An Indian Girl Sees the Sights In Chicago.

REARED in a wigwam, and never before outside the domains of her reservation home, Lola-kola, the "flower of the Kiowas," first saw strenuous civilization when she arived in Chicago from Indian Territory a few days ago. Her big black eyes blazed with excitement and she trembled like a frightened fawn when after alighting from a train, she stood amid the hurrying throng and din of traffic at the Polk street station.

"O save me! What in the world has happened? Are all the big buildings burning, or are the people fighting with one another?" she asked of her paleface escort, clinging tightly to his arm.

"Why, it is nothing but the usual noise of the city," he assured her. "The people are hurrying to and from their work. The bells are of the trains going and coming; you hear the rolling of vehicles over the pavements, the trampling of horses' hoofs on the hard stone streets, the rumbling of street cars along the iron rails, the clanging of gongs, the cries of newsboys and venders and other sounds that go to make up the constant turmoil, which only sounds strange to you because you are not accustomed to it."

Still more frightened was the pretty Indian girl when she walked out and saw the street cars dashing along without apparent means of locomotion. She nearly jerked from her escort and started to run when a racing automobile darted past them. They proceeded up State street toward the heart of the city, and it was with difficulty that she could be induced to go further when the elevated trains with their accompaniments of deafening noise rolled above her head at Van Buren street. She thought the buildings were falling down.

All was strange and bewildering to Lola-kola. She had not proceeded far when the lights of the city beamed forth and she could not understand how they could be lighted without "flints" or matches. She had never seen lights so bright, and she said they were like the sun. She was mystified at the flashing electric signs.

"See! They write their signs in fire," she said as she beheld them from a distance, and on drawing nearer she said: "No, it looks as if they made them from the stars that they have plucked from the heavens."

After a time the Indian girl's fright gave way to mere wonderment and she seemed charmed with new surroundings.

"It is all so delightful," she said, "but the noise! That I could not endure long. It would drive me mad. But the bright, beautiful city. I never thought there was anything like it on earth. It reminds me of the Jerusalem the Christians have taught me about."

"You are the first person that ever compared Chicago to heaven," her escort responded.

"Then men are so fair and the women all so handsome," the Kiowa girl continued. "I know an Indian girl like me must look frightful to such people as these."

She next wondered if people lived in the top of the tall buildings and wanted to know how they climbed so high until her guide took her to the top of the Masonic Temple in an elevator.

Lolo-kola was in Chicago on her way to Carlisle, Pa., where she is to attend a private school for Indian girls. Her home is in an Indian settlement in the Kiowa reservation near Anadarko, I. T. There she has lived all her life of nineteen years. She is the daughted of Tuckewano, a Kiowa chief, who is said to possess considerable wealth. The girl spent several days in Chicago visiting the family of Elmer Kirkwood. Mr. Kirkwood, who accompanied her on her trip to Pennsylvania, is a friend of the Kiowa chief, with whom he is interested in several nivestments. While in Chicago Lola-kola was given a ride in an automobile, dined at some of the leading hotels, was taken to a theater and shown all the principal sights of the city.

There can be no dead member in a living church.

Boer Scout Escapes British and Lands Here.

ANDRIES Johannes Wennips, 19 years old, six feet tall, born a Boer, and for six months a scout under Botha, Joubert and De la Rey, has escaped through the British army and come to St. Louis.

Young Wennips is a typical fighter of the veldt, who has out-Danieled Daniel. Captured by the British at Pretoria, he bribed a guard and escaped through the lines to make his way to Cape Town. Reaching the Cape, he bought a return pass from a South African muleteer, and was brought to America via England in an English ship at the expense of the British government.

It is unlikely that any other scout of the Dutch generals ever fell into the hands of the enemy in this bitterly contested war and lived to tell of it. It is quite certain that until Wennips came no soldier of fortune with any such experience was walking the streets of St. Louis.

Wennips looks like a Boer. He has the distinctive features of a Hollander, and his eyes are blue. He has been a fighter four years, marching with Joubert into the Kaffir country when he was only 15. Now he is a hardened fighting man. British bullets have knocked him down; British pickets have fired on him, and British cavalrymen have given him a gallop for his life in the hills. The course of events has been a furious procession in that part of the world where this young man was raised.

Like all youths in the Transvaal, young Wennips can ride and shoot. His education may be a little remiss in some things, but in these it is first-class. His ability to look out for himself made him a valuable man on the staff of the Boer chief of scouts, and he did scout duty for all the four principal leaders under Dewet.

On the fourth day of July, 1900, Wennips, just returned from an exhaustive ride, was asleep in a Pretoria hotel. His home had been broken up at the outset of the war, his mother and sister being sent to relatives in Holland. The young man's story of what happened him that day is a novel tale of adventure. He told it to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, as follows:

"I fell in the hands of the British July 4, 1900. I had lain down in my clothes to get a little sleep, and was awakened by a rush into the place. I had a revolver in my belt, but it would have been suicidal to have used it, for a half dozen soldiers were on me in an instant.

"I was a scout, and it was a serious thing for a scout to fall into the enemy's hands. Fortunately I had just returned from a trip and had nothing incriminating upon me. The English searched me for papers, and, finding none, they returned me the little money I had and turned me over to a Scotch guard.

I was taken in the morning. That night I determined to get away. The prisoners were to be divided into classes, the active combatants to be sent to Helena, and the Boer sympathizers not fighting to be placed under guard in the city, and the scouts and suspected scouts to be held for disposition of their cases by higher officers. I knew they suspected me to be a scout, and so many people not loyalto us knew me to be a Boer scout that I appreciated my danger.

My guard drank quite a good deal durnig the day, and at night he was feeeling pretty good. I began bargaining with him as soon as darkness came. I knew he had little or no money, for the Scot guards were getting only 26 cents a day. Finally I got an opportunity to talk to him.

"You sing like a good fellow."

"Ye may bet I'm a goot fellow."

"Then why don't you let me go?"

With that I slipped a half crown into his hand, and he did permit me to steal away.

Once free in the city, I concluded the worst thing I could do would be to leave town. There were many British soldiers around, and sentries patrolled all the outskirts. It seemed to be that my best chance lay in finding a place to stay and putting on a bold front. If none of the townspeople gave me away I would be pretty safe, for the British soldiers would not have known me from any other harmless merchant's clerk found without arms and permitted the freedom of the city.

I acted upon this plan, and it proved a success. I remained there day after day, and, though reported escaped, I was never apprehended. My father, who was a merchant in Pretoria, was also in the city. We were seeking an opportunity to render some service to the Boer cause. It was a time when friends of the Boer army on the inside could render much valuable service. There was no communication between the town and the Boer armies in the field. Mrs. Kruger was there, and so was the wife of General Louis Botha. These and other persons desired to get news out of Pretoria. My father and I thought of a plan to get messages through the line. There were some Dutch butchers with English passes that went out of the city every day for meat. My father and I found these men and gave them a round of rum that enabled us to buy their passes for a little. We turned them over to a Boer leader in the city, and he sent messengers in many directions with them.

Knowing that this would get us into serious trouble when the butchers recovered and reported the disappearance of the passes my father and I hastened to leave. We informed the British commander that we were noncombatants desiring to go to Cape Town in order to be out of harm's way during the war. He permitted us to board a southbound train, and after seven days and nights we reached Cape Town.

That train ride from Pretoria to Cape Town was a dangerous one in more ways than one. In the first place we were in danger of being blown up at any moment, and in addition to that we were in danger of betraying our pro-Boer sentiments every day. The crew and soldiers had a holy terror of Dewet. They expected him every minute. He seemed to hang over them like a sword, and they imagined they felt it on the backs of their necks every time the train passed a hill or a wood. If we were to believe what the Englishmen on the train told us, Dewet was ahead, Dewet was just to the right or left, or Dewet blocked the way in front. They seemed to think it nothing imposaible that the flying Boer might overtake the train and run rings around it as he chose. My father and I had many quiet laughs in our sleeves at these frightened Englishmen. It rather opened our eyes to the British appreciation of our generals.

We had no desire to remain at Cape Town and looked about for opportunities to get away. I found a muleteer, Joe Alphonso, from Buenos Ayres, in South America. He had come over on a British ship and the British government had given him a return ticket by way of London. A British regiment was going home on a ship that would sail in a few days. I did not particularly like the prospect of being detected as a Boer on a British ship loaded with British soldiers, but I took the chance and bought the South American's return ticket. I made the trip as a Spaniard. The English aboard were too glad with the prospect of getting home to give me enough attention to discover that I was a Dutchman. I could not speak a word of Spanish, but the English were no better off. They didn't know enough Spanish or Dutch to know which I used.

I reached London and let the big city swallow me just as quick as it could. I made my way over to Holland and there I visited my mother and sister. After a while I determined to visit the United States with the ticket I had bought from the South American. I made he trip without incident and will stay here where I am safe. If I thought there was a prospect of reaching the Boer armies without being picked up I would just as soon go back to South Africa. But the war there is in such a state that unless one is in the interior with the Boer armies he must run a great risk of being captured, much more of a risk, in fact, than he runs once he is in the country.

Puck: Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, mother! John said this morning I was one woman in a hundred. Her Mother—I see in that no cause for tears, Mrs. Newlywed—But, mother, he used to say I was one woman in a thousand!

Woman Raises Angora Goats in Arizona.

Mrs. Mary Armer, an Arizona woman who raises Angora goats, has attracted considerable attention at the goat and sheep show in Kansas City.

Mrs. Armer went about with the goat and sheep raisers with as much interest in goats and everything pertaining to them as the biggest goat raiser among them. She brought with her a fine lot of fleecy youngsters she had raised herself on her ranch in Arizona, and she sold these at a good price.

Mrs. Armer comes from a part of the country where the Angora goat is as much at home as a cat on the Isle of Man. It is a goat country. There is a great deal of acreage which is only valuable as pasture for these thin-skinned grazers, for whom the grasses cannot grow too short or too scant. There are many thousands of goats in the neighborhood of Kingston. Mrs. Armer alone has a thousand of them. She is one of three women in that part of the state who have embarked in the goat industry, and who have been successful, having the largest flocks and combining the goat and [illegible] as an institution, sister and

Mrs. Armer stood ankle deep in the sawdust of the stock yards when she was approached in behalf of the Sunday Post-Dispatch. Her hat was on crooked, and the sawdust of the commercial arena had settled upon her dress. But she didn't heed such trifles. She was more interested in the blue, red and yellow ribbons pinned on her basque. These were the winnings of her Angora kids, and Mrs. Armer wore them proudly.

The extent to which Mrs. Armer invests in thoroughbred stock is indicated by two purchases which she made at the show. She took a buck at $1,050 and a doe at $230, both fine animals, for her Arizona flocks.

"I went into goat raising for two good reasons," said Mrs. Armer. "I wanted to make money, and goats are a profitable stock in our part of the country. I started twelve years ago. I had at first but a few Garst goats of the Peters flock. These were well known goats in the southwest a few years ago. I have increased my flock until I have now 1,000 goats. I have sold 100 goats here.

"I am not the only woman in Arizona engaged in the goat industry, but I am perhaps more extensively engaged than anyone else. We have two other women in the business at Kingston, but they have about 300 goats and do not come out to the market and shows.

"I went to Kingston when it was a silver mining camp. My husband was a miner, I have been married twice, and have raised nine children, principally by my own efforts. I am now in a position to handle my stock in numbers and deal in the finest thoroughbreds. I have made some purchases here this week that will enable me to appear next year with some youngsters which will win ribbons."


MRS. MARY ARMER AND HER $1,050 ANGORA BUCK.

WITH THE FUNNY MAN.

Blobbs—Harduppe is given to exaggeration. He overdraws everything. Slobbs—Yes, even his bank account.

"Why does she use mourning stationery?" "Oh, she's done that ever since one of her epistles went to the deadletter office."

"My pa," said the bright little boy, "is always taken at his face value." "Is that so?" "Yes; he's the bearded lady in the museum."

Goldrox—How is my boy getting on with his studies? I hope you find him quick. College Professor—Well—er—he certainly is fast.

Wealthy Bachelor—Your daughter tells me she is a good cook. The Mother—Oh, yes. But she has to live with her to fully appreciate what she can do.

Mr. Newlywed—My dear, this sponge cake seems rather hard to cut. Mrs. Newlywed—There! I knew that hateful druggist had sent me tough sponges.

Wiggins—There is one good thing about Bjones; he never speaks ill of his neighbors. Waggins—I suppose he is afraid his neighbors may know just as much about him.

Markley—No; I don't like Borrows. Parkley—Why, I understood you to say you thought a great deal of him. Markley—No; I merely think of him a great deal. He owes me money.

"Did you notice, Miss Sharp, that an idiot has been restored to his right mnid by a clevah surgeon?" "Yes, Mr. Flutterby, I noticed the item and was just going to call your attention to it."

"For what did you arrest this man?" queried the magistrate sternly. "For practice, your honor," answered the green policeman. "I've just been appointed to the force and I wanted to get my hand in."

"In your vermiform appendix," the surgeon told him after the operation was over. "We found, strange to say, a small brass tack." "That proves I was right," feebly answered the sick man, "when I said it was something I had eaten in mince pie."

The Automaton Was Alive.

THE automaton which has been holding forth in the show window of a store in New Orleans for the past two weeks, is not an automaton, but a live one, the real thing, and that was demonstrated to the satisfaction of the public. Mr. Gunewald, the proprietor, announced to the public that the figure in the window would drink a glass of wine with him.

The crowds which had gathered about the show window at different times during the week were on hand at the appointed hour with their friends, and they were so many that they stretched far out in the street. Men and women had crowded against the show window and remained for what seemed to be an interminable time, waiting for some show of life in the face to satisfy them that the figure was a real man, and not an automaton. For the most part, they waited in vain. They seemed to see the faintest movement of the eye or a twitch of the lips, but the longer they remained and watched, the more convinced were they that it was a delusion.

Those who were on hand when the engagement of the automaton closed saw him for the real thing. At 5:14 o'clock Mr. Grunewald entered the show window, opened a bottle of champagne, set a glass on the Apollo, which the automaton performed on. The automaton winked at the crowd, reached for the glass, drank the wine, and then there was a yell on Canal street which could have been heard at the river front.

The young man who poses as an automaton is F. Howard Hill. He has been an artists' model for fifteen years. He must stand alone in his class, for he has such a control of his nerves and muscles that no other man is known to have. He has been sitting for two hours at night and two hours in the afternoon for the past two weeks, playing the Apollo, and during the time while he was at work he never moved an eyelash or gave the slightest movement to his lips. The most difficult part of this work was to move the eyes as the body moved, keeping the eyes fixed. Many were the people who did not believe their eyes when Mr. Hill got up and walked. They believed the champagne drinking attributable to some mechanism. Even then many were not satisfied; they tried to get inside and feel of him as he walked. But when he turned about and engaged in conversation, when his entire body relaxed, then, and only then, the most skeptical were satisfied.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Wide gauntlet cuffs are seen on many of the new gloves for women, particularly those of heavy pique.

The Angora dot, so called because it is white and fluffy, is in evidence meshes and chiffons.

Jewel boxes in the form of miniature dress suit cases are a novelty. They are to be had in different shades of leather and are velvet lined.

In addition to ermine, caracul, broadtail, astrachan and many other skins in white are utilized by fashionable milliners for trimming purposes.

Pineapple albatross—a weave that suggests a combination of the ordinary albatross and crepon with a silky, shimmery surface, is particularly effective for house gowns.

The adoption of the low coiffure has been followed in Paris by the revival o fthe fashion of wearing the hair loosely incased in a net attached to a velvet band. This style of coiffure is worn only in the house.

Fur toques are relieved by trimming of flowers, an effective mink model showing facing of yellow and white chrysanthemums. Dahlias and camellias are used on many of the new fur hats.

Lace gowns embellished with embroidery are among the most favored for evening wear. One beautiful tambour lace robe is embroidered with stars executed with blue and white thread and showing tiny centers of gold thread.