



Fort Luck Is Good Luck For You!

You are in luck when you "take pot luck" if it really deserves the name! For oven cooking is good cooking and a baking-pot is the housewife's good, though homely friend.

When Autumn leaves are falling down a hot baked dish is exactly for what your mouth has been watering. Something good in the pot—or call it a casserole, baking-dish or ramekin if you prefer—makes it possible to have a one-piece meal (which saves on dish washing) and enables the thrifty to use up leftovers with skill and imagination.

Ovencooking is really a combination of roasting and stewing, and, as every cook knows, this long slow type of cooking tends to bring out flavor and improved tenderness. Of course you may "bake" on top of the stove nowadays, with the new equipment, but the results are the same delicious ones.

From good Southern cooks we get two tips on oven main-course dishes. They advise that care should be taken to keep casserole contents moist and savory, and suggest a little bacon or oil be added during cooking if contents look dry. They also recommend that rice be used as the "binder" for meat or vegetable in casserole dishes, because it gives body to the dish but being bland, does not inject a flavor of its own. Keep a bowl of cooked rice on hand, and watch it make a little into a lot!

From New England (land of the bean pot) comes another tip: to keep contents of a baking dish from sticking, brush the sides and rim with a pastry brush or soft cloth dipped in melted shortening; drip a little on top too, when you want to keep the "middle" moist. And now for some good things to go into your favorite pot!

Sausage Surprise

- 3 cups boiled rice
- 1 sweet pepper
- 1 small onion
- 1 lb. tiny sausages
- 1 cup milk
- Butter

Remove the seeds from the pepper, chop and parboil. Add it and the onion, chopped fine, to the rice. Mix thoroughly and put a layer in a buttered baking dish. Add a layer of the sausages (which have been partially cooked) and cover with rice. Pour milk over it all and dot with butter. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for half hour, then uncover and bake half hour longer. 8 servings.

Rice-Vegetable Casserole

- 2 cups cooked rice

- 1 cup peas
- 1 cup corn
- 2 tbsps. minced onion
- 2 strips bacon
- 1½ cups milk
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1½ tsp. salt

Place in layers in greased baking dish; when casserole is filled, add milk. Place bacon strips on top and bake in moderate oven (350° F.).

Ham and Apple Pot

- 1 cup cooked ham, sliced thin
- 2 cups thin-sliced apple
- 1½ cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- 1 tbsps. vinegar
- 2 tbsps. butter
- Salt, Pepper, Mustard to taste

Arrange the ham, apples and bread crumbs in alternate layers in an oiled baking dish. Mix together remaining ingredients in a saucepan, bring to a boil and pour over mixture in baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for about 45 minutes.

Fancy Baked Apples

- 1½ cups sugar
- ¼ cup water
- 6 apples
- 1 or 2 bananas
- 1 tbsps. butter
- 6 marshmallows

Make a syrup by boiling the sugar and water together 3 minutes. Core apples wide enough to hold banana slices and are tops of apples. Fill cavities with thinly sliced bananas and arrange in a baking dish. Pour the syrup over them and bake about half an hour until tender, in moderately hot oven (375° F.). When done dot each apple with a 1/4" butter and baste well with remaining syrup; then place a marshmallow on each and put back into the oven to brown.

Baked Date Delicious

- 4 tbsps. butter
- 5 tbsps. flour
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 3 eggs
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 tbsps. lemon juice
- ¼ pkgs. dates, sliced

Melt the butter, add the flour and salt. Mix thoroughly. Add the milk slowly, stirring while adding. Cook until smooth and thick stirring constantly. Cool. Then add the beaten egg yolks, sugar, lemon juice, and dates. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a well greased baking dish. Place the dish, uncovered in a pan which contains about one inch of hot water. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven (325° F.). Serve warm with cream. 6 to 8 servings.

little tot hears his first English when brought to the boarding school. Books mean nothing to him who has never read, whose forefathers never read a word in their lives, and who sees little virtue in those who do read and try to teach him to read.

There were about fifteen employees at the school whose positions have been noted. These fifteen were to keep up the school, to teach the children, to feed them, nurse them when sick, clothe them, watch over them, train them up in the way they should go. Roughly speaking there were seven Indian children to each employee, fourteen children to each man and woman, had the employees been pro rated off that way. But of course they were not.

Now, what white father can provide for an exemplary family of fourteen even though some things like house, sugar, cloth, and leather is furnished in adequate quantities? It was a hopeless task. And what white mother can sew for, nurse, train, educate and bring up fourteen children of her own, let alone children of a foreign race? But that was our task. Go to it! In substance, that is what we were told to do.

I think I've stated that in my humble estimation, the Indian System of education seems to your humble servant the best that has ever been instituted. But great blunders have been and are being made in carrying out the ideal. Rightly enough the Service is under Civil Service.

Civil service is all right, so far as it goes. But it falls much short of the ideal. Take it in the Indian service; who gets appointed? Those who stand highest in purely academic training. The Indian is going to profit a whole lot from academic training, from college degrees and theses prepared for doctor's degrees when nowhere in a purely Indian school is a single college subject taught. The high school is as high as the course of study goes. Harvard was founded to educate Indians, but how many do you suppose are matriculated in that venerable institution?

But to get back to life at Jicarilla. Of course I can't remember many things that happened, but impressions—some good, some bad—that are lasting.

Will I ever forget Miss Gaud's unkind remark on how they watched me coming over the divide? I don't think so. Lickens was acting principal and he took me in hand and soon had told me what my duties would be. Not at all like what I supposed. In short, they were largely of a disciplinary nature.

Now disciplining anyone is not

naturally one of my traits. I like to let the other fellow have his own way. I got along quite well, with the disciplining because I did not do much at it. And thereby hangs one of the lamentable elements of Civil Service. I reported my boys all well-behaved, and they were. No stealing, no fighting, no trancies, everyone in his appointed place at the appointed time, but I did little about it, except report that things were all right.

You remember, we had a cook. Quite necessary to have one when there is a hundred children to be fed. One cook for the whole school! Well, of course, it would be quite impossible for any one woman to do an adequate job. But we were teaching the Indian youth to cook, etc., so every week, or every month, the principal makes out his work detail for the whole school. Do not forget that the Indian school system only expects the children, and those bigger, to be in school half a school day. That gives three hours at school work and the rest of the time the Indian children who are big enough and old enough are supposed to be gainfully employed. That of course does not mean that they get wages but that they do the work an insufficient number of employees are to see is done.

Well, one day I had occasion to go into the kitchen where food was being prepared for dinner. There I found a dozen girls working like Trojans but the white woman who was supposed to do the work was sitting on one of the broad shelves, swinging her legs, and humming a tune. Her eyes

were on the girls and did one take a little breathing spell, there was a sharp word of command. Now, this woman had plenty of time to write out excellent reports to the Indian Office at Washington of what she was doing. (She was doing!)

That particular woman, Mrs. Lickens, was the wife of the engineer. When there was a vacancy in any of the female positions, Mrs. Lickens always got the job, though she would not take a permanent position. Just how she managed is not known, but I suppose it was politics. There, I knew I'd get to talking politics.

There is a bad lack in the English language of words which express different shades of meaning. You say your "friend" and he may be the most casual acquaintance. You say "polites" without any thought of the science of government, which is the real meaning of politics. But the sort of politics we mean has little to do with government, at least not any sort of commendable government. What we mean is the plural of politic, which means able to put over a scheme and in a singular sense, artful, unscrupulous, cunning with evil designs predominating.

The Indian Service is honey combed with politics. Probably every other sort of government employment is in the same condition. I don't know, not having come into direct contact with any as much as with the Indian Service.

The man, or woman, who takes conscientious pride in a job well done, in helping the Indian, in providing for our Red Brother

food, clothing, medical attention, water for his crops, lumber to build homes, the man working tooth and nail to promote the welfare of a misunderstood and down-trodden race is passed up for the man who, with no regard for those whom he is supposed to serve, puts in his time making up well-written reports to send in to Washington, gets promotion while his hard working brother is discharged from the service for some imagined ineptitude.

Oregon Farmers

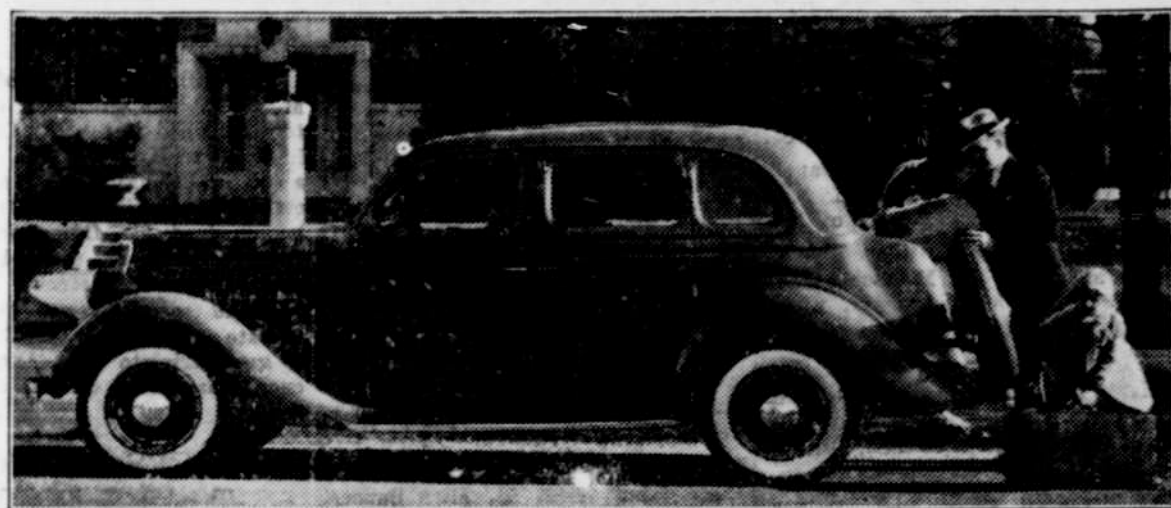
Irrigation Pays Linn Farmer

Albany—Added returns almost sufficient to pay for the cost of his sprinkler system are being received by Charlie Hart as a result of the use of supplemental water on his crops this year, he reported recently to County Agent F. C. Mullen. Mr. Hart has his large sprinkler system running almost continuously on several acres of vegetable crops. The availability of the extra water also made it possible for him to plow under his old strawberry field, work down the ground and replant it to late potatoes, which will be watered from time to time.

Beef Cattle to get Bang's Test

Baker—Beef cattle owners in Baker county are coming to be as much interested in the Bang's disease testing program as are the dairymen, according to P. T. Fortner, county agent. It is expected that grazing associations throughout the county will get under way for testing their beef herds this fall and winter, he says.

Touring Sedan Newest in Ford Line



NEWEST and most luxurious of design adds to its graceful proportions, and leaves the interior free for passengers when traveling. The Ford touring sedan shown above. A commodious built-in trunk which is an inherent part of the car

appointments. The car is roomier than any previous Ford sedan, seating six persons comfortably. The new touring sedans are available in both Fordor and Tudor models.

DAD'S STORY

Life at an Indian Boarding school is not at all the same as at a day school. Some time I expect to write a book on Indian Education. Don't know just when I'll get at it, but it is one of the things I will have to look forward to.

The boarding schools are organized on a far different basis than the day schools. At the boarding school, the employees live, all under one jurisdiction, the principal. There may be five or six employees under him, or there may be hundreds of them. At the big Indian boarding schools, like Chemawa, it is difficult to tell, and probably no one knows, how many employees there are excepting the financial clerk who keeps the pay roll. There are doctors and nurses, farmers and dairymen, harness makers and shoe makers, engineers and auto mechanics, musicians, and music writers, matrons, and maids. To enumerate them would be out of the question for me, as I have never been employed there.

At Jicarilla there was a principal, an engineer, an industrial teacher (me), a night watchman, some policemen, some laborers, a sawyer and his Indian employees. That made up the white male population at the school. The doctor lived at Dulce, a little more than a mile away.

The women employees included two teachers, a nurse, a laundry maid, two matrons, a cook, a seamstress, and a mess cook. The teachers, the laundress, the seamstress, and the two cooks were quartered in the mess hall. My quarters were with the boys in their dormitory. The little boys' matron slept near the little boys; the girls' matron had a room near the girls' dormitory, the nurse stayed at the hospital, while the principal and the engineer each had a cottage for their families.

While the whole school was under the jurisdiction of the Agent located down at Dulce, he seldom interfered with the proceedings as long as things went along smoothly. In round numbers there were a hundred students, half boys and

half girls. Now, the intention was all right: that these boys and girls should be taught to work as well as to play. But they are taken from their parents, the only human ties which bind them to life were broken, and the little tots, six, seven or more years of age were brought in by orders from Indian Office and put "in school". To them it was more like a prison. Were they allowed their old clothes? Not a stitch! Their playthings with which they had amused themselves all their life? Not a sign of anything of their happy, care-free, nomadic life was allowed in their environment. Is it any wonder the little fellows died, heart-broken? They contracted tuberculosis, that dread scourge of the broken spirited individual. They brought trachoma to the school with them, trachoma contracted in the dust laden, sun-scoured plains of their native New Mexico. At the school they passed their infection on to their associates.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more desolate, heart-broken, dejected group of humans than the ordinary students (?) at an Indian boarding school. They had no tradition teaching them that there was any virtue in booklearning. No one at their homes had told them stories of great men of their race who were trained in the halls of learning. They were a conquered people, held on their reservations by the inexorable law of the white man. "The Great White Father" was given to promising much and supplying little.

Take all this into consideration, then add to it the fact that the Indians with whom I was going to have to deal were Apaches, that dread tribe who have become known for their homicidal tendencies—tiger, hyena and monster all rolled into one. From the tribe which has given its name to the worst type of villain in the slums of Paris, one can expect little.

There were about a hundred Indian children to be taken care of, to be fed and clothed, to be educated and housed, to be bathed and provided for, to say nothing of teaching them to read and write a foreign language. Many a

Leaf tobacco being sold to highest bidder

From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from

13,084,037 lbs. to
326,093,357 lbs.;
an increase of 2392%

It takes mild ripe tobacco to make a good cigarette.



During the year ending June 30, 1900, the Government collected from cigarette taxes

\$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30, 1934, the same taxes were

\$350,299,442

an increase of 8725%

—a lot of money.

Cigarettes give a lot of pleasure to a lot of people.

More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos. Everything that science knows about is used in making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.

We believe you will enjoy them.