

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, July 4, 1776.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the law of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the cause which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of those ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such a form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evince a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

He has refused to assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the

danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose, obstructing the laws of naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither; and raising the conditions of new appropriations of land.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount of payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislatures.

He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefit of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the powers of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with powers to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravished our coast, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete

the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captives on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the States of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may

do, of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

JOHN HANCOCK.

New Hampshire.—Josiah Bartlett, Wm. Whipple, Matthew Thornton.

Massachusetts Bay.—Saml. Adams, John Adams, Robt. Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry.

Rhode Island, etc.—Steph. Hopkins, William Ellery.

Connecticut.—Roger Sherman, Sam'l Huntington, Wm. Williams, Oliver Wolcott.

New York.—Wm. Floyd, Phil. Livingston, Frans. Lewis, Lewis Morris.

New Jersey.—Richd. Stockton, Jno. Witherspoon, Frans. Hopkinson, John Heart, Abra. Clark.

Pennsylvania.—Robt. Morris, Benjamine Rush, Benja. Franklin, John Morton, Geo. Clymer, Jas. Smith, Geo. Taylor, James Wilson, Geo. Ross.

Delaware.—Caesar Rodney, Geo. Read, Tho. M'Kean.

Maryland.—Samuel Chase, Wm. Paca, Thos. Stone, Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Virginia.—George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Thos. Jefferson, Benja. Harrison, Thos. Nelson, Jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton.

North Carolina.—Wm. Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn.

South Carolina.—Edward Rutledge, Thos. Heyward, Jr., Thomas Lynch, Jr., Arthur Middleton.

Georgia.—Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, George Walton.



FOURTH OF JULY, 1907

Our New Principal Teacher

Mr. John Whitwell, the newly-appointed Principal teacher at this school is now a guest of the Teachers' Club. The *Haskell Leader* has the following:-

Mr. John Whitwell, for four years principal teacher here, and Miss Bowersox, who has held the same position in the Carlisle Training school for a number of years, will exchange places the last of this month. We are sorry indeed to lose Mr. and Mrs. Whitwell and their daughters, but as the transfer increases Mr. Whitwell's salary and takes him nearer home, it seems best to make the change. Miss Bowersox is highly recommended and we trust will like our western climate.—*Haskell Leader*.

Young America's Fourth

(M. PHELPS DAWSON)

We put him to bed in his little nightgown,
The worst battered youngster there was in town;
Yet he yelled as he opened his only well eye,
" 'Rah! 'Rah for the jolly old Fourth of July!"

Two thumbs and eight fingers with cloths were tied up
On his head was a bump, like an upside down cup;
And he smiled as he best could with nose all awry,
"I've had just the bossiest Fourth of July!"

We were glad for we had been up with the sun,
Right into the midst of the powder and fun,
Where the cannon's loud boom sent it smoke to the sky,
Young-America-like was his Fourth of July.

I said we were glad. All the pieces were there,
So we plastered and bound them with the tenderest care;
But out of the wreck came the words with a sigh,
"If to-morrow was only the Fourth of July!"

He will grow all together again, never fear,
And be ready to celebrate freedom next year.
But though it is selfish we're thankful there lies,
A crackerless twelvemonth twixt Fourth of Julys.

We kissed him good-night on his powder-specked face,
We laid his bruised hands softly down in their place;
And he murmured as sleep closed his one open eye,
"I wish every day was the Fourth of July!"

From Theodore Owl

DEAR MAJOR:—We are having a very nice time here at Northfield and we have met and made many friends among the college boys.

Northfield is one of the most beautiful places that I have ever visited, and I hope to get a great deal of good from this conference.

I remain yours truly
Theodore Owl

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(Excepting the last two weeks in August)

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Entered as second-class matter September 2, 1904, at the post-office at Carlisle, Pa. under the Act of Congress.

[All items preceded by an arrow found in the columns of the paper are furnished by the pupils and published, as nearly as possible, just as they were handed in, with an eye toward the cultivation of the student's use of words and language and represent the idea and intention of the writer alone.]—Ed. Note.

CARLISLE, PA., JULY 5, 1907

PROVERB

It is impossible that a man who is false to his friends should be true to his country.

Letter from Annie Buck

Annie Buck, who left Carlisle for her home in Alaska last August, has been heard from under date of March 21, from Deering, Alaska. Extracts from a letter to the Superintendent follow:—"I am writing this little note to you because I want to tell you how glad I was to get THE ARROW the first of this month. Indeed, I felt nearer when I read what the people are doing at dear Carlisle. It gives me courage to do right when I know what the people are doing, those with whom I have been so long. THE ARROW is the best paper of all the Indian School papers.

"To day we had a storm all day and it is still blowing so hard that we can not see the town. I think I am the only person living in the far north that has ever been at Carlisle. I am in the country, about 25 miles south of the Arctic Circle. You can imagine how different it is after nine years spent at Carlisle. Everything is different. Of course there are many queer things to see in Alaska, and I am not sorry that I went to Carlisle. I am glad I was there. It means a lot when we are away from our homes. I see now better than before. I see and know what benefits me most when I return home. I say to the children: 'Do you very best in everything and make friends with good people.' I value my friends now more than when I was at Carlisle. I hope THE ARROW will always come. It takes three months for the mail to reach here, and we get our mail only twice a month, so you see we get hungry for news of the world and it means lots when you get a letter from anybody. I hope you will send me a photo of the graduating class of 1907. Remember I am way out in the country, near the Arctic Circle, and I am quite lonely sometimes. Our mail carrier has gone up to the North so I can not mail this until he comes back.

"I have had many reindeer and dog team rides this winter. The ice will not break up until July at Deering, but it breaks up at Nome in June. I hope you are all well. I would like to hear from any body at any time. I am only one, a Carlisle almost up to the North Pole. I must close with best wishes and love to all. Sincerely,

ANNIE BUCK."

Indian School Band

Fifteen thousand persons last night went to Reservoir Park to hear the Indian Band, of Carlisle, play. The crowd was the largest of this year and probably as large as was ever attracted to the park to hear any concert. In addition to this number there were several thousands of people who heard the afternoon program. The great crowd taxed the capacity of the cars put on the Reservoir route and thousands walked and avoided the rush.

By the time the afternoon concert started there were four thousand people in the park, and still all the cars were crowded. The band rendered a concert of semi-classical music, interpolated with popular airs from the musical comedies. The applause was loud and lasted long. Always Director Stauffer responded with an encore.

The evening concert was similarly enjoyable. Selections that sounded well in the open air were played and there was no attempt at rendering music originally intended for indoors. Every note carried as far back as the benches extended and further. The vim and dash that have been characteristic of the band's music were not lacking. The majority of the pieces set the feet of everybody in motion and caused them to keep time to the music by beating tattoos on the backs of the benches.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

Indian Names in Oklahoma

The cowboys, plainsmen and early settlers of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory were not possessed of a highly developed poetic sense. Some of the names they bestowed upon settlements and localities were more forcible than elegant, and were inspired by some incident of the moment or by a desire to perpetuate the name of an individual. In spite of this, says the Kansas City Star, however, many of the early white settlements received Indian names that delight the ear and are eminently suited to the locality and the country.

As samples of the titles given to some Indian Territory waterways there may be mentioned Dog Creek, Five Mile Creek, Hell Roaring River, Mud, Oil and Polecat Creeks. These are scarcely to be preferred to a couple of Indian names—Hiayona and We-Wo-Ka. Some of the white man's names for towns mentioned are Bob, Grit, Amos, Bailey, Fame, Briartown, Owl, Fishertown, Beef Creek and Jimtown. These may be compared with some Indian names bestowed on other localities—Al-lu-we, Checotah, Lapita, Muskogee, Nowata, Okmulgee, Sequoyah, Tablequah, Wewoka, Konomis, Ochelata, Tiawah and Wetanka.

Oklahoma is likewise affected with many rough and ready names that may have seemed highly appropriate to the pioneer but hardly answer the purpose as permanent titles for communities that may some time become important cities. Archibald, Fry, Monk, Nail, Pawpaw and Kellyville are a few. On the other hand there are such Indian names as Ataka, Kiamichi, Tologa, Waukomis, Waurika, Waynoka, Tonkawa and Ogeeche.

Indian Hurt at Game

Newashee, an Indian playing with Hagerstown, was struck in the mouth with a foul tip off his own bat on Wednesday and had to retire from the game. He was attended by two physicians who were on the grandstand.—*Herald.*

Michael Balenti at DuBois

Advices from DuBois, Pa., show that Michael Balenti, one of our base-ball boys and a thorough all-round gentleman, is making good with the base-ball team at that place. Michael can make good anywhere and anytime, and we are glad to note his success.

From Attorney Peake

Mr. F. W. Peake, of the firm of Fargo & Peake, Attorneys-at-law, Ogema, Minn., and a former student at Carlisle, writes a cheery letter to THE ARROW in which he says "I have a high regard for Major Mercer because he has at all times championed the cause of the Indians when it has been important to the Indians to have such an able friend."

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FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

Some of the Warriors of Old
Briefly Reviewed

Famous Indian Chiefs

The names of the great generals of our greatest war need no herald among the rising youth of America. The names of our great leaders in a warfare far longer, far more deadly in proportion to numbers engaged,—the many years of battling between the redman and the white, the old settler and the new, savagery against civilization,—we hear but seldom nowadays. Their deeds save when ending in their death, are well-nigh forgotten.

People still talk of Custer because of his tragic fate in the centennial year; but few outside the army remember the brave and distinguished general who, having fought all through the Civil War, was treacherously murdered by the Modocs less than ten years thereafter. A fort on the Pacific was called Canby in his honor, and then abandoned.

But for an iron constitution, General Crook might have never lived to conquer the Apaches and disrupt the great Sioux nation. An Indian had sent an arrow through him long years before, but he was up and out again within the month.

But for haste and a bad aim, General Miles would have met his fate among the lodges of *Lame Deer's* band in the bitter winter of 1876-77. A miss, by about six inches, at the *War-Bonnet* was all that saved General Merritt three weeks after his fellow cavalry division commander, Custer, had fallen.

They took their lives in their hands, did these our leaders in that long and bloody and pitiless conflict—Crook, Canby, and Custer, Miles, Merritt, and McKenzie.

We lost scores of our best and bravest in the struggle. Honors are few and scars are many among those who survive, for the Indian fought fiercely and to the bitter end, and some of his leaders were to the full as brave and brilliant as were ours. Yet how few of their deeds and names—their real names—have our people heard! Many of them deserve to be remembered. Most of them gave us, your soldiers of the little regular army, full reason to remember.

In telling of them, their names as accorded by the Indian bureau shall be used, with, as nearly as I can give it, the Indian's own pronunciation, with the accented syllable in italics. The Siou (Soo) language is spoken by nearly all the great confederation of the Lakotas, or Dakotas, as the name has become. It has but five vowels—a as in father, e like a in fate, i as ee, o as in open, and u as oo. Its consonants are more difficult. Its great leaders had strangely fanciful names.

The first we had reason to know and dread was long the chief of the Oglala band, the warrior Red Cloud (*Mahpiya Luta*, commonly pronounced *Machpeeluta*.) Just after the Civil War some little stockade forts were strung along the Bozeman road from Port Fetterman on the Platte. Two of these, named for Gens. C. F. Smith and Phil Kearny, lay among the northward foothills of the Big Horn Range. Hostile Indians swarmed about them, but seemed content with cutting off stragglers.

THE BLOW THAT RED CLOUD STRUCK

One December morning in 1866 they began firing on the woodchoppers' camp, three miles west of Kearney, and three companies were sent out from the fort to drive them off. The little column disappeared from sight of the anxious watchers at the stockade, and was never seen by them again!

Until it was more than two miles from the fort only a few Indians appeared. Then suddenly from every side and behind them, cutting off their retreat, in countless numbers uprose the feathered, painted, yelling hosts of the Sioux, "covering the hills like a red cloud", and Major Fetterman, his officers and soldiers were slowly done to death.

From that day *Machpeeluta* was the most arrogant of the Sioux chieftains. He had felt his power; he had tasted blood; he hated the whites; he drove them back beyond the Platte; his people crossed and killed two officers who were out hunting from Fort Laramie.

The Great White Father sent messengers

to demand that Red Cloud deliver over the murderers. "I know nothing of the matter," said he. "What I want is pay for the wood your soldiers chopped from our land."

This was all the satisfaction we got until the great Sioux War of 1876. Then we surrounded and disarmed his braves, disposed old Red Cloud, and put his rival of the Brules (*Burnt Thighs*) in his stead. Spotted Tail was his name; 'Old Spot' we loved to call him, for once having made peace he stood true to his pact to the end. *Sinte Gleska* (or *Hdeska*) is his names in Sioux; *Sintegleshkah*, it sounds like, as they say it.

THE DREADED SIOUX

Red Cloud still lives at the Pine Ridge Agency, embittered, enfeebled, and nearly ninety, but his honored rival and successor was long ago murdered by hired assassins, because of the jealousy of *Black Crow*, sub-chief of the Brules, who hated and hoped to succeed him. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail were the most famous chieftains and statesmen of their respective bands; but there were later warriors whose deeds eclipsed those of "Red" himself.

Foremost of these was the daring Oglala chief, *Crazy Horse* (*Tashun Witko* in the Sioux; *T Shoonka weetko* as we heard it.) He was magnificent the fatal day of the *Little Bighorn* (June 25, 1876,) when the allied hordes of the Sioux and Cheyennes surrounded Custer and his fated five companies of the Seventh Cavalry, massacred every man, and came near overwhelming, later, the remaining seven companies corralled upon the bluffs four miles away.

Magnificent he was again at *Slim Buttes*, in South Dakota, ten weeks later, when he hurled his entire force on *Cook's* staving column; but here we were too many for him. A year later still, defiant and truculent to the last, he was taken a prisoner to *Camp Robinson*, fought our bayonets single-handed at the guard-house, and died fighting at the age of forty. A seer and dreamer was *Crazy Horse*, but a splendid Indian soldier.

Another noted leader, orator, and warrior, prominent in the greatest of our Indian battles (*Custer's*) was *Gall*, of the *Hunkpapa* band—the band to which belonged the more renowned, but less deserving chief, *Sitting Bull*. *Gall* fought superbly, whereas *Sitting Bull*, says his own people, mounted in haste and ran away. Great as a fighter, a splendid specimen, too, as a man, this chief bore the insignificant name of *Pizi* (pronounced *Pezee*), in the midst of fellows hailed as *Charging Bear*, *Battling Eagle*, and *Elk-at-Bay*.

The photograph of *Gall*, with his head and body unadorned by savage finery of any kind, with the buffalo robes thrown back, baring his magnificent torso, is one of the most striking of all Indian pictures, and it is a speaking likeness, too, looking just as if he had stepped forth to address his people. *Gall* died in 1900, at the age of sixty-five.

An Indian of a very different type—a blustering braggart and brute, but a hard fighter and a chief of great influence for evil among the turbulent young braves—was *Rain-In-The-Face*. (*Ite Amaraju*, pronounced *Eetay Amarahoo*) of the Oglala Sioux.

He stirred up so much trouble that the Government ordered his arrest in 1875. Captain Tom Custer, with his troop of the Seventh Cavalry, was sent to the agency to carry out the order. With a swarm of boisterous young braves about him, *Rain-in-the-Face* was in the agency store. Captain Custer, with only two or three sergeants to back him, strode boldly in, and without a word flung his arms about the Indian so that he could not draw his weapons, carried him out, and threw him on a waiting horse. It was a desperate thing to do, for the Indians far outnumbered the troops, but Tom Custer was just the soldier to do it. He landed his prize safe in the guard-house, whence a few days later, in the midst of a "jail delivery" of convicts, the young chief made his escape, and sent a word to his captor that he would kill him and eat his heart.

A year later, after the great battle on the *Little Bighorn*, gallant Captain Tom's mutilated body was found close to that of his brother, and for eleven years *Rain-In-The-Face* lived to boast that he had carried out his threat, and for once he was believed. He died at the Pine Ridge Reservation in 1887, only thirty-nine years of age. I doubt if even his fellows lemented his going.

Just as *Rain-In-The-Face* claimed to have

cut out Tom Custer's heart and eaten it, another brave, a *Hunkpapa* Sioux, claimed to have protected General Custer's body from desecration. It was found even unscalped. *Kill Eagle* (*Wamdi Kte*—which is sounded like *Wamdetay*) declared that his shot killed the general, that he claimed the body as his to do with as he pleased, and it pleased him to respect the mortal remains of their brave enemy.

One thing is certain, *Kill Eagle* had excellent qualities of head and heart that *Rain-In-The-Face* lacked, and we like to think this story true. He died at *Standing Rock* in 1883, when only forty-eight.

There was a noble old warrior chief before the days of the great campaign whose influence, had he lived, would have been against the hostile counsels of Red Cloud and *Sitting Bull*—a veteran of the Oglala band. "Old-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horses" was his full name (*Tashunka Kokipa*, pronounced *T'Shooka Kokeepa*), meaning literally, "His horse afraid."

It did not mean that his horse feared him, but that he was afraid of injury to them. Like a cavalry captain, he required his braves to take the utmost care of their horses, that they might ever be in condition for the chase or for war. "Old-Man-Afraid" died in 1870, much honored and respected, his son succeeding him, but lacking the father's influence.

SITTING BULL

One more "Big Sioux" there was among the giants of those days—the craftiest politician of them all; a great leader because he preached a popular doctrine, that for a time exalted him and eventually led him to destruction and his people to despair. Every American boy has heard of him—*Sitting Bull* (*Tatanka iyotanka*, pronounced *Tatunka eeytunka*), great as a medicine-man of the *Hunkpapa's*, but never a fighter. The Indians told us now he galloped away at Custer's coming that hot Sunday morning on the *Little Bighorn*, abandoning even one of his own children.

Not until two years or so later was he finally forced to surrender, and then, surrounded by settlers, troops, and civilization, he was comparatively harmless until he became involved in the *Messiah* craze in 1890, and the Indian police were ordered to arrest him. He was found at dawn in his cabin at *Grand River*, yelled for rescue, and in the melee that followed was shot dead, fifty-seven years of age. In *Sitting Bull* a dangerous Indian went to his last account.

There were sub-chiefs of the Sioux who fought as hard, notably *Lame Deer* (*Tacha Huste*, pronounced *Taheha Woostay*) and *Big Foot* (*Si Tanka* pronounced *See Tunka*), both of the *Miniconjou* ("The people who plant by the waters") band. *Lame Deer* it was who just missed General Miles in 1877, and fell dead in the fight. He was then seventy. Long years later *Big Foot* and his people showed fight as the result of the ghost dancing, and he and scores of his braves fell in fierce battle with the Seventh Cavalry at *Wounded Knee*.

DULL KNIFE AND THE CHEYENNES

Even more famous than the Sioux as fighters and riders were the Cheyennes, northern and southern. Less numerous, they were more skillful.

Of the northern band, *Dull Knife* (*Tanina Peshni*) was the hardest to whip. The Government sent this chief and his band to the Indian Territory, and in the fall of 1878 they broke out, raided northward, killing, burning, and destroying; were surrounded by our cavalry in Nebraska, confined at *Camp Robinson*, cut their way out, were recaptured and confined at *Fort Keogh*, and finally became farmer in Montana, where *Dull Knife* died in 1885, at the age of seventy-eight.

Of the southern Cheyennes, *Black Kettle* (the Indian Bureau gives it *cer Sappa*) was the doughty leader whose village the Seventh Cavalry charged to the tune of "Gerry Owen," in November of 1868. The Indians lost their chiefs and some thirty warriors; the soldiers lost Major *Elliott*, Captain *Hamilton*, and a score of men, and were in luck to get away when they did, for the warriors rallied from far and near. It was a narrow escape from disaster.

The *Kiowas*, a fierce tribe of northern Texas, were allies of the Cheyennes. *Santanata*, *Satank*, and *Big Tree* were their

leading spirits. These three rode into *Fort Sill* in 1871, when General *Sherman* himself was there, and bragged that they had just killed seven white men in Texas. *Sherman* ordered their arrest. *Sstantka* tried to assassinate the general, and was killed on the spot. *Satanta* died in prison in Texas.

All Apaches were fighters, but the *Chiricahua* led, and of this famous band *Cochise* was most famous as a chieftain. He led them over half a century, was never caught, and died of old age in 1874. *Geronimo* gave more trouble, and for long years roamed defiant. Captured at last, he is living a prisoner of war at *Fort Sill*, more than seventy years of age.

TWO KINDS OF INDIAN WARRIORS

Victorio, of the *Mescalero Apaches*, was another who fought hard and long, was driven into Mexico, and met his death fighting there in 1880.

Northward again through the lands of the *Utes* and *Piutes*,—a worthless lot, as a rule,—we come to a band whose occupancy of the *Lava Beds* at the western edge of *Nevada* enabled them to inflict sad losses on the troops sent to conquer them. Their leader was called *Captain Jack*, but his name was *Kientpooz* ("Man of few words").

Finding his people almost surrounded, he asked for a parley with the peace commissioners, among whom, like *Doctor Thomas*, were some of the warmest friends the Indians ever had. General *Canby* went with them, all of them unarmed, unguarded, and with villainous treachery *Jack* and his fellows murdered them on the spot. He was hanged for it, but what was his life for those he destroyed?

It is comfort to turn from the deeds of such as *Jack*, *Victoria*, and the satanic *Kiowas*, from the bloody trail of *Dull Knife* and *Rain-in-the-Face*, to speak of two noble spirits whom the nation well may honor—*Washakie*, of the *Shoshone* tribe, and *Joseph*, of the *Nez Percés*.

Ninety years the former dwelt in the beautiful *Wind River Valley*, east of the *Three Tetons* and north of *Fremont's Peak*. Early he became the friend of the whites, and to his dying day he and his people kept the faith. They were scouts for us when we fought the Sioux in 1876. They were scouts for General *Merritt's* column the following year. *Washakie* became a Christian, and when he died of old age, in 1900, was buried with military honors in the cemetery of the fort that bears his name.

There should be a fort named for *Joseph*, for all he fought us so heard when finally driven to it. But *Joseph* never was his name. His is the greatest of all: "Rolling Thunder in the Mountain" (*Hin-mah-toiya-lat-kit*) his people reverently called him, and when he spoke they listened as to a prophet.

Their lands were along the border of *Idaho*, *Oregon*, and *Washington*. Many of them had been reared in the Catholic faith. They had long been our friends, but trouble came between them and dissolute traders.

Had General *Cook*, whose word they swore by, been there to counsel them, there would have been no war; but he was not, and at the last they took the war-path, as they vowed, in self-defence.

Backing away before our troops, they smote them hard in *White Bird Canyon*. General *Howard*, with a strong column, chased them through *Idaho* to the *Yellowstone*, bit at their heels, but never held them. General *Gibbon*, with the Seventh Infantry, assailed them in *Big Hole Pass* and after heavy loss on both sides, was glad to let them go.

Dodging the Seventh Cavalry down *Clark's Fork*, *Joseph* headed his band northward for *Winnipeg*, and at last, after a wondrous five-hundred-mile march with their women, children, and wounded, they were grappled by the troops of General *Miles* almost in sight of the *British line*, and there, worn out with grief, fatigue, and fighting, their gallant leader broke down. His speech of surrender was one of the most eloquent and pathetic ever heard.

After recounting all their cruel losses and the hopelessness of further battle, he pointed aloft and closed: "Look you, my friends, from where the sun stands in yonder heaven, I fight no more—forever."

In the prime of his strength and manhood, *Chief Joseph*—*Rolling Thunder*—laid down his arms. He lived until 1904, but never saw again the valley of his birth.

—Oglala Light.

The Fourth of July

With a boom, and a fizz, and a bluster,
And a flutter of flags in the sky,
With soldiers who come to the muster,
And drums that go merrily by,
Comes in the gay Fourth of July.

There are bells ringing out from the steeple,
There are fireworks blazing on high,
There are great, jolly throngs of good people,
There is punk for the children to buy,
On the merry old Fourth of July.

And here and there, just for a wonder,
Is some one who says we might try
To find noises not quite so like thunder,
And let the day go softly by—
Our jolly, dear Fourth of July!

But I am ashamed of such creatures!
When the banners flaunt up to the sky,
And pin-wheels, and rockets, and screechers
Go off with a shout and a cry,
'Tis splendid—our Fourth of July!

Moorestown Girls

MOORESTOWN, N. J.,
Moon of beautiful Flowers—

DEAR WEAPON OF LONG AGO:—

For many sleeps within the last moon, the Indian tribe encamped within the radii of the good old Quaker settlement has been holding big councils.

Each tribe, represented by a princess, brought good tidings from chiefs brave and bold.

They chose the longest summer day for moving camp, and joined by an army of pale faces, by forced marches soon reached their destination. The beautiful green shore of the "Knight's Park" streamlets was soon dotted with cozy wigwams, and here and there throughout the forest could be seen the Indian maidens easily distinguished by the wreath of wild flowers they wore. After the big eat, a canoe was purchased and four tribes the Sioux, Klamath, Oneida and the Bannock, floated down the stream chanting an Indian love song. While we were in camp the missionary appeared in our door way, and Nawa bade him enter and teach. He said "I love your language, its so beautiful, it means so much." As he sat and talked, I felt like saying; "O, pale face brother, give me some of your knowledge, that I may teach my people." Soon he left us and the children brought wild flowers that we might make crowns for them.

As the sun was sinking the great white missionary called our party together and we had our photograph taken and these he gave us as a token of friendship.

For picnic cakes buy them of Miss G. Waymen, and when in need of a skilful oarsman choose Miss R. McArthur. If the magazine publishers only knew that Miss R. Whipper was a truthful story teller they would be wise. Miss E. M. Bartlett made a good chaperon, and we'll call on her again.

"MOORESTOWN GIRLS."

Landscape Improvements

During the spring and early summer Mr. Hoffman, our horticulturist, has laid out twenty-two new beds, which are now in beautiful condition, and with a few days of continued hot weather the colors will stand out much clearer. Mr. Hoffman has been a tireless worker in his efforts to beautify our already beautiful grounds, and the visitors at the school are most flattering in their remarks on our landscape. Over 18000 potted plants were set out this year and the beauty of the scenery is a monument to our florist's handiwork. Town people and visitors from a distance are always welcome to our grounds.

Band Off for Long Branch

The band left for Long Branch on Saturday morning last, where they will play their second season's engagement of ten weeks. The authorities at the resort have erected a new band stand and are putting forth every effort to make the band boys comfortable. The business men of Long Branch are not slow to realize that the Carlisle Indian Band is a business getter, and Mr. Stauffer has been tireless in his efforts to make the band one that any institution should justly be proud of. The latest and most popular marches and other selections have been added to the band repertoire and the season opens most promising.

➔ Postal was received from Bessie Jordan saying that she arrived home safely and her people were glad to see her looking so well.

Proud of their Blood

About one hundred years ago the local Cheyenne Indians and the Crow Indians of the north were at war. They often met out in the Buffalo country on the plains and often stole from or fought each other. At one time the Cheyennes had stolen a bunch of ponies and to get away they had to travel many miles down the river to a crossing. These Crow Indians learned of another crossing and crossed over and came in from the south and when the Cheyennes were fording the swollen river they attacked them and no Crow got away, so the story runs.

At another time the Cheyennes in a war party overtook a camp of the Crows. The Crow men were nearly all out hunting buffalo and they charged the camp and took about one hundred women prisoners. These they made wives of and brought them back to Washita.

It is a custom among the Indians not to intermarry at any hazard. One of the rites of the Sun Dance was to trace out his geneology to keep his record straight so that there would be no errors made along this line. In this small band of Cheyennes with about three thousand people they had many of them become relatives. This new blood brought into the tribe soon told and many of the local chiefs and aristocratic members of the tribe are children of these Crow women. Notably, Prairie Chief and his brother, all of whom are powerful men. Wolf Chief is another whose features show the Crow extraction very noticeably, while many others of lesser note are proud of the Crow blood in their veins.—*Arapahoe Bee*

Stags Organize

The cottage formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Thompson is now in the hands of the painters being prepared for occupancy by a coterie of bachelor employes who have decided to combine the pleasures of "single blessedness" and furnish up quarters with all the comforts of home (save one). The employees have suggested many titles for the new club; some appropriate and some otherwise. The Indian maidens have suggested a very musical name "Non-wal-hen-tay-bak," which is a combination of the Tenton, Texan, North Carolinian, Kentuckian, and Massachusettsian dialects, long forgotten except by the oldest inhabitants.

It is expected that ere long, when matters become settled, the cottage will be opened in proper form with a house warming or other appropriate affair.

Safe Arrivals at Home

Annie Pricketts and Margaret Dixon both write from Keshena, Wis., announcing safe arrivals and a pleasant trip.

Melissa Cornelius reached Oneida, Wis., safe and sound on June 29.

May Wheelock writes from West Depere, Wis., telling of a pleasant journey and welcome home.

George E. Bennet arrived at Brant, N. Y., July 1st, and found her people well and happy.

Lousie Bidos is at Goodhart, Mich., and expects to return in the fall.

Robert Davenport and sister Lucy, arrived at Crossville, Mich., June 29 and are having a most enjoyable visit at home.

Elizabeth Penny spent the 29th ult., in Spokane, Wash., en route for home.

A Pitiable Miscreant

On Monday night some miserable microbe of humanity deliberately removed and carried away four plants of ornamental grass from the bed in front of the school building. The work was done by an "artist" for the plants were taken up with sufficient earth to keep them in good condition for transplanting. Now, what do you think of that? It was not an Indian nor an employee either, but an outsider.

Mr. and Mrs. Denny Return

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Denny returned last Friday from their wedding trip and are again filling their respective positions. During the honeymoon trip they visited New York, Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

LOCAL MISCELLANY

Items of Interest Gathered by our Student Reporters

[All items preceded by an arrow found in the columns of the paper are furnished by the pupils and published as nearly as possible, just as they were handed in—Ed]

➔ The campus is having its hair clipped.
➔ Miss Yarnall is helping Miss Eckert at girls' quarters.

➔ The painters are nearly through painting in the girls' quarters.

➔ Clarence and Harry Woodbury left Monday for Saratoga, N. Y.

➔ Maggie Blanche Reed is acting assistant cook at the Club.

➔ Ask Theresa Connor how she enjoyed her boat ride Tuesday evening.

➔ Elizabeth Wolf is matron at the Club. She is taking Miss Noble's place.

➔ The ice man stops at the Printery every morning. That means ice water all day.

➔ Miss Johnston, Miss McDowell and Miss McMichael are off for recreation.

➔ "Flitting Season" is surely upon us. The "flittings" are of daily occurrence.

➔ Miss Goodyear, head seamstress, is having a grand time at her home in Illinois.

➔ Tempa Johnson is a fine waitress, she cuts bread stepmother's style, so they say.

➔ Miss Mayham is very generous in taking the girls out walking and trolley riding.

➔ Claudia McDonald, "reporter" at the girls quarters is filling her position admirably.

➔ Olive Wheelock is detailed at the Club this month. We miss her jolly face in quarters.

➔ Lapolio Cheago has returned to the girls quarters and is now an officer for the summer.

➔ The bakers are sorry to lose Joseph Mills as he left for his home in Oklahoma, this week.

➔ Jemima Doctor leaves to-day for her home in New York. We all wish her a pleasant vacation.

➔ Lucy Coulon is now employed at the office. We hope she will make an expert stenographer some day.

➔ Effie Nori, Elizabeth Pasiano and Mary Day left last Tuesday for their homes. All wish them a happy time.

➔ No body seems disposed to vibrate their vocal cords any more. Don't you notice something missing in the dining hall.

➔ Henry Lydick, who has for the past three months been working in the kitchen is now working in the tailor shop.

➔ A very beautiful postal was received from Josephine Gates mailed at St. Paul—Who did the receiving? Ask Alonzo.

➔ Polly P. Fox, class of '11, started for her home on Friday. Many of her friends were sorry to see her go back to N. D.

➔ Postals from Eugene Geffe, '08, show the beautiful New Casino at Long Branch, where our band holds full sway this summer.

➔ The rain on last Saturday prevented the base ball game announced for the afternoon with the Carlisle Shoe Factory nine.

➔ Louise M. Bidos, who went home, sent some nice postals to her friends. We all hope she may have a good time in Michigan.

➔ A postal was received from Fred Pappan, a "typo," who is now at Pt. Pleasant, stating that he is having a fine time by the sea.

➔ The Sisters paid a visit to some of the Catholic girls Sunday afternoon in the music room where they passed a very pleasant time.

➔ Ray Hitchcock, our worthy reporter, is having a hard time scratching up news which is as scarce as hen's teeth since everybody has gone.

➔ A letter was received from Chester Cabay stating that he has a fine country home. He wishes to be remembered to his friends and classmates.

➔ Noble Thompson is suffering from a broken arm. He accidentally fell from one of the boilers in the boiler house and broke his arm in two places.

➔ Delia Quinlan, who is working in the dining room again, says she likes her work very much. She expects to be an expert housekeeper in the future.

➔ The dining room girls enjoy their work in the dining hall when they listen to Miss Mayham, who is very interesting and interests her entire detail.

➔ The girls enjoy the solos given by Miss Mayham in the dining room during the work time. It seems to make the work easier.

➔ Harry J. Archambault treated his many friends last Sunday with a water melon, the first of the season. The treat was appreciated by all who were present.

➔ Joseph Tarbell, who went to the country with the first party, says that he is getting along nicely. He also wishes to be remembered to his friends and classmates.

➔ Quite considerable enthusiasm prevails among the employees in the game of tennis, as several are trying to even up the scores before leaving for the summer vacation.

➔ Manus Screamer and Ruben Sundown umpired a game of base ball between the married men and the bachelors at the Presbyterian picnic at Mount Holly last week.

➔ Tempa Johnson, who has been working in the girls quarters for the last two months, is working in the laundry and sewing room. She says she enjoys the change.

➔ Mr. Driver took a party of girls to the cave the other evening and spent the time rowing. Some said it rained. From the appearance of Mr. Driver, we think it did.

➔ The girls who occupied the third floor have come down a notch and are now located on the first and second floor. They don't have to walk so far now for tardy marks.

➔ The shingling detail on the physician's new cottage are doing good work, under the direction of Mr. Lau. The cottage is fast taking on the appearance of a beautiful little home.

➔ Harry Archambault, head photographer at the studio, had a very exciting experience last week, when about a cubic yard of plaster fell from the ceiling, just above where he was at work. But to his surprise he was only frightened and not hurt in the least.

Program for the Fourth

Herewith the program for the celebration of the Glorious Fourth.

The day was an ideal one and was enjoyed by all. Noise galore. No damage done. Here follow the events.

Sunrise

Raising of the flag. Salute of 46 guns. At the flag pole.

7:30 A. M.

Issuing of Firecrackers and Torpedoes to the pupils at their respective quarters.

Individual Celebration.

1:30 P. M.

Assembly of pupils on Campus in front of band stand. Reading of the Declaration of Independence. Patriotic music by the band.

2:30 P. M.

Field Sports on Athletic Field

100-yard dash for boys under 12 years
100-yard dash for boys from 12-16 years
100-yard dash for boys over 16 years
50-yard dash for girls under 12 years
50-yard dash for girls from 12-16 years
Three-legged race for boys. 50 yards
Sack race for girls. 20 yards
Balloon Ascension
220-yard dash for boys under 12 years
440-yard dash for boys between 12-16 yrs.
Blind wheelbarrow race
Obstacle race
Greased poles
Greased pig to be caught and returned to Referee. Boys under 15 years
Balloon Ascensions
Day Fire Works
Prizes awarded

7:30 P. M.

Fire Works on Campus
Band Concert and Promenade

Souvenir Postals

(2 for 5 cents)

WRITING PAPER

A box containing 25 sheets of fine paper with envelopes to match

FOR 25 CENTS

Each sheet has printed upon it the school flag in color

Get a box of "Flag" Paper

ON SALE AT

THE INDIAN SCHOOL STUDIO

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

Some of the Warriors of Old
Briefly Reviewed

Famous Indian Chiefs

The names of the great generals of our greatest war need no herald among the rising youth of America. The names of our great leaders in a warfare far longer, far more deadly in proportion to numbers engaged,—the many years of battling against the red man and the white, the old settler and the new, savagery against civilization,—we hear but seldom nowadays. Their deeds save when ending in their death, are well-nigh forgotten.

People still talk of Custer because of his tragic fate in the centennial year; but few outside the army remember the brave and distinguished general who, having fought all through the Civil War, was treacherously murdered by the Modocs less than ten years thereafter. A fort on the Pacific was called Canby in his honor, and then abandoned.

But for an iron constitution, General Crook might have never lived to conquer the Apaches and disrupt the great Sioux nation. An Indian had sent an arrow through him long years before, but he was up and out again within the month.

But for haste and a bad aim, General Miles would have met his fate among the lodges of Lame Deer's band in the bitter winter of 1876-77. A miss, by about six inches, at the War-Bonnet was all that saved General Merritt three weeks after his fellow cavalry division commander, Custer, had fallen.

They took their lives in their hands, did these our leaders in that long and bloody and pitiless conflict—Crook, Canby, and Custer, Miles, Merritt, and McKenzie.

We lost scores of our best and bravest in the struggle. Honors are few and scars are many among those who survive, for the Indian fought fiercely and to the bitter end, and some of his leaders were to the full as brave and brilliant as were ours. Yet how few of their deeds and names—their real names—have our people heard! Many of them deserve to be remembered. Most of them gave us, your soldiers of the little regular army, full reason to remember.

In telling of them, their names as accorded by the Indian bureau shall be used, with, as nearly as I can give it, the Indian's own pronunciation, with the accented syllable in italics. The Sioux (Soo) language is spoken by nearly all the great confederation of the Lakotas, or Dakotas, as the as in father, e like a in fate, i as ee, o as in open, and u as oo. Its consonants are more difficult. Its great leaders had strangely fanciful names.

The first we had reason to know and dread was long the chief of the Oglala band, the warrior Red Cloud (Mahpiya Luta, commonly pronounced Machpeeluta.) Just after the Civil War some little stockade forts were strung along the Bozeman road from Port Fetterman on the Platte. Two of these, named for Gens. C. F. Smith and Phil Kearny, lay among the northward foothills of the Big Horn Range. Hostile Indians swarmed about them, but seemed content with cutting off stragglers.

THE BLOW THAT RED CLOUD STRUCK

One December morning in 1866 they began firing on the woodchoppers' camp, three miles west of Kearney, and three companies were sent out from the fort to drive them off. The little column disappeared from sight, and the anxious watchers at the stockade, and was never seen by them again!

Until it was more than two miles from the fort only a few Indians appeared. Then suddenly from every side and behind them, cutting off their retreat, in countless numbers uprose the feathered, painted, yelling hosts of the Sioux, "covering the hills like a red cloud", and Major Fetterman, his officers and soldiers were slowly done to death.

From that day Machpeeluta was the most arrogant of the Sioux chieftains. He had felt his power; he had tasted blood; he hated the whites; he drove them back beyond the Platte; his people crossed and killed two officers who were out hunting from Fort Laramie.

The Great White Father sent messengers

to demand that Red Cloud deliver over the murderers. "I know nothing of the matter," said he. "What I want is pay for the wood your soldiers chopped from our land."

This was all the satisfaction we got until the great Sioux War of 1876. Then we surrounded and disarmed his rival, disposed old Red Cloud, and put his rival, the Brules (Burnt Thighs) in his stead. Spotted Tail was his name; 'Old Spot' we loved to call him, for once having made peace he stood true to his pact to the end. Sinte Gleska (or Hdeska) is his name in Sioux; Sintegleskah, it sounds like, as they say it.

THE DREADED SIOUX

Red Cloud still lives at the Pine Ridge Agency, embittered, enfeebled, and nearly ninety, but his honored rival and successor was long ago murdered by hired assassins, because of the jealousy of Black Crow, sub-chief of the Brules, who hated and hoped to succeed him. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail were the most famous chieftains and statesmen of their respective bands; but there were later warriors whose deeds eclipsed those of "Red" himself.

Foremost of these was the daring Oglala chief, Crazy Horse (Tashun Witko in the Sioux; T Shoonka weetko as we heard it.) He was magnificent the fatal day of the Little Bighorn (June 25, 1876,) when the allied hordes of the Sioux and Cheyennes surrounded Custer and his fated five companies of the Seventh Cavalry, massacred every man, and came near overwhelming, later, the remaining seven companies corralled upon the bluffs four miles away.

Magnificent he was again at Slim Buttes, in South Dakota, ten weeks later, when he hurled his entire force on Cook's staving column; but here we were too many for him. A year later still, defiant and truculent to the last, he was taken a prisoner to Camp

cut out Tom Custer's heart and eaten it, another brave, a Hunkpapa Sioux, claimed to have protected General Custer's body from desecration. It was found even unscalped. Kill Eagle (Wamdi Kte—which is sounded like Waumdetay) declared that his shot like the general, that he claimed the body as his to do with as he pleased, and it pleased him to respect the mortal remains of their brave enemy.

One thing is certain, Kill Eagle had excellent qualities of head and heart that Rain-In-The-Face lacked, and we like to think this story true. He died at Standing Rock in 1883, when only forty-eight.

There was a noble old warrior chief before the days of the great campaign whose influence, had he lived, would have been against the hostile counsels of Red Cloud and Sitting Bull—a veteran of the Oglala band. "Old-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horses" was his full name (Tashunka Kokipa, pronounced T'ShooKa Kokeepa,) meaning literally, "His horse afraid."

It did not mean that his horse feared him, but that he was afraid of injury to them. Like a cavalry captain, he required his braves to take the utmost care of their horses, that they might ever be in condition for the chase or for war. "Old-Man-Afraid" died in 1870, much honored and respected, his son succeeding him, but lacking the father's influence.

SITTING BULL

One more "Big Sioux" there was among the giants of those days—the craftiest politician of them all; a great leader because he preached a popular doctrine, that for a time exalted him and eventually led him to destruction and his people to despair. Every American boy has heard of him—Sitting Bull (Tatanka iyotanka, pronounced Tatunka eeytunka), great as a medicine-

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DULL KNIFE AND THE CHEYENNES

Even more famous than the Sioux as fighters and riders were the Cheyennes, northern and southern. Less numerous, they were more skillful.

Of the northern band, Dull Knife (Tanina Peshni) was the hardest to whip. The Government sent this chief and his band to the Indian Territory, and in the fall of 1878 burning broke out, raided northward, killing, burning, and destroying; were surrounded by our cavalry in Nebraska, confined at Camp Robinson, cut their way out, were recaptured and confined at Fort Keogh, and finally became farmer in Montana, where Dull Knife died in 1885, at the age of seventy-eight.

Of the southern Cheyennes, Black Kettle (the Indian Bureau gives it cer Sappa) was the doughty leader whose village the Seventh Cavalry charged to the tune of "Gerry Owen," in November of 1868. The Indians lost their chiefs and some thirty warriors; the soldiers lost Major Elliott, Captain Hamilton, and a score of men, and were in luck to get away when they did, for the warriors rallied from far and near. It was a narrow escape from disaster.

The Kiowas, a fierce tribe of northern Texas, were allies of the Cheyennes. Santanata, Satank, and Big Tree were their

leading spirits. These three rode into Fort Sill in 1871, when General Sherman himself was there, and bragged that they had just killed seven white men in Texas. Sherman ordered their arrest. Sstanka tried to assassinate the general, and was killed on the spot. Satanta died in prison in Texas.

All Apaches were fighters, but the Chiricahua led, and of this famous band Cochise was most famous as a chieftain. He led them over half a century, was never caught, and died of old age in 1874. Geronimo gave more trouble, and for long years roamed defiant. Captured at last, he is living a prisoner of war at Fort Sill, more than seventy years of age.

TWO KINDS OF INDIAN WARRIORS

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Northward again through the lands of the Utes and Piutes,—a worthless lot, as a rule,—we come to a band whose occupancy of the Lava Beds at the western edge of Nevada enabled them to inflict sad losses on the troops sent to conquer them. Their leader was called Captain Jack, but his name was Kientpooz ("Man of few words").

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—Oglala Light.



AMERICAN INDIAN CHIEFS

Agate Arrow Point

AGATE ARROW POINT belonged to the Wasco tribe, which, like the Warm Springs Indians, was related to the Walla Wallas. The name "Wasco" signified "basin", and legend has it that the tribe was so called because one of their chiefs, after the death of his wife, solaced his grief by making basins in the soft rock for the children to fill with water and so amuse themselves! The Wascos came originally from around the Dalles, and became associated with the Warm Springs tribe on a reservation in Oregon, just north of the Columbia River. They were more advanced in civilization than any other tribe in the State. They derived subsistence principally from agriculture, fishing and hunting.

No. 5

Gall died in 1900, at the age of sixty-five.

An Indian of a very different type—a blustering braggart and brute, but a hard fighter and a chief of great influence for evil among the turbulent young braves—was Rain-In-The-Face. (Ite AmaraJu, pronounced Eetay AmaraJoo) of the Oglala Sioux.

He stirred up so much trouble that the Government ordered his arrest in 1875. Captain Tom Custer, with his troop of the Seventh Cavalry, was sent to the agency to carry out the order. With a swarm of boisterous young braves about him, Rain-in-the-Face was in the agency store. Captain Custer, with only two or three sergeants to back him, strode boldly in, and without a word flung his arms about the Indian, so that he could not draw his weapons, carried him out, and threw him on a waiting horse. It was a desperate thing to do, for the Indians far outnumbered the troops, but Tom Custer was just the soldier to do it. He landed his prize safe in the guard-house, whence a few days later, in the midst of a "jail delivery" of convicts, the young chief made his escape, and sent a word to his captor that he would kill him and eat his heart.

A year later, after the great battle on the Little Bighorn, gallant Captain Tom's mutilated body was found close to that of his brother, and for eleven years Rain-In-The-Face lived to boast that he had carried out his threat, and for once he was believed. He died at the Pine Ridge Reservation in 1887, only thirty-nine years of age. I doubt if even his fellows lamented his going.

Just as Rain-In-The-Face claimed to have

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

Some of the Warriors of Old
Briefly Reviewed

Famous Indian Chiefs

The names of the great generals of our greatest war need no herald among the rising youth of America. The names of our great leaders in a warfare far longer, far more deadly in proportion to numbers engaged,—the many years of battling between the redman and the white, the old settler and the new, savagery against civilization,—we hear but seldom nowadays. Their deeds save when ending in their death, are well-nigh forgotten.

People still talk of Custer because of his tragic fate in the centennial year; but few outside the army remember the brave and distinguished general who, having fought all through the Civil War, was treacherously murdered by the Modocs less than ten years thereafter. A fort on the Pacific was called Canby in his honor, and then abandoned.

But for an iron constitution, General Crook might have never lived to conquer the Apaches and disrupt the great Sioux nation. An Indian had sent an arrow through him long years before, but he was up and out again within the month.

But for haste and a bad aim, General Miles would have met his fate among the lodges of Lane Deer's band in the bitter winter of 1876-77. A miss, by about six inches, at the War-Bonnet was all that saved General Merritt three weeks after his fellow cavalry division commander, Custer, had fallen.

They took their lives in their hands, did these our leaders in that long and bloody and pitiless conflict—Crook, Canby, and Custer, Miles, Merritt, and McKenzie.

We lost scores of our best and bravest in the struggle. Honors are few and scars are many among those who survive, for the Indian fought fiercely and to the bitter end, and some of his leaders were to the full as brave and brilliant as were ours. Yet how few of their deeds and names—their real names—have our people heard! Many of them deserve to be remembered. Most of them gave us, your soldiers of the little regular army, full reason to remember.

In telling of them, their names as accorded by the Indian bureau shall be used, with, as nearly as I can give it, the Indian's own pronunciation, with the accented syllable in italics. The Sioux (Soo) language is spoken by nearly all the great confederation of the Lakotas, or Dakotas, as the name has become. It has but five vowels—a as in father, e like a in fate, i as ee, o as in open, and u as oo. Its consonants are more difficult. Its great leaders had strangely fanciful names.

The first we had reason to know and dread was long the chief of the Oglala band, the warrior Red Cloud (Mahpiya Luta, commonly pronounced Machpeeluta.) Just after the Civil War some little stockade forts were strung along the Bozeman road from Fort Fetterman on the Platte. Two of these, named for Gens. C. F. Smith and Phil Kearny, lay among the northward foothills of the Big Horn Range. Hostile Indians swarmed about them, but seemed content with cutting off stragglers.

THE BLOW THAT RED CLOUD STRUCK

One December morning in 1866 they began firing on the woodchoppers' camp, three miles west of Kearney, and three companies were sent out from the fort to drive them off. The little column disappeared from sight of the anxious watchers at the stockade, and was never seen by them again!

Until it was more than two miles from the fort only a few Indians appeared. Then suddenly from every side and behind them, cutting off their retreat, in countless numbers uprose the feathered, painted, yelling hosts of the Sioux, "covering the hills like a red cloud", and Major Fetterman, his officers and soldiers were slowly done to death.

From that day Machpeeluta was the most arrogant of the Sioux chieftains. He had felt his power; he had tasted blood; he hated the whites; he drove them back beyond the Platte; his people crossed and killed two officers who were out hunting from Fort Laramie.

The Great White Father sent messengers

to demand that Red Cloud deliver over the murderers. "I know nothing of the matter," said he. "What I want is pay for the wood your soldiers chopped from our land."

This was all the satisfaction we got until the great Sioux War of 1876. Then we surrounded and disarmed his braves, disposed old Red Cloud, and put his rival of the Brules (Burnt Thighs) in his stead. Spotted Tail was his name; 'Old Spot' we loved to call him, for once having made peace he stood true to his pact to the end. Sinte Gleska (or Hdeska) is his names in Sioux; Sintegleshkah, it sounds like, as they say it.

THE DREADED SIOUX

Red Cloud still lives at the Pine Ridge Agency, embittered, enfeebled, and nearly ninety, but his honored rival and successor was long ago murdered by hired assassins, because of the jealousy of Black Crow, sub-chief of the Brules, who hated and hoped to succeed him. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail were the most famous chieftains and statesmen of their respective bands; but there were later warriors whose deeds eclipsed those of "Red" himself.

Foremost of these was the daring Oglala chief, Crazy Horse (Tashun Witko in the Sioux; T Shoonka weetko as we heard it.) He was magnificent the fatal day of the Little Bighorn (June 25, 1876,) when the allied hordes of the Sioux and Cheyennes surrounded Custer and his fated five companies of the Seventh Cavalry, massacred every man, and came near overwhelming, later, the remaining seven companies corralled upon the bluffs four miles away.

Magnificent he was again at Slim Buttes, in South Dakota, ten weeks later, when he hurled his entire force on Cook's staving column; but here we were too many for him. A year later still, defiant and truculent to the last, he was taken a prisoner to Camp

cut out Tom Custer's heart and eaten it, another brave, a Hunkpapa Sioux, claimed to have protected General Custer's body from desecration. It was found even unscalped. Kill Eagle (Wamdi Kte—which is sounded like Waumdetay) declared that his shot killed the general, that he claimed the body as his to do with as he pleased, and it pleased him to respect the mortal remains of their brave enemy.

One thing is certain, Kill Eagle had excellent qualities of head and heart that Rain-In-The-Face lacked, and we like to think this story true. He died at Standing Rock in 1883, when only forty-eight.

There was a noble old warrior chief before the days of the great campaign whose influence, had he lived, would have been against the hostile counsels of Red Cloud and Sitting Bull—a veteran of the Oglala band. "Old-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horses" was his full name (Tashunka Kōkipa, pronounced T'Shooka Kokeepa,) meaning literally, "His horse afraid."

It did not mean that his horse feared him, but that he was afraid of injury to them. Like a cavalry captain, he required his braves to take the utmost care of their horses, that they might ever be in condition for the chase or for war. "Old-Man-Afraid" died in 1870, much honored and respected, his son succeeding him, but lacking the father's influence.

SITTING BULL

One more "Big Sioux" there was among the giants of those days—the craftiest politician of them all; a great leader because he preached a popular doctrine, that for a time exalted him and eventually led him to destruction and his people to despair. Every American boy has heard of him—Sitting Bull (Tatanka Iyotanka, pronounced Tatanka eeytunka), great as a medicine-

man of the Hunkpapa, but never a fighter, now he galloped that hot Sunday morn, abandoning

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leading spirits. These three rode into Fort Sill in 1871, when General Sherman himself was there, and bragged that they had just killed seven white men in Texas. Sherman ordered their arrest. Sstanka tried to assassinate the general, and was killed on the spot. Satanta died in prison in Texas.

All Apaches were fighters, but the Chiricahua led, and of this famous band Cochise was most famous as a chieftain. He led them over half a century, was never caught, and died of old age in 1874. Geronimo gave more trouble, and for long years roamed defiant. Captured at last, he is living a prisoner of war at Fort Sill, more than seventy years of age.

TWO KINDS OF INDIAN WARRIORS

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