

## MADE INDIANS MAD

SAVAGES' STRONG OBJECTION TO BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

Woman Tells of Trip to Ancient City of Taos Which Seems to Have Been Highly Exciting—Saw Feast and Dance.

During a journey through the practically unknown Southwest somebody suggested that I go to the ancient city of Taos for the feast of San Geronimo. Mrs. C. R. Miller writes in Leslie's. "You won't find photographing these Indians an easy job, but if you succeed you will get something interesting." Taos is the ancient pueblo about eighty miles from Santa Fe, and reached by a highway which is only a trail over a stony mesa.

Somebody called out that the dance was at the south pueblo and there was a rush across the logs which served as bridges over the little stream which runs through the reservation. There we found perhaps a hundred Indians wrapped in white muslin robes and carrying branches of trees in their hands. They were making a weird noise and limping up and down as they marched around the pueblo. It was a strange scene. The movement of their bodies was slight, but the expression on their faces and the low guttural utterances showed suppressed emotion, and suddenly directly in front of where I was standing one of the older warriors fell to the ground in an epileptic fit. He was at once carried into the pueblo and the medicine man summoned. The dancers, however, were not disturbed and the uncanny performance went on for 15 minutes longer.

This was merely the prologue to the feast of the morrow. The foot races were hotly contested by the young braves of the two pueblos. The participants were naked except for a kilt about the loins and were decorated with feathers in their hair, on their arms and their ankles. The race is run in a peculiar fashion. When the judges give the word two men dart from the course nearest the pueblo and run swiftly to the other end. The instant the leader reaches a certain stone at the end of the course another man of his clan takes up the race and rushes past him on the home stretch. This is kept up until all the contestants have had trial—the final victory being a victory for the clan and not for the individual runner. The pueblo winning the race is entitled to keep the statue of St. Geronimo for the following year.

Early in the afternoon the Indian clowns, known as the delight makers, clown suddenly from the pueblos. Their faces and naked bodies are smeared with paint and their hair entwined with corn husks. Nothing is sacred to their touch and they will steal fruit from a vendor's wagon and perhaps after taking a mouthful spit it at some visitor. They object to being photographed, and when one saw me in the act of taking his picture he came at me with a rush, yelling in a savage fashion. I was sitting on a log, and he sat down beside me so close that I narrowly escaped falling off. He yelled and gesticulated, but I sat perfectly still and pretended not to see him. The man who had sold me my permit came up behind and said something. Finally he left, but all during the afternoon whenever I attempted to take a picture dirt was thrown at me and all the curses known to their savage traditions were wished on me. The delight makers beat tin pans at horses and caused several runaways, and frightened children almost into spasms.

### Financial Outlook.

Simpkins—You are looking rather delicate, old man.

Timkins—Yes, and I'm feeling rather delicate financially. It wouldn't take much of a touch to break me.

## SEEK MORE FISH TO CAN

Increasing Demand for Product Has Led to Inquiries as to Where It Can Be Had.

There is a perpetual and increasing demand for canned fish of all sorts. The utilization of the dogfish, or grayfish, as it is more politely called, has added to the opportunities of the eastern canners, but those on the Pacific coast are looking to the westward for a still further supply. The yellow and blue fin tuna (known as the horse mackerel when they appear in eastern waters), the dolphin and bonita are plentiful in Hawaiian waters, and Pacific coast canners are making inquiries as to the possibility of securing a catch large enough to warrant the establishment of canneries on the islands.

The commercial fisheries of Hawaii are almost exclusively in the hands of the Japanese. A few years ago they formed small companies to operate hand-propelled sampans. These brought the fish to the Hawaiian markets, where the catch was sold at auction. The gasoline boats have taken the place of those propelled by oars or sails and these have a steaming radius of a thousand miles. They are equipped with ice chambers, so that the fish may be kept from four to six days.

Large corporations have been formed. One company controls 150 Japanese boats and another 40. The tuna at present prices, retailing at 10 to 20 cents a pound, is too costly to permit of canning with profit. The bonita sells at 3 cents or less and might be used to advantage, as it is very plentiful.

There is also a little sardine fish that is taken in great numbers. The establishment of United States garrisons at or near Honolulu has greatly increased the demand for fish, but no survey has yet been made which determines whether canneries can be made commercially profitable.

### Price of a Tree.

The owner of an apartment-house was ordered to pay \$65 for a maple tree which he ordered cut down, not knowing that it was city property. Expert testimony determined the cost of replacing the tree.

When a tree is felled and cut up into logs its commercial value is easily calculated, but the worth of a standing tree—especially one within the city limits—is hardly to be determined, except for the very practical purpose of penalizing its destroyer.

The early settler, with the forest to contend with, proceeds to clear the land about his home, so that not a sapling survives. Towns in the midst of what, a generation ago, was Michigan's timber belt, are treeless, or practically so, and summer's sun and winter's wind find no obstruction to their violence. Yet in cities trees are appreciated.

It must be that our eyes were intended to receive more green rays than any other, since trees are turf are absolutely necessary to save any prospect from bleakness. Every tree in Detroit is precious, and it is reassuring to learn that one cannot be felled without due action from the authorities.—Detroit News.

### Safeguarding the Nation's Money.

The bureau of engraving and printing, at Washington, D. C., where all paper money, postage and revenue stamps and valuable documents are printed, is one of the most carefully guarded buildings in the world. It is protected by some of the most modern electrical burglar alarms, and 60 armed night watchmen patrol the plant.—Popular Science Monthly.

### Safety First.

Superintendent—What excuse did Oldbach offer for declining to buy a lot in our new cemetery?

Canvasser—He said he might be lost at sea, then he'd have no use for it.

## USELESS FEAR OF BACTERIA

Authority Says People Are Allowing Themselves to Be Needlessly Worried Over the Subject.

To timid individuals a recent article in the Journal of the American Medical association on "Bacteria on Paper Money and Books" may bring comfort.

The Sun has endeavored to present only the most reliable scientific aspect of the subject of germ diseases, because the usual hasty generalizations of science and baseless assertions which continually appear in print under the guise of scientific authority sooner or later redound to the discredit of real progress. An unwarranted skepticism is aroused and the distrust of an obvious misstatement unconsciously becomes magnified into a reactionary indifference to the better contributions of scientific men. The championship of half or conjectured truths inevitably acts in the course of time as a barrier to the very objects which are sought in public reforms, for in the end truth always prevails.

Some years ago the Sun called attention to the erroneous idea that tuberculosis may be contracted by persons using the telephone mouthpiece which has been used by many others. We showed that the postmaster general of Great Britain had the mouthpieces on the telephone under his control examined bacteriologically, with the result of no disease germs being discovered upon them. The Journal comments upon the popular opinion of a few years ago that the handling of soiled paper money was extremely dangerous on account of the bacteria that may adhere to it. The fact is that bank tellers do not share this aversion, nor do they present evidence of exceptional liability to infectious diseases. It has been positively ascertained and published in the Popular Science Monthly that paper money constitutes an unimportant factor in the transmission of disease. While clean paper money satisfies our esthetic sense, it has not been proved that soiled money is likely to become a medium of disease transmission.

With regard to books, it is the custom to disinfect them, when soiled, by exposure to sunlight and air, but it is a fact that the hygienic laboratory of Johns Hopkins has not found germs of diphtheria, for instance, on books coming from homes in which children had been suffering from this disease. The fact is that the majority of bacteria found on books are the same as those found in atmospheric air, and that the colon bacterium, which is frequently found on the hands of schoolchildren, has rarely been found on the books they handle. There is really no material risk involved in the reissue of books recently read by consumptives, unless the books are obviously soiled, and even then the risks are very slight. Since, however, bacteria like the typhoid and diphtheria organism have been occasionally discovered on artificially infected books, there may be good reason for subjecting all returned books to direct sunlight before redistribution.

Practically the danger from soiled money and books is no more obvious than the danger from the mouthpiece of the telephone.—New York Sun.

### Gum Arabic.

Gum arabic naturally exudes from the bark of acacia Senegal, a tree native to north Africa, though other species of Acacia are drawn upon, however, yielding a slightly inferior product. Tragacanth is from shrubs of astragalus species native to Asia. While astragalus are common in western America none of them seem to be of value for tragacanth. The most shrubby local species is A. Brauntoni.

### Apple-Growing Is Profitable.

Apple-growing is not the easiest business in the world, but it is one that is full of pleasure, and when conducted along the right lines, there is good profit in it.

## JUST MISSED DEATH

MISSIONARY'S FEARFUL EXPERIENCE IN OLD VAULT.

Cowardice of His Two Zulu "Boys" Nearly Led to Disaster—Wife Helped Rescue Him in the Nick of Time.

"A missionary has to be a Jack-of-all-trades," remarked Rev. Yandel Collins, who was home on a furlough after twenty years in South Africa. "There was an underground room, about eight feet deep by eight square, walled with brick and plastered with tarred cement, beneath the children's bedroom in our mission house at Mupola; it was for storing corn, or mealie, as they call it in Natal. I didn't like to use it because it was so damp, and for a year I had been using galvanized iron tanks that I riveted and soldered myself.

"I ordered Malusi and Mutyani, two gigantic Zulus, to clean out that vault; but they refused, unless I would go down first. They firmly believed that a demon dwelt in that black hole!

"So I got the two boys to stand over the trapdoor while I prepared to descend the short ladder that leaned against the wall a foot from the opening. I lowered a pail on the end of a stout rope, which I made Malusi take hold of, and then, with a lighted candle in one hand and a shovel in the other, I swung down on my elbows until my feet found the ladder.

"The ladder was as rotten as everything else in that pit. I had not taken more than one step when it gave way with a soft, bending squash; my candle flickered out, and I sat down with a mighty splash in six inches of muck!

"Pull on the rope!" I cried, and I gave the cord an anxious jerk. 'Malusi, Mutyani, pull!' The whole length of rope slipped and splashed down beside me. The two boys had run off in a panic.

"Mary, get some help quick! I am being poisoned!" I cried to my wife; but I got no answer.

"My temples throbbled as if they would burst, my ears roared, strange lights danced before my eyes and a powerful hand seemed to be constricting my throat and chest so that I could not breathe. I was being poisoned by the noxious gases. With a tremendous effort I dragged myself to my feet; just then I heard my wife's voice above me. 'Can't you get out?' she called.

"The absurdity of the question had a stimulating effect upon me.

"No, of course not!" I roared angrily. 'The ladder is broken.' I felt my knees giving away, and I ended with a cry like that of a sick child, 'Help!'

"Don't get mad," she soothed. 'I have been after those boys. Here's Malusi. Where's the rope?' She had persuaded that big Zulu baby to return. He was as strong as an ox, but I had dropped the rope when I had struggled to my feet. 'It's here at my feet, but I don't dare to go after it. Sewer gas,' I called.

"My wife answered promptly, 'Here, then, Malusi will reach down his hand. Malusi, reach down your hand! Grab hold!'

"As she spoke I felt the hand of the native touch my hair. I clutched it convulsively, and then I went limp all over; but I felt him get his other hand in the collar of my shirt. When I came to, I was lying outdoors on the grass, and the world never seemed so bright and fair as it did then. You see, as soon as Malusi had got his enormous paws on me I was safe.

"That afternoon, with a new ladder and plenty of ropes, the Zulus cleaned out the vault, and the next day I went down myself and cemented the rat-hole, and splashed a lot of good, clean, hot tar round, and the job was done."—Youth's Companion.