

# "JUMP OFF JOE" SHOE LIKE IN SHAPE, AT LOW TIDE.

AN INDIAN TALE OF LONG AGO

"JUMP OFF JOE" ON NYE BEACH, NEWPORT ORE. PHOTO BY OCEAN SPRAY STUDIO

"JUMP OFF JOE" SHOE LIKE IN SHAPE, AT LOW TIDE. PHOTO BY A. L. THOMAS.

ONCE in the days of long ago, when the world was young and puny man was as an ant among the vast shapes that roamed the land and swam the sea, a giant of colossal size left a worn-out shoe, carelessly thrown on the edge of the Pacific ocean. Long and low like an Oxford, with high arching instep, under which the restless waves washed and pounded, the vast relic lay beaten by storm and baked by sun until at last it turned to stone.

And now, today, half buried in the sands of Nye Creek beach at Newport, the big stone shoe still lies, ever washed by the surf, worn smooth by tourist climbing, solid and crowned by romantic fable.

Years and years ago, so the story runs, far back before the white man came to bathe in the breakers of the great water of life along its sandy shores, the Indians of the Siletz were a powerful, a wise and a great people. Lip and down the coast were the hunting grounds, where from the mountains they took the deer, the elk, and the bear. From the dashing streams, leaping down to mingle their fresh water with the ocean's brine, the Siletz fishermen drew trout in great

quantities. In the fertile and sun-flooded valleys the squaws raised grain and maize, and all the tribe was prosperous and rich and contented.

One day, as a winter storm howled along the shore of a beach, that has been party pausing on the high bluff overlooking the sea, saw a large ship, diving before the wind towards the beach, its members pile ashore upon the rocks and was broken into many pieces.

Out from the wreckage which cast upon the beach the wondering Indians a young girl, fair haired and to a broken spar. More beautiful than any woman ever seen by them, the warriors beamed upon her, and she spun like the ripened silk of their corn, at her skin, smooth and fair with the rosy blue of the early morn, as her eyes, blue like the spower washed skies of April. Unlashing her from the broken spar the hardy warriors carried the girl reverently to the village where the old women warmed her back to life.

Drawn by the beauty, her grace and her lovely disposition, the head chief of the Siletz took the girl and reared her as his own, while she grew in grace and mind until the fame of the fair-haired princess spread far and wide. Time passed and the chief's son, Joe, ever near the adopted girl, was chained to her by the power of her hand. Joe filled the heart of the aged chieftain for his love was great, both

for the boy, his son, and the girl, his ward by tribal adoption. But in the midst of the rejoicing sorrow and death, like a creeping fog, spread over the land, vast fires burned the forests, drove away the deer, the bear, the elk and other game; drought dried up the leaping creeks, leaving the trout leaping in the shallows; crops withered and died under a pitiless sun or were washed into the sea by sudden fierce torrents, quick fallers from a single cloud. In the midst of the tribulations the old chieftain, heart-broken at the woe of his people, sickened and died. Wise men of the nation, skilled in the medicine of the gods, fathered in solemn conclave and besought the great spirit for a remedy for all the trouble, sickness and death which the great spirit answering, told the wise men the cause of the plague that had stricken the people, it was an evil and could not be healed, that the chief of the Siletz should wed the daughter of an unknown race, whose skin was white as the morning sun through a mist and whose eyes were blue like the skies of the springing around the great west.

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from any large number of visitants, appears to be proved by the testimony of all who have penetrated into the interior. The work of such organizations as the Anglo-Saxon club, the Anglo-American league and the Anglo-American league is not likely to come to an end until the traffic has been completely stopped. Meetings for some time to come such books as *Blindness*, will serve a useful purpose in conveying information, as well as entertainment.

shine. The crops would grow. The streams would run to the sea once more. The game would come back to the hills and plenty would fill the land. Grieved beyond words at the message of the great spirit, for the wise men shared the universal love for the golden haired princess held by all the tribe, they yet bore the tidings to the tribesmen. A council was called by the old men of the Siletz and the lovers were summoned before it, where the words of the great spirit were told them, but the lovers, blinded by their affection, scorned the high command and refused to obey. Then the council, determined to save the remainder of the tribe from the divine displeasure, decreed that the girl should die, and that the young chief should be held captive until the sentence had been carried out. Standing in the doorway of the council lodge the young chief looked out upon the sea, restless, surging along the sands. With a whispered word to his sweetheart, he suddenly dashed away with her, to where, half buried in the sand stood a vast stone shoe, cast off from some giant foot in ages gone, its hollow from the shore, its toe washed by the never ceasing surf. Clambering up the steep and slippery sides of this rock the lovers began pursuing tribesmen for a short time in

which to make their vows of renunciation one to the other, and their prayer granted sat down hand in hand while the tide crept in and dashed higher and higher on the rock. Two lovers, the young chieftain and the nameless fair-haired girl, plighted their undying love, and, when the tide had cut them from the land shouted defiance at the wise men watching the shoreward rocks.

The tide reached the full, paused and fell again, and still the young lovers lurled insults at the tribesmen and challenged the great spirit to separate them. The waves washed lower and lower about the base of the great rock until at last the avenging warriors clambered through the spray and up its sides, pledged to carry out the sentence of the council. But the young chief, standing on the highest point, clasped the princess in his arms and lifting her high sprang out into the open sea, shouting defiance as he fell.

And today the summer pilgrim, resting in the crevices of the giant stone shoe, may listen, if he is wise and knows the way to the heart of the red man, to this tale from the lips of one of the last of the Siletz, whose dimmed eyes light with the fire of youthful memory as he tells the story of how Jump Off Joe received its name.

## THE LAND OF SHADOW--Slave Horrors That Persist in Portuguese West Africa

BOSTON, Sept. 15.—"A white man, as everybody knows, may not own or sell a slave in any part of Africa under European control, but he must have labor, and there are in practice ways of getting over the obvious difficulty. They are not ways which are discussed openly, and so far as one can ascertain, are by no means satisfactory to the negro for whose benefit they are sometimes said to be devised. In this, and a few other matters, the negro's opinion is not however deferred to. It is his particular business to gather rubber for the white man and grow his cocoa, and the fact that he is not as a rule content to recognize this obligation is very seldom taken into account."

Such a novella, prevailing in many parts of the "land of shadow" as the English novelist, Harold Bindloss calls it, accounts for the continued activity of the Congo Reform Association, which is a smooth, plausible settlement of the questions of proprietorship in the Congo Free State appears to be the frequent agitation regarding the traffic in human beings in the Portuguese colonies and the West African continent. It underlies the activity of the International Organization of Anti-Slavery, with headquarters in London, and the British and American governments. It explains a widespread feeling in Europe and the United States regarding the situation in the dark continent.

When the announcement of King Leopold's virtual abdication from the Congo Reform Association had been crowned with success, and the American headquarters in this city that the campaign of reform has in all probability only begun.

Even more true is it of Portuguese West Africa that the world has begun to awaken to the fact that the gods of the heathen cannot hear, and those of the white men may, it seems, be propitiated by missions of the white man, and stained windows bought with cocoa and rubber dividends. By the Berlin and Brussels acts of a few years ago Portugal bound itself to assist in putting down the slave trade. From many sources come corroborative testimonies that a substitute has been devised which is proving to be just as profitable and just as abhorrent to human nature.

Another English writer who has helped arouse the Anglo-Saxon countries to an appreciation of what is going on under Portuguese dominion is Henry W. Nivinson. Nivinson has personally, at great risk, traversed the famous old slave trail that runs up from Benguela on the west coast, narrow bush where shackled slaves from time immemorial have walked after the African fashion putting one foot exactly in front of the other, through the vast Hungry country, across Angola to Congo territory, and to the great lakes beyond. This route is now a desolate, treeless plain, a great proportion of death enroute. The negroes who are now brought down the old trail are called "contracted laborers," but the fact of slavery according to Nivinson, Bindloss and other first hand observers is plain. The victims have been selected in raids led by Portuguese traders. Those that survive the crumby journey are called "emigration offices" on the coast. Here they are asked in a language which they do not understand to consent to working for five years. No answer is construed as assent.

The victims are kept in Angola to work in the rubber plantations. The number of about 4,000 a year are exported to the Portuguese colonies. The San Thomé, where in an atmosphere that is perpetually steamy, hot and unhealthy, the victims are kept, die at a rate that is almost anywhere else on the globe. At the end of five years the "contracted laborers" who have survived are brought before a Curador and informed that their contract has graciously been renewed for another half decade. They are not permitted to return to their homes. A few escape over the sea in canoes and some run away into the interior of the islands where they exist like wild beasts. This drama of the enslavement of human beings goes on year by year because the West African littoral is protected by hot sun and protected by its lack of good harbors and by the disposition of the Portuguese and Belgians.

Why, it is barely possible that if the command were to come at this minute to take up your bed and walk, that you would be equal to the occasion and throw the crutches aside, hang the rolling chair into close quarters and drag forth the springs, the mattress, the tickling, the comforts, patchwork, counterpane, and dear old nurse, that else beside, and strut forth upright. It is one of the mysteries of life, how that which is so ordinary to one, as a case cast iron in the twinkling of an eye, how sensitive framework may be shattered into a million fragments. Of this work John Daniels, corresponding secretary of the Congo Reform Association, has added one to the long list of martyred missionaries. The rebellion in the story was crushed just as the English adventurist decided it would be, and as revolts in real life among the African tribes have been successfully put down. Omasahle knew that revolt was useless and wondered whether the old belief that there was a ban upon the negro and that he was made to serve the white man, was not after all founded on more than superstition and fear. Other primitive peoples had, who knew, died off before the white man, but the Africans had thrived in the bondage, killing Brazil and the West Indies and the cotton-growing states. They were prolific, cheerful, adaptable to all conditions and yet even when liberty had been offered they remained a subject people, and made no effort to shake off the yoke of their white masters. Of this work John Daniels, corresponding secretary of the Congo Reform Association, has added one to the long list of martyred missionaries. The rebellion in the story was crushed just as the English adventurist decided it would be, and as revolts in real life among the African tribes have been successfully put down. Omasahle knew that revolt was useless and wondered whether the old belief that there was a ban upon the negro and that he was made to serve the white man, was not after all founded on more than superstition and fear. Other primitive peoples had, who knew, died off before the white man, but the Africans had thrived in the bondage, killing Brazil and the West Indies and the cotton-growing states. They were prolific, cheerful, adaptable to all conditions and yet even when liberty had been offered they remained a subject people, and made no effort to shake off the yoke of their white masters.

## CANADA'S CALL

From the St. John Sun. Yesterday the Maritime Provinces sent their bone and muscle to help garner the golden grain of the great west. Over 5,000 of the youth of eastern Canada started last evening the long journey from Point du Chene with the Prince Edward Island, which the old country will be distributed throughout Manitoba. Seven farm laborers' specials were used to convey the harvesters. Three of these trains were made up in St. John. Two came from Halifax and one from Sydney. The remaining one started from Point du Chene with the Prince Edward Islanders, who crossed Northumberland strait by special steamer.

The composition of the excursionists was about as usual. A few family parties containing women and children were included, but the great majority of the excursionists were men, and young men at that. Until the last train left the harbor presented the most animated appearance, being crowded with hundreds of harvesters and their friends. The total number of excursionists from the Maritime Provinces is much in excess of that of the C. P. R. officials expected. The train which left at 5:30 this morning.

## YOU CAN'T KNOW TILL YOU TRY--By Cara Reese

Because everything will be different from your anticipation when the test comes, so, sounds and confusions will be minor, the artificial and superstitious will become insignificant, the world, the flesh and the evil will be the outside, something apart, and you but a mechanism, however with an alert brain and a loving heart taking up the new and the strange, treading easily, howbeit carefully, in the hither-to unexplored paths of peculiar helpfulness. Never make a rash or positive assertion again as long as you live. For, don't you see, even with the worst happening, that you are still on earth, an active, breathing personality. Ay, pinch yourself and find out. And that stomach ordinarily weak, can be made strong, and still be able to smile instead of to weep. It is one of the mysteries of life just how much strength is generated; strength for sleepless nights, for irregular meals, for courage and endurance; strength to fight self and its weak whims and likes and dislikes; courage for duty for vigil with drink and sleep. But, don't you see, even with the worst happening, that you are still on earth, an active, breathing personality. Ay, pinch yourself and find out. And that stomach ordinarily weak, can be made strong, and still be able to smile instead of to weep. It is one of the mysteries of life just how much strength is generated; strength for sleepless nights, for irregular meals, for courage and endurance; strength to fight self and its weak whims and likes and dislikes; courage for duty for vigil with drink and sleep.

## THREE INCHES OF GOLD STEEL--Dancing and Fencing Necessary Accomplishment

By Heinrich von Schuetz. MONG accomplishments which were considered necessary in an educated young man during the time of my youth were dancing and fencing. To learn these I went to an old French emigrant who made his living by giving lessons in these. M. deBonheur, a white-haired, tall, military looking man, declared himself ready to give me lessons in dancing and fencing and asked me when I would begin.

"Immediately if it suits you," I replied. "Certainly, I am at your service." "But you have not yet told me what I am to pay you." "My usual charge is four lessons for one Louis d'or, does that suit you?" "Excellent, and I wish two lessons in each art." "You need not need to take two lessons to become a good fencer and I can see in your eyes that you have courage. Let me test your eyes and your wrist. Follow me." He took me into large, very light room which contained no furniture except a few chairs and a piano which in those days was far from being as common as it is today. On the walls and between the windows were hanging foils and masks, while a number of batons were standing in one corner. When the old gentleman showed me how to stand when about to begin fencing and took his position opposite me I noticed that he was a little lame, but I soon saw that he was a master hand. The first fencing lesson was followed immediately by the first dance lesson, which he played the violin himself. After we had practiced for a little while he suddenly cried: "Sarcobite! This is one of my bad days. My leg is troubling me so that I can't dance any more."

## BOOTS IN MANDALAY.

But Fashionable Burma Couldn't Stand the Kipud We Wear. They are wearing boots in Mandalay. Not exactly "our regular" quality now, reduced to \$2.50, though these were "come up like thunder"--the way things do come up in Mandalay, according to Mr. Kipling. But it is a pleasure to learn from the Indian World that there has been a change in Mandalay footwear. That authority admits that the Burmese, that is, the emancipated and comparatively well-to-do Burman who can afford to think about his apparel--has taken to wearing boots. It was the still show at the upholstery and the inappropriateness in his climate of European footwear. "I have seen a few men, a very few, wearing boots in Mandalay. They are wearing boots in Mandalay. Not exactly "our regular" quality now, reduced to \$2.50, though these were "come up like thunder"--the way things do come up in Mandalay, according to Mr. Kipling. But it is a pleasure to learn from the Indian World that there has been a change in Mandalay footwear. That authority admits that the Burmese, that is, the emancipated and comparatively well-to-do Burman who can afford to think about his apparel--has taken to wearing boots. It was the still show at the upholstery and the inappropriateness in his climate of European footwear.

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hand and directed mine with her right. "This will never do," the old man cried. "Monsieur must not be so careless. Once more! You must attend angles still in fencing. I often had a chance to look at a girl through the wire netting of the mask and she was a woman. Her eyes no longer expressed childlike curiosity, nor did they the expression of the skillful fencer, but I could see in them the awakening of a woman's soul. Also her appearance changed. She was no longer a child, but a woman. Her face and shoulders remained unchanged. Accidentally I heard that the family was in the city. I went to see the father and daughter had eaten nothing and I hadn't even thought of paying for my lessons. I intended to do so when she would have been a man, but I refused to receive the money but at last he said: "Well, you may do just as you please, sir." He put the Louis d'ors in his pocket as if it were absolutely nothing to him and as I had not known the fact I should never have thought so.

"How strange those weeks pass before I came to the house again and then I found a very great change. Juliet had become an unusual beautiful woman, having had plenty to eat and drink, and out wonderfully, but the old gentleman looked the same as ever. When he had finished his lesson he came for some time and therefore wished to pay for the lessons I had already received. The old man at first hesitated, but he finally said: "Well, you may do just as you please, sir." He put the Louis d'ors in his pocket as if it were absolutely nothing to him and as I had not known the fact I should never have thought so. "How strange those weeks pass before I came to the house again and then I found a very great change. Juliet had become an unusual beautiful woman, having had plenty to eat and drink, and out wonderfully, but the old gentleman looked the same as ever. When he had finished his lesson he came for some time and therefore wished to pay for the lessons I had already received. The old man at first hesitated, but he finally said: "Well, you may do just as you please, sir." He put the Louis d'ors in his pocket as if it were absolutely nothing to him and as I had not known the fact I should never have thought so.

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