

UNIQUE METHODS OF COURTSHIP.

CURIOUS CUSTOM OF AN ARIZONA INDIAN TRIBE.

Young People Noted for Their Strength and Beauty—Woman Respected and the Wife Head of the Family—The Betrothal Ceremony and Marriage.

Out on the "Painted Desert," on the border line of northwestern Arizona, and extending down into Mexico, there lives a race of the most seclusive and chummy people on the race of the earth.

The Hopis are now Uncle Sam's own people, for they have their homes on his reservations; and yet few besides the Government officials who look after their welfare have even a reading acquaintance with this interesting tribe of red men, if red men they are.

It is pretty generally conceded, says the Los Angeles Times, that all the pueblo peoples of the great Painted Desert are descendants of the race or races which dotted these territories and southern Colorado with strange ledge houses and who are known as cliff dwellers; but beyond that very little is known of them, even by their next door neighbors. Dr. Elizabeth Snyder of Philadelphia is the first woman to penetrate into the heart life of the people. Recently returning from a lengthy visit among the Hopis, she brought with her a romantic love story, the enacting of which gives a clear idea of the ancient customs still strictly adhered to by these people living right in our midst.

The young people on these reservations are noted for their strength and beauty, and courtship among the Hopis is just as ardent as in civilized circles. Marriage is a sacred institution, and although separation is countenanced there can be no remarriage once a child is born to the couple. The marriageable age is 13, and it is seldom a girl marries after 17. Although a virgin is treated with perfect courtesy she does not receive the same respect as a wife.

Among the Hopis the women are held in high esteem—they are treated with a gallantry remarkable among Indians. Unlike the women of other tribes, they perform only the lightest duties and are consulted on all transactions of note. The men farm and barter; they also make the clothing and household utensils. The dressmaking is done in the kivas or underground ceremonial chambers, where stone shelves run around the room, upon which the leather, cloth, &c., are placed for cutting.

It was from young Gonorrillez, a famous Hopi beau, that Dr. Snyder gained an insight into the courtship and marriage custom of this strange race of people.

Gonorrillez loved and was loved in turn by a popular belle known as Mashong-ee, or Butterfly Wings. He had also won the affection of another young beauty, Alaxie, or Fleetfoot, and like the young gallant in song, he sighed, "How happy could I be with either were I other dear charmer away."

Both these young girls were in high favor with the parents of Gonorrillez, while

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the handsome fellow himself was thought well of by the respective mothers and fathers of Mashong-ee and Alaxie. They each pulled at his heart strings, and he found it impossible to decide between them. Finally, however, it was arranged that the matter should be decided by a corn grinding, bread making contest.

This reveals the curious proposal custom among the Hopis. When a maiden, usually between 13 and 15, has selected the young man she wishes to marry, she signifies the fact by calling upon his mother and sisters, if he has any. As the Hopis are a very sociable race and visit each other continually she is obliged to call day after day, in order that her intentions may be known, for she speaks no word of love either to members of her own family or those of her choice.

The maiden during her calls never addresses the young man nor does she mention his name, in fact he frequently does not know of her visits, being occupied afield.

When, however, the mother or sisters feel convinced of the purpose of their visitor's numerous calls, and if they are well pleased with the maiden, the young man is notified, and then commences his part of the courtship.

If the girl is agreeable to him he proceeds to hang around the vicinity of her home saluting her as she passes, and possibly carrying her jug when she goes for water. Not until she encourages him to do so does he call upon her, however, and a careful maiden usually holds her lover at a distance for three or four weeks.

The parents of both being content, the marriage is soon arranged. There is no ceremony except the making of bread for the family table in the home of the young man. This is really the betrothal rite. Beyond the wedding feast there is no marriage. The chosen son merely gathers together his belongings, which must consist of at least three blankets, one bronze bead and material for several pairs of moccasins and a small amount of money. He then takes up his abode in the bride's home, and thereby becomes her husband.

Mashong-ee and Alaxie arrived at the home of their beloved early in the morning, bringing with them the corn which they were to grind and prepare for the wedding feast. It was decided that the one completing her task first and most successfully should become the bride of Gonorrillez.

In the homes of the Hopis the chief family room serves as kitchen, dining room, corn grinding room, bedroom, parlor and reception hall. Here gathered the parents and friends of Mashong-ee and Alaxie to watch the contest. In one corner of this room, in which the two Hopi beauties strove for the man of their heart, is a quaint hooded fireplace, and here the successful maiden would cook the meal after it was ground.

The corn grinding trough is never absent in the house of the Hopis. Sometimes it is on a little raised platform, and is large or small as the family demands. The trough is composed either of wooden or stone slabs, cemented into the floor, and securely fastened at the corners with rawhide thongs. This trough is then divided into two, three or four compartments, and in each compartment a sloping slab of basalt rock is placed.

Kneeling behind this trough Mashong-ee and Alaxie, with their hair done up in virgin whorls, commenced side by side to grind the corn. They seized by both hands a narrow, flat piece of rock, and with the motion of rubbing clothes on a wash-board moved up and down over the corn, throwing a handful of grain at every few strokes on the upper side of the grinder.

Steadily the girls kept at their task all through the long morning and well into the afternoon, until Alaxie, feeling that her rival was gaining on her, and furthermore that she was being favored by Gonorrillez, threw down her grinder and sorrowfully departed to her own

home, leaving Mashong-ee a free field.

Mashong-ee then let down her hair, which had previously been fixed in the customary two large whorls which represent the squash blossom, an emblem of purity and maidenhood to the Hopis.

The grinding or betrothal ceremony continued until nightfall, when a small fire was made of coals over which an earthen olla was placed. When this was sufficiently heated the meal was stirred about in it by means of a round wicker beater, to keep it from burning. Then the feast cakes were made and refreshments were served. The festival continued three days amid much merriment, the guests coming and going at will, and always partaking of refreshment, which was kept in waiting.

When the ceremony was completed Mashong-ee bade farewell to her mother-in-law very early in the morning and returned to her old home, followed in about two hours by Gonorrillez, as was the custom.

Two weeks later Alaxie died of a broken heart; her name will never again be mentioned among her people.

On the second morning after the betrothal ceremony, Gonorrillez and Mashong-ee travelled to a hillside, carrying a pinch of ground corn in their hands. Facing the sun they awaited its rising, and when it appeared they scattered their corn and prostrated themselves in prayer.

When a child is born to them they will start house-keeping in a home of their own. Until then the wife belongs to her mother; she owes the mother work and obedience as before her marriage. The husband remains around as he did during his courtship and makes himself generally useful.

The christening ceremony is a solemn one. For nine days the mother and child are kept in the underground ceremonial chamber, where no ray of sunshine is permitted to penetrate. Before dawn on the tenth day the mother takes the little one, and accompanied by all her female relatives goes to the very edge of the precipitous mesa, the plain lying 600 feet below.

Before the sun appears a high priest in full regalia marches toward the waiting group. Priest and relatives have selected a name for the little one, and just as the sun appears the mother raises the baby high above her head with a shout. The priest calls aloud, "I devote thee to the God of Life." All the women shout aloud the names they have chosen, and the mother selects the one which pleases her best. Thus the child is named and taken into the tribe of Hopis.

The Hopi women stand above the women of the aboriginal tribes, inasmuch as they own their houses and all that they contain. They are the heads of the family, and all property is handed down to the females. The race is entirely pure. Alliance with any other tribe or with the white race is unknown in their history. The greatest care is taken in rearing the children, and large families are prayed for.

Every clan has its kiva, or ceremonial chamber, where the boys are instructed in literature, history and legends. The priests of the tribe act as instructors. They have no books, neither do they write, but they have an extensive literature, which is transmitted orally.

The costume of the women consists of a home woven robe, made by husband or father, and dyed in indigo. When made, it looks more like an Indian blanket than a dress, but when the woman throws it over her right shoulder, sews the two sides together, leaving an opening for the right arm, and then wraps one of the highly colored, finely woven sashes about her waist, the robe is picturesque and graceful indeed.

The legs and feet are generally left bare, but on ceremonial occasions buckskins, cut obliquely in two, are wrapped around the legs and fastened above the knees with thongs. Her feet are then incased in embroidered moccasins.

Although Gonorrillez, Mashong-ee and Alaxie were educated at Keams Canon Schools, one of Uncle Sam's boarding schools, established in this Painted Desert, they proved that once a Hopi means always a Hopi, for they conformed strictly to their own betrothal and marriage rites. Despite all Uncle Sam's efforts to educate them in the ways of civilization, the Hopis remain a primitive people, but there is no land where women are held in more respect, where marriage is held more sacred, where social and political laws are adhered to more closely than among this little known tribe of Indians dwelling so close to the paleface, and yet so remote from him in every respect that even the nearest neighbors know nothing of the life of these children of the Painted Desert.

SOON FORGOTTEN.

"How soon we are forgotten when we are gone," says Rip Van Winkle. This is shown by the fact that very few can give the members of the last three President's cabinets, and some have to study to name President Roosevelt's. This was tested not long ago by the members of a ladies' club in a nearby city. After an hour's study only three or four of the Cabinet officers could be called to mind and the ladies were compelled to seek some one better posted. "My husband will know," said the wife of a doctor, but the doctor replied that he was too busy to answer the question. An appeal to a lawyer resulted in an evasive answer and no enlightenment on the subject. "Well, my husband can tell us, I know," ejaculated the wife of an editor as she gave the lever of the phone a run of half a minute. "Say, Adolphus, who are the members of President Roosevelt's cabinet?" The supposed wise man at the other end of the phone studied a minute and replied: "Well, there's Hay, Root, Gage—oh, I'll be blanked if I know." Now there may be some exaggeration in this story, but in the main it is truthful and illustrates a point of some importance. Of course, a man is not necessarily wise who can name all the Popes, Kings of England, Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States, and so

on, still, not to know the names of those who comprise the cabinet of a living President indicates a carelessness about public affairs of any intelligent people, which should not be the case. Liberty is soon lost when people either refrain from voting or do not even know the names of those officials professional politicians do elect.—Lancaster Examiner.

SEVEN THOUSAND GOOD FARMS

The biggest bunch of farms that Uncle Sam will ever have to present, in a single batch, to his sons and daughters, is to be parceled out the middle of next summer. Seven thousand farms of 160 acres each in the Big Horn and Yellowstone valleys of Montana, with irrigation ditches prepared in advance by the government, will constitute this prize distribution. It will be the first distribution of irrigated lands, and the plan is to apportion among those who take the lands the cost of the irrigation works. The exact date for opening these lands, which are now part of the great 4,000,000-acre tract constituting the Crow Indian reservation, has not yet been fixed by Presidential proclamation. A number of details including the upset price on the lands, are to be settled. But it is determined that the opening will be made as soon as the irrigation works are carried to a point near completion.

This tract of ceded lands extends over 150 miles along the Big Horn and Yellowstone rivers, and is to be turned into an irrigated paradise. It has been declared by engineers that here is the most nearly ideal piece of territory for irrigation purposes that investigation has yet discovered. There is plenty of water, its supply is sure, the grades are just right for its distribution; and the land is of great fertility. People who secure farms will have the advantage of settling, not in a new and unbroken country, but amongst the best neighbors in the West. They are the Crow Indians, it is true; but they are the most civilized tribe in the country, and the richest community, of its numbers, in America. Once a warlike tribe, for two generations they have been the friends of the white man, and have tried earnestly to become civilized. An interesting fact about the new opening is that the lands include as a national park the historic last battlefield of General Custer. The Crow is now the largest reservation in the country, and Commissioner Richards of the general land office does not anticipate that there will ever be another land opening at which so large an area of land will be offered. The lands in this case will be offered by the lottery plan, which has been, on the whole, very satisfactory in recent experiments; but a number of changes will be made in the methods. Among these, it is expected, will be a stronger guarantee of good faith than the \$5 registration fee charged for the Rosebud and Devil's Lake openings. This is to be done because so large a proportion of those who drew lands at those openings did not take their prizes.

In the present case it is the wish to assure that, so far as possible, every person who draws a quarter section shall without delay become an actual settler. This problem is a hard one, and not yet worked out. No less than 160,000 people registered for the Rosebud drawing, though only 1,940 farms were offered. Out of that great total of 160,000 there were doubtless five times as many people anxious to become bona fide settlers, as there were farms offered. The rest were speculators, gambling on the chance of drawing a townsite and making a fortune. Yet today not nearly half the Rosebud lands are occupied or claimed. It is proposed to give the good-faith settlers all the chance of winning possible in the Crow drawing.—Yankton (S. D.) Star, Boston Transcript.

An Economist.

Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston millionaire, believes that it is rather thru enterprise and originality than through economy that financial success may be attained. "The time is past," he said the other day, "for such economy as used to be practiced by an old Boston restaurateur who recently died. 'This old fellow was economical to excess, but while he pattered about his kitchen trying to make one egg do the work of two, his neighbor across the way was introducing a roof garden and a mandolin orchestra, and the economist, I understand, hardly left enough on his demise to pay his debts. 'He was, beyond any doubt, an economist. A couple of plumbers were working one day in his cellar. It was too dark down there to see, and the men asked for some light. 'Well,' said the old fellow, 'here's a candle. Make it go as far as you can.' 'One candle won't do,' said the plumbers. 'It won't give us sufficient light. We must have two.' 'The old man knit his brows and thought. 'How long, boys, will you be working down there?' he said. 'About fifteen minutes,' said the plumbers. 'Then,' said the restaurateur, 'cut the candle in two.'"

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Of the four young women who received the doctor's degree at the University of Berlin last year, two were Americans, one Australian and one German.

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ON THE ISTHMUS.

CONGRESSMAN RYAN TELLS OF INTERESTING CONDITIONS PREVAILING THERE.

WORK TO BE DONE.

The United States Government Already is Busy Making Radical and Important Reforms.

Congressman W. H. Ryan, who returned to Buffalo recently for a brief stay, after a month's absence from the city, has some interesting things to tell about the conditions on the Isthmus of Panama. Mr. Ryan made a trip to Panama with the members of the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce. The object of the trip was to gather information which would be useful in formulating legislation, and in this respect the committee's visit was very successful.

Mr. Ryan declares that the United States government got a bargain when it paid \$10,000,000 for the Panama canal concession and the rights and properties of the French company, otherwise known as the De Lesseps company. Among the things acquired by the United States in this deal were a railroad property worth \$2,000,000, a steamboat line, fine pipes and other property in the shape of dredges, rolling stock, etc. Mr. Ryan says the De Lesseps Company had a fine plant in operation. It appears, however, that executive ability was sadly lacking in the administration of the company's affairs. For instance, at one point on the canal, the United States authorities found a \$600,000 Belgian dredge entirely hidden by vegetation. Furthermore, the French company had a machine and blacksmith shop worth \$500,000, and this was found to be in good condition when the United States acquired the property. The railroad property is said to be in good shape, and it includes 3,500 dumping cars, besides thousands of drills and other tools.

If it wasn't for the United States government, the present government in Panama wouldn't last 24 hours, according to Mr. Ryan. The standing army of the Panama republic consists of 25 negroes.

Sanitary conditions on the isthmus are in frightful shape. Drinking water is rain water which is caught in big tanks. There are no wells and no waterworks. Nearly every store, be it a department store or jeweler's shop, has a saloon for an annex. And in that country it is almost as good as fatal to drink liquor. The United States engineers are now constructing a waterworks system at Colon and at Panama. The swamps are being drained. The saloons will be cleared out. City streets will be paved.

The unpaved condition of the streets tends to bad sanitary conditions. The average rainfall is 120 inches a year. During the rainy season the streets are rivers of mud. Then comes the dry season when there is no rain, and street traffic must work its way through rivers of dust.

The work to be done by the United States on the isthmus is stupendous. A single cut through a mountain that lies in the route of the proposed canal will necessitate the removal of enough earth to cover five square miles to a depth of twenty feet. The United States has just shipped one powerful dredge to Panama, and thirteen more dredges are to be shipped there at the rate of one a month. These dredges will be turned over to the contractors at their appraised value when the contracts are left.

Mr. Ryan says an arbitrary form of government will have to be established in the so-called canal zone. He says that there are about 9,000 persons living in the zone, most of them being negroes, Indians, Spaniards and half-breeds. As a general thing they are of a low order of intelligence, shiftless and do not care who governs them. It is hinted that Gen. Davis, who has had much experience in tropical countries as governor of Porto Rico, may be the first governor general of the canal zone and that if he is selected he will have large powers.

ARE WHALES COMING BACK.

A whale eighty feet long was blown ashore on the Maine coast in the storm of Sunday, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. A whale seventy feet long was washed ashore on the Atlantic coast three weeks ago. A whale of large size cruised along the Massachusetts coast last summer. Whalers from the North have just returned to San Francisco with more blubber and bone than have been brought in for several years.

These facts raise the question, Are whales as scarce in their old habitats as whalers have supposed? It is known that when the whalers of the seventeenth century raided the Northern haunts of the whale in Spitzbergen waters the whales disappeared, but were found on the coast of Greenland.

From 1690 to 1740 whales were so numerous off the New England coast and in the bays that whale fishery was prosecuted in boats from the shore. After 1740 the whales began to leave the New England coast, going north and south to waters unfrequented by man. Later, the whalers followed them to the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans, and for sixty years the colder seas have been the hunting grounds of the whalers, the supply decreasing so rapidly as to cause many to believe that the species would become extinct in the next fifty years.

Possibly the whales, having been pursued from their old haunts to the Arctic Ocean, and having been driven from that coast and to other waters frequented by them 100 and 200 years ago. There is not one whaling vessel in commission now where there were fifty a hundred years ago, and there is less inducement to activity in whale fishery.

Ten whales are killed now where a thousand were slaughtered in the eighteenth century, simply because the whalers cannot find the whales. But while our small whaling fleet has been cruising this summer in the frozen seas three whales have been washed ashore of the New England coast, and the presumption is that they were not the only ones on the coast.

This is a small showing compared with the old time abundance when whales 100 feet long and yielding thirty tons of oil were frequently caught. As late as 1832 ninety-eight whales were driven into the harbor of Stonyona, Lewis Island, by men in small boats, and all captured in single day. Neither in American nor European waters will whales ever be abundant, but it is possible that having been driven from the Arctic seas they are again seeking their old haunts.

ORIGIN OF KISSING.

Why do we kiss?

More correctly, the question should read, "Why do we kiss nowadays?" For the kiss as an expression of love and affection is in all likelihood a relatively new "invention." Neither Homer nor Hesiod knew of the kiss in our sense.


Hector, on bidding farewell to Andromache, does not kiss her, nor does Paris kiss Helen. Odysseus, the much traveled and much beloved, did not learn kissing from either the fair Calypso or the magician Circe, and on his return he greet his wife, Penelope, with a simple embrace, but not with a kiss. Neither Sarsaparilla nor the hieroglyphics have a name for the kiss. Cesare Lombroso, the famous Italian physiologist, traces the origin of kissing to the natives of Terra de Fuego (Peshers), with whom it is a kind of motherly nursing of the little ones. They do not know the use of drinking vessels, but drink directly from the spring, and when they cannot reach the water with their lips they imbibe it by means of a stalk or tube. With this method of drinking water the little one would have to perish for thirst; the mother therefore recurs to the expedient of filling her own mouth with water and by pressing her lips upon her child's gives it the refreshing draught. From this motherly "mouth to mouth" drinking the practice of kissing is said to have evolved. According to others, the very first kiss had its origin in the observation and imitation of the way the bird feeds and caresses their young. The great naturalist Darwin, however, thinks the kissing is inborn to the white race, as we kiss for the simple reason that we want to come in contact with the beloved person. The pleasure derived from such contact is also manifested by sentimentalities, such as Lapps and New Zealanders, by rubbing their nose against one another; while other people obey the same instinct by rubbing one other's chest or arms, or stroking the own faces with the hands and feet of others.

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