

RICHEST NATION IN THE WORLD

The Osage Indians, Located in Oklahoma—Finest Type of Red Man Living—Their Wealth, Customs, Habits and Religious Rites—"Brave" Their Priest and Medicine Man—By Albert S. Dulin in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

IN the extreme northeastern section of Oklahoma, adjoining Kansas on the north and the Indian Territory on the east, there is a rich section of country, sixty-three miles wide and sixty-eight miles in length. Within its confines lives a nation of genuine Americans, known as the Osage Indian tribe. They are in a measure isolated from the world and in this age of progress and civilization may well be classed as a "peculiar people." Peculiar in the sense that they have an antipathy to individual ownership of land, and desire nothing better than to be left entirely alone.

These Indians hold this vast country in common, have a deed in fee simple from the United States government, giving them a clean, absolute title. This with \$9,000,000 in cash held in trust by the government, drawing 5 per cent a year, payable in quarterly installments, is the basis of their riches. Their lands and money are the outgrowth of a treaty made with Uncle Sam for the vast area of the country they occupied prior to 1874, in which is now the state of Kansas. In this way the tribe has acquired a position that is almost impregnable to settlement by the whites. In a legal sense, it would be impossible for the government to open their country to settlement without special treaty, and the consideration would have to be something more than individual allotments of 160 acres for each man, woman and child.

Each and every Indian from these various sources receives from \$300 to \$400 a year in cash on interest and rentals alone, while they are permitted under their tribal laws to use all the land they can for cattle raising and farming. He who has the largest family receives the greatest income in absolute dollars. A number of both full-bloods and half-breeds have grown wealthy.

Although the nominal wards of the interior department, they are largely and financially independent and have the right to exercise the functions of a sovereign power. This they have failed to do in the last few years owing to the policy of the bureau of Indian Affairs, that is, in giving to the Indians the spirit of tribal government.

There are about seventeen hundred Indians on the tribal roll, divided into about one-half equal of full-bloods and half-breeds. The full-bloods now hold the upper hand and are undoubtedly opposed to the innovation of the methods of modern civilization. The half-breeds, on the other hand, are the progressive element, yet they, like the full-bloods, are opposed to the allotment in severalty of the common property. While this is true, it only has reference to their interest in the soil. In other respects they entertain for one another the usual animosity and rivalry that exists among opposing and contending factions.

A FINE TYPE OF INDIAN.

The full-blood is perhaps as fine a type of physical manhood as the eye of the Caucasian will ever see. Some few of them, like Bigheart, Black Dog, Nee-ah-wo-chi-tonka, Cassidy and Yellow Horse, will compare favorably with the white man in natural intelligence. "Jim" Bigheart is the Mark Hanna of the tribe and a man of more than ordinary political cleverness and tact. Our modern "Dick" Crokers and "Tom" Platts could learn a lesson or two from this wily red man of the plains. It is owing largely, if not wholly, to the ability of this chief that the Osage nation has been able to maintain its communal integrity against the machinations of dishonest officials, Indian traders and land-grabbing sharks.

Chief Bigheart comes to Washington almost every session of Congress in the interest of his people. He is looked upon by the knowing ones as "the Osage" as a fellow-craftsman. It was due to the friendship of the chief that the writer was able to visit the tribe and learn of their history, habits and customs.

THE VISIT.

After an all-day drive covering over sixty miles, through the largest cattle pastures in the country, in company with Mr. S. J. Solida, we arrived at Pawhuska, the Indian agency as well as the capital of the Osage nation. My reception was cordial. Mr. Mitchell, the agent, extending to me the freedom of the reservation. Chief Bigheart arrived the following morning, and after spending a day around the agency, the chief and I started on a thirty-mile drive to his home. On our arrival I found a modern built cottage, surrounded by barns, stables and the usual outbuildings found on a western ranch. After my introduction to the chief's wife and daughter, we ate a lunch, and "Jim" and I started out for a mess of squirrel. We spent the afternoon in the woods. The way that old Indian chief could locate the "squirrel tails" in the thick foliage and tall timber was a revelation in this game-hunting tangle. Jim located the squirrels and I shot them. On our return to the house I noticed twenty-five or thirty Indians; old bucks, young bucks, baby bucks, old squaws, young squaws, baby squaws, Indian ponies and wagons. I was at a loss to know where they came from, and asked "Jim" if that was the rest of his family. The big chief replied: "I'm not Brighman Young," indicating the chief possessed a vein of humor. "I told my friends," he went on to say, "you were coming, and you had helped us in Washington, and were the best friend he had in the cave of the white chief." They have come to see you, and will stay with you until you leave." I shook hands with all. They had but little to say, but showed me by their actions that they were pleased to have me with them.

The evening meal was prepared and served by the squaws in relays. The older bucks with the chief and the writer were first at the table. After the plates of all were filled it was time toasting to see the baby bucks, from which some of them labored in an effort to use their knives and forks. It was awkward in the extreme. I set the example of "diving in" with my fingers, and the rest of them, save the chief, followed suit. The meal, over, we smoked, and they all gathered around us and listened to the "heap big talk" of Jim and the other braves. They told me their troubles, their fears, their hopes and desires. Few of them could talk English. Bigheart and Cassidy could do the interpreting. Some of these "old bucks" had enlisted in the Union army during the Civil war, and rendered great service for the Union cause. They were especially anxious that I should make known to the world that they are good Indians, seeking nothing but their just proportion, and the advancement of their posterity. They told me that Bigheart as the Romans did to Caesar, in many respects they are more like children than men. They are reticent and retiring, and adverse to communicating with strangers, unless they believe you mean more than a visiting acquaintance. It means practical deeds. After the talk of the evening I retired to a

room set aside by my host, while the Indians rolled themselves up in their blankets and proceeded to sleep on the floor out doors, in fact any old place.

IN CAMP.

I had heard much of their "great medicine man, brave" as they called him, and after breakfast the next morning, we all started on horseback and in wagons to the camp of the "high priest" of the Osage nation.

It was generally known that the Osage people as a nation were by a collective sense the wealthiest people in the world. I had traveled two thousand miles in order to study their history, customs and religious rites. I knew a few things, but I felt that I could be the first white man in a generation who would have access to their confidence, and witness their religious ceremonies. They are more than exclusive in their religious mysticism.

On our arrival at the camp, I found, the pleasantly situated on the banks of Harmony river. It covered about ten acres of land and was well covered with the typical oval-shaped wigwags of this tribe. As we alighted there appeared the finest specimen of the American red man I had ever beheld. He came forward, and extending both of his hands, made me welcome. I was escorted to a tent carpeted with rich blankets, and told to make myself at home. This I proceeded to do, and commenced to take a mental inventory of my surroundings. There were at least one hundred Indians on the ground at the time of our arrival, and the squaws were busy tending themselves with the rough labor of the camp.

THE GREAT "BRAVE."

We had been in camp about half an hour, when "Brave," the great medicine man who had welcomed me, came to my tent accompanied by Chief Bigheart and Cassidy, the Indian interpreter. This "Medicine Man" and high priest of the tribe they all called "Brave," and if there ever was a type of a prince of the royal blood, he stood in my presence now. A man of six feet two, in exact proportion, clear, penetrating gaze, a calm and exalted bearing that carried with his presence a sense of conscious power. He spoke no word of English, yet he came to talk awhile.

The four of us seated ourselves upon the blanket ground, and looking into the face of "Brave" in a soft and pleasant voice commenced to talk in his own tongue. As he proceeded I learned that I had met no common man. He dwelt upon the dignity and possibilities of man, the purposes of an exalted religion, the way to learn the deeper mysteries and secrets of the universe. He seemed to possess the combined wisdom of both the ancients and the moderns. He savored and charmed the mind even through the poor channel of interpretation. His discourse lasted an hour or more. It contained more essence and nobility of soul, than the studied rhetoric of scholars reducing to language the ideals of the mind. I indicated that I understood the thoughts he intended to convey. This pleased him greatly. He asked me where I learned to understand. I told him in the "Silence of the great Beyond, the realms of Universal thought, the domain of the Soul."

At this he smiled, his face took on a radiant hue, his eyes already bright and shined new lustre; he rose, and to the sinking sun he bowed in reverential awe. Then turning to us talked again, interpreted to me his words were these: "Man like sun, no die, he come round again."

After eating the evening meal, consisting of beef broiled over the fire in Indian style, beans, potatoes baked in ashes, the four of us took a stroll along the border of the river. During this walk he said and did many things that recalled to my mind the fact that few geniuses along moral and spiritual lines ever spring from thickly populated centers. They are usually the product of the desert or the wilderness.

WEIRD RELIGIOUS DANCE.

On our return to camp all quiet, save a weird chant that reminded me of a soul in agony. We at once proceeded to the largest tent on the ground, from which emanated the noise. As we entered I beheld a scene that few men ever have a chance to gaze upon. Around an egg-shaped, cemented indentation in the earth, about ten feet long by eight in width, without paint and thinly clad, slowly marching, and in the attitude of prayer, were twenty-one Indian bucks walking around and chanting. Behind them were many squaws, brandishing with hypnotic gaze upon the incensed fire that slowly burned from within the center of the marching group. For hours this scene went on without interruption. Finally, when in a high state of mental exaltation, they gave way and a number of squaws took their places, and continued going around chanting, chanting, chanting. The men walked out in single file into the other tent, there I followed them. Ending over an open case, with cup in hand, stood a something that was once a woman. She must have been a hundred years of age, the living archetype of "She of Endor." This being of skin and bone, but five feet high, looked like a hideous demon from the under world. She filled the cup and passed it once around, then beckoned me. I drank; "twas Brighman Young" she placed the cup in the cup of the white chief from the tent. The "Bucks" eyes were all upon me as I gazed in mute astonishment. The "Brave" came in and occupied the place the woman had vacated. The men then entered the other tent, and watched the incense burn, as the squaws walked around and chanted, chanted, chanted. This time the hag was there, inside the circle dropping fresh incense on the fire. An hour must have passed to me it seemed a century, and then the women filed out, and as each one stepped from the circle, a man slid in and took her place, the circle never breaking as they went round, round, round, chanting, chanting, chanting. I followed the women into the other tent where sat the "Brave." He passed the cup as had the hag. The performance was repeated through all the long and silent hours of the night. After daylight a few dropped out from sheer exhaustion. Their places were filled up by others. It was 10 o'clock next day before the chanting, chanting, chanting ceased.

I had noticed during the morning prior to daybreak, a road-side fire in the extreme end of the camp grounds, but I was so engrossed in the transpiring attention. I learned afterward that a number of squaws had been busy all night, preparing the meal we ate later in the day.

When their incantations were over I was somewhat dazed and a little hungry. I started on a search for Bigheart, but before I found him the "Brave" came up to me and motioned that I accompany him. We walked together to what proved to be his tent.

On the inside were Bigheart, the hag and Cassidy, the interpreter. Before them on the blanket ground was spread a wild game feast that would tempt the appetite of a monarch. Wild turkey, prairie chicken, pheasants, quail, deer, in fact, almost every species of game in which that country abounds. We all ate with a relish, and with our fingers. The feast was a part of the result of a big hunt and the fire I had noticed early in the morning.

After we had finished the old hag left the tent and returned in a few minutes with rather a handsome squaw, who proceeded to remove the remnants from the ground. When finished the "Brave" said something to her; she went away and soon returned with a buck about her own age. They at once proceeded to the old hag. The other Indians grouped themselves around her. The handsome squaw stood beside the hag and seemed to be doing something to her hair. In a few minutes the group parted, and there stood the witch in the same blanket that covered her during the long vigils of the night, only presenting the face of a delicate Indian of about twelve years of age. She suddenly threw the blanket off, and there beneath her thin robe was the lithe, light form of a delicate and tender Indian maid in all of her innocence and purity. She was the daughter of the handsome squaw and the "Brave's" granddaughter, and only eleven years of age. She spoke fair English, and latter said to me: "What you think little squaw, skin died on face?" I told her she looked like the devil's own. She chuckled and replied: "No scare white man just like in Jun. Brave no frighten; he know all."

MEDICINE MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

The "Brave" then proceeded to talk to me. He assumed the same attitude he had the evening previous. The substance of his discourse was to the effect that the Indians were addicted to the liquor habit, and it had been the indirect cause of their poverty. He discovered that a limited amount of "muscle" combined with a moral and religious training would destroy the appetite for liquor, and save the race from extinction. For that reason he had started in to live and preach his doctrine.

I have since learned from many old-timers and some old "lopers" along the borders of old Mexico, that "muscle," while an intoxicant in itself, does have a tendency to destroy the appetite for whiskey if taken in moderation. Never having tried the experiment I cannot vouch for its accuracy.

The "Brave" indicated that he used the image of the hag as an object lesson. He kept her identity shrouded in mystery in order to more thoroughly impress his followers with the heinousness

surrounding vice. The interpreter told me there were only two other Indians in the tribe who knew the identity of the hag. They were not present at this time. Besides we were in the tent when the child was unmasked, and the two above mentioned, no other human being had ever seen the transformation from witch to child. The little maiden had been playing the role for about two years, and so complete was her disguise that detection was almost impossible. The Indians believe her to be a marvelous spirit who disappears at will, and possesses the power to assume any form she likes. Her name is never mentioned only when she is present. Hence teaches his converts the language of silence, for fear the agent will try to destroy his method of religious training.

Chief Bigheart tells me that all of the income of Brave and his family is spent on the camp, and that he devotes his entire time to the welfare of the sick and the indigent among his people.

Here is a full-blooded Indian devoid of any knowledge of books or language, unable to speak any tongue save his own, yet possessing an intuitive wisdom that makes him an object of study for philosophers, a revelation to religionists and an example for moralists to emulate.

I spent several "moon" in his camp, and had a chance to study him from many view points. I found him a natural man, hidden from the world, absorbed in the study of man, analyzing him through nature's laws, and expressing in his own life the exalted ideals of Christianity. He seemed to assimilate the accumulated wisdom of the past, and was improving somewhat on that of the present.

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What is Christmas

WITHOUT SOME
KOLITZ CANDY...?

TELEPHONE NO. 428.

For some Italian or Sweet Chocolates, Klondike Nuggets, Nougats, Candied Fruits, Log Cabin Goodies, Ices, Fancy Creams, Nut Candy, Caramels, Mixed Candy, Nuts, etc., etc.

Have your order put up in a Fancy Box, Basket or some one of our Pretty Xmas Novelties.

Kolitz & THE CANDY FURNISHER.

60 and 272 MAIN STREET.

WALKER'S STORE.

ALL WOMEN'S JACKETS HALF PRICED.

For a handsome, practical Christmas present what could be more substantial or desirable than a rich fur coat, or even a stylish cloth beauty? Our anxiety to reduce a too large stock—bought that way because the merchant must be prepared with all sorts and conditions of goods to give ample variety whether weather conditions be propitious or no—certainly now offers advantageous buying and the garments, if you will but see them, are persuasive bargains. There is every stylish cut of jacket from 27 to 42 inches long, many richly fur trimmed, others all fur and handsomely tailored plain cloth kinds. Choice is from entire stock. For Monday and Tuesday all collarettes and small fur pieces selling at \$100.00 to \$150.00, reduced from \$100.00 to \$50.00. Persian lamb jackets, plain and mink trimmed, reduced from \$200.00 to \$100.00. Entire stock of cloth jackets from \$5.50 kinds up to \$75.00—ALL HALF PRICED.

FURS—A FOURTH AND HALF OFF.

In the higher priced fur pieces, those at \$67.50 and above we have too many; those below this price are not in such great numbers, so in an endeavor to balance the selling and save somewhat of the loss to ourselves, we have divided the fur stock in two, thus: Monday and Tuesday all collarettes and small fur pieces selling at \$67.50 up to \$125.00 each—HALF PRICES. All collarettes and small fur pieces selling at \$25.00 up to \$50.00—ONE FOURTH OFF THESE PRICES.

Silk Waist Patterns—\$3.90.

Some more of the pretty fancy waist silks have been cut into lengths for your convenience, nicely boxed and ready for presentation; a gift that is always a delight to miss or woman no matter how many the wardrobe may contain. The silks are superb in quality, the range of patterns and colors very broad, no less than two hundred lengths to choose from, so be sure there is an appropriate kind for every occasion. When sold by the yard values are up to \$2.50. Monday and Tuesday, entire waist pattern—\$3.90.

Rich Dress Patterns up to \$35.00 Each—\$15.00.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY ONLY.

The lot is made up of twenty-five patterns, and a richer bargain you'll never find. There are beautiful grenadine, soft crepes, satins and others in black and colors, all new, all late effects, in short the choicest of fabrics that come only one pattern of a kind. For Christmas we can think of nothing that would be more fitting to give a sister or mother. Up to \$35.00 each, Monday and Tuesday—\$15.00.

The Skirt Lengths at \$2.95 and \$4.65.

We know of a great many who have found in these just the substantial present they wish to give, all, though, have not yet been supplied and won't be until the Christmas days have gone, so again the count is heaped full of dress goods—many fine kinds that sell at \$2.50 a yard in every weave and color, cut into skirt lengths, enough in each piece for a stylish skirt of any kind, to choose from at \$2.95 or \$4.65.



All Oriental Rugs, Navajo Blankets—25 Per Cent Off.

In the home where there is not an Oriental rug no present can equal it. A thing of beauty and a joy forever, just fits the Oriental—if you get the genuine. There's the point of emphasis. Let us show you some genuine kinds we bought for the holidays; all sizes from \$5.00 up to \$15.00. Monday and Tuesday all have—ONE-FOURTH TAKEN OFF THE REGULAR PRICES.

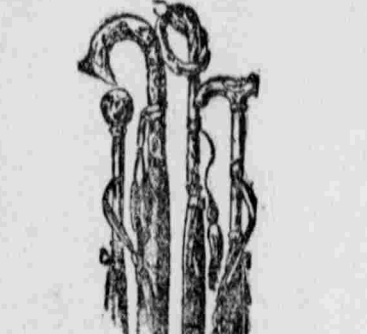
Also a rich collection of Navajo blankets, \$12.00 to \$20.00 and Mexican \$2.50 up to \$5.00, both useful as rugs, couch covers or back of couches, Monday and Tuesday—25 PER CENT OFF.

All tabourets, stools and stands, choice presents, priced largely at \$2.50 up to \$5.00. Monday and Tuesday—25 PER CENT OFF.

Splendid Specials in Boys' Suits and Trousers.

An excellent lot of boys' two-piece suits, made for best of every day service, yet good looking and tailored in a way to give the dressed up appearance, too. Made of all wool chevrons in medium and dark colors, knee trousers have double seats and knees, for boys of 10 to 15 years; Monday and Tuesday reduced from \$4.00 to \$2.95. Boy's three-piece suits—coat, vest and trousers, made of dark chevrons and worsteds in fancy mixtures, plain serges and Scotch mixtures, handsome chamois, for boys of 7 to 16 years. Monday and Tuesday, instead of \$5.00 and \$6.00—\$3.50.

Good, stout knee trousers made of all wool cassimeres with taped seams, patent belts, in sizes 4 to 14 years—\$3.00.



Christmas Umbrellas. And Two Lines Reduced.

This department holds some of the choicest umbrellas made. Superb handles—richly carved, pearl, silver, ivory, and so on, most attractive in appearance with covers of the best silks made for the purpose, but we want you to come and see all the different beauties there are for gift-giving, to men and women; therefore, be sure you see all others when purchasing these at lowered prices for Monday and Tuesday.

Women's gloria silk umbrellas, splendid quality, and a varied assortment of pretty handles—natural wood, bone, pearl, silver, etc., any one suitable for a gift, those that were \$1.75 for \$1.19; the \$1.25 for \$85c.

Monday—All Made Pin-cushions One-fourth off Regular Prices.

Just a pretty little group, maybe twenty, enough to make good variety, and hard indeed to please must be the friend who could not find delight in a present from any one. Round pin cushions, in squares and in roll shapes, made of choice silks, daintily trimmed with lace and ribbons, Monday priced like this—The 6c for 4c; the 5c for 4c; the \$1.35 for \$1.10; the \$2.50 for \$1.85; the \$2.50 for \$2.00.

Tuesday—Sofa Cushions, One-Third Off.

Twenty-five handsome sofa cushions—certainly useful and delight-adding presents for the home—made of tapestry, canvas and art denim, some artistically embroidered in most elaborate designs, others of burnt leather. Tuesday—the \$25.00 cushions—\$16.67; the \$20.00 for \$13.33; the \$18.00 for \$12.00; the \$16.00 for \$10.67; the \$14.00 for \$9.33; the \$12.00 for \$8.00; the \$10.00 for \$6.67; the \$8.00 for \$5.33; the \$6.00 for \$4.00.

Women's \$1.50 Gauntlets, \$1.35.

Made of heavy kidskin, with high gauntlet cuffs, in very nearly every size, but only tan color; reduced from \$1.75 to \$1.35.

Kid Gloves or Silk Mittens for Presents.

There are several things appertaining to a woman's wardrobe of which she cannot have too many and one of the severest—kid gloves; providence of course, they are good kinds. The best known to the glove world are in this stock. The choicest stitchings, the choicest shades, \$1.25 to \$2.50.

For an elderly woman a pair of silk mittens always make an acceptable gift. We are showing some very handsome ones, beautifully knit in fancy stitches at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75.

Men's Smoking Jackets, 25 per cent off.



Very fine linen handkerchiefs, six in pretty box—\$2.00. Fancy silk handkerchiefs, specially priced 50c each; plain silk 35c to \$2.00 each. Kid gloves, lined and unlined, \$1.25, \$1.50, to \$2.50.

Men's Slippers.

Nothing tells more fervently of the thoughtfulness of the giver than a pair of slippers, for nothing contributes more to man's comfort. This news of some that were especially bought for the holiday selling time: Handsome monkey skin slippers, very new in shape and style, at \$4.50. Rich walrus skin slippers and enamel leathers—\$3.50. Black and tan Russian calf slippers—\$1.75. Dogoia at \$1.50. Boys' slippers—\$1.25 and \$1.50.



Broken Lines of Toys—Half Price or near to it.

It doesn't matter to you that they are broken lines, the toys are alright and just as valuable, but when the ones, two, three and half dozen of a kind lots begin to accumulate in this limited space they become pretty bothersome to us. A quick cleanup of them in the next two days is what we want and everything in the toy way that can be rightfully called an odd lot, be it engines, trains, toy chests, typewriters, printing presses, animals, boats, wagons, carts, blocks, or what not from the choicest to simplest kinds they will be separated on tables to go like this:

On the 5c table, toys up to 10c. On the 10c table, toys up to 15c. On the 15c table, toys up to 25c. On the 25c table, toys up to 50c. On the 50c table, toys up to \$1.00. On the 65c table, toys up to \$1.50.

All pictorial toy books, linen and board covers, sold at 10c up to \$1.50 each—HALF PRICE.

Wooden Pipe Racks at Half Price.

A present that should delight any man, especially one with bachelor quarters, ornamental, too, for cozy corner or den. Some are of burnt wood in unique shapes, others plain, but all there are here and sold until now at 75c up to \$4.50 each, Monday and Tuesday choice of any—HALF PRICE.

Clocks, Bric-a-Brac, Leather Boxes.

Some old pieces of bric-a-brac, 20c, 25c and 50c each kind, Monday and Tuesday some \$1.00 regular for 60c. Pretty little clocks in imitation Wedgwood china, regular price \$1.50 each, Monday and Tuesday—\$1.00. Leather collar and cuff boxes, handsomely lined, sold at \$1.00 up to \$5.00 each, Monday and Tuesday—HALF PRICE.

Gift Handkerchiefs.

We have them in plenty—artistic, sheer and filmy as cobwebs, sufficiently dainty for a queen; Duchesse, point lace, valenciennes, etc., up to \$15.00. For more practical use, though, these to tell of—

Women's handkerchiefs of very fine linen, six put up in pretty boxes—\$1.50.

Women's fine linen handkerchiefs with prettily embroidered borders, 65c each quality—50c.

Women's plain linen handkerchiefs, made in Ireland, 12½c and 15c each quality—10c.

Children's linen handkerchiefs, superior quality with dainty color borders, three in tiny box—25c.