AMONG SKILLFUL ARIZONA INDIANS

FAMOUS BLANKET-WEAVERS AMONG THE NAVAJOS
GILA RIVER BASKET-MAKERS

APACHE-MOJAVE BASKET WEAVERS.

ON THE RESERVATION.

A MARICOPA POTTERY SELLER.

NAVAJO WOMAN WEAVING BLANKETS.

SALT RIVER VALLEY, Southwestern Arizona, May 16.—(Special Correspondence.)—The sweeping wave of civilization that engulfed the American redman from the Atlantic to the Western sea has left a respite to this vanishing race in the mountain fastnesses of Northeastern Arizona.

Here in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, where for centuries the altar fires to Montezuma have been kindled, the Indian is still lord of his native domain, exulting in an isolation free from intrusion by white invaders. Here the Navajos, Hana-Supai and Hopi tribes have their homes. The latter, incorrectly called Moqui, have attracted much attention, owing to their annual ceremonial of the sacred Snake Kiva, when the celebrated snake dance takes place. These people are all industrious and peaceable and carry on a brisk barter with the traders or in trade with other tribes for the various articles in which they excel.

The Apaches, numbering some 5000, who have caused the Government so much expense and loss of life, are confined to reservations at San Carlos and the White Mountains. They are now comparatively peaceful, but will not suffer restraint nor civilizing influence. They are self-supporting and their fine basketry and large ollas are in great demand by the tourists around Flagstaff and Prescott. The Apaches, like the Navajos, are easily distinguished from other tribes because of their fine bearing, imposing stature and quick intelligence.

Famous Blanket Weavers.

The Navajos, the largest tribe in the Southwest, said to number 15,000, are perhaps the most interesting owing to their famous skill in blanket weaving.

This work is done by the women of the tribe, and for beauty of design and excellence of workmanship, rivals the most delicate products of civilized looms, and for durability is unequaled, even by the best rugs of Persian manufacture. The designs are geometrical in character, and are singularly like some of the ancient Egyptian patterns used in textile fabrics woven in the days of the earliest Pharaohs.

But few whites go far into the interior of the reservation where the work is done, but the venturesome ones, who do, will occasionally find a Navajo woman sitting in front of her simple loom at work on a beautiful rug of wonderful design, which appears strangely out of place amid its surroundings. The skill with which some of them work in the most intricate pattern, with the different colors perfectly blended, is amazing, and when the crudeness of the loom is considered, it seems well-nigh impossible. The looms are made by fastening two posts in the ground, from three to six feet apart, and fastening crossplecs at the top and bottom, or, more frequently, a pole is fastened to two trees at a height of five to eight feet from the ground. The strings which compose the warp are attached to this and to a similar one at the bottom, from which are hung heavy stones to keep the strings taut. In front of this rude contrivance sits the Indian maid or mother. The alternate cords are held apart by sticks, and between abe runs the threads of the woof, ramming them down, thread by thread, with a batten stick, till the rug is as hard as a board and as waterproof as a mackintosh.

Genuine Navajo blankets, made from the wool grown by the Indians and dyed with colors obtained from the earth and herbs, are, however, becoming comparatively rare. Since the demand for Navajo blankets has increased, the supply of wool from their own sheep has become inadequate, and the Indians, delighted to find in their weaving work a source of large revenue, are resorting to the use of ordinary knitting wool, supplied by the traders, that is commercially known as "Germantown wool."

These are called Navajo yarn blankets. They have a smoother surface and usually are of more intricate patterns. These with the imitations turned out in Germany and sent in carloads to the center of trade in California make of the Navajo blankets a familiar and even common commercial article.

The Gila River Indians.

The entire Indian population of the territory numbers 40,000. Of these, about 10,000 occupy the Southwestern portions, being scattered over various reservations on the Gila River and the desert plains of the Salt River Valley. Here, though in close contact with the whites, the Indian may still be seen in primeval simplicity, with pagan worship, scanty raiment and stick-built habitation. The native tribes are the Pimas, Papagoes and Maricopas, and belong to the Pueblo family. These people have many points of resemblance to the Chinooks in mild demeanor and general habits. They have lived here for centuries and have always been friendly to the white man. The Apache-Mojave are the most picturesque of the local Indians. The men pay great attention to their attire, are tall of stature and fine physique generally.

These people are experts in basket-weaving, and upon examining their beautiful work, the question at once arises: Where did they get their patterns? The Indian women are students of nature and reproduce with infinite patience and skill the lightning zigzag, and the beautiful markings of the rattler and Gila monster. In many specimens of their work, as well as that of the Pimas and Maricopas, the Swastica, emblem of the Great Rameses and the modern cross of the Buddhists, is found. That this ancient emblem belongs to the tradition of the people is demonstrated by its frequent use in their basketry, and in the hieroglyphics on the rocks. It is to be regretted that the art of weaving these mystic designs is dying out with the older Indians, and rare patterns are now scarcely found outside of private collections.

The Maricopas also make pottery of red clay which they mold into artistic shapes with their hands and decorate with black earth paint. This pottery is in great demand by the curio dealers as artistic specimens of Indian work.

Though confined to reservations, these people are not provided for by the Government, and were it not that they manage to eke out a precarious existence from the sale of pottery and baskets or an occasional load of mesquite wood, the problem of their maintenance would become grievous to the white settlers, who are gradually diverting and absorbing the waterways, thus cutting off the means of the Indian from following his native right to agriculture.

Within the past ten years numerous petitions for relief in this matter have been sent to the White Father at Washington, but up to the present time the prayers of his dusky children are still unanswered.

Phoenix Indian Training School.

Three miles from Phoenix is situate an Indian training school, which ranks in importance second only to Carlisle, and upon completion of additional buildings is intended to be the leading Indian school of the Union. It commands some 200 acres, while the institution itself covers 20 acres of beautiful and artistically laid-out grounds. It contains 15 commodious and imposing brick buildings with a number of smaller ones. In comparing this school with Chemawa, we felt that the Government has dealt rather niggardly with the latter, especially as Chemawa has equally as large an Indian population tributary to it as the Southwest, and is often crowded to inconvenience. At present, Phoenix School has but 680 pupils enrolled with plenty of room to spare. Forty tribes are represented. Of these, I am told, the Moqui and Navajos lead in point of intelligence and general aptitude for learning. The Pima is dull, while the occasional Apache, who finds his way to the school, is insubordinate and rebellious, and as a rule does not remain long.

The boys are drilled in military tactics, but have no organized ball teams. They have a fine brass band, of 21 members, and its discourses on Sunday afternoons always brings crowds of charmed listeners from the city.

This year's appropriation by the Government toward the support of Phoenix School amounted to $153,650. It came in second in point of award, and is the largest in its history.

ROSE GLASOU OSBURN.

MONUMENT TO SERGEANT FLOYD

First Man in the Lewis and Clark Company Who Lost His Life.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., May 18.—(Special Correspondence.)—Towering straight, conspicuous and substantial, an index finger in history, where the hum of the adjacent city is like the murmur of the prairie winds that sweep the bluff where it stands, rises the monument to Sergeant Charles Floyd, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, the only memorial of the journey of this party of explorers which resulted in the first knowledge of the vast Louisiana Purchase.

A mile south of Sioux City, in the sight of three states, overlooking the Missouri River, which carried the boats of the struggling party, is situate the monument reared to commemorate the death at this spot almost an even hundred years ago of the first life given up to the cause to which the Lewis and Clark expedition was devoted.

Henceforth the tablets of bronze on the sides of the massive base will tell their own story of the first white man who gave his life in the service of the United States in ascertaining what lay west of the Mississippi.

FLOYD.
This Shaft
Marks the Burial Place of
SERGEANT CHARLES FLOYD,
A Member of the
LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION.
He Died in His Country's Service,
And Was Buried Near This Spot
August 20, 1804.
Graves of Such Men Are Pilgrim Shrines,
Shrines to No Class or Creed Confined.
Erected A. D. 1900,
By the
Floyd Memorial Association,
Aided by the United States
And the State of Iowa.

On the opposite side of the shaft is the following in bronze:

In Commemoration
Of the
LOUISIANA PURCHASE,
Made During the
Administration of Thomas Jefferson,
Third President of the United States,
April 30, 1803,
OF ITS SUCCESSFUL EXPLORATION,
By the Heroic Members of the
LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION,
Of the
Valor of the American Soldier
And of the Enterprise,
Courage and Fortitude of the
American Pioneer,
To Whom These Great States
WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER
Owe Their Secure Foundation.

There is more real history represented in the monument erected above the bones of Sergeant Floyd than in almost any other ten monuments of the world. Prophetic visions of the vast empire west of the Mississippi River prompted Thomas Jefferson when President to send out the expedition of which Floyd was but a chance member. His personal services were but an incident, his death unimportant to the party, and it is to the Lewis and Clark explorers that the monument is in fact set up where the people of three states may see it.

The Nation, state, county, city, and private citizens have given to the fund with which the shaft was builded, in token of the interest and relationship of each and all to the part that man took in the expansion of the confines of this country to the shores of the Pacific.

Official Record of the Death.

The official record of the death of Sergeant Floyd, as given by the journals kept by Meriwether Lewis and Captain Charles Clark, is as follows:

Here we had the misfortune to lose one of our Sergeants, Charles Floyd. He was yesterday seized with a bilious colic, and all our care and attention were ineffectual to relieve it. A little before his death, he said to Captain Clark, "I am going to leave you." His strength failed as he added, "I want you to write me a letter." He died with composure, which justified the high opinion we had of his firmness and good conduct. He was buried on the top of the bluff, with the honor due to a brave soldier. The place of his interment was marked by cedar posts, on which his name and the day of his death were inscribed. About a mile from this place, which we gave his name, is a small river, about 30 yards wide, on the north, which we called Floyd's River, where we camped.

From the diary of Patrick Gass, a member of the party, the following entry was taken:

August 20. Sergeant Floyd much weaker and no better, made Mr. Fanfou, the interpter, a few presents, and the Indians a Canister of Whisky. we set out under a gentle breeze from the S. E. and proceeded on very well—Sergeant Floyd as bad as he can be no pulse and nothing will stay a moment on his stomach or bowels—Passed two Islands on the S.S. (starboard, or right hand) and at the first Bluff on the S. S. Serg. Floyd Died with a great deal of composure, before his death he said to me, "I am going away I want you to write me a letter"—We buried him on the top of the bluff ½ mile below a small river to which we gave his name, he was buried with the honors of War much lamented a seeder post with the name Serg. C. Floyd died here 20th of August 1804 was fixed at the head of his grave—This man at all times gave us proofs of his firmness and Determined resolution to doe service to his countrey and honor to himself after paying all honor to our deceased brother we camped in the mouth of floyd's river about 30 yards wide, a butiful evening.

Personality of Floyd.

Jefferson was undaunted in his determination to acquire the great West, neither was he tempted by the wonderful stories of the treasures of the West. Indians and trappers brought to the frontier tales which by the time they reached official circles were warped, twisted and distorted out of all possible shape. One tale was that at the head of the Missouri, then a mysterious stream, a mountain of salt, 100 miles long and no man could tell how high. It was of pure crystals of rock salt which glistened in the sunshine with a dazzling brilliance. There was in one heap all the salt man would need for all time. This fiction of a mountain of salt did have its influence on the decision to buy the Louisiana tract, though the story was taken with a few grains of salt itself.

To clear up such mysteries, Jefferson and his advisers chose Lewis and Captain Clark to lead a party to the Pacific Coast. There were 45 men in the band which reported at St. Louis in the fall of 1803. There was besides the leaders Charles Floyd, civilian, who was made sergeant for the commanders. Floyd was one of the nine Kentucklans in the party. There were four noncommissioned officers—Floyd, Prior, Ordway and Gass. They remained in camp on the Dubois River in Illinois through the Winter of 1803-4, and May 14, 1804, started up the Missouri River in a big barge and two piroques. It was but 99 days from the time the trip began that Sergeant Floyd, who went with the party to benefit his poor health, died.

Careful research by Elliott Coues, historian of the Lewis and Clark expedition, only served to add to the doubts as to who Charles Floyd was. It is known he was related to a Floyd of Virginia, who held a high state office, and it is thought he was a son of Charles Floyd, of a family of Floyds who were adventurous pioneers of Kentucky. In Kentucky all memory or trace of Sergeant Floyd has disappeared.

Grave Not Lost.

The party came up the Missouri River and about the middle of August, 1804, was just below the site of the present city of Sioux City. Here Floyd was taken ill and in the gray of the dawn of the 20th he died and his body was buried at the top of a great bluff overlooking the Missouri. A cedar post was placed over his grave. It seems remarkable that in the midst of an unknown continent, inhabited by savages, a spot thus marked should not have been lost. Yet, when the frontiersmen began to push their way into this section several decades later the cedar post was found where Lewis had directed, a short distance below the mouth of the river named for the dead soldier, Floyd River, as it is now known, where it passes through Sioux City. Once found, the tradition that underneath that decaying post lay the bones of Floyd was reserved for many years before the grave was opened. A new post was placed over the grave in 1857, but no more. It was not till 1895 that the bones were taken up. They were then moved to another bluff, a little nearer the city, and reinterred.

Then came the movement to secure a monument over them. George D. Perkins, then in Congress, secured an appropriation of $5000 from the Federal Government. The Iowa Legislature gave $5000 more, as the result of the efforts of Senator E. H. Hubbard, of this city; nearly $5000 more was raised by the Floyd Memorial Association. Colonel H. M. Chittenden, Chief of United States Engineers for the Missouri River and the Yellowstone Park, was architect and designer of the shaft. It is severely plain, rising 100 feet 4 inches from its base, 12 feet square at the bottom, an obelisk. It is built of Kettle River sandstone of buff color.

An Inspiring View.

There are few more inspiring views in the West than was to be had from the capstone before the scaffolding was taken down. The windings of the Missouri River could be traced far up into South Dakota, and still farther down between Iowa and Nebraska. To the west, across the stream, lay the beautiful plains of Nebraska; westward is the city and beyond this the silver thread of the Big Sioux, forming the boundary between Iowa and South Dakota; still farther on lie the garden-like farms of South Dakota, visible for many miles. To the east are the great bluffs of the Iowa side of the river, their corrugations ribbing the valley for miles eastward; and to the south the broad stretches of the valley reach out, visible on a clear day as far as Onama, 30 odd miles away. In the circle of vision lie something like a dozen villages and towns, besides the city, with very gems from the landscape of three of the states carved from the Louisiana Purchase.

Not till 90 years after his burial on this magnificent bluff was the journal which Sergeant Floyd kept discovered. Accidentally, it was found among a collection of papers in the historical library of the University of Wisconsin. Floyd kept it from May 14 to August 18, two days before his death. Historically, it is of little value, save as its statements serve to check up those of other historians.

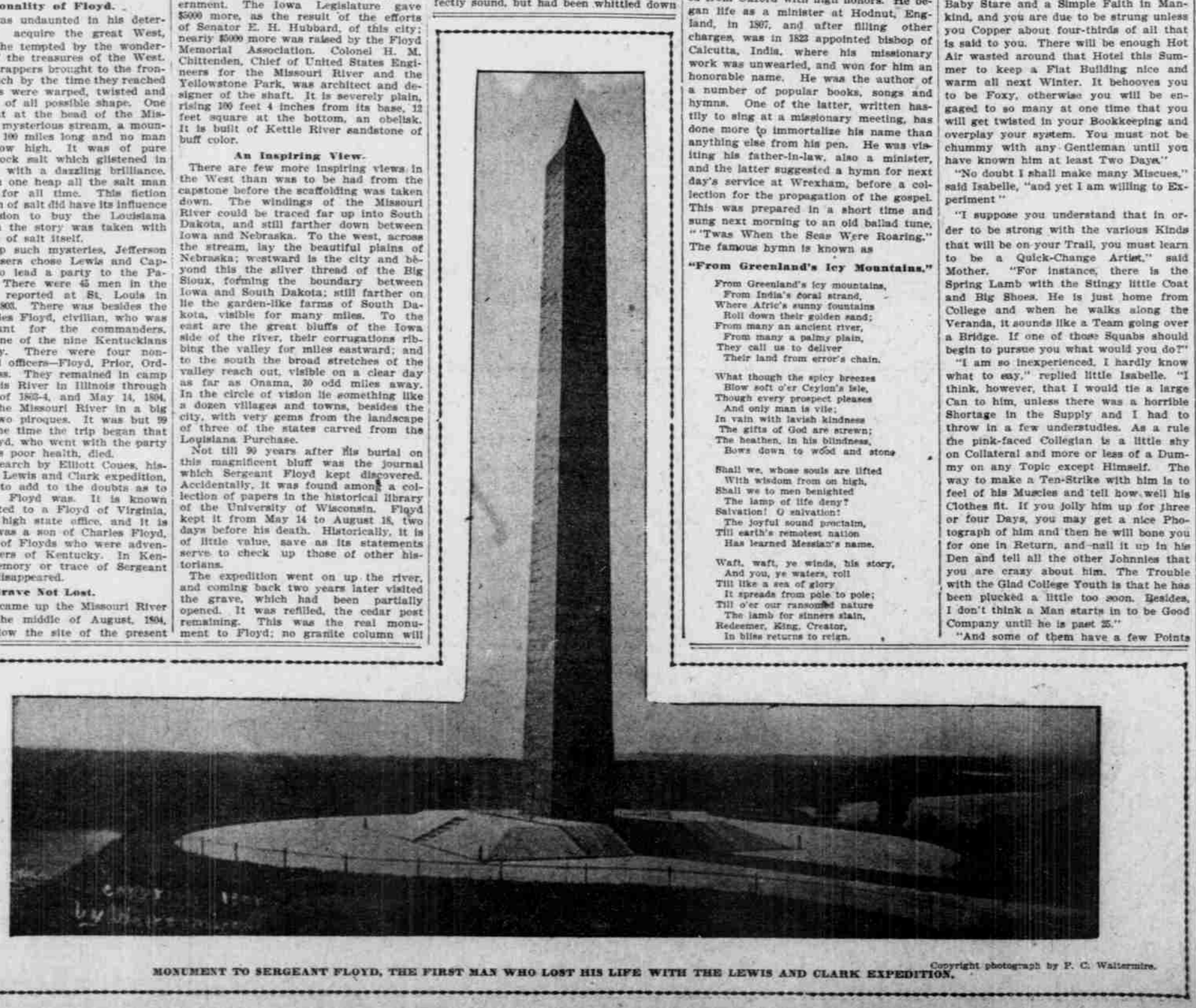
The expedition went on up the river, and coming back two years later visited the grave, which had been partially opened. It was refilled, the cedar post remaining. This was the real monument to Floyd; no granite column will ever serve so well as it did. For the next 40 years the cedar post was traditional; many travelers and voyagers on the upper river write having it pointed out to them.

Elliott Coues tells of the later disturbance of the grave partly as follows:

"In March, 1857, when the snow was rapidly melting, the water ran so high that the Floyd River and the Missouri came together and overflowed what is now called South Sioux City. About this time it was discovered that the Missouri was encroaching on Floyd's Bluff, and that the grave with its contents was about to be precipitated into the turbid flood below. A committee was appointed to rescue the grave. This included ex-Governor C. C. Carpenter, of Fort Dodge, Judge Addison Oliver, of Onawa, ex-member of Congress, and other distinguished personages of this section. They found that the running waters had robbed the grave of a part of its contents. With much labor and not without danger, the remains not already washed away were secured. They included the skull, with its lower jaw; a thigh bone, a shin bone and various others. The coffin appeared to have been made with small oak slabs, set up on end around the body, with a covering of similar form and the same material. The red cedar post originally erected by Lewis and Clark had slid into the river. It had seemed to be perfectly sound, but had been whittled down till it was no larger than a walking-stick by travelers anxious to preserve a relic of Floyd's grave. According to some published accounts, a piece of the post had been carried to London and deposited in a museum of that city by an English traveler.

"On the 28th of May, 1857, the remains were reburied with appropriate ceremonies."

The dedication of the Floyd monument occurred May 30, 1901. The address of the day was delivered by John A. Kasson, of Washington. Dr. James Davie Butler, professor emiritus of Wisconsin University, also spoke. The only direct descendant of a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition, Mrs. Stephen Field, of Northboro, Iowa, attended. Her father, William Bratton, joined the Lewis and Clark expedition when it started from Kentucky. He later settled in Montgomery County, Indiana, where he died 60 years later.



MONUMENT TO SERGEANT FLOYD, THE FIRST MAN WHO LOST HIS LIFE WITH THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION.

Copyright photograph by P. C. Waltermire.

FAMILIAR SONGS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Reginald Heber was born at Malpas, Cheshire, England, April 21, 1783. His father was a devine of the English church; the son was highly educated and graduated from Oxford with high honors. He began life as a minister at Hodnut, England, in 1807, and after filling other charges, was in 1823 appointed bishop of Calcutta, India, where his missionary work was unwearied, and won for him an honorable name. He was the author of a number of popular books, songs and hymns. One of the latter, written hastily to sing at a missionary meeting, has done more to immortalize his name than anything else from his pen. He was visiting his father-in-law, also a minister, and the latter suggested a hymn for next day's service at Wrexham, before a collection for the propagation of the gospel. This was prepared in a short time and sung next morning to an old ballad tune, "'Twas When the Seas Were Roaring." The famous hymn is known as

"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lifted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

ADE'S FABLE IN SLANG

Of the Coming-Out Girl and Her Keen Guesses.

"MY DAUGHTER, we start for the Country next Week," said the elderly Society Bird to her little Chick. "Us to the Summer Hotel for a bang-up Suite at a Per Diem Rate that will put a large, deep Crimp into Papa's Income for 1903. You are now at the Pin-Feather Period and Mother must teach you how to Fly. I have been giving a lot of Hard Thought to the Man Game for lo, these many Moons, and, without passing myself any fragrant Cluster of Green Peas, I think I am On. Every Woman of Experience has a private Rogue's Gallerey. She can give you a Line on the whole Bunko Brotherhood from Sammy the Sophomore, who wears a Buckwheat Cake instead of a Cap, up to the decrepit old Has-Been who wants to hold your Hand because you look so much like his Daughter. Taking the whole Outfit, from Seventeen to Seventy, I may add that they are the grandest Bunch of Shell-Workers that ever operated. You are a Mere Child of 19, with a Baby Stare and a Simple Faith in Mankind, and you are due to be strung unless you Copper about four-thirds of all that is said to you. There will be enough Hot Air wasted around that Hotel this Summer to keep a Flat Building nice and warm all next Winter. It behooves you to be Foxy, otherwise you will be engaged to so many at one time that you will get twisted in your Bookkeeping and overplay your system. You must not be chummy with any Gentleman until you have known him at least Two Days."

"No doubt I shall make many Miscues," said Isabelle, "and yet I am willing to Experiment."

"I suppose you understand that in order to be strong with the various Kinds that will be on your Trail, you must learn to be a Quick-Change Artist," said Mother. "For instance, there is the Spring Lamb with the Stingy little Coat and Big Shoes. He is just home from College and when he walks along the Veranda, it sounds like a Team going over a Bridge. If one of those Squabs should begin to pursue you what would you do?"

"I am so inexperienced, I hardly know what to say," replied little Isabelle. "I think, however, that I would tie a large Can to him, unless there was a horrible Shortage in the Supply and I had to throw in a few understudies. As a rule the pink-faced Collegian is a little shy on Collateral and more or less of a Dummy on any Topic except Himself. The way to make a Ten-Strike with him is to feel of his Muscles and tell how well his Clothes fit. If you jolly him up for three or four Days, you may get a nice Photograph of him and then he will bone you for one in Return, and nail it up in his Den and tell all the other Johnnies that you are crazy about him. The Trouble with the Glad College Youth is that he has been plucked a little too soon. Besides, I don't think a Man starts in to be Good Company until he is past 25."

"And some of them have a few Points to pick up after they pass 55," added Mother. "You seem to be wise to the very Young Kind. How about the Bachelor with the Tremolo Voice, who wants to sit about six inches away from you all the time and look you straight in the Eye and tell you that Life was a Desert until he bumped into you."

"That's the Time to hang out the Red Light," replied Daughter. "I've been out among 'em only two Seasons, but I've taken that Boy's Measure all right, all right. He's the kind that wants you to lean on his Shoulder and tell all your Troubles to a True Friend after he has known you about 20 Minutes, and if you hang back he is Hurt and seems to think that you do him an Injustice. He has got away with it so often that his Nerve is up and as for the Hufty-Dufty Talk that he has learned by Heart, it is the Kind calculated to make a Girl ashamed of herself unless she starts right in and loves him with her whole Soul. He is a pretty dangerous Proposition. You can say, 'Scat!' to Ferdie the Freshman or else send him on an Errand, but Mr. Arthur Fresh, who is getting along toward 30, is so accustomed to the Throw-Down that he arises, dusts his Clothes and comes back with a Genial Smile and treats the whole Incident as a Joke. Then, 'If you Repent and try to Square yourself, the Chances are that he will wait until you begin to act real Friendly and then he will give you the Toss and hike off after some new Geraldine. This kind likes to switch from a Blonde to a Brunette about every third Day."

"Merciful Mayonnaise!" exclaimed Mother. "I don't believe I am qualified to sit on the Side Lines and do any Coaching for you. You seem to be Next. Did they teach you all this at Boarding-School?"

"Don't give it away," said Isabelle, "but I'll tell you on the Q. T. that we have what is known as the Protective Order of Buds. The Triffer who goes up and down the Line springing the Guff about Love at First Sight is spotted and tagged in a Hurry. There are two ways of handling this Party. One is to spring his Record on him and kid him until he let's up. The other is to believe everything and String him along. The Second Method is the one usually employed by all True Artistes. The older the Bachelor the bigger the Cinch. Hold onto one of his Coat Buttons and look up at him and ask him a lot of feeble-minded Questions about the Wicked World and he will talk for Hours at a Time. But the Minute the Sun goes down, you want to yell for a Chaperon until you can be heard in the next Township. That will lead him to believe that he is a fascinating and dangerous Person. It is always a terrific Hit. I know two Girls who landed Good Things last Summer merely by sitting out in a Hammock and calling for Chaperons. They used to sit out until Midnight begging somebody to go for a Chaperon, and the Gentlemen had to talk to them for Hours in order to calm them and convince them that the Whole Proceeding was according to Hoyle; that is, as long as they were with Nice Fellows."

"I take off my Bonnet to you," said Mother. "You don't need to attend any Night School There's just one other variety. How about the Lonesome Married man?"

"You mean the Kind that wants to tell you how sorry he is that he didn't find you before he hooked up with a Woman who never seems to Understand him? He is a Sad Affair. He is trying to sneak a Return Trip on the Flirtation Route after he has lost his Ticket. As a Study he is fairly Interesting, but the Pursuit of him is barred by the Game Laws. The best way to quiet him down is to get friendly with his Wife."

"That settles it," said the elderly Society Bird. "Any time that I want a Hunch I'll hunt up the Young Lady of Today."

Moral: It's a Wise Mother that can hand out any New Ones.

(Copyright, 1903.)

Edison's 791 Patents.

Thomas Alva Edison maintains his primacy as the typical American inventor. By the end of March he had taken out no fewer than 791 patents, and his ordinary fees have amounted to the neat little sum of $51,000. Such figures relate, however, only to this country. Every Edison invention of any importance has also been protected by patents abroad, so that the actual patents bearing his name, in many languages, count up into the thousands, and the mere cost of securing them, in the way of fees, would be a handsome fortune.