

LO, THE POOR INDIAN! THING OF THE PAST.

Canada Has Given Them Prosperity and Robbed Them of Romance.

Winnipeg, Canada.—Canada has transformed its Indians. It has robbed them of romance, but it has given them prosperity.

Eagle Feather, the old Chief, cranks his automobile in front of his farmhouse. He climbs into the seat behind the wheel.

"Come on, children," he calls, "or you'll be late for school."

Five happy-faced youngsters romp out of doors, kiss their mamma goodbye on the front porch and the machine puffs off along the road through the wheat fields and orchards for the little red schoolhouse. Old Eagle Feather drives back home and does a day's plowing.

That's the Canadian Indian today. Gone are the glories of the warpath, the paint and feathers, the yelling triumph of lifting scalp. You tell an Indian only by the color of his skin and his straight, black hair. Otherwise he is just like ordinary country folks.

"Canada has solved its Indian problems," said William Graham, Commissioner of Indian Affairs of western Canada. "Canada has civilized him."

"The Canadian Indian today is an educated farmer. He is a Christian and goes to church regularly every Sunday—often drives there with his family in his automobile. His children go to school. He makes his living by cultivating the soil. He is as good a farmer as his white neighbors—sometimes a better one. Government agricultural experts visit him periodically. They teach him the latest scientific methods of cultivating the land. Many Indians are agronomists in the highest cultural sense. The new generation is keen to learn and progress and become the equal of the white men in every way.

"The richness of Canadian soil has had much to do with changing the Indians. They have seen their white neighbors taking fortunes out of the ground with a plow and it has encouraged them to do likewise. Some of the Indians raise forty and fifty bushels of wheat on their farms and have snug bank accounts. If Canada was not such a wonderful agricultural country training the Indian into the ways of civilization might have been more difficult.

The Commissioner said there was no foundation for the common belief that the Indians were gradually dying out. The Indian population of Canada has been increasing for the last ten years. Better living conditions, education and medical attention are accountable for this. There are 100,000 Indians in Canada. Indians in western Canada put under cultivation 100,000 acres of land last year. They produced 400,000 bushels of wheat. All the Indian reserves are self-supporting.

Two thousand Indians enlisted in the Canadian army, went overseas and upheld their old warpath traditions in the war against the Hun.

IT WAS MADE IN PHILADELPHIA

When he comes home wearing that distinguished Service Medal, distinguished Service Cross or a medal awarded to sharpshooters you can tell him it was made in Philadelphia. Nearly every medal that the United States confers on the officers and enlisted men is made in the Philadelphia mint.

For the War Department alone the mint is turning out forty types of medals. Before Marshal Foch, Haig and Joffre and other distinguished Allied commanders received their badges of honor they were sent from that city to the War Department and afterward to the army headquarters abroad. The American Distinguished Service Medal was called by Marshal Foch the handsomest military decoration awarded.

About five hundred of these medals of bronze and brilliant blue enamel are made every week in this city, and after they are received and approved by the War Department are shipped to the camps and army headquarters at home and abroad.

About five hundred Distinguished Service Crosses are made in Philadelphia every week. Nearly six thousand of these have gone from the Mint. The small squares of bronze are treated rough. Under the die in a huge hydraulic press capable at the beginning of exerting one hundred pounds' pressure the bit of metal is placed again and again until at the last or tenth impression it receives 250 tons' pressure.

The piece of bronze, now stamped to conform with the design of the die, is taken to a machine where the workmen cut out the cross. The cross is received by workmen who made for it little bars, from which it is suspended. Ribbons are attached, and the decoration is placed in a box ready for delivery.

The United States Navy Medal of Honor and various kinds of medals which are awarded for sharpshooting marksmanship and other honors of service are manufactured at the Mint. The authorities at the Mint in addition to manufacturing these medals are busy with orders for 10,000 Mexican Service medals, attractive bronze discs for men who were in the Vera Cruz expedition.

Now that the Peace Conference at Paris has approved the award of a medal to every man who served in any of the Allied armies, the Philadelphia Mint may be called on to manufacture medals by the million.

The so-called daylight saving plan, which was put into effect last year for the first time and which met with complete, general approval, does not need any action by Congress or any other body to make it effective for this and succeeding years. The Act of Congress provides that the clocks were to be set ahead an hour on the last Sunday of March at 2 a. m. last year "and each succeeding year." The daylight saving plan therefore goes into effect automatically this year.

MUSIC AUDITORIUMS IN MEMORY OF DEAD.

Of the multitudinous suggestions lying about these days for memorials of war service, none is more reasonable than that which looks toward the building of great music auditoriums.

When everything is said and done, it really was remarkable how much the singing of patriotic music in community aided us in our scampers of preparation for the war. The spirit desired was born. We sang, and our nerves tingled, and determination flushed in us. Such music may not have been the noblest technical plan, but it did its work.

That splendid permanent halls for music should be erected in memory of the deeds of our various bodies of soldiery, therefore, seems not unfitting. Practically every State, every municipality, in the country is going to do something. San Francisco, Milwaukee and Syracuse, in particular, so far, are agitating for music auditoriums. In a smaller way, Pueblo, Col., is going to install a pipe organ, in memory of the Pueblo county dead, in the new City Hall.

As the city nearest to us, Syracuse is of interest, with its very large project. The hall contemplated there is expected to cost more than a million dollars, and will be a great civic center.

In addressing the Syracuse Chamber of Commerce and congratulating them upon the progressive attitude of their city, John C. Freund, president of the Music Alliance, said:

"No more fitting memorial can be given to those who have died for the cause than these structures. The day of triumphal arches, statues and fountains is passing. Our time demands that which is vital, that which gives service, that which is distinctly human in its touch and in its appeal."

If, for instance, the setting apart of the week surrounding Washington's Birthday for a big annual "sing" is to go through, the use of such great memorial music halls would aid materially in the celebration.

This year the week from February 16 to February 22 is being observed in this fashion.

Wonders of Trinidad.

"A wonderfully momentous place is Trinidad," said Charles R. Tuck, curator of the Philadelphia Museum. "Trinidad is 2000 miles south of New York. It is smaller than the State of Delaware, having an area of about 1755 square miles, yet there are many miles of unexplored and unused land."

"Some of the largest cocoa industries in the world are in Trinidad, the annual production being 60,000,000 pounds or more, representing an average valuation of \$67,000,000. Next to that comes sugar, the total being \$2,500,000 worth in a fair year. Other agricultural enterprises are the production of rubber, bananas, coconuts and other tropical fruits. The production of rubber has grown very greatly. The rubber industry in Trinidad is just beginning, but it is beginning in the right way."

"Trinidad is better known for the production of asphalt than for anything else. It has one of the most curious lakes in the world—a lake of pitch. You can go on that lake, wade over it, and even pick up the pitch and scarcely soil your hand. It is a very peculiar kind of pitch."

"Geologically considered, Trinidad is part of the South American mainland. It is not regarded as one of the Antilles, being an island by itself. The exploitation of its asphalt deposits is very largely a Philadelphia enterprise. A law of Trinidad says the deposits must be worked by British capitalists. There is a company organized under the laws of Great Britain, with offices in London, the New Trinidad Asphalt company of London, but when you come down to the final analysis it is a Philadelphia concern, after all."

"There are about 300,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly 200,000 are Hindus, 80,000 negroes and 20,000 whites."

Woman's Eye for Color.

The entrance of chemically trained men into the army munition plants and dye industries of the United States has created a labor shortage in the laboratories of the commercial chemist. To meet this contingency, women are being pressed into service as laboratory assistants. The type of work for which the women are fitted appears to be routine determinations, such as silicon, evolution sulphur and color carbon. At one leading plant all tests are run in duplicate until sufficient confidence can be placed in the ability of the women to do accurate work. By observing the results of numerous duplicate determinations which have extended over a period of several months it appears that the new co-workers are extremely accurate in the use of the analytical balance. The same applies to filtering and titration. The results obtained for color carbon were fully as good. In titration work the women are able to distinguish the end points with ease. This is equally true in matching colors. Their work is characterized by neatness and order.—American Exporter.

Coal Regulations to End First of March.

Washington.—The last of the wartime coal regulations of the Fuel Administration still in force will be suspended March 1, if the present comparatively mild weather continues, said an announcement by Fuel Administrator Garfield. These prohibit the shipment of coal for reconignment and require all shippers of coal moving to tidewater at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Hampton Roads, to consign such shipments to the Tidewater Coal exchange.

Suspension of the requirements compelling shippers to operate through the Tidewater exchange, the announcement said, will not affect the continued operation of this exchange through any voluntary arrangements made by shippers and the railroad administration.

It also was announced that the Fuel Administration would retain a skeleton organization "ready for expansion for any emergency."

RAISED OWN CORN.

How American Boys in France Got Delicacy.

You should have seen the soldiers raising garden truck for Christmas. The climate of France was strange to them, as was the soil, and some of the vegetables that please the French palate, according to Sterling Heilig in an exchange.

But the American buddies took up winter trucking with a will.

Nobody ever raised green corn down there in winter. "Nor in summer, very much, either," answered the buddies. A few natives used to raise it to sell to Americans of Paris, but they had never tried to eat it, though they raised much yellow corn for meal and fodder. Last summer the doughboys in certain hospital truck farm districts resolved to have the real thing. At Bordeaux, where they were particularly successful, roasting ears were furnished to the private car of Secretary Baker when he made his trip to France. And it was from the secretary of war's recommendations, they say, that the great American truck farm movement in France quit Red Cross awarding clothes and became generalized from fighting front to resting rear.

In the south of France winter is a good deal like summer, and they raise almost anything. Heroes of St. Mihiel were betting that they would have green corn for Christmas—and the French natives bet against them.

Most of the gardeners were convalescents, wounded at St. Mihiel, and hungry for the fresh green things they expected to eat presently. Only those who have been deprived of green stuff so long that they shy at the sight of a tin can are able to appreciate the value of these real war gardens. For, the fighting over, eating goes on, and when rutabagas that father used to feed to the cows cost 40 cents a pound, the food problem is clearly stated to every man in the army.

The surgeons say the convalescent heroes of Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel need the garden work as much as they need the garden truck. Get the man out, even for half a day, in the light work of truck farming, and you get him out of himself—and away from sitting around hospitals, listening to wounds being dressed and troubles talked over. High British and Australian neurosis authorities agree, absolutely, that working the soil will work more cures than any other treatment.

In the army farming in France many see a forerunner of what will happen when Uncle Sam gives little government farms to his veterans on their return.

"We find that the American truck farmer," says a worker, "after he has talked a little with French truckers and has the lay of the land, turns out better than the Frenchman—by up-to-date methods. Side by side, the little American truck farms in France are superior to truck farms under French gardeners in the suburbs of French cities. It is absolutely demonstrated."

Animals Fear Airships.

All animals are terrified by airships. Partridge, quail and other game birds crouch and hide, while domestic fowl utter loud warning notes the instant they perceive the monstrous bird of prey.

The Swedish aeronaut, Van Hofken, while sailing at a moderate elevation, observed that elk, foxes, hares and other wild animals fled at his approach, and that the dogs ran, howling, into the houses.

While the Zeppelin III was going from Dusseldorf to Essen the aeronauts on board noted that horses and cattle galloped frantically over the fields on catching sight of the airship.

Preserving French Treasures.

Little is no exception to the rule that every French center of population has its museum and every such museum has in it something of unique interest. The Palais des Beaux Arts there contained before the war the well-known "Tete de Cire," or rather, head of a girl, in terra cotta and wax, which tradition had ascribed to many artists but without any assurance as to the attributions. The wax head was removed from the museum to a place of safety before the Teutonic invaders entered the city early in the war.

Considerable Kicking.

My brother, who was a private at Camp Hancock, was told to harness a team of mules and go several miles out of camp for some hay for the horses. He had never had any experience in doing farm work, but he saluted and went about the task. We knew not how he succeeded, excepting in his next letter he informed us that by night the mules had kicked a perfectly good government harness to leathery ribbons.—Exchange.

Hopeful.

"Gadspur looks more cheerful these days than I have seen him in a long time."

"Yes, poor fellow, I hate to disillusion him, so I avoid him as much as possible."

"What do you mean?" "He thinks because the war is over the cost of living will soon come down and he will be able to live on his salary again."

Little Rivers Important.

In his war ode Dr. van Dyke remains loyal to "little rivers." In his book, "Little Rivers," he has already made little rivers as interesting as the little drops of water that make the mighty ocean. Freedom begins at the source.

FOUND OLD INDIAN VILLAGE.

Interesting Relics, Believed to Be Centuries Old, Recently Unearthed in New York State.

Relics of an Indian village, said to have its origin as early as 1575, have been discovered in Clason Point, the Bronx, according to an announcement made by the Museum of the American Indian, Heye foundation. The discovery was made by Alan B. Skinner, archaeologist of the foundation. The discovery is regarded as a very important one by the members of the foundation. Research establishes that the village was probably inhabited by natives of the Siwanoy tribe, known to very early settlers as "Snakeskins."

The research, made through the kindness of a trustee of the foundation, has established to the satisfaction of the board that the tract remained in possession of its Indian inhabitants until 1825, when it was purchased by Robert Cornell, an Englishman. Cornell's family was later massacred by the barbarian tribe. During the attack he managed to make his escape on a Dutch ship.

Mr. Skinner was making a pleasure trip through Clason Point, which is somewhat of a summer resort, last July. He noticed very large oyster shells on a mound of sand and recognized them as Indian boundary line markings. He obtained permission from the owner of the land to make a search of the ground. To the surprise of the searchers, relics of Indian life were unearthed. Costumes, beads, cooking utensils and a complete hair dress of the Siwanoy tribe were discovered. Seventy lodge sites, containing hundreds of Indian implements and tools, were also dug up.

The collection contained crude harpoons, fishhooks, carved tortoise-shell cups, bodkins and decorated pottery. Hundreds of pipes and a beautiful mold jar were discovered intact, and all are being preserved for public exhibition when the museum opens. This history speaks of the Siwanoy practice of digging sand holes and placing large quantities of food and other offerings to the "Great Snake." It was announced at the museum that the relics will be placed on exhibition at the opening of the exhibit.

Opportunity Missed.

For several years it had been my custom to make a visit on Thanksgiving afternoon at the home of my most particular friend. This last Thanksgiving I missed, as the family was to attend the community singing at 4 p. m. A few days after little Katherine dropped in to see me and asked "Why didn't you come to see us on Thanksgiving?"

"Well," I replied, "you were not at home in the afternoon."

She then asked: "Why didn't you come earlier? Why not come for dinner?"

"But," I jokingly replied, "you didn't ask me!"

"Well," she replied thoughtfully, "I think if you had come early and hung around they'd have asked you!"—Chicago Tribune.

Awaiting Instructions.

In a letter received from a cousin of mine, who is a Lieutenant in the aviation service, he tells of the following incident that happened to a cadet flyer at Kelly field. The cadet was making his first solo flight and had been flying around the towers where the instructors sit and observe the movements of the solo flyers, when he was seen throwing something out of his plane. He had thrown his shoe out with a note tied to it saying that his "gun" or gas throttle was jammed, and he didn't know what to do. He flew around the towers ten times before he realized that he had a magnet switch on his plane that would shut off the ignition and thus stop the engine. He finally landed with a dandy "thump."—Chicago Tribune.

Conscience.

It was plain to be seen that Arthur, eight years old, had something on his mind. It was something that concerned Christmas and his neighbor, Jimmy. Finally he said to his mother: "I guess I'll give Jimmy his knife for Christmas."

"Have you Jimmy's knife?" the mother inquired.

"Yes, I found it a long time ago. He thinks it's lost. But findin' keepin's, you know."

The mother made no comment, for she knew something else was coming. And then her son said:

"I might as well give it to him. I can't use it 'cause he's with me all the time."

Wheat Production.

Mean wheat production per acre in the 15 years, 1899-1913, was 42.5 bushels in Denmark, 35.4 bushels in Ireland, 35.1 bushels in Belgium, 31.5 bushels in Great Britain, 29.7 bushels in Germany, 20.2 bushels in France, 19.1 bushels in Austria, 18.1 bushels in Hungary, 16.7 bushels in Roumania, and 14.1 bushels in the United States. Bushels of measure are taken for Denmark, France, Great Britain, Ireland and Roumania; of 60 pounds for the other countries.

Family Prayers.

Nurse—James, did you know the angels have sent you another little brother?

James—Oh, bother; just ziff I don't have enough folks to pray for every night as it is.

His Species.

"Tims is a conceted man. He honestly believes he is the flower of his family."

"Well, he is their poppy, isn't he?"

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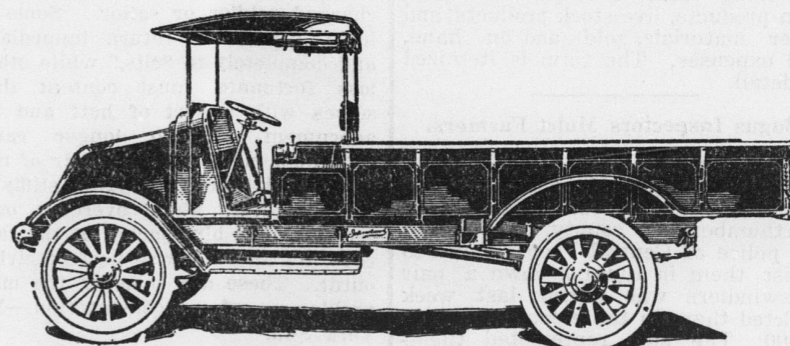
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