

Alaskan Natives Mourn Kilbuck

Gloom in the Far Northland Follows Death of Beloved Indian Missionary.

WILL NOT FORGET HIS WORK

From Kansas to Arctic John Henry Kilbuck Carried the Gospel, Saving Lives and Winning Love of Natives.

Juneau.—There is gloom among the natives in Alaska today.

From Point Barrow—the farthest north—to Metlakatla and Juneau in the south; from the headwaters of the Kuskokwim and Yukon down to the sea, is traveling forth the word that "Kilbuck is dead." Everywhere the news permeates, there follows sadness. Grown men and women among the Eskimos and Indians grieve like children. All because the "most loved man beyond 54-40" is no more.

For more than four decades John Henry Kilbuck, Muncie Indian of the old Delaware nation that roamed over Pennsylvania before the days of Washington and William Penn, had been intimately associated with the Klunkits and Takus of southeastern Alaska, or the Eskimos and breed tribes around Point Barrow. With his pale-face wife he was guardian, counselor, spiritual guide and friend.

Will Not Forget Him.

But the country which John Kilbuck played such an important part in developing will not forget him. The thousands of reindeer that roam the tundras under the watchful eye of their native shepherds, will forever remind the natives of him. It was Kilbuck who, at the request of the United States government, introduced reindeer propagation in Alaska, and by so doing he banished the specter of famine that periodically wiped out entire tribes when the hard times came and the winters closed in before they were prepared.

Akjak and Bethel, both founded by the Moravian missionary, some day may grow into flourishing cities when Alaska comes into its own. And they will cherish his memory.

Doings of missionaries, as a rule, make rather tame reading. But the activities of John Kilbuck and his wife were not confined to strictly spiritual things.

Four different times did the Kilbucks go "below" with the intention of spending their declining years in the States. And four times they went back. The call was irresistible.

The last time—it was to have been different. With all the best intentions, accentuated by memories of past failures to keep good resolutions—the pioneer torchbearers of civilization resolved to spend their declining years near the homes of their forefathers—on the Chippewa Indian reservation down in Kansas.

Deep down in their hearts, however, they had a "hunch" that the North would win. It always had.

So the North Won Again.

In their little white and green cottage, nestled in the Chippewa hills and overlooking the placid Marais des Cygnes river in eastern Kansas the Kilbucks were waiting. Waiting for word that the break-up in the Yukon and Kuskokwim was about to begin. They had reached their decision.

"They need us. The influenza has reached Alaska. If it gets into the interior before we do nobody knows what will happen. Thousands may perish. Their deer, now numbering thousands, will be cast adrift over the

tundras—prey to wolves and wild dogs and equally unscrupulous 'breeds'."

With the first word of the thaw they took a steamer out of Seattle. They arrived none too soon. Influenza already was taking its toll. But they did get there in time to save hundreds.

The Kilbucks took up their work where they had left off upon their departure for the States. They were just whipping things into shape and getting comfortably settled for the last chapter of their life's book when pneumonia and typhoid, diseases from which they had saved thousands of Uncle Sam's little Indian wards, struck home. In three days Kilbuck was dead.

It was back in 1885 that John Kilbuck and his white wife arrived in Alaska. He had just graduated from the Moravian Missionary school at Nazareth, Pa., where he had been sent by a Christian worker among the Kansas Indians.

It took years to gain the confidence of the Alaska natives, but patience and kindness finally won and now no name is better known or more beloved among the Alaska Indians or Eskimos than Kilbuck.

Gets Recipes of Cannibals

English Woman Novelist Learns Ways of New Guinea Epicures During Long Sojourn.

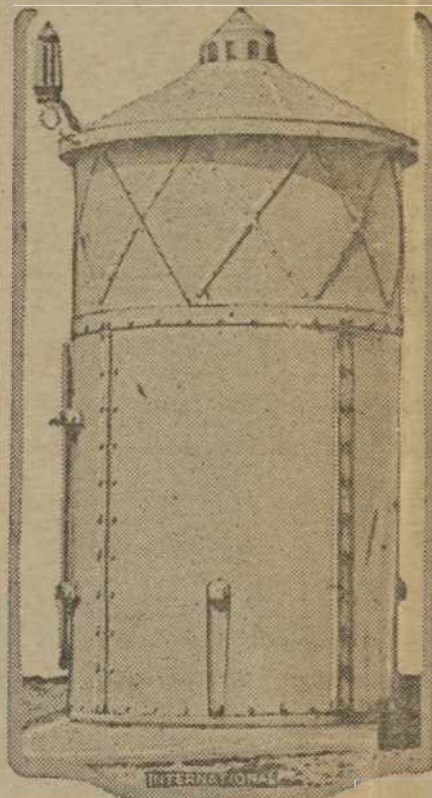
THEIR MANNERS ARE PRAISED

Says Hypnotism Prevails Among Natives to An Extent Appearing Incredible—Position of Women Is Deplorable.

London.—Miss Beatrice Grimshaw, the well known novelist, who has been 15 years in the South Sea Islands, has returned from New Guinea. As an indication of the wilderness and the unknown character of the vast tracts of territory comprising that country she mentioned that quite recently the missionaries, with the aid of airplanes, had discovered a valley containing 10,000 people whose existence had not even been suspected. They were found to be living at an altitude where it was imagined that human life could not endure. She had a wonderful story to tell of her experiences. To a representative of the Evening Standard she said:

"New Guinea is one of the most noteworthy countries in the world, and a great deal of it has never been explored by white people. Within a certain distance the government has done a great deal, but there are stretches in which cannibal tribes live to themselves. Many, however, are induced to work on the plantations, and the cannibals are certainly the finest native workers, because of their physical development and their demeanor. But cannibalism flourishes, and the people who practice it do not regard it as wrong. In the interior cannibals live to themselves, and it is only when they come under British jurisdiction that their cannibalistic tendencies are checked. One gets so accustomed to this question of cannibalism that it is accepted almost as a

AUTOMATIC LIGHTHOUSE



New automatic lighthouse recently completed at Barry Holmes Gower, England. The only attention it needs is to be replenished once in two years with chemicals. When the actinic light value reaches a certain degree it lights itself, and when the daylight reaches a corresponding degree, it extinguishes itself.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

ENCOURAGING WORDS

TO FORM a pleasant background or a pleasing accompaniment to the drudgery of every day life, pass around among the hordes of weary mortals whose backs are bent under heavy loads a few encouraging words and observe, while you are doing it, the happy change that comes over their stoical countenances.

It takes but little kindness and manifestation of interest to brighten dull eyes and move sad faces to a smile.

As the lips curl at the corners, you comprehend with a new understanding the value of cheering words spoken in a kindly voice whose ring is sincere.

Whatever opinion you may entertain as to the influence helpful acts and speech have upon others, you will find upon intimate observation that it is always acceptable, uplifting and productive of friendship.

Encouraging smiles and words are like bright lights on a dark highway, guiding the tired traveler to his destination, who but a little while ago had lost his way and fallen into the "slough of despond."

Reason as you may, the tongue plays the leading role in the great drama of life, permitting itself liberties that make for peace or war an enmity or love, often forgetting in an unguarded moment its great responsibility.

No man or woman who indulges in gross speech can expect to get anything in return except that which arouses resentment.

If you should incline to prove this for yourself, scold your pet dog. If the opposite you would verify, fill your purse tomorrow morning with kind words of encouragement, crisp as new bills, and pass them around as you wend your way to business.

Give one to the old newsman on the corner, and see his face light up as the sun of happiness touches his heart and suddenly warms his whole being.

Hand them out all along the way until you are ready to assume your duties of the day.

You may marvel as you begin at the ease and gladness with which you take up your work.

The troublesome perplexities of yesterday have vanished, and there is a goodly spirit hovering over you, whose presence you have not felt for months, and all because you started the day by cheering others and thus unconsciously cheered yourself.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

"NERVES," A LUXURY

IF YOU have an inherited fortune, which some one else is taking care of for you, you can afford to have "nerves."

You can afford to be sensitive, to be easily irritated, to be extravagantly disturbed at small annoyances.

You will not enjoy this, but it may be some comfort to know that you can afford it.

But if you have your way to make, and are anxious to get as far as is possible with your particular mental equipment, you will find that "nerves" are too big a load to carry.

As you no doubt have discovered by this time, the world in which we have our being is not altogether a pleasant one.

In it there are loud and raucous noises, offensive sights, and displeasing people.

There is also a thing called labor, which viewed from the standpoint of the busy man is a good deal of a burden.

But this happens to be the only world you are in, for the present at least.

And if you permit all its unpleasant features to get on your nerves, you are going to be so busy with your unhappiness and your self-pity that you will have very little time to improve your natural gifts.

If you are nervous and touchy and sensitive, and always looking for offense, you might as well go directly to the poor house and give yourself up. You will get there in the end, and it will only be a waste of time to delay your arrival.

A good many cases of "nerves" were cured by the great war, permanently. Young gentlemen who thought they could not eat, save from a nice mahogany table, spread with the best food, and who fancied they could not sleep if a trolley car was rattling by, discovered that they were mistaken.

After they had slept for a few days within the sound of exploding shells, they saw that they hadn't had much to worry about back in peace times.

Get rid of your nerves if you want to get along. Take the world as you find it, and put up with it. You may be able to improve it just the least bit later on, but you will have to become very able, and very great, before you can do so.

(Copyright.)

Shaking Them Up.

"Herbert's got the ague." "Let him attend to the milk shakes today," directed the Arkansas druggist.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SCHOOL DAYS

RUN ALONG NOW HENRY, AND DON'T BOTHER SID WHILE HE'S HELPING ME. WHEN HE'S THRU HE CAN GO OUT AND PLAY.



WELL, WE CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU—YOU'LL FIND US DOWN AT 'FIRST' OR OVER TO THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE OR IN THE CAVE OR WEDGE UP IN THE OL' QUAKER MEETIN' HOUSE SHED.



THE MICROBE INCUBATOR

KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

THE DAY AFTER

"L ICKED to a frazzle!" But, say, What is the use of repining? Home at the close of the day—

Arms of our loved ones entwining. Out of the fret and the worry, Out of the din and the strife; Out of the battle and worry— Home and the joytime of life.

Downed in the battle! But, say, What is the profit in sorrow? Love is still lighting the way On to a glorious morrow.

Out of the turmoil and fuming, Out of the worry and wiles, Love with its welcome is looming, Beckoning on with its smiles.

Whipped to a standstill! But, say, Still there is joy in the losing. If love binds the wounds of the fray After the battle's confusing, Out of the smoke and the rattle, After the heat of the fray; After the din of the battle, Love lights the close of the day. (Copyright.)

The Friendly Path

By Walter I. Robinson

READJUSTMENT

"M ONEY grows or money goes." But it will neither grow nor leave one of its own accord.

Many persons have had these facts brought home to them with a jolt. Unfortunately, however, they did not recognize the value of what they obtained when it came in fast.

Harsh lessons are usually well learned. The man who foolishly trusts a rotten plank to carry him across a whirling stream and then pays for his folly by a stiff fight for life, always is more cautious when he must walk another plank to follow his pathway on the other side of a stream.

The same logic may justly be applied to every walk of life. If one spends all he earns, the money naturally goes; but, if he is wise and saves something, what he saves is certain to grow if properly invested. And it is surprising how fast it will grow and what an assistance it will become when the source of supply becomes weak or slow in producing.

Whatever the difficulties one has faced during the period of depression incident to readjustment of economic conditions, he still has much for which to offer thanks. Long faces and grumbling are inclined to increase the world's pessimism and hamper the progress back toward normalcy. It is far better to be a good sport—if we be permitted to use gaming language—than one is more likely to see the brighter side.

Out of the struggles and discouragements the country and world at large have been experiencing, common sense will eventually rise to a higher plane than it has occupied for several years. And, though many may have foolishly spent all they earned when prosperity was with them and since have been finding it difficult to make both ends meet, when the tide turns back to normal, greater value will be placed on incomes, more caution will be exercised in spending, more money will be saved, simple and healthful pleasures will be appreciated and there will be wider appreciation of the privilege of earning fair wages or making fair profits on business done.

Painful though the lesson of readjustment is, it was necessary to assure honesty and happiness in the years to come.

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

Today may be all that is mournful—Our paths cannot always be bright, But tomorrow we'll somehow take courage— And trustingly enter the light.

EVERY DAY DISHES

WE WELCOME foods that give variety without adding to the expense of living, which is high enough with the best of management.

Date Surprise Cookies.

Stone dates and stuff with whole almonds blanched. Roll out the cookie mixture very thin, cut in rounds and place a stuffed date in the center; sprinkle with sugar and lemon rind mixed; fold over the cookie and pinch the edges together. Bake in a hot oven.

Pear Bread Pudding.

Slice canned pears in very small pieces; add lemon rind and juice and place half of them in a pudding dish. Mix one tablespoonful of butter with one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of water and a pint of bread crumbs; spread all but a tablespoonful over the pears. Put more pears in the dish; add grated nutmeg and sugar. Bake in the tablespoonful of water with a cover for 30 minutes. Then remove the cover and serve with a hot sauce.

Fruit Meringue.

Beat the halves of canned fruit with a bit of lemon peel or candied ginger in the centers; cool and place on each a tablespoonful of meringue. Use the whites of two eggs and one-third of a cupful of sugar for the meringue.

Sandwich Piquant.

Take one cupful of new cabbage or cucumber chopped, one-half cupful of onion chopped, four tablespoonfuls of green pepper chopped, drain, add cayenne and seasonings and use on buttered bread.

Apple Pudding.

Cook one-half dozen apples until nearly done, unless of a variety which cooks quickly; place in a deep baking dish and cover with a rich biscuit dough made like a drop batter, leaving spaces for the steam to escape. A little seasoning may be added, such as sugar, nutmeg and butter. Serve with a lemon sauce or with thickened apple juice or cider seasoned to taste.

Fried Apples.

Core good flavored apples and slice in half-inch slices. Into a frying pan put two tablespoonfuls of bacon fat, lay in the apples after sprinkling lightly with salt and sugar and brown on both sides. Serve with pork chops.

Rice and Asparagus Soup.

Wash the asparagus and cut off the tougher portions. Put the tips into a quart of well-seasoned broth and one cupful of water and cook until tender. Add one-half cupful of rice as soon as the broth and asparagus are boiling hot. Cook until very tender. This soup may be put through a sieve and is then ready to serve. Pass grated cheese with the soup.

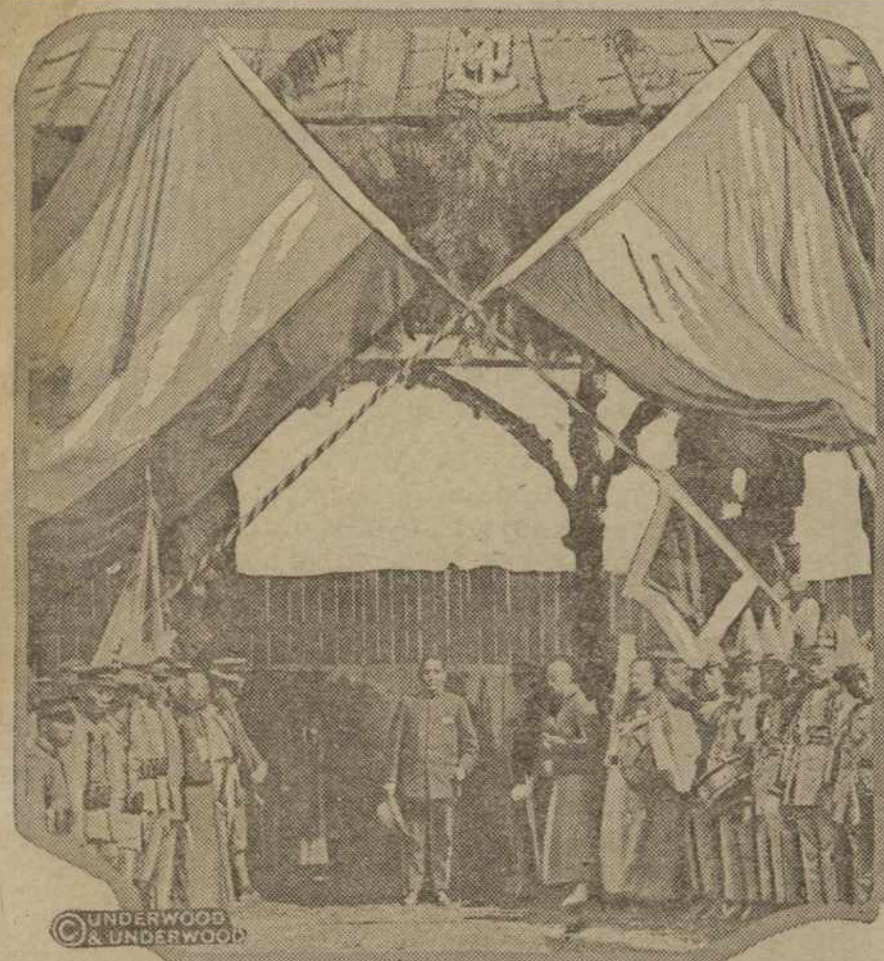
Nellie Maxwell
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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I like to hear the hymns in church, I feel uplifted in my heart, Especially when tenors sing Their extra, little, squeezed-in part.



Sun Yat Sen Welcomed at Kweilin



Sun Yat Sen, head of the government of South China at Canton, may now be induced to submit to the Peking government, since General Chang, whose cause he espoused, has been defeated. The photograph shows Dr. Sun being welcomed by the citizens of Kweilin after his army took possession of that city.

Tree That Grew Apples Now Produces Cherries

A tree that produced apples last year and is filled with cherries this year, is the unusual sight on the William Bagley farm, near Onancock, Del. The tree was one of several purchased from a nursery, and was bought for an apple tree. In every appearance it is an apple tree. Last year it bore for the first time three fine apples. This year the tree is filled with cherries and not a sign of an apple.