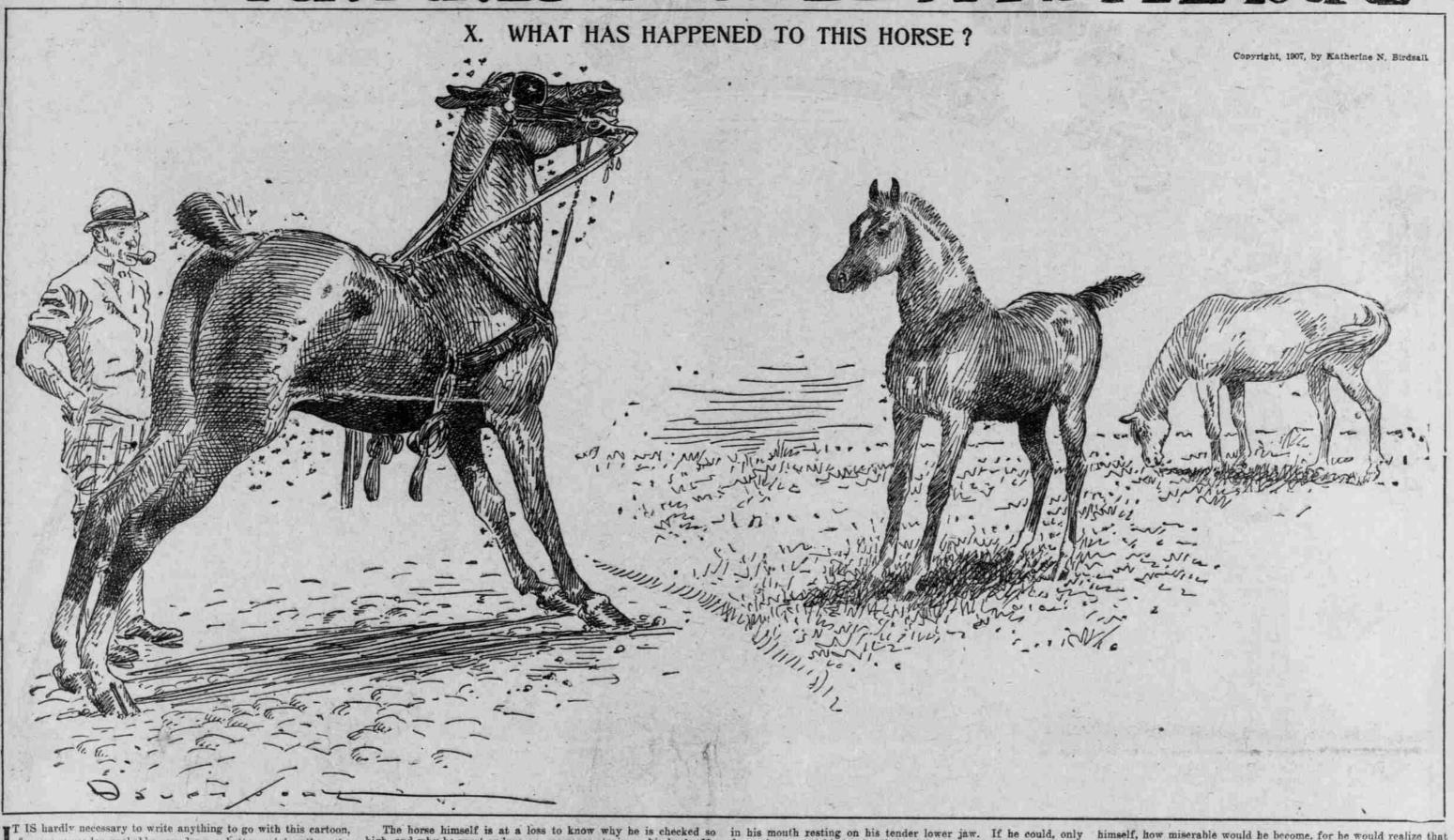
DAVENPORT PLEADS FOR ANIMALS -- TORTURED TO MAKE MANS PLEASURE



for every reader probably can draw a better opinion than the riter 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

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 knew that this wretched horse was once a happy youngster like

the weight is thrown on them, he endures the torture uncomplainingly. If the little colt were endowed with reasoning powers and

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 "ashion's sake, they distort horses as they do?

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With Indians and Whites at Ketchican, Alaska

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

SEE them fump!" An eager throng leans over the bridge at Ketchikan, looking down upon the cruel hook. "Who would have thought there was so much blood in him?" one might exclaim with Lady Machine." sea them jump!" Screams an excited "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-ree "The only free country is where nobody

lives, Mickey," retorts the rubber-goods drummer from Seattle.

'Whoop-e-e!" shricks "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, elfin locks en end and dingy shirt-talls 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 woe. "I 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

You'd soon tire of him." says the doc tor's wife who came out as a missionary, but now has settled down at Ketchikan. "Wow-wow-wow!" howis a fisher-boy mocking the crying child. In a moment the hurt foot is down, the keen black eyes scrutinizes the laughing American. No maternal sympathy could have stilled the pain quicker, back goes the infant tugging at the net. Thus early are young ndlans initiated into the industries of rty thousand fish in that net-I

Possible, madame, why the net broke is morning with 43,000 in it."
"How do you know? Did you count

"No, but others have. The hands her 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

ever the bay as far as eye could see impatient humphacks were leaping and flying and splashing back into the water. Up the creek they were swarming, crowding and tumbling over one another in a mad rush to the falls, an almost impassible 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 rod. "Where are you going,

my little man?" "To catch a fish for my mother's din-ber," was the prompt reply as he slid als, and even an open public library

down under the bridge and in the twink-ling of an eye impaled a huge salmon on the cruel hook. "Who would have thought there was so much blood in the cruel hook was so much blood in the cruel hook. "Who would have thought there was so much blood in the cruel hook was so much blood in the cruel hook." The world have the crue has made his home in him? one might exclaim with Lady Mac-beth as the crimson tide gushed out of the mad and anguished victim. In sharp contrast with the Indian boys the Ameri-can 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

pulling up her "Let me catch one!" skirts, down goes the Denver na'am, without rod or line and with her bare hands hauls out a monster deep; beside it the Oregon City boy lays another and anomer and with a camera snaps the catch of the morning, simply picked out of the over-crowded creek. "Now for huckleberry pie," cries the school ma'am, stripping the neighboring bushes. In a few minutes the Oregon landlady 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 woods full of deer and bear, the hill-sides red with berries and every island inlet the nesting place of a fowl. There are no hens in Ketchikan, but sea-gulls' eggs, as large as ducks', answer every

Few cows have found their way to this Few cows have found their way to this mountain-shore retreat, built on piles and hillocks like Astoria-carnation cream from Forest Grove enriches the morning coffee. Few horses are here, not more than two or three, but the iaundryman, the mikman and the grocer's boy make their rounds with handcarts. And the board streets are clean, clean as a floor, with not a speek of 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 on an untrod Nebraska praiin tresh as on an untrod Nebraska prai-rie. In fact, exhilaration pours like wine-out of the sunshine and the clear skies of the brief bright Summer of the north. For they tell us the Summers are short, raining late in Spring and be-ginning again early in the Fall. But in that short time vegetation lears in the that short time vegetation leaps in the hot sunshine and all the quick-grown garden vegetables have a luscious crispness seldom found in-slower-growing

Ketchikan on the Island of Revilla gigedo-that doughty 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 spick and span with electric light. steam heat and mountain water piped in flumes 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, hospit-

this northland. Governor Swineford tells the story that '84 he stumped the State of Michigan r Grover Cleveland and in his speeche told what great things the Democrats had done for the country, made the Louisiana Purchase, bought New Mexico and Cal-fornja and brought in Oregon, while all the Republicans could claim was "that frosen peninsula of Alaska up under the Arctic circle."

"Hold on, my friend, you are making a fool of yourself," a man called him to task one night at Bay City. "Let me ask you one question: What do you know about Alaska."

"Not one infernal thing," was Swine-Not one infernal thing, was Swine-ford's answer. But he took the hint, began to inform himself, sent for every book or report he could find on the country, and when Cleveland was elected Don M. Dickinson asked the campaigner what he wanted for his services—to be collector of customs somewhere or Min-ister to some South American country. "Neither," was Mr. Swineford's answer, "All I ask is to be made Governor of Alsska." He got the appointment and has lived here ever since.

Not the least interesting of the schools is that for Indians, conducted by an Episcopal missionary, who is now adding a cooking department for the girls and has salisted the Indian women in reviving the

almost lost art of basketry.
"Do you go to school?" I asked one of the urchins at the fishing camp. "Yes, ma'am."

"Can you spell cat?"
"C-a-t."
"Spell dog."
"G-i-v. dog."

All these Indian children are remark-ably well dressed, and the Indian men and women, and comely squaws any day may be seen trundling their pappooses in neat little go-carts with as pretty little dresses and hats as I ever saw among the well-dressed colored mothers of Boston or Washington.

Environment is rapidly changing the wards of our country into self-respecting and self-supporting citizens. The only touch of age visible in Ketchikan is now and then a tolem pole, standing as it stood before the white man came, save that instead of a hovel the Indian house behind it compares very well with those of the neighboring whites. In fact, all line the same streets along the water-front of Ketchikan.

gentlewoman from Eugene, and her equally cultured sister is clerk in one of the leading stores. Our table waiter is a Newberg boy who works up here Sumbers for money to take him through college. "How much do you set?" I inquired

"How much do you get?" I inquired.

"Seventy-five dollars a month and

board, almost clear money," was his an-Swer.
Captain Steers on the gasoline mail throwing up his job for \$150 a month farther north. Twice a month the mail launch makes its rounds into neighbor-ing nooks and flords where fishermen ing nooks and flords where fishermen have their canneries and miners have their claims. And here, too, are little homes kept warm and comfortable by American mothers through the long Alaskan Winter. At one of these I saw a little girl of dazzling beauty, so almost supernatural appears the radiance of the white in this land of Indians. So of the white in this land of Indians. So handsome, indeed, appeared the women of Ketchikan—some perhaps tourists, with alabaster countenances, in sharp and sudden contrast to the dusky native women. And still, a wonderful amount of white blood reveals itself among the Indians, some very fair girls and perfectly white. white little children, even with sunny-brown curls, touring the streets in the

wake of grandmotherly old squaws.

A few of European blood are here,
Scotch, Irish and Scandinavians. "Ah!"
exciaimed a worthy Norseman, "If my ountrymen only knew what a land is ying here unsettled, Norway would be

But more and more the best blood of America is coming Alaskaward, and nothing helps this more than the tourists. ever in increasing numbers, carrying the new Northwest. Ketchikan, the home port of thousands of miners, is said to be lively in Winter, when the hermits come in from the hills to taste the com-forts of civilized life. And in Summer, of course, the passing steamers bring never-ending throngs, alighting, like birds of passage, for an hour or two, and then

away.

At night-time, perhaps, a resounding biast echoes and re-echoes among the bills and all the town is out to greet a floating palace, gay with lights, gliding in over the dark water. No scene can be more impressive than this coming of a great steamer, bearing a breath of the outer world to a lone Alaskan hamiet. Or, perhaps, it is a trade steamer from Seattle, laden, heaped and weighted to the gunwales with all the merchandise—20,000,000 a year—that has made this North a marvel of beauty and of devel-North a marvel of beauty and of development. Great is the waste, too, in this merchandise. Land freighting is so difficult that often the mining camp is left undisturbed in the hills, tent, stove, furniture and all, to rot and decay in the Winter rain. But life movement process. Winter rain. But life, movement, prog-ress, rushes on, undeterred by the aban-donment of here and there a camp. Life is too short and water-freighting too easy to burden one's self with what has served

ine the same streets along the waterfront of Ketchikan.

Many Oregon people are here and our
landlady at "The Eagle" is a refined
gentlewoman from Eugene, and her
accusally cultured sister is clerk in one of six hours from Port Simpson, the nearest Canadian point below Alaska. Ketchikan, Alaska.

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

Our Schools Should Teach Highest Idealism One Lofty Plan to Set the Feet of Portland Children and Youth in the Right Way.

RECENT investigation in official and corporate circles has proven the wholesoms 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 transacted, as well as ples 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. results of such a practice would be re-actory and the educated intelligence ac-quired by the masses from an aroused personal interest in matters in which they have a right to act would at least equal the improvement in an administration of the improvement in an administration of general affairs by the people who must

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 Port-land during 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 that will ever occur in its history; but, like all human institutions, it is open to criticism. In this age of free and rapid exchange of thought and knowledge there is no reason why our city should fail to keep pace with educational prog-ress by an exclusive policy that proceeds from contentment with prevailing conditions. The truest way to judge and the one freest from personal bias is found in comparison with public school systems in One, who has been identiother cities. fled 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 teach. ers a conversation something like the fol-

lowing occurred:
"Your Board of Education was wise to "Your Board of Education was wise to be broad, vitalized individualism, with erect a building large enough to accommodate the growth of the city for many with the machine-made article? Ask

years."

the farmer how his wheat, his oats, his "Oh! That is crowded now, we are al- potatoes produce if he perseveres in

"Not in your High School!"

"Why your population is less than ours and we have scarcely 1000, how do you ac-count 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 dis-courages the broadening out that comes from an interchange of superior educational material. Instead of of-fering 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 gram-mar 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, quently they furnish no inspiration to their pupils. How can they? The business or social world, consequently they drop out of the grammar grades." Now, this statement needs no ser-

mon, with its tenthly, for elucidation A machine may be a wonder in symmetry and accuracy, but it must 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 remunerative employment for its ambitious young people, but how much better for those same young people, as well as for the future of the city, if it provided a loan fund for such student 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 them their own limitations and how to rise above them; to accept true ideals, and above all to face respon-sibility squarely, lift it fairly, adjust it well and carry it buoyantly, Teach ers 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

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!"

"Yea." can answer for you. It is only the educator who can afford to retrograde, because perhaps higher educa-tion has no immediate commercial value, no market price. Eternal vigflance is the price of progress, and we must awake to all possible advance-ment in principles and methods of the education for the young or the car of progress will sweep past us and we will be left to plod along in its along in its shadow and take its dust.

How Indians Tan Deer Skin.

The skin dressing of the Indians, both buffalo and deerskins, is generally very beautiful and soft. They stretch the skin either on a frame or on the ground, and after it has remained there for three or four days, with the brains spread over the fleshy side, they grain

it with a sort of adze or chisel.

After the process of graining, though the skin is apparently beautifully finished, it passes through another pro-cess—that of smoking. For this they hang the skin on a frame in a smokeproof house or tent. The fire is made at the bottom out of rotten wood, which produces a strong and peculiar smell.
The fire must be smothered to make the

The grained skins have to be kept in the smoke for three or four days, and after this the skins will always remain the same, even after wet, which does not belong to the dressed skins in civilized countries.

Oh, have you saw sweet lines?
She's went into the east
To splash around in salty waves
And break six hearts at least.
She took her best clo's with her,
Our troubles are increased,
And we must hit the quick-lunch joints
While she can blithely feast.

Gee, how we miss fair Inez
While she is far away!
The chief cierk has a solemn look,
He used to be so gay;
The boss is grouchy, and I heard
Him swearin' yesterday
Because there wasn't no one here
Knew how to spell sasshay.

Come back, come back, sweet Inex.
To hammer on the keys;
It seemed like music when you made
Your O's and F's and E's.
Come back and bring your bathin' suit.
Which reaches to your knees;
Come back, we'll let you wear it in
The office if you please.

THE NEW OFFICE BOY.

S. E. Kiser in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Measuring ten feet six inches, an octopus, while being killed at Tooradin, Victoria, entwined a tentacle so firmly around the foot of one of its captors that the membrane had to be cut to free the man.