

Nebraska McKinley Memorial Auxiliary

THE Nebraska McKinley Memorial association was organized at Omaha, Monday, October 28, 1901. It is one of forty-five or more similar associations organized or in the process of organization in all of the states of the union. This organization, which articulates upon the National McKinley Memorial association, of which Senator M. A. Hanna is president, has for its purpose the construction of a monument to the late President McKinley at Canton, O., where the remains of the dead president are buried.

It is the idea of the officers of the national association that, through the organization of state associations, the people of each state can be reached more effectively and that thus the amount of money required can be secured by small contributions in which every citizen can take part with greater ease and rapidity than if an appeal for funds should be made by the national association direct. The genesis of the idea came from Ohio. The matter was suggested to several of the United States senators from that and adjoining states and met with their hearty approval. A meeting was held and from the action it appears that it was decided to enlist the active support of those persons who had personal and official acquaintance with Mr. McKinley to take charge of the work in the several states. When, during the last campaign, speakers were sent out on political missions they also devoted some time to awakening an interest in the McKinley Memorial association. Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, who visited Nebraska, was the one who suggested the formation of the Nebraska association. The matter was brought to the attention of Edward Rosewater, Senator Millard and other friends of the late president in this state and met their hearty approval. A meeting was called for the Millard hotel Saturday, October 26, at which time Senator Fairbanks was to have organized the association. The senator was called to Indiana and the organization was not perfected until some days later.

General Charles F. Manderson was chosen president of the state society. Few men in the country have been closer to the late president. General Manderson came from Canton, O., where, as a young man, he associated with William McKinley. Later, after the civil war, in which both men won honor, while senator from the state of Nebraska, he was closely associated with the Ohio congressman, who was to leave his impress upon the world and to lose his life for being the champion of the American idea of life and government. The selection of General Manderson was made while he was in Washington and it was not until last



CHARLES F. MANDERSON.



EUGENE J. HAINER



L. D. RICHARDS



J. STERLING MORTON

week that he learned that he had been chosen.

Edward Rosewater was selected as secretary and treasurer of the Nebraska association. He is also one who for years worked with the late president in advancing the interests of the country and in putting into force those ideas of government common to both.

The vice president of the association is John A. Croighton, a man known on two continents for his benevolence and charity. In addition to these officers there were selected six vice presidents to represent the association in the congressional districts of the state and to act as chairmen of such district associations as may be formed.

J. Sterling Morton, ex-secretary of agriculture, was chosen in the First congressional district. The Second district is represented by Lorenzo Crouse. L. D. Richards is the vice president from the Third district. E. J. Hainer, ex-congressman, represents the Fourth district. A. L. Clark of Hastings the Fifth district, while the Sixth district is represented by Judge Silas A. Holcomb of the Nebraska supreme court.

The Nebraska association has not yet decided upon a plan for raising funds, the matter being the subject for discussion at the first meeting of the executive officers, which will soon be called by President Manderson.

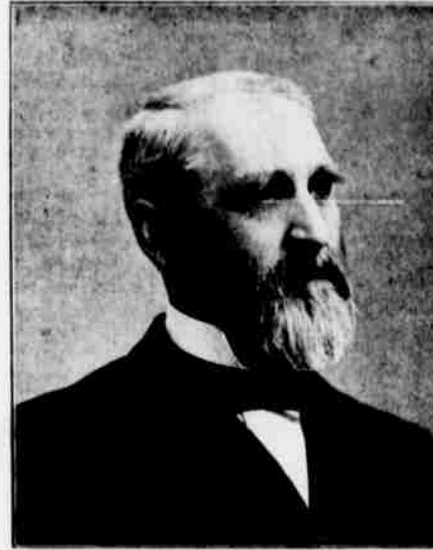
The report of the organization of the Nebraska association was received at a recent meeting of the general association held at Cleveland, O., a few days ago and the

announcement of its personnel by Senator Fairbanks was received with cheers. Speaking of the work ahead of this association, General Manderson said:

"At this time I cannot say what plan will be adopted for raising funds, as there has been no meeting of the executive officers. Nebraska certainly will join its sister states in honoring the memory of the late president, who has done so much for the country. From their wealth the people of the state can contribute an amount sufficient to take no small part in the construction of the monument proposed and after we have held a consultation we will be able to announce the method to be pursued in raising the money which this state should contribute."

There is another association in the country, formed by certain residents of Washington, having for its object the erection of a McKinley arch at the national capital. The plan is not looked upon with favor by the personal friends of Mr. McKinley. A few days ago the subject was broached to Senator Hanna, who said that he did not favor this idea, as no monuments of like kind had been built to the memory of either President Lincoln or President Garfield, and that the only monument to be erected by popular subscription should be the one to be built at Canton, O., at the grave of the late president.

The general committee of the national association is about as much in doubt as to the form and nature of the monument as the Nebraska association is as to the mat-



LORENZO CROUSE



SILAS A. HOLCOMB

ter in which funds are to be raised in this state. The members say they cannot decide upon this matter until they know how much money will be at their disposal. It is said that when funds have been received to an amount deemed sufficient the sculptors and artists of the country will be asked to submit designs, the form and nature of which are to be determined only

by the available money. A committee will then be selected to pass upon the ideas thus brought out and the one which meets the approval of the general committee will be adopted. The general committee has fixed no sum as the probable cost of the monument, this being left entirely with the people who are called upon to respond with contributions.

Glimpse of the Home Life of Pueblo Women

ON A WARM, sunny afternoon last winter I got off the one dilapidated passenger car in which I had been poking along through northern New Mexico at the end of a freight train since daylight. There was no village, no house even, nothing in sight except the eternal hills, clothed with gray sagebrush and dwarf pinon trees, a tall red watering tank, a freight car, in which dwelt the family of a section man. But I knew that across the fields about two miles I would come upon a quaint little Indian pueblo, hidden away just where it had stood ever since the Spaniards came, and probably for centuries before. So I strolled across the mesa in search of San Ildefonso. An old Indian in a bright blanket caught up with me, and when I held up a nickel and pointed to my grip he slung it on his back and trotted off. I followed the trail across the mesa, flooded with the bright winter sunshine, crisp and clear, with its 7,000 feet of altitude. Now and then the pathway dipped into an "arroyo," the sandy bed of a dry creek. Occasionally a passing Indian gave me a friendly grunt of salutation. At last I passed through a narrow passage between two houses and came into the plaza. Here was life enough, for in the Indian village of the southwest all the houses face sociably inward and present a cold and inhospitable back door to the intruder. The plaza was full of horses and dogs, children and adults. The buffalo dance was billed for the next morning at sunrise and the Indians from neighboring pueblos for miles around were coming in to witness the ceremony. The sunny square was a shifting kaleidoscope of bright blankets and dresses, but I was the only white person.

Juan Gonzales and his family greeted me with cordial courtesy, for the Pueblo Indians are among the most hospitable, polite and well bred people in the world. They understand absolutely the way to make the guest feel that the house is his. Your property and your business are safe from curiosity. They bestow upon you the best in the house and, having done so, apologize for nothing. Juan can read and write English, but is the only person in the pueblo who can do so. He has a wife, Philomena, a daughter of S. Romancita, who is a quaint little picture in black and tan, and a baby, which was asleep in a bed made comfortably in a swing suspended from the ceiling. Philomena always makes me realize how it was that Pocahontas could marry the swell young Englishman, John Rolfe, and be received with effusion in the

court and castles of England. She is the typical Indian maiden of song and story; a very Laughing Water in the flesh. Every movement of her willowy figure is grace itself, and her delicate bronze features, framed in their long, flowing, coal black locks, would fill an artist's soul with joy. She is as sweet and good as she is graceful and charming. But her slim little brown hand rules the household nevertheless. I presented Juan with a box of cigars and Romancita with a box of candy, but I might as well have given them to Philomena, for she took both and put them in a trunk, of which she carried the key. She allowed Juan to have one cigar, and thereafter, when he was engaged in the sacred mysteries of the estufas, she would send from time to time as many as she thought proper for him to have.

The Pueblo Indians present a curious and extremely ancient survival of the matriarchate, that feminine supremacy which archaeologists tell us once prevailed throughout the prehistoric world. The woman owns the house and all that is in it. The children belong to the mother and trace their descent through the maternal line. When a man marries into a different tribe his children belong to the tribe of his wife. In fact, the man is subordinated, just as in other races the woman is sub-

ordinated. It is only in recent years that the wife has taken the husband's name on marriage.

The Pueblo woman is a devout Catholic. These tribes refused stubbornly for a long time to accept the teachings of the early Spanish padres. When they finally yielded they became very devoted to their church. But, curiously enough, with the inveterate conservatism of the Indian, they only gave the white man's God a place in their pantheon. In private they have always practiced their old religion. The dances which have acquired widespread fame in recent years are the only outward expression of its practice. They all have a religious significance. The Indians of the pueblo are properly baptized with Christian names. But every one of them has an Indian name, which no white man ever hears.

There is an old, old church at San Ildefonso, one of the oldest now existing in New Mexico, far more ancient than San Miguel at Santa Fe, which is often called the oldest in America. A priest comes only once or twice a year. The interior is like a vault, long, narrow, dark and cold, with not even an adobe floor, but just loose dirt. There are no seats, and men and women occupy opposite sides. The men all stand, but the women kneel. The stone walls are perfectly bare. High up toward the ceiling

are little holes for windows, and in and out of these the birds fly during the ceremony. The ancient beams are painted with the figures which the Indians put on their pottery. Probably 3,000 persons have been buried in the churchyard. The Pueblos bury without coffins, opening the old graves and tossing the bones into a heap to make room for the new occupant. Bitterly cold storms sweep over this land in winter. Then the poor little babies die like flies, and are wrapped in their tiny blankets and laid away, with never a prayer or a song over them. The Pueblo woman is exceedingly fond of her children, but she has no idea of properly caring for them.

The national governments, under the efficient supervision of Miss Estelle Reel of Wyoming, national superintendent of Indian schools, is conducting day schools in many of the pueblos. The teacher lives at the pueblo, and, besides giving the children regular instruction, she cooks and serves a free hot lunch for them each day. But there is no compulsory educational law, and the children go to school or not, as they please. When their great dances are on the school has often not a pupil for days at a time.

Philomena keeps her house very clean. She sweeps it every day on her knees with a short-handled broom, and she is graceful even at this back-breaking operation. Then she wets down the floor to prevent its returning to its original dust. She keeps all her cooking in the back room, and the front one is a clean, pleasant sitting room. There is a constant stream of company, for they are a sociable people. The pottery bin is in the lightest corner, and here Philomena makes pots and cups and jugs exactly as primitive woman made them when she originated this oldest of the arts.

These people are well housed, but not well fed. They had an abundance of little crusty brown loaves of bread baked in the outdoor oven, which was very good, and they had coffee, which was very bad, but there is seldom any meat. They never sit down for a good family meal together, but squat in relays on the floor in front of the fireplace, a great round platter of loaves in the center and a steaming cup of coffee in front of each. They eat much less than a white man, yet their endurance is much greater.

From the fireplace in every room the pinon logs send forth their peculiarly bright, beautiful light, and keep the air sweet. Philomena has a cook stove, but she seems to regard it as an ornament, and does all her cooking at the fireplace. The water of the pueblo is its one objectionable feature. It comes from two wells, which have been

in use since the conquest, and one of them is near the old graveyard. They have tables and a bed, but eat and sleep on the floor. The only piece of furniture they use is the one chair, which is a rocker, and whenever I entered the room the occupant, whether man or woman, would gravely rise and offer it to me.

Juan has a little farm, hardly larger than a good sized garden, just outside the village. Sometimes he goes away and works on the railroad or in the turquoise mines a while. Philomena gets an occasional dime for her pottery. Still, I hardly see how they manage to live.

The dances are the great occasions of their lives. The women dance as well as the men, though in a much more sedate fashion. They wear all the brilliant garments they can put on, but there is nothing at all immodest in the ceremony.

I am not quite sure that I want Philomena to get thoroughly civilized. She might make better coffee, but I doubt if she would be as kind to wandering pencil pushers. She might lose a good deal that makes her fascinating now, and it is doubtful if she would be any happier.

MINNIE J. REYNOLDS.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: A small boy says the road to knowledge is a switchback.

Occasionally a man associates with fools because he feels wise in comparison.

It is folly to marry for beauty, for beauty will not last—and neither will money.

Fools reflect on what they have said, wise men on what they are going to say.

When some people attempt to display their knowledge they only show their ignorance.

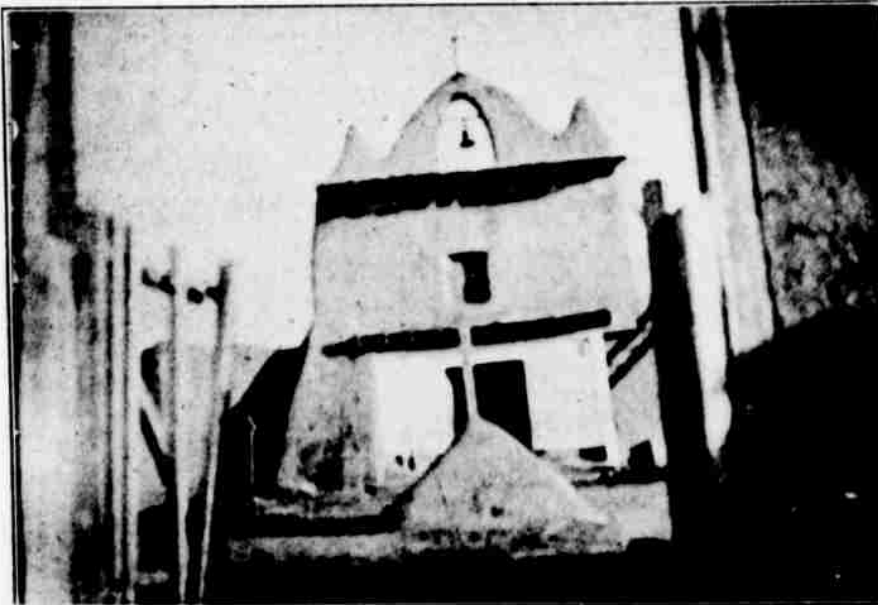
Unless a man understands the language of the eye he can't grasp a woman's meaning.

When a man goes down in the financial sea he is apt to leave a lot of wreckage floating around.

Probably the worst fault of the average woman is the ease with which a man can stand up and lie to her.

Said an Irish lawyer in addressing the court: "If this argument is not clear, your honor, I have another that is equally conclusive."

When a spinster of uncertain age hears of the marriage of an acquaintance she sighs and says: "Well, I suppose it's what we all must come to."



INDIAN CHURCH AT SAN ILDEFONSO, BELIEVED TO BE THE OLDEST IN AMERICA.