

Kansas lady be slighted, who, as mentioned in last week's CONSERVATIVE, has presented the site of the Pawnee Republican village to the state of Kansas for a memorial park. "From fancy or from some other reason," she is reported as saying, "a Frenchman applied the name of Republique to this branch of the Pawnee Indian nation, of whose dominion this village might be considered the capital, and from this our beautiful Kansas-Nebraska river, the Republican, takes its name."

Even the omniscient Smithsonian Institution is at fault in this matter, it seems, for the courteous specialist to whom THE CONSERVATIVE'S request for information was referred could do no better than to quote from Dunbar in reply.

It is likely, therefore, that the question why anybody should ever have denominated certain 18th century Kansas Indians "Republicans" is incapable of exact solution and must forever remain a puzzle.

A. T. RICHARDSON.

PIONEER PHILANTHROPIST.

Of all Ohio's quaint characters, one of the most remarkable and at the same time most lovable was "Johnny Appleseed," by which name wonderful old John Chapman was known throughout the state years ago. He was the father of the orchards that have made the state famous for its apples, and if all he believed about the virtues of apples was true he was the father of much of the healthfulness that blesses the sons and daughters of the state. He believed that apples made people healthy, and he gave the early settlers of Ohio all the chance they had in the early days to get apples.

How well he is loved by the pioneers of the state is shown by the handsome monument to his memory that was unveiled at Mansfield last Thursday. Not many of those who knew "Johnny Appleseed" personally are alive now, but his work has lived after him to an extent that makes him the most remarkable penniless philanthropist the state ever knew. He was as poor as Job's turkey, as he would have said himself in his fondness for the scriptures and their application to the every-day things of life, but he gave to the pioneers of the state an endowment of apple trees.

Cleveland had a share in his penniless benevolence, for here and there about this city, notably in Newburg, are orchards which are pointed out by old residents as having been planted with trees that were once sprouts from other trees which had been raised by "Johnny Appleseed" and given to some pioneer of the early years of the century.

Mansfield seems to be the only city of the state that has recognized "Johnny Appleseed," and what he did for the state in its youth, for nowhere else, not

even at his almost forgotten grave out in Indiana is there a monument to him. The monument to his memory that was dedicated in Mansfield recently stands in the fine Sherman-Heineman park in that city, which was the joint gift of the late Senator Sherman and a wealthy fellow townsman. The monument was erected by Martin B. Bushnell of Mansfield, whose father was one of the pioneers of that part of the state and a personal friend of the quaint "Johnny Appleseed." The lower part of the monument, which is of buff stone, bears the inscription, "In memory of John Chapman, best known as Johnny Appleseed, pioneer apple nurseryman of Richland county from 1810 to 1830." The quaint man for whom the monument was erected was a hero as well as a crank, as he would have been called had he lived today. He roamed through the woods without anything in the shape of a weapon, despite the fact that the forests were thronged with Indians and wild animals that were almost equally hostile and bloodthirsty. Once he saved a settlement from the Indians by a thirty-mile trip through the woods at night, a trip which was as fine in its way as Paul Revere's ride.

He was a faddist, a crank perhaps, but at the same time he was an intelligent Christian man in ragged clothes, and no one who knew him, not even the children who were tempted to laugh at him, nor the Indians, whose companion he was on many a winter night in the forests of the state, could help but respect him. He could easily have turned his philanthropy into money, into enough money to have made a rich man among the pioneers, to whom the possession of a thousand dollars meant independent wealth, but he did not care for money; he said.

"Johnny Appleseed" might very properly be called an apple missionary. He believed that apples were good for people, and he undertook to supply apples to the pioneers. His plan was as simple as his life, and his life was almost as simple as that of a squirrel or an Indian. He had no home, no money and not much in the way of clothes. He would either go on foot or in a birch canoe where there were streams that made it possible to go by water, across the line into the older settlements of Pennsylvania, where there were orchards. The pioneers who came to Ohio were too poor, and it was too difficult to get themselves and their families into the new state, for them to bring any young apple trees, and few of them had the patience to plant apple seeds and nurse them to the point where they could be transplanted to form orchards. So there was scarcely an orchard worthy of the name in the whole state. The quaint apple missionary saw this and realized how many years it would be before the struggling pioneers had time to plant orchards, even supposing they

were able to buy the trees to plant, and he devoted almost the whole of his life to giving orchards to the then scanty population of Ohio.

From the older portions of the older state of Pennsylvania he would bring back to Ohio bags filled with apple seeds. He got them at the cider mills of the Keystone state. Apple seeds were of no value to those who had apple trees, and in Pennsylvania no one thought of saving apple seeds. So "Johnny Appleseed" had no trouble in getting all the seeds he could carry back through the wilderness to Ohio. When he got to a part of the state where there were no apple trees he would plant the seeds he had brought. He had studied the matter until he was able to pick out the most favorable places to plant, so that they would be most protected from the winter blizzards and get most of the sunshine that their rapid growth required.

When he found the right spot he would clear away the trees and shrubs, plant as many seeds as he thought proper, and build a rude fence about his nursery in the wilderness. When he had done this, planting sufficient seed in each nursery to supply the farmers in that vicinity with young trees, he would go to another place and start another little grove. This he would continue until his supply of seeds was exhausted. Then he would either go back to Pennsylvania for more seeds, or, when the trees he had planted were large enough, begin to distribute the saplings. When they were grown a few feet above the ground they were ready to be transplanted into the orchards of the pioneers. Sometimes "Johnny" sold the young trees for clothes, old shoes, or something else he could wear or use. More often he gave the young trees away, presenting to each of the pioneers enough trees to make a fairly large orchard. In this way he started innumerable orchards.

He carried on the work for years, and there are still many thousands of apple trees in the state that grew either from little trees raised by "Johnny Appleseed" or else from older trees that he raised. His work supplied the state with apples many years sooner than the struggling pioneers would have done it, without his quaint, but beautiful, benevolence.

It is said of him that he lived a life of almost inconceivable simplicity and gentleness. Innumerable anecdotes of him are told. One chilly night in the woods, when he was huddled over a little fire he had built to keep himself warm, he noticed that insects were being attracted to the fire by the light and were falling into it. Never to harm a living creature was one of his principles, and when he noticed that his fire was causing the death of some of God's creatures, as he called everything that had life, he put out his fire and spent the remainder of the night in cold and darkness. His life was full of such acts as this. He crawled into a hollow log one night to sleep and when he found that there was a chip-munk and her family in the other end and that they were frightened by his presence, he went away and slept in the snow because he could not find another hollow log.—Cleveland Leader.