

HORSE DAVEY POTTY PLEADS FOR ANIMALS YOU WOULD WANT TO MAKE MAN'S PLEASURE

X. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THIS HORSE?

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IT IS hardly necessary to write anything to go with this cartoon, for every reader probably can draw a better opinion than the writer can frame in words as to what the young colt is saying to himself, if animals can think. It would be quite natural for the colt to wonder what makes this horse hold his head so high and stand so awkwardly.

The horse himself is at a loss to know why he is checked so high, and why he must endure an enormous strain on his back. He still switches at flies, but his tail fails to drive them off him. Like the innocent young colt, the matured horse wonders at the strange order of things. Perhaps he thinks he is being punished for some offense he has committed. He is compelled to stand very still, owing to the weight of metal

in his mouth resting on his tender lower jaw. If he could, only for a change, get his head a little higher occasionally, it would rest him, but the martingale prevents that. With back aching and the tendons in his leg throbbing as the result of the manner in which the weight is thrown on them, he endures the torture uncomplainingly. If the little colt were endowed with reasoning powers and knew that this wretched horse was once a happy youngster like

himself, how miserable would he become, for he would realize that in a few more months he, too, would have his head yanked up, not to speak of having his tail cut off and of being subjected to other tortures. Do "horsemen" realize what torture they are causing when, for fashion's sake, they distort horses as they do? (Copyright, 1907, by Katherine N. Birdsall.)

With Indians and Whites at Ketchikan, Alaska

Eva Emery Dye Pictures Life in Active Mining and Fishing Town Where the Stranger and Native Meet.

BY EVA EMERY DYE. **SEE them jump!** An eager throng leans over the bridge at Ketchikan, looking down upon an enormous haul of fishes below. "Oh! see them jump!" screams an excited school ma'am from Denver. "Let 'em jump, it's their privilege; it's a free country," hiccoughs an Alaskan Mr. Dooley with tongue a bit limbered from the jug he is carrying. "T's a fr-free country." "The only free country is where nobody lives, Mickey," retorts the rubber-goods drummer from Seattle. "Whooop-e-ee!" shrieks "ten little Indian boys all in a row" on the beach under the bridge. With all their tiny might they tug at the net the men are hauling in. A big salmon flops in their direction and every terrified urchin runs, elms locks on end and dingy shirt-tails flying out behind. "Oh, that little darling!" a baby Indian not more than 4 years old has cut his foot on a sharp rock and all the air resounds with "Oh! believe, mamma, you are more interested in the Indians than you are in the salmon," remarks an Oregon City boy. "I certainly am. How nice it would be to take that dear little fellow home with us." "You'd soon tire of him," says the doctor's wife who came out as missionary, but now has settled down at Ketchikan. "Wow-wow-wow!" howls a fisher-boy mocking the crying child. In a moment the hurt foot is down, the keen black eyes scrutinize the laughing American. No maternal sympathy could have stilled the pain quicker, back goes the infant tugging at the net. Thus early are young Indians initiated into the industries of their fathers. "Thirty thousand fish in that net—I don't believe it. 'Tis not possible." "Possible, madame, why the net broke this morning with \$2,000 in it." "How do you know? Did you count them?" "No, but others have. The hauls here are something enormous. Look at the water yourself—alive with fish." And alive it certainly was, twinkling with the myriad of fins of schools and shoals and swarms of purple salmon seeking the inlets of Ketchikan Creek. All over the bay as far as eyes could see impatient humpbacks were leaping and flying and splashing back into the water. Up the creek they were swimming, crowding and tumbling over one another in a mad rush to the falls, an almost impassable barrier where all day long they bumped and broke their noses in a vain endeavor to surmount the sharp and craggy rocks. Following up the bridge-walk along the Ketchikan I met a lad of 8 with a sharp hook on a red. "Where are you going, my little man?" "To catch a fish for my mother's dinner," was the prompt reply as he slid

down under the bridge and in the twinkling of an eye impaled a huge salmon on the steel hook. "Who would have thought there was so much blood in him?" one might exclaim with Lady Macbeth as the crimson tide rushed out of the mad and anguished victim. In sharp contrast with the Indian boys the American seized his prey by the gills, laid it on a rock and with one blow ended its struggles. Back he goes and in three minutes three huge fish, all he could drag, were ready for the pot. "Let me catch one!" pulling up her skirts, down goes the Denver school ma'am, without rod or line and with her bare hands hauls out a monster of the deep; beside it the Oregon City boy lays another and another and with a camera snaps the catch of the morning, simply picked out of the over-crowded creek. "Now for buckieberry pie," cries the school ma'am, stripping the neighboring bushes. In a few minutes the Oregon laddie of "The Eagle" is preparing their banquet gathered in the space of a few minutes on the banks of the shining Ketchikan. No one need go hungry here, with streams alive with the finny folk, the hillsides red with berries and every island red the nesting place of ar-fowl. There are no hens in Ketchikan, but sea-gulls' eggs, as large as ducks', answer every purpose. Few cows have found their way to this mountain-shore retreat, built on piles and hillsides like Astoria—carnation cream from Forest Grove enriches the morning coffee. Few horses are here, not more than two or three, but the laundryman, the milkman and the grocer's boy make their rounds with hand-carts. And the board streets are clean, clean as a floor, with not a speck of dust or trace of beast or wagon wheel. And the breeze blown over the bay comes in fresh as an untrod Nebraska prairie. In fact, exhilaration pours like wine out of the sunshine and the clear light of the brief bright summer of the north. For they tell us the Summers are short, raining late in Spring and beginning again early in the Fall. But in that short time vegetation leaps the hill and the sunbaked and all the quick-grown garden vegetables have a luscious crispness seldom found in slower-growing gardens. Ketchikan on the island of Revillagigedo—this doughy old mariner who came up these shores a century or two ago—Ketchikan is new. She shines with fresh paint and varnish, hotels—good ones, too—offices, stores, houses, all are aplek and span with electric light, steam heat and mountain water piped in from the falls of Ketchikan. Tourists sweep in here in droves when the great steamers go humming by and are amazed at the saw mills, canneries, excellent stores, schools, churches, hospitals, and even an open public library.

Our Schools Should Teach Highest Idealism

One Lofty Plan to Set the Feet of Portland Children and Youth in the Right Way.

BY J. C. L. **R**ECENT investigation in official and corporate circles has proven the wholesome wisdom of the present National Administration, in laying bare for public inspection all that affects the public welfare. When our newspapers are supplied with clear and accurate statements of business transactions, as well as proposed changes in methods and principles of all that pertains to the public, they will no longer have to fill their columns with questionable matter in order to cater to the general reading public. This custom would shear grafting rings of their strength, bosses would be thrown out of business and the vital sentiment of the glorious old constitution would be a sentient principle. If it is necessary that municipal affairs, railroad systems, insurance policies, National protection of public lands should be laid bare for public inspection, that that same public may be educated to an intelligent understanding of conditions, keep pace with progress and demolish arbitrary or obstructive policies, then, so far from eliminating the public school system, it should stand at the head. The results of such a practice would be a more educated and intelligent citizenry, a more active and more personal interest in matters in which they have a right to act would at least equal the improvement in an administration of general affairs by the people who must accept results. Apropos of the free discussion of the public school system of Portland which has been permitted through the press it seems timely to bring out one point that is at least faulty. Those who have been at the head of the public schools of Portland in the last decade have evolved a system that is in many ways admirable. Vast strides have been made in the last ten years, probably the hardest ten years there is no reason why our city should fall to keep pace with educational progress by an exclusive policy that proceeds from contentment with prevailing conditions. The true way to judge and the one freest from personal bias is found in comparison with public school systems in other cities. One, who has been identified with educational interests for many years, was visiting in an adjacent city more than a year ago. She was particularly pleased with the fine, commodious High School building of dark gray stone. In talking with one of the teachers a conversation something like the following occurred: "Your Board of Education was wise to erect a building large enough to accommodate the growth of the city for many years." "Oh! That is crowded now, we are al-

ready constructing two other buildings in different parts of the city." "Why how many students have you?" "More than 2000." "Not in your High School?" "Yes." "Why your population is less than ours and we have scarcely 1000, how do you account for that?" "The teacher was not a home product, but a college-bred woman and efficient teacher from California. After reflective pause she answered: "Well, I will tell you frankly my opinion. You have a system that discourages the broadening out that comes from an interchange of superior educational material. Instead of offering a bonus for the very best educators of our land—and there the field is wide and rich—you take your High School girls of immature judgment, character and education and turn them right back into the grammar schools as pupil teachers. As soon as they learn to fit into their part of the factory and to run the machinery they go in as full-pay teachers. They have never learned responsibility, they have no ideals beyond doing as they are told, and drawing a salary. They know nothing of the outlook, the sweep of vision, the heights and depths revealed by higher education, consequently they furnish no inspiration to their pupils. How can they? The children find their inspiration in the business or social world, consequently they drop out of the grammar grades." Now, this statement needs no sermon, with its tentatively, for elucidation. A machine may be a wonder in symmetry and accuracy, but it must be vitalized or we have only a machine product, and we draw the line when that product is human beings. It is commendable for a city to provide more bountiful young people, but how much better for the future of the city, if it provided a loan fund for such students as were not able to pay their own way, that they may be enabled to go away and obtain the education that trains the faculties, widens the horizon, gives loftier outlook, teaches them their own limitations and how to rise above them; to accept true ideals, and above all to face responsibility squarely, lift it fairly, adjust it well and carry it buoyantly. Teachers are ideals themselves, to their pupils. Their influence in the shaping of the character of those plastic beings is for all future time. If anyone doubts this, let him study history or cast a reflective eye over his own past. The future of our city is created in the schoolroom. Shall it be broad, vitalized individualism, with every faculty alert, or are we content with the machine-made article? Ask the farmer how his wheat, his oats, his potatoes produce if he perseveres in

The eyelids of the average man open and shut 4,000,000 times a year.