

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

One of the Indian Mysteries

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

There is in the center of New York state a region of peculiar romance, the ancient home of the Iroquois Indians, the celebrated "Five Nations," who dwell along the whole length of the Mohawk valley and westward, around the "Finger lakes," to and beyond the Genesee.



It may be a surprise for many readers to learn that there are still living in the state of New York, and upon lands owned by their ancestors, several thousand Indians belonging to the various tribes of the Five Nations, with the exception of the Mohawks, the most formidable of them all, who emigrated to Canada after the war of revolution began.

Many of these red men, whose great-grandfathers carried the tomahawk and scalping knife, and upon the hearts of their white enemies with midnight terror when their awful whoop rang from the woods surrounding some lonely clearing, or little stockade village, are now industrious farmers or mechanics, while their wives and daughters have learned to keep house in the white man's fashion.

Some of them are Christians, and others retain their pagan beliefs. Anyone who wishes to see some of the interesting sights, persons and things of his own country before going abroad for amusement and instruction, will do well to make a trip to one of the so-called Indian reservations in this state, for instance, to that in the valley of Onondago, a few miles south of Syracuse.

In the American Museum of Natural History in New York city are collections of tools, weapons and other things belonging to them, and also most realistic life size figures of Indian men and women engaged in their ordinary occupations and amid their ordinary surroundings.

Indian corn is one of the great gifts of America to the world. The New York Indians were skilled in raising it, and with pumpkins and squashes, it constituted their principal vegetable food. These Indians lived in peculiar structures called "long houses," which were bark-like edifices of wood and bark, from fifty to 100 feet in length. There was a door at each end, closed with a screen of furry skins, and a narrow passage ran centrally the entire length of the house.

In the middle line of the central passage was a row of fire-pits, so arranged that each fire reflected its light and heat into four compartments. Thus if a "long house" contained twenty family compartments, it would have five fires, and its total human population might exceed a hundred persons.

At the time of the appearance of a single Mohawk anywhere in the Connecticut valley, or along the lower Hudson, or on Long Island, was a signal for general terror and abject submission, so universal was the reputation of that tribe for skill, strength and ferocity in battle. Yet the Mohawks were by no means the most numerous tribe; in that respect the Senecas were the leaders; while the Onondagos, inhabiting a beautiful valley situated in the center of the Iroquois country, had the honor of keeping the central council fire, around which representatives of all the five nations assembled in the autumn of each year.

The Onondagos and the Cayugas were tribes which had been formed by aggregation, so that only the Mohawks, the Onondagos and the Senecas could claim to be the true originators of the federation. In 1715 the Tuscaroras, relatives of the others, who had settled in North Carolina, joined the New York Iroquois, so that thereafter the confederacy was spoken of as the "Six Nations."

Hawatha was the traditional founder of the Five Nations, but Mr. Longfellow in his poem "Hawatha" has interwoven many legends which were unknown to the Iroquois tribes.

"Shades of Our Little Gran'mother!"

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:

Watching three wet, sleek, glimmering, laughing, graceful girls trotting with diamond splashes of striking feet out of the shallow sea-water, just in from a swim (all this the other day), taking a careful survey of them, thinking what freedom they swam in, almost seaworthy, watching their flying hair, catching the glimmer of arms

and throat, the flash of trim limbs unweighted by bloomers water-logged, suddenly I wondered what she would say if the shade of our gran'mother, in her bathing suit of long ago, could grow into shape there in the shallow water, just as Mademoiselle This-Summer, these three of 1915, came racing out of the deep blue sea! Oh, me! Would she say, "Luddy!" and run for it, or what, do you think? Would she open her black eyes and wag her side curls and tip her

bonnet over her eyes to shut out the strange sight? I don't know. But I'm afraid the shade of our gran-mother would just vanish in thin air! Remember, you who shake your heads along with the horrified shade—Gran'mother only paddled in warm, shallow water then—while our girl now swims! And she never could if she got Gran-mother's voluminous skirt once over her head!

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

The Godless

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, died. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests which she was no man, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 14 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to take her in their hands.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any closer to take Celestia in owing to her constant. But later he surrounds her rather to keep her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slaves, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Doukias, then their home. Celestia, in spite of her genuine good looks and magnetic voice would appear insignificant if not impossible.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory where a great many girls are employed. She shows her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. My her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatened strike, and the "boss" overhearing her is moved to grant the relief the girls wished, and also to right a great wrong he had done one of them. Just at this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is soon a blazing furnace. Celestia, Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire, Tommy is sought by banker Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia wants him to wed her directly. He can not do this, as he has no funds. Stilliter and Barclay introduce Celestia to a center of wealth mining men, who agree to cash Celestia's check.

at all over the country and even in England and on the continent. In New York Barclay was not only a financial, but a social leader. Once a year he gave a great ball, to which everybody who was invited went, unless sickness or some other major cause had laid them by the heels. But it is not here a question of Barclay's great ball. Those who looked levelly at him or up to him in a social way felt that he had set the stamp of approval on the girl from heaven and made much of her.

Celestia was showered with invitations, most of which she declined. But she did not decline them all. It was her duty she felt to convert to her cause all sorts and conditions of men and women, the man who had been born with a golden spoon in his mouth and the man who had been raised with a revolver in his hip pocket.

Now, although Celestia moved on a calm level of democracy, loving almost all men alike, she found in the ways and houses of the rich more opportunities to be amused and joyous than in the houses of the poor. If the rich were worthless as a class, she had to admit their cleverness in concealing it. And many of them she could not but believe were in love with righteousness. They feted her and made much of her.

She was asked to speak in the ballroom of a great house overlooking Central park. The invitation to do so was instigated by Mary Blackstone, but Celestia did not know this and the name signed to the note of invitation was one which tempted her to accept. It was a name which above all others stood, in the opinion of the man in the street for all that is richest and most foolish.

To this function, Tommy Barclay was among those invited (all part of Mary Blackstone's plan), but though he yearned to be wherever Celestia was, in spite of their latest quarrel, he was too busy tramping the streets of New York in search of a job to accept. Mary had hoped that among those to the manner born, Celestia, in spite of her genuine good looks and magnetic voice would appear insignificant if not impossible.

But the other heirs in that audience went out to Celestia. She gathered hearts as Ellen Terry used to, as Madame Due. And as for the minds in that audience, for there actually were minds, and sound ones, these felt the privilege of having been among the first to realize that a new day might very well be about to dawn upon a dark world. Men and women there were present who highly resolved that never, never would they do so and so again. Some kept their resolutions for several days; others for long periods of time. Merely the intention of living more wisely and more righteously is not perhaps enough, but God knows it is something.

She finished speaking, her hands dropped to her sides, and her eyes, well, though they had been open all along, they seemed to open, and she looked almost frightened and puzzled. A roar of applause rose, and in the bank of the room, Prof. Stilliter, who had been under a great strain wiped the sweat from his brow.

Celestia came down from the platform, very shyly and the men began to crowd about her, and to shake her hand. They crowded about to tell her that they loved her, that her cause was theirs, that when the time came she could count upon them for money and for service.

The love's low-browed face crowned with the strong dark hair, the steady, kind, unflinching eyes were like a command that had to be obeyed. Celestia never began at the beginning of a speech. She never arrived by accident. She never started at being asked to

speak, or astonishment at perceiving so many upturned faces. Nor did she start by saying what she was going to talk about when she really did not get started. At the point where Celestia began, another would have been half through. She plunged right into the heart of things with a compelling sweetness and seriousness that were irresistible.

For the most part Celestia stood with her hands lightly clasped behind her back. She rarely made a gesture of any sort, and never a gesture which for one moment drew attention from her words, her voice or indeed her beauty.

In that crowd of listeners only one heart and understanding were unmoved. Mary Blackstone had an inkling of the secrets concerning Celestia. She knew that her own father would not profess to believe a voice that had suddenly risen among the people unless it was to his interest to do so. And, when not only her father professed belief, but the man to whom she was engaged and each colossus of the business world at Barclay and Sturtevant, Mary, in the American phrase, "began to smell a rat."

Woman Retains Charm, Only Illusion Lost

Modern Girl, with Skill and Intelligence, Fully as Attractive to Man as Her Grandmother in Youthful Days

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man writer in a recent periodical expresses the opinion that the reason there is a decline and falling off in matrimony is because the modern woman is less charming to man than her grandmother was, and consequently less desirable.

It is a sad thing that women have climbed down from the pedestal from the veneration that they have occupied for eight centuries, that men have no longer any illusions concerning women being an angelic creature, who is more moral, more spiritual, and of finer clay than her brothers, and he wants to know what attractions, based on reality, she can offer in place of those lost illusions to charm the male into matrimony.

This misogynist thinks that under the new conditions of the higher education and economic independence of women, there is to be a period of sex indifference, the diminution of marriage, and with increasing fact friendship between men and women, that will not lead to the altar, will take the place of love and romance.

One might say, in answer to this contention, that the marriage which is based on delusion, and which other party enters into under a misapprehension as to what the party of the other part is and the qualities that party possesses, is a marriage founded on fraud, that is bound to end disastrously. Certainly the man who marries a woman under the impression that she is a superior being, and not just a human being, subject to exactly the same weaknesses and temptations, and filled with the same faults as he is, is due to have a bitter awakening.

The fierce, white light that beats about the breakfast table puts every chimera to flight, and we see and know people as they really are. We see their souls in negligence before they put on their powder, and their paint, and their stiffs, and girls themselves up to make a bluff before the world.

Therefore, the marriage that was founded on illusion was bound to come to grief, and if it is true that men have quit preferring themselves to be deceived into thinking they were marrying angels when they were just getting everyday sort of women, so much the better. It will cut down the number of divorcees.

stance, great fragility and delicacy in a woman were considered highly admirable. In the novels of that time, which fairly represent the ideals of that age, the heroine spent much of her time as an interesting invalid lying on the sofa; she fainted at the sight of a drop of blood, and when she tottered abroad for a little stroll she always leaned heavily on the hero's arm.

Can you picture any young man of today being charmed by that type of young person? You can't. Nobody can. He'd call her sickly, and leave her to her trained nurse and a sanatorium. The type of girl that the modern young man falls for is the husky young woman who can play golf all day and dance all night, and drive a motor car, and give first aid to the injured if anybody gets hurt, and who is in no more danger of swooning than he is.

Beauty has ever been supposed to be woman's one best bet, and the one thing that she could count on with which to lure men into matrimony. It is still, if it is combined with intelligence and heart, but the day of the doll-baby woman has gone forever. Nothing is more common now than to hear a man say of some woman who is merely pretty, "Oh, she's good enough to look at, I like to dance with her and to take her into dinner now and then, but heaven defend me from ever marrying something that's nothing but a living picture. I'd get so bored sitting up gazing at a woman who had nothing but a complexion and nothing on her mind but her false hair, that I'd throw things at her at the end of the first six months."

And this attitude of men towards beauty in women is universal. Recall all the wedding you've been in, in the last five years, and you will see that the woman's looks—barring actual hideousness—had little effect on the man's choice. Ninety-nine per cent of the brides would never have had a look in a at a beauty show, and even the pretty ones had some other virtue than their looks to recommend them.

As for education, men are no longer afraid of the blue stocking. In fact, a cultivated man demands as a life companion a wife with sufficient intelligence to know what he's talking about, and to be able to understand his aims and aspirations. The girl who looks up into a man's eyes in an artless manner, and asks what he thinks she thinks, no longer charms, for the fool woman is as little attractive to a man as the lace ruffles grandpapa used to wear.

Nor is the economic independence of woman such a blighting curse upon a woman's chance of matrimony, as some reactionaries anticipated it would be. It may possibly destroy the illusion that woman is a clinging vine for her to be able to hustle out and get a good job, and hold it down, but that men find her less charming is amply proved by the fact that the ratio of marriage is larger among working girls than it is among money girls. Also as a rule they make better marriages.

Do You Know That

As a rule, one mile of railway takes 270 tons of rails.

A geographical name cannot be registered as a trademark.

The English Order of the Bath is so called because bathing used to be one of the ceremonies performed at the admission to knightly dignity.

"Carmen Sylva," the dowager queen of Roumania, who is an accomplished poet, makes a hobby of typewriting most of her manuscripts herself.

To find out whether a lobster is fresh put a silver spoon in the water in which it is boiled. If the spoon remains un tarnished it is safe to eat the lobster.

In the United States census of 1870 a record was obtained of the father of a family who had named his five children Inprimis, Finis, Appendix, Addendum and Erratum.

WOMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED

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Swan Creek, Mich.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When through neglect or overwork I get run down and my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a great blessing to women, and I cannot speak too highly of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."—Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, R.F.D., No. 1, Swan Creek, Michigan.

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)