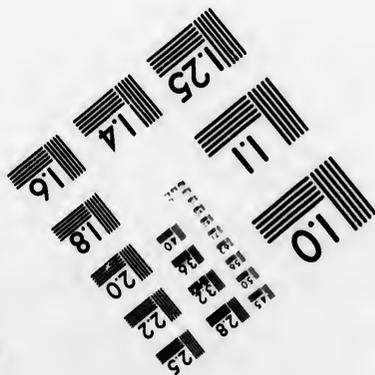
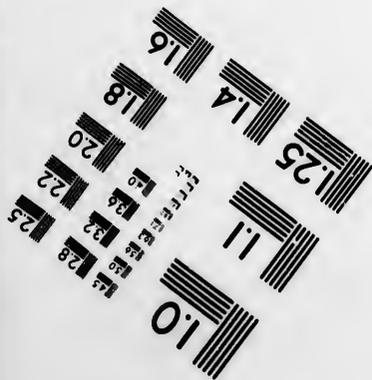
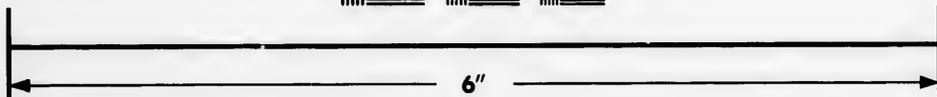
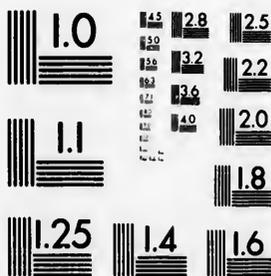


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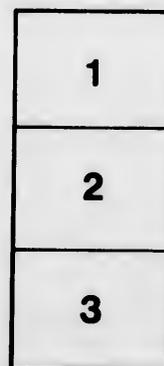
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BASKETRY
OF THE
COAST AND ISLANDS
OF THE
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ANCIENT ART AND CUSTOM.

COL. JAMES JACKSON, U. S. A.

Pottery making and basket weaving are as old as the human race. As far back as there are any relics of humanity are found the traces of these industries, supplying no doubt a very positive human need. From the graves of the mound builders, from Etruscan tombs—far beyond the dawn of Roman power—from the ruins of Cyclopean construction, Chaldean antiquities and from Egyptian catacombs come the evidences of this manufacture.

Aboriginal occupation of the American continents seems to be as old, if not older, than that of either Europe or Asia, and when we look upon the baskets and pottery gathered here we behold the results of an industry that originated in the very dawn of human existence and has been continued with but little change down to the present time. Our word basket has itself changed but little from its original, the Welsh "basgawd" meaning literally a weaving, or putting together, of splinters. The ancient Welsh, or Britons, were expert basket makers, and Roman annals tell us that the halls of wealthy Roman citizens were decorated with the beautiful and costly product of their handiwork. Made from whatever substances were most appropriate or convenient, they have been shaped by the needs and decorated by the fancy or superstitions of barbaric or semi-civilized peoples, and have served all purposes from plates to dwelling houses.

In all countries and amongst all peoples they have had much the same shape and uses; their similarity seems to have been the result of a common evolution of the human mind to supply a common need, like causes and like needs producing similar results and similar construction. In a country where the grasses are tough and pliable, like the sea-island grasses of the Aleutian archipelago, baskets have mostly been constructed from such fibre and are soft and

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pliable, partaking of the nature of bags. Where the lithe willow, or Osier, abounds, both its branch and bark have been used, the larger stems forming the frame and the lighter twigs the filling; these baskets generally stand upright and take the shape of pots, jars and vases, according to their purpose. The fibre of the Yucca—the soap plant or Spanish bayonet—and many of the cacti have been used in this manufacture. The keen-sighted Indian women readily finds in the mountain valleys and along the water courses the proper material to make into the plastic wands which she so deftly weaves into these graceful vessels. They are very skillful at splitting the stems of the willow, the osier, the sauvis, the swamp ash, the vine maple and other long-fibred, quick-growing plants, and preserving this material for use when needed. The proper season for gathering the material is when the stalk has just completed its growth and before the sap hardens into woody substance. The long withes split from the rods are rolled up and protected from too much heat or moisture; just before using they are thoroughly soaked in water and woven while wet and soft. This plastic wool is so firmly beaten down that a new basket, of the finer makes, will hold water for some time; to make them permanent water jars, either for household use or for transporting water on their journeys, the interstices are filled with pitch from pine or fir trees. The wide-topped baskets are sometimes called corn baskets, and were used to gather and hold the crop of Maize which was indigenous to America and the great staple of food; they were also used to collect the Pinion nut and sweet Acorn from the Pine forests and Oak groves of New Mexico, Arizona and Old Mexico, and also the Camas and Wocus of the Northern Indians. The shallower baskets were used to hold meal and to mix their bread in; the plaques as plates to hold food. Indians, in their native state, either sedentary or nomadic, never sit at a table to eat; when they don't use their fingers entirely they take their food on a plaque, holding the plaque on their knees. The small bowl-like baskets are used interchangeably for head cover-

ings for the squaws or drinking cups, and are very handy for either.

The decorations of these Indian baskets, when not wholly conventional in design, are rude attempts at picturing objects familiar to them or representing some of their beliefs or superstitions. On an Oraibe plaque is a representation of a thunder cloud and snakes approaching it to plead for rain for the little farms traced below—the snake being their intercessor with the Rain God. These attempts are mere suggestions of what they intend, and would never be understood by persons unfamiliar with their ways and customs. On another Oraibe plaque is a representation of their corn, and a Chemopavi plaque attempts a picture of the sunrise, or sunburst. The decoration of a Navajo basket shows a channel or opening running straight across the design; that is to let the evil spirit out of the meal. A Navajo woman would not expect much success in her bread making if this opening were omitted. On a large Apache olla is a representation of mountain tops, or peaks, and deer jumping from crag to crag. On a basket made by one of the family of the notorious "Kid" are figures intended to be Navajo Indians. The Apaches and Navajos not being on the best of terms, the Apache female who built this basket made their tribal enemies as hideous as she knew how. The zig-zag lines on a number of baskets are intended to be representations of jagged lightning. This is a favorite decoration for both baskets and blankets. Chain lightning is very vivid and appalling in the summer storms of Arizona and New Mexico, and seems to have made a great impression on the native's mind. Some of the customs and ceremonial observances of the Pueblo Indians are exceedingly curious. Their domestic polity is very ancient. The tribes are divided into clans, or "gens," as they are mostly called—named for different animals, such as the "Antelope," the "Bear," the "Rabbit," the "Eagle," the "Crow," the "Snake." Marriages are strictly exogamous; that is, persons belonging to one gens are not permitted to intermarry. The woman is a very

important person in their domestic economy. With them the Earth is the great Mother, the incarnation of femininity, and so the woman builds and owns the houses made of earth and owns the farms. Growth is a male principle, and so the men cut and haul the roof timbers from the mountains and assist in taking care of the flocks and growing crops. The woman selects her spouse, and their children belong to her gens and not to his; descent is always through the female line. Their "church," or place of religious rites, is an underground room or cellar, scooped out of the basaltic rock on which the pueblos are built, and generally from twenty to forty feet in diameter; the top is covered with timbers and matting on which is a layer of earth, leaving a "manhole," through which a ladder affords the means of ingress and egress. In this "Khiva," as the Moquis call it, their religious ceremonies and rites of initiation into the different orders are performed.

Every man is born into an order, but advancement in it is, like taking the degrees in Masonry, a matter of study and practice, accompanied by much ceremony and the jugglery of priest-craft. The religion of the Moquis is a Nature worship, and the Sun their principal deity; next in importance in this arid region is the Rain God. The propitiation of this deity is the Snake dance, one of their most notable ceremonies. Ten days before the August full moon the runners go out to collect snakes for this rite, and usually bring in from fifty to a hundred of all kinds and sizes. These are placed in the Khiva, which has been prepared for this ceremony by dividing it into sections with lines of cornmeal blessed by the priests and called "sacred meal." One of these sections represents the altar, and is marked out with wavy lines of meal to denote rain clouds, and zig-zag lines of different colored meal to represent the lightning, each color being a prayer for some particular crop. The snakes are herded over to one side of the Khiva by some of the old men who, armed with wands of eagle feathers (which the snakes greatly fear), keep watch and ward night and day over the wriggling mass, brushing

them back to their corner whenever they exhibit a disposition to stray. The stench soon becomes fearful; it does not seem to offend the nostrils of those who participate in the rites, but a white man seldom cares to encounter it more than once. Throughout the week the ceremony of initiation into the degrees of the snake order proceeds along with the decoration of the Khiva and the preparation of the bodies of the dancers for the final ceremony and their fortification against snake bites by drinking a liquid antidote prepared by the medicine man.

Each evening the snakes are taken up one by one and given a sponge bath of some narcotic liquid, prepared from herbs, which probably has a tendency to keep them amiable in confinement. Towards 5 o'clock in the evening of the day when the moon is at the full the inhabitants gather on the walls of the houses near the "Sacred Rock," a tower of basalt standing in the center of a small plaza on the edge of the mesa at the Waldi pueblo. Here in a hole in the rocky floor of the plaza next the houses, under a conical grotto of cornstalks or aspen boughs, the snakes have been placed, the doorway to the hole where they are deposited being covered tightly with a blanket. First come the dancers of the Antelope gens (their principal order), their bodies colored black with white snakes outlined upon them, their faces half white and half black and the sacred kilt around their loins, and dance around the sacred rock, rattling a gourd containing pebbles and chanting a deep-toned prayer for rain. Their part concluded they take post each side of the grotto, facing out, and the snake dancers, led by a stalwart chief, come on. Their bodies, girdles, kilts, leggings and moccasins are all dyed a rich tan color, to which their black hair, trimmed with eagle feathers, lends a pronounced emphasis. On the right leg of each of the thirty-six dancers is a hollow tortoise shell with bear's claws clacking against it. They come by twos. The man on the right is armed with a bunch of eagle feathers, and apparently leads and guides his partner. They pass several times around the sacred rock, then form in line facing the Ante-

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lope clan and the dancing is renewed, accompanied by a monotonous chant and emphasized at intervals by the dancers springing in unison on the right leg to cause a simultaneous rattling of the tortoise shells. Again they form in column, and arriving at the grotto the dancer on the left opens the door, seizes two or three snakes, places them in his mouth, their heads about three inches from his face. The column now re-forms and dances around the rock, the man with the eagle feathers—his left arm locked in that of the snake-holder—keeping the snakes' heads constantly brushed out from his partner's face. After several times circling the sacred rock the dancers form around a circle of sacred meal and cast the snakes into it; a half-way-around movement is then quickly performed, when the dancers break ranks and each individual, dipping into the wriggling, writhing mass of serpents, seizes three or four by their necks between his fingers and starts off at a run, some to the east, some to the west, some to the north, some to the south; down the precipitous sides of the cliffs they go, jumping from rock to rock, and having reached the lowlands cast the snakes loose and bid them go, the people's messengers to the author of rain, and tell him how much his people need the refreshing showers. When they return they repair to the Khiva and take an emetic prepared by the priests; this removes from their stomachs any remains of the antidote to snake poison taken before the ceremony, and after a rest of a few hours they are ready to partake of the feast prepared for them by the Moqui women. Down to this evil-smelling Khiva have been sent quantities of red, yellow, blue and white bread and all the choice viands of their limited cuisine, and here until morning they will feast and frolic where hitherto they have fasted and prayed. The ceremony is over; from Nature's children the prayer has sped to Nature's God, and they are content to abide the result. It is a picture from the "ancient of days," cut out from the limitless past and let down into this age of steam and electricity. We turn away from it with regret, wondering how long it will be before the advancing wave of a more aggressive civilization will blot it from the face of the earth.

THE BASKET OF THE KLICKITAT.

MRS. VELINA P. MOLSON.

The archæologist is frequently caused to halt in the reconstruction of ancient society by the ignorance of the arts of savages around him. This is especially true of an art which had its culmination in savagery or barbarism, and which began to decline at the touch of civilization. This may be said of the Klickitat baskets. These rare and beautiful baskets are made by the different tribes belonging to the Shahaptian linguistic stock, "a name based on Scouler's report to the Royal Geographical Society in 1841, and confirmed by later scientific men, Gallatin, Hale, Schoolcraft and Latham. The derivation is Salishan, but the meaning is unknown."

The habitat was along the waters of the Columbia and its tributaries, from the Cascade mountains on the west to the Bitter Root range on the east, and from 46° north to 44° south, or what is now Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho.

The Klickitats have been styled the "Iroquois of the Northwest." They were marauders and robbers. The very word Klickitat means "robber."

One of their favorite haunts in time gone by was the Cascades of the Columbia, and another the dalles or long narrows of the Columbia. They were a constant menace to the trappers and voyageurs from the foundation of the Pacific Fur Company in 1811, and continued to worry and harass the pioneers until they were subdued by the Yakima war of 1836.

The Klickitats are fine-looking and intelligent Indians; they are tall and clean limbed, and as they followed the chase from all time and lived in a higher altitude, they were the superiors in every way of the miserable-looking tribes of the Willamette valley and coast Indians, as the latter tribes traveled about squatting in canoes, subsisting on fish,

and had not the benefit of the bracing air of the plateau of the Klickitats' country.

The Klickitats were bold and fearless riders. Their marauding journeys carried them from the present international boundary line on the north to Rogue river on the south. They were masters everywhere until they reached the Rogné River tribes, who rightfully gained their name through cunningness, or until they reached the Indians of the plains, on the eastern watershed of the Rocky mountains, whither they went on annual expeditions to trade and gamble, carrying the wampum from the coast, dried salmon and other articles, to trade for dried buffalo meat and robes.

They went down to the ocean on the west, carrying the wild hemp dried and twisted into neat bundles and much sought after by the coast Indians for fish nets, to exchange for the wampum or dentalia, a small shell collected in those days at Nootka. The wampum was the circulating medium, and Alexander Ross said in 1814 three fathoms bought ten beaver skins.

The Klickitats held the gateway between the East and West, for the river was the natural and only easy route for passage from the Western valleys to the Eastern world.

Their domain included Mount Adams on the north and Mount Hood on the south of the Columbia river, but territorial bounds did not confine them, for they were everywhere, robbing, trading, horse-racing, and holding under burdensome tribute many lands they did not own.

They had a complete and euphonious language of their own, as became a people who influenced the world around them, and possessed both statesmen and warriors whose enterprise covered so broad a field.

Before the white man came to occupy and pervert, the Indians were numerous. They had their great annual gatherings, for exchange of products and to regulate affairs. They owned their special privileges, as fisheries, berry fields and camas grounds, and hunted their own territory. All seasons had appropriate duties. It was no light or

brief task to gather, cure and store the fruits of the earth, the fish of the streams, or the game of the forests for their winter use.

Besides they had many arts and manufactures that became almost obsolete when they could purchase from the Hudson's Bay Company cloth, manufactured goods, tools and trinkets, and pay for them by hunting animals whose fur was in demand.

When they procured firearms bows and arrows were soon out of date and the art of making beautiful arrow heads became a lost one, and finally buckets superseded baskets.

Holding the natural waterway and occupying the mountains, valleys and plains of the eastern country, they held the key to the Columbia region, the gateway between the East and West. They maintained intimate tribal relations with both sections and levied tribute on all west of the Cascades, from the waters of Puget Sound on the north to Rogue river on the south. Through all this region they rode rampant, and their lodges were full of spoils taken in their forays.

South of the Columbia along the ocean shore and foothills, there is still a well-worn trail, that antedates history, known now and aforetime as the "Klickitat trail." They usually journeyed south by that trail, but for peaceable reasons they traveled north by the Klamath trail, on the eastern side of the Cascades, to their home of homes, the beautiful Klickitat valley.

Basketry is an art which may be called "par excellence" a savage art, and the several tribes of the Shahaptian stock controlled it, for the imbricated basket of the Klickitat surpasses all other baskets in beauty of workmanship, general contour, harmonious blendings of the colors, and, what is most important, utility and durability.

The tool universally used in the manufacture of all baskets is a bone awl, and the woman is generally the maker.

The woman of all untutored and uncivilized nations is a deft worker; witness the delicate drawn work of the Mexicans, the rich work from the far East, the bead and basketry of the North American Indians.

To gather, prepare and manipulate the raw material meant time and arduous labor.

The foundation consists of the roots of young spruce and cedar trees; it is macerated and torn into threadlike shreds, and soaked for weeks and months in water to rid it of any superfluous vegetable matter and to render it strong and pliable. The ornamentation is almost all made of *Zerophyllum Tenex*, which is commonly called "squaw's grass." It grows on the east side of the Cascade mountains, and can only be gathered during the late summer, when the snow has melted and the grass has matured. This grass resembles the plant of garden cultivation, *Yucca Filamentosa*.

The broad, swordlike leaves are split into the requisite width, and if they are to remain the natural color, an ivory white, they are soaked in water only; but if they are to be dyed they are soaked in mud and charcoal for black, for brown a dye made from the willow bark, and for yellow a longer time in the water.

Sometimes the bast or inner bark of the cedar tree is dyed black instead of the grass, but it is not so durable owing to its short fibrous texture; or the willow bark itself is used instead of dyeing the grass brown; but the willow looks slightly shriveled, and neither presents the smooth surface as when made of squaw's grass, although only apparent to the practiced eye.

The mode of dyeing was handed down from generation to generation.

After these preliminaries, that ran through weeks and months, the deft worker seated herself upon the ground and began her work, either by a spring or stream, by taking a small bunch of these water-soaked spruce roots, which,

when tightly compressed, was about the size of a lead pencil.

She began at the bottom of a basket by a coil, tightly lashing it with a soaked thong of spruce root, each time piercing the stitch in the preceding row with the bone awl and threading the spruce through and tightly drawing it into place, thereby making a locked stitch and water tight, so that if it were possible to draw out the coil the basket would still preserve its shape. This coiling and whipping is continued with the spruce alone until the bottom is completed, for the decoration seldom if ever appears on the bottom; if it does, only in a sparsely-made pattern.

When the last coil of the bottom is made, then the decoration begins. A strip of the grass is laid on and lashed in place, then turned back and lashed again, each time being held in place by the all-important spruce thong. This lapping back and forth gives it the name "imbricated."

Every time a stitch is made it takes the circuits of the spruce whipping to hold it in place, each time following the puncture made by the bone awl, which is exceedingly hard work. One round of a large basket or three of a small one is a hard day's work for an experienced basket maker.

The different colors and shades are introduced according to the weaver's fancy, and always forming a complete and well-designed pattern, oftentimes intricate and elaborate. When the requisite number of stitches of one color has been made, the grass is cut off and laid aside until it appears again, for the ornamentation never appears on the inner side, for it would be ruined by the berry juice or hidden by the contents.

This wearisome labor goes on round after round until the top is reached, when some are finished smoothly and plainly, while others are given a scallop. The last round of all is curiously and closely interlaced, with the ends dexterously hidden and secured, well calculated to withstand rough usage over mountains and plains, on the backs of women, on the sides of horses and in boats, loaded and unloaded, times without number and lasting a lifetime.

The labor of making a basket had many interruptions, for the basket maker gathered the fuel, gathered and prepared the food, which often meant excursions to the mountains or down to the rivers. She tanned and fashioned the skins into garments, besides caring for her children, for the aboriginal mother is well known to be an unselfish and tender one.

Some baskets are covered throughout from top to bottom with the decoration, while others have a pattern appearing only at intervals, allowing the spruce not to intentionally form the background. The figures are always triangular or angular, never round in the original shapes, as the circular figure meant civilization.

The scallops before mentioned were for utility, for if broken and worn a new edge could be made more easily than a solid edge, or when filled and covered the contents could be held in place by a lashing made from wild hemp, and passing back and forth through the scallops.

The shape is well planned: The bottom is almost always round, then it flares rapidly at first, and then very gently until the top is reached, when it usually converges toward the center, for if it flared all the way in proportion to the beginning the mouth would be so large that the contents would be lost; but even the strength of these firm baskets would be sorely tested.

One is rarely seen other than round; if so, they have an oblong base and top, and a rare one has a lid. This shape was in imitation of the trunks seen on shipboard in the early part of the century, and copied by the Cowlitz and Lewis river tribes, who also belong to the parent stock, Shahaptian; but this shape was not copied by the tribes over the range.

These large round baskets were carried on women's backs, and are today, by a broad strap passing around the forehead or across her chest, and when gathering berries they are thrown over her shoulder and into the basket; or for convenience sake a small one is secured to her belt in

front, and emptied at intervals. Her hands are thus left free for work, for she is ambidextrous.

These baskets were also fastened on either side of a horse in pannier fashion, and the woman sought her camp or the nearest settlement either mounted on the same cayuse, or riding another and driving the berry-burdened beast before her.

The Indians say that the berries keep sweeter in these baskets than in a metal bucket, and as they are watertight there is no loss.

The baskets are prized by the few makers that are left, and by their children.

And thus is ended a work of art by these rude and untutored people, scorned and despised, but sought for by scientists and lovers of the curious and beautiful.

BASKETRY OF THE NORTHWEST

H. K. MCARTHUR.

The beginning of a collection is accidental. The eye is attracted by a bit of artistic coloring or quaint design, and we become its possessor. The gift of a friend and mementoes of travel are subsequent additions, the collection becomes interesting and we wish to enlarge it. It may develop into a fad that only pleases for the passing moment, or it may suggest research and study of the habitat of the maker, materials employed, origin of design, manner of construction and utility of the work, and it becomes most fascinating.

In the limited time allotted to the consideration of so comprehensive a subject, it is quite impossible to enter into detail of materials and workmanship, but a passing mention cannot fail to be of interest.

The baskets made by the Indians of the western part of the United States are the most beautiful in the world—beautiful as to design and coloring with dyes of their own manufacture—and finest as to skill in construction.

One cannot but be impressed most deeply by the strange incongruity of the wretched lives of degradation, poverty, ignorance and roaming habits of these oftentimes homeless people and the unsurpassed results of their skillful and patient labor. Patience is the one characteristic of these toilers of an uncivilized race of which we are profoundly conscious—the patience that endures much, suffers with stoical indifference and uncomplaint, and which leaves its imprint upon their pathetic faces.

The labor of gathering materials and preparing them, before the work of construction begins, occupies many months, and is most arduous. The weary and toilsome climb to distant mountain tops, for rare and beautiful grasses that only adorn the face of nature in these lofty

solitudes. The digging of certain tenacious roots and cutting of twigs, bark and fibre, all of which must be cured, made into proper lengths and macerated to a desired flexibility before being woven into the intricate and enduring beauty of baskets. Coaxing from coy Nature her secrets of dyes, whether from peculiarly colored earth, charcoal, extracts of barks, or immersion in water.

Who of us, living in the Willamette valley, have not seen some ancient dame trudging home, with dew-bedraggled skirts, with a bundle of hazel sticks on her bent shoulders, after an early expedition to the copse, or, it may be, grasses and roots from a neighboring swamp? She is ancient; in our day, because the beautiful art is not taught to the young women; they do not desire to know it, and so the work is relegated to only the aged, who are skillful and learned.

Summer is the season for this preliminary work. The kindly elements favor these children of Nature, the twigs and grasses are flexible, the barks are easily peeled and are rich in juices, and the store of materials is gathered in.

We will first consider the work of the Aleuts of Atter island, the most westerly point of Ounalaska and the most remote and isolated of our possessions. In this little seagirt land, scarcely more than a stepping-stone to Asia, we discover the finest weave in the world of basketry. The barabas or home of the Aleuts is a sodden hut, for it is literally made of sod. The roof is gay with brilliant flowers during the long days of their brief summer, in winter it is inconceivably damp and dreary in the interior of the barabas, and it requires many months of these days of scanty and most welcome light to construct a single basket. Luxuriant grass springs up while the sunshine lingers, and this is gathered and dried and split many times. There is little variety of shape in these baskets; the finest are perfectly round, having covers and holding about a pint, and perpendicular; the others are much larger, have no covers, and are round and not so fine. The weave of the small ones is so fine as to closely resemble gros grain silk, the number of

stitches to the square inch being almost double that of any other Indian basketry. No dyes are used, and only a little ornamentation of colored silk thread or worsted is deftly introduced. One rarely meets another style of Alaskan baskets from the remote interior of the Northern Yukon country. The only specimen here is a tiny affair with a lid, though in the very small collection from which this came there were jar-shaped ones, holding a gallon, and quite unlike other Alaska work—it is of the coiled pattern. It is simple, without ornamentation, for Nature does not abound in materials, dyes, or suggestions for designs in this bleak and frozen world.

Other baskets of great beauty are made in Alaska, and the ones with which we are the most familiar are those of Thlinkit stock. Here, too, the shape is quite unvaried, being round, rarely flaring, but of many sizes, and, like the Aleuts, the flexible bags or pouches of Eastern Oregon and those of Northern California and Southern Oregon, are known as twined basketry. The work is begun in the center of the bottom, with spruce roots, warp and twine, the former radiating, and forming the foundation. The cylindrical portion alone is ornamented in geometrical designs, the grasses and roots being in the dull natural green of the former, sparingly used, black and the most beautiful and harmonious browns, worked only half through the foundation fabric.

It is a quaint conceit to place pebbles in a most skillfully constructed hiding place within the lid; the rattle of these gives warning to the owner when one less dexterous or industrious would purloin the treasure.

There are more simply constructed baskets along the coast; they are mostly flexible, of the checkerboard weave of cedar bast, half of it sometimes dyed black to accentuate the pattern, and the twilled splint of white birch wood, and the bird cage of spruce roots. These two are of the Clallam Indians (Selish stock). Next come the Makah, more commonly known to us as the gay little Neah Bay baskets, yet quite remarkable as being very fine, and com-

prising the three distinct weaves. The bottom is the checkerboard pattern, in cedar of the Bilhoolas; the twined pattern comes next, and the bird cage pattern of the Clallams. This weave—the bird cage—is known to exist in but one other place in the world, and that is on the Congo, where the men make the baskets. Another quite interesting fact concerning this little handful of people, coming down from the Wakashan stock, and settled about Cape Flattery: The young girls, though intelligent pupils in the government school, are proficient basket makers. The early specimens are in browns, though now a beautiful white grass is used (the same may have been used in the former times, but age has given it the tender brown), and, like the Alaska basket of the present day, has suffered sad degeneracy in form and coloring. The vicious and persistent aniline dyes have penetrated these remote places; the Indian of today loves not the labor of securing her own inimitable dyes, but she does love color, and so we buy no more lovely old browns from Alaska and Neah Bay.

These tribes also make cedar bark mats of the checkerboard weave, that find many uses, as covering for household effects, carpets, protection from the weather, and not infrequently a winding sheet, when their dead are laid to rest.

It is not necessary to speak of the Klickitats at length. Of all known basketry it is the most arduous, difficult and skillful of construction, as has been explained in a previous paper, in detail. It is of two-fold weave, the coil or inner one, and the imbricated external or ornamental one. White is the color of this strong grass, which is *Zerophyllum Lenex*, or "squaw grass." It is dyed yellow, brown and black, by lying in water, extract of willow bark, and earth and charcoal. There are fine specimens of this enduring work said to be seventy-five years old. Though old age, berry juices and much usage have robbed some of all their beauty, one detects a trace of the fine design in the ornamentation. We cannot refrain from calling attention to two rare ones here, because of unusual shape, age and association. The

fine round one was purchased by the late Captain John H. Couch, when he visited these shores in the *Chanamic*, in 1847. It was taken to Massachusetts, and has since doubled Cape Horn a second time on its return to Oregon, and now belongs to Mrs. F. A. Beck. The other, a small oblong one, belonging to Mrs. Ankeny, was purchased in Oregon City by her mother in 1845.

There are three other fine baskets from over the border in British Columbia, the handiwork of Indians of the Shapthian stock, differing though, from the Klickitats, principally in shape. One is beautifully round, as an apple, and the others like a slightly oblong box, flared at the corners. They are quaintly ornamented with two or three rows of the imbricated stitch, and then two rows of the coil left exposed.

The Cayuses, Umatillas, Nez Perces and Wascos, and other tribes east of the Cascades, do not make stiff baskets, but being much in the saddle their baskets, being really pouches, both round and flat, and of the strongest, most durable workmanship and quite flexible, are suited to use when the owner rides.

The materials are often split corn husks and the wild hemp of the Walla Walla valley. Sometimes a fine grayish green appears, but here too the color-loving savage introduces gay worsted threads.

The hazel stick is very interesting, yet we who are so accustomed to its homely place in our domestic economy fail to appreciate its beauty. Only the Indians of the Athapascan stock, known to us as Shastas, excel in this work. The sticks are gathered in great quantities, the best ones from ground denuded by fire of its natural growth of fir and hemlock, where they spring up straight and strong from the rich soil. The teeth play no small part in peeling off the bark.

As in twined basket making, these are worked from the center of the bottom outwardly—in and about the radiating sticks—no ornamentation nor other material than hazel being employed. Also, as in all basketry, the sticks, grass

and other materials are kept in water, when not in the hands of the worker; during the time of construction. The hazel is not intricate and is rapidly made, as I have seen pretty and useful ones brought in while the early country breakfast lingered, and the worker offered her wares and begged us to remember her needs, as she had begun the basket "tenas sun"—when the sun was small—the day was new. There is only utility here, though it assumes a variety of shapes and sizes. The fine sticks are used in the small handle and useful work or darning baskets. The sticks increase in size with the basket, until we have the market, laundry, and lastly the great clothes hamper.

We now come to the tribes inhabiting the country drained by the Klamath and Sacramento rivers—Southern Oregon and Northern California, and known as Klamaths, Rogue River, Galice Creek, Coquille, Umpqua, Shasta, McCloud, Pitt and Trinity Rivers and Hoopa Valley. Correctly speaking, they are of the Athapascan linguistic stock. Their work is a most excellent example of the twined basketry, in which grass stems and fibres are deftly twined, lapped and woven in and out, the strong radiating roots beginning always in the center of the bottom and working outwardly—adding more of the radiating roots or foundation as the size increases.

The Indians about Klamath lake and the marshes make the large round trays or plaques. The women thrust their feet into the rude sandals made of tules, wade in the water, gather the wild water lily or wocus and throw it into the deep, conical burden basket at their backs, and trudge away to camp. Here it is tossed in the plaque until the friendly breezes winnow the chaff; live coals are then thrown in, and it is vigorously shaken, to prevent burning, until the grains are a rich brown. These are poured into a flaring, shallow basket, minus a bottom, placed on a flat rock, and with a stone pestle the patient worker reduces this to meal. The meal is poured into a watertight basket—the aborigine's boiling pot—water added, then very hot stones are thrown in, and the shaking and stirring continues, until the gentle

savage places before her lord a most toothsome dish. The women's hats and various baskets of the Klamaths proper are pliable or flexible, of white grass and the black of the maiden's hair fern stem, in zig-zag and geometric pattern, and sometimes a suggestion of the V-shaped flight of water fowl.

Those tribes living in the more westerly part of Southern Oregon and Northern California—we usually, for convenience, speak of them as Shastas—continue to make fine baskets, as well as many other tribes in California and Arizona, though I do not know if the young girls are taught the industry. It is more likely to be the old women, and the trader has taught them the value of their wares. Their cooking baskets are shallow, dull grayish brown, and an ornamentation of the white grass. The wocus shakers and burden baskets are more elaborate, and the buckets, ornamental baskets for sale and the women's hats are finer and more beautiful still.

The fine white grass, like ivory in smoothness and tint, is obtained at great elevations, their excursions leading them to the summer snow line of Mount Shasta. The brown is obtained by dyeing with extract of alder bark; combined with the maiden hair fern stem, of unfading black and enduring beauty, in geometric and intricate zig-zag patterns, the effect is most pleasing. The ornamentation appears only slightly in the inside, and the ends are concealed and the finish is exquisitely neat. Those of Klamath have all the pattern showing on the inside, and the ends of grass are exposed.

Lastly we come to the baskets of Mendocino county, California, exhibiting the greatest variety of shape, size, weave, beauty of construction, materials employed, and commercially of the highest value in basketry. I am not qualified to speak at all of these beautiful baskets, and only refer to the fine specimens here. These are both coiled and twined baskets, and at least three weaves—the bontouche, tsy and t; brown is the natural color of the grass, and black, which adds much to its value.

All are round; some are very shallow, others concave and very deep; many quite capacious, ones curve inward at the top, and others are small at the base, flare rapidly, then gradually gather in toward the top, the opening of which are small. There are plaques similar to those farther north—all are graceful and beautiful.

This means endless labor, for birds are snared, that no dainty feather, so artistically used in the weaving, will be marred; the distant mountains yield the grass and the sea shore the bits of shell; beads are obtained by barter.

The Mendocino county and Hoopa valley Indians make cradles for the infants from the peeled stems of tough young trees and shrubs.

One cannot but be impressed by the rare and skillful combination of beauty and utility in these baskets, and the wonderful adaptability to their various needs. The dwellers of the north coast obtain their food from the sea, so they make the loosely-woven cedar bark receptacles for their stores, both fresh and dried. The open mesh of the clam basket, of a coarse grass, which permits the sea water to escape as the weary digger trails home across the sands at dawn, with a breakfast for the waiting ones beside the curling smoke of the campfire. The perfectly watertight boiling and baking baskets of the Alaskans and Shastas.

The Klickitats would retain the luscious juices of the berry, and resist the wear and tear of loading and carrying by pony-back and canoe, without the beautiful ornamentation, which is as enduring as the basket. Though they are savages, they love this bit of beauty in their homely lives of drudgery. The storage baskets of California and Arizona are deep, capacious and strong, mostly of the true classical vase outlines and proportions.

The strong, flexible, round baskets and pouches of those tribes much in the saddle. It is quite impossible to enumerate the thousand and one uses for which these baskets serve, by the campfire and on the march, for the holding of spoil of rod and gun, and their few simple treasures.

They love these evidences of their handiwork and skill, and while in this day of trade and barter many are made for sale, the old basket maker only parts with her treasures because old age has robbed her of the power of gaining the necessaries of life by hard labor, and stern want looks in at the uplifted curtain of the tepee.

They love them, and though their uses are homely, they weave into them their prayers and hopes, their impressions of the beautiful world of Nature, and the completed work is as dear to them as the canvas of an artist, when the finished masterpiece brings him enduring fame.

The savage is an artist pure and simple; her unlearned and untutored mind seeks her designs in the vivid flash of lightning, the fleecy clouds, the seed pods of plants, the ripple of a stream, the scales of a fish, the graceful interlacing of twigs and stems, and the flight of birds across the sky.

Why should their work so prized, become so rare? The commercial value alone, should appeal to the powers that be, the grasses should be cultivated, and the secrets of dyes understood; the young should as well be taught that in the schools as the trying intricacies of the less congenial lace making. It is an art in which they excel; the demand is increasing, and the supply should be equal to it. How deplorable, that our enlightened government does not foster and encourage a beautiful and valuable industry that is passing away, with the passing of this generation!

ALASKA.

ARTICLES—Baskets, Bags, Caps, Hats, Pouches, Bottles, Bowls, Bead Work, Wood and Ivory Earrings.

MATERIALS—Made of cedar roots, with varied patterns of geometrical designs, traced chiefly in their native dyes of browns, red and black, instead of the modern dyes.

EXHIBITED BY—

D. M. Averill,
 Mrs. W. F. Burrell,
 Mrs. M. P. Deady,
 Mrs. J. F. Dickson,
 Mrs. Wm. G. Dillingham,
 Mrs. T. L. Eliot,
 Miss H. Failing,
 Mrs. J. G. Gauld,
 Mrs. Hamilton Geary,
 Mrs. R. Glisan,
 Mrs. S. J. Henderson,
 Mrs. A. R. Hill,
 Mrs. W. J. Honeyman,
 Miss Kapus,

Mrs. R. Koehler,
 Miss M. E. Lewis,
 Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
 Mrs. Merrill,
 Mrs. W. M. Molson,
 The Misses Rodney,
 Mr. C. Spuhn,
 Mrs. G. L. Story,
 Mrs. C. C. Strong,
 Mrs. L. H. Tarpley,
 Mrs. H. G. Thompson,
 Mrs. T. B. Trevett,
 Mrs. W. J. Van Rensselaer,
 Mrs. R. B. Wilson,
 Mrs. C. E. S. Wood.

ALEUTIAN ISLANDS.

(Aleuts and Eskimo.)

ARTICLES—Baskets and Pouches.

MATERIALS—Made of fine white grass, some with covers, round in shape—the finest specimens known in Basketry.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. H. J. Corbett,
 Mrs. T. L. Eliot,

Mrs. R. Koehler,
 Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
 Mrs. L. H. Tarpley,

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(No. 1—Queen Charlotte Island.)

ARTICLE—Basket.

EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. C. F. Swigert.

(No. 2—Yale.)

ARTICLES—Large, Handsome, Oblong and Round Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. Vincent Cook,
Mrs. L. L. McArthur,

Mrs. W. M. Molson,
Mrs. J. Myrick.

(No. 3—Flathead.)

ARTICLES—Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. L. L. McArthur,

Mrs. G. F. Russell.

WASHINGTON.

(No. 1—Cowlitz or Klickitat.)

ARTICLES—Largest Baskets made in Washington.

EXHIBITED BY—

Miss Adams,
Mrs. Levi Ankeny,
Mrs. F. A. Beck,
Miss A. Breck,
Mrs. H. H. Buchanan,

Miss H. Failing,
Miss M. E. Lewis,
Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
Mrs. W. M. Molson,
Mrs. G. F. Russell,
Mrs. H. G. Thompson.

(No. 2—Neah Bay—Makahs.)

ARTICLES—Baskets and Mats.

EXHIBITED BY—

Miss Ella DeHart,
Miss M. H. Effinger,
Mrs. T. L. Eliot,
Miss A. Grant (2),
Mrs. John Gill (1),
Mrs. W. C. Johnson,

Mrs. W. S. Ladd,
Miss M. E. Lewis,
Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
Mrs. W. M. Molson,
Rummelin & Sons,
Mrs. M. E. Street,
Mrs. C. E. S. Wood.

(No. 3—Puget Sound.)

ARTICLE—Clam Basket.

EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. W. C. Johnson.

(No. 4—Skagit.)

ARTICLE—Basket.

EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. John Gill.

OREGON.

(No. 1—Grand Ronde—Catawpa.)

ARTICLE—Basket.

EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. C. F. Swigert.

(No. 2—Klamath.)

ARTICLES—Baskets, Caps, Sandals, Plaques.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. W. B. Ayer,	Miss M. E. Lewis,
Miss Ella DeHart,	Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
Mrs. J. G. Gauld,	Mrs. W. M. Molson,
Mrs. S. J. Henderson,	Mrs. J. Myrick,
Miss L. Hughes,	Miss M. L. Whitehouse.

(No. 3—Rogue River—Athapascan.)

ARTICLES—Baskets and Hampers made of Hazel Sticks.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. M. P. Deady,	Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
Mrs. W. L. Geary,	Mrs. W. M. Molson,
Mrs. A. R. Hill,	The Misses Rodney,
	Mrs. J. F. Watson.

(No. 4—Nehalem.)

ARTICLE—Basket.

EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. L. L. McArthur.

(No. 5—Umatilla—Cayuse.)

ARTICLES—Caps, Bags.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. W. F. Burrell,	Mrs. W. M. Molson,
Miss M. E. Lewis,	Mrs. G. F. Russell,
Mrs. L. L. McArthur,	Mrs. C. E. S. Wood.

(No. 6—Wasco.)

ARTICLES—Bark Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. W. C. Johnson,	Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
	Mrs. F. P. Mays.

(No. 7—Yamhill.)

ARTICLES—Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. J. F. Watson.

CALIFORNIA.

(No. 1—Chico.)

ARTICLES—Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. R. B. Wilson.

(No. 2—Digger.)

ARTICLES—Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. W. B. Ayer,	Mrs. K. A. J. Mackenzie
	Mrs. T. B. Trevett.

(No. 3—*Hooŋa Valley.*)

ARTICLES—Baskets, Bowls, Caps, Cradles.

EXHIBITED BY—

D. M. Averill,
Miss A. Grant,
Mrs. W. C. Johnson,

Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
Mrs. W. M. Molson,
Mrs. H. G. Thompson,
Mrs. J. G. Gauld.

(No. 4—*Shasta.*)

ARTICLES—Baskets, Caps.

EXHIBITED BY—

Miss M. E. Lewis,
Mrs. L. L. McArthur,

Mrs. W. M. Molson,
Miss C. Teal.

(No. 5—*Toola Hoola.*)

ARTICLES—Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. L. L. McArthur,

Mrs. L. H. Tarpley.

(No. 6—*Trinity River.*)

ARTICLE—Basket.

EXHIBITED BY—Colonel Jackson, U. S. A.

(No. 7—*Ukiah.*)

ARTICLES—Baskets with Feathers.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. Vincent Cook,

Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
Mrs. L. H. Tarpley.

(No. 8—*Yosemite.*)

ARTICLE—Basket.

EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. J. G. Gauld.

ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO.

(No. 1—*Apache.*)

ARTICLES—Baskets, Sacred Meal Dishes, Trays, Granary Baskets, Ollas.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. W. B. Ayer,
Mrs. Vincent Cook,
Miss H. Failing,
Colonel Jackson, U. S. A.
Mrs. W. C. Johnson,

Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
Mrs. W. M. Molson,
Mrs. J. B. Montgomery,
Mrs. M. E. Street,
Mrs. H. G. Thompson.

(No. 2—*Apache—Mescalero.*)

ARTICLES—Trays and Bowls.

EXHIBITED BY—

Colonel Jackson, U. S. A.,
Mrs. W. C. Johnson,

Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
Mrs. W. M. Molson.

(No. 3—Moqui.)

ARTICLES—Baskets, Sacred Meal Dishes.
 EXHIBITED BY—
 Colonel Jackson, U. S. A. | Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
 Mrs. W. C. Johnson, | Mrs. W. M. Molson.

(No. 4—Navajo.)

ARTICLES—Baskets.
 EXHIBITED BY—
 Colonel Jackson, U. S. A. | Miss M. E. Lewis,
 | Mrs. W. M. Molson.

MEXICO.

ARTICLES—Baskets, some covered with Skin.
 EXHIBITED BY—
 Miss M. H. Effinger, | Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
 Miss A. Heitshu, | Miss L. C. Schuyler,
 Miss M. E. Lewis, | Mrs. R. B. Wilson,
 | Mrs. C. E. S. Wood.

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

(No. 1—Hawaiian Islands.)

ARTICLES—Baskets of Coconut Palm.
 EXHIBITED BY—
 Mrs. J. G. Gauld, | Mrs. W. C. Johnson,
 Mrs. John Gill, | Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
 | Mrs. C. F. Swigert.

(No. 2—Japan.)

ARTICLES—Fine Baskets of Bamboo.
 EXHIBITED BY—
 Mrs. P. L. Cherry, | Mrs. W. S. Ladd,
 | Mrs. J. B. Thompson.

(No. 3—Java.)

ARTICLES—Baskets, Dish, very fine Plaited Straw.
 EXHIBITED BY—
 Mrs. L. L. McArthur, | Mrs. W. Mackintosh,
 | Mrs. K. A. J. Mackenzie.

(No. 4—New Zealand—Maori.)

ARTICLE—Basket.
 EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. J. B. Thompson.

(No. 5—Philippine Islands.)

ARTICLES—Baskets, Hat.
 EXHIBITED BY—
 Mrs. P. L. Cherry, | Mrs. John Gill,
 | Mrs. W. M. Molson.

(No. 6—Pitcairn Islands.)

ARTICLE—Basket.
 EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. K. A. J. Mackenzie.

(No. 7—*Samoa.*)

ARTICLES—Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY—

Miss M. E. Lewis,
Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
Miss L. C. Schuyler,

Mrs. W. V. Smith,
Mrs. Zera Snow,
Mrs. C. F. Swigert.

(No. 8—*Solomon Islands.*)

ARTICLES—Scarf, Apron of Shells.

EXHIBITED BY—Miss Kapus.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

(*Choctaw—Arcadian—Oklahoma.*)

ARTICLES—Baskets, Flour Sieves, Cradle.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. L. L. McArthur,

Mrs. K. Mackenzie.

Mrs. J. B. Montgomery.

ATLANTIC COAST.

(No. 1—*Canada.*)

ARTICLES—Birch Bark Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY—

Miss M. E. Lewis,
Mrs. L. L. McArthur,

Mrs. K. A. J. Mackenzie,

Mrs. W. M. Molson.

(No. 2—*Penobscot—Maine.*)

ARTICLES—Baskets made of Sweet-Scented Grass and Birch Bark.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. W. Dillingham,
Mrs. T. L. Eliot,
Mrs. R. Glisan,

Mrs. A. R. Hill,

Mrs. M. E. Lewis,

Mrs. W. J. Van Rensselaer.

Miss C. L. Whitehouse.

(No. 3—*Iroquois.*)

ARTICLES—Gun Case, with fine Porcupine Quill Ornamentation.

EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. K. A. J. Mackenzie.

(No. 4—*Niagara.*)

ARTICLES—Baskets, Moccasins.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. A. R. Hill,
Miss M. E. Lewis,

Mrs. L. L. McArthur,

Mrs. T. B. Trevett,

Mrs. J. F. Watson.

(No. 5—*White Mountains.*)

ARTICLES—Sweet-Scented Grass Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY—

Mrs. W. L. Geary,

Mrs. A. R. Hill.

(No. 6—Virginia.)

ARTICLES—Baskets of Thin Oak Splints made by Negroes.

EXHIBITED BY— Mrs. L. L. McArthur.
Mrs. L. B. Cox,

SOUTH AMERICA.

ARTICLES—Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY— Mrs. B. W. Morris,
Mrs. J. G. Gauld, Mrs. R. B. Wilson.
Mrs. B. A. Macdonald,

AFRICA.

(Congo River.)

ARTICLES—Baskets, Caps, Plaques.

EXHIBITED BY— Mrs. J. G. Gauld,
Mrs. F. A. Ager, Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
Mrs. C. F. Connor, Mrs. W. M. Molson,
Mrs. J. Failing, Mrs. W. V. Smith.

ASIA.

(Arabia.)

ARTICLES—Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. C. F. Swigert.

(India.)

ARTICLES—Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY— Mrs. K. A. J. Mackenzie,
D. M. Averill, Mrs. W. Macmasters.
Miss M. E. Lewis,

EUROPE.

(France.)

ARTICLES—Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY— Mrs. L. H. Tarpley.
Mrs. W. F. Burrell,

(Switzerland.)

ARTICLES—Baskets.

EXHIBITED BY—Mrs. R. Glisan.

WAMPUM.

EXHIBITED BY— Mrs. J. F. Watson.
Mrs. W. C. Johnson,

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