

## LOCALS

Mrs. Woods had company from Salem Monday.

There are no patients in the hospital at present.

Mrs. S. A. Bullard has been in Portland recently, visiting friends.

Miss Evelyn Woods started to Capital Business College Monday.

Geo. Horn returned from Washington on Monday's morning train.

Miss Koester returned from Portland Sunday evening and reported a very pleasant time.

David Miller had to undergo a surgical operation last week and is reported to be recovering.

Mr. Chalcraft returned from a trip to the Sound country, bringing with him George, Addie, and Louis Horne, and Edward Alfred, new pupils to the school.

Mrs. Mary Martin, one of the Matrons at the Oregon State Insane Asylum, and Mrs. P. H. McGrath and Miss Villa E. Coulter, of Boston, Mass., were the guests of Miss Florence Hutchison, Monday.

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### INDIAN PRINCESS FIGHTS WHITE DEATH.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Williamsport, Pa., Sept. 28.—“Ze-Bo-Nah,” an Indian princess, 25 years old, and a daughter of a chieftain of the New York Mohawk tribe, has started a tuberculosis camp of her own along the Susquehanna river several miles below this city.

It is Pennsylvania's quietest consumption sanitarium. And it's an effective little institution, though the number of patients is limited to two or three at a time. It is a single tent, packed away snugly in the fringe of forest along the river, and it is as still as the Sahara desert.

“Ze-Bo-Nah” gives her patients the Indian outdoor treatment. She makes them fish, row, swim, walk, and do everything that helps to make them robust. Then, by way of emphasizing primitive methods, she keeps them sleeping under the canopy of the trees night after night. She treats them to herbs of her own selection, and to some of the Indian delicacies.

The cured consumptives number 20, and all have been restored to health through her personal care. She finds her daily delight in fighting the disease that has claimed so many of her own race, and that also has such a tight grip on the paleface.

“It's a little private war I'm waging,” she declared determinedly. “Some day I'll get a reward. I ask none here.”

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### CHALLENGE!

In order to create interest in athletics among the student body and afford some diversion we, the undersigned, propose to take the initiative and start the pig-skin oval rolling by measuring brawn and prowess with the blacksmiths of Chemawa. We, the Farmers, hereby challenge the blacksmiths to a game of football on Chemawa's gridiron in the near future, exact date to be settled by mutual agreement.

THE FARMERS.