

HAVE QUEER FAITH.

Mohave Indians Believe That Spirits Die Four Times.

Then They Return to Earth and Become Part of the Soil—No Reward or Punishment in the Spirit World.

[Special Arizona Letter.]

WHEN one crosses the Colorado river at the Needles, on the Santa Fe line to California, he generally sees a large number of Indians at the depot, some with pottery, others with beadwork, and still others with bows and arrows, which they seek to sell to the tenderfoot tourist. The pottery is sunbaked clay and will fall to pieces almost at a look, and the bows and arrows were never intended to be shot with. They are made and painted in fine Mohave style to catch the white man's eye and sell. No! it is a mistake to say they are painted in Mohave style, for I have several of their own old bows and arrows, actually used in the chase and in war, and they are unpainted and exceedingly plain. But they are dangerous weapons, for all that, and I have seen a deer brought down with them at a distance of between 200 and 300 yards.

In the early days of the white man's travel in their territory the Mohaves were far from reliable. Perhaps one ought to say they could always be relied upon to kill any party of white men that they thought they were capable of handling. Many a spot, both on the Arizona and Colorado sides of the river, could tell a tale of sanguinary and determined battle fought to a finish between a horde of naked Mohaves and a small band of adventurous travelers or prospectors. Many a scalp was lifted, and many a dance of victory held in those days before the white men had fully and completely demonstrated their power.

In 1858 Ives and his band of explorers and soldiers went up the Colorado, through the territory of the Mohaves, into the Black canyon, the Painted canyon, and as far as the

sick. The patients are always brought to him.

"He questions the patient in regard to his dreams and locates the disease from that. A dream of being in the water shows that the legs are affected. A dream of wishing to drink blood or commit murder indicates a diseased stomach.

"He effects a cure by singing songs and blowing upon the naked body. Each disease requires a different song. But little attention is paid to diet. No medicine or herbs are used.

"We ask him to tell in the beginning whether he will lose or save his patient. As long as he tells the truth we honor and trust him. If he falls



MOHAVE INDIAN WOMEN.

in this seven times we believe he should be punished by death, though this practice has been discontinued out of respect to the opinion of the superintendent of schools.

"He is paid from five to ten dollars for his services.

"The Mohaves burn their dead. A hole about four by two by two feet is dug, over which the fire is made in which the ashes are buried after the burning. As the body burns the dead man's garments are thrown into the fire and his friends take off their own clothes and burn them, as an expression of sorrow and for the spirit to

wear in the next world. Horses are slain for his use in the spirit world. The flesh of the horses is roasted and eaten by the tribe.

"Burning the body liberates the spirit, and it rises in the smoke. It does not go at once to the spirit land, but hovers near its old home and friends for about four days. It sees all without being seen; it cries with the friends without being heard. The sadness and grief of the friends finally drive or start it away on its journey to the next world, which is towards the south.

"At the pass between this and the other world it is met by the Great Spirit, who prepares it for the spirit land and conducts it to its new home. There it wears the clothes given by its friends, uses the horses killed on earth for its use, toils and struggles for a living the same as here. The crops, however, are never planted but once, the roots of which never die.

"After a certain time the spirit again dies and is burned and passes into another land. From this place it passes to another and another, until it has died four times, then it returns to this earth again and becomes a part of the soil on which it first lived.

"There is neither reward nor punishment for a good or bad life here. All go to the same place, live together, and are subject to the same trials."

G. WHARTON JAMES.

Kansas Philosophy.

There is usually something the matter with a man who carries a woman's watch.

Some women would rather listen to a story about a spell of sickness than read a novel.

It is always easier for a busy man to find extra time for work than it is for a loafer.

Be bold enough to say: "I don't know." And if you can screw your courage up to it, add: "And I don't care."

It is an indication that a woman regards you as a very dear friend when she quits getting out her cut glass for you.—Atchison Globe.

EDUCATION FOR ALL.

National Capital a City of Colleges and Universities.

Titans of Every Age Were Men of Humble Parentage Who Secured Their Education by Application and Self-Denial.

[Special Washington Letter.]

THE close of the college year is called "commencement," because the young people who are given degrees are supposed to have completed educations, and be ready in every sense for the "commencement" of their careers in contact with the world.

The national capital is becoming more and more an educational center. Colleges have been here from the early days of the past century, and now we have prosperous universities. There are many busy people who do not understand the difference between a college and a university, but well-informed people know that each university is composed of a number of colleges. The college bears the same relation to a university that a king bears to an emperor. An empire comprises kingdoms, and a university comprises colleges.

It is well known that George Washington advocated the establishment of a national university in the national capital; and his desire is gradually being developed. But the national university is yet only in embryo. It will not be perfected until the congress definitely acts upon the proposition which a number of good men have been projecting for more than a quarter of a century, out of their own individual means.

The secretary of agriculture says that the ideal national university would be a term of service in the executive departments for young men who have been graduated from secular or religious colleges and universities; a term of service in which they would learn all about the federal government, as government clerks, with opportunities for attending the congressional debates, the use of the congressional library and contact with the statesmen from all of the states.

The idea of the secretary, as gleaned from many conversations, is that poor young men may thus have opportunity to earn their bread and butter by working in the government departments, while they also earn their educations by devoting their extra time in taking advantage of their environments. To the writer this seems impracticable, because a national university of that character could furnish no diploma, no insignia to demonstrate the course of study. It would be a good thing for the poor young men who constitute the majority of students, and would greatly enhance their worth to themselves, to the republic and to the world; but it would be difficult to systematize such a comprehensive course of studies.

In this city, as in all educational centers, it is safe to say that the number of students who support themselves in part, or in fact wholly, is constantly increasing. Although not possessed of exact statistics as to the number of men who support themselves wholly or in part when going through college, it is known to be much larger than the outsider who gets only a superficial view of matters would believe.

Not only this, but the percentage of poor young men increases as well as does the number. Perhaps our colleges have a certain extent more of the poor young men than other



TEACHING TO PAY FOR HIS OWN EDUCATION.

colleges. Of course, there is a large number of very wealthy ones, more of them in every entering class, but that is accounted for merely by the greatly increasing wealth of the country.

"Tutoring," that is, private teaching of high school students by college or university students, furnishes at least partial support of a college young man. It is far more extensively carried on than ever before, and on the account of the employment it provides, if for no other reason, does considerable good. Then

there are all sorts of things many young men can do which will bring them in money. Some have worked regularly a few hours every day. Possibly this is a satisfactory way. A number turn to writing as an aid, and contribute to magazines and papers. There is no doubt of success. Year after year classes are turned out in which, ever-present, we find the poor young man who has had a struggle through college, and the struggle is not always an unpleasant one, nor unprofitable.

There is no doubt in the minds of experienced educators of the effect of this double struggle for existence and education upon the character of a poor young man. It can be but for the best, in every instance. This is one rule to which there seems to be no exception. For, no matter how hard the struggle, he is independent.



THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

He feels his independence and soon becomes self-reliant. Sometimes he is offensively self-conceited, but that's all right. His self-reliance and his self-conceit are parts of the development of ambition, and at the end of four years he is better able to face the world than some of those who have not been through a poor young man's experiences. Moreover, the poor young man has a higher and better appreciation of the education which he has earned by hard knocks. The men of renown who

"Pluck bright glory from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground
And drag up drowned honor by the locks,"

are not the scions of noble blood; not the sons of the rich who were dandled in the lap of luxury. No, all experience, all history shows that the Titans of every age and of all conditions were progeny of the yeomanry whose fathers and mothers held in their loins the bone and tissue of contention for existence; physical strength which they transmitted to the poor boys who were to become Napoleon, Grant, Disraeli, Lincoln.

Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque, when he was rector of the Catholic university here, in the founding of which he was a potential factor, delivered a lecture on "The Light of the Dark Ages," in which he gave noble tribute to education by saying: "Throughout the darkness and hopelessness of those dreadful years there comes down to us a shimmer of light which shines through all of the awful gloom. It is the light of the tallow dip in the cell of the cloistered monk. Whatever else he did of good or bad, by keeping alight the student's lamp, the monk gave a light to shine through the dark ages, so that we to-day have transmitted to us the learning of the ancients, all of it of inestimable value to students."

When he was a professor of exegetical theology, President Dwight, of Yale, said to the writer: "The college is truly democratic, no matter whether it be located in a republic, in a kingdom or an empire. The sons of rich men and of noblemen stand on a level with the sons of poor men. In college a young man is esteemed for what he is and for what he does; and the worthy poor man may stand far in advance of the unworthy rich."

Every man who has had experience in educational matters realizes the forcefulness of that statement. In seeking the Utopia of true democracy one must look to the college or university. This fact is particularly notable in the national capital, where hundreds of young men of all conditions in life are struggling together for that educational development which will fit them for all of the vicissitudes of the battle of life; the battle of which it has been said: "No time for loitering here. In this battle it is only for God and the angels to be lookers-on." Our national university is slowly developing. The religious denominations are building universities all around the city upon healthful eminences. Meit of wealth of the various denominations are endowing professorships, and others are endowing scholarships for the successful poor young men who need aid and encouragement. Thus the national capital is becoming permanently our national center of education.

SMITH D. FRY.

HUMOROUS.

"Gruggs walks as if he owned the whole blamed town." "Yes; an' he ain't even a police commissioner."—Indianapolis News.

"The Briggs family think everything of their hired girl." "Is she neat and clean?" "No. But she likes to run the lawnmower."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What a debt we owe to medical science," he said as he put down the paper. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "haven't you paid that doctor's bill yet?"—Chicago Post.

Artificial.—First Menagerie Keeper—"What's wrong?" Second Menagerie Keeper—"Keep that certain down until I get the sacred cow's hump on straight."—Ohio State Journal.

Bobby (aged six)—"Harry, don't you hear your mother hollering after you?" Harry (aged five)—"That's nothing. A woman's bound to have the last word, you know."—Boston Transcript.

"He's too miserable to live." "I admit he's sparing enough generally, but he gives himself a treat on holidays and Sundays." "He does?" "Yes. On these occasions he always reads some of the most tasty recipes he can find in the cook book."—Philadelphia Times.

Tess—"I never saw any girl so ambitious as that Chicago heiress. She had her choice of a German baron, a French count and an English duke." Jess—"So she took the duke, eh?" Tess—"No; she took the baron, but she has arranged to marry the count next and then the duke."—Philadelphia Press.

TOO MANY COOKS.

An English Woman's Experience in Hunting Up a Distinctively American Dish.

A bright Englishwoman traveling recently in America showed herself so appreciative of all good things American that she was met everywhere with the utmost eagerness to afford such information and explanation as she desired. At home she was the owner of a beautiful estate where she entertained largely, and it occurred to her that she might offer an agreeable variety to her English guests and a welcome reminiscence of home to American friends if she could carry back to her cook some recipes for dishes distinctively American. She broached the idea while luncheon with three of her new Yankee acquaintances. They were most responsive, says Youth's Companion.

"Beans!" cried the lady from Boston, instantly. "My dear, beans!"

"But we have beans in England," remarked the Englishwoman. "And I really shouldn't imagine they afforded much opportunity for—"

"Fine cookery? But they do, I assure you. Boston baked beans are quite different from any other beans. Our beans—"

"Chowder!" interrupted explosively the lady from Rhode Island, smitten with a sudden happy thought. "Beans are nothing to it. Clam chowder! There's no dish so purely and deliciously American as a good clam chowder—none. It originated—"

"Maybe it did and maybe it didn't," broke in the Maine lady, unexpectedly. "It's a disputed question; but succotash is sure. Succotash is Indian beyond a doubt—real, native, aboriginal Indian. It's the one Indian dish. The Indians—"

"No more than hominy and chowder. Chowder is Indian, too. First you want your clams—good, fresh ones—"

"I don't admit that Indian dishes are as typically American as some others. We're not Indians, and our ancestors weren't. Now with baked beans it's different. The distinction is—"

And just there the cooks began to stir the broth and mix it: "Perfectly fresh ones, you know, and milk and corn and onions and potatoes and pilot-crackers. Some people don't put in corn, but I think—"

"taught the settlers. It's corn and beans together, and really most appetizing when—"

"baked for hours and hours as slowly as possible; and they come out the loveliest brown, and so tender and rich—"

"fire of driftwood and smother it under with seaweed and roast the ears in the ashes to eat with it—"

"every Sunday morning all over New England since nobody knows when—"

"the most characteristic kind of a Yankee good time. Till you've been to a Rhode Island clam-bake you actually can't imagine—"

"why, when it's so simple, most people don't mix their beans and corn in the right proportion, I don't know; but they don't, although everything depends—"

"sure you'd be delighted"—"say it was simply delicious—"

"never tasted such a tempting mouthful in your life"—"just a sniff is enough to make you hungry as a hunter—"

"there's nothing else in the world one wants to eat so much of—it's almost shocking!"

The English lady recorded in her note-book: "Succotash.—A popular American dish invented by the Indians; a kind of fish-stew, prepared with maize, beans, seaweed and the variety of mussel called clam. It is simmered overnight in the oven in a deep earthen pot, and is customarily served on Sundays throughout the states."



THE COLORADO RIVER AND THE NEEDLES.

mouth of the Rio Virgen. Sometimes the Indians treated him well, sometimes ill.

Then in 1861 Lieut. Wheeler, with his band of scientific explorers, actually pushed up the canyons, and with incredible hardships and sufferings reached the mouth of Diamond creek. The Mohaves gave some help to this party.

So that when the Indian department established a school at Fort Mohave, some 12 or 15 years ago, the Mohaves were ready for it, and knew something of the white people who had so wonderfully taken possession of their ancestral lands.

The school has been doing good work, and it is still at it. In proof of this statement, let the Mohave Indian speak for himself, in response to a question requesting him to tell about the habits and customs of his own people.

Without help or assistance he wrote the following paper, which I quote verbally as a most interesting account, from a trained Indian boy's standpoint, of the inner life and thought of his people:

"There are many practices among our people which I do not fully understand, therefore I will not attempt to give reasons for all our beliefs or why we follow certain customs.

"I will confine myself to our medicine men, their treatment of the sick, how we dispose of our dead and what we believe in regard to the future state.

"The power of healing comes to the Mohave doctors as a special gift from the Great Spirit; no training or instruction are necessary. They are born to do that work and are peculiarly fitted for it. It is a calling from which there is no escape. The certainty of it is established beyond a doubt even in childhood. In addition to the power of healing, the medicine men command the wind and the rain with the assurance that their commands will be obeyed. They handle rattlesnakes in safety and make money out of leaves.

"The Mohave doctor never visits the