those where gifts are made, shall not take place hereafter. That such practices are opposed to thrift and progress, there can be no doubt, and it is equally true that the more thoughtful and progressive Indians among the Cheyennes and Arapahos understand this fact. The agents in this field will in all probability adopt a uniform and organized policy looking toward the suppression of tribal visits and gift dances in the future.

The Indian Office would not object to occasional visits between the families of the neighboring tribes, provided that the families make their visits separately and that there be no general gathering of the kind mentioned above.

Richard Tyubby, an Indian, aged 28, was killed at his home near Troy, Okla., recently. Jerome Brown, also an Indian and a guest of Tyubby at the time the latter was killed is in jail to answer for the crime. The story as told is that Brown started to interfere while Tyubby was whipping one of his children, and in the quarrel which ensued, shot Tyubby.

Some girls imagine they are pretty as a picture because they are painted.

From King's Hand Book of the United States.

After all is said and done, it would be a cold day for the women if there were not men to poke the fire.—Mrs. James Clarke.

CYNTHIA ANN PARKER'S RE-BURIAL.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LAWTON, OK., December 10.— Without the shedding of a drop of blood, Oklahoma and Texas battled against each other in a fierce combat for the possession of a white squaw's body. With it is recalled a romance of the early plains days. Oklahoma has been victorious in its struggle to have the body of Cynthia Ann Parker, mother of Chief

Comanches as an opening ode. Then followed a prayer by Kowena in the native tongue. Hermann Nahpay acted as official interpreter.

After reading a portion of the Scripture upon "resurrection," Rev. Mr. Becker said, in part, through the interpreter:

"The day will come when we all will be raised again. In God's eye we are all



QUANAH PARKER, CHIEF OF THE COMANCHES.

Quannah Parker, reburied at Post Oak Mission, four miles north and west of Cache. The ceremonies were held Sunday afternoon at the mission church.

Rev. A. J. Becker of the Mennonite denomination held the service. A mournful funeral dirge was chanted by the

alike. We all die alike. The body of Cynthia Ann Parker, which we have before us, shows how we will be, rich or poor, but when resurrection comes it will be different. One will be raised for eternal happiness, one for eternal misery. God put us here to get ready for that

great day." Rev. E. C. Deyo of the Baptist Mission gave a few remarks, saying: "We are here to-day in memory of Quanah Parker's mother. In the days when she lived the Indian did not have this book (pointing to the Bible). God to-day gives them the book the same as to the whites. They believe in this book and do its works. All now are our people."

The closing remarks were made by the chief himself which were delivered first to his people, then to the whites. In part his sermon was as follows:

"My love for my mother, who when 9 years of age was captured by the Comanche Indians, caused me to want her body near me. She was a good woman. Through her kindness I became endeared to the white man. I desire my people to take up the ways of the white brothers, become educated men and women, tilling the soil and attending the household duties.

"Soon the government will stop paying any more money to the Indian and make him work for his living. Each of you, my people, should change your ways to please the government. White man he know best.

"Me dressed up in my good clothes to-day because I honor my mother. White man he dress in good clothes all the time. Indian he no afford it.

"When me go to Washington several years ago Congressman Stephens of Texas he say he help me get money to bring my mother to Oklahoma and build a monument. Congress give me \$1,000 because my mother white woman. Me glad.

"My mother captured in 1836, when 9 years old. She born in Illinois, 1827. With her people she move to Texas; erect Parker Fort. Did farming, establish



QUANAH PARKER, AND HIS TWO WIVES.

schools, organize Baptist Church. Her uncle was preacher.

"Gate to fort left open 1836. Several Comanches run in on Parker family. Preacher he killed. Later my mother marry Peta Nocona, chief. Three children born, myself, Prairie Flower, a sister, and a young brother. He die.

"In 1860 Col. Sull Ross, ranger, take my mother back to Texas, Henderson County. He found her to be Cynthia Ann Parker, me in her arms. She die 1870. Most sad story her capture. Many pages tell of her in Texas history. We want white folks know these things."

Quanah picked four pallbearers to carry the coffin, a fine white one, from the church to the grave, which was dug at the side of the church in an enclosure which is located back of the house. The men chosen were A. C. Birdsong, Frank Bush, E. W. Alexander, Emmett Cox. All of

these are white men. A bill was passed by the last Congress, an appropriation of \$1,000 for the removal of the body of Quanah's mother from its original resting place, in an obscure place in Anderson County, Tex., to Cache, Ok. The act aroused the protest of all Texans who boast of blood of Texas revolutionary heroes, and the historical societies of the Lone Star State took up the matter. A strong protest was made by many individuals and by patriotic organizations.

It was this ire that made it necessary for the Comanche chief to have his mother's remains exhumed at night and smuggled out of Texas to avoid any trouble with the old-time Texans.

While those in a position to know feel that Quanah will never become a Christian, in all the sense of the word, yet he has in many respects adopted Christianity. However, he refuses in some instances to embrace the Christian doctrine. Notwithstanding this, he preaches to his flock to take up the way of Jesus.

He at one time was a plainsman warrior, but of recent years he has become a friend of the white men and elected a member of the School Board in a district school established near his home in the Wichita Mountains.

Quanah speaks broken English and can neither read nor write. He has had fifteen children, all of whom have attended the government schools, except the two oldest, who were too old for enrollment when the school was first established. He has been the proud husband of seven wives, three of whom are at present performing the domestic duties of his household. The others, with one exception, have remarried and "cut off" domestic relations with Quanah.

On June 18, 1907, James Brice, British ambassador to the United States, visited

Quanah and smoked the pipe of peace with the Comanche chieftain. This is the only time Quanah ever consented to such an act. Torches were lighted and the red-skin told of his early life; how his mother had been stolen from her home in Texas and made captive by the Comanches. He said that once he narrowly escaped being deposed from the chieftancy of his tribe.

He had cut off his hair and laid aside his Indian garb, but soon found that his imitation of the white man's ways would be fatal to him as a tribal leader.

One of his daughters, Maude, married A. C. Birdsong, a white man, now agent to the tribe, while Quanah, Jr., married Miss Laura Clark, a graduate of the Lawton High School, in 1908, and daughter of Rev. Mr. Clark, missionary to the tribe.

So far as not to interfere with his official position the old chief is a "white man," and nothing pleases him more than to see his people marry into the Caucasian race. Many are the "squawmen" in his tribe, among them being the most prominent men of this locality.

"Quite a number of years ago we were as one nation, but of different tribes, no one knowing anything of another's tribe," said Quanah through an interpreter, "and talking all different language, roaming from place to place, without any head government and without any future outlook or prosperity, living as wild people without any future prospects.

"Now the white man's government has taken our tribe—our race—into its hands and has put before us everything that will improve our life now and in the future, and has taken the best care to make us men and women and tries to make us support ourselves and live like white people to stand individually anywhere, and now it is our time to take advantage of every-

thing. The government has spent hundreds, if not millions of dollars to give the Indians of America a good education, so that they can go forward into life, and they must think of the time they have spent moving. You will find that the government has done a great deal for you so much that you could not pay for it.

"The only way they can pay for it," he continued, "is to make themselves

good men and women. Now when the young boys finish school they should go to their homes and show what they have learned to their fellowmen and fellowwomen and try to teach them how things are to be done; teach them if they do not know how, and do the best possible to uplift our nation to a higher standard and make their homes clean and respectable."



A KIOWA INDIAN MAIDEN—OKLAHOMA, IN ELK TOOTH COSTUME.

THE GREAT CHIEF RED CLOUD.

By DR. THOMAS A. BLAND, in *Chicago Tribune*.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—The intelligent American, whenever he thinks of the Indian and his problem, is confused between two pictures of his aboriginal possessor of the continent. In one he views the savage marauder, falling upon the camp of the settler and ruthlessly murdering women and children—the fiendish desperado of the plains. This picture has been foisted upon his mind from the knickerbocker age, when he read of the Indian in picture books. Again, he sees the noble redman, the heroic Logan, the gentle Hiawatha, or Poor Lo, dispossessed of his heritage, driven from his fields and streams, and tortured and robbed by the designing white man. Naturally, there is confusion as to which may be the real likeness. Those men who have lived near the Indian generally have been his enemies, seeking aggrandizement and enrichment at his expense. They have neither known nor understood him, and what they say of him is often as misleading as the conception of the foreigner who asked the New Yorker whether he wasn't in dread of the redman when he went to bed at night.

To know the Indian one must have his confidence; to understand him demands a sympathy and patience lacking in most men.

For that reason the following account of the story and character of Red Cloud, the Sioux chieftain, by Dr. Bland, adviser to the united Sioux nation and one of the few white men ever elected to the rank of chieftain in any Indian tribe, ought to possess genuine information.

Red Cloud's popular reputation was that of a ruthless war chief and savage butcher. His connection with the Custer episode and previous massacres is well known, as generally construed. The events of which Dr. Bland writes in detail are subsequent, but none the less illuminating on the conditions which promoted "Indian outrages."

I HAVE had wide acquaintance with representatives of the aboriginal men of this continent, a race rapidly disappearing and soon to live only in history and institutions devoted to ethnology. Among the Indians I have known well, Mahpeah Leutah (Red Cloud), head chief of the federated tribes of the Dakotas, popularly called the Sioux nation, easily ranks first in those qualities that go to make a noble character—a large, well balanced brain, with intellectual and moral elements dominant.

Red Cloud was a patriot, a statesman, an orator, a general, and a diplomat. His father was head chief of the Ogalala tribe of the Dakotas.

His successor by Indian usage would have been his eldest son, but that son recognized in his brother, Red Cloud, a fitness for the chieftainship far superior to his own; hence he declined the position in favor of his brother, the tribe concurring. The younger man accepted the office, a

position of honor but not of profit. On the death of the renowned Chief Spotted Tail of the Brule tribe, Red Cloud became chief of the nation, while still retaining the position of chief of his own tribe.

I first met Red Cloud in 1881. He was then on a visit to Washington to ask the new "great father", President Garfield, to appoint an honest man for the position of United States agent for his tribe, in place of the one who had robbed and tyrannized over his people to an extent that was a great hardship on them and a disgrace to the United States. His mission failed, and the chief returned home to wait with what patience he could and to keep his people from open revolt. In the summer of 1884 a grand council of the tribe was held to consider the situation, and after discussing the matter freely the council by a majority vote ordered the war chief, Fire Lightning, to summon his braves, march to the agency, and tell the agent if he did not resign his office and leave their country they would kill him. Red Cloud opposed this policy, but a majority vote of the council overrides the authority of the chief, for an Indian government is in fact a republic, the head being an executive officer and counselor, but in no sense king.

Being a wise man, Red Cloud knew that such a course as had been resolved upon would, if carried out, bring the United States army to the agency, and a war would be disastrous to the tribe. He said to the council: "Don't do this until I can write to our friend, Dr. Bland, asking him to come here and advise us what to do in this crisis." The council accepted this suggestion and the chief, through his secretary, wrote me the following letter:

"Pine Ridge Agency, May 10, 1884.—Dr. T. A. Bland, Washington, D. C.—My Good Friend: Things are bad here, and we want you to come at once and tell us what to do. We want your advice about the new treaty and others things. Come quick. We will pay your expenses.
"Your friend,
RED CLOUD."

On receipt of that letter I asked Secretary Teller of the interior department for a letter to Agent McGillicuddy of Pine Ridge, instructing him to treat me properly and allow me to counsel with the Indians. The secretary was opposed to my going, but on my saying to him that I should

go whether he gave me a letter or not, he yielded, and gave me a letter which should have protected me, but did not. The secretary's objection to my going to Pine Ridge was, he said, the fear that I would have trouble with the agent, because I had printed in the Council Fire, a journal representing the Quaker Indian policy, letters from Red Cloud and other Indians, accusing their agent of dishonesty and tyranny, and also a summary of report of Indian Inspector Pollock to the interior department confirming the charge made by the Indians.

I reached Pine Ridge June 28, escorted by Red Cloud and forty of his most prominent men, including the war chief and his staff. We arrived at 11 a. m. I stopped at the agency hotel, and the Indians went to the home of Red Cloud, near the agency, their own homes, or the homes of friends who lived near by. Red Cloud was to return at 1 o'clock and escort me to the agent's office, that I might report to him and hand him the secretary's letter, but at 12 o'clock the chief of the agency police and two privates came to the hotel, arrested me and took me forthwith to the agent's office.

"Are you Dr. Bland?" asked the agent.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, doctor, you can't stay on this reservation."

"I beg your pardon, I think I can. Here is a letter from Secretary Teller, instructing you to allow me to do so." He read the letter aloud, and then said:

"Ordinarily it affords me great pleasure to obey the orders of the honorable secretary, but in this instance I shall not. You will leave the agency at once."

"Not unless I am put off by force," I replied. He then ordered the chief of police to muster six men in the office at once. The men filed in and the agent personally issued six rounds of fixed ammunition, as well as rifles, to the men, and ordering out the army ambulance, commanded the chief of police to escort me to Ganno's ranch in Nebraska, seven miles south of the agency. I was cordially received and hospitably entertained by Mr. Ganno and his family.

About 3 o'clock Spotted Elk and two other braves galloped up to Ganno's, and told me that my arrest had incensed the Indians to the highest point; that Fire Lightning had called his warriors together by a war whoop and announced his purpose to kill the agent and burn the agency; that Red Cloud had asked him to wait till he could send some young men to find Dr. Bland and ask him what to do.

I said: "Go back and tell Fire Lightning not to break the law, as the agent has done, but

keep the peace. Tell Red Cloud to come to Ganno's tomorrow morning with some of his wisest men and we will hold a council and decide what to do next."

At 10 o'clock the next day, which was Sunday, Red Cloud and twelve subchiefs arrived. They said that when the agent saw what a storm he had raised he jumped into his carriage and gave out that he had gone to Washington. It was discovered afterwards that he returned about midnight and hid in his cellar until informed by his wife that all danger was over.

We decided that day to hold a grand council ten days later in Arlige's grove, near Ganno's ranch. Indian runners were at once sent to summon the subchiefs and head men from all sections of the reservation to that council. It was the largest representative council ever held in that country, and the results of it were far reaching and important.

The commissioner of Indian affairs had prepared for my use a map of the Sioux reservation, colored, so as to show what portions would be sold to the government and what left to the Indian under to the proposed Dawes treaty, then before congress. I showed that map to the council and gave the Indians my opinion of the treaty, proposing certain changes which, if congress would make, I advised them to accede to.

The council accepted my advice by unanimous vote. I was with my consent adopted into the tribe and christened Egomo Tonka—"Mountain Lion." I was then elected head council chief and a resolution was adopted pledging the Sioux to sign any treaty having my approval, but refused to sign any treaty that I did not approve.

I told the Indian committee of congress of this action of the Sioux and urged that the bill be amended so as to make it just to that people. I said: "Gentlemen, you may pass this bill through congress and get the president's approval of it, but unless you amend it as I suggest you will not be able to get the approval of the Indians." My warning was not heeded. The bill was passed and a commission appointed by the president and sent to get the Sioux to sign the treaty. The commission failed of its object, much to the disappointment of the railroad lobbyist who had framed the treaty and engineered it through congress. One morning the Dakota delegate in congress and the other railroad lobbyists called at my home and said to me:

"Doctor, we have come to surrender. We know that we cannot get the Sioux treaty adopted without your approval. We, therefore, ask you to take our bill and amend it till it suits you, and then we will pass it."

One of my twelve amendments made a differ-

ence to the five tribes of Sioux of six millions of dollars in their favor. I deem it proper to say that, like other Indian chiefs, I received no salary. When the Indians got the first payment under that treaty a purse of \$250 was sent me as a testimonial of their appreciation of my friendly services. That is all that I ever got from them, and that was not salary.

Red Cloud was my guest during a few weeks visit to Washington in 1885. During those weeks receptions were given him, not alone by my wife and myself, but by other friends. His speeches on those occasions charmed all hearers by their simple but eloquent style and poetic beauty. Secretary Lamar said to me that Red Cloud's farewell speech to him was the most eloquent utterance that he had ever heard fall from the lips of any man of any race.

Alonzo Bell, formerly assistant secretary of the interior department, pronounced Red Cloud the equal in statemanship of any man in the United States senate, and as an orator he out-ranked them all. My wife interviewed this great man on religion. He said:

"The great spirit, Wah-Contonkah, is like the wind. He is everywhere. We can not see him. We do not expect him to help us in our troubles, for he acts in a general way. When we want help we call on the great chiefs and medicine men of our own tribe who have gone to the spirit world. I asked my friend, Spotted Tail, to help me get justice for my people, and although I can not see him I know he is here with me, trying to help me. The spirit world is not far away. It is like this world, divided into good country and bad country. Good Indians go to good country when they die, while bad Indians go to the bad lands, where they have to stay until they become good, then they can go to the good lands."

On bidding me good-by at the close of that visit Red Cloud dropped the hand I had given

him and embraced me most affectionately. With his arms about me he said:

"In a short time our bodies will be a great way apart, but our hearts will still be in the same wigwam."

I visited Red Cloud in his home in 1891. When I alighted from the public stage coach the old chief threw his arms about me and greeted me in his own language: "Lela washta acola." He knew that I understood him to say: "How are you, my very good friend?"

Red Cloud was the leader of his people in the Sioux war of 1867. After failing in the great council which was presided over by Gen. Sherman to secure a just treaty, he said:

"There is nothing left for us to rely upon but the Great Spirit and our rifles." He secured by war what he had demanded in council. He never took up arms save as a last resort. But when he did he was a brave and wise general. He had nothing to do with the so-called Sitting Bull war of 1876, nor did Sitting Bull do anything but pray for victory for his people. He was a medicine chief, not a war chief. I knew him well, and I knew that he was greatly misunderstood and so misrepresented. He was a great and good man. Through his interpreter he wrote me a letter only a few weeks before he was so brutally assassinated by the agency police through the connivance of the dishonest agent of Standing Rock. In that letter he said:

"I am so tired of having lies told on me that I want to die. The newspapers and the people say that Sitting Bull is opposed to his people being educated, and to their living like white-men. You, my friend, know that is false." Sitting Bull's widow wrote me an account of the horrible, brutal, and wholly unjustifiable murder of her husband.

Red Cloud will rank in the annals of America with Massasoit, King Philip, Powhatan, Tame nund, Red Jacket, and Tecumseh.

The Indian School Journal, Chilocco, Okla., has for a long time been a piece of first-class workmanship. It would have been hard to suggest any improvement either as to the editorial or the mechanical departments. The October issue, however, was not only embellished with a larger number of curious and interesting illustrations than we remember noticing before, but it contained a handsome inset in which various poems and brief aphorisms were printed on buff paper in four colors, each having a beautiful artistic border of its own.

—The Indian's Friend

THE ROYCROFT SHOP,
East Aurora, N. Y.,

December 22, 1910.

Thank you for the December number of "The Indian School Journal." I have been much interested in it, and have looked it thru with pleasure and profit.

ELBERT HUBBARD

The News at Chilocco

"As the days get longer,
The cold grows stronger."

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Buchanan spent Christmas at Wichita, Kans.

C. W. Leib spent the Christmas holidays with his son in Nebraska.

Many Indians visited their children during Christmas week at this school.

There was some talk about Christmas time of establishing the stocking industry at Chilocco.

C. W. Leib, Mrs. Emma Long and Miss Alma McRae spent Christmas away from the school.

The water service is being extended to the new school building. Lavatories are to be put in the tower rooms.

J. Grant Bill disappeared about Christmas time. Being a marriageable bachelor some interest was manifested in his absence. He visited at Pawhuska.

John Washburn, assistant carpenter, passed his annual vacation in Kansas City, and returned to duty Dec. 22, '10.

A flock of wild geese has been seen several times on Chilocco creek lately. They are evidently winter-feeding here.

G. W. Frass, of Darlington, Okla., brother of Mrs. Isaac Seneca, our "village blacksmith," has been here on a visit of a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leukens spent Christmas with Mrs. Leukens' sister and father at Piedmont, Okla., returning the following Monday.

Sam Durant who went home sick to Michigan, is so much better he thinks he would like to return to Chilocco. His postoffice is Kenewaw Bay. Sam has lots of friends here who would like to see him back.

Peter Houser, the well known athlete and football player, was a visitor to Chilocco recently, the guest of Isaac Seneca and A. M. Venne.

The grounds about the new school building are being covered with the rich soil from the bottom of Lake Chilocco. This will insure a good lawn.

Herbert King was a Christmas guest at Chilocco. Oronogo, Mo., is his present post office address, where he is "making good" in a machine shop.

Skating on Lake Chilocco this winter has been very greatly enjoyed by all. Some of our pupils from Arizona and New Mexico never saw ice before.

Our boys have been building wall out of doors with cement mortar throughout December, which speaks eloquently of Oklahoma's mild winter climate.

The printing department of Chilocco school is often called upon to do work for other Indian centers, and "Satisfaction" is the word heard by our printer boys.

Dr. J. A. Murphy writes of the arrival of a son and heir at the Denver home of the Murphys. Their Phoenix friends extend congratulations. — *Native American*.

Harry J. Deards, brother of Mrs. Supt. Wise, of Chilocco, called here on his way home from the west to spend Christmas. He resides at Charles City, Iowa.

Lyle, son of Supt. Wise, at Wisconsin

University, sends a number of kindly Christmas remembrances to Chilocco friends. They are glad to hear from him, always.

The long drouth in Chilocco was partially broken December 27 by an old fashioned thunder shower. About one-half inch of rain fell. This was the first since the latter part of September.

Dr. W. H. Harrison, the eye specialist of the Indian Bureau, is here examining the eyes of the students. He was here last May and treated about one hundred twenty cases of trachoma at that time.

One of our lessees, Station Agent L. S. Abernathy, was badly hurt financially by the loss of his corn crop. While the hot winds lasted he says he lost \$300 a day. Other lessees were similarly affected.

Rev. F. H. Wright came to Chilocco on December 20, and addressed the school. Mr. Wright is always a welcome visitor to Chilocco. He is an Indian evangelist, and all the students believe in him, and like him.

Mrs. E. L. Shelton, of Sulphur, Okla., aunt of Mrs. Peter Martinez, and a cousin, Miss. Lottie Shelton, of Boswell, Okla., a school teacher, were guests at Chilocco during Christmas days at the Martinez home.

Mrs. Jas. Buchanan's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Meyer, of Holland, Indiana, are visiting their children in the West, and came to Chilocco for a short visit. Mrs. Heitman, sister to Mrs. Meyer, accompanied them.

Miss Gertrude M. Golden has been transferred to Ft. Belknap school, N. D. This is a transfer Chilocco people sincerely regret, for Miss Golden has been most faithful in her duties, and has qualities which endear her to all.

Commissary Thompson has just stored away for winter consumption 20,000 pounds of dried fruit, 5,000 pounds of rolled oats, 1,200 pounds of hominy, 30,000 pounds of wheat flour, besides a lot of building material including 100 barrels of cement.

Miss Elizabeth A. Dempster has been added to our teaching force. She is from Pleasant Valley, Okla., and has been assigned rooms at Home Three. Miss Dempster comes from the public school at Pleasant Valley, and will have the fourth grade at Chilocco.

The engineering department is to be congratulated upon the progress made toward a thorough system of economical heating for Chilocco. The plant is one of the best in the Service, and under the careful supervision of Chief Carruthers is developing its full utility.

This has been an ideal fall and winter so far for

outside work, and Supt. Wise has taken advantage of it to "tone up" the campus, lay water mains, mend walks, build retaining walls, tunnels and cement walks, repair buildings, and generally to improve things at the "big school."

The cows at the Chilocco dairy barn were never so fat as now. About 35 calves are there also, and the place is kept clean and sanitary. And this is true of all industries on the farm. Cleanliness is the watchword everywhere. The "toning up" spirit prevails at Uncle Sam's big school in Oklahoma.

"Sequoiah" is the correct spelling of the name of the Cherokee Indian who made the Cherokee alphabet. "Sequoia" is the name of the tree intended to be named after him. It follows, therefore, that in naming a society, the man, not the tree is intended and the spelling should be as is his name.

Visitors are and have been numerous at Chilocco. They come by team usually from Arkansas City and Newkirk, as also from the surrounding country. All are surprised and gratified at the character of the buildings and the industries and they express pleasure that Uncle Sam's big school is not to be dispensed with just yet.

A widely extended prairie fire swept over the country south of Chilocco during the night of the 20th of December. The flames swept the fields between the Frisco and Santa Fe tracks. The fire appeared to start on the Frisco right of way early in the evening, west of Chilocco, and under a brisk northwest wind jumped the track and could be seen still burning far south at sunrise.

Mr. Ralph Stanion, Superintendent of the Otoe Agency, with his son and father, spent a few days at Chilocco the guests of Miss Lizzie H. McCormick, matron of Home Four. James Stanion, the father, is a veteran of the civil war, having served as first sergeant of Co. D, 137th N. Y. Vol. Infy. He was badly wounded in the service.

Rev. Geo. O. Nichols, Presbyterian minister of Arkansas City, Kans., gave an excellent address for our young people the last Sunday of the year. We have some splendid chapel help for this school in the voluntary offerings of the ministers from our neighboring cities, but cannot help specializing Rev. Nichols' address on the occasion referred to. He appealed to the eye as well as the ear, giving many object illustrations.

A severe cold spell set in here Sunday, January 1, and lasted until Wednesday, January 4, 1911. The thermometer dropped to twenty degrees below zero. A shortage of gas made things

very unpleasant, and may result in changing the system to oil as fuel. The failure of the gas cut off power, light and water, except for a portion of the nights. However, one boiler was kept alive with wood after the gas appliances had been removed, which greatly relieved the situation.

The Domestic Science girls, Miss Alma McRae instructor, send to the Print Shop a box of sample candies made by them for Christmas. The sweetmeats were of many varieties, and of first-class quality. The printer boys return their thanks for this remembrance. Miss Caroline Murie decorated a few of the boxes sent around as presents. Miss Murie is an artist of no mean order, and they are fortunate who can secure specimens of her pen work.

CHRISTMAS AT CHILOCCO.

Indian Boys and Girls Have a Happy Time.

Saturday, December 24, 1910, was devoted to getting ready for the Christmas festivities at the Indian school at Chilocco, Okla., which began on the evening of that day at the "Gym." "Town day" for the girls had been the day before, Friday, and many spent Saturday preparing personal gifts besides attending to their usual school assignments for duty.

The entire student body was kept busy. Perhaps the busiest places were the "Gym" and the main kitchen. The "Gym," be it known, is the place of assembly until the new auditorium is seated, and it was beautifully decorated, and a large Christmas tree was placed in position and covered with gifts for the 500 and over students, to say nothing of the employees and their children. The overflow of presents filled a number of large baskets which rested under the tree.

Besides, a dozen baskets had been filled with artistically hemstitched bags full of assorted candies, nuts, oranges and apples and placed near the foot of the tree. By the time the bugles sounded the evening meal, all was ready, and the tired matrons, upon whom the responsibility rested of seeing to it that no child was overlooked, were the happiest group upon the grounds.

Indian children are not stoical by nature but by education. There was the jolliest, happiest, frolicking crowd imaginable when the evening call for "assembly" was sounded. They were marched to the brilliantly lighted hall by troops and companies as usual and were properly seated, more than 500, perhaps 600, as many of the lessees brought their children and friends to see the annual distribution of gifts which a kind "Uncle Samuel" had provided, and it would

have pleased the "great father" at Washington to have seen the bright eyes and happy faces of his wards there present.

Supt. Wise called to order and quietness, and the entertainment consisting of a cantata entitled "Christmas in Many Lands," prepared by Principal Teacher Howard and his corps of assistants, was presented. This in brief was a representation in character of the people of many nations, each telling how Christmas was observed over the seas. Between statements carols were sung by the large choir, led by Miss Ella Lander at the piano. Santa Claus was introduced during these introductory exercise, and an excellent representation in costume which pleased the large assembly was presented.

Then came the distribution of gifts. First the tree was stripped of its precious and coveted burden by the officers of troops who handed them to the seated audience through name cards attached to each present. Juanita and John cast sidelong glances to see if that particular covered package reached its proper destination, and each sent a wireless telegram as their eyes met—just like all young folks do.

All things come to an end, and so did these beautiful exercises. Supt. Wise spoke of the meaning of Christmas as observed in our country and was happy that the United States recognized "Santa Claus." As the companions marched out "laden to the bulwarks" with personal gifts, they ran the gantlet of servitors who added the candy, nut, and fruit packages.

Of the many striking features of the evening among the decorations, mention must be made of a text beautifully drawn upon cloth in colors by Mr. Adelbert J. Tobey, teacher, who is certainly a master with the pencil. The scripture quotation was from Luke II, verses 13 and 14, as follows: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The piano execution by Miss Ella Lander was also a surprise to many and a delight to all.

As the large crowd passed from the "Gym." they were greeted with a beautiful spectacle by Chief Engineer Carruthers and his engineer detail, who had turned on every light in the new school building. It was a blaze of glory, sure enough, and every one felt that it flashed a promise of a bright future for Chilocco.

THE BIG DINNER.

The "big dinner" was this year set for Monday, as Christmas came on Sunday, and at least 525 "covers" were laid in the main dining room. The tables looked pretty when everything was upon them, and for an hour the student body en-

I am much interested in the splendid journal which you publish.

—Luther Burbank.

gaged in a merry combat with good things to eat. The employees, as usual, waited upon all the pupils, carved the turkeys, and tried to make things pleasant for everyone. And they succeeded admirably.

The following was the "menu," printed in colors, in the form of a postal card: Chicken, dressing, giblet gravy, creamed tomatoes, mashed potatoes, buns and butter, pickles, apple jelly, mince pie, apples, fancy cakes, stewed peaches, cranberry sauce, coffee, tea and milk.

Extensive Improvements.

Some extensive grading is being done about Chilocco. The rich soil from the lake bottom exposed by low water is being carried back to the high land where it belongs. The lake dam has been reenforced by the construction in December of a solid concrete wall five feet high and 450 feet long, with spillways at both ends. This substantial improvement insures permanency and eliminates for all time the danger of our dam being taken out by high water. The bridge road is being widened by the erection of cement walls on the south side, so that the sidewalks of cement to be built over the causeway may be in line with those east and west of the lake. A new concrete bridge of artistic design over the causeway is being planned. There is a general toning up of the campus, since the new school house has been completed, and all of the most substantial and permanent character. This work has all been done without special appropriation and by the work of the students and farm teams under the direction of Farmer Van Zant, who is a hustler handling dirt, and the mason detail under B. S. Rader, instructor.

Rabbit Hunt.

About seventy-five students took part this year in Chilocco's annual rabbit hunt, and the result was a half-dozen jacks and about fifty cotton tails.

Under the supervision of Disciplinarian A. M. Venne the boys gathered in front of the "Gym."

at 9 o'clock Monday morning, Dec. 26, all armed with short clubs except a few employees, who carried shot guns.

Going west, the crowd formed in line just west of the school grounds, and swept northwardly, the guns on the flanks. It was not long before the cry was started "there he goes," and a rush followed, clubs flying amid cheers and laughter, but bunny turned and darted back through the broken line and—escaped! Then followed the usual fun, rabbits tumbling under the blows of the clubs or falling before the guns of the flankers. The line swept forward toward Cale (Erie) on the Frisco, turned westward and crossed Chilocco creek, and thence east again to the school where at about 11 o'clock A. M. the "check up" revealed the results as stated above.

It was a red-letter event in Chilocco's history, and though the real purpose of the hunt was to kill wolves, not one was seen. The rabbits were cooked by Miss Miller, and served in the main dining hall to the school.

Basket Ball at Chilocco.

William Burns has been elected captain of the Chilocco Indian basketball team for the season of 1910-1911. It is hoped that he will make a good leader.

So far our team has played five games, won two and lost three. The games won were from Blackwell high school and Winfield. The games lost were to Southwestern college, Oklahoma Baptist college and Friends' University. Considering that we lost four of last year's team and most of those on the team are new men with little experience, our team is doing very good playing. The team work is not what it ought to be yet and it will take some time to develop this phase of the game. We need a couple of good goal throwers. The forwards need a great deal of practice in lodging the ball in the basket when an opportunity is offered them to shoot.

A girls' basketball league has been formed known as the "Kay County Girls' Basketball League." The members of the league besides

Chilocco are, Oklahoma Baptist College, University Preparatory School of Tonkawa, and Newkirk High School. Our girls have been practicing faithfully for the past six weeks and although most of the girls in the team lack experience we hope to win our share of the games.

Band Concert.

As one of the features of holiday week the Chilocco Band, under direction of Band Master A. M. Venne, gave an excellent concert on the evening of December 29.

A number worthy of special comment was the brass sextette, which was a very pleasing innovation and favorably received by the audience.

The baritone solo, "My Old Kentucky Home," played by Wm. Moses, was heartily applauded.

The quartette "Lets Go Back to Baby Days," was applauded to the echo, and the quartette, consisting of Misses Margaret Keotah, Blanche King and Messrs. Wm. Burns and James Jones, were called back to repeat the song.

Miss Ella Lander in a piano solo, and Miss Bessie Secondine, also rendered very pleasing numbers of a highly satisfactory program.

Second Annual Meeting.

The Chilocco literary societies held their second annual meeting at the Gym. on Friday, Dec. 30, 1910, which was participated in by members of the Minnehaha, Hiawatha, Sequoiah and Soangetaha organizations. The chief feature of the occasion was a debate between the last two named societies, the question being:

Resolved, That the Indians' property be kept in trust by the Government for another generation.

The affirmative was carried by John McKee and Charles McGilberry, of the Sequoiah, and the negative by Geo. Bent and Clayton Dickson of the Soangetaha. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative, the points being 17 to 16—a close debate.

Supt. Wise, in delivering the award of the judges, spoke of the pleasure he felt in hearing the discussion. It showed that our Indian students were thinking along the line suggested by the resolution and were thinking rightly.

Pishney Concert.

A family of six persons named the "Pishney Family," gave a concert at the Gym. recently which was an excellent one. It was wholly musical, principally instrumental, and was really enjoyed by our Indian students, who appreciate good music. The variety may be inferred when it is mentioned that a "xylophone" brought

forth a volume of sweet sounds, which was supplemented by cornets, violins, guitars, mandolins, flutes, piccolos and flageolets. Curious in music were produced through the use of files, cow bells, drums, flower pots, tin cans, etc. Altogether, the entertainment was a very enjoyable one, and included music of a high order.

Interesting Discourse.

Frank Stahl, the visible head of the temperance cause in Kansas for forty or fifty years past visited Chilocco Sunday Dec. 11, 1910, and made a stirring address, which it is hoped will do much good. Mr. Stahl is a farmer by occupation but has devoted his life to the temperance cause. He is also a civil war veteran and carries many an ugly wound. It is hoped he will again visit us as he left a most favorable impression among our Indian pupils.

Islands in Chilocco Lake.

Two islands are being constructed in Lake Chilocco, advantage being taken of the low water to do the work, which consists of lifting the rich bottom dirt into mounds. These will be beautified by planting shrubbery and small trees. They will be a distinct addition to the beauty of our lake. They will not only look well, but will make fine duck blinds during the hunting season.

"Minnehaha."

The "Societies" are in full operation in Chilocco. Some are strong,—some are not so. A visit to Minnehaha, on Friday evening December 23, revealed Miss Sadie Robertson as employee supervisor, and about fifty young girls in attendance ranging from 14 to 18 years of age.

The deportment throughout the entire session, lasting an hour, was excellent, and the exercises fairly well carried out. Principal Teacher Howard came in, and in some remarks advised how best to proceed to gain better success.

The meetings are held in the new building which is beautifully lighted and comfortably warmed. It was a great pleasure to see and hear this entertainment on the part of Chilocco's Indian students.

If one were to visit the temples at Kioto, Japan, he would see twenty-nine coils of rope made of human hair, each ninety feet long and nine inches in circumference. Several hundred years ago, the Japanese women sacrificed their hair to make huge rope that were used in the construction of the temples. These ropes are highly prized and are guarded by the temple attendants day and night.

CHILOCCO INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL.

LOCATED at Chilocco, Kay County, Oklahoma; was established in 1884. and for more than twenty-six years has been maintained and supported by the United States Government for the education and civilization of the Indian youth of the country. From a beginning of one building when the school was opened for pupils the plant has grown to ambitious proportions; the buildings, numbering forty-eight, of stone and frame construction, are heated by steam, lighted by electricity, with all modern conveniences and extensive equipment, furnish comfortable and desirable accommodations for seven hundred pupils. Health conditions are almost ideal.

AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRIES.—Chilocco, with its large productive farm, stands unqualifiedly first in its equipment and ability to impart practical knowledge of the agricultural industries, so vital to the success and happiness of a majority of Indian boys. The farm, garden, nursery, dairy, live-stock, and poultry departments afford Indian boys the best possible opportunity for acquiring a thorough knowledge of these industries, and also contribute large quantities of various articles of subsistence, including melons, apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots, and other fruits, for the pupils' tables.

IN THE TRADES.—Valuable practical training is given in blacksmithing and wagon making, carpentry and cabinet making, shoe and harness making, painting and decorating, electrical and steam engineering, plastering, stone, cement, and concrete work, and other allied industries and trades.

HOME MAKING.—Thorough courses of instruction in every branch of domestic art, including sewing, baking, cooking, housekeeping, laundering, and nursing, are open to all girl students enrolled.

THE JOURNAL PRINT SHOP is in itself a training school in all that pertains to the art of printing, and graduates from this department are capably filling responsible positions in this line of endeavor, both in and out of the Indian Service.

THE LITERARY COURSE embraces the eight grades of a grammar school course, and includes vocal music for all pupils, and instrumental music for a limited number. Special effort is made to maintain a high standard of excellence in class room work, and no pupil is graduated from this department until he is able to pass a satisfactory state examination. Advanced and special instruction are provided for all meritorious pupils.

REGULAR RELIGIOUS EXERCISES are non-sectarian, but the Catholic Priest and local ministers of the various denominations visit the school weekly for the purpose of special instruction, to keep in touch with the student body, and to stimulate the growth of a healthy, moral and religious atmosphere. Chilocco's first aim in all its work is to build good character.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.—Plenty of outdoor exercise, military drill and calisthenics are given to insure proper health conditions, and the various forms of athletics are properly supervised and encouraged among the pupils.

TO INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS: Chilocco stands for what you need, and you need all the education and training you can get to guide you in life's great work, and to protect you in your dealings with those who will be quick to take advantage of your weakness or your ignorance. Seek enrollment while you have the chance. Do not wait for some one to persuade you to come; one glimpse of the future must show you the necessity of taking advantage of your opportunities while a generous Government is willing to provide them.



ROAN CHIEF, PAWNEE CHIEF, AND YELLOW HAIR,
SIOUX CHIEF.