

GREEN-WOLF-GREEN-BUNKO ARTISTS Wily Indian Medicine Men Hold Tribesmen in Awe by Various Cunning Schemes—Rivals Develop New Mysteries

NATURE favors, magicians, circus sideshow proprietors and every other class of man which makes its livelihood by misleading the public must take a back seat when the Indian medicine man makes his bow.

His power is unlimited and like Mark Twain's "Yankee in King Arthur's Court," he never misses an opportunity to demonstrate to his people his right to his exalted position. Every freak of nature is turned to account and there is little wonder that he occupies a throne even higher than that of the chief of his tribe.

So great is the influence wielded by the medicine man that his fellow tribesmen are afraid to accept the ministrations of the white physician, suffering the pains of frightful maladies rather than trust their lives to the ministrations of any one other than one of these native "doctors." As a result the ranks of the medicine men are rapidly thinning out, scrofula, consumption and other diseases claiming them by the hundreds. The Indians are a dying race. Lengthy arguments are made as to the cause of this. Civilization has had a great deal to do with it. The medicine man's part cannot be minimized, however, and until his hold on the superstitious minds of his tribesmen can be loosened there is little hope of checking the fearful death rate among the redmen.

"What was good enough for my father is good enough for me," is the motto of the Indian's argument in defense of the medicine man. It can not be made to understand that conditions imposed by his present semi-civilization require the use of the services of the educated medical authority. Potions of herbs and roots conquered the primitive ailments of the savage but now he is confronted with the far more serious problem of the diseases of civilization.

The incantations of the medicine man fail to do much good in these cases and the patients die.

No Cure, No Fee.

Because he loses so many more patients now than in former days, the medicine man does not find such a lucrative living as he did then. While the red doctor has a fixed rule that his pay must be in advance he also is duty bound to restore the fee collected to the dead man's family in the event that he fails to save his patient's life.

Old squaws of the tribe are often times better learned in the art of healing than the medicine men themselves. They do not dare claim knowledge of medicine in the presence of such a superior being as one of the native doctors, but they are not without their own secret recipes. They brew many a magical broth which successfully combats the lesser evils.

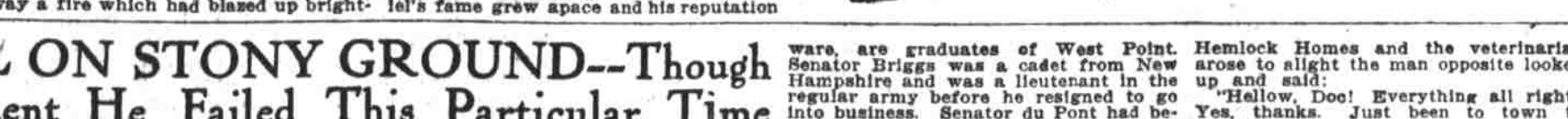
Despite the faith of their garments and the squaw's their tepid concoctions, the Indians realize the value of cleanliness and upon being overtaken by sickness invariably seek health through the medium of a hot bath. In a hut constructed of mud or blankets they lie naked over hot stones until their pores are wide open. This is followed by a plunge in a cold stream. It is not until this treatment has been tried and fails that the medicine man is called upon.

Various methods are practiced by the medicine men of different tribes. There is great rivalry between the native doctors and they are continually striving to find some peculiar mode of healing which will pale the glory of their fellow practitioners. Formerly the singing of a weird chant to the accompaniment of a tattoo of sticks on a board was considered sufficient. It is different now. Blue fire is often burned in front of the sick Indian's eyes. When this is not considered sufficiently brilliant to overcome his fellow tribesmen, particularly when some rival is in camp, the medicine man resorts to other means of creating a good impression of his power.

Casting the Evil Eye.

Casting the evil eye is a favorite method of intimidation practiced on the Warm Springs reservation and so successful has this been that it is seriously questioned whether some of the medicine men are not resorting to a certain degree, the art of hypnotism. Many authorities claim that mental telepathy is called to aid the medicine man in his work. He is able to convince all of his fellow tribesmen of his power.

One of the best-known medicine men on the Warm Springs reservation is Daniel Catcha, who lives near the agency school. Daniel has a great many spirit mediums, although he is not a member of the tribe. He is mortally afraid to make much display of his hatred for him. Among the redmen who had little liking for the native wizard was Robert Johnson, an evener at a "Shaker" meeting one of the worshippers imagined he noticed Daniel eying Robert closely. He



thought Johnson and advised him to so. Robert took his advice and rushed to his tepee. That night he was taken violently ill. Gradually getting worse, Robert called his people to his bedside and declared: "My friends, Daniel has built a fire for me on the hill in front of the agency; I can see that fire burning, and when it burns out my life will go out, too."

That night Robert died. As he passed away a fire which had blazed up brightly on the hill in front of the agency was suddenly seen to die away.

Mystified friends of the dead man told the tale among the tribes. Daniel's fame grew apace and his reputation

for evil was unsurpassed on the reservation. Complaint was made to the agent that Daniel had killed Robert with "eye darts" and to satisfy the reds an investigation was ordered.

Daniel was called before the tribunal and questioned by the agent. "Daniel, did you kill Robert Thompson?" the agent asked.

"Yes, me kill um," was the stolid reply.

"How did you kill him?"

"Me shoot darts."

"Can you kill any Indian on the reservation when you wish?"

"Sure."

"How many Indians have you killed since you became a medicine man?"

"Bout 200, guess."

"Can you kill a white man?"

"No, white man, no own medicine man. Um, don't believe me got heep big power."

Daniel's power might be on the wane if his fellows had discovered that he was hiding outside Robert's tepee when the dying man made his prediction about the fire and hurried away to build one at a goodly distance from the statement. He was wily, however, for he wanted to make sure that he extinguished his blaze at the right moment. He placed a henchman on guard near Robert's cabin and warned by a prearranged signal smothered the blaze as the soul left the body of his enemy.

Rival Turns Back.

Not long ago there was a heated rivalry between medicine men on the Umatilla reservation. Green Wolf, a much heralded native doctor of the Columbia, made a journey to the eastern Oregon reserve to make his regular visit to his patients. Imagine his surprise and chagrin upon arrival to find the Cayuse tribe had sprung into prominence during his absence and that most of Green Wolf's following had deserted to the younger medicine man.

Green Wolf is not so verdant as his cognomen might indicate. He carefully discussed the matter with himself at a person while lying on the shady side of a Pendleton coal shed. Just then providence came to his rescue in the

guise of a newspaper reporter. He was a very downcast reporter, who was having a hard day for news and didn't know where his next copy was coming from. He saw Green Wolf. Green Wolf would have the reporter, by the latter's own admission, guess as to the Indian's actions. The big red man occupied himself with the thoughtful meditation of a blade of grass and hardly returned the newspaper man's "How?"

It occurred to the reporter that he had found material for a story in the old back and he proceeded to open up negotiations. Green Wolf did not appear anxious for publicity at first. Finally a happy idea penetrated his brain. He was promptly transformed into the most talkative and accommodating subject the interviewer had ever encountered.

It Pays to Advertise.

There was an object in this sudden abandonment of the Indian's habitual reserve. He had caught his white brother's idea that "it pays to advertise."

Next morning Green Wolf stole a paper from a news-stand and with it tucked under his many-hued blanket sat down to read. He was just assembling a majority of his former patients and a crowd of curious prospective purchasers of his medical skill, the redman displayed the sheet to the throne. Then in measured tones, not untuned with pride, he read a glowing account of his skill, the tale of his wounds he had performed in the past and new ones he was planning for the future.

When he had finished his following had been regained with almost an equally large number of new recruits.

He has held his patients in line ever since. One glimpse of that newspaper has been enough to quiet the boldest dissenter, and Green Wolf has reigned supreme. His position was made stronger by an advertisement in the paper. The young Cayuse to secure some of the same kind of advertising. He called on the newspaper office and told his story. The story-hearted editor never happened to be short of copy when he appeared, and his name has remained out of print to this day.

PARTY LEADERS IN SENATE Culbertson Selected by the Democrats

Ex-Senator Dubois in the Idaho Senate. There will be absolutely nothing of brilliancy in his leadership. He would be ideal as leader of a victorious and well-entrenched majority. He would be invulnerable in the defensive. He will not lead his party into any dangerous places. They will feel safe all the time. He is above any and every suspicion as to the integrity of his acts or motives. His moral standards are high and rigid. He is compassionate and approachable and you like him, but you don't get very close up. He is very much like Senator John Sherman, ex-Senator Edmunds or may be just between the two, with as much ability as either. He is decidedly the best selection the Democratic senators could have made for a leader.

The Republicans in the senate do not have a leader and never did. The Republicans in the senate are always led, and always were, and probably always will be. The Democrats always have a leader, and they never have followed. The Democrats in the senate have an oligarchy. Oligarchy is a Greek word meaning the government by a few—oligos, few; archos, ruler.

The Republicans never caucus, yet vote always solidly on important matters, or when the "few" wish it; the Democrats frequently caucus but do not vote solidly on important questions. There has not been a time for 25 years, at any rate, when any Republican has been elected as a leader in the senate. The oligarchy is always recognized and obeyed. Instead of trying to break down this oligarchy, the oligarchy would seem to be the American way of doing things, the other senators' great ambition is to become one of it. The oligarchy at present is reduced to three—Aldrich, Allison and Hale. There were four in the last congress, but one of them—Spooner—was about five years ago. Mark Hanna never became an oligarch. He recognized their power shortly after he became a member of the senate, yielded gracefully to it, and would have become a member of the oligarchy had he lived a few more terms. Lodge has possessed his soul in patience, he is tractability personified. He never resists the decree of the oligarchy. When, as in the last congress, they would not allow his Philippine tariff bill to come before the senate, he took that President Roosevelt was thundering messages to the senate, that Taft was haunting the floors of the senate, and that Lodge was chairman of the committee, did not lead Lodge into any complaint or criticism. He knows the power of the oligarchy and his ambition is to be one of the oligarchy.

The prestige which his intimacy with the president gave him may have fooled outside people into the belief that he is one of the rulers of the senate, but it is not so. He never will be a leader in the senate. The chances are that Lodge will take the place of Aldrich and will have to wait until Aldrich retires.

Culbertson will make few blunders in tactics and will put the Republicans in a bad way. He is a leader in aggressiveness and dash. He is

SOME SEED FELL ON STONY GROUND--Though Salesman Was Eloquent He Failed This Particular Time

THE Business Man pored gloomily over the litter of papers on his desk. Times were hard. Collections were slow. Try as he would to center his energies upon the many tasks he had to do, his thoughts would wander into the shady byways of moody reflection. There were many letters that should be answered. There were overdue bills to be cared for, notes of explanation to write, expense accounts to check over, and a hundred and one tasks to be done. Still he sat, drumming on his desk with his fingers.

He heard the door open and some one come in. At a cheerful "Good morning" he barely turned in his chair. The intruder approached his desk, something from a portfolio, and placed it on the Business Man's desk. It was a card, card with black letters—"Do It Now."

The Business Man looked about warily and surveyed the intruder. He was bright and cheerful, looking as if with an evident fund of energy and good spirits. The Business Man turned back and looked at the card before him.

"Do it now," said the card, "explained the stranger, coming very near. Radiant with the rays of power, he held up on by a Thinker's wonderful force. Effulgent with light from the sun of a Great Soul. Alive with energy, sensitized with a forceful personality, exuberant with the dauntless and indomitable spirit of suggestion. One of these cards, placed on the desk of the sluggish radiates power to a great degree that indolence becomes activity, the brain becomes keen and alert, wasted energy is centralized and effective, the eye becomes bright, the hands busy, and mountains of undone tasks melt before it like icebergs before the warm waters of the sun's beam.

The Business Man eyed the stranger curiously. Perhaps he was an escaped lunatic, it were wiser to be cautious. He did not know that it quite understand you," he said.

The stranger looked at the overdone Siava before him with pity shining from his bright eyes. "My dear Sir," he said, "Everything is thought. Thought is everything. Thought is force, like heat, light, electricity. Thought is never wasted. The energy developed by it is sent forth in waves to drive the engines of human energy for all time. Now you think you are tired. Presto, you are tired. You think you are strong. Behold, you are strong. The energy of your thought is infinite—beyond measure, indeed. A half-dozen words charged with a great thought form a man wiser than a thousand words of a man without a thought. But thought to be powerful, must be intense, must be concentrated, must be earnest—not shrinking and afraid like a puny invalid. It must be bold and effective and fearless. Which brings us to the spiritualized card again. The Do It Now upon this card

was thought into it by a master of Thought-force. Gaze upon it for a moment and your face, thrills every fibre of your being; you will be inspired with a resistless desire to do something, to—

"I told you so," exclaimed the cheerful stranger triumphantly. "The rays are doing their work. The stored heat of this spiritualized card is warming up your energies as friction develops fire. I can feel it myself. It is inspiring me to sell you this card. It is appealing to me that I have a possession more valuable than gold—a priceless treasure—a gem rare for a lifetime. What worth drive the skeleton from the feast, to wheate smiles upon the brow of care. What worth the smile of an angel. I placed one of these cards with a magnet washerwoman with eight children, and the instant relief it gave her repaid me for a lifelong martyrdom to thought. Try one. They are 10 cents—think of it!—10 cents for a constant amulet, an ever-present inspiration, a bottomless fund of new courage. Ten cents for—"

"I will have to ask you to get out," said the Business Man, shortly. "I don't want any soul cards, do you understand. I am too busy to bother with you."

The stranger gathered up his offering sorrowfully. "Cold and unresponsive soul," he said, "you are not worth saving. These cards were sensitized for the blessing of human beings—being of flesh and blood—but they have no effect upon flint or granite. What wonder the sweet thoughts of the ages are lost to you! What wonder the cry of a soul 10,000 years ago finds no responsive echo in the damp, cold chambers of your senseless mind. What wonder the smile of an angel finds no reflection upon the chill marble of your countenance. What wonder that thought enters your mind to shudder at its loneliness and make haste out into the sunshine of companionship. Be benefited if you will. Receive the consolation of suggestion at the trifling cost of 50 cents for three varieties. Perhaps in this building I shall find a sympathetic being deserving of the blessings I offer at a small charge. Upon him will I lavish the soul comforts of unnumbered years, and to him will people turn with love and affection, knowing the abiding warmth of brotherhood within him. As for you, bah!"

He closed his portfolio and went majestically out.

Will you refuse it, Friend? Can you refuse it? Can you afford to lose this chance to be perpetually happy, to glow and draw out with the flush of dawn, light and warmth of continuing good cheer? Can you afford not to illumine your neighborhood with the splendor of your ever-falling good nature? Can you afford to let 10 cents stand in the way of your life-long happiness? Can you afford to—

"I had your line of talk I'd go out of business and sell mining stock," interrupted the Business Man, impatiently. "Can't you see I'm trying to work? I've got enough to worry me without listening to your speeches on Thought and Sunshine, 'Good morning!'"

"Sorry," it is, inquired the stranger, gently. "Try one of my 'Don't Fret' cards." And he went into the portfolio and drew out another square of pasteboard. "This is a soul-sensitized card to drive the skeleton from the feast, to wheate smiles upon the brow of care. What worth the smile of an angel. I placed one of these cards with a magnet washerwoman with eight children, and the instant relief it gave her repaid me for a lifelong martyrdom to thought. Try one. They are 10 cents—think of it!—10 cents for a constant amulet, an ever-present inspiration, a bottomless fund of new courage. Ten cents for—"

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ware, are graduates of West Point. Senator Briggs was a cadet from New Hampshire and was a lieutenant in the regular army before he resigned to go into business. Senator du Pont had become a captain and brevet Lieutenant-colonel before he resigned. Senator McKerny, of Louisiana, was a cadet at the Naval academy, but afterward entered the confederate army as a volunteer.

West Point has furnished several members of the house, one of the most recent having been B. T. Clayton, an Alabamian, who was elected from a Brooklyn district, he subsequently returned to the army and is now a quartermaster with the rank of captain. There are at present two graduates of Annapolis in the house—Captain Hobson, of Alabama, and Captain Weeks, of Massachusetts.

Hemlock Homes and the veterinarian crossed to alight the man opposite looked up and said:

"Hello, Doc! Everything all right? Yes, thank. Just been to town to get fitted with some eyeglasses. Never wore them before. Must be getting old, I guess. So long."

"BEWARE THE DOG!"

From the New York Sun.

An industrious book agent who works the outskirts of the city says that several times a day he is confronted by the dog sign "Beware the Dog," or "Beware the Dog" in most instances the sign is erected near a kennel with a doorway big enough to admit a Great Dane and small enough to admit a few, better lawyers, if any, in the senate. The senators realize this, and Culbertson will surprise the country by getting one or more wherever he sees one of these signs, said the book agent.

"Whenever you see the 'Beware the Dog' sign you may be one of one of the premises an undersized mongrel that when he sees you will beat it with his tail curled under him like a bold lobster, or that the sign belonged to a family that moved out a while ago.

"If you are timed as to dogs, put aside your fear when you see the 'Beware' sign. The chances are that the dog or dogs will see you before you see them and that your only evidence of their presence will be their yelps while running for the shelter of the ash barrels, or that there are no dogs on the premises."

"I like a good dog. You don't have to beware him; he will do the bewareing. He will perhaps meet you at the gate and follow you to the door, but he won't do nothing more if you attend to your business."

"This is true of large and small good dogs. If you came around at an unreasonable hour of the night the good small dog would probably confront you and make you feel that you were in the dog's family, and the big good dog might do you without giving any alarm. But you never see the 'beware' sign where there is such a dog."

"There are snappy dogs, and it is well enough to look out for them when entering premises where you are not known; but wherever you see the warning sign it is usually safe to take it that you can buy the dog or dogs for 15 cents, or that the family doesn't own a dog."

TRAVELS IN AIR AND ON WATER



This is a picture of A. Perry Bliven, the Brooklyn inventor, who has an airship which he declares will travel just as well on the water as in the air. Above is a sectional view of Bliven's airship, showing the storage tank. Below is the Yankee Bird, as Mr. Bliven calls his airship in flight.

AS PLAIN AS A NOSE.

A Computer From the Land of Sherlock Holmes Tries Deduction.

From the New York Sun.

"Don't look up now," said Hemlock Homes to his fellow commuter, the horse doctor, "but when you do look up take particular notice of the man sitting directly across the car from us, who seems to be half asleep. They call him the 'Beware the Dog' sign. He is a soul-sensitized card to drive the skeleton from the feast, to wheate smiles upon the brow of care. What worth the smile of an angel. I placed one of these cards with a magnet washerwoman with eight children, and the instant relief it gave her repaid me for a lifelong martyrdom to thought. Try one. They are 10 cents—think of it!—10 cents for a constant amulet, an ever-present inspiration, a bottomless fund of new courage. Ten cents for—"

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Quiet Celebration in Kentucky.

From the Georgetown News.

For the first time in the history of the city no arrests for drunkenness were made on Christmas eve night and Christmas day. Judge Bradley must have known that this would be the banner Christmas, for the stovepipe had been taken down, the chairs were very dusty and the courtroom looked very cold. Now, what was the cause of this unusual occasion? Has the drinking class of town and country reformed, or was the celebrated Christmas drink called eggnog made weak this year, or was the money market so tight that the people did not have money enough to get drunk on?

West Pointers in Congress.

From the Boston Herald.

Quite an alumni association of West Point and Annapolis graduates could be organized from the senate and house. Two senators, Frank O. Briggs, of New Jersey, and Henry du Pont, of Dela-