



Why don't we celebrate Martha Washington's birthday? Because no woman ever lets us know the date of her birth.



Martha: "Am I the first woman you ever loved, George?" George—aside: (The cherry-tree incident wasn't a marker to this)—"Don't ask me, my love, such a foolish question."



Can you find George and also his hatchet?



"I want a plain cook." "Is that one over in the corner plain enough."

### AZTEC EXPLORATION

An interesting story of life among the Peruvians and the relics of the now extinct Aztec race was told yesterday by G. P. Simpson of Regent's Park, London, who has travelled around the world as a mining capitalist and roamed over the Americas many times during the past thirty years. He has just returned from an extensive trip through South America exploring the vast resources of that continent of the future.

"In my travels in the Americas I think the most interesting thing I saw anywhere was the part of Peru in which the Aztecs originally lived and exerted their influence upon the neighboring tribes and nations, until Pizarro finally came in the sixteenth century ever. Their remains have been explored and thought of now for more than a hundred years, and the romance of their rise and fall is still fresh to the tourist, who ever first seeks relics of the people the Spaniards conquered. Rising in the twelfth century, so it is said, they progressed to a wonderful state of civilization, building some of the finest roads in their power constantly by an army that fought with bows and arrows. Finally came Pizarro with his mailed soldiers, who Christianized the Peruvians with fire and sword.

"Of course, this is all old that I have been telling you, older than the peopling of America, the story, in brief, of the most advanced primitive people of the two continents. The application lies in the fact that when in Peru I saw many of those relics which still remain to remind the traveller of the tale so long ago. I think that the most interesting and peculiar things I saw were the burial relics. Travellers and explorers have sought them for so long that it is very difficult to find them now, but along a part of the coast not often frequented the party found many evidences of the Aztecs. We started digging one day where we were told by the natives that we might find some of the bones of their ancestors. Digging away, we found several feet beneath the sand, bones and entire skeletons in a wonderful state of preservation as a result of the peculiarly dry soil, there being no rains there. The Aztecs did not bury their dead incased in any covering, but threw them into the hole that had been dug in this way. More interesting and more expressive of veneration were the relics in the shape of pottery which had been deposited with the bodies centuries before. There were huge water jars of crude shape, but neatly carved with some emblem of the trade which they had followed in life. In this way, though many generations had descended from those who had been buried there, we found clear inscription of their calling, of what they did in the world. And is not that all that we shall ever be remembered by? What's in a name?

"Wachos was the name given to this class of relics. The jars, when the individual was buried, were filled with water by his family, so that he might not become thirsty on the journey to the other side. Legend tells us of the crude sort of religious ceremony that was said over the grave, and as I saw those bones and peculiar relics being brought out of the grave. I thought, how, perhaps hundreds of years ago, these bones might have taken part in the life of a time that is as crude as ours will be centuries hence. But the idea that was of greatest interest to me was that of these people realizing that the greatest thing to be re-

membered by was the occupation, what the buried really did in the world.

"Leaving the graves and carrying the relics, some of which I have with me now, we came to a part of the old fortification which 600 years ago the Aztecs built to defend themselves against the other tribes of the Andes and later against the warriors of Pizarro. They were white and bleached, forty feet high, and wonderfully preserved. Over these they had battled with their enemies, at first subduing and then subdued. Besides this, we saw the fine roads made by the Aztecs, which are as good today as they were when they were made.

"The race of the Aztecs has passed away forever now, but there will come a time some day, and not so many generations distant, when there will grow up a new race to take possession of the wonderful resources of that vast region not only in Peru, but Central and South America. I mean the United States. The little mean and petty-ginger nations will quarrel on, commercial interests becoming greater meanwhile, until some day it will become necessary for a stronger hand to keep the peace of the hemisphere. The United States will control the continent."—New Orleans Picayune.

### FOUGHT AGAINST CUSTER

The Daily Oklahoman claims that there are numerous Indians now living in Western Oklahoma who witnessed the battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876, in which General George Custer and his immediate command of Seventh Cavalry troopers were destroyed by the Sioux, Northern Cheyennes and other allied tribes. It is only after much persuasion that the Oklahoma Indians will talk of the battle in the presence of white persons.

Chief Yellow Nose, a Ute Indian who has affiliated with the Cheyennes, took part in the battle. From a translation of his story the following facts are gathered: The day of the battle was warm. Yellow Nose and some other chiefs were bathing in the river. Suddenly the firing of guns was heard up the river, for Reno had crossed the Little Big Horn and was charging the upper Indian villages, only to retire later in great disorder and disastrous confusion.

Ascending a promontory near the river, Yellow Nose saw troops advancing towards them along the crest of a divide that ran back from the Little Big Horn. This was Custer's command, and coming at a gallop. Yellow Nose, mounted on a fleet and wiry pony, was leading his companions, who the soldiers evidently supposed were few in number at that point, as the crossing was difficult. Their mistake was soon apparent, as the Indians seemed really to be springing from the ground. The galloping cavalrymen pulled down to a trot. The Indians grew intensely excited and set up their warwhoops. The Cheyennes were not so well armed as the Sioux, who fastened quantities of ammunition around their waists, chests and arms. The soldiers fired from their horses, but dismounted when they saw that the hostiles were not intimidated. The regimental band began playing, to the astonishment of the Indians, but the music was soon lost in the uproar of the battle, and the musicians threw aside their instruments for guns.

The soldiers soon changed from a stand to a retreat, as they were crowded upon by increasing and overwhelming numbers. Three stands were made in this retreat. The Indians hoped at the beginning to get in the rear of the troops and gain the cover of the east slope of the ridge. The soldiers held this advantage stubbornly for a time, and in trying to dislodge the soldiers the Indians exposed themselves to a galling fire in the open. It was not until the close of the fight that the soldiers were driven to the west slope of the ridge, where the last stand was made.

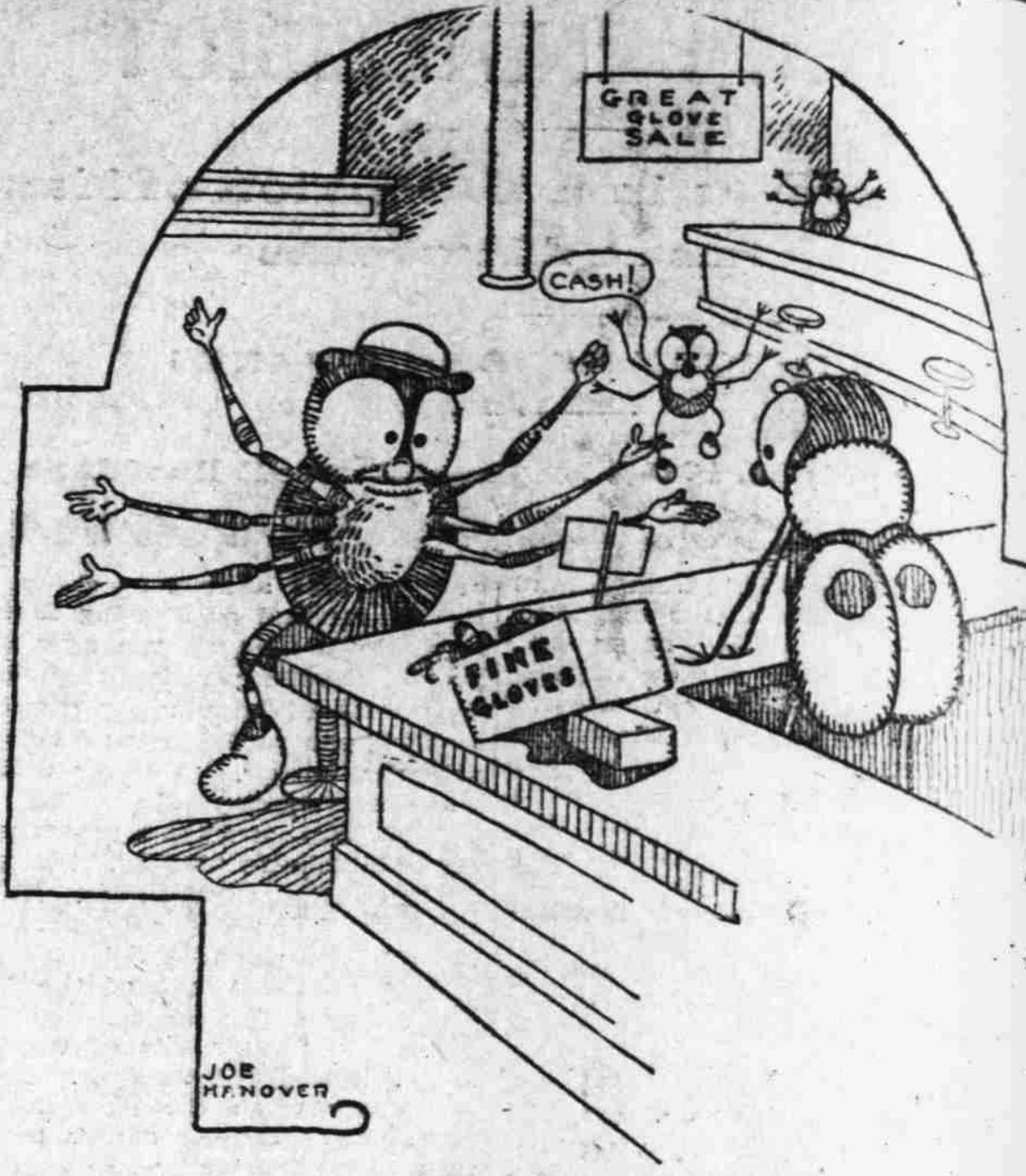
Yellow Nose did not know General Custer and says that stories told by the Indians who claimed to recognize him in the fight were mostly lies. Custer's body was stripped and the plunder divided among the Cheyennes. Bill Hand, a Northern Cheyenne, who was brought to Oklahoma with Dull Knife, gave to George Bent, a half-breed at Darlington, O. T., a compass which he said he had taken from Custer's pocket. Bent presented this compass in 1879 to George Reynolds, once an Indian trader at Camp Supply. The Sioux took the battered band instruments.—Kansas City Journal.

### The Tallest Cathedral

The most remarkable and striking feature of the new Liverpool Cathedral will be the height of the vaulting of the nave and choir—measured in the barrel vaulting, 116 feet, and into the high transepts, 140 feet—which cannot fail to produce a very magnificent effect. No cathedral in the country approaches its height. The nearest is Westminster, the nave of which has a height of 102 feet, while York measures 80 feet; then Salisbury 84, and Lincoln 82. Chester reaches only 78. The "whispering gallery" of St. Paul's Cathedral is 100 feet from the floor.—St. James's Gazette.

Referring to Mrs. Lease, who won some prominence in Kansas a few years ago as an agitator, the Nebraska Independent (Pop.) notes: "She predicts that William Randolph Hearst and Senator Clark will be the Democratic nominees this year—and that they will win. Here is a pointer for pie-counter Democrats in this state."

"Eight years ago," says the Omaha Bee somewhat arrogantly, "Nebraska was plastered all over with New England mortgages. Now the surplus in the permanent school fund is being invested in Massachusetts 3 1/2 per cent. state bonds, and the farmer's surplus on deposit in Nebraska banks is being loaned to New York and New England banks."



Mr. Centerpede: "Let me have two dozen pairs of gloves, please."

### PROTECTION FOR THE AMERICAN FROG

(New York Evening Post.)

The tariff must constantly be brought up to date, ex-secretary Long rises to remind us, and, as if to emphasize that truth, secretary Shaw had already stretched the Dingley law till it covered the native American frog. The frog, we need hardly say, enters into the world's commerce, first, by virtue of an admirably conspicuous alimentary, circulatory, and nervous system which endears him to biologists; next through the possession of a pair of legs justly prized by gourmets. As a biological specimen he falls under "philosophical and scientific apparatus, utensils, instruments and preparations... imported in good faith" for educational purposes, and is entitled to free entry under section 638 of the present tariff. But imported as an edible, the pauper-caught frogs of foreign nations are a menace to our self-respecting American frogging industry.

Unluckily, however, the Dingley bill ignored the frog. The proprietors of our frog ponds and exploiters of their public shallows got no hearing at Washington. Possibly, they were unaware that cheap Canadian frogs' legs were already crossing our northern border in crushing competition with the native product. For the matter was craftily dissembled. Examine the Canadian year books and you will find no mention of the frog. "Animals," yes; "fish and fish products," likewise; but nowhere "amphibians and reptiles," nowhere an honest record of frogs' legs as a commodity.

Meanwhile the batrachian traffic continued, though the punts rotted on the banks of the frog ponds of the middle west, and the local trade hardly justified the expenditure for red flannel or cartridges. It was time for Secretary Shaw to act. In his decision that frogs' legs, for tariff purposes, are "dressed poultry" and taxable at 8 cents a pound, he was ostensibly guided by the "similitude clause," section 7, which declares that an unenumerated article shall pay the duty of "the enumerated article which it most resembles." In this classification Secretary Shaw declined to be misled by superficial resemblances. He rejected "fresh-water fish not especially provided for in this act," and also "fish, skinned and boned"; these only provided for duties of one-quarter of a cent and of a cent a pound—a futile barrier to the bounty-fed Canadian frog. He went straight to the highest duty on the list—that of 5 cents a pound on "dressed poultry," to which, in material, quality, texture, or the use to which they may be applied, "frogs' legs are now legally declared to be similar."

We believe that epicures will condemn unflinchingly the suggestion that frogs' legs are similar to any other delicacy, and that they will deplore Secretary Shaw's lapse into the vulgar error which declares any strange and tasty flesh to be "like chicken." And yet it is easy to see how the secretary may have been lured into this gastronomic fallacy. There is Shakespearian warrant for a certain indefiniteness in the conception of fowl which might readily extend to "dressed poultry."

"What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?" was asked on one occasion, intimating an immediate connection between poultry and mysticism. And again, the frog is very definitely hinted at in the line:

"For a fish without a fin there's a fowl without a feather."

Almost prophetically, this verse declares that you may meet the finless fish of Canada by declaring them featherless fowls (i. e., "dressed poultry"). And this view finds further confirmation in the line:

"You know strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds." For frogs alive or skinned are unmistakably "strange fowl" and the ponds of Canada are neighbors if not friends of the frog ponds of the United States. Thus by a little exercise of the higher criticism we arrive at the conclusion that Secretary Shaw, in spite of his deplorably loose application of the "similitude clause" is the true friend of the American frog—and a good Shakespearian as well. He has shown us that in the tariff, as in Holy Writ, there are more things than the wit of man has yet been able to extract. Instead of writing mournfully an "Ode to an Expiring Frog" he hunted up the schedules and saved the country again. Doubtless the possibility of retaliation has been deliberately faced. It is conceivable that Minister Fielding may

impose a differential upon American terrapin, or even classify them under some prohibitive schedule like shell and shell products. But with the Home Market Club behind him, Secretary Shaw can afford to stand firm. And gourmets, venal, while they may in their hearts doubt the doctrine that a cheap frog makes a cheap man, will surely scorn the insinuation that our "dressed poultry" market will ever be too limited to absorb all the strange fowl that swim in Chesapeake creeks or croak among Western lily pads.

### THE CIRCUS CHAPLAIN

The Rev. William Sheak is home again. After a season's cruise about the country with the John Robinson's circus as lecturer and chaplain, he has left the glamour of the sawdust ring and has once more donned the sombre vestments of the pulpit, says the Peru, Ind., correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Rev. Mr. Sheak is known as the circus minister. He has spent an entire season with the show. He has been from end to end of the country as a lecturer in the animal tent and a preacher to the clowns and corymbes, and he returns to winter quarters with a long list of experiences, and a lot of praise for circus folk.

The minister joined the circus because he thought he saw a new field for religious endeavor. He had heard that circus people were a bad lot. He now says that it is all false, and that they are as religious as any other class. He didn't have to Christianize his associates. They were good enough people as they were.

"I think the tone of people connected with circuses is generally better than most people imagine it to be," he says. "I have, it is true, met with some of the worst people of the show, but again I have met some of the very best people that can be found anywhere."

"When I made the announcement that the first services were to be held in the circus tent, all assembled in the dining tent. The meetings were popular at the very start and continued so all through the season. A year ago the managers of John Robinson's circus heard of the Rev. Sheak. They made him an offer to become a lecturer. He accepted it on the spot. It was a new idea with the circus people. It was new to the preacher. The circus men knew that the old-time Demosthenes of the animal tent was a back number. They wanted a novelty. They got it.

The old time lecturer with his plaid vest and his slang and his villainous mustache was cast aside. When the circus goes saw the Rev. Sheak they knew a change had come over things. When he began lecturing he did not spout out a lot of jaw-breaking words. He told the people plainly all he knew about the animals. And he knew a great deal. Although he described the elephant with understanding, and gave a certain ministerial flavor to his story of the snakes, the rhinoceros, and the crocodile, he was nevertheless intelligible, and that was enough to satisfy the circus people.

When the first Sunday on the road came around the Rev. Sheak, who knew he had no pulpit to fill on that day, suggested to the circus owners that he be allowed to hold divine services in the dining tent. They told him to go ahead.

He did go ahead, and every attaché and the owners too, attended the services. The roustabouts were there, skulking away in a far corner. The ballet girls occupied front seats. The clowns, as sober as the Sphinx, sat attentively in the amen corner. The bareback riders, the gymnasts, the aerialists, and the animal tapers, all used to this sort of thing, sat wide-eyed and open-mouthed, listening to the sermon of the man who had been telling the country people where the elephant got his proboscis, and where the crocodile figured in history.

And those circus people sang the song the Rev. Sheak asked them to sing. They bowed their heads deferentially, when he prayed. They listened carefully when he read from the Bible or when he preached.—Ohio State Journal.

Theatrical Manager—I don't know what I am going to do; I can't find a press agent for you. Star—How about my husband. He isn't working. Manager—Well, but I would prefer someone who doesn't know you so well.—Cleveland Leader.