AMERICANS ASSUME RACIAL FEATURES LIKE INDIAN, ASSERTS FOREIGN EXPERT

Major Garozynski Has Interesting Theory of Typical Development in New World, Assigning Worry and Ambition as Principal Molding Influences, and Predicting Return to Appearance of Aborigines.

LOS ANGELES, May 20.—(Special.)—What is an American, anyhow? There are German-Americans, Italian-Americans, Irish-Americans, Anglo-Americans and a host of other hyphenated Americans, but mighty few plain Americans. There is hope for the race, however, according to Major Paul Von Rantzenberg Garozynski, a well-known writer on manners and customs of various countries of the world.

The Major, who has been spending months studying the American Indian on the Northwest Coast and elsewhere, declares that the future "type" of the American pure and—well, hardly simple will be that of the now fast dying Indian race, hawklike, with high cheekbones, bold brown, square, solid chins and keen eyes. It sounds good—all of us, or at least all of our children's children to be brothers and sisters to Uncas and Minnehaha.

Major Has Theory.

The Major, with the unpronounceable double-barreled name, has evolved a theory. He asserts that an entirely new racial type is being produced by modern conditions of American life. Irrespective of race origin and other hereditary mediums of facial resemblance, the faces of the present generation of Americans are being slowly altered and are becoming more and more molded into one National caste. Says Von Rantzenberg Garozynski:

"The facial resemblance of race and heredity will become as nothing compared with that made similar by similar and remarkable social and economic conditions. In a few generations the American, man and woman, will have the features of the American Indian, with possibly a few subtle changes brought about by higher mental development.

Worry Develops Characteristics.

"The hawklike face of the first Americans was developed by constant worry and anxiety over uncertainties of existence. The visage was characterized by a tension—a rigidity which not only affected the muscles but molded the bones of the face. That hawklike appearance is once more becoming a characteristic of the faces one meets in the United States. After other races came to America other types and formations were to be found. There was no racial type dominant. These formations are now disappearing fast and in their place is coming a National type as distinctive as that of the German or the English.

"Once more the American lives his life with the same half-closed eyes, constantly scanning the future; the same worry-puckered brows and the same firmly-set jaw. The Indian looked into the distance literally. The American of today looks into the distance figuratively, but with the same facial result.

"The American woman also, who is constantly fighting for social recognition, wears the mark of her combat. The placid face of the housewife is fast disappearing. The cry of America is attainment, and upon the face of the American is found the imprint of that cry."

The Major has been retired from active military service in the German army for many years. Since then he has traveled around the world many times to gather material for his books and magazine articles. Some of his works have been taken up by historical societies in Germany as valuable to posterity.

Story of Buried Treasure.

If the uncertainties of existence are making the American National type hawklike in appearance, why have they not had the same effect on people of other lands? Always there is some one to pick flaws in the most finely wrought fabric, to take exceptions to the best of theories, but really when one considers that the news of the week has contained the story of a well-known German professor of archeology, Otto Von Bourg by name, one just has to ask questions. One can't help it.

With the arrival in Los Angeles of Otto von Bourg, explorer and archeologist, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Cutler, 1130 West Seventh street, will outfit a 1000-ton chartered steamer and will sail with Von Bourg for Cocos Islands to renew their search for three great treasures buried there. The trip is to be made almost immediately. Von Bourg has been delayed in Europe by legal complications arising out of his daring excavations beneath the Mosque of Omar, in Jerusalem. Treasures which he has removed from the Holy Land so scandalized Turkey that international complications are threatened if the ancient jewels are not returned. Von Bourg is credited by some with having unearthed both the crown and signet ring of Solomon, and the avarice and envy of the Turks has been fiercely aroused by reports of the discovery.

The association of Von Bourg and the Cutlers in the Cocos Islands enterprise was effected several months ago at Jerusalem, where the Cutlers watched with admiration the audacious excavations conducted by the representative of a London and Chicago syndicate.

Cutler Owns Treasure Chart.

Cutler is the owner of a considerable interest in a document purporting to give a complete description of the island place in which the great Peruvian treasure is buried and he has made one unsuccessful attempt to unearth the prize. Von Bourg was much interested in an account of the search made, and was glad to make an engagement with Cutler for a return visit to Cocos Islands. They arranged to go as soon as the excavation beneath the Mosque of Omar could be completed. This work has been accomplished and Cutler expects that Von Bourg will be at liberty to make the trip within a few weeks.

There are three buried treasures on the island. One of them was placed there years ago by a west coast tyrant named Bonita. He planted more than $2,000,000 in gold, silver and jewels on the island, but his executioners were too ignorant to procure and preserve an adequate description of the cache. Mexican political refugees, fleeing from the wrath of Santa Ana in 1848, planted a revolutionary fund of more than $1,000,000 under a stone arch on the island, but there is no such arch in existence today, and this treasure seems lost forever.

Cabin Boy Only Honest Parson.

The greatest treasure, estimated at $83,000,000, was buried sixty-five years ago, when the Chilians were hot upon the heels of the Peruvians, and it looked as though the capitol at Lima would be looted by Peru's enemies. The government funds were removed to Callao and later placed aboard the Mary Deer, a chartered American ship. The captain had died or had been poisoned, and the crew of eleven put to sea with the treasure. They were pursued and escaped to Cocos Islands. Here the treasure was buried and the pirates were soon afterwards captured by a Peruvian warship. The cabin boy was the only honest one in the group, and he was released, with two others, who promised to reveal the treasure's hiding place. These two lied and were executed, and for some reason the cabin boy died without ever conducting a party to the rich cache. He left a map and notes describing the location, and it is confidently asserted that at least two sets of these papers are in existence. Cutler possesses what he believes are reliable documents, including an accurate chart.

And of course everybody would like to see that expedition come back home with Professor Otto wearing a coat of twenty dollar gold pieces, his pants spangled with golden eagles and pistols, dubloons, pieces of eight and all the rest of the well recognized piratical treasure trove so much in evidence on the deck that the reporters would have a hard time climbing over the mess to interview the successful seekers after somebody's buried treasure. You agree, of course.

Enough to Go Around.

Alas that we can not all go gold hunting over blue seas, in a bounding yacht and with plenty of the best of canned grub. It seems a shame that with all the money that every one knows is buried here and there over the face of the earth, we can not all of us get hold of enough to buy a pair of cotton socks now and then when the holes appear at the heels of our old ones.

But then riches—but you have heard the old saw. Here is an illustration of its eternal fitness. William H. McKowen, 81 years old, footsore and sick at heart, arrived here the other day on the way to the Poorhouse. He was forced to beg a night's lodging and some food at the city jail. His story, sad as it is, affords another lesson to the more thoughtless of us. He was beggared by Mexican "insurrectos." Of course, you might say that the moral is "keep away from insurrectos, Mexican or otherwise," but you can't pass the yarn by that way.

McKowen is a native of the little city of Parkersburg, W. Va., and was a farmer and a mechanic. Of a roving disposition, the wanderlust carried him off when he lost his wife and two children, many years ago. He farmed for awhile in Oklahoma and in sections of the Northwest, notably in the vicinity of Albany, Or. At last, having acquired a half dozen fine mules, he struck a partnership with a young man named William Clark, and they made their way to Gomez, Mex., about seventy-five miles northeast of Monterey.

Insurrectos Take His All.

There the Americans acquired a piece of land and settled down. They obtained a contract to haul ore from a mine in the neighborhood to the railway station and were making a comfortable living at it. The insurrection swept over the country and Clark, reading the signs of the times, sold out to his partner and left the country. McKowen chose to remain. He owned twelve head of mules, two wagons, two trunks full of clothing and $386 in cash, American money.

McKowen, pleasant-faced, bright-eyed and white-bearded, laughed as he took leave of his young partner and expressed the opinion that the Mexican boys would know how to treat an old man.

About four weeks ago, McKowen gained an insight into the new Mexican way of doing business. A band of insurrectos under the leadership of a white man, swooped down upon his little place. They took all he had—mules, money and provisions for a year. They told him they would kill him if they ever saw him in the country again.

Penniless and hungry, McKowen started out on foot. In about two weeks he reached El Paso and managed to cross the line, his white beard and shoulders bent with age, his only passport. From El Paso he made his way to Los Angeles, walking most of the distance. He arrived with 85 cents.

"Some of the railroad men would make signs at me to jump their trains, but, boy, I couldn't hop a box car if it were standing still let alone when it's moving," he said laughingly.

Everybody was kind to him along the way, and at the Police Station, although it is a rule to give no man a bed who has the price of a night's lodging, the rule was forgotten after the old man told his story. He explained that he hoped to be sent to the County Poor Farm to pass his remaining days.

Yachting Season Looks Good.

Leaving that dismal story of hard luck and man's inhumanity to man, let's go some place where the wind of heaven can strike us—yachting for choice. The weather is grand, with a light off shore breeze, whipping past Point Firman and really there is no excuse for staying moping ashore. And then everybody a fellow knows is already out there or getting ready to go, so come along.

The South Coast and Sunset Yacht clubs, together with the San Diego and Santa Barbara organizations of motor boat and yachting enthusiasts, are planning one of the greatest seasons in the history of the Southern California yachting. With the intense rivalry now existing between the two local clubs the interclub races will contain an added zest and the regattas of the two clubs will be elaborately planned in order to outpace the rival organization. The race between the Nixie and Winsome is still a possibility, although neither Hays nor Edwards will admit that they are getting ready for such an affair.

The Edwards craft and the Hays boat are both fast ones and will probably be contenders in the next race to Honolulu. The Sunset boat is canvased about right for these waters, while the Nixie is more adapted to the jockeying through the trades found on the way to Hawaii. A race to San Francisco, it is generally believed, would give the South Coast boat the victory, while a short contest would undoubtedly result in the opposite.

The South Coast Yacht Club will hold its first series of races on May 21. The feature event of the day's programme will be a race, in which all the boats are entered, from the breakwater to Vincente point. A motor boat race around Catalina will probably be the feature of the morning's programme.

Whole Fleet Joins Excursion.

The annual cruise to Avalon will be held this year May 27 to 30. Nearly the entire South Coast fleet will join in the excursion and a general jollification will be held with the Hotel Metropolis as headquarters. The cruise will end on the evening of Decoration day with a dance at the hotel.

The establishment of the Los Angeles Motor Boat club's new houseboat off the Kerckoff-Cuzner wharf has made it plain that the motor boat has come into these waters to stay.

Within the last few months this club has come into existence, and within that time it has made rapid strides.

The new house is temporary, but at the same time it is a complete argument of the possibilities of the club.

At the meeting of the Los Angeles Motor Boat Club in the offices of the Commodore, E. J. Louis, in the I. W. Hellman building, the other night, the Motor Boat Club decided that as individuals they would do all in their power to encourage and make interesting the June meet, but as a motor boat club still young at the game and to a large extent composed of cruisers and not racers, they would not officially enter.

That action clears the racing horizon considerably. If you own a sail or motor boat and want to come into the biggest regatta that has ever been held in these waters, why enter your boat in your own name. She will be assigned to her proper class by a committee, composed of members of all of the clubs and the handicap, if there is a handicap, will be applied at scratch, so there will be none of the last boat winning the race a week or two after the boats have crossed the finish line, as there was at the Eastern race last year. The Sunset Yacht Club will receive entries.

The worst of the newspaper game is that nobody can keep out of trouble long enough to let a man forget that this weary old world is not composed of worry and disappointment. There is that "Camera Girl." There was no earthly reason why she should not have been good and minded her ps and qs, especially cues, since she is to go on the stage. But her life story—by the way her real name is Mabel T. Johnson—came out the other day in court, where she appeared to answer a charge of having stolen about $500 worth of baby clothes from her employer.

Lawyer Tells Girl's Story.

Earl Rogers, her attorney, told the court his client's story, he said:

"Reared in the mountains of Kentucky, she was the heroine of a feud which still exists. A typical mountain girl, her mind was filled with the romantic ideas which her surroundings created. When less than 17 years of age she fell in love with a man named Rauch, a member of another mountain family. Her parents objected to her marrying him and refused to allow her even to see him. The result was natural.

"The high-strung Southern girl decided to have her own way. One night she and Rauch disappeared. Immediately the members of her family assembled and war was declared on the Rauch family, while certain of the girl's relatives started on the trail of the fugitives.

"In the fights that followed Mrs. Johnson's father killed one man, but despite all the efforts of her friends and relatives, the girl eluded pursuit and escaped.

"Afterward she separated from Rauch and met Johnson, the man she married. She later left him, but when she became involved in this trouble he hastened to her side and is now standing with her.

"In addition, kind-hearted people have come forward and agreed to act as parents and guardians for this girl. Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Powell, of 1192 East Vernon avenue are here in court and are ready to welcome the girl to their home."

Mrs. Powell then took the stand and informed Judge McCormick that she was willing to act as special probationary officer for the girl, and would look out for her in the future.

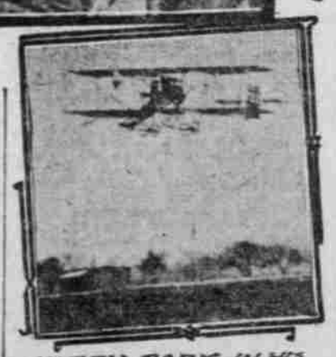
In view of her promises, Judge McCormick agreed to release the girl, but instructed her that she must remain within the county during the entire three years.

PORTLAND MAN SUCCEEDS AS AVIATOR IN ST. LOUIS

Harry Park, Famous for Feat of Climbing Pikes' Peak on One Wheel, Bids Fair to Shine as Air Navigator.

HARRY PARK LEAPING THE GAP

HARRY PARK



HARRY PARK IN HIS AEROPLANE

THAT a Portland man soon will rank among the foremost aviators of the United States is believed by friends of Harry Park, who left this city for St. Louis two months ago, to enter an aviation school. Word was received recently by Mrs. Park that her husband had signed up a year's agreement with Nick Sparling, which means that Mr. Park has been more successful than the average pupil at the school of aviation.

No doubt Mr. Park's success can be largely attributed to his past career. He was at one time known as the famous Pike's Peak one-wheel rider, having ascended the peak in 1892 on one wheel. He was also an expert auto performer, and in 1908 performed the feat of leaping the gap at the Oaks.

Mr. and Mrs. Park followed this line of work for years until three years ago, when they located in Portland. They established a printing office, which has been in charge of Mrs. Park since the time her husband went to St. Louis to enter the school.

It was Mr. Park's intention to return to Portland after taking a course in the aviation line. However, since Mrs. Park received the news of her husband's negotiation with Mr. Sparling she has leased their business and will join the aviator May 25. There is some probability that Mrs. Park will accompany her husband on his flights.

"I am overjoyed at Mr. Park's success," said Mrs. Park. "My husband and I have been very much interested in aviation, but I did not expect that he would make such rapid strides in that line. I am very anxious to fly and am anticipating the time when I can join him in his flights."

Mr. Park has made several flights at Washington Park, St. Louis, one of which is pictured in the Aero for May, accompanied by an article commending his skill and aptness

PORTLAND DRESSES WELL

Representative of Big Company Visits Trade in Portland.

Representing a clothing company with a capital of $20,000,000 is the responsibility that devolves upon Charles Paul, of Los Angeles, who, with Mrs. Paul, is at the Portland, and is here to visit the trade. Mr. Paul is well acquainted on the Coast, having made the trip often and having called on all the leading merchants. The company he represents is the largest concern of its kind in the world. The fact that a clothing concern has capitalized its business at so great a figure and that the capital is backed by value is evidence to business men of the magnitude of its business.

The business of Hart, Schafner & Marx has been operated as a firm since 1887, when it succeeded the firm of Hart, Abt & Marx. The firm in 1909 moved into its handsome 12-story building at Monroe and Franklin streets, in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul expressed great pleasure at being in Portland, and are delighted with the country.

"Somehow Portland has a wonderful charm for me," said Mr. Paul. "It is a growing place. Portland is one of the most fashionable cities in the country, so far as the dress of its people is concerned."

Lorenz Operation Is Success.

A Lorenz operation was performed at the Good Samaritan Hospital Friday by Dr. Otis Akin, osteopath, assisted by Drs. H. F. Leonard and Harry Shoot, on Darrell Coffey, 9-year-old son of G. M. Coffey, of Kalama, Wash. Dr. Akin says the operation was entirely successful and that when the boy's leg is released from the cast several months hence he will be able to walk. Dr. Akin says Dr. Lorenz, the discoverer of the system of reducing congenital hip dislocation, rarely ever took a case when the patient was over five or six years of age.

Oldest Woman Gives Advice.

BROCKTON, Mass., May 20.—"A set of rules for long life," compiled by Mrs. Mary Scriggins, famed as the oldest woman in Massachusetts, includes the following:

Do lots of hard work; 15 hours a day is not too much.
Abstain from idle gossip.
Never flirt, for it is a useless waste of energy.
Do not read novels.
Banish the vanity of dress.
Keep away from dances and shows.

Employes' Party Is Success.

The second social event of the members of the Co-operative Association of the employes of the Meier & Frank stores, which took the form of a dance and party, was held in Christensen's hall Friday night. There were about 200 couples on the floor. The affair was a complete success, and this fact has caused a general demand that social gatherings be held oftener than heretofore. The members of the firm were present.

LIFE OF LANE'S FIRST SETTLER WAS ONE OF RESOURCE AND DECISION

Elijah Bristow, Father of 15 Children, Came to County in 1846, Took Up Claim, Governed Growing Settlement, Fought Hostile Indians, Founded First Christian Church, and Named Neighboring Localities.

BY ALFRED POWERS.

ELIJAH BRISTOW, the first settler in Lane County, was named after the prophet of Biblical history. It sometimes happens that namesakes eclipse those they are named after. George Washington thus embarrassed King George. So also Elijah Bristow might compete for honors with his namesake. Ravens brought food to the Biblical Elijah; Elijah Bristow drove an ox team to Oregon City after his. The Biblical Elijah had no children; Elijah Bristow had 15. When captains and soldiers came out after the Biblical Elijah, fire came down from heaven and consumed them; when Indians came after Elijah Bristow, he gave them fire from another source. It is true, the Biblical Elijah beat him at aerial flights; which was of no particular advantage, since nobody doubts that Elijah Bristow went to heaven also, though in a less sensational manner.

Not that Elijah Bristow was incapable of a little melodrama upon occasion. History relates that one June morning in 1846, in company with Eugene Skinner, Felix Scott and William Dodson, he came up the west side of the Willamette, looking for a claim. They crossed the Coast Fork and ascended along the back of a low rolling ridge between the two valleys. Presently, they reached a knoll. Elijah stopped his horse. He had seen hundreds of knolls and hundreds of valleys, but no valley or knoll like this. Far off in every direction were hills and mountains. Then he rose in his stirrups and exclaimed:

"This is my claim. It shall be called Pleasant Hill. Here will I live, and when I die, here I shall be buried." He kept his word.

Cabin Is Erected.

The four camped long enough to put up a claim cabin, and then rode away. In July, Elijah came back, accompanied by William Dodson. It must be remembered that at this time he was 58 years old and the father of 15 children. At the time of life when most men are preparing to die, he was preparing to start a county. He staked off 640 acres, and William Dodson another 640 acres.

Dodson suspended improvements on his own claim to help Elijah build his cabin and start his crops. In 1848, Elijah's family arrived, and with them several other families. In 1850, he donated land and helped build a schoolhouse. In the same year, he superintended the organization of the first Christian Church in Oregon. There were 23 members and he was the first elder.

New immigrants arrived and settled at Pleasant Hill, and Bristow was their leader. When doubt and trouble arose, they came to him. Still more immigrants arrived, and the Indians began to grow jealous.

No real Indian wars occurred in this vicinity. Elijah never let them get beyond their incipiency. A band of Klamaths made their appearance on the borders of the settlement. One Indian came to Elijah's place and made a few threats. The pioneer took down his long-barreled rifle and fired. The Indian tumbled, but got away. A few days later a friendly Molalla came to the settlement and said the wounded Klamath had died the following day.

He took the same summary action in regard to the "Klickitat War." In fact, he started the "Klickitat War," fought it and ended it. Five of this tribe came one day and killed one of his fattest oxen. He and his son pursued the Indians, but did not catch them. A few weeks later another band of Klickitats came along. He caught one brave and whipped him. The next day 13 mounted and painted Klickitats surrounded his cabin and demanded satisfaction. Money would do. He parleyed with them a little while, then suddenly grabbed a handspike and aimed a blow at the nearest. The Indian dodged, but the blow knocked his pony down. The Klickitats fled, and Elijah pursued with threatening handspike. An Indian stopped and raised his gun to fire, but just then Elijah's son appeared with a gun, and he hastened on with the rest.

ELIJAH BRISTOW

Localities Are Named.

During this time and subsequently, he established the geographical names of the locality. Nobody doubted that he was the proper one to enjoy Adam's ancient prerogative. Certainly he had had considerable practice, having given 15 children two names apiece. Rattlesnake Creek is significant of the former habitancy of that kind of snake. The early settlers used to kill them on Sunday afternoons as a "pious pastime."

There are two or three stories as to how he came to name Butte Disappointment. One story says that he and a neighbor had an argument concerning what side of the river it was on. Elijah said it was on the Pleasant Hill side, while Dodson was just as sure that it was on the other side. They would walk to it and see, certainly a very fair way to settle the argument. It was on the other side. Elijah was disappointed, and so called it Butte Disappointment.

Mt. Pisgah he named, because he went up there one day and fancied himself Moses on ancient Pisgah; Scuffle Mountain, because they had a scuffle with the Indians there; and Lost Creek, because some immigrants got lost there. The slightest provocation produced a name.

Bristow's weakness was guns. In one of his pictures he is togged out in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, yet he has a gun on his shoulder—a sort of Puritan-going-to-church pose, still there were no Indians on his way to church. His emotions never became calloused to guns, and to the end a new gun set up a lot of sensations inside of him like a boy's first 22. He was a gunsmith. Certainly he could use them as well as the next one—and better, as is indicated by the following story which he used to tell:

Marksmanship Is Accurate.

He served in the Creek Indian War (though offered the command of a company of volunteers) as a private under Jackson. His accurate marksmanship attracted the notice of the General, who often assigned him to special duties. One day, being ordered to shoot some beeves, he took his rifle and started toward the cattle pens, but a sentinel refused to let him pass without the countersign. Going to Jackson's tent, he asked for this. But "Old Hickory" was in a bad and picturesquely loquacious humor.

"Away with you; I didn't send you out to get countersigns, but to kill beeves."

The resourceful Elijah walked back to the line of the sentinel's beat, stopped, aimed the protracted barrel of his rifle at the pens on a hill beyond, and, to the sentinel's amazement, began to shoot down the cattle. This soon secured a satisfactory countersign.

He died September 19, 1872, at the age of 84. He was buried in the Pleasant Hill Cemetery. His grave is near the gate and passersby may read all that is written on his tombstone:

E. Bristow,
Born April 28, 1788. Died Sept 19, 1872.
A pioneer.
The first settler in Lane County, 1846.
A man's life is his monument.
His deeds are the inscription.

As his personality loomed large in life, so does it in death; and it is not wholly a sentimental thought that the other graves seem to derive companionship from his presence there.

CHINESE BOY AMBITIOUS TO BECOME CARTOONIST

Paul Fung, Aged 13, Attends Couch School, Working to Support Himself. He Has Exceptional Artistic Talent.

PAUL FUNG

CARTOON

AUTOMOBILING.

Although handicapped by poverty and practically alone in this country, Paul Fung, a talented Chinese boy, who is a pupil in the fifth grade of the Couch school, hopes some day to become a noted artist and cartoonist. Although he is only 13 years old, and has never received instruction along the line of art, Paul exhibits a rare gift for drawing, painting and cartooning, and his aptness has aroused the interest of the teachers and principals of the school.

Paul Fung was born in Seattle, and when about five years old, accompanied his parents to China, where the latter were missionaries. He remained in China about five years, returning to Portland about three years ago. Two years ago the parents returned to China, leaving the two small boys here. The father is at present pastor of a Baptist church at Shanghai, while the mother does missionary work. The young artist and his brother stay with a Chinese family at 43 North Third street.

Every evening and on Saturdays Paul works in the store of Herbert Low & Co., in order to help make a living for himself and his brother.

In appearance, the boy is attractive and unusual. He is small of stature, has a well-developed head and small features. His hands are those of an artist.

Though he draws cartoons by preference, yet he is adept at sketching, and has also done some meritorious work in watercolors. The lad has exceptional creative talent, as well as initiative. In his imitation of the Mutt and Jeff series, he weaves in much that is original.

When there is a visitor to his room in school, Paul will go to the blackboard and draw anything which the teacher suggests. He loves his work and takes great pleasure in telling of the new pieces he has started, always mentioning the subject and the ideas he is endeavoring to carry out.

Asked if he desired to be an artist, he promptly answered: "I want to be a cartoonist." In answer to inquiries, he said: "No, I am not going to my parents in China. I want to stay here and work my way through school and take lessons in drawing."

At the recent art exhibit, practically all of the work from the Couch school was from the pen of Paul Fung.

How Paul is going to realize his coveted desire and advance in his work, acquiring instruction in art as well as obtaining a good general education is a hard problem. He is poor; therefore, his struggle must needs be a hard one. Probably the young Chinese lad will be "discovered" by some philanthropic person, and given the means to realize his ambition.

CADETS WILL GIVE HOP

Hill Military Academy Seniors to Entertain Friday.

The annual officers' hop and senior promenade of the cadets of the Hill Military Academy will be given at the Academy Armory, Friday night. The patronesses will be Mrs. R. J. Chipman, Mrs. A. R. Hill, Mrs. J. W. Hill, Mrs. J. E. Laidlaw, Mrs. McDonough, Mrs. S. B. Pague, Mrs. A. C. Panton, Mrs. G. F. Sanburn, Mrs. W. C. Slattery and Mrs. Winningstad.

The following are the members of the senior class: Cadets R. E. Wiley, I. M. Lupton, M. S. Thompson, A. C. Murray, R. E. Gorman, L. V. Hatbrook, G. M. Perham and W. C. Munly.

The officers of the Cadet Corps are: Cadet Major R. E. Wiley, Cadet Captains W. K. Phillips, R. E. Gorman, D. M. Clark and J. F. Hutton, and Cadet Lieutenants L. H. Brown, W. St. Martin, A. C. Murray, V. Brown, Jr., D. M. Pague and A. H. Bell.

The second public exhibition drill was given by the Academy cadets Friday night, and proved fully as successful as the one held a few weeks ago. A large number of the parents and friends of the cadets were in attendance and applauded the well executed evolutions of the gray-clad battalions. The individual competitive drill for members of A and B companies for a bronze medal was closely contested and finally won by Cadet Corporal Aldrach Robinson. A Company, of New York City. This competition was followed by a similar drill for cadets of C Company, which was won by Cadet Corporal Paul Jones of Portland. On the conclusion of the military programme the cadets entertained their guests with an informal hop.

Edlefsen's slabwood is best.