ry, 1907.

my

eas-



When a tiny papoose makes its appearance in a red man's tepee, the event calls for great rejoicing and ofttimes hilarious feasting if the little stranger happens to be a boy.

Among the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians there is an ancient and interesting custom still extant. The father of the newly arrived papoose rushes from the tepee in search of a name, neither stopping nor speaking to any one until some peculiarly striking object arrests his attention and suggests a name for his baby.

For example, the first object that strikes him forcibly may be an old squaw stretched out on the ground in front of her tepee snoring loudly, then his little one will bear the musical name of Da-ma-a, which in the Indian language means "Sleeping Woman;" or, if his search for a name leads him far from the camps and he espies a solitary coyote (prairie wolf), creeping stealthily across the prairie, the embryonic



Apache Squaw and Papoose.

redskin warrior will straightway be dubbed "Lone Wolf."

If the father's fancy is first attracted to a buck hobbling his pony on the grass, poor baby will be burdened with the queer name of "Horse Hobbler;" or perchance through the usually phlegmatic temperament of the father runs a rare vein of sentiment, and he pauses in his hasty quest to gaze with pleasure upon a beautiful wild prairie blossom, then the little girl will get the pleasing name of "Prairie Flower."

the little girl will get the pleasing name of "Prairie Flower."

In all cases an Indian baby takes its name from some extraordinary circumstance connected with its birth. One born a long way from home is called "Born-a-Long-Way-from-Home," another whose advent occurred in sight of a river bridge is named "Un-ka-ma," which is the

Indian for bridge, etc., etc.

The naming of the little one having been accomplished, it is given over entirely to the mother's care, the father troubling himself no more

Securely fastened in her queer radle, little "Prairie Flower" swings im the top of the brush arbor near father's tepee, rocked by the playing breezes, her wee brown face peers smilingly from out its trappings gayly beaded buckskin, and her ap little eyes blinking at the sunmas shining through the leafy roof, the flames of the nightly camp-

fire leaping up to mingle with the

These cradles are ornamented by the clumsy fingers of loving mothers, with beads, shells, elks' teeth, bright pieces of glass or tin, queer-shaped bones and beaded trinkets, all hung within reach of the chubby brown fists. Baby soon learns to rattle her primitive playthings gleefully. Strange as it may seem, she sometimes thrives in her cramped quarters and enjoys as a great treat a change to the blanket on her mother's back when the toiling squaws are sent to the scant timber stretches along the creeks to bring up firewood and water for the camp.

As soon as little Prairie Flower can toddle about she is taught to share the burdens of her mother. I have seen a tiny dot with a bundle of faggots strapped upon her baby shoulders toiling up a steep river bank behind a groaning, sweating squaw bent double beneath her heavy load of ficewood—a veritable beast of burden.



Chief Lone Wolf's Mother

The Indian woman accepts her lot of pack-horse and drudge with a stoicism worthy of a better cause. From babyhood she is the toiler of the tepee and the willing slave of a cruel and imperious husband, who goads her on to greater tasks with quirt and lash. Attempted civilization has not bettered her condition one iota out on the reservations, though when found near white settlements she is observed to try in her feeble way to become enlightened and walk in the "white man's road." She will, if possible, obtain possession of a real baby carriage, which she generally fills with firewood and pushes along proudly, while carrying her papoose swinging in a shawl or blanket on her

If she sees a handsome red damask table-cloth alluringly displayed at the agency store, she will spend the last dollar of her "grass money" for it, and winding it tightly about her hips in lieu of the inevitable blanket, strut about as proudly as the haughtiest dame of fashion in her Parisian gowns. The amusements of the little Indian girls are few, but their tasks are many. They are taught at a tender age to unsaddle, feed, water and hobble their brothers' and fathers' ponies, to help provide the wood and water for the camps, to tend the camp-fires, assist in preparing the food, and wait upon the

FASTLAKE STEEL SHINGLES METALLIC ROOFING CO INVENTIONS THOROUGHLY PROTECTED IN ALL COUNTRIES.

EGERTON R. CASE,

Registered Solicitor of Patents, and Expert in

Patent Causes. Notary Public.
Temple Bldg., Toronto.

FREE ADVICE AS TO PATENTABILITY OF INVENTIONS.

## J. PALMER & SON,

105 Notre Dame Street, - - MONTREAL,

Artistic Wig Makers and Hair Designers



The largest and best equipped Hair Establishment in Canada.

Our **Hair Goods** are absolutely unexcelled for Quality of Texture and Perfection of Style.

We excel in Pompadours, Wigs, Toupees and Transformations.

Each Department under an Expert from Europe.

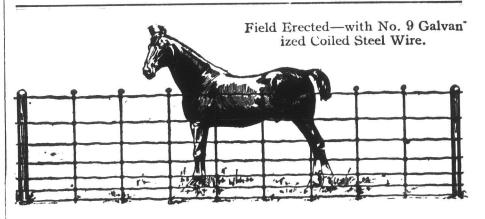
We give special attention to mail

Our object is to satisfy our customers.

Our prices are the lowest, considering quality.



When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.



Heavy coiled steel wire fence, hard steel wire lock that does not rust or slip and kinks both wires. All heavily galvanized and is replacing other makes of feacing using lighter guaged wire. Can be erected as cheaply as barb wire and

DOES NOT INJURE STOCK

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE BUY THE BEST AGENTS WANTED

THE GREAT WEST WIRE FENCE CO., LTD.

76 LOMBARD ST, WINNIPEG, CANADA.