Name _____ Date _____

CHAPTER 13
Section 1

GUIDED READING

Native American Culture in Crisis

A. As you read about the conflicts that occurred during the settlement of the Western frontier, answer questions about the time line below.

1862	**Homestead Act and the Pacific Railroad Act** →	1. How did the Homestead and Pacific Railroad Acts affect Native Americans living on the Great Plains?
1864	**Sand Creek Massacre** →	2. What happened at Sand Creek?
1868	**Treaty of 1868** →	3. What were the terms of the Treaty of 1868. Why did it fail?
1874	**Invasion by gold miners of the Sioux's sacred Black Hills**	
1876	**George A. Custer's Last Stand** →	4. What happened at the Battle of the Little Bighorn?
1887	**The policy of assimilation formalized in the Dawes Act** →	5. What was the purpose of the Dawes Act?
1890	**The Spread of the Ghost Dance movement; the death of Sitting Bull; the Battle of Wounded Knee** →	6. What happened at Wounded Knee Creek?

B. On the back of this paper, identify who **Red Cloud** and **Sitting Bull** were, and describe how each tried to deal with the problems their people faced.

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CHAPTER 13

Section 2

GUIDED READING *The Growth of the Cattle Industry*

A. As you read about the growth of the cattle industry and about the cowboy's life and work, list factors that led to the rise and fall of cattle ranching on the frontier (the first and second boxes). Then, describe a cowboy's activities during different seasons of the year (third and fourth boxes).

1. Rise of Cattle Ranching	2. Fall of Cattle Ranching

3. Spring and Summer

4. Fall and Winter

B. On the back of this paper, define **longhorn** and **long drive.** Then identify **James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok** and **Martha Jane Cannary (Calamity Jane),** and describe how their legends relate to the true story of life on the Western frontier.

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CHAPTER 13

Section 3

GUIDED READING *Settling on the Great Plains*

A. As you read this section, note how each of the factors listed below (Causes) help to settle the West and turn the eastern Great Plains into the nation's "breadbasket" (Effects).

Causes	Effects
1. Land grants given to the railroads	
2. The Homestead Act and related laws passed in the 1870s	
3. Inventions and improvements in farm technology	
4. The Morrill Land Grant Acts and Hatch Act	

B. What were some hardships faced by frontier farmers? (Note: one hardship per box)

C. On the back of this paper, explain **homesteader, soddy,** and **bonanza farm.**

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CHAPTER 13

Section 4

GUIDED READING *Farmers and the Populist Movement*

A. As you read this section, take notes to answer questions about the pressures that made farming increasingly unprofitable.

In the late 1800s, farmers faced increasing costs and decreasing crop prices.

1. Why had farming become unprofitable during this period?	2. Why did farmers support bimetallism or "free silver"?

In 1892, farmers and farm organizations, such as the Grange, found support in Populism and the People's Party.

3. What economic reforms did the People's Party call for?	4. What political reforms did the party call for?

In 1896, the Populists supported presidential candidate William Jennings Bryan.

5. What factions did Bryan and the Populists see as opposing forces in the presidential elections of 1896?	6. In what ways did the results of the 1896 election confirm this view?

B. On the back of this paper, note who **Mary Elizabeth Lease** and **Oliver Kelley** were. Then, briefly explain the relationship between **inflation/deflation** and the **"Cross of Gold"** speech.

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CHAPTER 13
Section 1

SKILLBUILDER PRACTICE *Hypothesizing*

In 1974—nearly 100 years after the Dawes Act—Congress passed the Indian Self-Determination Act, giving tribes control over their own schools and over federal programs on the reservations. In the chart below, first write a hypothesis about the effects of self-determination on Native American communities. Next, read the following paragraphs; then go back to the chart to record three facts you read and to identify whether the facts support your hypothesis. (See Skillbuilder Handbook, p. 1045.)

Local Control Since the passage of the Indian Self-Determination Act, a number of tribes have begun businesses ranging from resorts and casinos to mining and logging operations, all of which bring employment and income to the community.

Honoring Treaties Many tribes have also worked to reestablish their claims to the rights given them under various treaties with the U.S. government. Many of these rights had been ignored for decades, but challenges have resulted in settlements honoring the treaties. For example, in 1971, native peoples of Alaska won 40 million acres of land and nearly $1 billion as a settlement of their claims. In 1980, the Sioux received an award of $107 million for South Dakota lands taken from them illegally more than 100 years before.

Supporting Education In 1978, passage of the Tribally Controlled Community College Assistance Act gave financial support to twenty colleges in tribal communities. During the 1980s, thousands of Native American students enrolled in colleges, compared to only a few hundred in the early 1960s. These schools seek to find a balance between traditional Indian culture and values and subjects that are commonly taught in other colleges around the country.

Pride in being Native American has flourished. Federal policies, growth in Native American businesses and economic power, and self-determined educational programs have all encouraged tribal membership. In many tribes membership brings advantages such as sharing in the income from tribal businesses. In the 1970s, fewer than 800,000 people identified themselves as Native American. By 1990, that number had grown to more that 1.7 million people.

Hypothesis:		
Fact 1:	**Fact 2:**	**Fact 3:**
Does it support hypothesis? yes/no	Does it support hypothesis? yes/no	Does it support hypothesis? yes/no

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CHAPTER 13

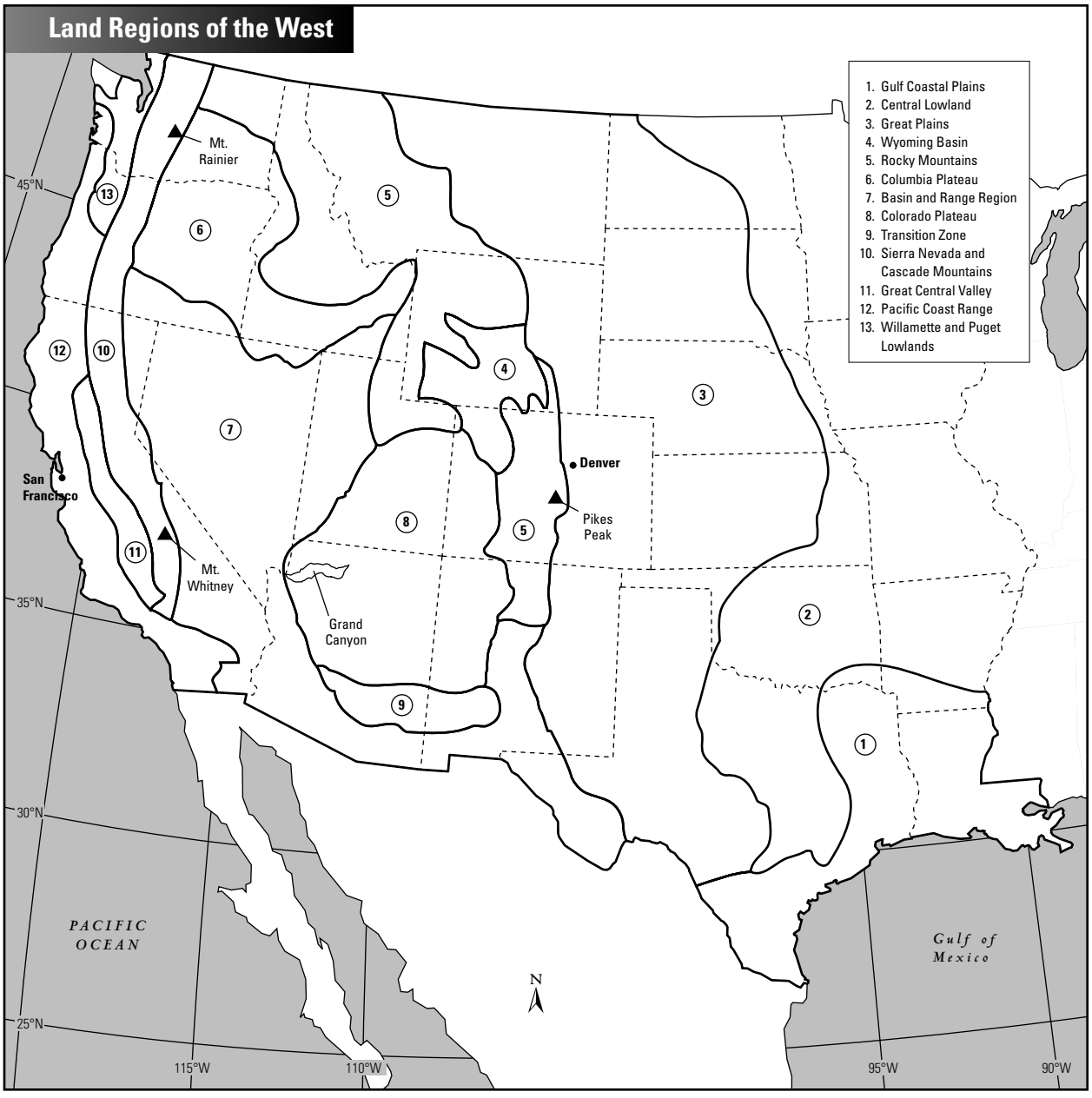
Section 3

GEOGRAPHY APPLICATION: REGION

Land Regions of the West

Directions: Read the paragraphs below and study the map carefully. Then answer the questions that follow.

The western United States contains many land regions. Plains are broad, level lands. Plateaus, also level, are elevated, often drier lands. Basins are fairly low-lying areas. The landforms typical of ranges are long rows of mountains. Lowlands are areas lower than neighboring areas. Valleys are narrow lowlands between mountains.



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Interpreting Text and Visuals

1. Which single type of landform is found in regions 5, 7, 10, and 12? _____

2. What regions extend all the way from Canada to Texas? _____

_____

3. Which land regions would you cross if you traveled due west from Denver to San Francisco?

_____

_____

4. In which land region is each of the following physical features located?

a. Pikes Peak _____

b. Mt. Rainier _____

c. Grand Canyon _____

d. Mt. Whitney _____

5. Which is the only region separated into two sections? _____

6. Approximately which line of longitude forms the dividing line between the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains—95°W, 100°W, 105°W, or 110°W? _____

7. What is the main difference between the land bordering the Gulf of Mexico and the land bordering the Pacific Ocean? _____

_____

_____

8. The Wyoming Basin is basically an extension of the Great Plains. Look at the map again. In what way can you imagine that the Wyoming Basin played a major rule in the settling of the Far West?

_____

_____

_____

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CHAPTER 13
Section 1

PRIMARY SOURCE

The Battle of the Little Bighorn

Two Moon, a Cheyenne warrior, fought against General Custer and the Seventh Cavalry in the Battle of the Little Bighorn on June 25, 1876. What is your impression of the battle after reading this excerpt from Two Moon's eyewitness account?

The Sioux rode up the ridge on all sides, riding very fast. The Cheyennes went up the left way. Then the shooting was quick, quick. Pop—pop—pop very fast. Some of the soldiers were down on their knees, some standing. Officers all in front. The smoke was like a great cloud, and everywhere the Sioux went the dust rose like smoke. We circled all round him—swirling like water round a stone. We shoot, we ride fast, we shoot again. Soldiers drop, and horses fall on them. Soldiers in line drop, but one man rides up and down the line—all the time shouting. He rode a sorrel horse with white face and white fore-legs. I don't know who he was. He was a brave man.

Indians keep swirling round and round, and the soldiers killed only a few. Many soldiers fell. At last all horses killed but five. Once in a while some man would break out and run toward the river, but he would fall. At last about a hundred men and five horsemen stood on the hill all bunched together. All along the bugler kept blowing his commands. He was very brave too. Then a chief was killed. I hear it was Long Hair [Custer], I don't know; and then the five horsemen and the bunch of men, maybe forty, started toward the river. The man on the sorrel horse led them, shouting all the time. He wore a buckskin shirt, and had long black hair and mustache. He fought hard with a big knife. His men were all covered with white dust. I couldn't tell whether they were officers or not. One man all alone ran far down toward the river, then round up over the hill. I thought he was going to escape, but a Sioux fired and hit him in the head. He was the last man. He wore braid on his arms [signifying a sergeant].

All the soldiers were now killed, and the bodies were stripped. After that no one could tell which were officers. The bodies were left where they fell. We had no dance that night. We were sorrowful.

Next day four Sioux chiefs and two Cheyennes and I, Two Moon, went upon the battlefield to count the dead. One man carried a little bundle of sticks. When we came to dead men, we took a little stick and gave it to another man, so we counted the dead. There were 388. There were thirty-nine Sioux and seven Cheyennes killed, and about a hundred wounded.

Some white soldiers were cut with knives, to make sure they were dead; and the war women had mangled some. Most of them were left just where they fell. We came to the man with the big mustache; he lay down the hills towards the river. The Indians did not take his buckskin shirt. The Sioux said, "That is a big chief. That is Long Hair." I don't know. I had never seen him. The man on the white-faced horse was the bravest man.

That day as the sun was getting low our young men came up the Little Horn riding hard. Many white soldiers were coming in a big boat, and when we looked we could see the smoke rising. I called my people together, and we hurried up to the Little Horn, into Rotten Grass Valley. We camped there three days, and then rode swiftly back over our old trail to the east. Sitting Bull went back into the Rosebud and down the Yellowstone, and away to the north. I did not see him again.

from Hamlin Garland, "General Custer's Last Fight as Seen by Two Moon," *McClure's Magazine,* Vol. 11, 1898, 443–448. Reprinted in Wayne Moquin, ed, *Great Documents in American Indian History* (New York: Praeger Publishers, 1973), 226–229.

Activity Options

1. Work with a group of classmates to prepare a script about the Battle of the Little Bighorn for a segment of a TV documentary entitled The Plains Wars.
2. Refer to pages 381–385 in your textbook. Then make a cause-and-effect diagram to illustrate the causes and effects of the Battle of the Little Bighorn. Share your diagram with your classmates.
3. Design a historical plaque or monument that might be placed at the battle site where this bloody clash took place. Make a sketch or a three-dimensional model and share it with your classmates.

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Chapter 13, Section 1
PRIMARY SOURCE

The Battle of the Little Bighorn

1. Before students begin, have them brainstorm ways to bring the battle to life using descriptive details in Two Moon's account. Suggest that they read other accounts of the Battle of the Little Bighorn in such books as *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* by Dee Brown or *Wooden Leg, a Warrior Who Fought Custer* by Thomas B. Marquis. Remind them that their scripts should include ideas for lighting, music, voice-overs, camera angles, and so forth. Then informally assess students' scripts. You may want to have the class work cooperatively to research and prepare a full-length script about the Plains wars, including other battles they have read about.

2. Possible responses:

   Causes: the gold rush, the failure of the Treaty of 1868, the policy of the U. S. government toward Native Americans

   Effects: the deaths of Custer and all his men, the deaths of 46 Cheyenne and Sioux, the American public's negative reaction, the exile and surrender of Sitting Bull

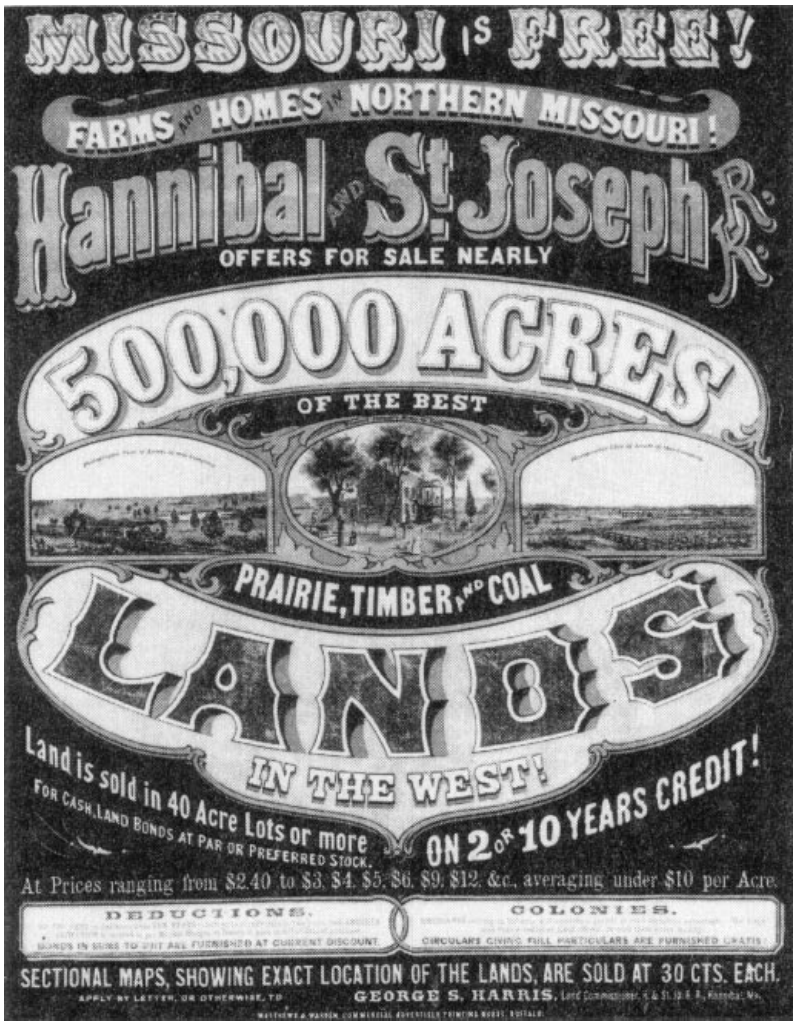
3. After students have finished, have them give a brief class presentation in which they present their designs and explain the rationale behind their design choices.

Name _____ Date _____

CHAPTER 13
Section 3

PRIMARY SOURCE Railroad Poster

To attract settlers to the West, railroad companies published persuasive posters like this one. How did this poster encourage people to buy land in Missouri?



Corbis-Bettmann.

Activity Options

1. Design a poster or a newspaper advertisement to encourage people to settle in the West. Then display your poster or ad in the classroom.
2. Picture yourself as a potential settler. About how much money would you have to spend to buy land in Missouri? Calculate the minimum and maximum cost for one 40-acre lot based on information that is provided in this poster.
3. Imagine that you are a 19th-century settler. Write a letter to a friend in which you explain how this poster convinced you to buy land in Missouri. Read your letter to a partner.

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CHAPTER 13
Section 3

PRIMARY SOURCE

Letter from a Woman Homesteader

In 1909 Elinore Rupert left Denver, Colorado, with her daughter Jerrine and went to Wyoming to work as a housekeeper for Clyde Stewart, a rancher whom she later married. This is a letter she wrote to her former employer.

November, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Coney,—

This is Sunday and I suppose I ought not to be writing, but I must write to you and I may not have another chance soon. Both your letters have reached me, and now that our questions are settled we can proceed to proceed.

Now, this is the letter I have been wanting to write you for a long time, but could not because until now I had not actually proven all I wanted to prove. Perhaps it will not interest you, but if you see a woman who wants to homestead and is a little afraid she will starve, you can tell her what I am telling you.

I never did like to theorize, and so this year I set out to prove that a woman could ranch if she wanted to. We like to grow potatoes on new ground, that is, newly cleared land on which no crop has been grown. Few weeds grow on new land, so it makes less work. So I selected my potato-patch, and the man ploughed it, although I could have done that if Clyde would have let me. I cut the potatoes, Jerrine helped, and we dropped them in the rows. The man covered them, that ends the man's part. By that time the garden ground was ready, so I planted the garden. I had almost an acre in vegetables. I irrigated and I cultivated it myself.

We had all the vegetables we could possibly use, and now Jerrine and I have put in our cellar full, and this is what we have: one large bin of potatoes (more than two tons), half a ton of carrots, a large bin of beets, one of turnips, one of onions, one of parsnips, and on the other side of the cellar we have more than one hundred heads of cabbage. I have experimented and found a kind of squash that can be raised here, and that the ripe ones keep well and make good pies; also that the tender ones make splendid pickles, quite equal to cucumbers. I was glad to stumble on to that, because pickles are hard to manufacture when you have nothing to work with. Now I have plenty. They told me when I came that I could not even raise common beans, but I tried and succeeded. And also I raised lots of green tomatoes, and, as we like them preserved, I made them all up that way. Experimenting along another line, I found that I could make catchup, as delicious as that of tomatoes, of gooseberries. I made it exactly the same as I do the tomatoes and I am delighted. Gooseberries were very fine and very plentiful this year, so I put up a great many. I milked ten cows twice a day all summer; have sold enough butter to pay for a year's supply of flour and gasoline. We use a gasoline lamp. I have raised enough chickens to completely renew my flock, and all we wanted to eat, and have some fryers to go into the winter with. I have enough turkeys for all of our birthdays and holidays.

I raised a great many flowers and I worked several days in the field. In all I have told about I have had no help but Jerrine. Clyde's mother spends each summer with us, and she helped me with the cooking and the babies. Many of my neighbors did better than I did, although I know many town people would doubt my doing so much, but I did it. I have tried every kind of work this ranch affords, and I can do any of it. Of course I *am* extra strong, but those who try know that strength and knowledge come with doing. I just love to experiment, to work, and to prove out things, so that ranch life and "roughing it" just suit me.

from Elinore Pruitt Stewart, *Letters of a Woman Homesteader* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1961), 279–282.

Discussion Questions

1. According to her letter, what did Elinore Rupert Stewart finally prove?
2. How would you describe her attitude toward being a homesteader?
3. Do you think Stewart's letter creates a fair portrait of what life was like for women homesteaders? Why or why not? Cite evidence from your textbook to support your opinion.

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CHAPTER 13
Section 4

PRIMARY SOURCE *from* William Jennings Bryan's "Cross of Gold" Speech

During the 1896 Democratic convention, politicians fiercely debated whether to support the gold standard or bimetallism. William Jennings Bryan, the final speaker at the convention, delivered an eloquent appeal for unlimited coinage of silver. As you read this excerpt from his famous speech, consider his arguments.

I would be presumptuous, indeed, to present myself against the distinguished gentlemen to whom you have listened if this were but a measuring of ability; but this is not a contest among persons. The humblest citizen in all the land when clad in armor of a righteous cause is stronger than all the whole hosts of error that they can bring. I come to speak to you in defense of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity. . . .

Here is the line of battle. We care not upon which issue they force the fight. We are prepared to meet them on either issue or on both. If they tell us that the gold standard is the standard of civilization, we reply to them that this, the most enlightened of all nations of the earth, has never declared for a gold standard, and both the parties this year are declaring against it. If the gold standard is the standard of civilization, why, my friends, should we not have it? So if they come to meet us on that, we can present the history of our nation. More than that, we can tell them this, that they will search the pages of history in vain to find a single instance in which the common people of any land ever declared themselves in favor of a gold standard. They can find where the holders of fixed investments have.

Mr. Carlisle said in 1878 that this was a struggle between the idle holders of idle capital and the struggling masses who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country; and my friends, it is simply a question that we shall decide upon which side shall the Democratic Party fight. Upon the side of the idle holders of idle capital, or upon the side of the struggling masses? That is the question that the party must answer first; and then it must be answered by each individual hereafter. The sympathies of the Democratic Party, as described by the platform, are on the side of the struggling masses, who have ever been the foundation of the Democratic Party.

There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that if you just legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous that their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous their prosperity will find its way up and through every class that rests upon it.

You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard. I tell you that the great cities rest upon these broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic. But destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in this country. . . .

If they dare to come out and in the open defend the gold standard as a good thing, we shall fight them to the uttermost, having behind us the producing masses of the nation and the world. Having behind us the commercial interests and the laboring interests and all the toiling masses, we shall answer their demands for a gold standard by saying to them, you shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

from Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1895–1904: *Populism, Imperialism, and Reform,* vol. 12 of *The Annals of America* (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1968), 100–105.

Activity Options

1. Deliver Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech to your classmates. Then discuss why you think this speech moved the Democratic Party to nominate Bryan as its candidate for president.
2. During the 1896 presidential election, the debate over the gold standard raged. The Republican Party favored it, while the Democratic Party supported bimetallism. Create a campaign button that might have been used by either party.
3. Imagine that it is 1896. With your classmates, hold a mock debate in which you role-play a free silverite or a gold bug. If you argue against the gold standard, use Bryan's arguments to support your position. (Review pages 403-405 in your textbook.)

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CHAPTER 13

Section 3

LITERATURE SELECTION *from* *My Ántonia*

by Willa Cather

Both Willa Cather and Jim Burden, the narrator of* My Ántonia, *left Virginia and settled on a farm in Nebraska. As you read this excerpt from Cather's novel, think about how Jim as a boy first reacts to life on the plains.

Early the next morning I ran out-of-doors to look about me. I had been told that ours was the only wooden house west of Black Hawk—until you came to the Norwegian settlement, where there were several. Our neighbours lived in sod houses and dugouts—comfortable, but not very roomy. Our white frame house, with a storey and half-storey above the basement, stood at the east end of what I might call the farmyard, with the windmill close by the kitchen door. From the windmill the ground sloped westward, down to the barns and granaries and pig-yards. This slope was trampled hard and bare, and washed out in winding gullies by the rain. Beyond the corncribs, at the bottom of the shallow draw [gully], was a muddy little pond, with rusty willow bushes growing about it. The road from the post-office came directly by our door, crossed the farmyard, and curved round this little pond, beyond which it began to climb the gentle swell of unbroken prairie to the west. There, along the western sky-line it skirted a great cornfield, much larger than any field I had ever seen. This cornfield, and the sorghum patch behind the barn, were the only broken land in sight. Everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but rough, shaggy, red grass, most of it as tall as I.

As I looked about me I felt that the grass was the country, as the water is the sea.

North of the house, inside the ploughed firebreaks, grew a thick-set strip of box-elder trees, low and bushy, their leaves already turning yellow. This hedge was nearly a quarter of a mile long, but I had to look very hard to see it at all. The little trees were insignificant against the grass. It seemed as if the grass were about to run over them, and over the plum-patch behind the sod chicken-house.

As I looked about me I felt that the grass was the country, as the water is the sea. The red of the grass made all the great prairie the colour of wine-stains, or of certain seaweeds when they are first washed up. And there was so much motion in it; the whole country seemed, somehow, to be running.

I had almost forgotten that I had a grandmother, when she came out, her sunbonnet on her head, a grain-sack in her hand, and asked me if I did not want to go to the garden with her to dig potatoes for dinner.

The garden, curiously enough, was a quarter of a mile from the house, and the way to it led up a shallow draw past the cattle corral. Grandmother called my attention to a stout hickory cane, tipped with copper, which hung by a leather thong from her belt. This, she said, was her rattlesnake cane. I must never go to the garden without a heavy stick or a corn-knife; she had killed a good many rattlers on her way back and forth. A little girl who lived on the Black Hawk road was bitten on the ankle and had been sick all summer.

I can remember exactly how the country looked to me as I walked beside my grandmother along the faint wagon-tracks on that early September morning. Perhaps the glide of long railway travel was still with me, for more than anything else I felt motion in the landscape; in the fresh, easy-blowing morning wind, and in the earth itself, as if the shaggy grass were a sort of loose hide, and underneath it herds of wild buffalo were galloping, galloping . . .

Alone, I should never have found the garden—except, perhaps, for the big yellow pumpkins that lay about unprotected by their withering vines—and I felt very little interest in it when I got there. I wanted to walk straight on through the red grass and over the edge of the world, which could not be very far away. The light air about me told me that the world ended here: only the ground and sun and sky were left, and if one went a little farther there would be only sun and sky, and one would float off into them, like the tawny hawks which sailed over our heads making slow shadows on the grass. While grandmother took the pitchfork we found standing

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in one of the rows and dug potatoes, while I picked them up out of the soft brown earth and put them into the bag, I kept looking up at the hawks that were doing what I might so easily do.

When grandmother was ready to go, I said I would like to stay up there in the garden awhile.

She peered down at me from under her sunbonnet. "Aren't you afraid of snakes?"

"A little," I admitted, "but I'd like to stay, anyhow."

"Well, if you see one, don't have anything to do with him. The big yellow and brown ones won't hurt you; they're bull-snakes and help to keep the gophers down. Don't be scared if you see anything look out of that hole in the bank over there. That's a badger hole. He's about as big as a big 'possum, and his face is striped, black and white. He takes a chicken once in a while, but I won't let the men harm him. In a new country a body feels friendly to the animals. I like to have him come out and watch me when I'm at work."

Grandmother swung the bag of potatoes over her shoulder and went down the path, leaning forward a little. The road followed the windings of the draw; when she came to the first bend, she waved at me and disappeared. I was left alone with this new feeling of lightness and content.

I sat down in the middle of the garden, where snakes could scarcely approach unseen.

I sat down in the middle of the garden, where snakes could scarcely approach unseen, and leaned my back against a warm yellow pumpkin. There were some ground-cherry bushes growing along the furrows, full of fruit. I turned back the papery triangular sheaths that protected the berries and ate a few. All about me giant grasshoppers, twice as big as any I had ever seen, were doing acrobatic feats among the dried vines. The gophers scurried up and down the ploughed ground. There in the sheltered draw-bottom the wind did not blow very hard, but I could hear it singing its humming tune up on the level, and I could see the tall grasses wave. The earth was warm under me, and warm as I crumbled it through my fingers. Queer little red bugs came out and moved in slow squadrons around me. Their backs were polished vermilion, with black spots. I kept as still as I could. Nothing happened. I did not expect anything to happen. I was something that lay under the sun and felt it, like the pumpkins, and I did not want to be anything more. I was entirely happy. Perhaps we feel like that when we die and become a part of something entire, whether it is sun and air, or goodness and knowledge. At any rate, that is happiness; to be dissolved into something complete and great. When it comes to one, it comes as naturally as sleep.

On Sunday morning Otto Fuchs was to drive us over to make the acquaintance of our new Bohemian neighbours. We were taking them some provisions, as they had come to live on a wild place where there was no garden or chicken-house, and very little broken land. Fuchs brought up a sack of potatoes and a piece of cured pork from the cellar, and grandmother packed some loaves of Saturday's bread, a jar of butter, and several pumpkin pies in the straw of the wagon-box. We clambered up to the front seat and jolted off past the little pond and along the road that climbed to the big cornfield.

I could hardly wait to see what lay beyond that cornfield; but there was only red grass like ours, and nothing else, though from the high wagon-seat one could look off a long way. The road ran about like a wild thing, avoiding the deep draws, crossing them where they were wide and shallow. And all along it, wherever it looped or ran, the sunflowers grew; some of them were as big as little trees, with great rough leaves and many branches which bore dozens of blossoms. They made a gold ribbon across the prairie. Occasionally one of the horses would tear off with his teeth a plant full of blossoms, and walk along munching it, the flowers nodding in time to his bites as he ate down toward them.

The Bohemian family, grandmother told me as we drove along, had bought the homestead of a fellow countryman, Peter Krajiek, and had paid him more than it was worth. Their agreement with him was made before they left the old country, through a cousin of his, who was also a relative of Mrs. Shimerda. The Shimerdas were the first Bohemian family to come to this part of the county. Krajiek was their only interpreter, and could tell them anything he chose. They could not speak enough English to ask for advice, or even to make their most pressing wants known. One son, Fuchs said, was well-grown, and strong enough to work the land; but the father was old and frail and knew nothing about farming. He was a weaver by trade;

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had been a skilled workman on tapestries and upholstery materials. He had brought his fiddle with him, which wouldn't be of much use here, though he used to pick up money by it at home.

"If they're nice people, I hate to think of them spending the winter in that cave of Krajiek's," said grandmother. "It's no better than a badger hole; no proper dugout at all. And I hear he's made them pay twenty dollars for his old cookstove that ain't worth ten."

"Yes'm," said Otto; "and he's sold 'em his oxen and his two bony old horses for the price of good work-teams. I'd have interfered about the horses—the old man can understand some German—if I'd 'a' thought it would do any good. But Bohemians has a natural distrust of Austrians."

Grandmother looked interested. "Now, why is that, Otto?"

Fuchs wrinkled his brow and nose. "Well, ma'm, it's politics. It would take me a long while to explain."

The land was growing rougher; I was told that we were approaching Squaw Creek, which cut up the west half of the Shimerdas' place and made the land of little value for farming. Soon we could see the broken, grassy clay cliffs which indicated the windings of the stream, and the glittering tops of the cottonwoods and ash trees that grew down in the ravine. Some of the cottonwoods had already turned, and the yellow leaves and shining white bark made them look like the gold and silver trees in fairy tales.

As we approached the Shimerdas' dwelling, I could still see nothing but rough red hillocks, and draws with shelving banks and long roots hanging out where the earth had crumbled away. Presently, against one of those banks, I saw a sort of shed, thatched with the same wine-coloured grass that grew everywhere. Near it tilted a shattered windmill frame, that had no wheel. We drove up to this skeleton to tie our horses, and then I saw a door and window sunk deep in the draw-bank. The door stood open, and a woman and a girl of fourteen ran out and looked up at us hopefully. A little girl trailed along behind them. The woman had on her head the same embroidered shawl with silk fringes that she wore when she had alighted from the train at Black Hawk. She was not old, but she was certainly not young. Her face was alert and lively, with a sharp chin and shrewd little eyes. She shook grandmother's hand energetically.

"Very glad, very glad!" she ejaculated. Immediately she pointed to the bank out of which she had emerged and said, "House no good, house no good!"

Grandmother nodded consolingly. "You'll get fixed up comfortable after while, Mrs. Shimerda; make good house."

My grandmother always spoke in a very loud tone to foreigners, as if they were deaf. She made Mrs. Shimerda understand the friendly intention of our visit, and the Bohemian woman handled the loaves of bread and even smelled them, and examined the pies with lively curiosity, exclaiming, "Much good, much thank!" —and again she wrung grandmother's hand.

The family had been living on corncakes and sorghum molasses for three days.

The oldest son, Ambroz—they called it Ambrosch—came out of the cave and stood beside his mother. He was nineteen years old, short and broad-backed, with a close-cropped, flat head, and a wide, flat face. His hazel eyes were little and shrewd, like his mother's, but more sly and suspicious; they fairly snapped at the food. The family had been living on corncakes and sorghum molasses for three days.

The little girl was pretty, but Án-tonia—they accented the name thus, strongly, when they spoke to her—was still prettier. I remembered what the conductor had said about her eyes. They were big and warm and full of light, like the sun shining on brown pools in the wood. Her skin was brown, too, and in her cheeks she had a glow of rich, dark colour. Her brown hair was curly and wild-looking. The little sister, whom they called Yulka (Julka), was fair, and seemed mild and obedient. While I stood awkwardly confronting the two girls, Krajiek came up from the barn to see what was going on.

Research Options

1. Find out more about the plants and animals of the prairie. Then work with classmates to make a bulletin board display, including pictures and captions.
2. Find out more about dugouts and soddies that settlers like the Shimerdas lived in. Then make a set of interior and exterior sketches to show what a typical settler's home looked like. Display your sketches in the classroom.

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CHAPTER 13
Section 1

AMERICAN LIVES

Chief Joseph

Spokesman for His People

"The old men are all dead. [My brother] who led the young men is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. . . . From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."—Chief Joseph, speech when surrendering to the U.S. Army, October 5, 1877

Chief Joseph (c. 1840–1904), a leader of the Nez Perce [nĕz′ pûrs′] tribe, wanted to preserve his people's homeland. When white pressure for the land became too strong, he tried to lead his people to safety. Both efforts, however, failed.

The Nez Perce lived in peace near the Oregon/Washington border. By the 1860s, though, settlers wanted their rich land. Some Nez Perce bands gave up their land, but a chief named Old Joseph refused to yield the fertile Wallowa Valley. In 1871, he died and his two sons took control of the band. The older son, also Joseph, had the Native American name Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekht ("thunder coming from water over land") and held civil but not military authority.

When white settlers moved into the Wallowa Valley, Joseph protested to the government. President Ulysses Grant ruled the valley part of a reservation that belonged to the Nez Perce. Whites refused to leave, however, and two years later a new presidential order reversed the previous one. Joseph appealed to the government again. He impressed General Oliver Howard and others with his eloquent defense of his people's claim to their land. But they ruled against him. Howard ordered Joseph and his people to leave—in 30 days. Joseph calmed tempers and moved his people. Then, while camped near the reservation, angry younger warriors attacked and killed 20 settlers.

Thinking that war was now inevitable, Joseph agreed to join the warriors. This began a 1,700-mile journey that lasted many months and was marked by several Nez Perce victories over the pursuing army. Newspapers reported incorrectly that Joseph was the military leader and main strategist. He did take part in discussions among chiefs, and he led the defenses of the Nez Perce camps. However, he mainly represented the tribe in meetings with army officers. Thus, his name—Chief Joseph—entered news accounts.

The Nez Perce band, several hundred strong, moved eastward. After defeating the army at White Bird Canyon in Idaho, they were joined by another band that had left the reservation after an unprovoked attack by the army. They gained fighters—and also gained more women and children. They beat back the pursuing Howard at the Clearwater River and then moved into Montana. After a costly victory along the Big Hole River in Montana, they turned south.

The Nez Perce had hoped to make an alliance with the Crow but were unable to reach an agreement. The chiefs decided to head for Canada, hoping to join with Sitting Bull and his Sioux. They had to cross Montana from south to north, but supplies were running low and the cold coming in. They repelled another army attack at Canyon Creek and raced north. Howard had telegraphed for army units throughout the area to join the chase. Finally, just 30 miles south of the Canadian border, they were trapped by an overwhelming force of soldiers. The Nez Perce caused heavy casualties but suffered high losses of their own. When Howard and reinforcements arrived, Joseph and the remaining Nez Perce surrendered.

Many of the Nez Perce died when they were moved to the Indian Territory. But their long trek had roused popular sympathy, which persuaded the government to allow them to resettle in the Northwest. Joseph lived almost 30 more years but he never again lived in the Wallowa Valley.

Questions

1. What caused the Nez Perce war?
2. Would you describe Joseph's role as primarily political or military? Include details to support your view.
3. What aspects of the flight of Chief Joseph and his band do you think aroused popular sympathy and why?

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CHAPTER 13

Section 4

AMERICAN LIVES

Mary Elizabeth Lease

Taking a Stand for Farmers' Rights

"We meet in the midst of a nation brought to the verge of moral, political, and material ruin. Corruption dominates the ballot-box . . . [and] the Congress. . . . The fruits of the toil of millions are boldly stolen to build up colossal fortunes for a few . . . and the possessors of these, in turn, despise the Republic and endanger liberty."—Populist party platform (1892)

Mary Elizabeth Lease had a long career urging reform causes. She gained fame, though, for her passionate speeches on behalf of farmers and the Populist party in the 1890s.

Lease (1853–1933) was born in western Pennsylvania to Irish immigrants. She moved to Kansas at age 17 to teach, where she met her husband, Charles Lease, a pharmacist. They tried farming in Kansas and then in Texas but returned to Kansas and the pharmacy business in 1883. She began to address meetings to raise money for a group called the Irish National League. She soon expanded her interests to include the Farmers Alliance and the Knights of Labor. By 1890, her career as a speaker was flourishing.

Lease was a passionate speaker, willing to stretch the truth for effect. When she spoke for the Irish National League, for instance, she sometimes said that she had been born in Ireland. Her speeches were built on emotion, not logic, and with them she roused the crowd. She became so carried away that sometimes she could not remember what she had said. Supporters called her "our Queen Mary." Enemies referred to her as "the Kansas Pythoness." She sometimes used the name Mary Ellen, which was transformed by foes into "Mary Yellin."

Her speaking career began in Kansas, where she delivered more than 160 speeches in 1890 alone. Soon she was campaigning in the West and the South. In early 1892, Lease became one of those who plotted a strategy to make the Populist party a national force. Her strength was speaking, however. At the Populist convention of July 1892, she gave the speech that seconded the nomination of James Weaver of Iowa for president. She campaigned with Weaver across the midwest and South, stirring crowds with her cry that farmers should "raise less corn and more hell." She complained that the wealthy had taken control of the country. "It is no longer a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," she said, "but a government of Wall Street, by Wall Street, and for Wall Street." She said that it was time for women to enter politics: "Thank God we women are blameless for this political muddle you men have dragged us into. . . . Ours is a grand and holy mission . . . to place the mothers of this nation on an equality with the fathers."

Weaver did not win the election, and Lease returned to Kansas to help the party win control of the state government the next year. She was nominated to run for the U.S. Senate, but she lost the chance to become the nation's first woman senator.

The next year Lease broke with the party. In 1895, she published a book that laid out her new vision for America. She proposed that the United States annex Canada, Cuba, and the West Indies; plant colonies in those areas; and establish free trade for the western hemisphere. She also believed that the government should take control of the railroad and telegraph systems, adopt free silver, and make political reforms.

In 1896, she refused to back the nomination of William Jennings Bryan, preferring William McKinley. She moved to New York, where she became a newspaper writer on politics and taught. She spent the remainder of her life pursuing various causes, including prohibition and women's suffrage. She supported Theodore Roosevelt in his 1912 Bull Moose campaign for the presidency. While still active, Lease was unable to achieve the influence she enjoyed in the 1890s.

Questions

1. How did Lease appeal to audiences?
2. What placed Lease in the forefront of women and politics after 1892?
3. Which of the positions taken by Lease in her book reflect Populist views?

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CHAPTER 13 Project

LIVING HISTORY

Compiling a Western Travel Guide

FOCUSING YOUR TOPIC Ask yourself the following questions to help focus the contents of your Western travel guide:

- Who am I writing for?
- Where are they going?
- Why are they going?
- How will they get there (route, transportation)?

ORGANIZING YOUR GUIDE Now, use categories in these charts to address the requirements and concerns of your 1870s target audience. You can also use these categories to organize your guide.

What to bring?
Food items
Clothing
Personal Items
Tools
Amusements
Other

What to see and do?
Along the way
At the destination

What to avoid?
Bandits
Certain seasons of the year
Natural dangers (cliffs, swamps, etc.)
Illnesses
Other (buffalo stampedes, etc.)

ILLUSTRATING THE GUIDE Illustrate your travel guide with five to ten relevant maps, photos, and/or drawings. Make sure your illustrations add to the usefulness of your guide and are lively enough to engage your audience's interest. Also, write captions to explain the illustrations and to connect the illustrations with your text.

WRITING THE TEXT Prepare a guide that runs about five to seven pages (including illustrations). In writing the text of your guide, try to use the colorful, enthusiastic language used in travel books. Be sure to draw connections between your text and your illustrations.

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CHAPTER 13 Project

LIVING HISTORY

Standards for a Western Travel Guide

CONTENT	Exceptional	Acceptable	Poor
1. Addresses a specific target audience			
2. Identifies a travel route and a realistic means of transportation to get to the destination in the 1870s			
3. Includes a detailed packing list suitable for the destination and target audience			
4. Highlights things to do and see and places to stay for the night			
5. Points out dangers			
VISUAL MATERIALS			
6. Includes five to ten illustrations that are lively and interesting			
7. Includes captions that explain the illustrations			
STRUCTURE AND FORM			
8. Features informative, well-organized text			
9. Draws connections between text and illustrations			

Comments _____

_____

_____

Overall Rating _____

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