

**RICH CROW INDIANS.**

**How Their Money Is To Be Spent for Them—Weird Burial Customs.**

Awaiting the word of President Roosevelt, 1,100,000 acres of rich agricultural and grazing ground are ready for settlement under the Homestead and other acts by which a citizen of the United States, though poor, can acquire an estate. The land is a part of the hunting grounds of the Crow Indians in Southeastern Montana, which were years ago made into a reservation for the members of that tribe. The government began negotiating with the Indians for this land in 1896, and so many delays have there been that it looks now as if it will be next spring before the reservation will be actually thrown open for settlement.

In the bargain for that part of the reservation for which they have no use the Crow Indian chiefs have shown themselves to be masters of high finance. Not for kegs of brass tacks, red blankets and barrels of rum did they barter away the lands of their fathers, as did the Atlantic Coast Indians in the days when Manhattan was being settled. Pretty Eagle, Two Leggings, Medicine Eagle and the other chiefs were entirely too "up to date" for that. They saw to it that the government paid the tribe \$1,150,000 for this surplus acreage, and by this one deal they made themselves the richest Indians in the world.

The last census of the Crow tribe showed that there were only 516 men, and among this number the purchase money would have gone a long way. There would have been about \$2,300 for each adult Indian. The government decided, however, that it would not go far after all if the Indians spent it in their own way. It would have been a case of "hike" for Billings, or Toluca, or Pryor, or some of the other towns on the railroad, where they would have purchased all sorts of curious things, from plume bearing hearses to silk hats, and without doubt they would also have laid the foundations of a monumental "jag." They would have returned in a week or so to their restricted reservation with terrible headaches, but with little to show for their money.

Knowing all this from sad experience, Uncle Sam decided to be a real uncle to his Crow wards; and the agreement as to the payment of the purchase money has been as well surrounded with anti-squandering safeguards as the wills of maiden aunts who never left New-England or the endowments of modern hero funds. The Indians will not get enough in actual cash to celebrate the Fourth of July or quench a mid-summer night's thirst.

The first \$50,000 of the \$1,150,000 which the Indians are to receive will be spent by the Secretary of the Interior in improving the irrigation system which the government is constructing on that section of the reservation which the Crows still hold. The sum of \$10,000 goes to the extension of the ditches of individual Indians. Then the whole irrigation scheme is endowed with the sum of \$100,000, the fund to remain in the United States Treasury and draw interest at the rate of 4 per cent. In fifteen years, it is expected, the irrigation scheme will be self supporting, and the Indians and the Secretary will then get together on a further disposition of this money.

The Secretary of the Interior, through his cattle buyers, will also spend \$240,000 purchasing two-year-old Southern heifers. These animals will be placed on the reservation as part of the herd which the tribe owns in common.

The appropriation for jackasses which Congress provided was \$15,000, for two-year-old ewes \$40,000 and for fencing the reservation with six strands of barbed cattle wire \$40,000.

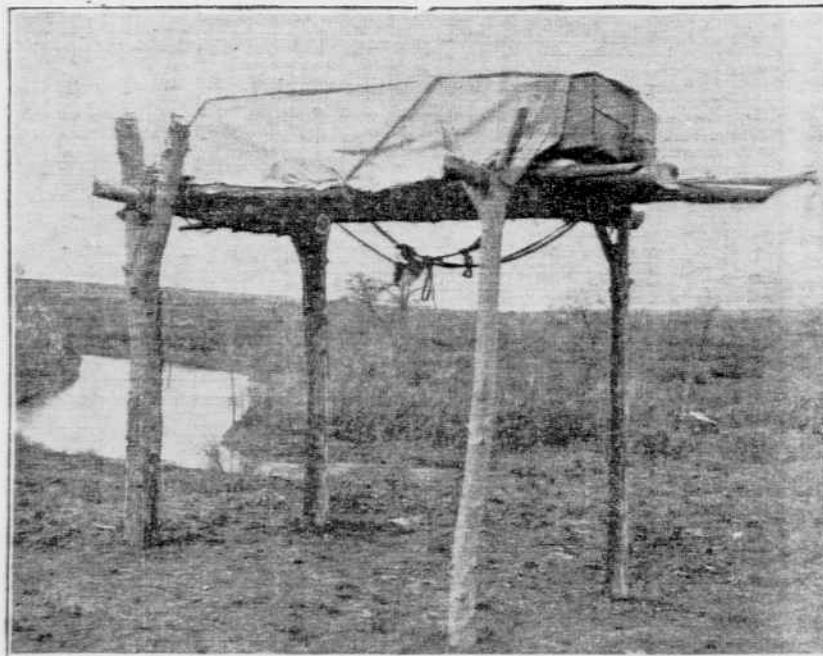
For the erection of school buildings the government set aside \$100,000. A hospital is being built at a cost of \$10,000, and it is endowed with the sum of \$50,000. The balance of the purchase money is to be placed in the Treasury of the United States as a trust fund for the Crows. It will bear interest at the rate of 4 per cent, and out of it an annuity of \$12 a year will be paid to every man, woman and child on the reservation. In this way the wellbeing of the Crows will be provided for in the times to come. If the tribe grows smaller there will be more reservation lands to be sold to the government and fewer Indians among whom to divide the proceeds. There are members of the tribe, however, who declare that it will not decrease and that the education and the comforts which the government promises them will cause a gradual increase, but that will be against all Indian precedent.

There still lives on the reservation the only Crow scout who survived the Custer massacre. This is "Curly," who is one of the prominent men of the tribe. He is now about fifty years of age. He escaped from the massacre with his brother, who was badly wounded. They made their way down the Little Big Horn until they met Terry and his troopers.

The land which will be thrown open surrounds the Custer Military Reservation, which includes the site of the Custer fight. The spot where the famous general fell is marked with a wooden cross bearing this inscription: "Here Fell Custer—June 25, 1876." All around it are signs marking the graves of the soldiers of the 7th Cavalry. Scattered through the area which will soon be open to settlement will be found many Indian burial scaffolds, in the disposition of which it is likely the government will take some action. The Crows have a peculiar burial custom. Friends or relatives



A RICH CROW SEATED IN HIS WIGWAM.



BURIAL SCAFFOLD OF A CROW INDIAN.

build a scaffold eight or ten feet high, on which the body is placed in a rough pine box. A canvas covering gives protection from the weather. In the bare prairie country these gruesome reminders of the end of Indian life stand out in striking prominence, and the new Montana farmers will doubtless object to having them about their ranches.

**THE VARYING POINT OF VIEW.**

To the Marconi operator of one of the big transatlantic liners a few hours after sailing on a recent eastwardbound trip was handed at the same moment by two saloon passengers for wireless transmission the following messages, showing an amusing contrast of temperaments:



CROW CHILDREN IN HOLIDAY CLOTHES.

"Beastly weather; horrid ship; impossible people. Algy."

"Fine weather; splendid ship; delightful people. Henry."

**NEW WAY TO SWIM.**

Continued from second page.

taken the opposite direction. In that country all the limbs are moved simultaneously. Between the violent kick and the simultaneous push with the arms on the water the body almost loses headway, and must be set in motion again with the next stroke. This method is said to be easier than the continuous movement of the American swimmer, as there is a moment of rest between strokes.

In both countries the aim of the swimmer who desires speed is to get as much of his body out of the water as possible. For the same reason a racing yacht is built with a shallow underbody, in order to reduce the resistance. The overarm strokes, in which the arms are lifted above the water before the swimmer catches the wave for the next stroke, accomplish this purpose. For this reason the simple and easy breast stroke, which is the first step away from the timid youth's "dog paddle," produces the least speed. In the breast, or chest, stroke one swims after the manner of the frog. It is easiest for the beginner, because more of the body is submerged. Speed with this stroke is difficult also for other reasons. The leg motion is not entirely natural. The side arm stroke is better for speed, because in this the legs are closed together like a pair of scissors and the muscles used in walking are brought into play.

There are several strokes for the arms. There is the side arm stroke, with the body on edge. In this the arms are swept backward alternately in front of the body, the legs kicking between the arm strokes. The arms are then brought back to the beginning through the water. One may swim with either side up in this stroke. Then there is the overarm side stroke. This is the same, except that the upper arm is reached out ahead over the water when recovering for the succeeding stroke. And last, but not least, is the "trudgeon." The "trudgeon" suggests a windmill. In this stroke both arms are brought forward over the water in the recovery, the strokes being taken alternately. When swimming in this fashion the body writhes through the water, turning from side to side, and the frog kick is used by most experts. It is a stroke that produces speed. For long distance swimming the side arm stroke is the favorite. For short distance the "trudgeon," with slight modifications to suit individuals, has generally been considered the fastest, but now has come the "crawl" to increase speed still further.

**A DECIDED SETBACK.**

John H. Hanan was talking the other day about smoking.

"I have no great objection to smoking," he said, "and I have no great sympathy with those men who go about trying to induce smokers to swear off."

Mr. Hanan smiled. "In Philadelphia, one day," he went on, "a young man leaned against a lamppost in West Walnut-st. The sun shone warm and pleasant on the young man. There was a cigar between his lips. His hands in his pockets, puffing aromatic clouds, he leaned against the lamppost comfortably, and at the same time he regarded a stately mansion of pale stone on the other side of the way.

"A thin, gaunt man approached. A thin, gaunt man, dressed in rusty black, a rusty black umbrella under his arm. This person looked at the youth supported by the lamppost. Then he passed, frowning.

"My friend," he said, in a deep voice. "My young friend."

"Well, sir?" said the youth pleasantly.

"My friend, what, may I ask, is the cost of a cigar like that which you are now smoking?"

"The young man laughed.

"These cigars," he said, "cost 20 cents apiece."

"And how many, my young friend, how many cigars, at 20 cents apiece, do you smoke daily?"

"From five to seven."

"From five to seven! That gives us an average of six. Six cigars, at 20 cents apiece—\$120 a day. Eight dollars and forty cents a week. Nearly four hundred and fifty dollars a year. Ah, my young friend, are you not aware that if this money were saved and properly invested, you might own that splendid mansion across the way?"

"The young man looked at the mansion.

"Do you own it?" he asked.

"No," the other answered.

"The young man smiled.

"Well," he said, "I do."

**THE IGNORANT REPEATER.**

In discussing at a dinner the voting frauds of Philadelphia, J. G. Gordon, the Mayor's counsel, told a story of a repeater.

"He was an ignorant chap, this repeater," said Judge Gordon. "He had the stolid and unmoved look of an animal.

"When they arrested him he asked what crime lay at his door.

"You are charged," said the policeman, "with having voted twice."

"Charged, am I?" muttered the prisoner. "That's odd. I expected to be paid for it."