

A PORTLAND PESSIMIST IN EUROPE

M. B. Wells Sets Down His Experience With London's Bus System and Apartments



EVERY one is familiar with New York's favorite joke on the rural visitor. No one but a New Yorker ever laughed at this joke. Nevertheless, it may be very funny. The rural visitor, about whom New Yorkers relate this New York joke, is supposed to notice the great crowds on Broadway, and to the great glee of the New Yorker, he (the rural visitor) asks where the crowds is.

Now when I arrived in London and saw the crowds there, I did not expect to have any difficulty in finding a place to stay. I remembered the New York joke, and was calm. I had scorned a number of suggestions from Harris that I go where all the Americans went. I wanted something dignified, yet British.

Those who have read the stories of Sherlock Holmes will doubtless recall his famous rooms in Baker street and his wondrous landlady, who seemed equal to all emergencies of domestic life, from blacking shoes to serving a meal at 2 in the morning. I knew that Sherlock was a myth, but I had been assured by English friends that the London landlady was not, and I started out to look for her. To achieve satisfactory results, this is an operation that must be conducted with wisdom and deliberation. It therefore became necessary to go to a hotel in order to get a good start early in the morning. I went to a hotel close at hand. There I was told by a respectful clerk, "Sorry, but we are full up." I did not know what "full up" meant, but as it sounded fine I drove to another place. It was full up also. At a third hotel, I discovered that it, too, was "full up." Now it was here that I discovered the real point to the New York joke. The London "season" was on, and there were about a million extra Britishers in town who had come in to see the show.

My list of London hotels was exhausted; and as my hesitation became apparent, the caddy began to offer suggestions. Now I did not intend to let a red-faced London caddy dictate to me, even if he did call me "my lord" when we started out, so I sternly ordered him to drive to the Hotel Cecil. This was the place Harris told about. I did not want to stay in a hotel that advertised in the New York papers; but I had to get rid of that caddy somehow.

Harris was already there. To my great sorrow I saw that he had on a plug hat. He noticed my look of pain and said that he had just bought it. He explained that he did not have much money to spend and did not like to have people know he was an American.

"Harris," I admonished him, "you should have saved your money. You may look like an Englishman, but the resemblance is not conspicuous."

"Don't you know?" I asked—I did not know it myself, then, but I had to fix Harris before he thought about the hotel— "Don't you know that an American looks as much like an Englishman as a pup looks like a lobster? You look too intelligent, Harris. What you want is an eyeglass, or a cricket bat. Go and order some tea before a policeman runs you in." I saw that Harris was getting excited, so I added: "No, Harris, be a man. Take off that plug hat, and I will take you to a place on the Strand where we can get some ice water. It will do you good."

In the meanwhile I noticed that my caddy was gazing at Harris with a hungry look, so I got a majestic hotel porter with a gold-ornamented uniform, to pay him off. I was afraid to discharge him myself, as I did not know how much he expected to get for thinking I was a peer of the realm. Harris said his caddy mistook him for a Duke and tried to hold him up for a half-sovereign.

It is well, when one wants to get lodgings in London, to go to a hotel first. Then you are comfortable; and, besides, what you pay at a good hotel acts as an incentive to persistent effort in hunting for something more economical. That is what Harris said. He did not say it in just that way, but I gathered from his remarks that that was what he meant.

In the morning we started out. Harris had discovered that "apartments" meant the same as lodgings, and as apartments sounded more euphonious and dignified, that was what we looked for. Harris had also found out just how to do it. We were to go around to a few addresses, select what we wanted, order up our luggage and then go out and see the sights.

Harris went along, he said, to help me out; but I could see that he was afraid that I was going to get all the best apartments in town.

At noon we came back to get a fresh start. While Harris was going down to Buckingham Palace to see the King come out, I went to an apartment agency to get some more addresses. While I was gone I saw two Dukes and a King. The King was a little fellow, and a stranger in London the same as I was. Harris said his King came out all right enough, but he was going so fast that he did not get a good look at him.

The next morning Harris was mad because I did not get a list of addresses for him. "They don't cost anything," he said, "and you might as well have two as one." He wouldn't go with me, but I soothed him by saying that if I found

anything that I thought he would like, I would tell him where it was.

I was going to Highbury. A policeman told me to take any of those buses going down to the right. I was to get off at the bank, take the first street to the left, and at the top I would find a green bus that would take me to the Angel. There I would find a bus that went to Islington and Highbury. It was simple enough, but I did not go that way. I picked out a white bus that was going my way. There was a red bus behind it, and a blue bus in front of it. The combination of colors suited my American instincts. My progress down the street was so impressive that I forgot what the policeman told me, so when I got off the white bus I was on I told another policeman that I wanted to go to the Angel. I didn't know what the Angel was; but it sounded familiar, and was all that I could remember. He told me the place to go, and said that I was to take a chocolate-colored bus. I found the place and got on to three chocolate buses before I was convinced that it was a green bus that I wanted. The green bus did in reality take me to the Angel. When the bus stopped at a tavern, the driver told me that was it, so I got off. While I was looking around for another bus to take, the green bus started off again. When a policeman at the Angel told me that green bus was the very bus I wanted, I longed for Harris, as I knew that he would appreciate the remarks that I felt competent to make.

In Highbury I found two ladies who had apartments to let. One was a widow. The deceased had been a gentleman of independent means, but he was fond of

riotous living, and had left his weeping wifely to make her way by taking in lodgers. I told her that Harris might want to stay with her, and that he would cheer her up. The husband of the other lady was lost in a fog one night and never came back. The man who told me about Highbury had lived in Chicago. He may have liked it, but it didn't suit.

"Suit" is a word that is used quite extensively in England. In a London paper I saw the advertisement of a man who was looking for a position. He said that he was an experienced coachman, and would "marry when suited."

While Harris was doing St. Paul's Cathedral and the Whitechapel district I found a place in Hampstead that I thought would suit. The people we were with were pleased, and, besides, he had an objectionable habit of getting hold of my Baedeker and reading aloud from it about what he had seen during the day.

We had two bedrooms and a private sitting-room. I had the best of Harris to the extent of one bedroom and a butler. The butler was the landlady's husband, and didn't cost anything extra. It has been said that if you want anything good you have to pay for it. Now, this butler was a distinct and shining exception to that rule. Besides being the butler, he was a lot of other things. He was the proprietor of the house and a Scotchman. His wife was also Scotch. They could both speak English as plainly as an Ameri-

can. Harris' landlady was a Londoner. She had to say everything twice before he could understand her. He was a poor linguist, anyway.

In the morning we were awakened by the "slavery" who left hot water at our doors. Of course we had to pay for the water, and did a lot of other things in a humble and efficient manner. The landlady had prepared breakfast, which her husband served in our private sitting-room in an impressive yet respectful way. The breakfast was a good one, but we had never had a butler before, and it was trying.

After breakfast the landlady asked what we would have for lunch, tea, dinner and supper. My wife said she liked her best, as she did not sit down unless she was asked.

With the breakfast that we had already eaten, we saw that lunch, tea, dinner and supper counted up to five meals a day that we were entitled to. I was not at all alarmed at the prospective cost of all this. Of course we had to pay for the provisions that the landlady bought for us, but we had the privilege of buying them ourselves, if we thought we were being jobbed. The people we were with were honest, so we did not have to go to that trouble.

Now, the fact that there are people who would do all that for 52 shillings, or \$12 a week, and furnish the place to do it, in speaks well for the patience and Christian humility of those who do not belong to the upper classes of England. That philosophic perception did not come to me at first. I was too busy with the fact that I was getting my money's worth, but after a while the idea came to me that in a country where a man with diddled cost anything extra, it has been said that if you want anything good you have to pay for it. Now, this butler was a distinct and shining exception to that rule. Besides being the butler, he was a lot of other things. He was the proprietor of the house and a Scotchman. His wife was also Scotch. They could both speak English as plainly as an Ameri-

OLD SORES SURE SIGNS OF BAD BLOOD OFTEN LEAD TO CANCER

The deep, underlying cause for every old sore is a bad condition of the blood. This vital fluid is not pure and healthy, but has become infected with some germ or poison which prevents the place from healing. These poisons in the blood may be the result of an inactive or sluggish condition of the system, leaving the refuse matters in the body to be absorbed into the circulation, instead of throwing them off through the usual channels of nature. Another cause is the weakening or polluting of this life stream by the remains of some constitutional trouble, or the effects of a long spell of sickness.

When the blood is in this condition, a great running sore or deep offensive ulcer may develop from a slight scratch, bruise or pimple; a harmless looking wart or mole, roughly handled, often becomes an ulcerating spot which may degenerate into Cancer dangerous and destructive. Persons with inherited blood taint are also apt to be afflicted with sores and ulcers. Being born with an unhealthy blood supply, the different parts of the body are never fully nourished, and when middle life is reached or passed, the tissues in some weak point break down and a chronic sore is formed, and kept open by the poisons in the blood.

How aggravating and stubborn these sores and ulcers are is best known by those who have treated and nursed one for years, applying salves, lotions, plasters, etc., with no good results. The place remains and continues its work of destruction by eating deeper into the surrounding flesh; festering, discharging, requiring constant attention, and undermining the general health by its action on the system. One of the most common evidences of impure blood is dry sores, which are usually on the face. These continue sometimes for years with apparently no change, the scab dropping off and re-forming at intervals; but when the vital energies begin to weaken, the place grows red and tender, a slight discharge commences, it takes on an angry, inflamed appearance, and usually terminates in Cancer.

It is a waste of valuable time to treat these places with external applications and expect a cure. True these keep the parts clean and are beneficial in this way, but they do not reach the real trouble. You may glaze the surface over with them for awhile, but the poison is at work deeper down, and constantly eating nearer the vital parts and damaging the entire health. The practice of cutting out the diseased parts and scraping the bone is often resorted to, but even these severe measures do no good. The sore may be removed, and for a time heal over, but the same poison which produced it the first time is still in the blood, and it will return, because **THE BLOOD CANNOT BE CUT AWAY.**

The only treatment that can do any good is a competent blood purifier—one that goes to the very root and removes the cause, and for this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. It begins at the fountain-head and drives out all poisonous matter and germs; freshens and strengthens the deteriorated blood and makes a lasting cure. As soon as the system gets under the influence of S. S. S. the sore begins to improve, the inflammation gradually leaves, the discharge grows less and less, the flesh takes on healthy color, a scab forms, and when it drops off the place is permanently healed. S. S. S. is purely vegetable, and while cleansing the blood, it builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. If afflicted with an old sore or ulcer, do not waste time with experimental remedies and risk its becoming a Cancer, but get the poison out of your blood with S. S. S. Write for our special book on Sores and Ulcers, and any medical advice desired, will be furnished by our physicians, without charge.

S.S.S.
PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

Grave of Sacajawea Located in Wyoming

Mrs. Eva Emery Dye Furnishes Some Valuable Facts Concerning the Indian Woman's Resting Place.

OREGON CITY, Or., Oct. 15.—(To the Editor.)—The subjoined correspondence accounts very satisfactorily, I think, for the grave of Sacajawea. Among records I found in St. Louis were lists of the expenses of the son of Sacajawea while a student there in 1828, under the guardianship of Governor Clark. These accounts were with "Toussaint Charbonneau," the father of the boy, or, as I have always supposed, the boy's name may also have been Toussaint. A letter has come to light in which Governor Clark speaks of "the little Baptiste." So we know Sacajawea had a son Baptiste, and this may have been his true name.

In the journals of Captain Wyeth, Fremont and other early explorers, in 1832 to 1842 and later, one Charbonneau is mentioned as stationed at Bridger's Fort on Ham's Fork of the Bear River, in what is now the southwestern county of Wyoming. While in St. Louis I visited Captain William Clark Kennerly, a nephew of Governor Clark, who, in the early '40s went hunting in that country with Governor Clark's youngest son, Jefferson K. Clark, and there met Charbonneau, the son of Sacajawea. He was then a guide, and had been for many years, and welcomed

the son of his old guardian, Governor Clark. Captain Kennerly told me the Indians, too, recognized and hailed Jefferson K. as "the son of the Red Head Chief," by his hair, like that of his father.

Now, if Sacajawea's son made "his home at Bridger's Fort," it is more than likely that he had his mother with him, and every circumstance goes to prove that the old lady described below was in fact our Sacajawea, and that her grave has been definitely located in Wyoming.

Another circumstantial evidence comes to mind. When Judge Shannon, of California, was here at the Fair, he spent a day here at Oregon City, and among other things took exceptions to our pronunciation of Sacajawea. "My father, George Shannon," he said, "always spoke of her as Sacajawea." This is precisely what the Shoshones of Wyoming say to this day. Still, spoken quickly, it would naturally glide into the pronunciation we are using, that is not far wrong.

Now, since the grave of Sacajawea has been definitely located in Wyoming, we, the people of Oregon, who have done so much to honor the memories of Lewis and Clark and Sacajawea, would respectfully suggest to the Legislature of Wyoming, the propriety of marking this historic spot, as it has been for many years, and welcomed

young and rising commonwealth. To Wyoming belongs old Fort Laramie, the site of its "wonderful history, the South Pass, and the great water, famous in song and story, Fort Bridger, the half-way station of the continental route of 20 years ago, the Custer battle, and the Yellowstone National Park, but round about them are more of romantic interest than at the lowly mound of Sacajawea, Princess of the Shoshones, who gave to the white man the keys of her country, Wyoming, and the Yellowstone Agency, states, has her own martial history, and her own immortal mausoleum. The Pennsylvania of the West, may well cherish the grave of Sacajawea.

EVA EMERY DYE,
Author of "The Conquest," "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," etc.

Correspondence With Judge J. Q. A. Bowlby.

Department of the Interior, United States Indian Service, Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, August 22, 1905.—Mr. J. Q. A. Bowlby, Astoria, Oregon.—Sir: I am in receipt of your 8th instant relative to the Shoshone woman, Sacajawea, who accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition to the Coast from this country. This woman was a member of the Shoshone tribe located in this vicinity, was captured by the Mandan Sioux and taken to their country in Montana, at which place she was held for some time. She was accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition to the coast, after which she returned to her people here, spent the balance of her life at this place and died here in 1812. The name Sacajawea is a pure Shoshone name, composed of the two words "Sak-ah-ja-we-a," which means "the one who pushes off or launches the boat." In other words, "the boat-launcher." It has been claimed by some people in the North that the name is a Mandan Sioux word meaning "the woman of the river." This is certainly a mistake, as her people all testify. These two words which composed her name are in common use among the Shoshones at the present time.

The spelling is Sak-ah-ja-we-a. It is pronounced "Sak-ah-ja-we-a." This has always been used by the Shoshone people, and was used by the Indians at Astoria in 1884, at this place, was about 100 years old. Her identity was established for several years before her death, beyond question, not only by her conversations with parties here regarding her trip to the coast and return without the aid of her son, Baptiste, and his descendants were located here for years and her grandchildren are still living here. If I can be of further help to you I will be very glad to be advised to that effect. Very respectfully,
H. E. WADSWORTH,
Supt. & Spl. Dist. Agent.

Department of the Interior, United States Indian Service, Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, August 22, 1905.—Mr. J. Q. A. Bowlby, Astoria, Or.—Sir: Repeating to you of the 8th instant, asking for information regarding Fort Klatsop, I will say that the name of the Shoshone woman, Sacajawea, who accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition to the coast, still no one knows her name, and I am able later to secure any of the information asked for I will be very much pleased to supply you with the same. Very respectfully,
H. E. WADSWORTH,
Supt. & Spl. Dist. Agent.



SACAJAWEA IDEALIZED. This is the conception of Sacajawea by Mrs. C. M. Gilbert, of Portland, who has made a study of Indians of the Pacific Northwest.

same on the first three; "web-ah" is "slight." The name signifies "boat launcher," or, rather, "she who pushes off the boat." She was a remarkable character among both Indians and whites. Her descendants are now on the Shoshone reservation here. I myself have seen her and I know her son, who was called "Old Bart." Very truly yours,
NEWTON H. BROWN, P. M.

Shoshone—Mission School, Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, August 22, 1905.—J. Q. A. Bowlby, Esq.—Dear Sir: Your letter just received on my return home. Sacajawea would now be the word used by Shoshones to denote canoe launcher, "Sak," or "Sac," canoe, boat; "ah," the "ja," launcher, pronounced Sak-ah-ja-we-a; "we," pronounced as in far; the "ah" is not pronounced at all except, perhaps, in a low, under-breath; "ah" is used in Shoshone as can be seen on page 2, 4, etc., of the little book of instruction I mail. The pronunciation today is identical with that of 100 years ago. The old lady, Sacajawea, in her latter days spoke as her people around here. Her descendants know nothing of the fort you mention. Their names for the different rivers, mountains and old forts are not the same as ours.

If I can give you any further information I shall be only too glad to do so. There is nothing to mark the heroine's grave here except the mound and a small building. Very truly yours,
J. ROBERTS.

India rubber trees, which are tapped every other day, continue to yield sap for more than 20 years; and it is a curious fact that the oldest and most frequently tapped trees produce the richest sap.

THE VANISHING GIANT.

Colossal Human Figure on Herold Lines Cut on Rock.

London Mail.

An interesting survival of prehistoric England is threatened with destruction owing to neglect. This is the "Cerne Giant," a colossal human figure cut on the side of a lofty hill that overlooks the picturesque village of Cerne Abbas, eight miles north of Dorchester.

It is several years since the furrows which outline the giant's figure were scoured and retouched with chalk. Gradually the latter has been washed away by the Winter rains, and it is now barely visible. Grass has so encroached on the channel that, seen from a distance, the details of the gigantic figure are hard to trace, though the uncouth human form is still recognizable. The cost of renovating the giant is estimated at about £12, but no one in the locality knows where the money is to come from.

The "old man," as he is styled by the natives of Cerne Abbas (the "Abbot's Cerne" of Hardy's Wessex novels), is built on truly heroic lines. He stands 26 feet high, and his right hand grasps a knotted club 12 feet long. The unknown artist had his own notions of the just proportions of the human frame, as will be seen from the following measurement:

Length of body, 17 feet; legs, 80 feet; head, 22 feet; right arm, 100 feet; nose, 6 feet; diameter of eyes, 2 1/2 feet.

The antiquity of the figure is accepted by all archaeologists. Most authorities ascribe it to the Celtic period, while some have held that it represents an idol once worshipped by the Pagan West Saxons. Another view is that it was the work of the monks of the then newly founded Benedictine Abbey of Cerne. Some color is given to this theory by the existence of a similar figure at Wilmington, in Sussex, where once stood a Benedictine priory.

Bad Form of Milton Youth.

Milton Eagle.

Doubtless it is more thoughtless than the part of those who indulge in it, but would it not be better for the boys and young men who congregate outside the church doors Sunday evening, to not crowd quite so close and thick that persons on the inside have hard work getting out? In other words, they ought to come inside and wait for the girls. If a boy does not have too much of it, the company of such girls as we have in Milton is one of the best things he can have: they are the finest things in the world to wait for (with due apologies to the girls for the word "things"), but they ought to be waited for in places that will not discommode other people. A word to the wise is sufficient, so this is all: Come inside.

Danderine
GREW THIS HAIR AND WE CAN PROVE IT.

MISS MARMARA HENRY, 5036 Forrestville Ave., CHICAGO. Miss Henry says: "Before I began using Danderine my hair was falling out in great handfuls, and I am pleased to say that Danderine not only stopped it, but has made my hair grow more than twice as long as ever was."

FLORENCE RUSSELL, 215 Mohawk Street, CHICAGO. Age 6 years. Since it has become generally known that Danderine causes hair to grow just as abundantly on the heads of children as it does on those of matured persons, many truly marvelous cases are coming to our notice. Little Miss Russell, whose photograph appears above, is certainly one of the remarkable ones. Her beautiful hair is over twenty inches long and her mother says that "DANDERINE GREW EVERY BIT OF IT."

MISS SELMA HASSELL, 2728 North 42d Court, CHICAGO. Miss Hassell says: "My hair would not reach below my waist when I began using your Danderine. It was also faded and splitting at the ends. Now it is over 2 1/2 feet longer than it ever was, and it has regained its original rich blond color. I used the tonic about four months all together."

DANDERINE is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, fertilizing and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly long, strong and beautiful. **IT IS THE NATURAL FOOD OF THE HAIR, SCIENTIFICALLY CHARGED WITH NEW AND GENUINE LIFE-PRODUCING ESSENCES UNHEARD OF BY OTHER MAKERS OF HAIR TONIC.** NOW at all druggists in three sizes, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. **FREE.** To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this advertisement to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and ten cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.

FOR SALE AND GUARANTEED BY **WOODARD, CLARKE & COMPANY.**