

AN INDIAN WHO CAME OVR COLLEGE

THE latest instructor at the University of California is a Yuki Indian. He is a full-grown Yuki, who can deck himself by a handsome feather duster and make himself at home in the costume. Nevertheless it proved that he could teach the University professors a thing or two. He may be called a non-resident instructor, for his home is at the Round Valley Reservation, and he completed his course of instruction at Berkeley in two weeks. He merely made a flying visit for the purpose of setting the Department of Anthropology right about some matters that it did not understand.

Those matters were the legends, songs, customs and language of the Yuki tribe. Ralph Moore is the only young member of his tribe who thoroughly knows these things. The others have forgotten. They are so much Americanized that the Yuki language is almost dead now, even in these thirty years since the reservation was established. Only a few of the old people keep it up; the young ones, even the middle-aged ones, use our language among themselves as well as with our people.

The Department of Anthropology at Berkeley is devoting much time and labor nowadays to the study of the Califor-

tribes have some account of the beginning of the world, and of how man originated. Very few of these stories have ever been recorded by white people. Generally only a few old Indians know them. These are almost always very unwilling to reveal the history of their tribe to a stranger of a different race. In a few cases where they may have been willing they have been unable to do so thoroughly through inability to use English fluently. It was ascertained that among the Yuki only one old man knew the whole legend of his tribe. From other Yukis part of it could be learned, but he alone could teach it completely. But he was unable to tell it in English. At this point Ralph Moore's services came into use.

It was arranged that he should learn the legend, get it in letter perfect form from the old man, then bring it to Berkeley.

Night after night the two worked at it up there at the reservation. Moore went to the old man's home and listened to him while he recounted the myth slowly and laboriously. Over and over his pupil

Has Been at the University of California to Assist in Preserving the Lore and Legends of the Yukis and to Teach the Use of Their Curious and Ancient Relics

nia Indians. The scientists of the department make frequent excursions to the remote parts of the State where the Indians make their headquarters. And they find it cussed hard, even when on the field, to get at any correct knowledge of the tribes' histories. Indians keep their mouths shut to whites, either because they can't or won't speak.

When they were at Round Valley last fall they came upon this young fellow, Ralph Moore, and they found that he was different from the rest. He could talk English and he likewise would. When they were hunting relics, which are growing sadly scarce, he helped them out in their difficulties. They took him into their confidence, he took them into his, and the upshot was that an agreement was entered into. He was to come to Berkeley later on to instruct them in the lore and language of his tribe.

He has come and gone now, and the scientists across the bay are patting themselves on the back and congratulating themselves that the thing was a thorough success. Ralph Moore is likewise patting himself on the back and rejoicing that he is back at Round Valley, which he never left before and never will again. For the city made so much noise that he couldn't sleep one night of the fourteen and the country is good enough for him. So he congratulates himself, too, and the affair is satisfactory all round.

The piece de resistance of the two weeks' work was the recording of the creation myth of the Yuki.

It seems that among the Yuki tribe there remains only one person that knows the creation myth of his people. All Indian

HAND LOSES ITS CUNNING LONG BEFORE THE MIND SHOWS AGE.

THE brain of a great man remains in fine working order long after his hands, directed by that brain, have lost their deftness. That is one of the curious things of life. There are plenty of instances of men who have reached the allotted age of life continuing in the activities of the world as long as those activities are of the brain and not of the hand. But the mechanic's highest skill is shown when he is between the ages of 30 and 40. After the latter age the hand loses its cunning, but if his brain has been taught to work he can continue to labor and may even surpass the earning power of his hand. After 40 the muscles do not respond nearly as certainly and readily to the orders and the willingness of the brain, and a man's handiwork begins to fall off in its earning capacity. Yet in the case of the brain it is only after 40 that it really begins its best work—the

repeated it until he had it perfect. Then he covered it with his best hat, took the Mendocino stage and came to the university.

Down here he devoted the most of his two weeks' time to relating and explaining this myth to the anthropologists. Much of the Yuki language was recorded in this way.

It was first written in the Yuki language as told by the old man. Then it was translated word for word into English. Obscure passages were gone over and explained. Songs occurred in the course of the story and these were recorded carefully. The result is that the Yuki account of the creation is now recorded in its totality and with nearly absolute accuracy.

The Yukis call the god who created them and all other Indians Ty-koh-mul. At the beginning the world was all water and mist. Just as after the biblical flood, there was no land. But Ty-koh-mul was in existence.

First he made a little land. Then from this he made the whole earth. After this he made mankind and gave the people different languages. That is why no two tribes speak the same language.

Ty-koh-mul also made the mountains and rivers and lakes. He made many other things. At last he went up from the earth to heaven, where he is now.

This is the Indian story of the creation of the world. It is a long story. As it was written down from the lips of the narrator it fills a hundred pages of closely written manuscript.

The Yukis call the story their Bible. As our Bible has an Old Testament and a new Testament, so theirs also has two parts. The second part, which is equally long as the first, tells of Coyote. When Ty-koh-mul left the earth to live in heaven the world was not completely finished. It was dark, and besides that there was no fire to cook food with. Coyote, the cunningest of animals, was at that time in human shape. Fire, the sun and the moon were each in the possession of different monsters or evil people. Coyote, after many dangers and adventures, succeeded in securing all three. Thus he made the world light and warm. He made many other improvements and reforms in the world which Ty-koh-mul, the creator, had left for him to do. At last he was transformed into the animal coyote. Literally translated, the myth begins in this wise: "All human beings did not exist. Ty-koh-mul on the water created himself from a feather in the beginning. All this is deduced run in this fashion: "Hill

PROFESSORS POINTERS



RALPH MOORE THE INDIAN

songs of magic charm. The graphophone will wheel them off in weird cadences long after the last Yuki who knows them has passed away.

Some are dancing songs. They are the chants that the circle of dancers used to keep up during one, sometimes two-nights of revelry. Nowadays the reservation Indians dance in white man's style—waltzes and two steps that don't permit you to starg and that have no thrill of excitement such as the old dances have. A real Indian dance is a rare dissipation; it takes place only when the agent orders it for his own or his visitors' amusement. This is usually on one of our holidays, such as Christmas or the Fourth of July, when work is laid aside on the reservation, and the neighboring Cowwos and Little Lakes join the Yuki in celebrating.

Then the songs are heard, the same that Moore has left in the graphophone.

The doctoring songs are very old—hundreds, perhaps thousands of years old, and it was a big achievement to get

ers. They are netted closely so that they overlap like scales.

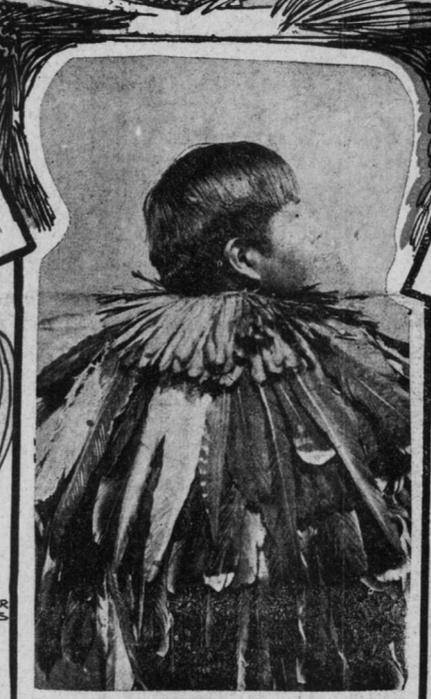
The feather dance in which this is worn is a dancing match. Prizes are awarded to the best dancer. More than the prizes is the glory, dear to the vanity of the Indian heart. But these competitions are almost never seen nowadays, and most of the young Indians do not even know the correct way of wearing the costumes, they are so used to striped shirts and fedora hats.

One magnificent head dress was a puzzle to the possessors of it until Moore came upon the scene to explain that it was neither a crest nor an ear tab, but a decoration for the back of the neck. It appears to be the top of a feather duster with the handle removed. It is a huge rosette of turkey feathers which is fastened to the net worn over the head by a sort of skewer like the one that spins your roast of beef.

A hand woven of the red quills of woodpecker feathers is strapped across the forehead so low that the diamond-shaped black tips shadow the eyes. Sometimes this band is replaced by the woodpecker feather head dress; this costs from twenty-five to fifty dollars, according to the size. It is woven of the brilliant copper red crests of the woodpeckers, and as



THE DANCING COSTUME



THE FEATHER DRESS



THE PACK NET



MOORE IN CIVIL DRESS

original would never make popular reading matter.

This long story by no means comprises all the old lore of the Yuki. They have many other legends and myths, some sad, some humorous, some telling of ancient events in tribal history, some resembling our fairy tales in character. Many of these have been recorded as well as the creation myth.

The recording of the songs was very much of a surprise to Mr. Moore and a surprise that did not entirely please him. He had never looked at a graphophone in the funnel before, and it evidently struck him as an undignified proceeding to sing the songs of his ancestors into that horn.

He did it, however, although he rebelled. "I didn't come here to talk into no horn," he said aside. "I come to teach the professors."

But the songs were sung and the records have made them permanent. All kinds of chants they were and so are; songs that occur to a great length. It is fortunate that cur in the course of the scientists have taken the matter in hand and put it into shape for us, for the joy and of sadness,

these in correct form, for they are rarely known and still more rarely given to outsiders. They are charms which the doctor was wont to use when examining the patient, to aid him in locating the disease.

It was a still bigger achievement to get the poison songs on record, for these are known by almost none of the tribe and are held as dark secrets. They are supposed to be as potent as the most deadly poison in making way with the one at whom the dread incantation is directed.

The love songs have a fascinating cadence. So, too, the hunting songs; they are sung before starting on a hunt, for luck. The fishing songs are used in a similar way before setting off for a salmon killing.

The teaching songs are for the purpose of giving moral instruction. They teach kindness, bravery, endurance and the rest of the virtues.

Moore taught the scientists the use of the relics which they had gathered with much labor and have now preserved in the university museum. They are by no means the same sort of Indian articles that we see in the curio shops; the regulation blankets and beads and baskets are not prominent among them. There are rare ornaments used in dances and celebrations—head dresses, feather adornments, decorative bands.

The kop kolkut, or feather dress, is used in the kop wok, which is the gorgeous feather dance. It is shaped like an immense cape to be thrown over the shoulders. The basis of the thing is a strong net into which are woven turkey feath-

each bird can furnish only one feather the labor of gathering material is long and wearisome.

Horns made of long quills tipped with ornamental points are fastened into the net so that they tower above the head and flare at both sides. Not until these are in place does the Yuki consider himself in full evening dress.

Moore illustrated the use of the pack net. The band attached to it passes over the forehead, the net with its load hangs at the back. The making of the head band is a work of marvelous ingenuity. Tiny round, flat beads are woven into it, placed so that they will revolve as the hand rubs against the forehead. This relieves the pressure that would come from a flat surface drawn tight over the head.

The deerskin blanket thrown over the shoulders is the only kind in use by the Yuki. It was a blanket-of-all-work in the days before the hand-me-downs appeared on the reservation. Now it is relegated in the same way that our grandmother's cashmere shawl is—save that the modern Yuki has not enough reverence to pack it away with mothballs.

Ralph Moore takes an immense pride in making permanent the lore of his tribe. But he is very glad that the job is done. He prefers to brand cattle and plow his good native soil. The Yuki has advanced a long way in one generation, but they do not yet take kindly to anthropology and graphophones.

In Georgia it is estimated that 20,000 negroes have been graduated, at a cost of \$100,000,000, from colleges supported by Northern money.

QUEER ACTIONS OF BIRDS WHOSE BRAINS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED.

IT is a very common idea that if the brain of an animal is completely destroyed it will die, or if it lives it remains in a comatose condition. An ingenious German has cut out some pigeons' brains with care, given the wound time to heal and shown that the birds can run about, fly, measure a distance, eat, go to sleep in the dark, wake up with the light and, in fine, do most of the things a healthy, normal pigeon can do. Only memory and the mating impulses are gone. It is possible to discriminate very neatly between the reflex acts and those involving some use of the memory. Thus a brainless falcon was put in a cage with some mice. Every time a mouse moved the falcon jumped for it and caught it. There the act ended. The normal falcon eats its mouse. When its brain is gone it pays no more attention to its captured prey as soon as the mouse ceases to move. These and a great variety of other ex-

periments on rabbits, dogs, fishes and still lower orders have shed a deal of light on the obscure phenomena of "mental" action. With this have come very materialistic views. For if the larger part of bodily actions can be shown to be nothing more than simple mechanical responses to appropriate stimuli, the suspicion grows that the more intricate workings of the brain is really only the result of a highly complex arrangement of the same automatic character. This is, indeed, the drift of present-day scientific opinion; and this explains why the reactionaries, of whom Professor Lombard appears from the newspaper accounts to be one, are driven to find "reason" in the kick of a dead frog's leg. For the live frog demonstrates his disgust of science in precisely the same fashion, and this whether he have a brain to think about it or has had his thinking apparatus cut out. Those who are interested in such matters will find the latest results summed up in Dr. Jacques Loeb's capital book on the comparative physiology of the brain.—Harper's Weekly.