

# Indian for the Senate

## Quannah Parker Seeks a High Office.

An Indian chieftain aspires to a seat in the United States senate. This is not strange, for other Indian chiefs have had the same laudable ambition, but in this particular instance the aspiration might yet be realized. The aspirant is a power among the tribes of the Indian Territory and is famed for his achievements in the civil walks of life in the great southwest. He is strenuously working to form a confederation of the tribes of the Indian Territory in the hopes that statehood for the territory will then be easily secured and his election as United States senator would be almost sure to follow. He is a man of wonderful energy and executive ability and success has always attended him in his undertakings. Those who know him will not be surprised if he reaches the goal



CHIEF QUANAH PARKER.

of his ambitions—a seat in the United States senate. Quannah Parker is the name of this remarkable Indian. He is the head chief of the Comanches and their all-powerful leader. He has always been the ally of the white man and by his peaceful, yet powerful, leadership has brought his tribe from poverty to agricultural affluence and to a well-ordered social state. He is an accomplished scholar and linguist, a trained athlete, an expert horseman and a millionaire. He is the owner of thousands of acres of well-tilled farm lands and lives in a magnificent mansion. To the great Richelieu there was no such word as "fail" and to Quannah Parker there is no such word as "impossible." He has banished this word from the Comanche language. When told that it seemed impossible that he should ever become a member of the United States senate, he said: "It is my wish. It will be fulfilled. The word 'impossible' is not in the language of the Comanche." Those who know him do not doubt him, for they recall the many remarkable things that he has already done.

Quannah Parker inherits his peaceful disposition and his love of the white man from his mother, who was a white woman. His grandfather, the great Comanche chief, Quannah, when on the war path at the head of 2,000 of his braves attacked old Fort Parker on the Texas frontier and massacred all the men, boys and women, sparing only the young girls. These were carried away as squaws and slaves. Among the number was Cynthia Ann Parker, a beautiful 9-year-old child. The old chief was so struck with her beauty and intelligence that he determined that she was a white chief's child and resolved that she should still be the child of a chief. He adopted her and placed her in the care of his squaws. He surrounded her with all the comforts and luxuries that he could provide. She became used to the ways of the Indians, learned to love them and was happy with them. She grew to be a beautiful woman and then old Quannah gave her in marriage to his son and successor, Peta Nacona. Their first child was a boy and they named him Quannah Parker, after his grandfather and his mother, and it is he who is the subject of this article. He learned the ways of the Indians from his companions and his mother taught him many of the gentle lessons that white children learn. He was a remarkably strong and intelligent boy and his tribe looked upon him as giving promise of becoming as great a hero as his grandfather. He was passionately fond of his mother, and all the wild instincts of the Indian race was subservient to her will. Her fate was the tragedy of his life. His father, Nacona, was as fierce a warrior as old Quannah, and his hatred for the whites was equally as great. While on the war path his camp was surprised by Lieut. Ross, who afterward became governor of Texas, and the whites took many prisoners, among them the white squaw of the dreaded chief, Nacona. After twenty-five years of searching Cynthia Ann Parker was found. She was taken to her surviving relatives, who received her with joy, for the story of her capture had been told many times at every fireside on the frontier. She, however, was not satisfied. Her heart was in the faraway wigwam with her husband, the great chief, Nacona, and her two little sons. She pleaded to return, but her prayers were not heeded. She was forced to remain a captive among the whites and finally mourned herself to death. In the meantime her husband, Nacona, had died of wounds received in battle, and Quannah Parker and his little brother

awaited their mother's return. When word of her death was brought to them, Quannah remembered that she had told him in regard to being a good man and doing good. In his grief he took a solemn oath that he would become a power for good among his people and teach them the ways of peace as his mother had wished him to do. Because of his undying faith in his mother's teachings he believes that there is nothing impossible for him to accomplish in his mission of peace. He believes that she watches over him, guides him and aids him. He believes that he can aid his people through the halls of legislation at Washington and for this reason he is firm in his belief that he will live to occupy a seat in the United States senate. With his ability, his great resources of wealth and influence and his almost fanatical desire to fulfill his mother's wishes as he understands them, it is not safe to predict his failure.

### WONDERFUL ENDURANCE.

Archibald Forbes' Great Feat in the

Turko-Servian War. As an instance of the remarkable powers of endurance possessed by Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent who died in London recently, the following story is told: The brief war between Turkey and Servia ended with the battle of Djunis in the autumn of 1876. Forbes was the only correspondent on the spot, and there Servia lay at the mercy of the Turks. At 5 in the afternoon, when Forbes rode away from the blazing huts of Deligrad, more than 140 miles lay between him and his destination, the telegraph office at Semlin, in Hungary. He had an order for post horses along the road, and galloped hard for Paratchin, the nearest post station. When he got there the postmaster had a horse but no vehicle. All night long he rode that weary journey, changing horses every fifteen miles and forcing the beasts along at the best of their speed. Soon after noon of the following day, sore from head to foot, Forbes was clattering over the stones of the Belgrade main street. The field telegraph wires had conveyed but a curt, fragmentary intimation of disaster; and all Belgrade, feverish for further news, rushed out to meet the correspondent. But he had ridden hard all night, not to gossip in Belgrade, but to get to the Semlin telegraph wire, and he never drew rein till he reached the ferry. At Semlin he took one long drink of beer, and then sat down to the task of writing, hour after hour, against time, the great tidings he carried. After he had written his story and put it on the wires he lay down in his clothing and slept twenty hours without so much as turning. He had meant to start back for Deligrad on the evening of the day of his arrival at Belgrade, but fatigue caused him to lose twenty-four hours. It seemed to him when he recovered from chagrin at this delay that perhaps, after all, he was entitled to a good long sleep. He had witnessed a battle that lasted six hours, ridden 140 miles and written the Daily News a telegraphic message four columns long—all in the space of thirty hours.

### A PAINTER AT 93.

Thomas Sidney Cooper, member of the Royal academy, is probably the oldest of living painters, and certainly the most aged of painters who are still at work with the brush. Mr. Cooper, although 93 years old, is an exhibitor in the academy of the present season in London. His paintings representing the seasons are among the most interesting pictures of the London exhibit this year. Sixty-six years ago Mr. Cooper hung up his first work of art on the academic walls. It was a painting of farm life and created no little sensation, being the germ of the great school of cattle painters who have since delighted the world with their work. It was the great Verboeckhoven of Brussels that discovered



THOMAS S. COOPER.

young Cooper's "feeling" for cattle and encouraged him in his studies. The founder of the cattle school began by drawing designs for carriage decoration, but was rescued from that useful art by the Flemish master. With his hundredth year of life in sight, Mr. Cooper's eye retains all its fine discernment of color, while his hand is amazingly steady and his brush true.

### Turkish Women Mourn Visit.

Although the ladies of the diplomatic corps have left their cards for the wife of the Turkish minister, none of them has ever been received by her, and she has never returned any of the calls. Etiquette does not permit a Turkish woman of high caste to go visiting.—Washington Letter.

A first-class watchmaker gets credit for his good works.

## BISHOP HARTZELL.

### AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Born in Illinois and Educated Here, He Went to the Dark Continent Well Prepared for His Work—His Influence Great.

One of the most energetic of the bishops of the Methodist church is Joseph C. Hartzell, whose jurisdiction lies in Africa. Since his election to the episcopate in May, 1896, Bishop Hartzell has visited all parts of the continent of Africa, traveling nearly 50,000 miles on railroads, steamships, by hammock, on bullocks, by horse and on foot. He has not only investigated the work of the missions over which he has ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but he has carefully studied all the great political and social questions that have



BISHOP JOSEPH C. HARTZELL.

to do with the future of the dark continent. No statesman of England or Europe, or even of Africa itself, is better informed in regard to Africa than is he, for he has read all the standard books by accepted authorities, has consulted with governors, explorers, merchants, miners and all other classes of men, from the highest to the lowest, who make up the controlling population and by personal observation has learned much that could not otherwise have been known.

In the future of Africa, Bishop Hartzell will in all probability be an important factor. On that continent, as in other parts of the world, the Christian missionaries, among whom have been Robert Moffatt, David Livingstone, Alexander Mackay, Bishop Hannington and others well known, have exerted a powerful civilizing and educating influence and they will continue to do so in the future upon the 150,000,000 of savage natives. But they will also influence very largely the white millions who will before many years populate the southern portion of the continent, and divide it into great republics, free from European oppression.

Bishop Hartzell was a distinguished man before he became bishop for Africa, for which he was prepared by his previous life-work. He was born near Moline, Ill., fifty-six years ago.

In young manhood Bishop Hartzell entered Garrett Biblical institute at Evanston, Ill., as a student, to prepare for the ministry. As a boy he had become an expert swimmer, and Lake Michigan furnished him a fine opportunity for the enjoyment of his favor-

ite sport. One day the report spread through Evanston that a vessel had been wrecked off South Evanston and that many lives were in peril. Young Hartzell, with many others, went to the scene. There he found that nothing was being done to rescue those in peril and no one seemed to be able to do anything for the waves were too tempestuous for a boat to ride them. Hartzell saw that only one thing was to be done. He partly stripped, tied a rope around his waist, plunged into the waves and by heroic efforts saved four lives. His heroism was appropriately recognized when in a mass meeting of citizens he received a memento which he prizes to this day as one of his most precious possessions. Two years ago one of the men whom he saved introduced himself to the bishop in Chicago. They had not met since the day of the wreck.

Soon after graduating, Mr. Hartzell succeeded Dr. John P. Newman (later bishop), in 1870, as pastor of the M. E. church in New Orleans. Early in his work in New Orleans Mr. Hartzell started at his own expense the Southwestern Christian Advocate. This paper was a power in reconstruction days and a great educator to the negroes just emerging from slavery. After some years the paper was turned over to the church and is now published by the Methodist Book Concern.

Mr. Hartzell's interest in the education of the negro soon attracted attention and he was elected a member of the New Orleans school board. Through the city schools and the schools of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church, in which he was appointed assistant to the distinguished Dr. R. S. Rust, Mr. Hartzell helped to shape the educational policy of the city and the state. In 1888 Dr. Hartzell was elected to succeed Dr. Rust as secretary, the controlling official, of the Freedmen's Aid society, a society which controls forty-seven colleges and other schools. To this position he was re-elected in 1892 and 1896.

### An Idyllic Breakfast.

Richard Whiting, who is still rather the London celebrity of the moment, does not exactly write immortal verse, but people are still talking of his novel, "No. 5 John Street," and wondering what his next book will be like. He is a personality that would not lose a particle of its charm even if one did know what his favorite recreations are, which he has never been weak enough to disclose. At the present moment recreation has a delicious significance for him, for, having at last severed a connection of many years with the Daily News, he is realizing what it means to be a bondsman no longer.

"I go to bed at 12 and rise with the lark," he was heard to say to a friend the other day with a twinkle. "The London lark?" inquired the friend, rather unkindly. "I don't know," answered the great man, chuckling, "but it is the lark that gets down to a 10 o'clock breakfast."—Philadelphia Post.

### Russia's Court Languages.

The czar and zarina, in their private intercourse, speak English and German, French and Italian being but seldom spoken by their majesties when alone. The zarina did not learn Russian till after her betrothal, but, though as yet speaks it very slowly, it is with a good accent and great distinctness.

### NEW METHODIST BISHOP.



BISHOP HAMILTON.

Bishop-Elect John W. Hamilton, secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Educational society, was one of the first candidates mentioned for election, and before the conference met his name was most talked of. Dr. Hamilton's home is in New York, where the offices of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Educational society are. Dr. Hamilton was born in Weston, Va., on March 2, 1845. He was graduated from Mount Union college in 1865, and from Boston university in 1871. He commenced to preach in the Pittsburg conference in 1868. In 1864 he was transferred to the New England conference and was assigned to Malden. He became prominent a few years later

as the founder of the People's church in Boston, which he served for nine years. He was elected to his present office by the conference of 1892. He was supported in the election for bishop by all the colored delegates, who, it is said, were anxious to have M. C. E. Mason, their representative, in the office of secretary of the Freedmen's Aid society. Dr. Hamilton has published a history of the Episcopal board, entitled "Lives of the Methodist Bishops." He has had much experience in parliamentary bodies, having been a member of five general conferences, and is in other ways considered well qualified for the position of bishop to which the conference has elevated him.

# HE WAS ONCE A CITY WAIF

## And Now He is Governor of Alaska.

John G. Brady, who is now in the east in the interest of the development of the vast territory of Alaska, of which he is governor, is a self-made man in the best American sense. At a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria the other evening he referred to the time when he was a waif and an outcast in the slums of New York. Many of the governor's friends are familiar with the romance of his life. Others who heard his brief reference to his youthful hardships were curious to learn more. Gov. Brady never hesitates to tell the story. "Especially," he says, "as it may be an incentive to other boys who are as poor and friendless as I was once." The man who is now the governor of 570,000 square miles of territory was born in squalor in the lower end of Roosevelt street, New York City. His father was a drunken longshoreman. His mother died when he was a child. At 8 years of age "Johnny" had turned his hand to most of the devices by which the New York gamins seek to keep body and soul together. He had sold newspapers, shined shoes, run errands, carried satchels to the steamboat docks and haunted the East river water front in the hope of picking up an odd job now and then. Sometimes he found a lodging in the Newsboys' home. As often as not he slept curled up in a box or in some dark corner of Chatham square. One night a big policeman roused him from his bed in a packing case, and Johnny confessed that he was hungry and that he hadn't any home to speak of. His worthless father had married again, and Johnny found little favor with the stepmother. So they sent him with a boatload of other waifs to Randall's island. On the island Johnny made friends rapidly. Among others with whom he found a fast boyhood friendship was a homeless lad named Burke. In the summer of 1859 the Children's Aid society arranged to ship a cargo of boys to the west, where homes had been secured for them on farms. Brady and Burke were among those selected to go, and a happier pair of youngsters never took the famous advice of Horace Greeley. There were twenty-seven boys in the party, but no member of the philanthropic Children's Aid society would then have been bold enough to predict that there were two future governors among the tousel-headed urchins riding in the one car. But so it was. Brady is now governor of Alaska. Burke is a former governor of North Dakota.

When the carload reached Indiana, Johnny Brady was assigned to the home of John Green, a leading lawyer of the town of Tipton, who had asked for the "ugliest, raggedest and most friendless boy in the lot." Johnny then became "Jack." To the kindness and good influences of this Christian home Gov. Brady attributes his later success. Mr. Green stimulated his ambition and turned his energies in useful courses. He went to the village school, applied himself to his studies and afterward took the preparatory course for college in the Waveland academy. Ever ready to assist him, his benefactor recognized the advantage to the boy of having to work his own way as far as possible. So "Jack" was never idle. All the time he was at school he was earning what he could to help pay his way. Mr. Green had destined "Jack" for the law, but about this time the boy decided that his mission was the ministry. He had his way about it, and went to Yale, determined to work his course through college. During his years in Yale he helped to make both ends meet by chopping wood, making fires, ringing the chapel bell and doing any other manual labor that offered a recompense. Later he earned something as a tutor. Because of the true democratic spirit that prevails in most American colleges, Brady, though poor,

was popular. After graduation, true to his purpose to be a preacher, he worked his way through the Union Theological seminary, depending almost entirely on his own resources. In those days, while in New York, he never missed an opportunity to talk encouraging to boys whose lot was as forlorn as his had been. It was through the influence of Dr. Sheldon Jackson that Mr. Brady went to Alaska as a missionary. He was a pioneer in the task of civilizing the Indians, and in the section where he labored as a teacher and a preacher nineteen years ago the governor is still frequently referred to as Rev. John Brady. As business developed in the territory Brady became a trader and opened a store in Sitka. Here he prospered so well that he became the manager of the Sitka Trading company, and soon acquired a one-third interest in the concern. He proved to be a shrewd business man, but he never relinquished his active interest in missionary work. When three years ago President McKinley was looking for the right man for governor of the territory, the honor fell to the versatile John Green Brady almost by a process of natural selection. His excellency now has a happy home and a wife and five children to share it.



GOV. JOHN G. BRADY.

as many friends as possible. As a result he dictates countless letters daily to be sent to the heads of various departments, asking positions for his friends.

## SENATOR PENROSE

Senator Boies Penrose, who is ambitious to wedge his ponderous bulk into the vice-presidential chair, does not add to the majesty of his mien when he addresses the senate. There is a tenor twang to his voice, a high-pitched and unmelodious sing-song.



SENATOR BOIES PENROSE.

strangely inconsistent with his commanding, manly figure. He is lacking, too, in the sense of the dramatic, being unlike his fellow youthful colleague, Beveridge, in this respect, who could readily step from the senate to the stage. When Penrose speaks his huge arms hang listlessly. There is no pause or punctuation to his commonplace. He rambles on in a monotonous treble, seemingly heedless of the effect of his unmusical voice and indifferent to the pain he is inflicting on the senate. Penrose has made many friends and likewise many enemies by giving wholesale promises to secure government positions to all constituents that apply. If every clerkship in Washington were vacant there would not be, it is asserted, enough positions to satisfy the dense crowds that Penrose has deluded. He is pleased to regard himself as a statesman of unlimited influence, and dislikes to turn applicants away, thereby confessing that there are notes and bonds to his power. Besides, he is vauntingly ambitious and wants to make and hold

### COULDN'T WORK GIG NUMBER.

Inate Party's Ineffectual Attempt on the Telephone.

Several commercial travelers were gathered about the desk of a downtown hotel when the clerk called their attention to the behavior of a stout party wearing a straw hat and who appeared to be vexed at something that had transpired in the telephone booth. "I have traveled all over this land of forest and alkali," said the stout man, as he mopped the perspiration from his forehead, "but I never heard of anything quite as bad as this." "What is the trouble?" asked the placid listener in blue serge and tanned shoes. "Matter? Why, just think of it, the bell boy informed me a few minutes ago that a party desired me to call a number on the telephone and I have been trying for fifteen minutes to convince the operator at the other end of the line that I am not crazy or under the influence of root beer. She insists that the number I called for is not in the telephone directory, and in spite of all I could say she told me to leave the wire and seek a friend." "What number did you call?" inquired the smiling joker in the blue serge and tanned shoes. "Why, 4-11-44," said the angry man, "and I know it's in the book."—Chicago Chronicle.

### Some Indian Names.

The census of the families of the Cheyenne scouts at Fort Supply includes Mrs. Short Nose, formerly Miss Piping Woman; Mrs. Big Head, formerly Miss Shore Face; Mrs. Nibba, formerly Miss Young Bear; Mrs. White Crow, formerly Miss Crook Pipe; Mrs. Howling Water, formerly Miss Crow Woman; also Mrs. White Skunk, Mrs. Sweet Water, Miss Walk High, daughter of Mr. White Calf, and Miss Osage, step-daughter of Mr. Hard Case. The scouts at Fort Supply are proud of their uniforms and their military work. The women are proud of their husbands and fathers who are thus employed, and no doubt also of the names they bear.

"Nearly all the desperate feuds that have given Kentucky an unenviable reputation had their origin in our civil war," says Col. John R. Thompson, of Harrodsburg, Ky.

The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men.—Anon.