



Pawnee Ceremonial Mud Lodge. An Unique and Wonderful Structure. No longer used by the tribe. Gov. Indian Exhibit, L. P. E.

son has utilized the waters of the spring and made it grind his corn. He has led it to his thirsty fields where it turns the golden grain into golden dollars. He has a comfortable home and good buildings for his stock. Orchards bloom and bear; cattle, horses and hogs gambol over green fields and an air of prosperity and content broods over all.

This picture flashes the living truth brightly before the mental vision, and explains the meaning of human growth.

It explains more. It illustrates the mighty and uncontrollable influence of civilization, as well as the all-powerful influence of parental love. The old father would have none of the white man's civilization for himself; nevertheless, when it pursued him and found him out and gripped him hard, he saw that it was good—and gave it to his son. And so the old man stands on the rocks in the background, amidst the wilderness and the gloom and looks out across the plains to the beautiful home of his loved ones

—another Moses viewing the land he saw was good, but which he was never to possess.

The Dress Parade.

The Indian School's Dress Parade was always a picture for an artist. Imagine it on a clear summer evening; the sky blue, and just beginning to redden in the west, the great white palaces of the Fair lying below you, a vast gathering of people from every clime crowding the school porch and stretching across the grounds the entire width of the building; and out in the center of the plaza, the cynosure of all eyes, the pupils of the Indian school in military formation, paying reverence to the flag they have come to call their own.

The band and the boy's company are clad in neat grey uniforms, the girls in blue skirts and white waists—all alike and very becoming. The bugler sounds assembly, the roll is called, and as the band bursts into a stirring march, the order is given and the two companies pass to the right