

WAR WHOOP ONCE MORE

It Will Not Be the Forerunner of Scalp-Raising, But Merely a Love Feast of the Last of the Tribe of the Shawnees.

(United Press Leased Wire.)
Collinsville, I. T., Oct. 14.—As the guests of Henry Spibuck, chief of the Shawnee tribe, thousands of full-blooded Indians of the Oklahoma and Indian Territory tribes are assembled here today for what will probably be their last great pow-wow. A great program of festivities has been arranged by the Shawnees, and the celebration will extend through the week. All of the famous chiefs of the new state, including Geronimo, leader of the Apaches, are here or will arrive later. While all the ancient Indian games, dances and amusements will be indulged in, the pow-wow is expected to have serious effects by the inauguration of a plan whereby the Indians of the entire southwest shall abandon their tribal relations and take up the peaceful mode of living. Chief Spibuck of the Shawnees, is the leader in this movement. He believes that the redskins have become sufficiently civilized and well enough educated to become good American citizens, and the coming of statehood in Oklahoma renders such action imperative if the Indians are to protect their interests.

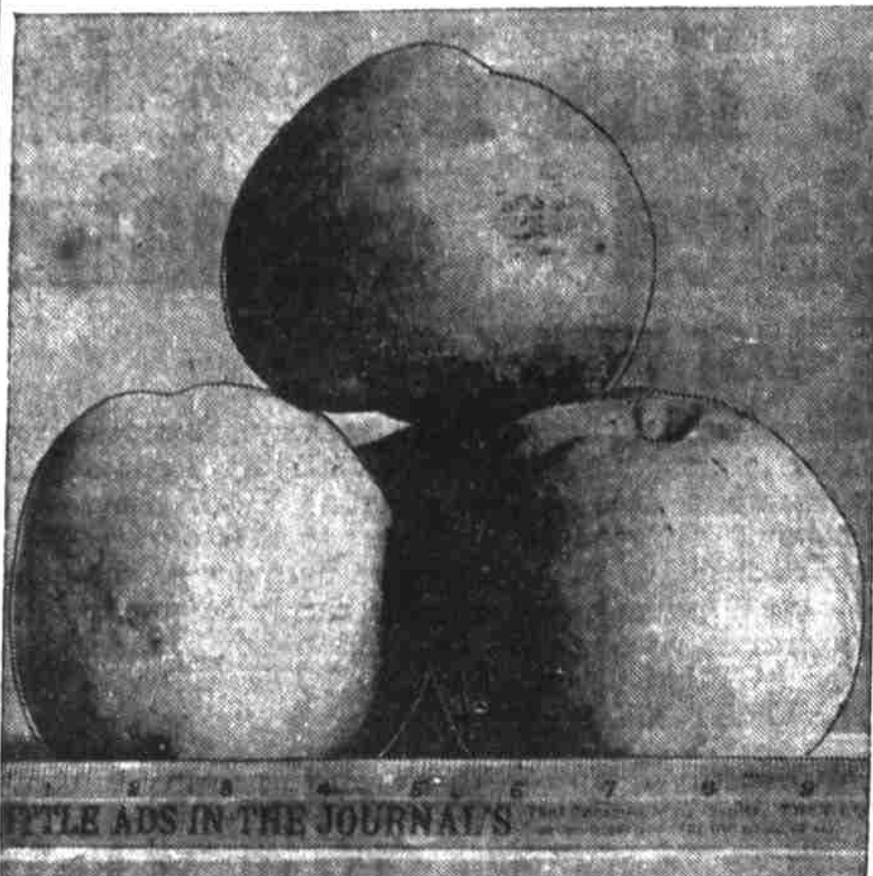
Commemorate Battle.
During the week a great stomp dance will be held at Sylvan park, the site of a bloody battle between the Cherokees and Osages 67 years ago, in which 7,000 of the Osages were slaughtered. Another unique feature of the pow-wow will be a beauty show, in which a thousand Indian maidens are entered. The maidens of the Chickasaw nation are evidently very proud of their charms, since they lead all other tribes in point of numbers. The Creeks, Cherokees, Osages, Euchees and Seminoles are also represented by their fairest young girls. Handsome prizes will be awarded to the most beautiful, the judges to consist of three men, two of whom must be full-blooded Indians enrolled among the members of the five civilized tribes.

Old Geronimo, the chief and advisor of the Apache prisoners of war, is accompanied by his wife, Souche, whom he married a year ago, and who has the distinction of being the eighth Mrs. Geronimo. Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanches, and his three wives, are also expected to attend.

Another notable guest at the pow-wow is John Slink, an Osage Indian, who for 25 years has been an expatriate from his tribe. The restoration of Slink to his people upon this occasion marks the

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

MONSTER APPLES GROWN IN ORCHARD NEAR LEEBURG, OREGON



Largest One in Group Has Circumference of Over Fifteen Inches.

Four apples that run about eight to the yard were brought to The Journal office Saturday by G. H. Jessup of Portland, who secured the monsters from the ranch of J. Kennerley, near Leeburg, Oregon. The apples were in nearly perfect condition despite the fact they have never received any cultivation since Mr. Kennerley took over the ranch.

The largest apple, which measures 15 1/2 inches in circumference, came from a tree about eight years of age. It is a Gloria Mundi and has never been cultivated.

The remaining apples came from a tree about 20 years of age and it also has been left to grow without attention. All the apples are remarkably free from disease, considering the fact they have received no care, and Mr. Jessup may take up their culture next year for the purpose of exploiting them.

ending of one of the weirdest tales in the history of the Indians, and is proof of the growing intelligence of the redskins. When a young man, Slink supposedly died and was buried by his fellow tribesmen with the customary ceremonies. His body was covered with rocks, his favorite pony tied to a nearby tree and food placed on the grave to provide sustenance on the long trip to the happy hunting grounds.

Slink Mistaken.
On the morning following his burial Slink recovered from what had apparently been a swoon, clawed his way from the grave, and mounting his pony, rode into the Indian village, prepared for a glad reception as one who had arisen from the dead. Instead, he was greeted with fear and hatred. Squaws and children ran from him, and the bravest of the braves cursed him as a thing of evil.

The Great Spirit has spewed him out, and his tribesmen should do likewise, declared the medicine man. So, with many objections and with a warning never to return, Slink was sent forth from the village. For 25 years the taboo has been in full effect. Occasionally the prematurely aged and broken man has attempted to effect a reconciliation, but the effort has been useless until now. The Osages, long obdurate, have at last softened their hearts and have agreed among themselves to restore Slink to fellowship, that his last days may be spent happily among his people.

Chief Spibuck, of the Shawnees, is

hopeful of the future of the redmen under statehood. "White men have made it possible for us to assimilate their ways, and at this pow-wow I hope to convince the leaders of the blanket Indian tribes that it is useless to fight against the laws of progress," declares the old chief.

"In addition to discussing this question, we will smoke the pipe of peace and take part in the usual religious festivities of our forefathers."

MRS. AGNES ROSS OF ASTORIA, DEAD

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Astoria, Or., Oct. 14.—Mrs. Agnes Ross, wife of William Ross of the firm of Ross, Higgins & Co., died just before noon yesterday after a short illness of fibrous cancer. An operation three weeks ago was unsuccessful.

Mrs. Ross was born at Plattsburg, New York, 53 years ago, and has lived in Astoria for over 20 years. She leaves her husband and three children, Mrs. Fagg of Berkeley, California, who was with her when she died, Donald Ross of Portland and Carl Ross, who is now at Columbia University, New York. The remains will be taken to Portland Tuesday morning for cremation.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for organic diseases. Burdock Blood Purifiers purifies the blood—cures the cause—builds you up.

EMPEROR VERY LOW

Delegates to The Hague Anxiously Discuss Possible Effect of Francis Joseph's Death Upon Europe and the Conference.

(United Press Leased Wire.)
The Hague, Oct. 14.—The news concerning the condition of Emperor Francis Joseph is seriously occupying the diplomats gathered here, especially the Europeans, but more particularly those belonging to the triple alliance. A cipher telegram from Vienna received by a leading diplomat here today says that in reality the doctors are anxious, fearing the growing weakness of the patient.

Naturally the conversation of the delegates to the peace conference is almost entirely on the question of what would happen in case of the death of the old monarch, who next year would celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his accession to the throne.

The diplomats, some of whom know the situation in Austria thoroughly, say that just because the dismemberment of Austria and Hungary at the death of the emperor has so often been predicted, it will not happen, the authorities being prepared for such an event and having long since planned the severest measures to maintain order and to check without mercy any separatist movement, especially in Hungary, Bohemia and Trieste. They admit, however, that the death of the emperor would have great influence on the internal and foreign policy of the government, as his successor will not command the same influence over the people or have the prestige and sympathy accorded Francis Joseph.

CHARLES LUND SLEW HIMSELF, JURY SAYS

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Klamath Falls, Or., Oct. 14.—The coroner's jury summoned in the case of the man found dead on the Fort Klamath road Saturday, found it a case of suicide. The body was interred in the city cemetery. The general opinion is that the man was insane.

It has transpired that two men saw him Saturday morning, while blood was still pouring from his wound, but they passed without stopping, thinking him an ordinary drunk.

Besides letters found on his body addressed to Charles Lund and signed by Mrs. Johannah Tjoping, there was also found an Oakland streetcar transfer of date September 30, 1907, and a Union Labor hospital ticket of Eureka, California, dated May 28, 1907.

The letter, written in Finnish, was interpreted to the jury. It was a mother's letter to her son, she seeming to fear that all was not right with him.

One difference between a Hanan shoe and others is that the Hanan fits better all over than the others do in spots. Sold at Rosenthal's.

PREPARE TO HELP FLEET

Union Iron Works Officials to Confer Regarding the Plant of Company Which Will Be Used as Auxiliary to Mare Island.

(United Press Leased Wire.)
San Francisco, Oct. 14.—Charles Schwab, head of the Union Iron works, has left New York for San Francisco to put things in perfect shape for the reception of the big fleet of warships due here next March. While the yards of the government here are ample for the usual demands made upon them, they will not go far when it comes to caring for the monsters of Admiral Evans' fleet.

For this reason it is necessary that the navy department make sure that arrangements for docking and patching up the engines of the nation's ships are under way long before the ships start. For some time A. J. McGregor, president of the Union Iron works, has been in consultation with his chief, Charles Schwab, regarding the work necessary to be done on the plant of the Union Iron works in order to handle the vessels when they arrive.

The long distance conferences were unsatisfactory, so Schwab left New York last Saturday in his private car, and will arrive in San Francisco next Wednesday afternoon. He will take personal charge at once, McGregor stated last night that so far as he was informed the president had not entered into the matter personally, but he believed it extremely likely that there had been conferences between the chief executive and Schwab before the latter left Trieste. They admit, however, that the navy department had been in communication with his chief.

UMATILLA TRUANT OFFICERS DILIGENT

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Pendleton, Or., Oct. 14.—County Superintendent Frank K. Wells states that the general attendance in the schools of Umatilla county is far ahead of past years. He attributes this not only to an increase in population but to the new compulsory education law, which is being enforced. Truancy officers have been appointed in different sections of the county who make it a point to see that all children between the ages of 6 and 14 go to school.

JOSEPHINE HEN MEN ORGANIZE

Grants Pass, Or., Oct. 14.—The poultry raisers of Grants Pass and Josephine county, following the lead of the raisers of fruit, goats and stock, have organized the Josephine Poultry Raisers' association. The slogan of its members is, "Make three hens cackle where one cackled before." The association already has a large percentage of the poultry raisers of the county enrolled. A grand social will be given this week.

Tea, to be Good,



should be free from artificial coloring—it should be pure.

Folger's Golden Gate Teas
are pure—healthful—refreshing. Six flavors

Japan Gunpowder Oolong English Breakfast Ceylon Black & Green

Packed flavor-tight in dust-proof cartons.

J. A. Folger & Co. San Francisco
Importers of Pure Teas



Blacksmiths
and others whose work requires great physical strength and endurance need tissue building foods. Among these there is none so good or so sustaining as

Ghirardelli's Cocoa

JOURNAL LINERS COST LITTLE, ACCOMPLISH MUCH

THE JEWEL OF THE WEST IS THE CITY OF ST. JOHNS

Three Years Ago Its Population Was 400, Today It Is 4000. Its Assessment Then \$200,000, Now \$2,500,000.

Sparkling as the dews of the morning as its shining drops glitter upon the bloom and the grasses of the May-day meadows, is the history of the bounding young city of St. Johns—for the past few years. Glowing as the Summer's sun at the midday hour, with Nature robed in gladness and charmed by the carols of the happy song birds, so is this fair charmer pictured to the minds and hearts of those most familiar with her face. Growing at a pace unprecedented in West Coast history, prospering as no other region of the great Northwest ever before has prospered, it is not strange that the young metropolis is now upon almost every tongue and on every pair of lips. As a giant of old was a master of his lair in the caverns of the mountains, so is the St. Johns of today master of commercial opportunities existent in this section of our great domain.

Marvelous Prosperity

It is difficult to adequately convey to the mind of the non-resident reader the real, actual, prosperity of St. Johns. Three years ago the payroll of all her industries amounted to only \$500 per month. The payroll now is \$70,000, and when Swift & Co. have completed their immense slaughtering plant, the Weyerhaeuser people the mammoth sawmill, largest in the world, for which a site has been secured, and the West Coast Lumber Company has its great lumber mill in operation, the sum total of salaries disbursed will be three or four times greater than it is now. Three years ago the number of factories within the corporate limits of the city was three; today there are 25. Then there were half a dozen struggling business houses, but now 138 prosperous concerns, representing almost every branch of trade. There were no professional men in St. Johns three years ago. There are thirty coming money now. The proverbial red school house with its three teachers served the district then. There are 650 pupils and 17 teachers at this time, and a new schoolhouse building at a cost of \$20,000. Five churches, a public library, a \$15,000 City Hall, a perfect electric light system, the beginning of the construction of a complete gas plant, one bank and three more entering the field, new factory sites being continually sought for and located, in a small way tell the story of St. Johns' amazing progress.

1000 Per Cent Is the Reward of the Investor in St. Johns Real Estate

Fancy the \$300 lot of two to three years ago now changing hands at \$7,500, another at \$400 now going at \$12,000. The very lot upon which our bank building is being erected was sold last year for \$1,100, and is now worth \$5,000. It will be worth \$8,000 next year, and cheap at that. On every hand are equal bargains—to the right and to the left—wherever one looks—in whatever direction the eyes or hand may turn. One thousand per cent increase within a few years is but a modest estimate of the transformation now taking place in values of St. Johns real estate. To buy and improve this city's property is akin to digging up gold in a most prolific mine.

Procuring real estate there now is like buying 5-cent loaves of bread at a cent apiece, or the juiciest steaks at a bean a pound.

The Natural Seat of Manufacturing

Located on the Willamette River, six miles below Portland, with deep-water frontage, all railroad facilities enjoyed by Portland, and out of the way of the bridges of the larger city that adjoins it on the south, St. Johns will be the manufacturing center for all time. Nothing can stop it. The rafts of logs—millions and millions of feet each year—will be saved six miles' towage by stopping at St. Johns, and the great ships of the ocean—other six miles journey up the stream that is becoming more difficult to navigation because of the impediments before referred to. There is room on the waterfront for every vessel that ascends the Columbia and Willamette Rivers. The commerce of the Coast might be handled at the city's extended docks, and already the ensigns of all the Oriental nations are almost constantly in evidence. Here is also located the big drydock belonging to the public and erected at public expense. The largest watercraft may be docked and repaired by the workmen there employed. Among the important industries, it may interest the reader to know, is the largest woolen mill in this part of the country, seven saw, shingle and planing mills, two shipbuilding plants, one 350-barrel flouring mill, two box factories, a veneering mill, two iron and one brass works, one foundry, one asbestos factory, and numerous other concerns of lesser note. Among its professional men are six lawyers, six physicians and surgeons,

three dentists, two civil engineers, an optician, architects, etc. In short St. Johns is an all-around, hopping, popping, hustling, bustling, modern young Goliath, filled with a live, wideawake, enterprising, generous, warm-hearted, lovable populace, devoid of selfishness and with outstretched hands and words of welcome for every stranger and for every neighbor—for every honest man or woman—no matter their nationality or from whence they came.

The Bank of St. Johns Pays for This Advertisement

And it has not a dollar's worth of property in the city that is for sale. On the contrary, it is buying little bunches here and there, and soon will be in business in the midst of a people its management has learned to hold in great esteem. Its one anxiety is that others shall be fortunate as itself and find homes and business in the charming city. It is anxious that some one "get busy" and build a thousand residences in St. Johns. The electric railway connecting Portland with its smiling neighbor is taxed to its capacity morning and night carrying the army of workmen to and fro, when every man of them should reside in the city where he finds employment. It is a long and tedious ride between the workshop and mill and factory in St. Johns and the home in Portland. We are anxious that this burden shall be removed, and to that end will cheerfully vouchsafe all desired information concerning business opportunities to any one who may call at our Portland offices, 206-207-208 Couch building, in that city.

But Do Not Wait for Further Knowledge. Prices of Property Are on the Bound.
Buy a Lot Now—It Will Cost You More Tomorrow.

THE BANK OF ST. JOHNS—ST. JOHNS, OREGON