

Champlain in Bronze



Photos by International

Dedication of Statue to Great Explorer Marks 300th Anniversary of Coming of White Race to Ontario

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

AMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN in bronze to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the coming of the white race to Ontario! An heroic statue of the "Founder of New France" now graces the thriving little city of Orillia, 86 miles north of Toronto.

The work of Vernon March, is 30 feet high and weighs 110 tons. It was unveiled on Dominion day by Rudolphe Lemieux, speaker of the house of commons of the Canadian parliament. The groups at the base of the monument respectively show the taking of Christianity to the Indians by the missionary priests and the trading of beads for furs by the coureur des bois.

Apparently the Champlain statue commemorates a period rather than any specific event or date. Champlain ascended the St. Lawrence to Montreal in 1603 and founded Quebec in 1608. But it was not until 1615 that his trip of discovery to Georgian bay took him into what is now Ontario. Incidentally, Etienne Brule, to whom a memorial was not long ago dedicated at Sault Ste. Marie, may have discovered Lake Huron in 1610. By 1625, however, the white fur trader was in Ontario, the Recollects (Franciscans) had established missions and the Jesuits had been called to their aid.

The dedication of the Orillia memorial should really be regarded as an international affair. For the people on this side of the boundary line have abundant reason for being interested in Champlain. Suppose some loud-voiced person had forced his way to the front during the dedicatory exercises and shouted this, before being forcibly removed as a crazy man:

"What are you French Canadians doing here, applauding with all your might the 'Founder of New France'? Haven't you read any history at all? Don't you understand that Champlain is responsible for Canada's being British instead of French today?"

"And why are you British Canadians cheering the name of Champlain? Haven't you read enough history to know that because of him the 'Oregon country' was lost to Canada? And you Yankees—instead of looking on like mere outsiders, you ought to be parading around behind the Marine band of Washington, D. C., U. S. A., giving thanks to your great benefactor, Champlain!"

"Why, if Champlain, when he discovered Lake Champlain, hadn't used his arquebus on a band of Mohawks from the Iroquois Confederacy—"

Doubtless such remarks would have been inappropriate, to say the least, but could the speaker justly be called "crazy"? Let us read between the lines of history and see.

Champlain, it should be kept in

mind, was many kinds of a man. He was, among other things, royal geographer to Henri IV and in his eyes two great purposes eclipsed all others: To find a route to the Indies, and to convert the heathen Indians. In 1609 all the white man knew of New France was the St. Lawrence to the Lachine rapids (Rapids to China). So, when Indians told him of a large lake to the south (Lake Champlain) he set out to explore it.

Champlain carried his arquebus and took with him two French arquebusiers. His Indians were Montagnais, Hurons and Algonquins. They went up the River Richelieu in canoes. This river and Lake Champlain were the battlefield where each summer for many generations the Hurons and their allies and the tribes of the Iroquois Confederacy (Five Nations, later Six Nations) of New York had met in bloody conflict. Champlain agreed with his escort to assist in any battle with the Iroquois. July 30 Champlain's fleet met a Mohawk fleet on Lake Champlain. Both parties landed on the site of Ticonderoga and the battle began.

Champlain tells all about this battle in one of his books and furnishes a full-page picture of its beginning. He is shown advancing at the head of his Indians. He has just discharged his arquebus and brought down two chiefs and a warrior. The two arquebusiers to one side are in the act of firing.

Now the Mohawks knew nothing about gunpowder and guns. Panic seized them. They abandoned everything and fled into the forest. The victors returned home in triumph, only stopping at intervals to torture and burn their ten captives. And Champlain named the lake after himself.

Tradition says that the Mohawks, redoubtable warriors all, never stopped running till they got back to the Mohawk valley. And thereupon the whole Iroquois Confederation—Mohawks, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas and Onondagas—swore undying enmity to the French.

And never was an oath of vengeance more persistently and ferociously carried out. As the Iroquois increased in power they carried the torch and hatchet and scalping knife to the French missions and settlements across the St. Lawrence. By 1650 they had almost entirely swept away the Montagnais, above the Saguenay; they had cut to pieces the Algonquins on the Ottawa. The country of the Hurons was a desert. The trading posts

of the French at Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec were almost deserted. Scores of missionary priests had been tortured to death.

This enmity of the Iroquois to the French produced a still more important result along a different line. It made them in effect the allies of the English in the century-long struggle for the possession of the continent. Six Nations—overlords of the tribes from the Atlantic to the Mississippi—lay like a buffer-state in the rear of the growing English colonies of the seaboard. When that hundred-year contest was won by the British on the Plains of Abraham the arquebus of Champlain was no small factor in that momentous victory.

Now for the widening of the circle set in motion by Champlain on the lake he discovered and named for himself:

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, the Iroquois Confederacy and its allied tribes went with the British (except the Onondas). They carried blood and torture to the American frontier. After the Revolution most of the Iroquois fled to Canada as a refuge from the wrath of the victors.

Again the widening circle set in motion by Champlain's arquebus: In the summer of 1831 Christian Iroquois from a Jesuit mission in Canada visited the Flatheads in Montana and told them about the "Black Robes"—Jesuit priests. These Flatheads were uncontaminated by the white man—honest, peaceful and moral. Two Flatheads and two Nez Percés journeyed to St. Louis and asked Gen. William Clark to send them "Black Robes" to teach them to worship the white man's God. The "Black Robes" went to the Flatheads in 1840, headed by the famous Father de Smet.

This touching appeal of the Flatheads, however, set in motion other forces. A chance sojourner in St. Louis "wrote up" these Indians for an eastern newspaper. The most immediate result was that in 1832 the Methodists of New England sent Jason Lee and Cyrus Shepherd to the Flatheads as preacher and teacher. Circumstances landed them in Oregon instead of Montana. In 1835 the Presbyterians sent Marcus Whitman and Samuel Parker. They, too, landed in Oregon, because of travel conditions through the wilderness.

The Oregon country at this time was in the practical control of the Hudson's Bay company. But both Lee and Whitman were men of affairs. They busied themselves with colonizing as well as with spreading the gospel and soon the American settlement of the Oregon country was well under way. You know the rest: 1843, migration sets in over Oregon Trail and Oregon Americans outvote Britishers and adopt a provincial government; 1844, "Fifty-four Forty or Fight," victorious slogan in the Presidential election of Polk over Clay; 1846, Oregon treaty fixes the north line at forty-ninth parallel.

So, since Samuel de Champlain did fire his arquebus—

Record Earthquake
The Japanese earthquake of September 1, 1923, while not the severest in the world's history, exceeded any other in loss of life and property. The area affected was one degree square. Nearly 900,000 houses were totally destroyed and over 120,000 partially collapsed. In all 99,531 persons perished, 43,476 were reported missing and 103,733 wounded.

The Suez canal yields an annual profit of nearly \$15,000,000.

MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

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Absolutely Replete With Thrills

When Ople Read, the writer, was a printer down in Tennessee many years ago he worked on a small weekly paper and boarded with the keeper of a small general store.

"My host," said Read to me, "was the most inveterate checker player in the state, and his wife was the best cook that ever lived in any state. The house was right next to the store and the place where I worked was just across the road. One day the dinner horn blew, and I broke for the store to pick up the old man and hustle for the table. I was as hungry as a bear, and as I came across the road I could smell fried chicken and other good things; and I fairly dribbled at the mouth.

"The husband was sitting at the back of the store playing checkers with another old chap. These two were the checker champions of the county. I told him dinner was ready and begged him to come on, because I knew his wife wouldn't put the dishes on the table until he showed up; but he was right in the middle of a close game and he only shook his head.

"I stood there waiting, getting hungrier and hungrier every minute, and madder and madder! That dinner was bound either to scorch or get cold—and maybe do both; but there sat that old pair of fossil silent as mummies and still as the grave. Neither of them moved an inch for fifteen minutes. Finally my host scratched his head for a couple of minutes—it seemed hours to me—reached over deliberately, picked up a counter, held it poised in the air for another minute and then put it back in its original place and said, half to himself: 'Well, this is exciting!'

"It was at this juncture," said Read, "that I hauled off and kicked his blamed old checkerboard clear out of the front door!"

One Little Yea Among the Noes

During the Republican National convention of 1920 the leaders behind the scenes, fearing Senator Hiram Johnson might kick over the "traces" in the event of the nomination of a Presidential candidate displeasing to him, repeatedly made overtures to the Californian to take the "second place" on the ticket. Invariably Johnson declined the proposition. Toward the last he showed signs of temper.

At this critical period the stage managers invoked the offices of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., as an intermediary. They counted on the friendship which had existed between Johnson and young Roosevelt's father. Johnson was as brisly emphatic in stating his position to young Colonel Roosevelt as he had been in his language to earlier emissaries.

Nevertheless, right up to the eleventh hour the bosses trusted that Johnson might be induced to change his mind. Three of us, all newspaper correspondents, were in Johnson's room at the Blackstone hotel in Chicago on the night before the ticket was named, when Johnson's secretary came to say that Colonel Roosevelt was on the telephone, desiring to speak with him. Johnson took down the receiver, and we heard him say this, with pauses between words: "No—no—no—yes—no—NO!"

When Senator Johnson had hung up the receiver and returned to his seat, one of those present said: "Senator, I'm curious to know what the question from Colonel Roosevelt was which caused you to reply in the affirmative when all your other answers were such positive noes." Johnson's eyes twinkled.

"That," he said, "was when the young man asked me if I could hear distinctly what he was saying."

The Value of a Good Memory

When Rhineland Waldo was fire commissioner of New York and when Edward Croker was fire chief, Croker volunteered one day to take Waldo for a ride down Broadway in his famous ninety-horse-power red automobile, which he used when going to Mrs. Waldo's secretary, "Winnie" Sheehan, who's now a movie magnate, went along, too.

Waldo owned a number of brisk-moving cars himself and thought he knew something about speed, but he had never traveled with Croker. They sped down Broadway at a terrifying pace, shaving trolley cars, slicing curbstones and avoiding collisions with trucks by quarter-inch margins.

At Canal street a block compelled Croker to slow down. Instantly Waldo jumped out of the car and, muttering something about having forgotten something, dove into the nearest building. About then, Croker decided to call up fire headquarters and he, too, went away temporarily, leaving his dare-devil chauffeur and the yet breathless Sheehan in the machine. Croker returned to find only the chauffeur.

"Mr. Sheehan said for you to go ahead and have your ride out," stated the chauffeur. "He said he'd just remembered the same thing too, Mr. Waldo did."

Australians Claim Hawaiian Ancestry

Many of the Maoris of Australia consider that their race had its origin in Hawaii centuries ago. It has been revealed by Ratina Jakoba, a prominent Maori. He is at Honolulu with a group of Mormon church workers from Australia to visit the famous Mormon temple at Lake Oahu.

Jakoba said that he had traced his ancestry back to a chieftain named Hema, who ruled the island of Hawaii. After a devastating war in which Hema was defeated badly and forced to flee he and a few companions set sail for the south in huge war canoes. Maori legends have it that they landed in New Zealand and lived there for several years. Later Hema returned to Hawaii, where the residents worshipped him as their supreme being. Hema returned to New Zealand and many people accompanied him. He also took the image of Io.

Country's Manufactures

The last biennial census of manufacturers shows that in 1923 the value of the output of the United States establishments making canned products their primary or secondary business, amounted to \$322,763,003. Peas, corn, tomatoes and baked beans are canned in about equal proportion, between 14,000,000 and 15,000,000 cases of each. Peaches head the canned fruits with 7,039,334 cases and raisins, the dried fruits, with 380,068,441 pounds.

Childish Actors Barred

Children under three years of age will not be permitted to appear in moving-picture films in Germany if a bill introduced in the reichstag becomes a law. The bill points out that the nervous and physical strain of facing the bright lights of movie studios is injurious to infants. The bill further provides that children between three and twelve years may not appear in films except by permit of police and school authorities.

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Trail 100 Years Old

The Santa Fe trail will be one hundred years old this year. The Council oak at Council Grove, Kan., has taken on 100 rings since the day in 1825 that the white men and Indians met there to barter for a new trade route to Spanish New Mexico. The Santa Fe trail was the outgrowth. A centenary program is being arranged at Council Grove.

Greece Fosters Industry

The Greek government is making great efforts to encourage the carpet-weaving industry. In order to avoid the necessity of importing thread, the Greek department of commerce has bought machinery for setting up three spinning mills at Sparta, Caesarea and Kirchehr, the main carpet centers.

A Back Number

"Does Edith smoke?" "Heavens, no! She is hopelessly old-fashioned."—Boston Transcript.



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He Knew His Husband

Space Buyer—I should like to buy a diamond necklace. Floor Walker—Um. Your fiancée? S. B.—No, my wife. F. W.—Glassware, aisle 47. Turn to your left.—Houston Chronicle.

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Relic of Pagan Days

Not everybody knows that every time he or she writes down the name of the day of the week, the name of a Pagan god or goddess is being perpetuated. When England passed under the sway of the Norsemen the people largely adopted the Norse system of gods, fitting them in to the nearest corresponding planet or deity of the Roman calendar. So the Day of Mars—the Roman god of war—turned into

Tiu's daeg or day—Tiu being the Norse god of war; the Day of Mercury into Woden's daeg, Jupiter's day into Thor's day, and the Day of Venus into the Day of Freya, the Norse goddess of love, corresponding with Venus. Whether Saturn's day remained as it was or turned into the Day of Saeter, we don't know for certain. But the Sun's day and the Moon's day are obvious.

More than 70,000 people along the North sea are engaged in fishing.