

LAST BUFFALO HUNT OF THE PONCAS



The Ponca Indians are about to elect their tribal chief in the traditional manner—with a buffalo hunt, and for that purpose have purchased three bison. For the sentimentalists there is in this statement the pathetic reminder that both the buffalo and the Indian are almost extinct, and that the coming hunt will probably be the last to be witnessed on the western plains.



have always enjoyed a reputation for being very peaceable. They were driven from their Red river home by their old enemy, the Chippewas, who forced them beyond the Missouri river. Following them up closely, the Chippewas drove them away once more, when they joined the Omahas, which alliance has had the effect of preventing their annihilation.

Although a part of the Sioux nation, the other tribes kept up a relentless war upon the Poncas, as did the Pawnees, Osages and the Kansas Indians. What these wars left, smallpox and the white man's vices nearly finished, and from a total of about 6,000 there are only about 600 now. The remnant was placed on a reservation, near the mouth of Niobrara river, in Nebraska, and here their ill-luck followed them. This time it was not their Indian enemy, but the federal government which failed them. Uncle Sam neglected the terms of the treaty made with them, and once more they became nomads, forced to the hunt for subsistence. They nearly starved to death, and, as if destiny had something worse in store for them, they were forcibly removed to Indian Territory, where the unwholesome water killed off their animals and depopulated their ranks. Subsequently they returned to their friends, the Omahas, and then to their home in Nebraska.

Forty years ago, when Chief White Eagle was chosen, there were about 6,000 in the tribe. Only eight survive of those who hunted the buffalo at his inauguration. The Council of Advisors consists of ten, and since he can no longer draw the necessary quorum he has retired, and his son, Horse Chief, takes his place at the head of the tribe.

In accordance with the traditional laws of the tribe, the chief and his advisers are selected in a buffalo hunt. The coming hunt will bear little resemblance to that of forty years ago. Then the arena was the boundless plains; now it is to be an inclosure 3,000 feet long and 1,500 feet wide. Then it took place with herds innumerable; now three bison from the Goodnight ranch, in Texas, will furnish the sport.

It is intended to make a show of the hunt, and Indians from the tribes in Indian and Oklahoma Territories have been invited. Some have already arrived and erected their tepees. One of the western railroads expects to run excursion trains down

to Bliss, O. T., so that the sightseers may be able to witness the event.

While the Poncas are keeping the details of their plans secret, there can be no doubt that the hunt will not compare with those of the days when there were millions of buffaloes on the plains. In those days a buffalo hunt was, in a measure, one of the most dangerous sports man or horse could enter into. Those who have taken part in these hunts have described them as being unsurpassed in the excitement they produced.

The Indians on their fleet ponies pursued their prey with swiftness, and the spectacle of an immense herd, sometimes a mile long, pursued, and it might be said, with equal justice, pursuing the hunters; dust enveloping the hunters, horses running close without being guided, and apparently entering into the spirit of the hunt as much as the riders was an experience never to be forgotten. So fascinating did the chase become that the more it was indulged in the keener grew the enjoyment, until, as some hunters will confess, it finally became a passion. In the eagerness of the chase every muscle quivered, every nerve was at its fullest tension, every faculty was keenly on the alert, and the excitement brought with it the glow of health and the vigor of youth. When the firing began the reins were dropped over the horse's neck and not touched again by the rider until he was through firing. The horse had to avoid obstacles in his path without suggestion from his rider. If there was a hole in the

countless numbers. The bison was particularly numerous in Kansas at one time, owing to the fact that the buffalo grass was there most plentiful. At times the plains were a solid, moving mass of monsters; as far as the eye could see they were visible in enormous numbers. Trains were often delayed while a herd crossed the tracks of the Union Pacific railroad.

At one time they roamed all over the country. Naturally migratory, the Indians knew their wandering habits, and followed them. They were in those days of the greatest value to the Indians. They supplied nearly all of their food, and millions were slaughtered each year for the sustenance of the red man. Not only did the buffalo supply food, but furnished the robes and hides for clothing and dwellings.

The practical extinction of the buffalo was not due to the Indian, but to the white man. While the Indian never killed more than was needed, the white man slaughtered relentlessly. Then, too, the white hunter, when he was a hunter and not merely a tenderfoot out on a sporting excursion, would simply take the fur hide and leave the carcass to the wolves. He was very wasteful, and the "sportsman" who spent a day killing off perhaps hundreds, would not touch the meat, although the knowing ones found the buffalo steak superior to that of the beef of commerce.

Buffalo hunting was a science, and was only to be engaged in safely by those who thoroughly understood the methods of their prey. In the hunt



A PONCA WHO SITS IN COUNCIL

ated story that the garrison at Fort Kearney actually fired their canon at an immense herd once to prevent them taking the fort in a rush. Many officers and cavalrymen who were stationed on the frontier years ago tell of traveling for month at a time and never being out of sight of their

ground, he must detect it and jump over it; a rock, he must overcome it in the same manner. He was the pilot, and his only duty was to carry his rider safely and surely without being told what to do.

Time was, within the memory of many living men, who are not so very old, either, when the American bison, or as he will perhaps always be called here, the buffalo, existed in the western country in numbers incalculable. Between the eastern range of the Rocky mountains and the Mississippi river they roved in herds so large as to seem impossible to one who never saw them. There is a well-authenti-

ing, as has been stated, the horse was a quantity of no insignificance. In killing these animals the hunter rode boldly into the fleeing herd, his horse running only as fast as the buffaloes. Then, selecting the animal desired, he fired directly behind the fore shoulder, as this was the tenderest place, and a shot entering at this point was most likely to strike a vital part. This threw the buffalo down, and after the hunter had exhausted his ammunition, or had selected a sufficient number, he returned and killed those he had already wounded that were left lying on the prairie.

With the Indians the hunt was much more simply conducted. They did not always penetrate a herd, but often followed it and picked off the animals in the rear. The hunt for which the Poncas have made such elaborate preparations will, of course, be a tame affair compared with the hunts in the days gone by, and, of course, the sixty braves let loose upon them will not at first attempt a killing, or the sport would be of short duration. In any event, the last buffalo hunt is one of great interest, and as the beasts are now scarce and costly, it may without fear be called the last. Then, also, the breaking-up process of the Indian relations is nearly completed. In a few years the hostile red man will be a legend, he is fast succumbing to civilizing influences, his hunting grounds are blossoming with populous, thriving towns. The Poncas are most likely about to inaugurate their last chief, as well as to hunt for the last time the monarch of the plains.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Proctor's Sense of Honor. United States Senator Redfield Proctor's strict regard for the laws, even those of minor importance, is well known. An illustration of this happened recently. The Senator and his son, Redfield Proctor, Jr., were hunting rabbits in the mountains east of Rutland a few months ago. The younger man, who had become separated from his father, shot a large raccoon, and when he next met the Senator he proudly exhibited his prize. "My son," said the Senator, sternly, "the open season for coon hunting has not yet begun. Come with me."

The Senator thereupon marched the young man off to the residence of a justice of the peace, where he appeared against him, and the boy was fined for the offense, the money being advanced by the senator himself.

Holland Customs Unchanged. Almost every fishing village in Holland has its special dress and its own quaint customs. One can see from old Dutch pictures that these have not varied for the last 200 years. One most interesting place is the island of Marken, a tongue of land on the margin of the Zuyder Zee, which can well be inspected in a couple of hours. It is so little above the sea level that the clusters of houses, or tiny villages, are built on mounds connected by bridges, and nearly every little house has its own little moat and its own little boat—everything, except the people, is on a diminutive scale in Holland—moored near the door, so as to be handy in case of flood. The houses, with the exception of the church and the clergyman's house, are built of wood on high piles. They are none of them very old, as the place has often been flooded and burnt; in winter Marken is often under water and the inhabitants use boats to pass from one village to another. The cottages, which are painted blue, green or black, with pointed gables, and

FOR YOUNG READERS

Do It Now!
When you've got a job to do, Do it now!
If it's one you wish was through, Do it now!
If you're sure the job's your own, Do it now!
Don't hem and haw and groan, Do it now!

Don't put off a bit of work, Do it now!
It doesn't pay to shirk, Do it now!
If you want to fill a place, Do it now!
And be useful to the race, Do it now!
Just get up and take a brass, Do it now!
Don't linger by the way, Do it now!
You'll lose if you delay, Do it now!
If the other fellows wait, Do it now!
Or postpone until it's late, Do it now!
You'll hit up a faster rate— Do it now!
—Frank Farrington

Thought Reading by a Watch.
A most puzzling trick is "thought reading by a watch." Place a watch on a table, ask some one to think of a certain hour, and then to consider that he has counted up to that number. Tell him you will point at various hours on the watch, and that he must add the number of times you point to the number of the hour of which he thought. Instruct him that when he reaches No. 20 he must tell you to stop pointing, and you will then be pointing at the hour he selected.

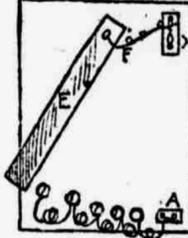
For example: Say he thinks of 7 o'clock. When you have pointed 13 times he must stop you, because he has then counted to 20. Now it does not matter of what hour he thought; at the 20th count you will have arrived at the correct hour if you remember always to let your eighth pointing be to 12 o'clock, and from there to follow the hours around backward, i. e., from 12 to 11, and so on till you are told to stop.

Home-Made Switch.
Get a piece of board 4x5x1/2 in thickness, a piece of copper and some screws and wire; now we are ready to start.

The switch E is made of a piece of copper 3/4 inch wide. It is pivoted at F with a screw.

To the end of E is fastened a copper wire (No. 25), which leads to the upper binding post.

This switch has six contact points. These consist of brass screws and copper or tin washers. Having F as a center, draw the arc of circle that



has a radius of 4 inches. Place the contact screws along this arc and about 1/2 inch apart, center to center; the last screw forms a part of binding post A.

This switch can be also used as a speed regulator for small motors or dynamos.

Mystifying Card Trick.
A simple and mystifying card trick is the will power trick. You let any one shuffle the cards, then take them into your own hand and ask another person to cut them. Now throw them on a table, but as you do so get a glimpse of the bottom card, which is, we will say, the nine of hearts. Scatter the cards a little, but carefully note the position of the nine of hearts.

Now say that you have the power to will that a person shall, unknown to himself, select the card you want. You can call for the nine of hearts. Some one hands you a card without looking at its face. "Thank you," you say. "Quite right—nine of hearts." Really, however, it is the jack of spades; so you now ask for the jack of spades, and get, let us say, seven of diamonds. You then say that you will pick a card from the table yourself—the seven of diamonds. You take the card, however, which you know to be the nine of hearts. You then show the three cards, which are, of course, the three you named, so that it appears that you actually have made your spectators pick out the cards you wanted.

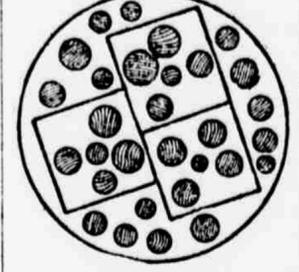
LIVING PICTURES.
To make living pictures provide yourself with a sheet of stiff white cardboard and a spool, one end of which you cut off squarely. Stick the spool on a piece of strong wire, and bend the wire in such a way that the longer end serves as a handle, while the other end keeps the spool from sliding off (see B). Now take your compass and draw a circle seven inches in diameter on the cardboard. Cut the circle out carefully. Draw

roofed with red tiles, are all exactly alike and possess only a ground door built on high piles.

Fudge Recipe.
A recipe for fudge, the ever fascinating candy which girls love to make, is sent in as follows:

Two cups of white sugar, three tablespoonsful of cocoa (mix well), about two-thirds cup of milk, a piece of butter about the size of a small egg. Cook until it gets stringy, or else sugars around the edges. Just before taking off the stove add one-half teaspoonful of flavoring. When taken off the stove beat it for a minute or two, or until it gets just hard enough to turn into buttered pans without hardening. This is fine with nuts in. When almost cool cut in squares.

Circle Puzzle.



These are the three equal squares, each containing five of the small circles.

Simple Experiments.
A very interesting branch of study is vibration.

A vibration you know, is defined as an impulse, but if a series or number of impulses are produced singly and at irregular intervals, very little effect upon anything can be produced. If the reverse is true, however, results often astounding will be noticed.

And that, by the way, teaches an important lesson. You cannot do anything of any account by means of a single effort. You must "keep at it," regularly and constantly.

Did you ever, with a playmate, cross a stream walking over a plank, keeping step the while?

What happened? Why, the plank began to jump and bounce until you both came near falling into the water. Your regular footfalls set up vibration, and the plank was obedient to its law.

Probably you know that as a rule soldiers are obliged to break step when crossing a bridge. If they continued marching such vibration would be set up that the bridge would probably fall. In going over a great

many railroad bridges the speed of locomotives must be slackened, because the regular swing of the pistons results in the same manner.

A Tangle Party.
A tangle party is a jolly idea for parents. Lengths of ribbon or colored twine are twisted all over the house, and the children are told that if they can find the end of the thread they can have whatever they will find at the end of it. The ribbons begin in one room and end in another. They are passed through keyholes, twisted around balusters, and perhaps one end is in the garret or in the kitchen.

If presents cannot be bought for all the children two handsome prizes can be purchased instead, one for a girl and one for a boy, and secured to the end of a blue ribbon and red ribbon, respectively. But a little present each is more pleasing, on the whole, as children like to carry home some little souvenir of a party, if it is only a tiny toy or a pretty red notebook or a nice little box of sweets.

Floating Triangle—A Trick.
Here is an interesting experiment, boys and girls:

Take a wet lead pencil point and draw on thick paper a triangle (which need not be mathematically perfect).

Take a basin of water and lay this paper on the surface of the water, with the drawing up. Very carefully fill the space inside the lines with water. (The water will not flow beyond the lines which you drew with your wet lead pencil point.)

Next take a needle or pin, dip the point of it into the wet triangle near one of the angles. But don't let it touch the paper.

Now an odd thing will happen; the paper will be sure to move on the water until the center of area comes directly under the point.

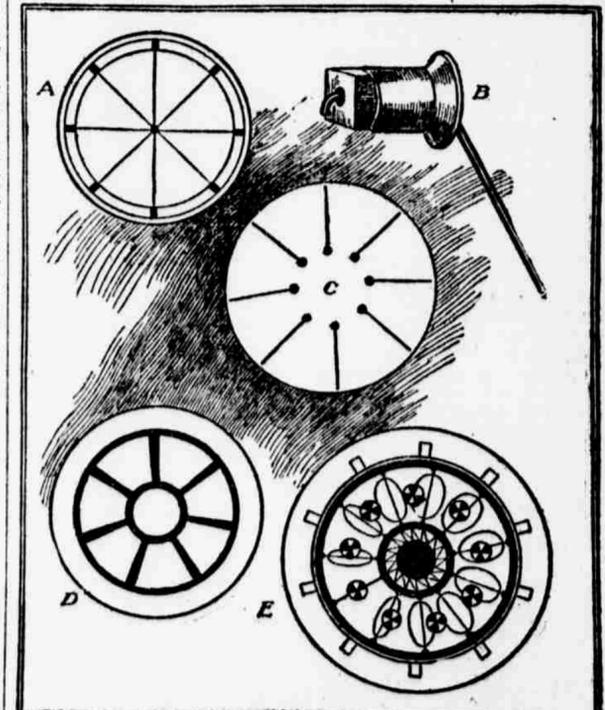
You should previously have found where the center of area is by drawing lines from any two angles to the centers of the opposite sides. (See the picture.) The point where the



two lines cross will be the center of area.

Try this interesting experiment. The small boy's way of saying it is three letters? Mam.

LIVING PICTURES.
To make living pictures provide yourself with a sheet of stiff white cardboard and a spool, one end of which you cut off squarely. Stick the spool on a piece of strong wire, and bend the wire in such a way that the longer end serves as a handle, while the other end keeps the spool from sliding off (see B). Now take your compass and draw a circle seven inches in diameter on the cardboard. Cut the circle out carefully. Draw



a second circle three-eighths of an inch from the edge of the first circle and divide it with a pen into eight parts, which you connect with the center of the circle by lines. A third circle which you draw is seven-eighths of an inch from the edge. Between the two inside circles, at each of the divisions, cut out square windows, as shown in A. Cut out a square at the center of the circle to

mirror, turning the front of the circle toward the glass. Now we give the circle a quick turn with the hand, looking through the little windows at the same time. The wheel will appear to have all its eight spokes instead of seven and will turn in the opposite direction from the circle we hold in our hand. Fig. C will show the pendulum of a clock in motion. Fig. D a ball flying through a ring.