

Chapter IV. Being the Tale of Columbus' Trip to the New World. . . .

PAGES TORN FROM HISTORY.

By Billy Mac.

The midsummer of 1492 saw the good things heading over the royal yacht without a balk, but C. Colombo, having dined with the Ferdinand family several times, knew that the first lady of the land could go some when she got started.

Back in the days when he marked collars in the Genoa hand laundry, Chris had trained the works of the Colombo brain repository to look on down the track. Now, though the birds were singing sweetly and all nature seemed in tune, the Colombo brain works were still much to the gaita percha.

The government contractor was hard at work in his attempt to hand the well known Isabella & Colombo world-discovering firm all the worm-eaten timber in the shipyard and the 162 model yachts were growing into things of beauty.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Ferdinand he had wiped the slate at the waterfront beanyery, and was now the honor guest at the Hotel Weyler. Three months before the followers of Isabella's dub husband, being cautious boys, had switched the conversation to nut factories every time the Colombo frame pushed through the Oriental portiere, but now these cautious boys were ready to mix things for a chance to sit in at lunch with the gent from Genoa.

Chris had his map printed in all the Sunday papers up at top of column next to first-class advertising matter and he had even been invited to cover a football game for an enterprising but misguidedly daily. Everything on the menu card, from dinner at 12:30 down to the shows in town tonight, was passed up to Christie's seat, and yet the future discoverer kept right on ducking.

Try as he could, Chris would not overlook that little

back street trip to the Ghetto. Isabella had passed over the royal jewelry without a balk, but C. Colombo, having dined with the Ferdinand family several times, knew that the first lady of the land could go some when she got started.

Wise to all this, C. Colombo knew that it was up to a



Colombo Leaves Hotel Weyler to Go Aboard Ship.

well known discoverer hailing from Genoa, Italy, to start a study of the methods of the little ant and the busy bee. Every time he reached for a match his fingers mixed with the receipt for the diamonds. At times he wanted to back up, but the gang plank had

been hauled in and it was too far for a jump.

Along about the time the grocers were starting the collectors out after the July accounts, the government contractor admitted that his graft was worked out and sent one of the hired men to tell Colombo to come around and take away his yachts. Chris, Isabella and the swell set, gathered down on the docks and, though almost cracked the heart of C. Colombo, he stood by and saw three quarts of real wine spilled against the sides of the 162 models by a little cherub in a white frock.

The next morning a government tug towed the yachts around to the royal docks, and Chris was soon ready for the getaway. Ferdinand having been called hard by Isabella for speaking about "our boats," was sore and knocked the departure, but Ferdinand was only a dub, and then the crowd was anxious to see some thousands of dollars pushed out into a hole in the water. The inhabitants of Spain were loyal, but Ferdinand's "you'll-have-to-show-me" gag had become popular.

It was a regular yachting party the first six or seven days out. The shores of Spain were wiped off of the scenery list, but Chris had his merry band yapped and they didn't care at all. But still more trouble was piling up for the great discoverer.

On the start of the third week the merry bunch had reached the thinned goods strata of the provisions. The soup made in ten minutes went all fine and dandy, but doings were started when the first tin package of beef was assaulted.

Chris Colombo was punching red-headed pins in a chart of the west sea when he heard the noise. A marine tumbled down the cabin steps and into the cabin.

"Don't regret to report that the boat's blown up," shouted Chris, "for the powder is on the Pinta."

The marine looked disappointed and, after saluting, turned and climbed back up the stairs.

As the noise continued, Christ decided to break into

the rough time. Following the marine up the stairs he stopped to wrap his digits around a club, and then butted down toward the lunch counter. The man from Genoa went through center for first down on the play, and lining up in a hurry he signaled for another punt through tackle.

The crew had picked a big deck hand for the pro-



C. Colombo Quells a Mutiny.

testing spiel, but C. Colombo, by a unanimous vote, was pronounced a born leader.

"Don't spring any of these embalmed beef bags on your Uncle Chris," he shouted, as he rapped for order

with the club. "You're several hundred years previous with any attempt to make that stall get to the commander of this ship. The first little Bertie getting nifty on this expedition from now on will be croaked by the direct order of the great admiral, and C. Colombo is it."

All this held the motley crew for about seven more days, but at the end of that time the first coaling station was still off the map and the sailors began to think of the folks at home.

The merry sailor men had their commander jumping sideways. Several of the youths on board were real anxious to get to Christie's ribs with the pointed end of their seven-inch penknives, and Christie knew all about it. The great discoverer nailed down the lid of the dope chest and tried three meals a day on the dog before trying it on Chris.

Christie was slightly to the left in this little game when the month of October began working, and his flash looked all spilled out when another Colombo life-saver broke into the play.

On the twelfth of the month the lookout, busy studying out the chances on a pot shot at the great admiral, spotted a peculiar looking bundle down in the drink. The boy up the pole hauled for help, and the crew copied the bundle. Not next to the plays of the busy booters of patent medicines, the real value of the bundle went right by the sailor boys, but Chris was Willie-on-the-spot.

"Dead ones, all of you," shouted the great admiral, grabbing at the chance for a good night's rest. "Hurry up and remember that this bundle was pushed off some dock over on this side. Tomorrow we will take a pilot on board and go out and start something on the streets of New York. Now, you weak sisters, throw bouquets at the great admiral for bringing you up against this chance for fame."

Christie's nerve had made another winning, for the next morning the Spanish yachts were stopped outside the first discovered harbor of the new world for quarantine inspection.

A FEW CASUAL OBSERVATIONINGS.

By Budweiser.

It is highly amusing to me when I listen to der sayings out of der mouth vich odder peoples are always saying und vich is such a foolishness.

For instances I vos sitting in Schneider's lunch emporium der onder evening munching a few soft boiled hams und colt eggs when Louie Hansenspoffer strolled in und spying me in der act of eating mein supper, he talks up to me und says I vould loud so efery body could hear him sed id, "Hollo! Budweiser, vot are you doing. Eating supper. Yes?"

Now vot do you suppose dot he thought I vos dindling or vot vould anybody else think ven dey saw me ad der table. I set to meinselid he is such a

geese und he belongs mit der foolish house, andt id? So I sekured outd dot he hat to be instructed a leedle so I flashed him some answerings.

Nehn, you sugger," I set, "I am blaying croquet," Und I set id goot und loud so eferybody in der emporium couldt hear id. Ven he came to he set, "You are alright und der drinks are on me. I will waffer askot such foolish kevetions some more, andt id?" A few weeks ago I vos haffing mein office papered mit vall paper und der men vos just about half through mit der chob ven in comes von of dese schmardt alecs und set, "Hollo! Budweiser, vot are you doing, papering?"

"Nehn," I set, "Ve are pudding in a loadt of hay,"

und der poor man stackered clean outd on der sitewalk und forgot to come back. Dose are just two sambles of vot ve go ub against efery day. You meet a man on der street in der morning time und der sun is schilling und der leedle birds are singing, und he vill set to you: "Guten morgen, oit man, fine day," or "nice morning," yost lige as if you didn't know id vos a fine morning or if id less maging some raining he vill set id: "Vot, andt id?"

Now, of course he means id in all politeness but vot is der use? Such a difference id vould be eferybody vould call a spade a spade, but nehn, Louie, id is chenerally dot dey call a richtritzerer an ice boxes andt id?

You go to a leedle tea subber some night mit feuchre or penny annule or maybe tollar limit. Uf id less feuchre you haf a partner who always trumpets your ace und orters ub der right tower or ut id is a leedle poker playing dot you mage und you lose about sefen und a korvater und your temper, yet ven it comes to der parting of der gangways aboutt 11 P. X. you must always schmile like a basket full mit chips und tell der lady how you haf such a pleasant evening und exchoyed yourself und how you vould not forget id until you half backed yourself clean outd on der sitewalk.

Minnesota used to haf a Feet Ball Clup until der

recently ven dey vented to Madison Vinconsin. Eferybody vos saying "Vot a skinch id iss for us. Vy ve cant lose, andt id? Yes?" Some of der bunch hat to mage a leedle telegraphing home for more monies on account dot id vos such a goot game, yes! I vos going to wrile me somedings about dot game, bud as I habben to be fon Minnesota meinselid I hated to didd id. Bud id is hard to stand for such a bunches of four flushers, andt id?

Just den Louie came ub. "Hello, Budweiser," he set, "Vare dit you get dot neckle, yes?" und ven I set, "In a butcher shob," he fell mit some fits und ve hat to gif him seferal trinks to mage him come to.

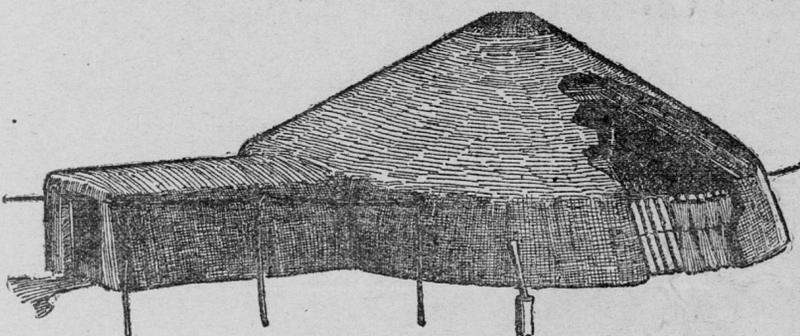
KNOWS THE INDIANS

MISS ALICE C. FLETCHER HAS STUDIED THE RED MEN FOR YEARS

CHARACTERISTICS OF OMAHAS

Interesting Details of the Life of a Once Mighty Tribe Which Has Now Become Extinct.

One of the most interesting things to be seen in the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology at Harvard is a perfectly rendered model, about eight inches high and some twenty-two inches in circumference, of a typical Indian lodge. It is one of a group of models which illustrate the various styles of Indian building, including the bark house, the deerskin tent, and the mat-covered wigwam. The earth lodge was distinguished from these, however, by being a permanent dwelling, and as such was characteristic of all the aboriginal races from the Atlantic ocean to the Gulf of Mexico.



A RECONSTRUCTED HOME OF THE OMAHAS.

Indians. Plans were taken to embody every detail of proportion and construction with the utmost exactness so that it might be studied by future archaeologists, when the Indian earth lodge is entirely a thing of the past, with as much confidence as if it were a genuine survival. On one side only a section of the roof and wall has been left uncovered to give a more complete idea of how the lodges actually were put together.

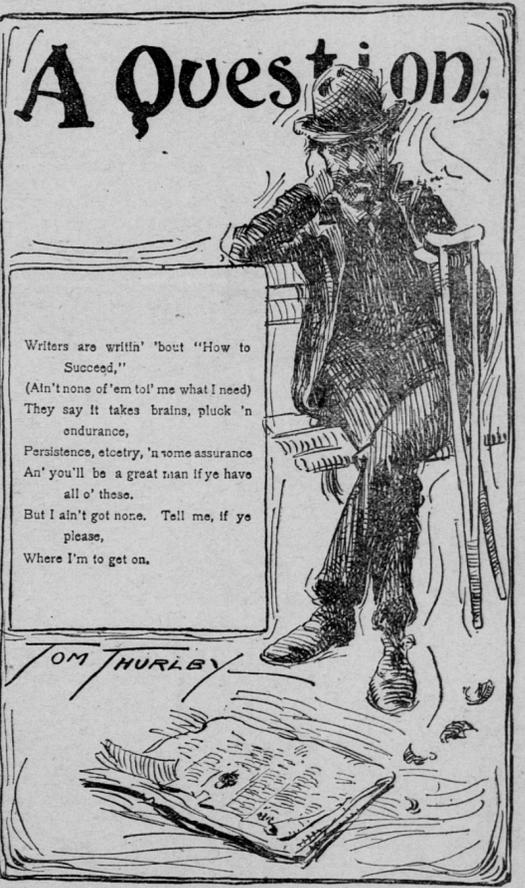
The Omahas, who have given their name to the largest city in Nebraska, are supposed to have occupied the territory west of the Mississippi river for about two centuries, having been pushed westward from the Ohio valley. The encroachments of civilization, the scarcity of game, or the attacks of hostile tribes from time to time, forced them into a nomadic manner of life, and obliged them to make their homes in tents or wigwams, which could be moved with all their contents on the shortest notice. Formerly, however, as Miss Fletcher has shown in her various writings on the Omahas, they lived in permanent villages, where perhaps fifty or 100 earth-covered houses would be huddled together in a sheltered valley or bottom-land, in which

corn, beans, pumpkins and melons could be raised under favorable conditions of soil and climate. A running stream was always nearby, growing timber was convenient to hand, and the hills which usually surrounded the settlement furnished a vantage ground from which lookouts could give notice of the approach of enemies. In the construction of the lodges which composed the village the outline—a circle with a straight projection on one side for the tunnel-like entrance—was carefully drawn upon the ground. Within this outline the sod was removed and the earth well tramped by the feet of the builders to form a solid flooring. Around the edge of the floor space was erected a row of poles close enough together to support the walls and the caves. The central fireplace was surrounded by a smaller circle of taller poles to support the upper portion of a domelike roof. These poles, both the taller ones in the inner and the shorter ones in the outer circles, usually had a natural crook at the upper end by means of which they were connected by horizontal poles or beams. A pyramid of long poles completed the frame work of the roof, and shorter poles or slabs, set close together, formed the basis for the walls. The next stage of construction

blankets or skins, since it was customary for several families to occupy the same lodge. An idea of their size may be gathered from Miss Fletcher's statement that she frequently has seen from 200 to 600 guests gathered in a single lodge on some ceremonial occasion. The dimensions, however, varied according to circumstances.

"The exterior resembles a mound more than a dwelling," Miss Fletcher adds. "The grass creeps upon it, and over it the birds drop seeds, from which flowers grow, so that it is completely covered with verdure and bloom, except at the top, where the blackened sod tells of the heat and smoke of the fire below. It is difficult to avoid the idea of intimacy with nature that these abodes convey. They suggest no occupation or disturbing possession of man, and but for the waving line of smoke they would resemble immediately to the ancient custom and built a village of sod dwellings—which were soon abandoned, however, for log cabins or frame houses.

In the model of the Omaha earth lodge at Harvard Miss Gay and her Indian assistant have not only, as has been said, reproduced the actual structure, poles and peopled it with little Indian figures, but in all respects the model perpetuates with scientific exactness the Indian home, even the symbol among the Omahas of the ground plan of which—the circle with the original lodges, to the east—came to be the symbol among the Omahas of that home might imply.



Writers are writin' 'bout "How to Succeed," (Ain't none of 'em tol' me what I need) They say it takes brains, pluck 'n endurance, Persistence, etcetera, 'n some assurance An' you'll be a great man if ye have all o' these. But I ain't got none. Tell me, if ye please, Where I'm to get on.

THE OLD WORLDLING. He shambles by each sunny afternoon; His portly form is shrunken as a specter; His face is vacant as the morning moon; Quaffed is his nectar. Out of his eyes the dancing light is gone; Out of his blood the wanton warmth that thrilled it; Out of his air the charm that conquers woe. When fancy willed it. Proud was his port and tasty his array; His days and nights o'erflowed with song and laughter; He never dreamed that these would pass away. And this would come after. He courted pleasure and secured it still; He asked for friends, and loves, and these were given; He craved all worldly good and had his fill; He sought not heaven. His friends have vanished never to return; His pleasures, treasures, all his heart's desire; His passions only in their embers burn; Nuts is his lyre. For him the eventime has brought no light; Its sighing breezes pity as they kiss him; The dark will bear him to the wastes of night; Earth will not miss him. Alas, the life that has no upward look, No sacrifice of self, no high endeavor; Its taste becoming like the seed's book, Bitter forever! —Edward N. Pomeroy in Boston Transcript.

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