

INDIAN RELICS, TRADITIONS AND CUSTOMS

COLLECTION AT PRINEVILLE OF HANDIWORK BY THE FAST DISAPPEARING RACE

BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

ONE of the most interesting collections of Indian relics and the products of red man workmanship to be found anywhere in the Pacific Northwest is the property of Mrs. Ada B. Millican of Prineville, Oregon. Few features, indeed, of that active Central Oregon town possess more attraction for the visitor than does this display of curiosities, which may be examined practically by all who desire to make its acquaintance.

Not only is there a vast deal of interest and profit to be derived from a visit to the collection, but the life and experiences of its proprietress in themselves afford a chapter as fascinating as the stories that cling about the trophies she has amassed in her varied wanderings.

First, then, a brief word concerning the "Indian Lady," owner of the Prineville collection of oddities.

Her knowledge of the red people is in no wise that of second hand and highly colored "book learning," and it is through her own tea discussion, and the outgrowth of a long and intimate experience. For six years Mrs. Millican was actively in the Government service, during that time occupying various positions on the rolls of the Indian Department, but always those that kept her in the field and in close contact with the people whose ways and characteristics she desired to study.

For the greater part of her official service she was stationed on reservations among the Utlants and Uthom-pagras, tribes of the Utes in Utah, the latter who were the last of all the American Indians to give up the blanket, and today probably retain more of their original customs and characteristics than any of the tribes remaining in the possible exception of the extremely isolated far southwestern groups. Later, Mrs. Millican worked at Yuma, and among the Pimas, Papagoes and Maricopas, as she progressed, always adding to her growing collection, piece by piece, and likewise constantly increasing her growing store of Indian lore. While with the Pimas she was near the great Casa Grande ruins, the most uniquely interesting and the most important of all the remains of the bygone days of the supremacy of the first Americans, whence she procured many of the curiosities that form her present collection.

Although at all times interested in ethnology, and profiting by her many rare opportunities afforded her for study, she admits that the phrase "hurry up" was about the only linguistic accomplishment to her credit. This all-necessary command, it seems, was acquired in the half-dozen languages of those users she came in contact, forming, as it did, by far the most indispensable part of the vocabulary of one whose duty it was to extract labor from the languid and not always over-willing copper colored boys and girls.

From the Pima reservation this woman worker took the first Indian children to the then new school at Riverside, Cal., now dropping to the Phoenix, the western Indian educational centers. In her experiences Mrs. Millican saw both extremes of red man nature, going to the Pimas, who are regarded as the most best, from the midst of the Utes, who are looked upon as the least civilized and most apt to become trouble makers of them all.

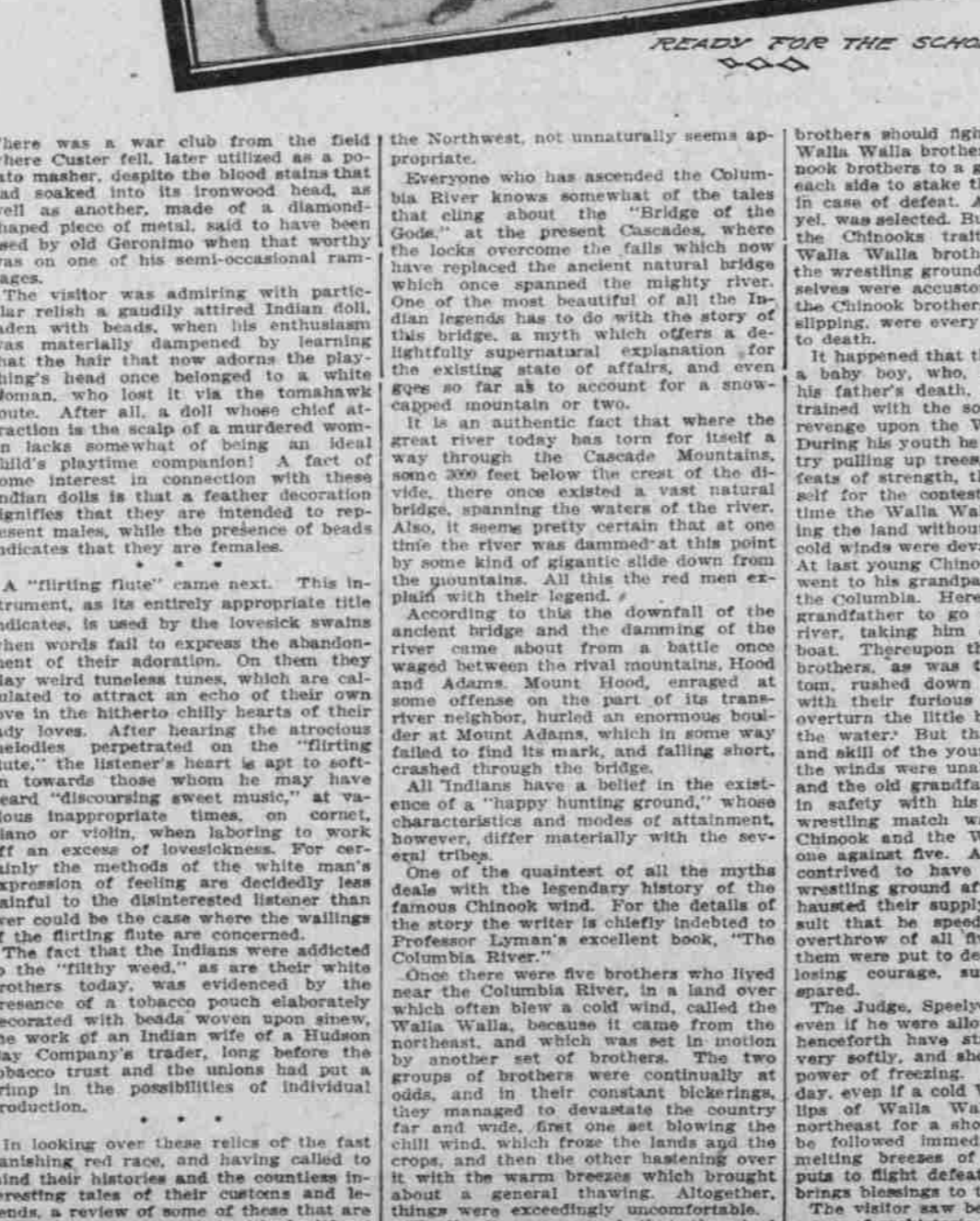
To pass from the streets of Prineville into the rooms where are displayed the results of Mrs. Millican's years of collecting, is to enter, for the moment, another land—a land rich in quaint beauty, historic interest, and particularly in the legendary lore which the products of the red men's hands has inseparably woven into their every feature. Modest as the display is, as compared to the great collections, in some of its features it surpasses any other in the state, and in galleries of the great Smithsonian itself.

There are baskets, beads, brooms and blankets, pictures, pottery, trinkets, jewelry, all in an amazingly picturesque and tastefully arranged combination about the shelves and walls of the little room which serves as a "museum"—an unadorned showplace which probably attracts more marveled attention than any other in all Central Oregon.

A souvenir of no little historic importance are the earrings made by Ebenezer, Colorado, 26 years ago, whose horrors have been as graphically depicted in the lines of Eugene Field's poem, in his description of Cheepeta's famed hide to get the troops. Cheepeta, it will be remembered, was the wife of old Chief Oursay, who after the death of her powerful husband was the first woman who ever sat in Indian council.

The curious curios seeker may also gaze upon the fantastically adorned robe once worn by Snake John, who had the gruesome distinction of ending Meeker's life by forcing a stone down his throat, after which the murderer saved the Meeker women from a similar fate, only to carry them away captives. This Snake John, it appears, was a leader of the Ute "400," and wore the robe now displayed in Prineville while taking part in the sun and moon medicine dances, which his tribe keeps up to this day, to some extent.

A "medicine man's" outfit, including eagle feathers, carved lizard, amulets and charms of every description, hinted in interesting fashion of the ancient rites in whose celebration they had once taken part, while a papoose board, a contrivance for carrying Indian babies on their mothers' backs, gave an idea of the antecedents of the perambulators of today.



JUK-PEL-KIN (BLACK WHEAT)

THE INDIAN LADY IN COSTUME

READY FOR THE SCHOOL

PIMA BASKET MAKER

PIMA INDIAN FAMILY

WINTER WERESHO

WINTER WERESHO

WINTER WERESHO

WINTER WERESHO

WINTER WERESHO

WINTER WERESHO

WINTER WERESHO

WINTER WERESHO

WINTER WERESHO

WINTER WERESHO

WINTER WERESHO

There was a war club from the field where Custer fell, later utilized as a potato masher, despite the blood stains that had soaked into its ironwood head, as well as another, made of a diamond-shaped piece of metal, said to have been used by old Geronimo when that worthy was on one of his semi-occasional rampages.

The visitor was admiring with particular relish a gaudily attired Indian doll, laden with beads, when his enthusiasm was materially dampened by learning that the hair that now adorns the plaything's head once belonged to a white woman, who lost it via the tomahawk route. After all, a doll whose chief attraction is the scalp of a murdered woman lacks somewhat of being an ideal child's plaything companion! A fact of some interest in connection with these Indian dolls is that a feather decoration signifies that they are intended to represent males, while the presence of beads indicates that they are females.

A "flirting flute" came next. This instrument, as its entirely appropriate title indicates, is used by the lovesick swains when words fail to express the abandonment of their adoration. On them they play weird tuneless tunes, which are calculated to attract an echo of their own love to the hitherto chilly hearts of their lady loves. After hearing the atrocious melodies perpetrated on the "flirting flute," the listener's heart is apt to soften towards those whom he may have heard "discouraging sweet music," at various inappropriate times, on cornet, piano or violin, when laboring to work an excess of love-sickness. For certainly the methods of the white man's expression of feeling are decidedly less painful to the disinterested listener than ever could be the case where the wallings of the flirting flute are concerned.

The fact that the Indians were addicted to the "filthy weed," as are their white brothers today, was evidenced by the presence of a tobacco pouch elaborately decorated with beads woven upon silver, the work of an Indian wife of a Hudson Bay Company's trader, long before the tobacco trust and the unions had put a crimp in the possibilities of individual production.

In looking over these relics of the fast vanishing red race, and having called to mind their histories and the countless interesting tales of their customs and legends, a review of some of those that are most intimately connected with the life of the Northwest, not unnaturally seems appropriate.

Everyone who has ascended the Columbia River knows somewhat of the tales that cling about the "Bride of the Gods," at the present Cascades, where the locks overcome the falls which now have replaced the ancient natural bridge, which once spanned the mighty river. One of the most beautiful of all the Indian legends has to do with the story of this bridge, a myth which offers a delightfully supernatural explanation for the existing state of affairs, and even goes so far as to account for a snow-capped mountain or two.

It is an authentic fact that where the great river today has torn for itself a way through the Cascade Mountains, some 300 feet below the crest of the divide, there once existed a vast natural bridge, spanning the waters of the river. Also, it seems pretty certain that at one time the river was dammed at this point by some kind of gigantic slide down from the mountains. All this the red men explain with their legend.

According to this the downfall of the ancient bridge and the damming of the river came about from a battle once waged between the rival mountains, Hood and Adams. Mount Hood, enraged at some offense on the part of its transverse neighbor, hurled an enormous boulder at Mount Adams, which in some way failed to find its mark, and falling short, crashed through the bridge.

All Indians have a belief in the existence of a "happy hunting ground," whose characteristics and modes of attainment, however, differ materially with the several tribes.

One of the quaintest of all the myths dealt with the legendary history of the famous Chinook wind. For the details of the story the writer is chiefly indebted to Professor Lyman's excellent book, "The Columbia River."

Once there were five brothers who lived near the Columbia River, in a land where which often blew a cold wind, called the "Walla Walla," because it came from the northeast, and which was set in motion by another set of brothers. The two groups of brothers were continually at odds, and in their constant bickerings, they managed to devastate the country far and wide, first one set blowing the chill wind, which froze the lands and the crops, and then the other hastening over it with the warm breeze, which brought about a general thawing. Altogether, things were exceedingly uncomfortable.

Finally it was agreed that the rival brothers should fight for supremacy; the Walla Walla brothers challenged the Chinook brothers to a great wrestling match, each side to stake their lives as forfeit in case of defeat. An umpire, one Speel-yel, was selected. But this Speel-yel played the Chinooks traitor by advising the Walla Walla brothers to throw ice on the wrestling ground, to which they themselves were accustomed, but upon which the Chinook brothers could not stand, but slipping, were every one defeated and put to death.

It happened that the eldest Chinook had a baby boy, who, from the moment of his father's death, was brought up and trained with the sole idea in life to get revenge upon the Walla Walla brothers. During his youth he went about the country pulling up trees and practicing great feats of strength, that he might fit himself for the contest. And in the meantime the Walla Walla brothers were ruling the land without hindrance, and their cold winds were devastating far and wide. At last young Chinook was ready, and he went to his grandparents on the banks of the Columbia. Here he persuaded his old grandfather to go fishing out upon the river, taking him secretly in the little boat. Thereupon the Walla Walla wind brothers, as was their tormenting custom, rushed down upon the river, and with their furious blasts threatened to overturn the little boat if it did not quit the water. But thanks to the strength and skill of the young Chinook champion, the winds were unable to catch the boat, and the old grandfather was able to land in safety with his fish. Then another wrestling match was arranged between Chinook and the Walla Walla brothers, one against five. And this time Chinook contrived to have oil spilled over the wrestling ground after his rivals had exhausted their supply of ice, with the result that he speedily accomplished the overthrow of all five brothers. Four of them were put to death, but the youngest, losing courage, surrendered, and was spared.

The Judge, Speel-yel, then declared that even if he were allowed to live he should henceforth have strength to blow only very softly, and should lose all his wind power of freezing. And so it is that today, even if a cold Winter wind from the tips of Walla Walla, blows from the northeast for a short time, it is sure to be followed immediately by the gentle melting breezes of the Chinook, which puts to flight defeated Walla Walla, and brings blessings to the entire land.

neighborhood of the Casa Grande ruins, pieces of turquoise, once used as units of monetary exchange, and often worn as talismans and amulets. Perhaps most precious of all was a string of beads once worn by Princess Evangeline, daughter of Chief Seattle beside which hung a "McCarty," or hair rope, woven by the Papago Indians.

Baskets galore filled every nook and corner left vacant by the many other precious articles. A "zebo," or burden basket made by the Papagoes from the century plant and ribs of the giant cactus and colored with mineral dyes was one of the most interesting of these; and in

the peaceful basket, in strange contrast, lay a bow and arrow used in the war between the Pimas and Apaches, close neighbors to which was a carved canoe, once the property of old Chief Tabby. And there were arrow heads without end, curiously carved paddles, a dried "cup" from the giant cactus—a cluster of crucifixion thorns—the replica of those of Palestine, prehistoric shells, pottery from the hands of the Yumas and Pueblos, and many a relic unearthed on Memalouse burial island, in the Columbia, below the Dalles.

These and many more curiosities—rattles, skins, wampum, elk's teeth, blankets—all ranged side by side, combining in an abbreviated space a vast variety of interesting objects. Such, then, is a brief description of the little collection which one may sometimes see in Prineville.

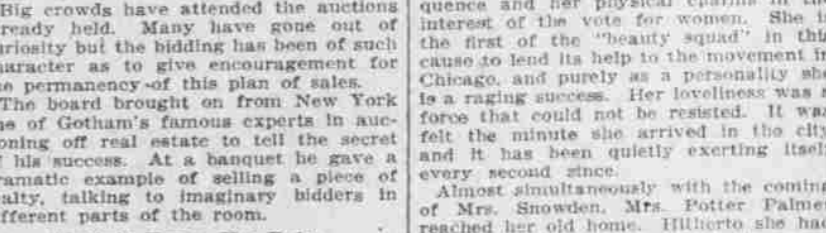
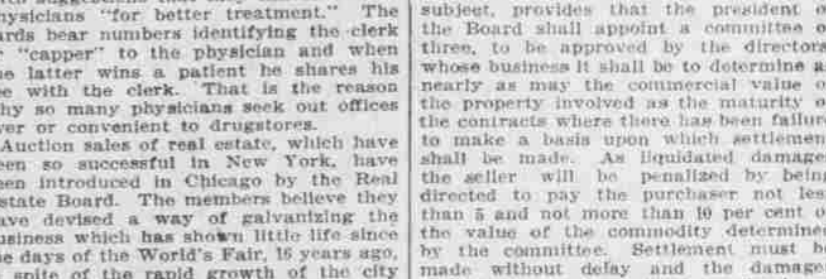
It is worth the seeing, and the wonder is not that the display is so interesting, but that its owner is content to let it remain where it is, in comparative obscurity, when many an institution would welcome its acquisition. Central Oregon has a multitude of sights to attract the visitor, but none will afford a more genuinely interesting entertainment than an introduction to these relics of the fast-vanishing race.

These and many more curiosities—rattles, skins, wampum, elk's teeth, blankets—all ranged side by side, combining in an abbreviated space a vast variety of interesting objects. Such, then, is a brief description of the little collection which one may sometimes see in Prineville.

It is worth the seeing, and the wonder is not that the display is so interesting, but that its owner is content to let it remain where it is, in comparative obscurity, when many an institution would welcome its acquisition. Central Oregon has a multitude of sights to attract the visitor, but none will afford a more genuinely interesting entertainment than an introduction to these relics of the fast-vanishing race.

These and many more curiosities—rattles, skins, wampum, elk's teeth, blankets—all ranged side by side, combining in an abbreviated space a vast variety of interesting objects. Such, then, is a brief description of the little collection which one may sometimes see in Prineville.

It is worth the seeing, and the wonder is not that the display is so interesting, but that its owner is content to let it remain where it is, in comparative obscurity, when many an institution would welcome its acquisition. Central Oregon has a multitude of sights to attract the visitor, but none will afford a more genuinely interesting entertainment than an introduction to these relics of the fast-vanishing race.



ETHICS WHICH FORBID THEM TO ADVERTISE LEAD CHICAGO DOCTORS TO STRANGE DEEDS

Pretending to Cut Out Appendix, but Leaving It In, Said to Be Common Thing—Real Estate Auction Tried. Plan to Stop Market "Corners."

BY JONATHAN PALMER.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—(Special.)—Is the medical profession so pressed in the problem of making a living that many of its members resort to "fake" operations for the purpose of annexing fees? The charge has been made by Dr. G. C. Burdick, a Chicago physician, and he is supported in part by other physicians, who do not care to go on record by name. The stigma thus thrown on the profession here has caused a sensation and bitter resentment in some quarters.

Dr. Burdick said he knew one doctor in Chicago who had boasted of removing 99 appendices without a single fatality. The statement had gone unchallenged until a nurse of the physician in question had quit him. Thereupon the nurse declared that in not one of his cases had the physician actually removed an appendix. He had simply made a harmless incision while the patient was under an anesthetic, had sewed up the wound again and charged a fee for a regular major operation.

Servant Girl Defrauded.

The story is told of a house servant, a young woman, who had gone to a physician to be treated for stomach trouble. The doctor diagnosed it as a case of appendicitis and went through the motions of removing the appendix. The young woman recovered from the anesthetic and was advised that she would have no further trouble. Within a few weeks she was taken ill again and another physician actually removed the diseased tissue. He told the young woman bluntly she had been imposed upon. Fortunately, the girl had not paid in full for the first alleged operation. When she quit paying no demand was made on her for the rest.

"Many patients suffering from slight ailment of the stomach go to their physicians to be treated. The appendicitis 'fake' is sprung," said Dr. Burdick. "The little incision heals quickly, the stomach is treated with a bit of medicine and the patient flatters herself or himself on being in the 'no appendix' class. There are hundreds of such cases in Chicago and the victims of the fraud are not any the wiser in most cases."

The ethics of the profession which forbid advertising are held to blame for much of the alleged fraud practiced. The obscure doctor who has little chance to get into the limelight or to build up a clientele finds the temptation to land a big fee too strong to resist, according to some of the physicians who talked. They need money to live and get it the best way they can.

Investigation by the druggists' association and physicians shows there is a widespread system of partnership between doctors and drug clerks in "getting patients." Customers who call for medicine at drug stores are handed cards by clerks,

with suggestions that they call on certain physicians "for better treatment." The cards bear numbers identifying the clerk who has been induced to do this, and when the latter wins a patient he shares his fee with the clerk. That is the reason why so many physicians seek out offices over or convenient to drugstores.

Auction sales of real estate, which have been so successful in New York, have been introduced in Chicago by the Real Estate Board. The members believe they have devised a way of galvanizing the business which has shown little life since the days of the World's Fair, 1893 ago, in spite of the rapid growth of the city in population and manufactures.

Within a mile or two of the business heart of the city there are many pieces of property which, if placed on the market, would bring as much as they sold for 10 or even 20 years ago. The tendency of values to decrease has discouraged buyers of Chicago realty, although it is inevitable that any property within four miles of State and Madison streets is bound eventually to become more valuable.

Big crowds have attended the auctions already held. Many have gone out of curiosity but the bidding has been of such character as to give encouragement for the permanency of this plan of sales.

The board brought on from New York one of Gotham's famous experts in auctioning off real estate to tell the secret of his success. At a banquet he gave a dramatic example of selling a piece of realty, talking to imaginary bidders in different parts of the room.

"Jolly" Runs Up Price.

He gave special exposition of the appeal to psychology which, he said, was perfectly legitimate for both buyer and seller. He showed how a piece of Broadway property had been run up from \$25,000 to \$250,000 by judicious "jolly" of bidders, since the auction sales had begun in New York, he declared, the cheapest lot sold had increased in value at least 20 per cent. Admittedly it will take some jostling to shake the average Chicago investor loose from his idea that the right thing to buy is land in the West or city lots in Western cities.

committee appointed to investigate the subject, provides that the president of the Board shall appoint a committee of three, to be approved by the directors, whose business it shall be to determine as nearly as may be the commercial value of the property involved, as the maturity of the contracts where there has been failure to make a basis upon which settlement shall be made. As liquidated damages the seller will be penalized by being directed to pay the purchaser not less than 5 and not more than 10 per cent of the value of the commodity determined by the committee, and the damages shall be due and payable immediately on the finding of the committee.

In this rule the special committee believes it has found a way to protect the interests of both the buyer and the seller and to do away with the extremely panicky days that have featured crises in the grain markets in past years.

Lovely Suffragette Entrances.

Mrs. Phillip Snowden, the English suffragist, is here today exerting her eloquence and her physical charms in the quest of the vote for women. She is the first of the "beauty squad" in this cause to lend its help to the movement in Chicago, and purely as a personality she is a raising success. Her loveliness was a force that could not be resisted. It was felt the minute she arrived in the city and it has been quietly exerting itself every second since.

Almost simultaneously with the coming of Mrs. Snowden, Mrs. Potter Palmer reached her old home. Illinois she had not shown any lively interest in the movement for the franchise for women, but the leaders of the cause in Chicago are hoping that sooner or later she will join the ranks of Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. If she should do so, great impetus undoubtedly would be given to the suffrage cause in this city. Chicago is waiting for an acknowledged social leader to take the lead.

Great Resort Planned.

Option has been procured by a wealthy syndicate of New York and Chicago capitalists on a tract of land on the Lake Shore Drive as the proposed site for a hotel and fashionable resort to rival anything of the kind in the Old World. Six million dollars is the amount informally set for expenditure on the enterprise. The plans call for a 1000-room hotel set in an environment of gardens and flowers, for a casino and other things of beauty. An unique feature is to be a "Universal Permanent Exposition" where the beautiful and practical wares of the world may be on display throughout the year. Ultimately it is the hope that the community will be further featured with a magnificent opera-house in addition to the theater, which is to be a part of the hotel building. It is the most daring movement that has been projected since World's Fair year.