





Lo the Poor Indian



SENATOR R.L. OWEN OF OKLAHOMA



CHIEF WIRT HASTINGS OF THE CHEROKEE

THE poor Indian.

THE poor Indian. This time-honored phrase must go into the discard.

to hold in tutelage is the fashion of the moment.

and giving even closer attention to the incompetent Indians that they may the more readily achieve competency.

Improved on Nature

For a great many years graphite used in making lead pencils was obtained almost exclusively from mines in Cumberland.

this way they were able to produce pencils of 14 degrees of hardness and softness.

of sitting on it, merely bent it over. The next morning I came to school and slid into my seat with much force.

ROMANY RULE

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD

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Everybody in the household was sound asleep when Michael quietly unbolted the heavy oak door.

"You do look for all the world just like a real gypsy girl, Miss Melvett. The idea of you wearing that ragged skirt!" he cried.

"You be back before dark, Miss Melvett. I'll be waiting here for you," warned the old servant as Dobbin started to jog down the leafy lane.

Out of sight of the house, Melvett lifted up a glad voice and sang out of the sheer happiness of her heart.

She looked along the little trail and saw the shadow of the mountains looming before her.

"With a great creaking and creaking and the rattle of tin the wagon stopped. She gave old Dobbin his head and, like a woodfowl spirit, she ran here and there gathering twigs.

"This is a new and far-reaching declaration of policy. It means the dawn of a new era in Indian administration. It means that the competent Indian will no longer be treated as half ward and half citizen.

"Morning," said the stranger, halting beside her and smiling down at her, his teeth white as milk under his black mustache.

"Morning," she replied, hoping that he would drive on and not try any Romany language on her.

He sniffed the air with quivering nostrils. "Smells good," he said, lazily regarding her.

She was forced to generosity. "Want some?" she demanded briefly.

He sprang lightly from the high seat and bowed before her. He looked like the king of all the gypsies in the world.

"I wish I were a gypsy, too," she said breathlessly, and drew back from the look in his flashing eyes.

"I wish that you were a gypsy," he said sadly.

Finally she mentioned home and the necessity of reaching there by sundown. He laughed, and lifted her into the high seat of his own wagon, tying patient old Dobbin to the back of it.

"I'll take you," he said. "We'll finish this day together," and then, beside her, driving along the rocky road, he began to sing in a clear, sweet tenor.

"I'll remember this day as long as I live, gypsy boy," she said, and gave him her smooth, cool little hands, while her eyes brimmed with sudden, blinding tears.

The teacher needed no other explanation.—Exchange.

Analogous. The more you puff a cigar the smaller it becomes. And that's the case with some men.—Boston Transcript.

Michael advanced to take fat old Dobbin. "We're giving a dance tonight, there on the hill in my house. Come to the side door at 10 dressed just as you are," she pleaded. "Will you?"

He looked down at her and smiled as one smiles at the captive of a child. "At 10," he said gravely. "I will be there."

Melvett's heart was beating frantically as she descended the vine-wreathed stairway at 9 o'clock. No longer was she garbed in gypsy red and black. Instead of rags and gaudy beads she wore a shimmering gown of creamy tulle with ropes of lustrous pearls around her slender white throat.

"This is my friend, Lord Dunsmore of England," said Matthew Hale, who owned the adjoining estate. "He is to visit me for a fortnight."

"At 10 I will be at the side door," said the gypsy voice to whose music her heart went joyously singing.

And outside, on the moon-bathed balcony, with the soft little night wind murmuring through the trees and the call of a lonely bird throbbing through the fragrant shadows, he told her the old, old story that is forever new.

REGARD JEWS AS DISSENTERS Samaritans Condemn Action of Tribe of Judah in Forming Center of Worship in Jerusalem.

The Samaritan religion is closely akin to that of the Jews, differing only in that the Samaritan canon of Scripture is restricted to the Pentateuch, or "Five Books of Moses," while the later writings, including the Prophets and Psalms, are repudiated by the Samaritans as uninspired.

The Samaritans maintain that they are the remnants and descendants of the tribe of Ephraim, and that the split between them and the Jews came about through the infatuation of the priesthood by Eli's sons. The Samaritans look upon the Jews as dissenters from the faith of Israel, and the forming of a center of worship in Jerusalem by the tribe of Judah is condemned on the ground that the land of Ephraim figured in the earliest history of the Hebrews, and that the first Israelite altars were erected in Shechem.

While the Jews have scattered all over the world since the captivity and absorbed much that is foreign, in many instances adapting their religious practices to their new environment, the Samaritans have during the same lapse of time lived in the land of their forefathers among Semitic people akin to the Hebrews, and because of this fact have handed down to the twentieth century a glimpse of the old Jewish church almost in its purity.

Five Notes in Perfect Bell. The tone of a bell is due to the metals combined in the casting. It also depends somewhat on the shape. When a bell is in perfect tune, it sounds a chord of five notes, the lower and lingering note being known as the "hum" note. This is the tone we learn to know and to love if the bell and its significant use is dear to us.

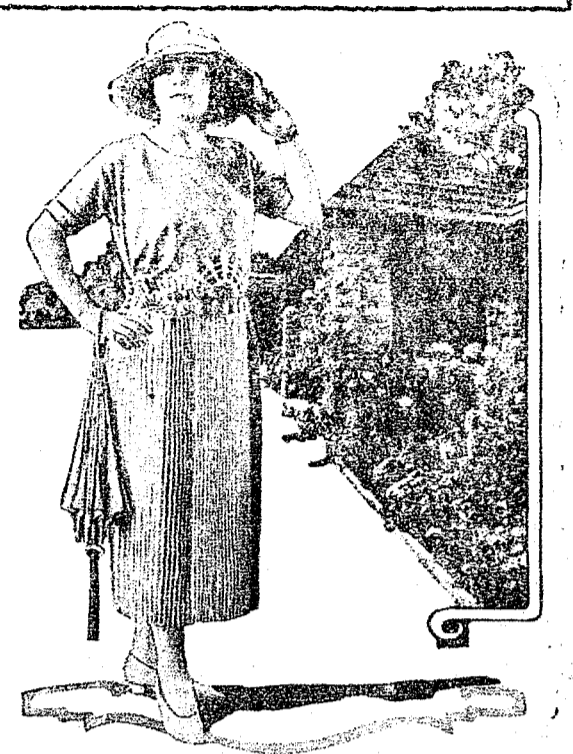
The bells that are most interesting are the ones shaped in figures, from three to six inches in height, and the feet generally form the choppers. A "Jolly Friar" has a most engaging smile below his tall, pointed hat of dull bronze. A colonial dame in cap and kerchief is a foil for Joan of Arc, standing erect with sword raised, dressed in full armor, all in French gilt, her headpiece forming the bell's handle. Demure dames in big bonnets, ladies in ruffled skirts and calash bonnets, Spanish dancers, Dutch peasants and French peddlers are but a few of the better known bells, any of which would be a genuine table treasury.

Geography From the Air. Geography becomes a fascinating science when studied by means of aeronautic maps. The most detailed maps, painted in the brightest colors, appear flat and dull by comparison. The aeroplane is made of photographs taken by a camera placed in the floor of the airplane cabin and the pictures are matched together to make a complete record. When made from an elevation of a few hundred feet the details are marvelous. It is curious to find that the most familiar country looks strange and unfamiliar when reproduced in this way. We are so accustomed to looking up at buildings or trees that the view from above transforms everything.—Boys' Life.

London's Smallest Church. London's smallest church measures just over 50 feet in length and less than 30 feet wide; this is situated in Bishopsgate, and must be nearly the oldest building in the city.

The Logical Argument. "What makes you think that Bl. can write Shakespeare plays?" "Because they have so many fat parts."

To Meet Midsummer Needs



AMONG all the charming frocks that have been made to meet the needs of midsummer, it would be hard to find one more excellent in every particular than the novel dress shown here. It begins by fulfilling its mission—which is to look beautifully cool. It is a handsome affair, simply made, but embodying the best word in smart styles; it is an original design and it contrives to be informal enough to prove very useful. One can hardly imagine an occasion where this frock would seem out of place. It will lend itself to all sorts of summer backgrounds.

Among Gay Party Frocks



EVERYBODY is going somewhere—say the costumers who are busy outfitting prospective tourists for midsummer. They are making all sorts of clothes to wear at all sorts of places; for Americans are exploring their own country, as well as other quarters of the world, and demand apparel suited to all regions. But a vast majority will go to the usual summer resort where they are sure of comforts and amusements, and what they are buying is more interesting than the turgidity of those who are going to far lands or unusual climates.

The younger women are earnestly engrossed with all their belongings, but their earnestness blossoms into rapture when party frocks come up for consideration. They have a choice that includes quaint and demure styles, borrowed from those of a half century or so ago, or frivolous and sometimes daring modes, sponsored by great French names, or just pretty dresses that do not claim a long lineage—but are gayly satisfied to be American of 1920. One of these youthful and modest frocks appears above, along with a demure summer dress of tulle and lace. Either of these is sure to secure a triumph when the time comes for its appearance among others of its kind.

Perfumed Muslin. Powderedorris root under the trailing bliauet will perfume the muslin that are ironed over it.

Julia Rothmanly

