

WHEN SETTLERS WERE FEW



(Mrs. A. F. McAtee of 842 Gantenbein avenue, Portland, herewith recalls in her own words some personal experiences that occurred when the Pacific Northwest was a wilderness, peopled chiefly by Indians. In this day of development and progress it is hard to conceive of such conditions of pioneer life having prevailed in this vicinity even six decades ago.)

Written for The Journal by Mrs. A. F. McAtee.
AFTER crossing the plains in 1851 and living one year in Portland, my parents removed to the western part of what was then Washington territory. At that time and in that locality the Indians far outnumbered the white. They often came to our home and partook of our food.

My parents bartered with them, receiving in exchange for some flour or cast-off garments necessaries made of tanned skins, usually the skin of the deer, and so soft and pliable that the wearer was enabled to move around almost as noiselessly as a cat. Frequently before you were aware of anyone's presence you would be startled by a grunt, and on looking up you would see an Indian

near you. The word of salutation was "How" or "Klayyay, six." And while the Indians seemingly learned but little English and spoke little or none of it, we, in turn, learned many words of the jargon, the language in use between them and the whites, and often made use of it in connection with our own imperfect English. It was a lonesome existence much of

the time, for often at night the howling of the wolves and the weird chanting of the Indians caused one to tremble with fear of a hostile visit from them. Twice a week, however, there we were obliged to go to a fort of safety, and on these occasions we took only such things as were absolutely necessary, as there was neither time to get much together, nor means with which to take it. A few indispensable articles were gotten together hastily and we were bundled into a farm wagon and were off; and I will remember that on these occasions, as things were being put in readiness for our going, it always fell to the lot of my eldest sister to fill a jug with molasses, as we always had a keg of it in the house, and it seems as if I have never tasted any as good since.
A neighbor named Moore who lived a few miles from us had his house surrounded by high walls, hence his house was called a block house, and on one occasion we took refuge in that. A man was employed to stay there to guard the fort and to keep a sharp lookout for hostile residents, while my father and Mrs. Moore went to the corral near by to do the milking, but soon they came running back, greatly excited, saying that the Indians were coming, that they heard their war whoops and the tread of the horses' hoofs. It was a moment of intense excitement and suspense. My mother broke down and wept bitterly, thinking no doubt that those at the barn had been mercilessly butchered and that we, too, would share a like fate. Mrs. Moore, however, kept her nerves steady, the man in charge, could find no bullets to fit his rifle; but just in the midst of the confusion in walked the men, followed by my brother, and then explanations followed which set all minds at rest.
My brother had been sent to drive in the oxen, and as he could imitate almost perfectly the whoop of the Indians, he had unwittingly been the cause of all the excitement.
On this occasion there was an uneventful one; no trouble was experienced from the Redskins, and glad and happy were we all when it was again considered safe for us to return to our home.
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On another occasion my brother-in-law, who lived a short distance from us, left our home one morning to go to his place on the river to which lay through a strip of timber, and after he had gone off of sight a cry was heard, "Bring a gun." Thinking that he was surrounded by hostile Indians, my father hastily took down the gun from its accustomed place on the wall and was soon, at his side, glad to find that the enemy was nothing more formidable than a panther which the dog had treed, and a well aimed shot soon brought it from its lofty retreat.
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My father enclosed the little grave with a paling with turned posts at either corner, made of cedar, and when a few years ago my husband's business called him to that section of the country, he, in company with a friend, visited the burying ground and, after the lapse of nearly half a century, found the posts, aside from being weather beaten, in almost as good a state of preservation as when they were placed there.
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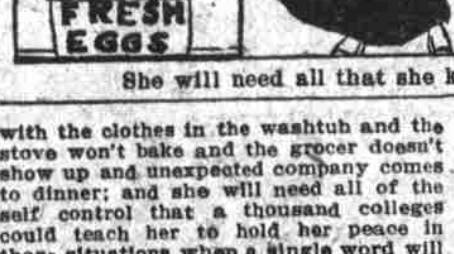
Free Gospel for Canal Workers

ALTHOUGH it is the common thought that most of the men now working on the great Panama canal have left their rights behind them in the states, those who live in the canal zone know there are many who observe the laws of Moses and lead the same pure lives they did at home.
When the canal was begun and President Taft, then secretary of war, made his famous speech, saying, "We must provide for the families of the men who are to build this canal or we shall have a hell on earth," he was even wiser than he knew.
Family quarters were built, many men brought or sent for their wives and children, and it was said, Family life and the presence of good, pure women in their homes have been powerful influences for good.
These families coming from every state of the union meant that schools and churches must be provided. Again Uncle Sam met the need, and at every town along the line of the canal built schoolhouses and churches. Teachers were obtained from the states, and Chaplains were employed to attend to the religious needs of Americans.
Eight chapels were built, and every one has at least one service each Sabbath. These are two-story buildings with lodge rooms on the second floor. The room on the ground floor known as the church is capable of seating about 250 people. A pulpit at one end of the room, piano and some folding chairs constitute the furnishings.
An authority residing in a body elected by the people attending the church. The executive council of the church in Cristobal is composed of men of every denomination. There are one Methodist, two Baptist, two Presbyterians, one Congregationalist and one Lutheran.
The membership is made up of "those who love the Lord." Membership in the home church is not changed, for no one in the "zone" expects to stay long. The service is broad; the hymns are those well known in all denominational circles, and altogether we afford a good illustration of the practicality of church union.
The audiences are interesting. There are many young couples here just starting on their married lives coming to the Isthmus with the "golden rule" still about them. In the back rows are many keen, clear cut faces among the bachelors. There are a few—a very few— young ladies. Nearly all of them are nurses from the nearby hospital, though a few are clerks and stenographers.
In Cristobal church a social is held once a month, with a little entertainment or refreshments. These are managed by the ladies interested and are a means of welcoming the never ending newcomers. As there are no financial demands upon the church (the fuel bill doesn't perplex in the tropics) these socials are never given for the purpose of raising money. The temporary feeling that prevails on the Isthmus is not conducive to an established church, as the average length of time men stay is but two years.
A New Wrinkle.
From Technical World.
"What does your father do when you ask him questions?" asked one small boy.
"He generally says, 'I'm busy now, don't bother me,'" replied the other. "Then when I go out of the room he looks in the encyclopedia."

THE COLLEGE AS AN ANTIDOTE FOR DIVORCE BY DOROTHY DIX

THE women's colleges are calling attention to the fact that the higher education of girls appears to be a specific for domestic misery. The records of Vassar college show that not a single graduate of that institution has ever figured in the divorce courts, while the other women's colleges make almost as good a showing, the number of divorces among their alumnae being almost negligible. This should settle the ancient fallacy that to give a girl a good education unfitted her to be a wife, for these statistics certainly indicate that if the college girl does not marry as frequently as her sisters, she stays married more often.
Many explanations may be offered for this phenomena. The most obvious, of course, is that the trained reasoning power of the college woman is better fitted to solve the domestic problem than the uneducated mind of the poorly educated woman, and that therefore she can more successfully guard against the conditions arising that lead to divorce.

My parents bartered with them, receiving in exchange for some flour or cast-off garments necessaries made of tanned skins, usually the skin of the deer, and so soft and pliable that the wearer was enabled to move around almost as noiselessly as a cat. Frequently before you were aware of anyone's presence you would be startled by a grunt, and on looking up you would see an Indian near you. The word of salutation was "How" or "Klayyay, six." And while the Indians seemingly learned but little English and spoke little or none of it, we, in turn, learned many words of the jargon, the language in use between them and the whites, and often made use of it in connection with our own imperfect English. It was a lonesome existence much of the time, for often at night the howling of the wolves and the weird chanting of the Indians caused one to tremble with fear of a hostile visit from them. Twice a week, however, there we were obliged to go to a fort of safety, and on these occasions we took only such things as were absolutely necessary, as there was neither time to get much together, nor means with which to take it. A few indispensable articles were gotten together hastily and we were bundled into a farm wagon and were off; and I will remember that on these occasions, as things were being put in readiness for our going, it always fell to the lot of my eldest sister to fill a jug with molasses, as we always had a keg of it in the house, and it seems as if I have never tasted any as good since.
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She will need all that she knows of chemistry in cooking.
with the clothes in the washtub and the stove won't bake and the grocer doesn't show up and unexpected company comes to dinner; and she will need all of the self control that a thousand colleges could teach her to hold her peace in those situations when a single word will precipitate a family row.
It is not only conceivable, but inevitable, that a woman who has been taught to think and reason will be the captain of her soul under conditions that would send another woman into hysterics. Also college life with other people, which is just as valuable as any

stay-at-home sister is because she marries so much later in life. The college woman practically never marries under 25, and by that time her character is formed, her taste settled, and she knows what she wants and requires in a husband.
A girl of 18 or 20 will marry a man because he dances the two step well; because he has a black moustache, or looks like a clothing advertisement picture. Then when she comes to herself, when she is woman grown, she finds that she has made a colossal mistake, that there is not one thought or ideal or aspiration in common between them. Inevitably they quarrel, inevitably they come to hate each other. Inevitably the bonds between them come to be the fetters of prisoners. And only too often the disillusioned, heart hungry woman meets up with a man that is her real mate, and then there is divorce and a finity scandal.
Better to Wait.
The late marriage has so much better chance of being a success than the early one, because the latter is worth while sending girls to college just to put them in a place where they would be safeguarded until they reached the age of discretion, if the college gave them nothing else save protection.
Also the college girl, being older and wiser when she marries than the ordinary girl, goes about making a happy home definitely. If she gets nothing else from the history she has studied she has acquired a few pointers on the

varieties of men, and so she does not trust to luck, but to skill, in looking after her own husband and keeping him fascinated.
Not all of the credit for making the college wedding a grand sweet song belongs to the woman. A lot of it goes to the husband of the college girl. Undoubtedly she gets a very superior brand, for it takes one of the finest to qualify for the job.
The ordinary, average man would no more think of proposing to a college girl than he would put his head in a lion's mouth. His vanity wouldn't suffer him to. Nothing on earth could induce him to marry a woman who knew as much as he did, or perhaps more, and who would be able to size him up for what he was. He would know that he could not swall around her, and puff out his



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chest, and pretend to be Sir Oracle. He couldn't patronize her, and pooh-pooh her opinions. He would have to listen to them with respect, and treat her as an equal.
Therefore he marries little Fluffy Ruffles, who sits at his feet before they are married, and hurls flattery at him with a shovel and tells him how great and wise, and big, and strong he is, and after they are married quarrels with him until she packs her trunk for Reno. The man who deliberately picks out a college woman for a wife is not a conceited fool who marries to get a woman to minister to his egotism. Neither does he expect his wife to be a slave or a plaything. He marries to get a companion. He treats his wife as an equal. He is broadminded, and tolerant and liberal, and perhaps any kind of a woman could live peacefully with the sort of a husband that the college woman gets. At any rate, the showing of the women's colleges in this matter may, if divorce is an unanswerable argument in favor of the higher education of women, it makes the college girl the preferred risk in matrimony.

From the New Orleans Picayune.
After trying to reform Chicago, an Indiana girl tired of her job and, coming despondent, jumped into the lake, fortunately being rescued by men near by. Trying to rescue Chicago is more than a girl's job, and the poor creature who undertook the task, although she seemed to fail, should be respected by men and women alike for the purity of her purpose. But Chicago isn't half as bad as it looks, and there are other spots that need as much saving as the "Windy City." Still, it's men's job, not a woman's. May it be an undertaking for a crowd of men. Wonder why so many people want to save Chicago? It looks almost saved as it is.

TRIUMPH OF THE TELEPHONE IS MATTER OF FEW SHORT YEARS

CITY life has become telephoned, as Herbert N. Casson puts it in the Independent. In stores and hotels this wire traffic has grown to an almost bewildering extent.
The hundred largest hotels in New York have 21,000 telephones, nearly as many as the continent of Africa, and more than the kingdom of Spain. In an average year they send 6,000,000 messages.
There seems to be no activity which is not being made more convenient by the telephone. It is used to call the duck shooters in western Canada when a flock of birds has arrived and to direct the movements of the dragon in Wagner's grand opera, "Siegfried."
At the Vanderbilt cup race his wires guided the truck and reported every gain or mishap of the racing autos. And at such extensive pageants as that of the Quebec tercentenary in 1908, when 4000 actors came and went upon a 19 acre stage, every order was given by telephone.
Garfield was the first among American presidents to possess a telephone. An exhibition instrument was placed in his house without cost in 1876, while he was still a member of congress. Neither Cleveland nor Harrison, for temperamental reasons, used the magic wire very often. In their time there was one lonely idle telephone in the White House used by the servants several times a week.
But with McKinley came a new order of things. To him a telephone was

more than a necessity. It was a pastime—an exhilarating sport. He was the one president who really revelled in the comforts of telephony.
In 1895 he had sat in his Canton home and heard the cheers of the Chicago convention. Later he sat there and ran the first presidential telephone campaign—talked to his managers in 33 states.
Roosevelt used the instrument mainly in emergencies, but with Taft it has become the common medium of conversation. He introduced the custom of a long distance talk with his family every evening when he is away from home. Instead of the solitary telephone of the Cleveland and Harrison days the White House has now a branch exchange of its own with wires running to every room.
Next to public officials, bankers were perhaps the last to accept the facilities of the telephone. They were slow to abandon the old fallacy that no business can be done without a written record. James Stillman of New York was first among bankers to foresee the telephone era. As early as 1875, while Bell was teaching his infant telephone to talk, Stillman risked \$2000 in a scheme to establish a crude dial system of wire communication, which later grew into New York's first telephone exchange.
At the present time the banker who works closest to his telephone is probably George W. Perkins. The Perkins plan of rapid transfer telephony is to prepare a list of names, from 10 to 20, and to flash from one to another as fast as the operator can ring them up,

New and Universal in Popular Science

How to Break a Drought.

From the London Daily News.
THE tricks are many and various by which the members of the human race have tried to bring rain in time of drought. There is a village in Russia, for instance, where three men used to climb certain fir trees in seasons of drought, one of which threw a vessel of water which he would sprinkle all around.
One of the two others hammered on a kettle or made some similar noise in the hope of thereby producing thunder, and the third scattered sparks from firebrands as a warning to the lightning to make haste. The Golden Bough gives a host of instances of similar ceremonies as they have been observed in different parts of the world.
In Roumania, Servia and other countries the charm for rain is more picturesque. Here a troop of girls, the leader of whom is naked save for a covering of leaves, herbs and flowers, goes in procession from house to house through the village and as they pass singling for rain the householders drench them with buckets of water. "The ceremony," says Dr. Frazer, "regularly takes place all over Roumania on the third Tuesday after Easter, but it may be expected at any time of drought during the summer."

Sled for Summer Coasting.

A novelty in playthings is a sled on wheels designed for summer coasting. It has a regular sled body. The wheels are not high and they are placed under the sled just as runners would be, by which the wheeled sled can in like manner be steered and guided. The wheeled sled has steel spoked wheels, some with metal rims and some rubber tired. Obviously it is not intended for country use on soft dirt roads, but for city or town, where there are asphalt street pavements or paved sidewalks.
New Wrinkle in Paper Bags.
From the New York Sun.
One of the latter day minor refinements of the retail hat business is found in the furnishing of paper bags in which the customer can carry home his hat without attracting attention from everybody he meets. It has been so that the hat was put in a bag made

Headlight Hunting in Minnesota.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.
Hunting big game in northern Minnesota at night with the aid of head lights is in quite general vogue, and has been for several weeks, despite the fact that deer and moose cannot legally be killed until November 10, and the further fact that it is illegal at any time to hunt with a headlight.
A remarkable incident happened in this connection on the Vermillion range recently when a man hunting with a headlight killed two horses, thinking he was getting moose or deer. The hunter paid \$300 for his experience to the owner of the horses.
India's Gem Imports.
One would imagine that the most precious little importation of precious stones into India, but that there is imported annually almost \$5,000,000 worth of valuable stones is a surprising fact. The diamond industry of the country is limited and is confined to the southern and central provinces. One ruby weighing 77 carats and valued at \$133,330 was taken out of the ground at Upper Burma a few years ago, where, next to petroleum, ruby mining forms the largest revenue.
Jadette of beautiful green veins is also found here and sells for \$50 to \$100 a hundredweight. There is considerable waste in the cutting of these stones, but nevertheless there is a large profit for those who participate in this branch of the work.

REMARKABLE VOCABULARY OF THE THREE YEAR OLD CHILD

BELIEVE that most parents greatly underestimate the number of words that are used by their children," writes Professor G. M. Whipple in the American Magazine. "The only way to get a word's speaking vocabulary is to go after it with pencil and paper and religiously to set down his words, one by one, not for a day or for several days, but for several weeks."
"When during the course of a dinner table conversation I asked how many words a man hunting every day 3-year-old boy could use, the first of my friends 'guessed' 150 words; his estimate was greeted with derision by the other, who declared:
"Oh, pshaw! Fifty words would cover the vocabulary of the brightest, 3-year-old you ever knew."
"Needless to add that my assertion that my own youngster at that age actually used, by count, 1771 different words was the occasion of polite incredulity and local commiseration of the fond but deluded parent."
"However, this vocabulary is on record in detail (Pedagogical Seminary, March, 1909), and the inquisitive reader may learn that it is by no means the largest vocabulary ever reported, though to be sure probably above the average performance."
"In the 20 odd published vocabularies we find that children from 18 to 19 months are using from 50 to 133 words, that 2-year-old children are using from 118 to 1227 words and that the vocabulary increases rapidly from that time on. It is perfectly safe to as-

sert that the average 3-year-old child makes use of 1000 words.
"The present vocabulary was assembled in the following manner: We first prepared 26 blank sheets, one for each letter, and for 10 days prior to the third birthday recorded every word as fast as we heard them used. We next added those words which we knew had been used previously but which had not been recorded in this record. In one instance we framed up conversation that would involve the word by R. of the word in question in order to make sure that the word was still known and could be properly used.
"Finally, we turned to the several published vocabularies of children and found a large number of words that had not been recorded by either of the first two methods, these were similarly tested before they were included."
"Even after all these devices had been exhausted, we doubtless missed a number of words, as several terms appeared during the next few weeks which were thought to be third year terms, so that the 1771 words which are recorded represent in minimal vocabulary and the actual number of words known and used by R. prior to his third birthday is probably in the neighborhood of 1800."
Sleep Dues to Poison.
Sleep, according to two French scientists, is due to the poisoning of the brain, which acts as an antidote of the poisons produced in the higher nerve centers by mental and physical fatigue.