

FILIPINOS INVADING AMERICA.

SOME 250 NOW STUDYING AT COLLEGES HERE.

It is one of Gov. Taft's ways of spreading American ideas in the Philippines...

A young man with a dark brown complexion, slightly freckled eyes and closely trimmed black hair, swung across the campus of Yale University at a sharp pace...

He is not over 24, yet four years ago he was wearing shoulder straps as a staff officer in his cousin's army...

This student is only one of an ever growing number of Filipino youths who are coming to America for a college education...

Gov. Taft is largely responsible for the shifting of the Filipino foreign educational mecca from Madrid to America...

Some of these "leaders of to-morrow" have returned to the islands after completing special courses and have entered the Government civil service...

The majority of these young men four years ago were as inveterate enemies of the United States as Genaro E. Lagadameo...

While considerably over one-half of these Filipinos are not protégés of the Government, strictly speaking, it is nevertheless true that nine out of every ten of them have been sent here either directly or indirectly by Gov. Taft...

This club was organized three years ago by Señor Villamor, upon his becoming an enthusiastic adherent of Gov. Taft and his methods...

So far it has sent nearly one hundred and fifty, and every year is adding to the number of its protégés...

When the people rose in arms against the American Government he became the representative of Ilocos Sur in the Filipino Congress...

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of a university, now known as the Liceo de Manila, which, except in special courses has as high an educational standard as many American colleges...

Then the Club Internacional was organized as an adjunct to the Liceo. Its first scholarship was awarded to the son of a prominent Manila family...

Religious training was so important a factor of its system of education that a native had little chance unless he studied for the Church or the army...

Only the rich could hope for education abroad, and graduation from the religious institutions went for almost nothing in foreign universities...

But the Liceo will change that. Religious training will be separated from the other studies, and it will be left to the student's option whether he takes theology or not...

During the war against the Americans Señor Villamor established a college within the insurgent lines at Vigan, Ilocos Sur...

The colleges where Filipinos are in attendance almost invariably report that they are exceedingly industrious...

Mr. Lagadameo, Aguinaldo's relative at Yale, is typical of his fellow countrymen in America...

"What do you expect to do when you graduate?" he was asked.

"Enter the civil service in our own country," he replied; "at least, that is what most of us hope to do."

"Many of my countrymen are taking law courses, and they will undoubtedly some day interpret American law to their fellow citizens in Manila."

"The first was Rizal, who died for our cause before the fire of a squad of Spanish soldiers. Then came my cousin, Aguinaldo, although I may say his popularity has waned of late..."

"These young Filipinos are not only becoming American in ways of living and thinking, they are interesting their fathers and friends in American investments."

"My father," said Mr. Lagadameo, "who is a merchant in Manila, owns several flat-houses in San Francisco, from which he derives better revenues than a similar investment in Manila could give."

"Other Filipinos have done likewise. I know several who have bought ranches out West and some have invested in American commercial enterprises. Money is safer here. There is no danger of demands from insurgent leaders to swell revolutionary funds."

will find a whole line devoted to the craft whose number is 198, the two-masted schooner A. F. Howe, built in 1851, at Searsville, Me., home port, New York, N. Y.

The home port of the A. F. Howe, now 52 years old, is "New York, N. Y." in more than the sense implied by the official record...

She is 82 years old, is the A. F. Howe, and for most of that time she was a Fine Carrier—now she's a Drug Factory, a Home, and Several Other Things.

In the Government's official list of the thousands of American merchant vessels you

MUMMY HUNTING BY A WOMAN.

MRS. BANDELIERS EXPLORING IN THE WILDS OF BOLIVIA.

Has Excavated More Mummies Than Any Other Woman in the World—Carried a Revolver and Wore Bloomers—Stops of Seeking Ruins in the Andes.

Up near the American Museum of Natural History, in a pleasant room decorated with bits of quaint pottery and odd needles, sits a little woman who has excavated more mummies than any other woman on earth...

Most of the so-called mummies discovered in the course of these years—and there were many hundreds of them—were taken from the earth by Mrs. Bandelier...

Wages of servants are low, and many are feudal conditions prevailing; servants who have lived in the family all their lives, like their fathers and grandfathers before them.

Even in Indian villages can be found a priest. If the village is small he will be the only civilized person in it and his house often indebted to the priests in their wanderings.

They are commonly placed at the top of the steepest activity in the neighborhood, and the Bandeliers will find all one can do is to go to them and dig, in the hope of excavating pottery, fabrics and beads...

It was only the fear of our revolvers," she said. "Dr. Bandelier and myself went armed at all times. The Indians had no firearms. They had other weapons, but they were afraid of the pistol."

Dr. Bandelier had an understanding with the Indians that if we were to be captured he should shoot me first and then himself. We were afraid of only one thing, of falling into their hands alive.

It is not unusual nowadays to hear of wheat raising in the north, especially in Siberia. A few weeks ago N. L. Sklodubof, addressing an agricultural convention at St. Petersburg, cited many facts to disprove the popular idea that wheat will not ripen north of 60 degrees north latitude.

The fact that wheat is now grown successfully in the Peace River region, in the central part of this continent between 40 and 42 degrees north latitude, is chiefly due to the Chinook winds, the warm dry winds which blow northward to the east of the Canadian Rockies...

Many thousands of square miles along the Peace River valley in Athabasca are very fertile, growing luxuriant grass and excellent wheat. But no settlers as yet are found in that far northern region...

Even if that country should be developed, its wheat is more likely to go to feed the mining camps in the mountains than to join the stream of Canadian wheat flowing to Great Britain. Alberta wheat cannot now be moved to the East at a profit. It all goes to feed the local population and the neighboring mining camps on the west.

MANY BOGUS INDIAN RELICS.

MAKING THEM A FLOURISHING TRADE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

The Demand for Prehistoric Pottery and Weapons Among White Tourists Led to an Unfailing Supply—Graduates of Indian Schools in the Industry.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 2.—The person who wants to know what education is doing for some Indians ought to go to the Southwest Territories. There he would see how graduates of Government Indian schools have returned to the parental adobes or wickiups and are showing the old folks how to make money.

At nearly every railroad station from Albuquerque, N. M., to San Bernardino, Cal., where the overland trains make long waits, there are Indian girls who peddle prehistoric pottery made a few days before. At the transcontinental railroad stations in Nevada and Utah there are parties of Indians who sell tourists beaded moccasins, bits of feathered head-dresses and long strings of beads which they purport to have descended from a long line of mighty warriors, but were really made specially for the palefaces' cash.

In southern Arizona the Apaches, Cocopas and Yumas are winning the white man's money by selling him stone and clay idols and crude bows and arrows that the buyer is led to believe came from tombs of aboriginal chiefs. Vases and pipes are sold as relics of the cliff dwellers.

Even the debased Huapilas and the lazy Maricopans sell ragged, moldy remnants of grass woven sandals, bucklers and buckskin moccasins and leggins as exhumed relics of a race that lived in towers throughout the Salt River Valley several thousand years ago.

The large sums paid by museum curators for specimens of ancient Zuni pottery a dozen years ago started the manufacture of prehistoric relics in the Southwest. Several Carlisle Indian School graduates from Zuni made big money by digging open buried tombs of dead tribal chiefs.

When the supply of prehistoric material ran out and the demand in the East was as large as ever, the young Zunis saw a possibility in making prehistoric wares. Thus it came about that the Zunis were the originators of the ancient aboriginal curio manufacture.

The news of the profit that there is in the business spread to Acocoma, thence to Laguna, thence to Jaleta, and on to the little pueblos along the Rio Grande and up round about Santa Fe. A few years later the Apaches found that their ancient tribal weapons were in good demand in curio stores. Forthwith the manufacture of old warclubs began.

The Huapilas were told of the profits of making these aboriginal weapons. After a while they also had ready for market a quantity of still older carved clubs which are said to have been dug from among the ruins of the buried Toltec Pompeii of the Arizona deserts.

The counterfeiting of pre-Columbian pottery is a fine art among the Pueblos of New Mexico. They know a lot of ways to deceive even critical curio buyers. Some of those they keep secret, but a few are known.

With smoky fires the grime of ages is put on a vase made but yesterday. Burial for a few weeks in damp soil gives a dank, musty odor to a clay effigy that some squaw molded. Chipping away the rude edges of a bowl gives the appearance of use long ago.

As for marking the counterfeit relics with clumsy pictures, reptiles, beasts and birds seen on the desert, that is easy. Indian art is about what it was. The cruder the art more the inconspicuous the buyers. Some of those they keep secret, but a few are known.

"Why, even some of the greatest museums of the world have specimens of recently made prehistoric Indian pottery," said a former Territorial Governor, the other day. "I have seen counterfeit ancient Pueblo work in Berlin and Paris and in several American cities."

A dozen college museums in the United States have pottery supposed to have come from the cliff dwellings of Colorado and New Mexico but which was really made by squaws in a New Mexican pueblo less than a dozen years ago.

The "cliff dwellings" have been almost barren of relics of human habitation, so far as portable things are concerned, yet one finds all manner of clay artifacts, grass-woven sandals, metates, weapons of the chase, etc., in museums and in costly private collections. These are labelled as having come from cliff dwellings.

"They bear all the marks of great antiquity—the stains of the dry, rugged aspect of centuries. But many of them are the products of Indians living in the New Mexico and Arizona pueblos to-day."

Curio dealers say that the finest counterfeits of very ancient Indian pottery are made at Acocoma, a wonderful pueblo perched upon a towering mesa of sandstone rising sheer out of a desert thirty miles south of the Santa Fe Railroad in central Arizona. Several Indian young men, who learned ways of Yankee thrift at the Carlisle school, are managers of the cliff dwelling and prehistoric pottery industry there.

Laguna, on the Santa Fe route through New Mexico, is an important producer of counterfeit pottery. A dozen women there are nearly always busy preparing fresh articles for white buyers. Several families that knew how to make good imitations and possessed shrewdness in getting first class prices for their skill and enterprise, have grown rich—that is, rich for Indians.

Along with the expert making of ancient pottery and other relics, the Indians of the Southwest have learned a lot of tricks in the selling of their products to tourists. An overland express train never stops at a New Mexico and Arizona Indian community that parties of Indian girls do not climb aboard the cars or run along the station platforms, alongside the car windows, offering for sale quantities of small vases, jars, ollas and idols. Ask any of the girls what the pottery is, and where it came from, and the invariable answer is:

"Leap old, leap old. Me dig him all up out old chief's grave. No more left."

"Where did you get these fine things?" was asked of a pretty Pueblo girl as she tripped with moccasined feet down the side of a Pullman car the other day, seeking buyers of the stock of pottery she carried in a basket on her head, while the train stopped at a desert station.

"Oh, from the cliff dwellings," came the quick answer in English that marked the speaker as a graduate from one of the Indian schools. "My brother dug all of them from a king's grave. Was a great discovery; all the Indians say so. These things are worth a fortune, but we poor Indians can't hunt buyers among the big rich whites. So you can buy them of me cheap. Only \$2 for this one you can sell it back East for \$20."

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THE ALLOTMENT OF A COW

WITH A BOUNDARY LINE AT THE WAISTBAND.

Where August's Possessions Begin and Gustav's Leave Off—The Milk Producing Region Awarded to Herr Kuehner—Judgment of Solomon All Over Again.

August Smecke and Gustav Kuehner have settled their cow case, and deep peace broods over Sherman Park, Westchester county. They have entered into a solemn agreement, by the terms of which Smecke is to have and to hold the cow out and Kuehner the stern or dairy section, the cow, meantime, to be well fed and kept in good condition simply as a guarantee of good faith on the part of both the contracting parties.

To go back to the beginning of the story, Philip Nordman leased a Sherman Park house and patch of land for three years and hired Gustav Kuehner and his wife to do the work. Nordman and Kuehner bought the cow in partnership, Nordman paying \$10 and Gustav \$12. They worked the cow on shares. Gustav milked her, and Nordman sold the milk and pocketed the money.

It was Mrs. Kuehner who first suggested that the cow should be sold. Gustav, who resided in this division of the profits, Gustav made representations to Herr Nordman, by simply scratching out the name Philip Nordman from the contract.

"Halt! der cow own, and it?" said Herr Nordman, "und you der milk der whole tairy?"

Gustav accepted this explanation, but still there was left a hazy, half contented in his mind that there was something not quite right in the arrangement.

Then Mrs. Kuehner had to go to Germany, and Nordman hired August Smecke and his wife as assistants.

Herr Nordman had to go to Albany to live and August and Gustav took the house for simply scratching out the name Philip Nordman and lessee and writing in their own names. The cow went with the lease, and Gustav and August now became joint owners of the cow.

Gustav, however, thought he would try the milk selling end of the job himself this time and August got along with doing the milking.

You der pleasure haf, und I der milk date, van't it?" he explained to August. "In his turn August had doubts. 'It looks some funny pizness, by chimney,' he said to Mrs. August. 'Mrs. August, on the side of a Pullman car the other day, seeking buyers of the stock of pottery she carried in a basket on her head, while the train stopped at a desert station.'

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