

ANTIAN SENTIMENT KEEPS
ACE WITH PROGRESS.

oric Civilizations Had to
mble Away Because There
Was No Spiritual Side

York letter: The first Christ-
the Twentieth Century dawns
ously for the world.

on earth and good will toward
appears to be as near to its reali-
as at any time during the past

illa warfare in South Africa and
Philippines are the only clouds
the otherwise peaceful horizon if
get the little revolution going
the two small republics to the
of us which are all the time more
engaged in such bellicose dem-
onstrations. Progress throughout
seems to be making rapid strides
particularly does it seem that the
be manifest everywhere is a cor-
the march of Christianity.

pite of the set back to the mis-
caused by the Boxer movement
the sun will not rise upon any
the coming Christmas morning
it will fall to lighten the spire
christian church or mission.

national festival Christmas
to be continually gaining ground
esteem and feelings of modern
The years as they roll by only
to crystallize and hallow the sen-
which sustains it.

of the primitive customs con-
with the great holiday may be
out but the spirit which they per-
has grown stronger with the

Christmas the country breezes
to more ears the glad sound of
church bells, bearing the refrain
Christmas hope—that glorious clang-
which as Kingsley describes awoke
the "in the calm of the wild
in the moor."

alone had the Jewish prophets
id this Messianic epoch, but the
of the far east had divined the
of a Great Prophet on earth,
the Chinese Emperor Min ac-
cunder the advice of his astrologers
an embassy to meet him. Had
ambassy ever reached Judea the
of the world's civilization might
been reversed. China today would
been the center of Christian pro-
and modern enlightenment while
rest would gradually have been
ing inspirations from her instead
the leader as she is today.

Christmas day therefore is a celebra-
which all who are enjoying the
of civilization can enjoy heart-
ily whatever their religious prefer-
ences may be.

changes of the Christmas bells
an inspiration to aspirations that
have been dumb today had they
sounded, although it is doubtful
if we celebrate is anywhere
being the anniversary of the
Jesus Christ.

Christian celebration seems rath-
er adapted itself to the date of
great yearly Pagan celebration,
upon the return of the "fiery sun"
from which the Celts and Goths
ed they could trace the personal
ments and interferences on earth
ir leading deities, Odin, Berchta
thers.

most all the heathen nations re-
al the winter solstice as a most
tant event of the year, it being
point of renewed life and activity
powers of nature and of the gods,
were originally only the symbol-
ersonification of these.

of the greatest difficulties with
the early Christian Fathers had
ntend was the tendency of the
e at the early celebrations of
tmas to mingle with them the old
n rites and ritual. In order to
ively counteract these influences
liturgy was devised and dramatic
entations of the birth of Christ
the leading events of his life were
duced.

this manner came up the manger
and a vast collection of carols
dramas dealing with the birth of
st, some of which subsequently
erated into farces and fool's play
h these also originated at a later
the custom of providing Christ-
Christmas trees for the children,
h laden with reciprocal gifts, in-
ing special meats and dishes,
tmas rolls, cakes, currant-loaves,
plings etc. In this way Christmas
me a festival for all, for young and
rich and poor and high and low.
he modern celebration of Christ-
mas curtailing of the old Yule
observances which lasted from the
ter solstice, December 25th to Jan-
5th, the feast occupying twelve
days, in which profoundly supersti-
ous rites mingled with the most re-
markable orgies.

the comparison between the observ-
e of the old pagan feast, with its
aded competition of the proposed
on of the gods and its terrifying
of in their power to work evil from
ch there was appeal, and the simple
istmas celebration of the present
filled with the cheerful hopefulness
which a reliance in the power of
Saviour has given us, is one which
its own story and echoes the
utiful sentiment breathed out in the
pnant voices of the Christmas bells.

LINDLEY FORSTER, D.D.

Chicago has a boy of 4 who has al-
ly secured his claim to go thunders-
down the ages. He smokes black
ars, which will probably ruin his
lth, but is compensated for this by
ring his name in the newspapers for
ut a week or two.

Herbert C. Hoover is one of the high-
salaried men of his years in the in-
dustrial world. At the age of 29 he is
receipt of \$33,000 annually for his
vices as a mining expert.

A FAMOUS WARRIOR

OKEMOS, THE NOTED CHIEF OF
THE OTTAWAS.

Fought for British in War of 1812
Under a Colonel's Commission
—His Boast.

From the Detroit Free Press: Okemo-
s, the famous chief of the Ottawas,
was the greatest warrior who ever
held sway in Michigan. He possessed
indomitable courage, was a born fight-
er, a natural commander and leader, a
strategist in battle and had real mili-
tary genius. In every way he was a
remarkable man and a typical Indian.

Okemos was born on what was
known in later times as Knaggs' reser-
vation, on the Shiawassee river, in
Michigan. He went early to live on
Grand river, at Shimlincon, 24 miles
from Lansing, on what was afterward
the great trail from Detroit to Grand
Rapids. He claimed to be of blood re-
lationship to Pontiac.

Okemos commanded the war party
of Ottawas, who, with other Indians,
defeated General Arthur St. Clair on
the Miami river in 1791. He was also
in the battle on the Maumee river,
Aug. 20, 1794, when the Indians suf-
fered a severe defeat by General An-
thony Wayne. He was also in the
battle of Tippecanoe, Nov. 5, 1811.

In the war with Great Britain in
1812, Okemos fought for the British
under a colonel's commission. Early
in 1813 Okemos, with an Ottawa chief,
Cariback, and Okemos' brother, Stand-
ing-Up-Devil, commanded a war party
who set out to join General Proctor,
who was then on his march toward
Fort Stephenson, on the Sandusky river.

When they reached Seneca plains, six miles
from Fremont, they met Captain Ball,
with a strong detachment of dragoons,
sent to aid in defense of the fort. Okemo-
s saw that the Americans were too
strong for his braves to attack, and
they hastily concealed themselves in
the brush, and would have been secure
had it not been for a young buck, who
could not restrain himself and fired
upon the dragoons as they had gotten
well past where the Indians were con-
cealed. The dragoons wheeled and
charged and a desperate hand-to-hand
battle took place, which resulted in ev-
ery Indian falling. Okemos fought with
his usual reckless courage, and was
among the last to fall, with a saber cut
in his head, his shoulder blade cut
through and a gunshot in his side.

Okemos did not recover consciousness
until in the night, when he gave the
low Ottawa signal whoop and received
an answer. It was repeated and an-
swered a second time, when, by creep-
ing and rolling, he succeeded in reach-
ing the spot whence the answer came,
and found his brother, Standing-Up-
Devil.

In telling the story to old pioneers
Okemos used to say: "The devil
couldn't stand up any more." The two
found another wounded warrior, and
after a time the three succeeded in
crawling down to the river, drank their
fill of water and washed the blood out
of their wounds. They found an old
canoe, and crawling into it floated down
the river until they were found by
friendly Indians and rescued. Those
three Indians were the sole survivors of
the battle.

As soon as Okemos was able to travel
he returned to his home on Grand river.
The fight on Seneca plains was
early in 1813. He recovered from his
wounds so as to take the warpath in
the fall, and was in the battle of the
Thames, Oct. 5, 1813, when General W.
H. Harrison defeated General Proctor,
and where Tecumseh was killed. In
this battle he was again severely wound-
ed. This was his last fight against the
Americans. After the battle of the
Thames he returned to his Grand river
home to recover from his wounds, and
was not again seen in Detroit until the
spring of 1814, when he presented him-
self to General Godfrey, the interpreter
at the fort, and said: "Now I make
peace and fight no more, Chemogemon
too much for Indians. Me plenty fight
enough." Colonel Godfrey took the chief
to General Cass, and through him upon
one side and Okemos upon the other, a
formal treaty of peace was concluded
between that band of the tribe of Otta-
was which Okemos commanded and the
United States. He kept his word and
never fought again.

The little village of Okemos, six
miles east of Lansing, on the Cedar river,
bears his name, and the old chief
lived there with a portion of his band
at times, and many of his tribesmen
are buried there. He died Dec. 5, 1858,
in a favorite camp on the Looking
Glass river, five miles northeast of De-
Witt, Clinton county, and was buried
at Shimlincon, on the Grand river, the
next day. At the time of his death he
was over 100 years old.

AMOS RUSIE, THE PITCHER.

Once Star of Baseball World Giggling
Trenches at Muncie, Ind.

"Amos Rusie, laborer, \$1.50 per day,"
are the words that appear on the time-
book of the Muncie Water Works com-
pany.

The "king of pitchers" is a laborer,
a digger of ditches, and says he never
has known the pleasure in life he now
experiences since he has taken up his
calling. At night he goes to his little
cottage, where he dwells happily with
the wife who once was compelled to
secure a divorce, but who remarried
him.

"My arm seems to have gone back
on me," Rusie said, with a touch of
pathos, as he was talking reminiscen-
tly with a party of friends concerning
his baseball experiences, "but I am
leading a good, clean, life, and I am
the last to need any one's pity. I

guess, though, my baseba-
over."

Mrs. Rusie is happy. It
who always objected to
ball player, because it was
days of his greatest success
diamond that her life was mad-
Rusie's salary was once

days are
was she
being a
during the
in the dia-
miserable.
000 a sea-
son.

Little Jimmy Red Eagle and his
brothers peeped from under their red
blankets long before Christmas morn-
ing. They had an eye about the tepee, but not
filled with presents, for Jimmy and his
brothers learned these many years ago
that Santa Claus never came to tepees.
In the first place, there is no chimney in
the tepee, and, second, there is no fire-
place. The tepee was responsible for this,
which buzzed in their little ears and made
them sad. But the Red Eagle boys and girls
were not discouraged because Santa had not
come to their tepee, and forthwith made
arrangements to go to him.

On the Indian reservations of the Southwest
Santa comes to school houses dotted here
and there along the trail. The teachers
arranged for his visit these every Christ-
mas, and that day is spent under the
roof of plenty—distributed presents that
have been left here by unseen persons.
It is a day of good cheer for these little
brown people, who do not know much
pleasure, and boys forget their bashful-
ness and the girls in the show their presents.
The teachers set out a dainty lunch, such
as is not known in tepee life, and the little
fellows and their sisters gorge themselves.
The afternoon is spent in entertainment,
partly by the boys and partly by the
older girls. A neat program is arranged,
and songs, recitations and charades follow.
At evening the little ones are carted home
in wagons and there go to sleep and dream
of things that are to come in the morning.

CHRISTMAS TIME ON THE RESERVATION.

The holidays are a joyous round of
pleasure to the reservation children of the
Southwest, Oklahoma and Indian Territory.
They play their rough games and eat the
candy and gum. Their principal amuse-
ment is chewing on the warpath. That is
the boys, while the girls play at jumping
the rope, making mud pies and cooking.
Indian girls of late years have been
elevated above their former position of
waiting on bucks, to painting and teaching
music, until some of them are quite
proficient in this line.

It has not been until four or five years that
manche, Apache, Arapaho, Wichita, Tonkawa,
Pocahontas, and Osage child knew the slight-
est thing of a list, or even
son as Christ, schools opera-
schools opera-
taught, much
old Indians,
their offspring
the paleface.
The mothers
close to the
every night
out of the
child everything
the teacher
her during the
day. Progress
with the chil-
dren was thus
delayed, until
an order against
their children
during the school
season was issued,
and enforced.
The little girls
are quick to learn
and the boys
are apt and witty.

THE KAISER'S EGOTISM.

Has Historical Paintings Altered to
Include His Own Portrait.

Henry Chevalier, in-
Chicago Chron-
rest in art, and
paintings, has
led recently to a
characteristic in-
Berlin. The
which have cre-
ated much comment
is presented to
Langfuhr har-
racks which shows
the head of the
at the occasion
Second Hussars.
On his famous
Wilhelm was mount-
ed on his horse, a
the kaiser's com-
mand the painter has
represented him
on horse, a mag-
nificent animal given
Lonsdale.

But this improvement
quite unimportant
tion that the kaiser
made in a painting
which hangs in
hall. This decar
Alexander or
William on a
very graphic

None, however,
came to the conclu-
sion, though justifi-
ably marred his
personally. So he sent
artist and instructed
figure of himself, at
form of a colonel of
standing prominently
the old emperor.

As the kaiser, when
important man of 20,
from Dantzic when it
took place, the addi-
tion, though justifi-
ably marred his
personally. So he sent
artist and instructed
figure of himself, at
form of a colonel of
standing prominently
the old emperor.

young and un-
was many miles
event depicted
is absolutely in-
and is hardly in
the best of taste.

The kaiser's beauti-
ful, superbly sup-
ported any unfavor-
able criticisms of his
little whims.

The Triumph of the Tots.

A COLONIAL CHRISTMAS STORY.



Years and years ago, when our na-
tion was just lifting its head after the
successful struggle for independence,
boys and girls did not have the good
times they now enjoy. They had to
work almost as hard as their elders;
their schooling was slight; they had
very few of the opportunities to play
that you have now, and none of the
mechanical toys or aids to fun that
allowed to come to the table at the
large dinners given by the rich fam-
ilies, and were constantly reminded that
"children should be seen and not
heard." Still they were just as happy
as our little readers are today, and they
had many privileges which most of you
seldom enjoy.

The country was very thinly settled
at that time, and although Massa-
chusetts was considered very "civilized"
still it was almost as open and coun-
trylike as a very small country vil-
lage is today.

The wealthy Morgan family lived in
Massachusetts, a little way from Bos-
ton, and they were so well known and
important that many of the best Bos-
ton families considered it a privilege
to drive out to the Morgan mansion in
their great lurching coaches to one of
the sumptuous dinners for which the
family was noted. Their dinners were
always very grand affairs. The long
dining room, with floor, walls and ceil-
ing of highly polished oak of different
shades, was waxed and polished until
it shone like a brown and yellow mirror.

The great table was loaded with mas-
sive silver pieces, and the good things
were far too many to tell about. The
Morgan children—Rob, George and
their sister, Nell—were not allowed to
disturb the majesty of the dinners, but
before the guests came they were per-
mitted to look at the beautiful table
with all its load of flashing silver.

They thought this was a great privi-
lege, but, oh! how they wanted to sit
there with the rest, just once!

One Christmas eve the Morgans were
to have the very greatest gathering to
dine that had ever assembled within
their walls. Noted gentlemen and
lovely ladies were coming from Boston,
and the whole house had been in a per-
fect fever of excitement for two days
while everything was being got in readi-
ness for the occasion. The children,
too, were in a state of great excitement,
for the two noble boys, the four Adams
girls and the Putnam children were to
come with their parents to spend the
night with their little friends. Of
course they knew they would not be
permitted to dine with the rest, but
they would have a fine dinner served
up stairs in the large nursery, and af-
terward they would have great fun

playing together.
At last the great occasion came and
the coaches began to roll up to the wide
doors and the great folk to descend in
all the glory of stiff silk dresses, plush
knee breeches and velvet coats. Mr.
and Mrs. Morgan welcomed their guests
with a stately courtesy, but there were
hugs and kisses galore among the lit-
tle folk, to whom a visit of this kind
was a most unusual and delightful
treat. After gazing at the table with
admiring awe, the children went up
stairs to tell each other all the wonder-
ful things that they had done and seen
since last they met, while their parents
remained below talking politics and
fashions.

The little folk up stairs never knew
how the time came to pass so quickly,
for before they realized it they found
that night had descended and that it
was tea time. Two tall footmen came
in with lights and the nursery tea, and
the youngsters knew that before long
that wonderful table down stairs would
be filled with guests talking, laughing,
eating the most delicious things and
having the most delightful time that
anyone could imagine. When they
thought of this the nursery tea did not
taste nearly so good, although they
knew that they also would have a very
good dinner later.

At length they heard the merry party
down stairs enter the dining room. The
clear-toned laughter of the ladies eched
up the wide stairs, then there was a
slight noise of chairs being pulled up
to the table, and then came soft strains
from the violins. Two old negro ser-
vants, who were afterward to furnish
the dance music, were playing sweet,
soft old melodies while the diners were
at the table.

"Oh, if we could only see them!" said
Paul Noble.
"It must be so splendid!" murmured
Mary Adams.
"All the lovely dresses," sighed her
elder sister, Hope.

"We can see them!" exclaimed
George, the elder of the Morgan boys.
"How?" cried all the others. "You
know we are forbidden to go down the
stairs," added his sister Nell.

"We can get out of the window here
upon the roof of the greenhouse," ex-
plained George. "You know that it
slopes down to within a few feet of the
ground. We can sit on the edge of that
and see right into the window of the
dining room." They all rushed to the
window. "But it is so cold and the roof
is all snow," said Grace Putnam.
"There is no snow on the roof at all,"
silly," answered her brother Tom. "No,
it was all cleared off so as to make it
warmer for the plants," explained Rob
Morgan.

"But it's so naughty," objected Nell.
"Who cares?" said George, and he raised
the window very softly and prepared
to get out, and all the other boys
were ready to follow. George started
back hurriedly. "Just look!" he ex-
claimed in a frightened whisper. A
long line of men were creeping toward
the house. They were armed with
muskets, axes, clubs and other rude
weapons. "They must be 'Shayites,'"
whispered George. He was right. They
were part of a desperate band of men
called "Shayites," from the name of
their leader. They were the people who
had suffered most during the late war
of the revolution. They had no money,
their farms were worthless, for they
could not sell their crops. There was
so little money in circulation at that
time that some of them had not even

WHERE SANTA
DRAWS THE LINE



"I have recently
invested in a new
refrigerator, which
is a real treat,
and I have also
received a wire-
less telegram
for present day
use. But excuse me
when they build
a houseless
chimney."

seen a single coin for over a year. They
were deeply in debt at the stores for
food they must have; prices were so
high for necessities that they were in
danger of starvation, and they were
confronted with the choice of paying
their debts or going to jail. Congress
had as yet done nothing to relieve their
sufferings, and, feeling their wrongs,
they started a little war against the
rich to force them to grant them their
rights. A band of about 20 men bent
on raiding the Morgan household and
capturing all the precious silver dinner
service and the jewels of the guests.

The children, looking over the win-
dow, saw the Shayites make a sud-
den rush, some enter the front door,
while more ran to guard the rear. In
a moment there was a great tumult
downstairs. The ladies screamed and
fainted. The gentlemen drew their
slender dress swords and barricaded
the dining room doors. The Shayites
raised a sofa on their shoulders and
rushed with it against the large doors
of the dining room like a battering ram.
A few more such blows would send the
door down. The children upstairs lis-
tened to the uproar with quaking
hearts. Then George had an idea.

"Quick!" he cried. "Let's get the
army things from father's gunroom!"
The rest followed him like sheep. In
the gunroom were long swords, a few
handsome muskets and a number of
sides and drums. These last were what
George had in mind. In a few minutes
each of the boys and several of the
girls were provided with a rifle and a
kettle drum, and with these they ran
back to the nursery. "Now, out on the
roof!" commanded George. They climb-
ed out on the sloping roof of the green-
house.

The Shayites were preparing for a
final rush against the door below, when
they heard a long roll of drums that
seemed to come from all about the
house. Then came the shrill shrieks of
sides and a burst of loud cheers from
the gentlemen in the dining room. "The
regulars!" cried Mr. Morgan and his
friends. "The regulars!" cried the
Shayites, and, ceasing their attack, they
fled, and in a few moments had dis-
appeared in the shadow of the woods be-
yond. "But still the drums rolled and
sides shrilled, and, going out of doors,
the wondering guests found a group of
shivering, frightened little folk huddled
together on the greenhouse roof, who
burst into tears when they saw the fa-
miliar faces of their parents and
friends.

"What can we do to show these brave
little men and women how grateful we
are?" asked Mr. Adams, when all were
warm again and had been cried over
as much as mothers had wished.
"Please, sir, we'd like to eat dinner at
the big table," said George. That night
something happened in the Morgan
mansion which had never yet occurred
in Massachusetts. The little folk did
in state in the great hall, while their
lordly parents humbly waited for them
to finish and afterward had the table
reset and dined themselves. But they
did this with hearts full of joy and
pride. "No such gallant children lived
in all the other colonies," they vowed,
and it is safe to say that no happier din-
ners were ever eaten on Christmas eve.

The death rate among negroes in our
large cities is nearly double that of the
whites.

AN ILLUSTRATED
CHRISTMAS RHYMING REBUS



A 2
S E A T D A
A N O I T Y
& O W X
C O N T G E T H
4 P O A
I V
A L I V C
& A
I W S P A L
A O O
T H I L T O
S W O T 2