

VALENTINE INDIANS' SANTA CLAUS

Washington, Dec. 18.—Several thousand Indian children throughout this country are awaiting the coming of Christmas day with just as much eagerness and anticipation as the average American youngster.

For there is really a Santa Claus that brings joy to their hearts. The Indian children believe in Kris Kringle, but they do not know that he lives at the North Pole. They think he lives in Washington, that he is, in short, Commissioner of Indian Affairs Valentine. And Commissioner Valentine does his best to live up to the reputation, backed up by a paternal government that wants the children of Poor Lo to have all the advantages of civilization.

At all the Indian Reservations, Christmas Day is observed faithfully. There is always a big holiday dinner to which the grown-ups are invited as well as the children. The invitations are supplemented with a cake of soap. In this topsy turvy land it is the parents who eat with their fingers and the children who are well behaved so that the youngsters eat first and their seniors wait for second table. Some of them, preferring to eat at home, bring sacks into which they dump turkey, cranberry, rice and dessert. If

there is coffee, they pour that in too, on top of the other food.

When the weather is good the children who, during the winter, reside at the school, are allowed to go home for a vacation after the dinner. If they are kept in school, close watch is maintained, for of all things these children love their ponies, of all places their hills, and of all games, "hookey." In this their parents aid them by hitching a pony near the school yard. Suddenly a pupil is missing. He has galloped off and a week's hunt will be needed to locate the truant.

The Indians are fond of presenting. At the Tongus River reservation in Montana, at one time, a sister to Sitting Bull was the guest of honor. Desiring of showing their appreciation the Indians, after many fine speeches, brought in her present. It was a dog. That evening she entertained them at dinner, and they all said they greatly relished the canine stew.

In Phoenix, Arizona, there is a school of 700 children. Here it is very different from the Montana school. Lining up on Christmas morning they march solemnly into a big room with walls covered with palms, pepper tree branches and the crucifixion thorn, a prototype of the plant in Palestine. In the center stands a mesquite or perhaps a palo verde tree whose natural beauty of green leaves and red berries is enhanced with ribbons, pop corn, candy canes and presents. At dinner the children are divided into tables of ten, eight little ones and two big ones, to restrain the youngsters to as few squeals of ecstacy as is possible even for little Indians at Christmas dinner.

After the dinner come foot races with prizes and ring games for wee ones. Then the big event of

the day, the rabbit hunt. All the boys spread out over the desert in a circle. Stealthily they close in until one spies a rabbit. Then it is pell-mell, dash and scamper for the rabbit must be caught in the hands. If Bro's Bunny is run down; he forms the piece de resistance of the evening supper.

When First Called William.

William Collier, who has just made a new ten strike in "A Lucky Star," says that he is not used to the name "William." He doubts if he ever will be. If he goes into the club and someone calls "William," he pays no attention. He thinks the waiter is meant. Before he changed his name from "Willie" to "William" for stage reasons, he says that he can only remember being called William once and that was by Augustin Daly. "I was call boy when I was fourteen for Mr. Daly and one of my duties was to ring down the last curtain. One beautiful autumn afternoon there was a game between the New Yorks and the Chicagos to decide the championship, and on that same fair day Ada Rehan and John Drew played a matinee of 'She Would and She Wouldn't.' I took a chance and went to part of the game. At the exact moment that the last act came to an end I was hurriedly approaching the stage door. Mr. Drew looked at Miss Rehan and Miss Rehan looked at Mr. Drew, and both looked at the audience and wondered why in heaven's name the curtain didn't come down. I am told it was very embarrassing. At last somebody rang down but too late. I got back just as Mr. Daly was investigating. 'Where is William?' he asked. That was the first time I was ever called anything but 'Willie,' and my full name has never quite lost its unpleasant associations."

Brogan Hotel Rules.

Board: Fifty cents a square foot. Breakfast at five, dinner at six, supper at seven.

Guests are requested not to speak to the "dumb" waiter.

Guests wishing to rise early in the morning can have either self-rising flour or yeast for supper.

If the room is too warm open the window, see the fire escape.

If you wish to practice baseball, you'll find a pitcher on the stand.

If your lamp goes out and you want a light, take a feather out of your pillow, that is light enough.

Separate tables for lunatics, rubber necks, and mothers-in-law.

If there is no clock in the room you can hear the bed tick.

If you are troubled with the night mare you will find a rope on the bedpost.

Guests are requested to eat their soup with a fork.

No lady will chew tobacco in a first class hotel.

There will be a dog fight and a murder for the entertainment of our guests every Saturday night.

Don't be afraid of burglars in your room, the clock will strike one.

Should you find a part of a dog collar in the sausage, kindly return it to the proprietor.

Don't be worried about your board bill, the hotel is supported by its foundations.

If you are thirsty and want a drink of water, you will find a spring in the bed.

The hotel is not haunted, although on the paper hangs a boarder.

A gentleman now residing in the cemetery says he would like to stop with us again.

The Christmas Dinner.

In spite of the fact that the word dyspepsia means literally bad cook, it will not be fair for many to lay the blame on the cook if they begin the Christmas dinner with little appetite and end it with distress or nausea. It may not be fair for any to do that—let us hope so for the sake of the cook! The disease dyspepsia indicates a bad stomach, that is a weak stomach, rather than a bad cook, and for a weak stomach there is nothing else equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives the stomach vigor and tone, cures dyspepsia, creates appetite, and makes eating the pleasure it should be.

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EXPLOSIVES ARE MUCH TO BLAME

Washington, Dec. 18.—The use of improper explosives, or the improper use of the safer explosives, are responsible for a considerable number of deaths in the coal mines, many of which are often credited to other sources.

This is the assertion of Director of the Geological Survey George Otis Smith, made after the results of the work of that branch of the Survey which has had charge of the work of experimentation in an effort to reduce the number of fatalities in American coal mines.

Vigorous objection is made to the use of black powder in any mine where there is danger of a gas or coal dust explosion. In such mines, the operators and miners are urged to use the explosives that have been tested at the Mine Accident Station, at Pittsburg, Pa., as being much less dangerous in their action. Investigations at this station have proved that the flame from the explosion of black powder lasts from 1,000 to 4,000 times as long as the flame from the newer explosives and is therefore more likely to ignite the dust or gas in these mines.

"The use of explosives is increasing both in quantity and in the variety of purposes to which they are applied," said Mr. Smith today. "They are now made at 150 plants in different parts of the country and the product of a single year now approaches 500,000,000 pounds. Of all this material, there is no such thing as a safe or safety explosive when in the hands of a careless or ignorant person. This statement is true whether considered in connection with the transportation or use of these explosives in mining. In addition to the large losses of life and property resulting from an improper use of explosives in mining, the recent statistics of the Railway Bureau for the Safe Transportation of Explosives have shown more than 400 persons killed and injured and over \$3,000,000 worth of property destroyed from accidents from this source.

The fact that through co-operative effort under the wise supervision of this bureau during the three years of its existence these losses have been reduced to almost nothing, should encourage the hope that similar co-operative effort may likewise greatly reduce losses of life and property from the use of explosives in mining.

"The large death-roll of American mines is an oft recurring appeal to the miner and the management that they co-operate in every possible effort for greater safety. It may never be possible under conditions such as exist today to prevent mine accidents. Little may be accomplished in that direction by either the operators or miners working alone, but experience in all countries shows that through hearty, determined co-operation of the two, these accidents may be greatly reduced. This will require wise laws and regulations based on fact and experience, and the strictest possible discipline."

Served as coffee, the new coffee substitute known to grocers everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, will trick even a coffee expert. Not a grain of real coffee in it either. Pure, healthful toasted grains, malt, nuts, etc. have been so cleverly blended as to give a wonderfully satisfying coffee taste and flavor. And it is "made in a minute," too. No tedious 24 to 30 minute boiling. J. W. Harritt.

Oregon City School census shows nearly 6000 people.

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