

## INDIAN BASKETRY.

(By James Olney, Seventh Grade.)

The Indians make the finest baskets in the world. Years ago Indians used to make baskets very much better than they do now; the art of basket making is dying out. The Indians of Nevada and California make very pretty baskets out of willow bark, grass, and barks off of the roots of cedar trees; and in Washington the Neah Bay Indians make very pretty and expensive ones also, using the same material as the Nevada and California Indians.

There are Indians all over the western part of the United States that make these baskets, but the Alaskan Indians are considered the very best basket makers. The Yakutat tribe is the basket making tribe of Alaska, altho the Attu tribe who live out on the Aleutian islands are the best; they make their baskets out of grass only, as there are no trees on that island.

It is said that only 40 women now live on that island who can make baskets; the place where these Indians live is called Attu. The Indian baskets, after they are made, are worth from \$25 to about \$200. One winter, about 12 years ago, a hard winter set in on these Indians living on Attu, and lots of them died of starvation. A ship passing by that place brought the news to this country. A lady by the name of Helen Gould, who was the richest woman in this country, sent them about \$1,000.

A blind woman after she had heard of this lady sending them money, said "let us present to her a basket." So with the assistance of a few younger women the basket was completed and sent to Helen Gould. The basket, it is said, was the finest and most beautiful one ever made.

## "MY CREED."

We, the people of Tulalip, have noticed in every paper published in Indian schools, such as Carlisle, Phoenix, Chilocco, Haskell, Riverside and others the little eight line verse of "My Creed." Would you like to know where it came from? Why it came right from this little corner out west known as the "Beautiful Tulalip School."

One Sunday evening Dr. C. M. Buchanan read it to us pupils and brought out both the beauty and the different points as he read it. He had taken it from Harper's Bazar. We think it is a very beautiful poem and repeat it every morning and evening. When Doctor went to Haskell about a year ago last fall, he told the pupils there in that large school about the poem and also told them how to enjoy repeating it and they too thought it a beautiful poem, so their paper, the Indian Leader, was the first to print it. It traveled from there clear east as soon as the Indian Leader printed it. It soon appeared in other papers. We are glad that other people think it as beautiful as we do and are glad that some of the other schools are reciting it as we do. There is so much beauty and wisdom in these few lines if one will only bring them out.

"I would be pure; for there are those who trust.  
I would be true; for there are those who care.  
I would be strong; for there is much to suffer.  
I would be brave; for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless,  
I would be giving, and forget the gift.  
I would be humble; for I know my weakness.  
I would look up and laugh, and love and lift."

—E. M. D.

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