

tion and experiment thus accord with and explain the current opinion of hygienists as to our ordinary habit of overeating.

THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF SUCH INQUIRY.

ONE favorable indication for the future is that these problems are being studied in Europe and, of late, in the United States. There is reason to hope that, with the rapid

progress of science in other lines, it may advance in this direction likewise until the laws of the nutrition of man and of animals shall be far better understood. We may also hope that the knowledge will be disseminated and so applied in practical life that great good will come, not only to health and strength and purse, but to the higher intellectual and moral interests of mankind as well.

W. O. Atwater.

HOME LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

RECORDS OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.



HERE are no locks and keys in an Indian tribe. In the tent there is no closet; in the home there can be no secret, for the family skeleton, if there is one, is also public property. This lack of privacy in personal and social affairs becomes a definite factor in the education of the people; its exigencies are potent in the fixing of external habits and in the formation of personal character. The constant exposure to observation, the impossibility of wrestling alone with his petty faults during the formative period of life, develops in the Indian two extremes of feeling—obtuseness as to the interests of others, and over-sensitiveness to blame or approbation of himself. There is no covering up of the follies of youth; every lapse from the tribal standard of rectitude is known to all; and when once fixed in the indelible Indian memory, it is not easy to outgrow one's shortcomings. Reformation of a lost character becomes a discouraging task where there is no forgetting, and where criticism is a common privilege and ridicule a weapon. Reserve is the Indian's only defense, and self-restraint his only safeguard; and these virtues are the earliest lessons which the child receives. Indian reserve, often mistaken for sullenness, is susceptible of philosophical explanation.

Living among the people, I could not fail to be soon impressed by their peculiarities. Occasionally an Indian would unaccountably become silent, would refuse to answer when spoken to, and would turn away from the other inmates of the lodge. His conduct did not seem to surprise or disturb anybody; the voluntary exile to Coventry was allowed to

take his own way unmolested, and to return to society when and how he chose. After I had been for several weeks living in the lodge, never away from the sight and sound of the people, one day I suddenly found myself with my back to all the world, not wishing to speak to, or even to look at, any one. This discovery of my own behavior set me to thinking why I had been guilty of precisely the same conduct which in the Indian I had attributed to savagery. I found that the constant enforced presence of others produced such mental fatigue that exhausted nature's demand for relief must be met in some way, and was met in the only way open to me. This expression of my own mood enlightened me as to many phases of Indian character, and helped me to appreciate all the more the many invariably sunny natures of my acquaintance, among men and women, whose charity raised them above their fellows; who were able to shut their eyes to that which could not be concealed in the lives of those less strong than themselves to resist temptation.

The necessity which we feel of individualizing our living-place, of having some one spot sacred from intrusion, has been partly recognized and provided for in the Indian dwelling. It is true that all live upon the ground, sitting, sleeping, eating there; yet the space within the lodge is divided—not by visible partitions, but by assigning certain places by long-established custom to the several members of the family.

Entering the lodge from the east, one finds the fire burning in the center. All tents, except in rare instances, are pitched facing

the east. To the left, near the door, is the particular domain of the mother. Here are kept the stores in immediate use and the dishes and utensils for cooking. The location is convenient. The woman can slip in and out of the tent, disturbing no one, can bring in the wood and water, prepare the food and cook it at the fire unmolested, except by the toddling children or the voracious puppy. Beyond the mother's place, in the middle of the south side of the lodge, is the space set apart for the father. In the angular space behind him, made by the slant of the tent and the ground, he keeps his personal belongings and his tools. The father's place in the tent is never intruded upon by a stranger; but when a lodge is prepared for a ceremony, it is this place which is occupied by the host of the evening. The rear of the lodge, opposite the entrance, is where all guests are made welcome. It would be as discourteous for a visitor to pass between his host and the fire, and sit down anywhere he chose, as it would be to enter the private apartments of our homes, ignoring the reception-room. When a guest enters an Indian home he turns to the right, passes around the fire to the back of the tent, and seats himself silently where the place is always ready for him, furnished with mats, robes, or blankets. On the other side of the fire, opposite the father's seat, is the place reserved for the older members of the family: it may be the grandfather or the grandmother. By the door on the right the grown sons are to be found. They are supposed to be on the alert to serve their parents, to attend to the horses, or, if occasion require, to protect the family from harm. The children are tucked in among the elder folk, the girls being placed beyond their parents toward the back of the lodge, where they sit and play or sew, unmolested and unnoticed by the visitors who come and go. This order within the tent is so universal that were one to pass into a strange lodge in the dark, he could be reasonably sure of knowing the person he aroused by noting his location.

In the large communal houses, such as the Omaha earth-lodges of the last generation, where more than one family lived, and in the long houses of the Iroquois and of the Pacific tribes, where many groups of kindred were gathered together under one roof, and each family had its separate fire, a like etiquette regarding place was observed within each separate allotted space.

In the Indian family all property is individual; even the small children have their own belongings. Nothing is owned in com-

mon, nor does any one ever attempt to interfere in the control of another's possessions. The man owns his weapons and his tools, his own clothing and his horses; to the wife belongs the tent with the robes, and she owns the domestic utensils and her own particular horses, and all property used in common by the family is hers, over which she holds unquestioned right of disposition.

One day at a festival an Indian acquaintance of mine gave away a valuable horse. I was surprised at her act, knowing something of the circumstances of the family; and I privately asked her, as we sat together, if her husband was willing to part with the animal. She looked at me blankly for a moment, and then said: «The horse was mine; what had he to say about it?» I ventured to explain that a white woman would first have asked her husband's consent. «I would n't be a white woman,» she said, after a little reflection, as she sprang up to join the dance, her snapping necklaces and ear-pendants emphasizing her opinion as she kept time to the rhythm of the song.

One would hardly suppose that there could be particular rules as to the manner of sitting upon the ground; but here, as in every other part of Indian life, there is a rigid observance of custom. Men may properly sit upon their heels or cross-legged, but no woman may assume these attitudes. She must sit sidewise, gathering her feet well under her, and make a broad, smooth lap. When working she may kneel or squat, and when resting she, as well as the men, may sit with legs extended; but at all other times men and women must observe the etiquette of posture distinctive of sex. To rise without touching the ground with the hand, springing up lightly and easily to the feet, is a bit of good breeding very difficult for one not to the manner born. Careful parents are particular to train their children in these niceties of behavior. Among the Winnebagos the little girls are drilled in the proper way of standing when under observation on dress occasions. Their position of feet and hands is also the proper one for the women in certain religious dances. While among the Sioux, a mother with a good-sized family of boys and girls propounded to me the question whether white women did not find their daughters more trouble than their sons; she was sure she did. «Look at those girls,» said she; «I have their clothes to make, their hair to braid, and to see that they learn how to behave. Now, my boys are no trouble.» As I glanced at the group of children, the glossy

braids of the girls falling over their single smock, and the boys, naked but for the breech-clout, their miniature scalp-lock ornamented with a brass sleigh-bell surmounting a snarl of frowzy hair, I recognized the kinship of maternal perplexities the world over.

Indian good breeding forbids that a newly arrived guest should be spoken to until he has rested, collected his thoughts, and at his own pleasure opened the conversation. The talk at first is always upon light, common topics; if there is any matter of weight to be presented or discussed, though it may be the special object of the visit, it is reserved until the last, often one or two days passing before it is even mentioned.

The guests of an Indian home who are not relatives are generally elderly persons; young people seldom make visits outside their family circle, which, however, is never narrow, owing to the far-reaching recognition of Indian relationships. Sometimes a young man of prominence is the bearer of a message from one chief to another, and then he is ceremoniously received, and after transacting his business he departs as he came, unknown even by name to the younger members of the family.

In the Indian household, as in our own, children bear an important part. The baby is the constant companion of its mother; not that other members of the family do not share in the care of it, but the little one is kept closely under the maternal eye. Soon after birth it is laid in its own bed, which is often profusely ornamented, and is always portable. A board about a foot wide and three feet long is covered with a feather pillow or with layers of soft skins. Upon these the baby is fastened by broad bands of skin, flannel, or calico. When asleep the child's arms are bound under cover, but they are released when it awakes. A great portion of the infant's time is spent lying upon a soft robe or blanket, where it can kick and crow to its heart's content. If, however, the mother should be so engaged as to be frequently called out of the tent, the baby is laced upon its board, and hung up under a tree, or placed where there is no danger of falling. Should the mother have to go any distance from home, she will slip the strap of the board over her head, and the baby goes along, winking at the great world from its mother's back. Long journeys on horses are made by babies snugly packed and hung from the horn of the mother's saddle.

There is something to be said in favor of the *tekas*, as the Nez Percés call the babies'

cradle-board, as a safe means of handling and carrying infants. The child is not lifted by its arms or weighted by long garments, nor is its feeble back strained in balancing on the arm of its nurse. By this simple, comfortable device Indian babies are secured from tumbles and the many other mishaps which come to the child in civilization.

Each tribe has its peculiar fashion in the construction and ornamentation of the cradle-board. The head of the infant is generally so arranged as to rest upon the back, so that nearly all Indian heads show a slight flattening of the occiput. In a large family where I was a familiar guest, I noticed that the youngest child had not this peculiarity, and calling the mother's attention to it, she laughingly said: «I never could keep that boy on the board. The older ones would always take him off to play with him. His head was always rolling, and I think that is what makes him so mischievous now.»

Swinging cradles are made by setting two croched sticks in the ground, between which are stretched ropes made of withes, over which a skin or blanket is folded. The father is often seen, as he fashions or mends his implements, swinging the little one to keep it asleep.

Children when five or six months old, and until they are able to walk firmly, are often carried on the back. The mother's blanket is drawn up over the child, which during the adjustment clings closely about its mother's neck. She crosses the upper corners of the blanket over her breast, tucking them in her girdle, which also holds the blanket close at the back; then the mother gives a gentle but decided shrug, and the child loosens its arms and settles into its bag-like bed, peering comfortably over its mother's shoulder.

The crying of infants is always prevented, if possible; but I have never heard a little one put to sleep with a song. Both men and women make a weird sound for a lullaby. It is like the wind in the pine-trees. Who knows what far-away echoes of ancient migrations by forest and ocean may linger in this bit of nursery lore?

When the Omaha infant is four or five days old, the father calls together to a feast the principal men of his gens. On this occasion those who belong to the father's sub-gens act as hosts, and, according to Indian custom, cannot partake of the food. After the repast, an old man, selected by the father from his near of kin, bestows upon the child a *ne-ke-ae* name—one belonging to

the father's sub-gens, but not borne by any living person.

In some gentes there is the additional ceremony of placing the peculiar objects of taboo beside the infant, or of painting their symbols upon it, as in the Tapa, a deer gens, when the child is decorated with spots like those of the fawn. The penalties attached to any disobedience of the rules of its gens respecting the use of proscribed articles are then recited over the new-born Omaha child.

There is a belief in the tribe that certain persons understand the language of infants. When a baby cries persistently, as if in distress, some one of these knowing folk is sent for to listen to the child and find out its trouble. So, also, there is a notion that an infant can be impressed by the instruction imparted to it when its tribal name is bestowed.

In olden times no Omaha child put on moccasins or had its hair cut until these acts were first performed ceremonially by an old man of the *In-shtá-sunda* gens, to whom had descended this tribal duty.¹ In the spring, when the grass was well up and the corn planted, the parents took their three-year-old boy, who could now «walk steadily,» to the tent of the *In-shtá-sunda*. The mother carried with her a little pair of embroidered moccasins, wherein she had stitched many hopes and plans for her son, while gifts for the old man were borne in the arms of the child's little playmates. On entering the tent the mother said, «Venerable man, I desire my child to wear moccasins.» The boy was then led up to the old man, who gathered in his hand the hair on the top of the child's head, tied it in a bunch, then cut it off and laid it away. This done, he clothed the little feet in the new moccasins, and grasping the boy by the arms near the shoulders, lifted him from the ground, turned him slowly to the left, lowering him at each point of the compass until his feet touched the earth, and in this way completed the circle. This was repeated four times, and when the feet of the boy rested on the ground at the completion of the final circuit, he was gently urged forward with this invocation:

May Wakanda have compassion upon you.
May your feet rest long upon the earth.
Walk forth now into the path of life.

When the boy reached home his hair was trimmed by his father in the symbolic manner of his gens,² and every spring until he

was seven or eight years old his hair was cut in this symbolic style. After that it was suffered to grow, and was dressed in the general tribal fashion. Now and ever after through life a small lock was parted off in a circle upon the crown of the head, and kept carefully braided. Upon this scalp-lock the decorations of youth and the talisman of maturity were tied, and to braid these locks in fine strands was the duty and pride of the sister or wife.

There was a belief among the Omahas that there exists a subtle relation between a person and the things which he has worn or used. A father who was ambitious for his son to achieve a valorous career would take with him on some warlike expedition the moccasins of his boy. When the farthest part of his journey had been reached he would lay the little shoes upon the prairie, saying: «So shall my child walk far and bravely over the land»; and he would leave the moccasins there «to draw their owner after them.»

If grief for the loss of a child drove a man forth to kill or be killed, he carried in his belt the little moccasins of the dead. If he slew an enemy, he placed the moccasins beside the slain, in the belief that thenceforth his child would have a brave companion in the spirit-world to guide his faltering feet.

The summer days are none too long for Indian children at their play. They mimic the occupations of their elders. Miniature tents are set up, and the mother's shawl is sometimes purloined from her pack to serve as tent-covering. If the boys are inclined to gallantry, they will cut tall sunflower-stalks for poles, and there will be fine sport with a tent large enough to creep into; no matter if feet and legs protrude, heads are under cover, and children are children all the world over in the delight of «make-believe.» Boys and girls sometimes join in playing «going on the hunt»; the play tents are taken down, and poles and bundles tied upon the boy ponies, who are obedient or fractious, as the case may be, obstinate when fording streams, and stampeding when attacked by enemies. Some boys carry their pony reputations through life. Women have laughingly pointed out to me certain elderly men who were in childhood their «very bad» or their «very good ponies.»

Playthings are improvised by the Indian youngster with no small power of invention. Fine war-bonnets are made from corn-husks,

¹ This ceremony was elaborate, comprising a dramatic ritual, invocations to the unseen powers, with the use of certain symbols.

² In Vol. LI, p. 460, of THE CENTURY, the manner of cutting the hair of children in the different gentes of the Omaha tribe is illustrated.

at the expense of much time and labor, and everything that children see is modeled in clay: dishes, pipes, ponies, whole villages, show their imitative faculty, while coffins with a bit of glass set in the lid covering a pinched-up baby indicate their keen observation of new customs. Dolls vary as much as the children and their surroundings. Stone babies are not uncommon among the Alaskans, dull enough in appearance, but evidently responsive in the fancy of the small Northwesterner. Dollies made of fawn-skin, with painted eyes and cheeks and real hair, having hands with wonderfully tapering fingers, and clad in gala garments and moccasins fitting well their diminutive feet, are the delight of the children of the plains. One woman who was skilful in the manufacture of dolls made a pair for me, but refused to duplicate them, because she had already used nearly all her own hair in the construction of dolls. Hobby-horses for boys are as universal as dolls for girls. The sunflower-stalk with one nodding blossom left on the end is a favorite pony. In their races the boys ride one stalk and trail two or three others after them as «fresh horses,» thus increasing the dust and excitement of the play.

When the Omaha tribe is in camp, a boy of either side of the *Hob-thu-ga*, or tribal circle, dares not venture to cross the invisible line which divides the *In-shtá-sunda* from the *Hun-ga-chey-nú*. If he were sent across on an errand, he would secure the company of several other boys of his own side, for a fight is as apt to take place as at the meeting of «gangs» in our own towns and villages. In general their sports are not characterized by quarrelsomeness, for Indian children are remarkably peaceable, and seldom require punishment.

Among Indians, as elsewhere, there are games with songs, which are traditional among the children; and «follow my leader» carries many a boy into plights full of rough-and-tumble fun, while ball, throwing sticks, hoop-catching, hunting the moccasin, and guessing-games delight the young and the old. Indeed, at an early age the love of chance games leads to the gambling away of all sorts of articles, from the varied treasures of a small boy's pockets to the entire property of the man. During winter there is coasting, with cakes of ice for sleds; or, placing one foot before the other upon a smooth stick curved like a barrel-stave, holding on to a string tied to the forward end with one hand, and with a long balancing-pole in the other, a lad will shoot down a bluff at

fearful speed, avoiding disaster with wonderful skill.

The Nez Percé Indians during the winter formerly lived in communal lodges, which were from 100 to 150 feet in length and about 20 feet wide. The depressions in the earth where these dwellings stood are still visible at abandoned village sites on the borders of the Clearwater River. Twenty or more families occupied one of these long lodges; their fires were about ten feet apart, and between every two fires an elongated entrance projected from the side of the structure, with closely woven mats hung at the outer and inner openings.

The discipline of the children of a village was delegated to certain men called *Pe-wet-tá-te-pats* (the whippers). They were appointed by the chiefs, and inspired a wholesome awe in quarrelsome and disobedient boys and girls, and, indeed, in the whole juvenile population; for when any children in a lodge were reported as needing punishment, all the little folk were forced to share in it. The hour for this exercise was just at dark; and when the well-known step of the whipper was heard approaching, and the mat was lifted and fell behind him, every youngster began to howl in anticipation of approaching woe. The last one to lie down on his face and receive his thrashing was the really guilty one, that he might have the benefit of prolonged anticipation. The hubbub in the lodge at the hour of discipline is easier to fancy than to describe. Parents of an innocent child frequently contrived his absence at this time; he would be sent upon some errand, perhaps to catch a pony, and the little fellow would gladly plunge through snow and travel far to be beyond the reach of the rod. If, however, a really guilty child absented himself, the whipping was administered on his return. That many a boy, in his wrath, resolved to thrash the grandchildren of the *Pe-wet-tá-te-pats* when he grew up to be a man and was himself the whipper, is not to be wondered at. There may have been little philosophizing in the Nez Percé's mode of discipline, but he copied the methods of Nature, and his rules were as indiscriminating as her laws.

There is a general belief among Indians that children should be made hardy so as to be capable of great endurance later in life. In some tribes the training is severe, but the old men and women subjected to it when young are examples of vigor and activity when threescore and ten and even at fourscore years of age.

It was the rule among the Nez Percés that all boys and girls about thirteen years old, in good health, should plunge into the river every morning, and remain a given time up to their necks in water. The rapid stream was frequently filled with broken ice, and to prevent the body from being cut, a mat was tied about the neck and adjusted over the part most exposed to the running ice. The

themselves; two or three are sometimes thus tied up together by the watchful mother of the family.

In the Indian home no one is addressed by his personal name. It is very bad manners even to mention the name of a man or woman in his or her presence. Persons are spoken of by terms of relationship only, and I shall never forget my first practical introduction



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

INDIAN BOYS PLAYING "FOLLOW MY LEADER."

ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

arms and legs were to be kept in violent motion, and the child must shout at the top of his lungs. Should he shirk or try to get out of the water too soon, the switch of the whipper would be sure to add to his torment; and should any one succeed in escaping the morning plunge, he took his whipping at night. On returning to the lodge, the children were wrapped in blankets and kept away from the fire during the period of reaction. A certain white pole in the lodge was the tally-post upon which every child marked in black each of his baths.

The Omahas are very careful to protect their children from cold when asleep. In the winter the mercury remains for a long time below zero, and the nights are often bitterly cold; then the little ones are put into robes, and laced up so that they cannot uncover

to the intricacies of the Indian system of consanguinity; the result of all my study upon the subject was as nothing before the incongruous complications that faced me. One day, determined to master my perplexities, I went to an Indian friend. «Do you think,» I said, «you can make me understand why you call the young man who was here yesterday (grandfather,) and the little girl who ran in this morning (mother)?»

«I never thought about it,» she answered; «but it must sound queer to you. The young man was father's uncle, so he is my (grandfather.)»

«I don't see why. I wish you would begin at the beginning.»

«Where is the beginning?»

Taking out my note-book, and writing as I spoke: «You call your father and mother

as we do, and their brother and sister (uncle) and (aunt.)»

«No, I don't,» she interrupted. «Mother's brother I call (uncle,) and father's sister I call (aunt); but mother's sister I call (mother,) and father's brother I call (father.)»

«Wait! I must write it down and look at it. You have no (uncles) on your father's side, nor (aunts) on your mother's. What do you call your cousin?»

«I have n't any. Those you call cousins I call (brothers) or (sisters,) except the children of my uncle; these, if girls, are (mothers,) and if boys are (uncles.)»

«Why?»

«I don't know that I can explain it.» Then, after a pause, she added: «A man has a right to marry his wife's niece,—that is, his wife's

brother's daughter,—and we always speak of relations which might come about just as if they existed; so the daughter of my uncle might become my father's wife; therefore I call her (mother.)»

«I see. You call the girl (mother) because your father has the right to marry her, and the boy (uncle) because he is the brother of a possible (mother.)»

«You have it now.»

«I wonder if I can make out why you call your father's uncle (grandfather.) The uncle's daughter might be your father's (mother,) and you would address the father of the one your father called (mother) as (grandfather)?»

«That 's it,» she exclaimed; «I never thought it all out before. It is very simple.»

«I am glad it seems so to you, but I am



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

OMAHA GIRLS FALLING INTO LINE FOR A GAME OF BALL.

sure I should have to work out my might, could, or should be (mothers,) (uncles,) and (grand-fathers) like algebraic problems.»

«It does make trouble; not that way, but about getting married. Every girl has ever so many men who have a right to marry her; all whom she calls brothers-in-law have that right.»

«Talk slowly, and tell me whom you call (brothers-in-law.)»

«All the husbands of my sisters, and these husbands' brothers, and all the husbands of my aunts.»

«Why should you call all these men (brothers-in-law)?»

«According to Indian custom, a man has a right to marry all the (sisters) and (nieces) of his wife; you know, polygamy used to be common.»

«I understand. These (brothers-in-law) are potential husbands of your (sister); but why does this make trouble in getting married?»

«Because,» she answered, «a young man has to give valuable presents to satisfy the claims of all these men who have a right to the girl.»

«Is that why men give presents for girls?»

«It is partly the reason. Indians always cancel a claim by a gift; and besides, the young man must part with something he prizes to show that he cares for the girl he wants to marry. I have read hard things written about Indians buying and selling their women, and they seem unjust to me. Presents are a necessity, you see, according to our custom.»

The uncle is a privileged character in the home circle. He can play tricks upon nephews and nieces, which they may return in kind, and no offense will be taken by either. No such familiarity exists between the children and any other relative or friend. The uncle has in some instances a control over his sister's children rivaling that of the parents. In tribes where descent is traced only through the mother the uncle is the masculine head of the family; but where, as with the Omahas, the child follows the gens of his father, the uncle occupies the place of first friend and playmate to the children.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

ENGRAVED BY H. C. COLLINS.

OMAHA MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

One evening the skin hanging over the lodge entrance was lifted, and the uncle stepped in, a handsome, merry fellow, wrapped in a red blanket. Something queer in the outline of it caught the eye of the eldest son of the family, a boy about twelve years old, who ran to see what was hidden under the folds of his uncle's robe, when suddenly a gun was leveled at the lad, who jumped away in pretended terror. The uncle, throwing himself down with a laugh, began taking the gun to pieces, the boy intently watching the operation.

«You shall have this gun,» said the uncle, «when you have earned it. You must dance for it.»

«All right,» said the boy, jerking his shoulders to make ready; then, lifting his feet, and bringing them down with a thud, with his small brown hands clutching tight the sides of his shirt, he vigorously kept time to his uncle's song and improvised drum.

«The hammer is won; now you must dance for the ramrod.»

«All right,» responded the lad, rising from

the robe upon which he had dropped to regain his breath; and again his feet and body rose and fell, the ribbons on his scalp-lock fluttering, and the perspiration dropping from his brows.

«The ramrod is yours. Here is the barrel; I can't let you have this unless your sister dances too.»

«Come,» said the boy, seizing the little girl's hand; and she, nothing loath, planted her wee moccasined feet close together, and hopped lightly about, with arms dropped by her side and body erect, her bead necklace glistening, and her glossy black braids shining in the firelight.

«This is all I have left,» said the saucy uncle, holding high over his head the gunstock. «You can't have this unless—» here he paused and looked about with mischievous glee—«unless grandmother dances.»

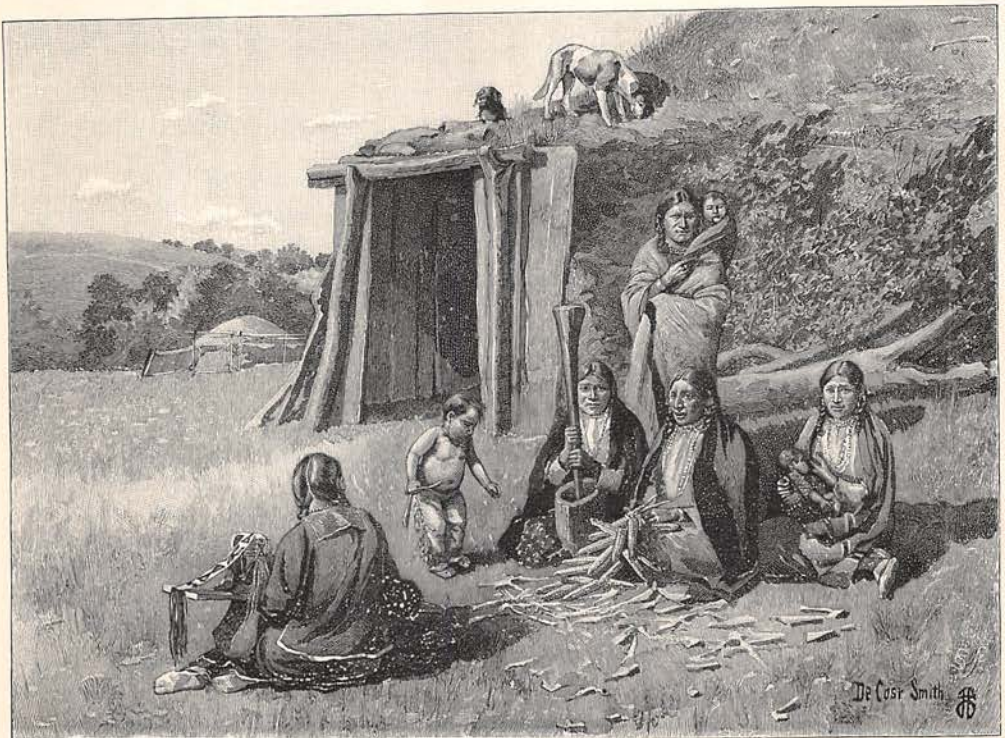
Unchecked by this audacity, the boy grasped the old woman, crying breathlessly, «Oh, come, or I shall lose my gun!»

Shouts of laughter rang through the lodge as the grandmother, dropping her blanket, rose nimbly to her feet, and gallantly reinforced the excited boy. The elders recalled their youth as they watched her spirited movements, and the grandfather whispered,

«The young women nowadays can't dance as the girls did when I was young.»

Close to every home lodge a play-house tent was set up by the mother, and here there was uproarious fun in the bright days. Thither the children carried their spare food, and sometimes their entire meal, that the little girls might give a feast to their playmates. Many a time, in passing among the lodges, I have heard the laughter of the children; and perhaps a merry face would peer out at the top of the baby tent, an old handkerchief bound about the head to keep in place a wig of yellow grass representing the locks of an old woman.

In the long winter evenings story-telling delighted both young and old. No one told tales in the summer, for the snakes would hear and make trouble. These folk-tales of the Indians resemble those found among all peoples the world over: men and animals involved in a common fate, befriending or opposing one another. Some of the myths were interspersed with songs, which the children teased their mothers to sing; and these constituted the only nursery music in the tribe. The adventures in the myths, with their songs, were sometimes turned into games by the little folk, who greatly enjoyed



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

EARTH-LODGE—WOMEN POUNDING AND BRAIDING CORN.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

INTERIOR OF AN EARTH-LODGE—DANCING FOR THE GUN.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

representing the birds or animals of the stories.

There are home duties as well as pleasures for the children. Boys are required to look after the ponies, to lend a hand in planting, to help in the harvest; and they are often made to do active duty as scarecrows in the newly planted field, where, like little Bo-peep, they fall fast asleep. The girls help to gather wood, bring water, and look after the younger ones. As they grow older they are taught to cut, sew, and make garments. In former days, the old Omahas say, no girl was considered marriageable until she had learned to tan skins, make tents and clothing, prepare meat for drying, and could cultivate corn and beans; while a young man who had not learned to make his own weapons and to be a skilful hunter was not considered fitted to take upon himself the responsibilities of the provider of a family.

In the olden times the Omahas pounded their corn into a coarse meal, a few grains at a time, between two round stones, or reduced it to powder in a mortar made from a section of the trunk of a tree, which was hollowed out by burning. The bottom was sharpened to a point so it could easily be driven into the ground and the mortar made

firm and steady. The pestle was a long stick shaped not unlike our ordinary pestle; but the blow was struck by the small end entering the mortar, the weight of the larger end adding effectiveness to the stroke.

On the Pacific coast and among the mountain tribes the *kaus* and other roots are still pounded fine on a flat stone, over which is placed a flaring basket, open at the bottom, and held in place by forked sticks catching the edge and driven into the ground. Into this basket mortar the roots are poured, after having been dried in a sort of oven made in the earth and lined with stones. The rapidity of stroke of the woman, lifting the stone pestle weighing several pounds, and bringing it down with precision on the foundation-stone, while with her left hand she sorts the roots within the basket, must be seen to be realized. These pestles, made from basaltic rock, are sometimes well shaped, and finished with an ornamentation at the top, and are not infrequently preserved through several generations.

Among the Omahas I collected a score of receipts for preparing and cooking corn; but for all that, there was little variety in Indian food. In the absence of any native animals producing milk and eggs, the cuisine was

necessarily limited, and opportunities for an elaborate menu were wholly wanting. The mother served the food to the family, but before partaking of it the ceremony of acknowledging that all is from Wakanda was usually observed. A bit of meat was raised, turned to the four points of the compass, and dropped into the fire. (In some feasts given by societies this remembrance became elaborate in form.) If any guests were invited, it was usual for them to bring their own dishes. As all families had to be ready to move camp upon short notice, it was useless to accumulate goods and chattels that could neither be transported nor left behind in safety; consequently there was no great number of extra dishes in any family. Indian custom obliged one to eat or to carry away all that was served him. The idea underlying this form of hospitality was that no one should travel hungry, the extra food serving for refreshment on the journey.

This custom, so unlike our own, has led to queer misunderstandings and criticisms, as when an Indian has been offered a platter containing the family supply of food, and he has gravely appropriated the whole. On the other hand, Indians have told me of their discomfort, when visiting white folk, at being forced to eat so much, not knowing that

we permit a person to decline food without giving offense.

There is another custom, in violation of which a good missionary once became the subject of Indian criticism. Among the Sioux, if a kettle is borrowed, it must be returned with a portion of what was cooked in it remaining in the bottom. The missionary, desirous of setting an example of neatness, returned the borrowed vessel nicely cleaned, and was charged with being stingy and covetous, «like her race.»

The tribe, as has been shown, is made up of groups of kindred, and the life within these groups reveals a bond of affection strong and vital. Although words of endearment are seldom, if ever, spoken openly, there are other signs that betray the warm heart beneath the cold exterior. The Indian hazards his life for his friend. The cords of love between parent and child are the warp upon which are woven every feeling and every act. The love of country amounts to a passion, men and women longing with a fervor we cannot understand for the familiar scenes of their youth, clinging even to bits of detail in the never-to-be-forgotten landscape. Said an exiled Indian to me: «Oh, how I miss the color in the grass of my home!»



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

NEZ PERCÉS POUNDING KAUS AND VISITING.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

MOVING CAMP.

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

Banished from his native soil, or bereft of his dear ones, the Indian easily falls into listlessness, or plunges into deeds that may end a life he no longer cares to cherish.

The entrance of death into the family circle rends the veil of silence that infolds the Indian. In the presence of his dead the Omaha breaks forth into terms of endearment that custom forbade should ever be poured into the ear of the living—words which bear the burden of a love stronger than death, but which must be heard only by the released spirit.

Long ago, in his mountain fastnesses, the heartbroken, aged Nez Percé gathered his dead son in his arms, and found comfort only in the opened grave, which closed over the dead and the living together.

Looking upon my experience of Indian life, against a background of poverty and rude circumstance stands forth the picture of unflinching family affection and faithfulness, of unhesitating hospitality and courtesy toward strangers, a modesty of demeanor at all times, and a spirit of happiness and content that left little room for ambition or envy.

Alice C. Fletcher.

TO-MORROW AND TO-DAY.

TO-MORROW hath a rare, alluring sound;
 To-day is very prose; and yet the twain
 Are but one vision seen through altered eyes.
 Our dreams inhabit one; our stress and pain
 Surge through the other. Heaven is but to-day
 Made lovely with to-morrow's face, for aye.

Richard Burton.