

Sacs and Fox Indians Will Soon Be Totally Extinct.

Fighting among themselves over the chieftainship of an almost extinct tribe, the once powerful Sacs and Foxes have appealed to Governor Cummings, of Iowa, to select a chief for them.

The present chief, Poosh-e-to-nek, the Sacs and Foxes claim is not their own chieftain, but a Winnebago, one of their ancient foes. They want him removed and another appointed. The Winnebagoes live on the same reservation, but the Sacs and Foxes, now numbering only 400, the remnant of a dying race, object to their presence.

The Winnebagoes are progressive. The Sacs and Foxes are retrogressive. The former are attending the government schools—the Sacs and Foxes think it is a waste of time and energy to listen to the foolish talk of the pale face teachers.

The Sacs and Foxes will not work. They hate the white man, hate every mark of civilization, hate all that the government does—all but the blankets and the rations which are supplied so regularly. They object to the tilling of the land and want the school abolished.

For twenty-five years has the government been trying to maintain a school for the Sacs and Foxes. The school was maintained, but no Indian would attend. The few boys and girls who did dare to learn the ways of civilization were ostracized by the remaining tribesmen. The Presbyterian Board of Missions has erected a mission on the Indian lands. No one attends the meetings. A few of the women condescend to learn to sew, but they never make use of the sanitary instruction they have received.

A few years ago also Congress appropriated \$35,000 for an industrial school. The buildings were erected on the most modern plans and the school was fully equipped. For two years it has been in operation. No boy will attend. He does not want to learn to work. Education to the Iowa Indian is a sin. He does not want to learn. The morals of the Indians are above the average of the white men excepting for two vices—gambling and drinking. They are expert card players and after pay day they keep up the game of poker until money, blankets and even horses have gone the rounds of the card circle. The Sacs and Foxes do not swear. They have no words of profanity in their own language, and when a drunken Indian goes on a rampage he must borrow from the vocabulary of his white brother.

In thirty years there has been no crime among the Indians of the tribe. They are not petty larcenists. The chastity of their women is remarkable. Sanitary conditions among the Sacs and Foxes are execrable. They take absolutely no care of themselves and it is for this reason that the extinction of the race is not far off. They eat dead hogs thrown from freight cars, and cattle which die by the wayside are particularly appetizing. Another decade will see their almost total extinction.

BISHOP JOSEPH F. BERRY, Methodist Prelate Elected President of the Epworth League. Bishop Joseph F. Berry, who has been elected President of the Epworth League, has been a Methodist clergyman since 1874. For a number of years he was associate editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate, and he has been editor of the Epworth Herald since 1900. Dr. Berry was born in Aylmer, Canada, in 1856, and was educated in Milton Academy. Lawrence University and Upper Iowa University have conferred on him the degrees of D. D. and LL. D.

Amiguous. "And so you like Miss Learned, Louise?" "Yes, indeed," replied the enthusiastic Louise, who has just returned from an autograph-hunting expedition, "and you can't tell by talking to her that she has a bit of sense, auntie."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

More than Once. First Clubman (reminiscently)—Was your daughter married then? Second Old Clubman (whose daughter has been thrice-espoused, absently)—Yes, now and then.—Town Topics.

There is something fine in the bravery of a new father who carries a baby through the streets in his arms.



REV. JOSEPH F. BERRY.

Michigan Christian Advocate, and he has been editor of the Epworth Herald since 1900. Dr. Berry was born in Aylmer, Canada, in 1856, and was educated in Milton Academy. Lawrence University and Upper Iowa University have conferred on him the degrees of D. D. and LL. D.

Amiguous. "And so you like Miss Learned, Louise?" "Yes, indeed," replied the enthusiastic Louise, who has just returned from an autograph-hunting expedition, "and you can't tell by talking to her that she has a bit of sense, auntie."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

More than Once. First Clubman (reminiscently)—Was your daughter married then? Second Old Clubman (whose daughter has been thrice-espoused, absently)—Yes, now and then.—Town Topics.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Topics of the Times

You need not be a shadow because you are not a sun.

War would soon go out of fashion if the bankers would quit subscribing for the bonds.

You do not have to throw grit in your neighbor's eye to prove that you are a man of sand.

Many a young man after being turned down by a giddy girl isn't able to appreciate his good luck.

A man will never acquire a fame unless he is proof against the habit of buying useless things because they are cheap.

Hereafter the right sort of man may feel encouraged to consider the vice presidency as a stepping stone to the presidency.

Wide awake life insurance companies will proceed to classify deer hunting as one of the extra hazardous occupations.

The personal experience of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman in training children might make her remarks on the subject seem highly amusing to the average mother.

At last we have word from our old friend Wu Ting Fang, former Chinese minister to the United States. The Empress has allowed him to ride horseback in the Forbidden City.

"The longer we live," says the Nebraska State Journal, "the more thoroughly convinced we are that no man knows as much as he lets on." This seems to call for a sharp rejoinder from Editor Stead.

The Chinese word "janson" means the same as the Japanese "bensai," the French "rive," the German "hoch" and the English "hurrah." If the Russians ever had an equivalent for the word it has been forgotten through lack of use.

There were 60,000 divorces in the United States last year, or an average of nearly seven for every hour of the day and night, Sundays included. The business of making and unmaking misfit marriages appears to have become a great national industry.

A Brooklyn scientist has discovered that Chinamen never have consumption because they permit the hair on top of their heads to grow long. If this is the case scientists who have been trying to head off tuberculosis might do better if they devoted their time and efforts to the work of discovering some means of preventing baldness.

If fashionable society should ostracize the divorced the penalty might frighten those of its members disposed to get rid of mates objectionable to them; but, after all, the civil law which grants divorce is the expression of a far larger and wider social sentiment. The sum and substance of it all is that the church can enforce its law only on the consciences of those who firmly believe in its full and divine authority.

There has been far too much of the elegant gentleman idea in the big Eastern universities. President Eliot has just publicly taken note of its somewhat blighting influence at Harvard. A good many young men go there for a course in scorn and get it—though incidentally they may get better things. The same may be said of Yale and Princeton, and though at each and all of these institutions the modest workaday youth may get as good a training as his father could have got the influence of the gilded loafer is bad. The Western universities are spurring the Eastern institutions up with a magnificent competition.

Evidently the gospel is not preached to the poor in pews that rent for \$1,500 per annum. Evidently the poor are not wanted in churches that make no provision for seating them. Evidently there is a serious defect in arrangements for public religious services that take no account of the poor. Evidently there are many churches, and by no means all of them are in New York city, in which the gospel is not only rated above the reach of the poor, but quite too high to be attained by the middle classes or even by the well-to-do—is, in fact, available to none who is not in affluent circumstances. The remedy is free seats in all houses of worship. Like most other reforms, this moves slowly, but it is really moving, and is bound to "win out."—For ever the right comes uppermost.

It's such a beautiful old world. It's a shame not to enjoy it more. It's an artistic old world, too, but do we stop to realize the harmony with which Nature blends all her effects? When a woman gets a new hat, or a gown, she gives up her whole soul to a wrestle with the problem as to how to make the colors harmonize. Nature takes any old colors, orange, purple, green, pink, blue, runs them together, and you can't pick out an inharmonious square inch. What would one woman think of another whom she saw trying to wear a combination of brown, red, purple, yellow and sky blue? Horrible! But look at the frost-touched forest against the sky on a

bright autumn day. Same combination, only more so, and yet you hold your breath in rapture. Curious, isn't it?

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman is again on the warpath. She is determined, if possible, to realize the old platonic form of socialism—to get the women and children out of the home. In her opinion there is no place so bad as home, be it ever so humble or ever so pretentious. Mrs. Gilman both pities and blames women who work at home. She pities them because they are forced to do fifty kinds of work at home, whereas if they worked in some shop or factory they would simply have one thing to do from morning till night. She blames them that they do not get out of the home, better their condition and do the one thing they like to do best or for which they can get the most money. If this brilliant woman would know just how much women prefer to work at home instead of acting as employees outside let her follow the returns from an advertisement in a daily newspaper offering women remunerative work that can be done in their home. She would find a hundred women to one in favor of this kind of employment. Mrs. Gilman would have no cooking done inside the four walls of the home. Perhaps she is not fastidious. Perhaps she has not lived at restaurants or fed from bakershops for any length of time. Those who have are truly grateful for the simplest home cooking and prefer it to the "sloppy, greasy, ill-smelling business" which Mrs. Gilman finds in the home, but which others find in the food factories which Mrs. Gilman extols so highly. Even the baby, according to the new gospel, is not to be allowed in the home except as an occasional visitor. He is to take his place in the throng of babies collected in a common nursery and controlled by some one who is not a mother, but who has a diploma certifying pedagogical proficiency. After Mrs. Gilman has expelled the mother, the baby, the kitchen, the larder and the family hearth from the home there seems little left of it to "come home" to except a place to sleep. What is all the toll for? What are the babies for, except to build up a home and family life that is worth having? The whole instinct of womanhood rebels against Mrs. Gilman's proposition. Nature takes care of some things and she looks out religiously for the home. There are cases of abnormality and monstrosity, but these are the exception and not the rule. Plato propounded his doctrine of free love and community life twenty-five centuries ago, but the family still exists and the baby is cared for by his mother.

PASSING OF THE COWBOY.

He Has Done Much for the Western Country, but His Day Has Gone.

The passing of the cowboy from the Western ranges is an inevitable part of our national development. With the restriction of pasture and the introduction of fences the necessity for guardians of our grazing lands is fast disappearing, and the erstwhile fantastic figure of the cowboy immortalized in art and literature must go forever.

Those pioneers who have lived in the West for many years have vivid recollections of the cowboy in his pristine glory. He was a picturesque personage, a terror of the frontier, and at the same time a paragon of bravery and gallantry. Humanity has never had a more striking or higher exponent of knight errantry than is represented in those men who rode the ranges and guarded the herds. In the storm which invited stampedes; in the silent night beneath the stars, and during the burning heat of day, the men who sat in their saddles for many hours and faithfully kept their lonely vigil were heroes who may well be immortalized in verse and story.

The great West, especially that portion which is given over to the cattle raising industry, owes its development largely to the cowboy. As a spectacular and at the same time faithful and necessary adjunct of live-stock production, this type of man stands out in scenic interest. One cannot contemplate the old-time cattle business without including in the retrospection the "cow puncher" now fast disappearing. The civilizing tendencies of tranquility and progress have rung down the curtain upon the dauntless men who for half a century earned sustenance upon the range and lived under the patronage of the ranchmen. The wreck of storm, the fever of heat and the romantic associations of the employment have cast the cowboy in heroic mold.—Kansas City Journal.

Married in the Dark.

Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff says in his "Notes from a Diary, 1892-95," that Browning was not in the least thin-skinned about the charge of obscenity so commonly made against his poetry.

He once repeated to Sir Mountstuart a story which illustrated Wordsworth's strange want both of humor and of the sense of humor.

"But, after all, Wordsworth was unjust to himself," commented Browning. "He was not without humor, for on hearing of my engagement to Miss Barrett, he said, 'Well, I suppose they understand each other, although nobody understands them!'"

Not Sure of His Job.

Gusset—You may spurn me now, Miss Jones, but remember that I may not always be a stock broker's clerk.

Miss Jones—No, that's just it. You may lose your job at any time.—Puck-Me-Up.

A pretty girl says many a young man who knows where to stop doesn't know when to go.

The Sense of Gratitude.

GIVING and taking makes up such a large part of life that the art of thanks is well worth a little consideration. * * * The sensation of gratitude is, generally speaking, a double sensation. It consists in pleasure produced by a gift or favor for its own sake, and in a renewed sense of affection or regard toward the giver. The latter should always be the uppermost feeling in the mind, though there are circumstances in which it is not possible that it should be the strongest. A well-expressed gratitude conveys both feelings, and every gratitude which does so is well expressed, however badly it may be worded. Occasionally only one of these two feelings is present in the mind, and it is a nice question of morals how far the other may rightly be simulated. * * * The amount of thanks a man receives during his life depends very largely upon his accomplishments as a giver. There are those who give with so much simplicity that they conciliate the proud, set the shy at their ease, and dull the selfish sharpness of critical perceptions; but the obligation of returning thanks remains the same, however awkwardly it may be laid upon us. No man has any right to consider his creditor's circumstances before he pays his debt, or to keep his creditor waiting because of his bad manners. Gratitude is a debt which only the worst men repudiate. The things for which we feel most warmly grateful we can at least often repay in kind, but the treasury of words is freely open to the poorest, and it is surely worth some pains to learn how best to count them.—London Spectator.

The Decay of "Faithfulness."

WE seldom hear the word "faithfulness" used now in the old-fashioned Evangelical sense, when it had reference, according to the definition in Murray's Dictionary, "to the duty of telling unwelcome counsel." Very few people now pride themselves upon being "faithful" with their friends—I. e., never allowing affection or a proper regard for the liberty of the individual to stand between them and a true expression of unasked opinion. No one boasts that he or she has been "faithful." Such severity may be at times necessary, and often excusable, but it is no longer admired. A tendency to rigorous dealing, whether verbal or otherwise, has lost its place among the virtues, and takes rank among minor defects of character. Of course, we all tell unpleasant truths and give unwelcome advice at times, but not often of set purpose. We do it, so to speak, by accident—because we have lost our tempers, or are otherwise carried away by our feelings. Those who suffer from the faithful wounds of a friend, or painfully reject his gratuitous guidance, do not try, as their grandfathers tried—after the first moment of inevitable irritation was over—to feel gratitude towards him on the ground of his faithfulness; at best nowadays they do but try to forgive him for his interference. All this, of course, is merely a part of the modern softening of manners, the modern respect for the individual, and the modern worship of liberty. For the decay of "faithfulness" within the circle of intimacy comes of the same advance in civilization which has killed verbal personal violence in the wider circle of cultivated society. Friends no longer dare to play with sharp-edged personalities. Acquaintances no longer search in conversation, as Theodore Hook's contemporaries appear to have searched, for something to hit with. Unless a man wishes to be hated, he must use his knowledge of the weaknesses of those around him in order to spare not to chastise them.—London Spectator.

Is Mental Vigor on the Wane?

A DISTINGUISHED British physician, Dr. Hyslop, is quoted as saying that "with the apparent advance of civilization there is in reality a diminution in intellectual vigor, mainly due to faulty management in economy of brain power." The assertion that there has been no increase in intellectual power since the

HOW WOMAN ACTS IN DANGER.

Can Be Depended On for Something Unusual When Frightened.

Speeding down Michigan avenue the other evening in his automobile with a feminine companion, Sidney Godham, secretary of the Automobile Club, suddenly spied a cat in the middle of the road, staring at his headlight. "Now, I'm going to get that cat," he remarked to his companion, who earnestly begged him to desist. "No," he persisted, "there were too many stray cats prowling about in the world already," and he speeded his automobile straight ahead. Within five feet of the bewildered animal, which for some strange reason had not budged, the girl leaned forward in her intense sympathy for the poor cat about to be crushed. Mr. Godham, running his machine at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, suddenly veered to the side. He saved the cat, but pretty nearly lost his companion, who, unable to preserve her poise, went pitching out of the vehicle, he catching her by the coat just in time to save a catastrophe.

This is only one of the many incidents in which the "eternal feminine" will do an unusual or unguarded thing in the presence of sudden fright. Not that women are any more susceptible to loss of presence of mind than men, generally. On the contrary, from the testimony of those who have had wide experience in dealing with both sexes in the presence of scares of any kind, women hold equal rank with men—in cases of fires, runaways, in burglar frights, and in automobile scares, in spite of the exception given.

"In fact," continues Mr. Godham, speaking of automobiling, "I find my wife keeps her head just as well as I do, and the same thing is true of pretty nearly all the women I know. Of course, we don't have much to frighten us. Accidents are really much more rare than people generally suppose. With confidence in their operator—when they are not scared out of it, as in the case I have just related—women do not always realize real danger when it comes.

"The narrowest escape I ever had occurred when there were three women in my auto. I was running down a small hill over a narrow road with high banks on either side and only four feet away when I spied a broken bottle in the middle of the track. I

turned to the side, seeking to save my tire, when I suddenly found the wheels sliding down the bank. I called instantly to the women to jump. Then I sat and waited. At that moment I would have taken a hundred dollars for that machine which I still \$2,500 for. It looked as if it might go over any moment, and land at the bottom of the bank upside down. I managed to save it, but would you believe, when I asked those women to get out they simply giggled. I knew, of course, the switch was thrown and that we might be hurled into eternity any moment."

An energetic but inexperienced girl will act differently from a sympathetic or well-poised woman. A case is related of one girl out in an automobile for the first time. The operator, who was likewise inexperienced, had the lever reversed and did not know it. Suddenly the machine began backing, driving straight for a curb. The energetic girl rose up and called "Whoo! whoo!" much to the amusement of the crowd watching the performance. Her lack of reserve and loss of presence of mind manifested itself in the presence of sudden fright.

Another energetic woman, perfectly able to keep cool on all occasions, may perform a deed of real heroism in the case of sudden danger. "In fire scares," says Marshal Campton of engine house No. 5, "I can't see but a woman is just as brave as a man any time. I pretty nearly lost my life once, and would have had it not been for a woman. I was down in the basement of an old dance hall on the West Side, which was in a mass of flames, and I had simply lost my way. I called up in my dilemma, and it was a woman who stood at the head of the stairs and directed me out with flames sweeping about like mad.

"Still, women do lose their heads. Just a short time ago one woman came out of a burning building with her hat and bandbox and left five hundred dollars' worth of jewels on her dresser. As luck would have it, though, they were buried in the plastering and she recovered them later."—Chicago Tribune.

Doings and Telling to Order. "Henpeck tells his wife everything that he does." "Yes, and he does everything that she tells him."—Illustrated Bits.

SENATOR HOAR DIED POOR.

Lived in Boarding House at Washington—Cottage His Home.

It would be idle to impute to the late Senator Hoar all the virtues or to deny him his share of failings, says a writer in Booklovers' Magazine. He was a very human man. His passions were strong and his judgments positive. On some public measures he was unduly dogmatic. Often he indulged in personalities; his partisanship was bitter. On occasion he could even be waspish and distinctly disagreeable. Ordinarily he was not only affable but his courtesy was notable. Unlike many Senators, he was exceedingly approachable. He usually sat at the head of the long table in his committee room, meeting all comers with urbanity, treating the humblest with as much consideration as the mightiest. Descendant of a line of distinguished ancestors running back to Roger Sherman, he early showed capacity for high service. He died in harness after a service in Congress extending over thirty years and was so poor that all this time he lived in a boarding house in Washington and had only a modest cottage at his home in Worcester. Last February I overheard him say with the utmost frankness that he could not make a small purchase because he had found that his bank account was overdrawn and he must send his salary to make it balance. It was just after he had buried his wife. He left a small legacy in worldly goods, but the nation has seldom had a richer heritage in character.

That he should have been maligned and misunderstood was inevitable. He gave hard blows and took them freely. He asked no consideration of any one. He stood on his own feet. He feared no man, besought none and believed in others as he believed in himself. This does not mean that he was austere; on the contrary, he was one of the kindest of men. He was not ambitious in the ordinary sense of the word; he cared little for the things which most men look upon as prizes. Had he so desired he might have made a fortune at the bar and retired with dignity to the bench, whose highest honors he frequently refused.

The widower whose children watch him closely, is as free as a bird compared with the bachelor who lives with an old maid sister.

Doings and Telling to Order. "Henpeck tells his wife everything that he does." "Yes, and he does everything that she tells him."—Illustrated Bits.

Doings and Telling to Order. "Henpeck tells his wife everything that he does." "Yes, and he does everything that she tells him."—Illustrated Bits.