INDIANS GATHER FOR BIG RELIGIOUS POW-WOW

Presbyterian Mission Which Attracts Red Men From All Parts of Umatilla and Nearby Counties—Great Camp of Tepees Assembled on the Flats Near Pendleton

TA-WITS-POO.

PHOTOS BY E. F. MOOREHOUSE PENDLETON ORE

CLASS OF SUNDAY SCHOOL BOYS.

SOME OF THE OLDEST MEMBERS OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

ON THE WAY TO CAMP MEETING.

PENDLETON, May 2.—A white city of 100 tepees is now located at the Presbyterian Indian mission on the Tutuilla flats, six miles southeast of this city, where a monster religious revival is now being conducted by native Indian ministers in the Nez Perce language.

The meetings were arranged by Rev. J. M. Cornelison, missionary in charge of the Presbyterian mission, which is a continuation of the Whitman mission, but he has been ably assisted by Rev. E. J. Conners, a fullblood Nez Perce Indian minister, associated with him in the Tutuilla mission, and other Indian members of the church. The Tutuilla mission congregation is made up wholly of Indians, and a number of its members were pupils of Marcus Whitman on the Walla Walla river over 60 years ago.

The meetings are held in a large "gospel tent" and the attendance is enormous, the large tent overflowing with every meeting. Eight Nez Perce Indian ministers are assisting in the meeting and a large number of converts are expected.

Some of the most hardened tribesmen of the Umatilla reservation have been recently converted and are now ardent Christian workers among their people.

The Indian women of the reservation have done much toward the success of the meetings, by riding from place to place and persuading their heedless tribesmen to attend.

Visitors from Yakima, Lapwai, Flathead, Warmsprings, and Columbia river tribes are on the ground, all joining earnestly in the revival. The northwest tribes have intermingled until they are all practically "cousins," and many of them own allotments on two of the reservations of the northwest. This is the largest religious meeting ever held on the Umatilla reservation and outside of some of the Nez Perce revivals is the largest ever held in the northwest.

REDWOOD LUMBER CAMPS OF OREGON AND CALIFORNIA

Forest Reserves Created to Prevent the Destruction of Magnificent Old Trees

GRANTS PASS, OR., May 9—The forest service of the United States, through its local branch which has headquarters in this city, will take urgent and stringent measures this summer for the protection of the great redwood forests of southern Oregon and northern California. The local reserve covers an immense territory, and in this territory is a big tract of redwood timber. Extending from the middle part of Curry county, this state, to the southern end of Mendocino county, California, is the largest tract of sequoias in the world. This big tract is practically all that remains of the great redwood forests of America, and it is here that the sawmills have been operating for the past 25 years.

Had it not been for the timely interference of the United States government and the forest protectory laws of the state of California, the lumbermen would have long ago completely annihilated the noble sequoias of Del Norte, Humboldt and Mendocino counties, and of Curry county, Oregon.

Up there in the northern end of the golden state, and many miles off the beaten track of sightseers, are the great lumbering camps. Up there too are the camps of the forest rangers, the vigilant guardians of the redwoods. These servants of Uncle Sam are doing much for the protection of what remains of California's lumbering resources. Besides the protection absolutely of the forest reserves that have been set aside, the rangers are also looking after the enforcement of the state and national laws regarding the cutting of trees not included within reserve boundaries.

Stringent Forestry Laws.

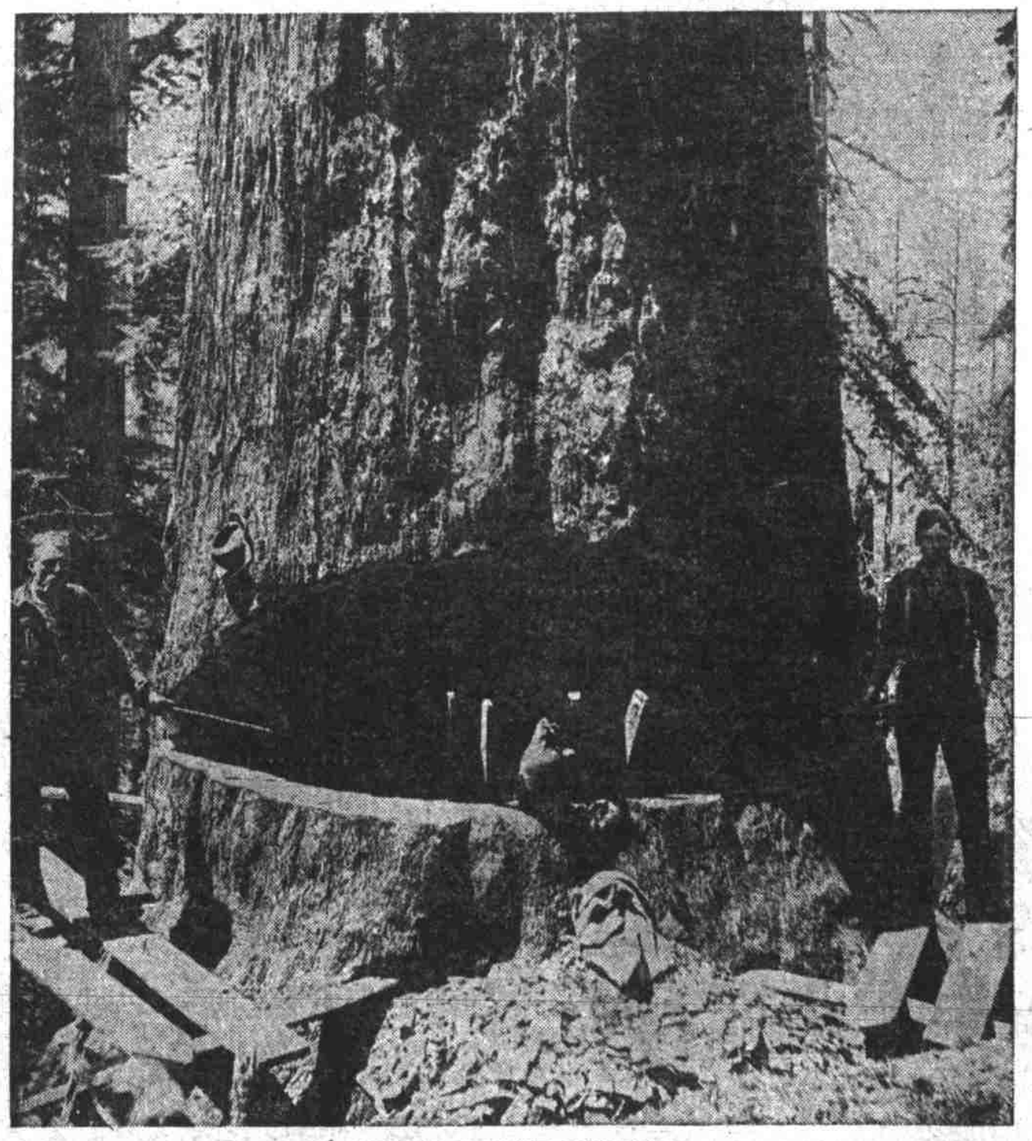
No state in the union has more stringent forest protectory laws than has California. Besides the several supervisors of reserves under the forest service, a state forester is regularly appointed and legal provision is made to render the discharge of his duties effectual. As early as 1868 a law was enacted in California by which the board of supervisors of each county is empowered to authorize owners of land to plant and cultivate native trees along the roads and highways.

There are two species of redwoods in California—the sequoia sempervirens, and the sequoia gigantea. Both are giant evergreen trees; both bear their round or ovoid male catkins at the end of the slender terminal branches. The redwood of the California lumbermen is the sequoia sempervirens, which may be regarded as the typical form, though the gigantea attains a greater height and larger trunk diameter. The sempervirens, however, grows to gigantic size.

Splendid Lumber Trees.

Numerous trees of this specie reach a height of from 200 to 270 feet with a base trunk diameter of from 12 to 15 feet. The older trees rise to great height bare of boughs, while on the upper part the branches are short and irregular. This makes them splendid lumber trees, as they need only to be felled and cut into log lengths. From the great size of the trunk, and the even grain of the red, cedar-like wood, it is a valuable lumber tree for the builder, as it is unsurpassed for doors, panels and all manner of interior finishing. It splits readily and evenly, and planes and polishes well; cut radically, the medullary planes give the wood a deep, satiny luster. As a rough building material it is strong and durable, though it does not possess the elasticity of the firs and pines.

It is no small task to fell a giant sequoia. These immense vegetable columns, some of which are fully 3,000 years old and contain in a single tree over 250,000 cubic feet of timber, cannot be hewn down in an hour. A crew of from three to five men work on each tree. A scaffold is first built around the tree, about six feet from the ground. On this platform the woodsmen work. A deep cut is then made into the trunk. If it is more than 10 feet in diameter great auger holes are first bored through to allow the inserting of a long crosscut saw. It is unlawful for lumbermen to cut down trees with a greater trunk diameter than 15 feet. This accounts for the lone giants that tower here and there among the blackened stumps like aged patriarchs in a cemetery.



FELLING A GIANT REDWOOD.

Falls With Mighty Crash.

Because of its immense trunk diameter, a big redwood remains steadfast on its base, even after it is cut through. The woodsmen often work as long with jacks and wedges and have as great difficulty in getting the tree to fall, as in cutting it. When it does fall, it comes down with a terrific roar, striking the earth with a mighty crash and making the mountains tremble.

Donkey engines are employed to "snake" the big logs down the mountain side to the travoy road or skidway. The logs are conveyed by logging train or water from the timber to the mill.

The manner in which the sawmills handle these great redwood logs is most interesting. During the earlier years of sawmilling in California, logs greater than eight feet in diameter could not be used. Logs larger than this were first split into three or more pieces by dynamite. This method was very wasteful, as the gigantic force of the explosion often tore the logs into splinters. The redwood sawmills are now equipped with a "gang" of four saws, placed one higher than the other, some horizontal and some vertical. This arrangement allows the successful handling of logs that formerly were unavailable.

When a redwood log enters the sawmill it goes first to the "circular," where the slabs on two sides are removed, leaving a flat cant. It is then transferred to the "gang" saws, where it is squared and cut into timbers and boards. The entire process of handling the logs is mechanical. From the skidway or boom the log is conveyed up a slide by an endless chain, the chain being provided with spikes or concave chairs which hold the log from sliding or slipping back. One log follows the other in endless succession. When one log is sawed another is loaded on the carriage by the light touch of a hand on a lever. Great steel arms rise and embrace the log, turning it over, shoving it forward, lifting one end, or raising the whole load of many tons as easily as a boy lifts a baseball bat. The light touch of another lever brings other steel arms and hooks from mysterious recesses in the floor, which rise up and hold the log in place while it is fed into the hungry maw of the "gang" saws. From the time the log was stripped and scaled in the forest till it is converted into lumber at the mill, no hand has necessarily touched it. Powerful machinery, guided by human intelligence, has done all the work.

Band Saws Used.

Many of the larger sawmills of California are now employing "band" saws instead of circular saws. Band saws as proving especially advantageous in the sawing of big logs, as they do the work more quickly and with far less waste than the circular saws. These band saws are long ribbons of steel, from six to eight inches in width, operated over large pulleys above and below, the upper pulley being located directly over the lower. The principle on which these saws operate is exactly like that of the small band saws employed in planing and finishing mills. The saws are necessarily thin, and made of the very toughest steel. Each has a daily capacity of from 30,000 to 40,000 feet, and requires from 25 to 40 per cent less power than circular saws of the same capacity. To prevent heating, a small stream of water is continually played upon the band saw. At first there was considerable hesitancy in adopting them, as they were considered extremely dangerous on account of their liability to break. It has been found, however, that there is no more danger of their breaking than that of the circular saw. Unlike the circular saw the band saw carries its own teeth, these being a part of the saw itself. Each mill must therefore be provided with several extras, so that these may be in process of sharpening and setting, while the other is at work.

NEVER DWELL ON YOUR SORROWS

By Maurice Maeterlinck.

HUMAN life, as a whole may appear somewhat sorrowful, and it is easier, in a manner pleasanter even, to speak of its sorrows and let the mind dwell on them, than to go in search of and bring into prominence the consolations life has to offer.

Sorrows abound—infallible, evident sorrows. Consolations, or rather the reasons wherefore we accept with some gladness the duties of life, are rare and uncertain, and hard of detection.

Sorrow seems noble and lofty and fraught with deep mystery, with mystery that is almost personal, that we feel to be near us. Consolations appear egotistical, squalid, at times, almost base, but for all that, and whatever their ephemeral likeness may be, we have only to draw closer to them to find that they, too, have their mystery, and if this seems less visible and less comprehensible, it is only because it lies deeper and is far more mysterious.

The desire to live, the acceptance of life as it is, may perhaps be mere vulgar expressions, but they are probably in unconscious harmony with laws that are vaster, more conformable with the spirit of the universe, and therefore more sacred than is the desire to escape the sorrows of life or the lofty but disenchanted wisdom that forever dwells on those sorrows.

Our impulse is always to depict life as more sorrowful than truly it is, and this is a serious error, to be excused only by the doubts that at present hang over us.

No satisfying explanation has so far been found. The destiny of man is as subject to unknown forces today as it was in the days of old, and though it be true that some of these forces have vanished, others have arisen in their stead. The number of those who are really all powerful has in no way diminished.

Many attempts have been made, and in countless fashions, to explain the action of these forces and account for their intervention, and one might almost believe that the poets aware of the futility of these explanations in face of a reality which, all things notwithstanding, is ever revealing more and more of itself, have fallen back on fatality as in some measure representing the inexplicable.

It is true that fatality is no longer the goddess of old; it is vaster, more formless, more vague, less human or actively personal, more indifferent and more universal. In a word, it is now no more than a provisional appellation bestowed until better be found on the general and inexplicable misery of man.

From one point of view, unhappiness must always remain the portion of man, and the fatal abyss be ever open before him, vowed as he is to death, to the fickleness of matter, to old age and disease.

If we fix our eyes only upon the end of life, the happiest and most triumphant existence must of necessity contain its elements of misery and fatality.

But let us not make a wrong use of these words; above all, let us not, through listlessness or undue inclination to mystic sorrow, be induced to lessen the part of what could be explained if we would only give more eager attention to the ideas, the passions and feelings of the life of man and the nature of things.

Illinois Farmers' Handcar.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

Six miles of railroad track between Shumway and Effingham, abandoned eight months ago by the Wabash railroad because the business did not justify heavy expenses of maintenance, has been put in a novel business by the farmers alongside.

Some of the mechanically inclined constructed a sort of gondola handcar with a long pole as propeller. Twenty can ride the craft at one time. It has been dubbed the "daylight limited," and on market days makes almost regular trips from end to end of the farmers' railroad.

KEEP KEYED TO STANDARD

By John Anderson Jayne

WHEN a piano is off its key it means discords will be produced in the music that any performer upon it may play.

When colors are not given their proper blend, it means that inharmonious matchings will be made.

When the strengths of life are weakened, it means that work must be below the standard that one has set for himself.

Many a worker upon waking in the morning finds himself fully three tones too low, two or three shades to dark and with not enough strength or vitality to do his work.

It is one of life's hardest tasks to keep one's self keyed up to standard.

Every life has its black and dark hours, its time when the usual melody has departed and the color is off its tone.

One man, to bring himself up to his pitch, will go out and get a couple of drinks under his belt. Another will inject morphine into his arm. Still another keys himself through his pipe, while another, more wise than they all, studies the laws of health and hygiene, takes his regular hours for sleep and so gets through his work with better results and with greater ease than all the rest.

Perhaps the most successful worker of the preacher's acquaintances is a man of comparatively small stature, who weighs below the standard for his height. He is the most systematic worker ever known. Regularly as the clock comes to the hour of 6 a. m. that man is down at his desk, and until 4:30 p. m. every day in the week, with the exception of Sunday, he sticks to his task with the tenacity of a bulldog holding on to a tramp's "trouserloons." For years he has kept at this kind of work, rising steadily in the estimation of his employers and in the regard of those over whom he has control. He is the most equable man one might find in a ten-days' journey. Nothing ever seems to ruffle the calm serenity of his mind. Contact with unreliable men, sufferance of weaklings around him, conversation with men of big affairs, continual looking after the tag ends of his office, have no more effect on him than a north wind would have on a March icicle. He's up to standard all the time.

How does he keep that way?

First—He has learned the value of self-control. He knows that getting rattled does not do him, or any one else, any good. He knows that when a man flies off the handle there is a waste of nerve force that never can be regathered. He works with as little friction as possible. Rarely does he raise his voice above ordinary conversational tones. He knows what he has to do, what he wants done, does it and gets the thing done. Controlling himself, he controls others. The strongest men in the city are as wax in his fingers, because he controls himself before he seeks to control them.

Second—He is regular and systematic in his habits. He does not go to extremes in anything. He follows the Apostolic injunction, "Let your moderation be known in all things." He lives frugally, quietly, abstemiously. His home is a home in the truest and best sense of the term. He rarely, if ever, carries his business home with him. Asked recently if he worried about his work after he left the office, he made this characteristic reply:

"What's the use of worrying? Every day has a different line of work. I never know what the next day will bring. Having done all that I could on Monday, what's the use of worrying relative to Tuesday? He has invitations to banquets, merry-makings and theatre parties, but he rarely attends to any society functions. His evenings he spends in reading, resting and recreation. Reading of his own selecting. Resting in his own way. Recreation of his own chosing.

Third—He lives fair and square with his brother men. He has never been known to do a man an injustice for the sake of the gratification of "personal spite." Those whom he discharges for incompetence, intemperance, or for any other reason say that he is the fairest and best man they ever worked for. He is patient with novices, careful with workers and knows that humanity is not perfect in any of its details.

There you have the secret of the way one hard worker keeps himself keyed to standard. Through self-control, regular and systematic habits, and dealing fairly and squarely with his fellow man. And when you come to a careful study of the lives of men who are doing men's work in a man's world in a man's day, ninety times out of the hundred you will find that they are doing it just as he is doing.

Would you keep keyed to standard? Go thou and do likewise.

TEASING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES--By Landon Carter

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PERHAPS there is no habit so easily acquired, so greatly indulged in or so universally disagreeable to humanity as teasing. In no phase or condition of life can it possibly prove other than a selfish pleasure, and if possessing no desirable qualities why encourage or cultivate it?

Teasing borders almost invariably upon injustice, and is so frequently the outcome of truth and refinement being sacrificed to wit that "practical jokes" have alienated friends and also been known to result in duels.

Home circles are seriously affected by this habit and little children's lives sadly influenced and embittered.

To right-minded people there can be no genuine amusement in the premeditated discomfiture of others; for this, it most frequently is; and, perhaps, the best excuse for such puerile indulgence is that through excitement one is often rendered inconsiderate.

The most unfortunate results of teasing, however, are not always confined to the present, but are more far-reaching and complicating, as are most bad habits.

The vagaries of teasing are too subtle and numerous to be collectively illustrated, and although no nature is apparently without this quality, all must acknowledge it to be more or less undignified and belittling. It is rarely indulged in by one's intellectual equals or children of the same age, but inferiors mentally and physically are generally selected as victims, and the injustice of which fact naturally engenders harshest resentment.

Even in after-life few people acquire sufficient self-control to gracefully accept persistent and continued forms of injustice, and yet these very people will punish a child made rebellious through teasing rather than correct the original cause of the outbreak, which may not infrequently lie within themselves. Undoubtedly there are a limited few whose personal magnetism allows them to take certain liberties, otherwise denied the less fortunate, and by these magnetic people teasing may be rendered almost caressing in its manner. At times it may suggest the subtlest compliments and even affection. These, however, are rare instances, whereas the same indulgence on the part of the less skilled almost invariably subjects their objects to ridicule and to avoid which the victims are often provoked into lying and other forms of deceit.

A keen sense of the ridiculous is decidedly an inborn quality and what to one might inspire only mirth, to another would, perhaps, prove mortifying or provoke bitter resentment.

Like every practice of life, teasing entails certain risks which may best be obviated by discretion, but in the exhilaration and excitement of teasing one is apt to become forgetful of all save one's own intention. About even an ordinary jest Shakespeare suggests consideration—"Learn, sir, to jest in good time; there's a time for all things."

The tease not only subjects himself to sarcasm and perhaps insults, but by his very practice does he in all justice deprive himself of every right to resent his self-merited punishment in the retaliation of his victim.

Over the Ten Cups.

"There's no use talking—," said my wife.

I ceased to eat my food;
Beside my plate laid fork and knife,
Struck listening attitude,
Sought, mentally at least, to ease
Man's meager lingual power,
While she—went on, and on, and on,
And talked for half an hour!