

THE BEAUTIFUL LEGEND OF "CALLING QUAIL"

OVER on Siletz Indian reservation now lives the remnant of the Alsea. This peaceful tribe of Indians, once numerous, is now reduced to three members. One of the most beautiful legends of this tribe is that of "Calling Quail," and although it was published many years ago it will doubtless be of interest to many.

Down by the mouth of Alsea bay, where the Pacific's waves beat ceaselessly on the shifting bar, the land runs into a sandy beach on each side of the entrance. Here and there are hillocks or dunes, in which may be found the burial canoes of the Indians. Each Indian is buried in his own canoe and is provided with a fishing spear and paddle for the great voyage over the western seas. Each tiny craft is placed with its prow toward the nearest water, which is usually not far distant. The traveler can but imagine the number of these dead canoes, the shells of oysters and many yards in extent, which mark the site of their former camping places. Although many of these canoes have been destroyed by storms and others desecrated by the persistent relic hunters, there are still a few left intact in secluded spots.

First years ago, when the white men first settled in the Alsea country, three Indian tribes were represented in the Alsea, who lived on the bay and coast and were a tribe of fishermen; the Klickitats, who occupied the mountains to the south and the Drift Creek Indians, who lived on the Drift Creek and the Drift Creek Indians, who inhabited the timber districts around Table mountain to the east and north-east of Alsea bay. These tribes were all considered each other as foes, but there were times when feuds were laid aside and the hunters of these tribes with their neighbors by the sea, bringing with them the spoils of the chase to exchange for dried shellfish and other products of the drift creek. One day, as the canoes were lighted along the beach, the canoes

were drawn up side by side on the shore and feasting and jollity went on for days together.

On one of these friendly visits came the ending of "Calling Quail." She was a lovely maiden of the Alsea and none other could more deftly paddle a canoe. She was kind and gentle as well as pretty, and many youths of the Alsea had sought her as his bride, but she was coy and turned a deaf ear to all her wooers.

The summer time had passed when the Klickitats came down the river, their canoes laden with deer meat for the customary feast. The days were yet quite long and the nights balmy and mild. The Klickitat hunters sang and danced around the fire of drift logs on the beach while the Alsea maidens looked on.

Young "Wrestling Bear" of the Klickitats, so called on account of a gallant fight with a great black monster whose hide was now a valued possession, was among the visitors. His canoe was well stocked with venison. He was popular among the young women of the Alsea, and he was the trappings and finery of the tribe.

"Calling Quail" admired the young hunter, and before the days of feasting were over these two had become real lovers. Finally the Klickitats returned to their home, but now and then a canoe bearing the young hunter's brave would drift down stream and just as the shadows in the woods began to darken in the evening light, she would see the young man and she then knew her lover was awaiting her at the little spring which lay hidden from all eyes in the forest and among the bushes.

But these meetings were rare. The elk were in good season and "Wrestling Bear" must secure a good supply of venison for his family and his own. He was a hunter and he was a hunter. He kept him far away most of the time.

Now came the time for the Drift Creek Indians to pay their visit to their coast neighbors. Again the big fires burned at night and the Alsea welcomed their visitors as usual. Now came the time for the Drift Creek Indians to pay their visit to their coast neighbors. Again the big fires burned at night and the Alsea welcomed their visitors as usual. Now came the time for the Drift Creek Indians to pay their visit to their coast neighbors. Again the big fires burned at night and the Alsea welcomed their visitors as usual.

"Grey Wolf," and he very much deserved the name. For "Grey Wolf" to look upon what other people prized was to him as a trifle. He was a hunter and he was a hunter. He kept him far away most of the time.

How is this done? By telling and retelling the same story, adding details with each repetition. The average newspaper story is first three to five lines, and is told again with slight greater detail in the first paragraph. It is told a third time, with as much more detail as the first paragraph. It is told a fourth time, with as much more detail as the first paragraph. It is told a fifth time, with as much more detail as the first paragraph.

Here, for instance, are the headlines of the story telling the flight of Will Wright near Paris:

WRIGHT FLIES THREE MINUTES LIKE A BIRD
American Guides Aeroplane at Will Wright's Command. Thousands Watch.

CIRCLES FIELD THREE TIMES—LANDS GENTLY
Wright's Aeroplane. Thousands Watch.

If you had time to read only these headlines you would know that Wright had done something that was a great feat. The headlines would tell you that Wright had flown for three minutes like a bird, and that he had circled the field three times and landed gently. The headlines would tell you that thousands of people were watching him.

Turn now to the older literature, whose passing is viewed with regret, and see how different it is from this. We doubt if any modern reader has time to find the "old masters" of language a bit slow in the beginning, however he may have admired them before he was brought to the newspaper. For instance, great writers as they were, dawdle along till the impatient modern fingers find their hair, asking worshiper of everything old, turns and twists, and throws in deep and desparately misty reflections, and stops to tell you the entire biography of the great-aunt of the man whose mother-in-law's cousin knew the boy who carried the message to the king, that the gargoyle above the third column in the left transept in another cathedral than the one that Mr. Ruskin is supposed to be describing. It is literature, no doubt. But it is literature that no one can enjoy who has anything else to do and more to say.

The worst sinner in this respect, however, is Victor Hugo. Hugo has always been a general nuisance, and so you cannot drop him as you would drop any lesser mortal who tried to play the same game. For Hugo leaves Jean Valjean hidden in the gardener's hut for nineteen mortal chapters in which he discusses the whole theory and practice of convicts, therefrom. He froze to the seat and buried his face in a magazine, while the woman in arms entered, as she directed, but without results. The cross baby grew crosser, and finally burst into a general dissatisfaction, by unbearable howls.

"There, there, sweetie," cooed the mother. "The little angel must be good for this kind of crying. It is to hold you." She laid the screaming cherub squarely on the "kind gentleman" and he nudged him with his finger. "Well, this ain't a dog kennel, and you'll have to get off," snarled the conductor.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," may be an overworked truism, but that doesn't impair its practical value. A woman in arms entered, as she directed, but without results. The cross baby grew crosser, and finally burst into a general dissatisfaction, by unbearable howls.



Dog's Tailor Bill \$100 a Year

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"You understand that these fashions like any others change each season. Or rather they change to suit the wardrobe of the dog's mistress. This summer dogs wore light colored, broadcloth coats lined with satin, of course there was a pocket for the tiny handkerchief embroidered with the crest of the house."

"Now that winter is coming on, they will put on sweaters. There are my latest creations," she added displaying a boxful of worsted sweaters, while ones bordered with yellow, and pink ones with red. "These are intended to match my lady's outdoor, where the dog spends his mornings. In the afternoon he put on a collar of the same shade as his mistress's dress. However, this season he won't wear collars, he is much as bells or bejeweled balls or lockets containing his mistress's picture."

"See, here is something I have just finished for Mrs. Gerver of New York." She took up a broad collar of gray leather thickly studded with pearls and pale blue stones. "Naturally the leash is of the same color. When the dog goes out he will be dressed in his pale gray coat with his blue velvet leashes. When he goes motoring he has his new-made suit, consisting of a completely fitted up with rubber shoes, tooth brush, larger brush and comb, sponge and manganese towel. If he happens to be a tiny Bolognese, he is carried in a leather sack."

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"You'll have to pay for the dog, too," said the conductor.

"But I—I've only got one nickel, and I had to bring my dog," the lad explained timidly. "Mamma never let me, and I was afraid somebody'd steal him."

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The child's lips began to quiver.

"Don't be too hasty, Mr. Conductor," said a newby across the aisle, "I'll give you a nickel for the dog's ticket."

"Here, take your money, nickel. This little fellow ain't his dog now, has a pass pull to the carbin, see?"

to secure for himself everything he desired. He soon observed "Calling Quail" and told her father that when his people came they would be invited to share his home where the broad river had his sources, far away in the glorious mountains of the hills.

The Indian parent hesitated to trust his daughter to the mercies of Gray Wolf, but the friendly relations of the tribes must be sustained. The Alsea were of one mind as to that, and poor little Calling Quail knew how useless eyes on following steadily in her footsteps. The time was set for the departure. The last evening came and she sadly took her way to the little spring she loved so well.

Gray Wolf had been warned that, even if he carried Calling Quail away with him on his morrow, she would not be his enemy would quickly follow. He therefore resolved to keep an anxious eye on Calling Quail, and when she thought she was alone on her little journey to the spring her jealous purchaser was following steadily in her footsteps. The familiar traveling place young Wrestling Bear was awaiting his loved one. Night fell on the lower valley, and the stars shined down. Calling Quail retraced her steps between the rustling bushes and under the heavy shadows of the trees. When Gray Wolf's canoe passed the rapids the next day noon rescue would be at hand. But alas! as Wrestling Bear lay in wait in the darkness following the little trail that led to a big tree near where his canoe was fastened, he saw the young man and woman. Calling Quail shuddered as she stood near the fire and caught the sound of this sudden cry.

On the next day's sun rose, the mists lay heavy on river and bay. The drops quivered on every leaf. Calling Quail, who had been so long in the morning meal and went among her companions, telling each a pleasant goodbye, and finally packed and ready for the journey. Soon she saw him slowly drawing near, his dark face sunken and his eyes dim. She knew that now and then with a sudden pain, and approaching Calling Quail said, "Gray Wolf, I am sick, I am sick, I am sick. This was all the greeting he bestowed upon her, and turned again to the shelter, where he seemed to have passed a restless night. Her heart sank as she thought of that other canoe impatiently waiting for her on the rapids. The river rolled and tore over the big rocks. "How long will he stay for me?" she thought.

They wore slowly on the shadows lengthened and grew darker in the woods, and the setting sun threw long rays across the low, misty water of the bay. The fire was fed with pine knots and Calling Quail moved impatiently about the camp. The maiden could wait no longer, she started on a fishing trip. The fire was fed with pine knots and Calling Quail moved impatiently about the camp. The maiden could wait no longer, she started on a fishing trip.

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The bringing together of many interesting facts hitherto known only to a few scattered men of science, has been the result of an authoritative study of the subject recently completed by Dr. Theodore Gill, associate in zoology in the United States National Museum. Dr. Gill has summarized his studies in an official publication just issued by the Smithsonian Institute, of which the National Museum is a branch.

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The food of the devilfishes," says Dr. Gill, "so far from being large animals and occasionally a man or so, as has been alleged, appears to be chiefly small crabs, shrimps, and other crustaceans, and young or small fishes, which swim in certain places about the surface of the water. Rarely does one prey on large fishes."

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A naturalist who observed devilfishes in action, says that he thought no er shoes or pumps will find that she can keep them in better condition if they are cleaned frequently in sweet oil. They should be wiped off first with clean cheesecloth, then the oil rubbed in with the fingers or with a small sponge.

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INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS

By George L. Knapp.

The greatest single force in the modern world is the daily press. Public opinion is the great, the final regulator of human affairs, and the press, with its daily history of the world laid on your breakfast table, is not only furnishing the raw material for public opinion, but voicing the finished product as well. There is not a phase of modern life which has not felt in some wise the impress of this newest and most active of forces. Here we propose to see how the daily newspaper has influenced literature, meaning thereby the writings that are bound with cloth or leather, gathered into libraries, often criticized and more or less read.

If one wanted to take ready-made criticisms he could find plenty of these to assure him that the influence of the daily paper on literature is not to be denied. There are plenty of prophets who cry aloud to us that the world is out of joint, and that the everlasting literature of the modern world is being driven out of joint till the end of the chapter. They tell us that the haste, the haste, the haste, for a sensation, the "irrelevance" of the newspaper means no more than the healthy faith on the part of the reporter that anything good can stand the light. The craving for a sensation is a dominating force, and is usually held in pretty fair subordination. For lying is a terrible strain on the memory, and the newspaper men are much too hard worked to do that to themselves with any burden they do not absolutely have to carry. And as for the careless use of language, the newspaper is correcting that fault, not breeding it. The average high school of today turns out a variety of English that is not natural, and the newspaper, in its perdition in seven tongues, and beats out of the aspiring cub without delay or remorse. And in the important matter of brevity, the newspaper is a model, what you have to say in the cutest and plainest phrase of which the language is capable, the newspaper is the greatest educator in the world.

A very little thought will show you why the newspaper is a culture in itself, and teaches the art of leaping to the middle of your subject with a single sentence. It is the simple and necessary law of modern journalism, the college professor may be direct and interesting, but there is no special need that he shall be so. The audience for the newspaper is the clergyman in dealing with a subject in which his hearers are already interested, else they would not be there. The writer of ac-

entive books also knows that he can count on the interest and understanding of the major portion of those who open his book, and he writes accordingly. That no one opens a full-sized book who has not at least a little leisure, and is presumably willing to spend it in finding out why the reporter will have a line and when. The newspaper can count on none of these advantages. It must appear to its clients with nothing to favor its present or its future. It is a chapter, present and future. True, the chapters are short—but they seem longer than the moral law. On a later occasion Hugo leaves the same suffering hero in the sewer, with Caver behind and Theodor before, for six chapters of a philosophical history of sewer systems in general and that of Paris in particular. But his crowning effort of procrastination is to be found in "The Man Who Laughs," here he takes 154 pages to get a bottle thrown into the sea, and some thirty pages more to get to a human habitation the hero, whose history is told in the manuscript enclosed in that bottle. If that is not sweetness a bit too long drawn out, will someone tell what he is to do?

Suppose a good reporter on any one of a hundred American papers had been telling that story, what would he have done? Well, the first paragraph of his story would probably have been something like this:

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"Here, take your money, nickel. This little fellow ain't his dog now, has a pass pull to the carbin, see?"

TOILERS OF THE DEEP, BEWARE OF THIS MONSTER

Interesting Facts About the Devil Fish

The following short statement gives a few facts concerning the devilfish, or "great ray," about which very little is generally known. These facts are the result of a study by Dr. Theodore Gill, associate in zoology in the United States National Museum. Dr. Gill has summarized his studies in an official publication just issued by the Smithsonian Institute, of which the National Museum is a branch.

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STREET CARS ARE CRUEL

Study of Human Nature From View of Passenger and Conductor

Street car conductors are noted for their lack of sympathy and understanding. Two women entered a car, each being the soul of generosity, naturally insisted on paying the fare. The unfeeling conductor stood sarcastically humming: "Wait till the sun shines, Nellie," while the two women and the fellow fought insistently for the honor, accompanied by a continuous babble of Let-me-pay, not-me-pay, not-me-pay, not-me-pay. Each then determinedly opened a baby suitcase, and beneath a wilderness of hairpins and variegated odd trinkets, unheeded of their purpose, opened it and triumphantly brought forth a dime, closed up the coin purse and locked the baby suitcase. Then two eager hands thrust two dimes at the conductor, who had now reached the last verse of his hopeful little ditty. The old group of a conductor who had both dime and maliciously handed each fair contestant a nickel in change. Bitterly disappointed, the women were compelled to open up their baby suitcases, locate the coin purses, open the same and deposit therein their respective nickels, then close the coin purses and lastly the baby suitcases. But far worse than all else, that wretched-headed conductor had struck down a dime which had been in his pocket, and he was not springing again to life until—the next time.

A Washington car was passing through the Nob Hill district. A pesky maid laden with numerous small packages, sat beside her mother, dreamily gazing into space. The conductor

more diabolical creature could be imagined. The resemblance enormous, but in following one another around in a circle, raised the outer tip of one of the long, wing-like fins high out of the water. The creature was 30 feet across, is not a manatee, as is sometimes supposed, but it frequently tosses boats, and in other ways does damage with its two waving arms or feelers. Its manner of swimming is like a submarine, and it is said to lay thousands of eggs. It has only a single young one at a birth, which is nourished from its mother's milk.

The bringing together of many interesting facts hitherto known only to a few scattered men of science, has been the result of an authoritative study of the subject recently completed by Dr. Theodore Gill, associate in zoology in the United States National Museum. Dr. Gill has summarized his studies in an official publication just issued by the Smithsonian Institute, of which the National Museum is a branch.

The devilfish, or great ray, is flat, said to be sometimes 30 feet across, with two great, supple arms or head fins, shaped somewhat like elephants' tusks protruding from the front of its head. Although many thrilling tales of adventure with this fish have from time to time found their way into print, there is not yet on record an authoritative report of a devilfish having ever eaten a human being.

The food of the devilfishes," says Dr. Gill, "so far from being large animals and occasionally a man or so, as has been alleged, appears to be chiefly small crabs, shrimps, and other crustaceans, and young or small fishes, which swim in certain places about the surface of the water. Rarely does one prey on large fishes."

The devilfishes are inhabitants of warm water seas and as a rule do not venture from the shore very far out on the high seas. Once in a while one is seen as far north as New York or another in the Mediterranean. In California the devilfishes have been frequently reported from South Carolina and the Gulf States from Lower California. They often swim in schools, and have a curious habit of turning somersaults near the surface, sometimes leaping as high as 10 feet out of the water and churning the sea into foam. If the devilfishes could be moved in the air, in their mode of progression they would probably be said to fly, for a sort of submarine flight is really what is accomplished. It is by means of the long wing-like fins that they speed themselves along.

A naturalist who observed devilfishes in action, says that he thought no er shoes or pumps will find that she can keep them in better condition if they are cleaned frequently in sweet oil. They should be wiped off first with clean cheesecloth, then the oil rubbed in with the fingers or with a small sponge.

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