cago's Mayor To Take a Hand

ttempt to Settle Differices Between Strikers and Packers.

ld Conferences With Reesentatives of Both Sides Today.

Aug. 15.-Mayor Harrison he representatives of the strik-hear their side of the contro-Later in the day he will have a with representatives of the and listen to their statement, will then undertake the task of ing the differences. There were a

asserted that the alleged secret between the packers and the was arranged for by W. E. assistant general manager of on Stock Yards and Transity. It is said that he went to the Donnelly of the butchers' un-a written proposition providing The matter went no fur-The matter was conprofound secrecy and Mr ight denies positively that he

ng to do with it.

Maddern, 22 years old, has and killed in a labor quarrel orge L. Smotherman, conduc-street railway car line. Mad-

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

espatch, one man was drown-partner is missing and sup-drowned, as the result of typetting in Cleghorn rapids prty-Mile river

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The Indian As Revealed in The Curtis Pictures

By Gertrude Metcalfe, With Lewis and Clark Journal.

The most disconcerting mystery that ever confronted us as a nation is undoubtedly the problem of the Red Man who was once lord of North America. Today, after four centuries' embarrassing acquaintance with him, we look into his stolid, unrevealing face and know that his inner life is still a sealed book to us. We have no intelligent comprehension of the ideas that underlie the secret rites of his tribal life. Unquestionably he lives a dual existence, and the surface characteristics that we see give no clue to the real man within. This has been kept hidden from us with a pertinactiy and cunning that probably has no parallel in the history of mankind.

Even his origin remains undetermined. Whether he originated in the Old World, or whether his fossil ancestor, the first man, will yet be found in the auriferous gravel of California, or in Southern Utah, or on the shores of the Great Lakes, as fondly hoped by some of our Western geologists, it is at least fairly well established that the misnamed Indian of Columbus' day had lived in America through untold ages of isolation. His development has been entirely self-wrought. And for this reason no race on the globe affords a more fascinating or significant subject for study. But it is a dying race, and in a few years there will no longer be an opportunity to study the rich symbolism of tribal life and jealously guarded ceremonials.

A Western artist, Edward Curtis, of

tunity to study the rich symbolism of tribal life and jealously guarded ceremonials.

A Western artist, Edward Curtis, of Seattle, with rare genius for penetrating the mask of Indian nature, is making it his life-work to preserve by the aid of the camera the essential characteristics of these vanishing tribal types. He has already spent some years studying the Red Man in tepee and pueblo. Each photograph is a masterpiece of art; the heads are often life-size and are startling in the mingling of old-time majesty of presence with untamed savagery. Intelligence of a high order gleams from many of those seamed, weather-worn faces, but it is not for the intelligence of civilized man. In a lightning flash of sympathy Mr. Curtis has succeeded in catching with his camera the ancient, elusive glory of the native American.

When it is remembered that there are no fewer than 500 tribes now remaining, and these are hastening with fatalrapidity toward total extinction, the colossal magnitude of Mr. Curtis' task will be understood. He has the encouragement of the leading scientific institutions of the country. "This thing is too great for any of the institutions to attempt," they say to him, "but if you can carry it through along the lines which you are now attempting you will have accomplished one of the greatest things of our century, and the work when completed will be something which every scientific institution must have."

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Beginning with the tribes near his own home on Puget Sound, he produced the three notable pictures, "The Clam Digger," "The Mussel Gatherer," and "Evening on the Sound." These were experimentally submitted to the National Photographic Convention of 1900, and to the surprise of the artist, for Mr. Curtis is essentially modest in his own estimate of himself, won the grand prize.

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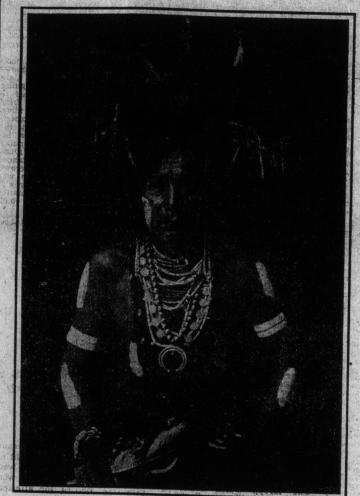
The first of these pictures, "The Clam Digger," which is given herewith, is remarkable for its glamorous beauty of atmosphere and play of poetic fancy about the bent figure of the old squaw. It breathes a feeling of vast loneliness, isolation, mystery, and is a marvelous study of twilight. Brooding night is caught in the very act of descending upon the earth.

This picture recalls the days when clam-digging was an important source of revenue to the Indians of Puget Sound. After drying the clams they sold them along with slaves and strings of dentalium shells used for money (hai-kwa), to the Indians of the interior, receiving in exchange mountain sheep's wool, porcupine quills, embroidery, the grass from which they manufactured thread, and even dried salmon, the product of the Sound fishering heig noor in wellty. and even dried salmon, the product of the Sound fisheries being poor in quality compared with the highly-prized salmon of the Yakima. Those well-worn trails leading over the mountains and along the river banks eastward are now almost obliterated, but our most trustworthy ethnologists surmise that all these Pacific Coast tribes migrated from across the Rocky Mountains in comparatively recent times. Further to the north certain Alaskan tribes probably crossed Behring Strait on the ice and settled the neighboring shore line of Siberia.

One by one the brillens breather

settled the neighboring shore line of Siberia.

One by one the brilliant hypotheses of the Red Man's migration from Asia across the Pacific are being exploded. Our greatest American ethnologist, Daniel G. Brinton, after a lifetime of research, suggests that these mystifying men came from Western Europe when mankind was in its infancy; that by some shifting of the earth's crust they were cut off from the Old World and thereafter lived in tragic isolation. As a result their development has been absolutely independent, so that they became a distinct race, wholly uninfluenced by contact with the three other great races, the White, the Black or the Yellow. This view is supported by the most careful English geologists, who



A Hopi (Moqui) Snake-Priest in Full Ceremonial Costume.

now regard it as beyond doubt that a land connection existed at the close of the last glacial epoch between Europe and North America by way of Iceland and Greenland. This land bridge formed a barrier of separation between the Arctic and Atlantic oceans, so that the temperature of the higher latitudes was









General Neato, an Apache Renegade—A Type of Indian that has Caused the U. S. Government Much Trouble.

man.

Contrast with this the Apache mother and babe. Maternal pride, a solicitude of the tenderest sort are found in the face of the girl-mother. The child, in his joyous innocence, believes the world is made up of caresses and soft words. In yet these two pictures portray member of the same tribe.

We read in this remarkable collection of portraits all the conflicting potential-times of the Indian nature.

