

HOW MAN CAME TO FIND THE GREAT SPIRIT

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and he related his experiences to them around the campfire. They did not understand him at first, but when he told them to live like brothers, to be good to one another, they understood and from the many good things he told them they knew he had found the Great Spirit.

UNKTOMEET AND HIS BUNDLE OF SONGS

One bright and sunny day a flock of ducks stopped to rest beside a lake. They were playing and making a lot of noise when suddenly they stopped their cries and calls.

They saw the queer figure of a strange old man coming towards them. "Quack! Quack!" said one of the bravest of the ducks. "What have you there" (for he had a bundle of sticks on his back)? "Oh, that is only a bundle of old songs," said Unktomee with a smile, for he was a sly one and a maker of mischief.

Then one of the ducks said, "Sing us an old song, Unktomee." And Unktomee threw down his load and started to make a little tepee of sticks. When he was done he told the ducks to go in and he would sing them a song. So after all the ducks were in he began to sing:

Ishtogmus wachee po
Tuwa etowan kin,
Ishtah ne-sha-cta.

Which meant, "Dance with your eyes shut; whoever looks shall have red eyes."

So every one of the foolish ducks shut their eyes and started to dance, and as they danced around in a ring, Unktomee wrung their necks one by one and put them behind him.

One of the little ducks, thinking something was wrong, opened his eyes and saw Unktomee killing a duck and he cried: "Fly! fly! he is killing us all." And all the ducks flew and broke the tepee all to pieces, and ever since then that duck has had red eyes. It is the hell diver.

"UNKTOMEET'S FEAST"

Now Unktomee wanted to make a feast, but he did not have a kettle to cook in so he cried aloud, "Chagah a-o-o-o po-oo!" meaning "somebody bring me a kettle." And pretty soon some one was coming with a kettle hanging from his teeth. It was the fox, and Unktomee thanked him. After the fox went away he started to dress the ducks. When he had them in the kettle, he wanted to take a nap, for he was tired and told his face to twitch if anybody tried to steal his meat.

And while he slept the fox came back with a friend, but Unktomee's face did not twitch, for the fox patted

it gently and told it to be quiet. Having done this, he and his friend ate all the meat and left the bones in the kettle. And when Unktomee waked up he looked in the kettle and saw only the bones and he was very angry and gave his face a good scolding for not awakening him in time.

He who deceives others may himself be caught some day.

"Unktomee" means a spider in Sioux.

MR. SICADE'S ADVICE

At a returned students' conference a year ago Mr. Henry Sicade, now a prominent business man of Tacoma, Wash., gave a talk embodying much that should be taken to heart and remembered, and we are publishing excerpts from his address, as follows:

"I want to say to you, the student body, that we Indians are expected to do many things out of the ordinary. We've got to live cleanly; we've got to be straight; we've got to be truthful; our word, our promises, must be as good as our bond. Our characters must be good—we've got to be men and woman of high standing.

"This gathering reminds me of my own experience 41 years ago. I had high ideals—we want all of you to have high ideals. You are going out into the world to take your places among, I hope, your own people—our people. Your lives and capabilities will be scrutinized; you've got to set good examples. You do not have to hold high positions in order to show others how to live right. In your home, on your farm, be kind to others—help them along. If you have no public school, start one. Start a church for your children. These are necessary in any community—they go in the making of good citizens. You do not have to be dead to be a good Indian. A God-fearing people make a happy and prosperous community. Money is essential to all of us, but it is not the whole thing. We cannot take it along when we die."

Continuing, Mr. Sicade said: "You have to cultivate will power—learn to say 'no' to evil counsel. Boys, never drink. That is our curse. In Oklahoma I saw thousands of white people scheming how to get the Indians' money, especially the Osages. They'll do that to you. They have tried it on me more than once.

"Pay no attention to what church your white friend belongs; see rather, that he is true and square before you trust him. There are many, many thousands of good whites. I know lots of them who are friends.

"This old world is a good old world. The world owes you nothing—you owe the world a lot. You pay in good deeds, in a clean and useful life. Life is what we make it. Your teachers no doubt have worked hard for your benefit. Remember them; write to them. They are among your best friends. I have found the Golden Rule a great inspiration. We must not forget our forefathers' religion—serve the Great Spirit and your fellowmen."