

hawk. Then his rapid flight would enable him to easily ascertain the strength and position of the enemy.

With the Pawnee Indians the hawk was an emblem of war and messenger of the Morning Star. Aspiring warriors frequently take their names from the sparrow hawk. No higher class name could a chieftain-to-be bear than Koot-towy-koots, generally carrying with it added descriptive terms, as Koot-towy-koots-oo-se-te-tairt (H a w k the Gods see), a title once borne by a prominent Pawnee chieftain.

The owl does not hold as high a position as the eagle and hawk; and by the Winnebagoes is not especially noted for his wisdom, but is frequently spoken of as an old man. A Winnebago owl story is as follows: "A hunter was compelled to stop over night at a place in the woods remote from his home. In the evening he roasted a beaver which he had killed during the previous day. When it was done he cut sticks and laid them down on which to place the meat. Just as he was about to partake of his meal, an owl hooted in the woods. In a jesting manner the hunter called out: 'Grandpa, come in and eat with me.' Shortly a white haired old man appeared and sat by the fire. The hunter did not heed him, neither did he invite him to eat, nor did he greet him in the manner in which a stranger should be greeted. Seeing the hunter finish his meal, the hoary old man arose and said: 'Well, boy, I came here at your invitation, and you have offended me; so when you return to your home, you will grind some tobacco in your hand to smoke, and in that act, a tobacco stick will pierce your palm and you will die from it.' Saying this, he went his way. The hunter was aroused and followed the man, who flew into the darkness. Upon reaching his home the owl's prediction was fulfilled. The wise men

were called but could not help him and he died."

The Winnebagoes believe that the hooting of a screech owl near a lodge is a sure sign that one of the occupants of the lodge will die soon.

To the Pawnee Indians the owls symbolize the four powers of the west who never sleep. They are the four assistants of the evening star. They are the wind, cloud, lightning and thunder. It has a high office to perform with the high priests or holy men of the Medicine Dance. It is worn in full preserved form upon the breast with beak downward, and tips of wings extending backwards over the shoulders.

The Apache Indians are very superstitious regarding the owl. My informant says: "If you wish to make the cold chills creep over an Apache Indian's back, secrete yourself within hearing distance and hoot like an owl." For generations the Apaches have deposited the remains of their departed in caves, which are usually situated in elevated and almost inaccessible localities, in the mountains or foot-hills. These caves are inhabited by a small species of owl whose screech is terrific and heartrending. The Apaches believe that the souls of their departed have been reincarnated in these small owls; hence their superstition and belief that they are listening to the voices of their dead.

The Dakota Indians would seem to impute a superior wisdom to the owl. The following songs of the *bubo* or horned owl illustrate this statement:

"In sunny noon the people sin,  
At midnight they repent."

"Whoever has no pain is cursed;  
Its hunger makes men kind and thirst."

Other songs of the owl are as follows:

"When flowers are sleeping  
And noon is dreaming,  
The night is beaming