

## Contributed Articles . . .

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on toward the river. It was really of no consequence where she went; walking was a splendid exercise and she would walk. The afternoon was charming.

Suddenly the Dutiful Daughter paused and looked around; then realized, with a start, where she was. Unconsciously she had come directly to Their Place. This was disconcerting. She had not intended to seek this spot, delightful though it was in the cool shade; certainly not. She would retrace her steps immediately—that is, as soon as she had rested a little. It is tiresome to walk even a short distance on a warm day.

A great oak threw its shade invitingly near and she sat down on one of the protruding roots and leaned her head against its broad trunk. Then she thought—thought of the beauty of the scenery in general and this one spot in particular. It was indeed an ideal retreat, though why they called it Their Place was hard to tell. Perhaps, with the peculiar inconsistency of young people, because it was not Their Place at all, but simply anybody's place. To be sure, they had admired it and had chanced to meet there rather often—accidentally of course.

The Dutiful Daughter sighed. She glanced down at the bright carpet of wild flowers at her feet and sighed again.

These same flowers had come to mean much to her. They intimated so clearly of the infinite and invisible; they spoke of fulfilled destinies and realized ideals. With them all was eternal harmony; they knew nothing of harsh discords, while she—here the Dutiful Daughter sighed for the third time. It was quite too bad they should have quarreled when all had been so happy.

In the meantime the Tear, being a progressive tear, had learned a few valuable lessons. It had studied the Dutiful Daughter closely during the last hour and was rejoiced to find her gradually yielding to the softening influences of this reminiscent mood; it was a point in its favor.

"My time is almost at hand," it said, "if not quite. I'll go slowly and investigate matters; she looks about ready for me to start;" and it moved carefully toward the edge of the eye and looked down through the long lashes.

There was no doubt about it. The Dutiful Daughter was already and waiting for the Tear. This was good news and the Tear forthwith climbed easily out of its corner, and tumbling over the lid, began its descent.

We have said it was a progressive tear. It progressed now down the soft rounding of her cheek gracefully, and at exactly the correct rate of speed.

It had almost reached its journey's end when the Dutiful Daughter sprang suddenly to her feet. Before her stood the Attentive Youth. She had not thought of this possibility. Of course his being there was purely accidental; it could scarcely be otherwise. But, however it came about, he was there and—he saw the Tear.

It is to be wondered at, that being somewhat artistic, the Attentive Youth found no difficulty whatever in drawing her own conclusions as to whether the Dutiful Daughter cared or not. And she, being a Truthful as well as a Dutiful Daughter,—could she deny that these conclusions were correctly drawn?

Most assuredly not; and the happy result was undoubtedly due to the clever work of the Tear.

"How did you manage it?" asked the Smile, when together with other smiles, its presence seemed required by the Dutiful Daughter.

The Tear was preparing to leave. It was content to go for it felt that its mission had been accomplished.

"Oh," it called back as it rolled proudly away, "it was not at all difficult! It was simply a matter of tact."

An for the second time the Smile had nothing to say.

MARIO: COOK.

Matilda—Have you spoken to papa?  
Bertie—Yes. I asked him through the telephone, and he answered, "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."—Pick Me Up.

## THE PASSING OF THE HOURS.

The hours steal by with still, unmasking lips—  
So lightly that I cannot hear their tread;  
And softly touch me with their fingertips  
To find if I be dreaming, or be dead.  
An yet, however still their flight may be,  
Their ceaseless going weighs my heart with tears.  
These touches will have wrought deep scars on me—  
When the great hours have worn to heavy years.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

## WOMAN'S CLUBS.

The Woman's Club is simply one feature of the movement of popular education which sweeps like the waves of an ever-restless sea over the closing years of the nineteenth century; and it is also the effort to co-ordinate life; social, intellectual, philanthropic and domestic.

Forty years ago a woman's environment did not reach beyond her home, her church and her small social circle, but with the growth and financial prosperity of the country, came the opportunity for greater leisure to many, who realized that the education they had received in the past was not sufficient to keep them in touch with the new line of thought which moves toward and necessitates higher and greater education and association.

No country of the world is so full of opportunities and possibilities so great as America. Those who eagerly faced the privations and perils of life in a new land, that here they might work out new ideas, and serve God according to the dictates of conscience, laid the foundations, left the traditions which succeeding generations have followed, broadening and developing along new lines as the needs of a great nation growing greater demanded.

It is this evolution that has aroused in woman a desire to fit herself to take her place among the thinkers and workers of the age. To share the burdens and responsibilities of life; to do her part in making the world better, humanity broader. Then came the need of organization, so ordered and sustained that by association we might first educate more fully ourselves; round out our characters, learn the sweet grace of forgiveness and kindly feeling one toward another; cultivate the mind and do away with prejudice and partisan spirit. Learn how to retain the patience, yield the quick sympathy, meet the greater practical demands upon, and take part effectively in the work given us to do, yet keep intact our own peculiar relations to the world.

It was this desire that led women several years ago to form societies, having in view various objects and interests for mutual improvement according to the needs of the location where they might be. Many of them had small beginnings but the leaven of hope and better thought which was the germ, has reached out over the land until today there is scarcely a city or town throughout the country but has its clubs working along all lines, the practical and domestic, as well as ethical and intellectual.

Most of the women who formed these little clubs had pursued no course of study since their school life ended; domestic cares made large demands upon their time, while those enjoying any amount of leisure, spent their surplus energy in society. In the idea of club life was seen the means of realizing their aspirations for something higher; of securing the broader education and fitting themselves for the new social conditions, which could only result from well-organized associations.

The Woman's Club movement has therefore been one of the greatest educational factors of the century. It has been of inestimable value as it has enabled women who could not leave home to secure greater advantages, to round out their education, through study classes and in the department work which many clubs are carrying on. It gives them the exact knowledge and

experience which has enabled them to act with courage and decision which nothing but wisdom justifies and which only women can make available.

The next step in the development of the club was the formation of department work. Study along literary lines, while entertaining and instructive, did not meet the needs in all places. Woman, being practical above all else, was anxious to work out some of the many theories to which her attention was called, and in many cities and towns the clubs began work along philanthropic lines, and they have gone on enlarging their scope until the club calendars embrace parliamentary law, civics, household economics, education, sociology, science, as well as art and literature.

The club movement does not stand for the aristocracy but the republic of intellect and ethics; its educational work is to raise the average standard of life and broaden the social aims of a community, and it is pledged to do this without prejudice or antagonism. Its plan of work is fitted for the necessities of every woman who has an earnest desire to benefit herself and help others, for it is only as we help others that we ourselves receive.

While many clubs are carrying on department work, it is not intended to be a compulsory measure; for instance, the Woman's Club of Lincoln, Nebraska, states its platform as follows:

Since its object is to help and help the following women are invited to become members:

- 1—The university graduate.
- 2—The woman of common school education.
- 3—The self-educated woman.
- 4—The woman who belongs to other clubs.
- 5—The non-club woman.
- 6—The woman who does not believe in clubs.
- 7—The woman who does not wish to join a club.
- 8—The woman who wants to be a member for the name of it.
- 9—The woman who wants to attend the club meetings but twice a year.
- 10—The tired woman, full of domestic responsibilities, who wants to be a sponge, fold her hands, take in what the bright, free woman who needs an audience has learned, and then go home refreshed, to her treadmill.
- 11—The woman without companionship.
- 12—The young woman and the young-old woman.

The federation of clubs is one of the strongest and most helpful steps yet taken by women in this popular movement.

In 1890 the general federation was organized, having for its object the union of the clubs of the country, to prove their efficiency by comparison of methods and work, and likewise enlarge and quicken the intellectual and social life.

The federation is today an organization of vast proportions, numbering at the last meeting in 1899, 478 clubs with an average membership of upwards of five hundred thousand women. The individual membership of these clubs includes those of the large cities numbering many hundreds, and the small clubs with a membership of not more than thirty or forty.

The membership of the general federation by states is as follows:

Alabama, 2; Arkansas, 4; California, 17; Colorado, 12; Connecticut, 7; Delaware, 1; Washington, D. C., 3; Florida, 1; Georgia, 4; Idaho, 5; Illinois, 74; Indiana, 22; Iowa, 35; Kansas, 2; Kentucky, 16; Maine, 4; Louisiana, 2; Maryland, 3; Massachusetts, 59; Missouri, 8; Montana, 1; Mississippi, 1; Nebraska, 1; New Hampshire, 1; New Jersey, 16; New Mexico, 2; New York, 36; North Dakota, 1; Ohio, 56; Oregon, 3; Pennsylvania, 21; Rhode Island, 3; S. Carolina, 1; S. Dakota, 2; Texas, 4; Tennessee, 6; Utah, 2; Vermont, 1; Washington, 7; Wisconsin, 8.

The meetings of the general federation are held every two years. The delegates who have attended the biennial have realized the benefits they received from these gatherings, which were, however, held at such great distance from the homes of many that but a comparatively small number of clubs could be represented, and that representation involved a great expenditure

of time and money, which many could ill afford.

In order to overcome this difficulty and yet meet the need of consultation and interchange of ideas, the plan of state federations was conceived and carried into effect. Nearly five years ago the first one was formed, and today there are over twenty state federations.

It is to be hoped that Oregon will soon be added to the list, and active steps taken to bring in closer association the various clubs throughout the state.

There can be no question as to the practical advantages which result to individual clubs, by the formation of state federations, in the enlarging of social ties and the feeling of solidarity which grows on women who are brought intimately in contact with the citizens of their own state once a year.

The spirit of association and the ability to work in organization is the lesson taught by the federation. It is the composite whole to which each woman contributes a little.

The influence can be none other than to broaden and liberalize the lives of mothers, wives and sisters; to bring in touch education and life, the church and the world, the club and the home; to develop, in short, all that goes to make a womanly woman—an honor to her kind—a progressive yet normal, full of cheer and sweet seriousness.

It is said that when Emerson was asked to define the word civilization, he answered, "It is the power of good women."

We are not disposed to quarrel with his definition. The new order of things which is in the air shows that women are pioneers in this great work and as truly history makers as any who have gone before.

It is reserved to the next generation to reap more fully the result of this evolution and carry forward the good work already regenerating all conditions of life.

Among the organizations which the twentieth century shall perpetuate, there will be not only the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Colonial Dames, but a new one shall arise in the land to which many will seek to prove their right—the society of the Daughters of the Pioneer Club Women.

MRS. M. E. YOUNG.

## The Story of the Lam-me-i and The Skookum.

Sapotwil was the name of the Indian, who during the Indian war warned the settlers at White Salmon of an intended assault, thus saving the lives of many whites at that place. After this event Sapotwil lost prestige among his own people, and took the name of Johnson. He often visited us, and upon such occasions was given a seat at the table with the family, to show the great esteem he had won by his heroic action. Johnson was heartily welcomed by the children, for he made the most beautifully polished bows and arrows, and it seemed as if he knew just the right time to come in with a haunch of venison or a string of trout, for which he was always liberally paid. He had a fund of knowledge and anecdote that made him an ideal guide in the mountains.

Upon one occasion he had gone with a party of four to Mt. Adams. While on the way they learned that some gentlemen had preceded them to measure the height of the mountain and take some photographs. At night while seated around a generous camp fire; Johnson seemed very delighted and as the wind rose and thunder reverberated through the mountains, he exclaimed: "The sacred eagles which guard the mountains are angry; they do not want the silence of the hills broken. Perhaps those men will be killed for their intrusion." Dr. E—, of Portland, said to Mr. A—, who could converse fluently with Johnson, "ask him where he thinks we go after death." Mr. A— put the question, and instantly flashed back the reply "Chee memaloose chee cumtux." (As soon as I die, so soon will I know.) Johnson thoroughly believed in spooks, and after a little urging told the story of the Lam-me-i (old woman) and Skookum. The Skookums were black giantesses, who went through the forests in quest of Indian children, which they would oft times snatch from a mother's arms and devour. I will give you the story

as it came to me from the translator. The Lam-me-i and her son lived in a cave whose entrance was so small the woman's body would hardly pass through. One morning she told her son to go to Tenas Hatheras' (Little Sunflower Mountain) and see if the five had come to the ollies (berries).

The boy started off delighted with the prospects of a tramp through the woods, when he spied a squirrel in the top of a pine tree, swaying to and fro in a merry frolic. The boy thought, "I, too, will swing in the tree tops," and he climbed a tall pine and rocked back and forth singing merrily. But suddenly he saw a Skookum approaching the foot of the tree he had climbed and he trembled with fear. The black woman called out to the boy, "Come down; there are no Skookums here," but the boy replied, "I believe you are a Skookum yourself."

The lad broke branches from the tree and threw them as far as he could while the Skookum viciously rushed after them. At last his descent was almost accomplished, and the boy had thrown his last branch in the opposite direction from where he wished to land. Then quickly jumping down he made his way to the cave, pursued by the black fury, who would tear pieces of flesh from his shoulders and eagerly eat them, saying, "Oh, how sweet! Soon I will eat him up!" But the boy dropped through the entrance to the cave, and the Skookum could only give vent to her anger in piercing screams.

After a time, the black cannibal seeing the white hands of the Lam-me-i, who was busily weaving baskets, cried to her, "What makes your hands so white?" The Lam-me-i replied, "I made stones hot, then put pitch on my hands, and rapidly rolled them over the stones." "I am afraid I would be terribly burned," the Skookum said. "Oh, no, the Lam-me-i assured her, "you will not if you work quickly," and graciously proffered her help.

Together they heated stones, gathered the pitch, and when all was ready the Skookum stooped over the stones. The boy gave her a push, the pitch blazed up and the Lammier with a forked stick held her in the fire until she was consumed by it. And Johnson concluded by saying, "To this day the Indian mothers, when they pass this cave, whisper, 'Hasten, my children! There is where the Lammier killed the Skookum!'"

It is with unfeigned regret that I note the passing away of the Klickatats, and who will record for us the quaint belief of Quiamps, who said he would not plow the earth or dig into it any sooner than he would his mother. For, if we lived as we should, Mother Earth would supply all our actual needs. I have found among Indian women the same traits of character that I find in my own race, and there are born ladies, home-makers and coquettes among them. I fully subscribe to that French maxim which says, "We are none of us so unlike naturally as we are artificially."

G. S.

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