

ONE VIEW OF MONTANA SOCIETY

(Written for the News.)

First we have the Chinese with their giant eyes and buckskin color. Water and oil do not mix worse than the Oriental pig-tail and the American barbershop. There is sufficient reason for our prejudice against the Chinese. Montana belongs to Montanians. Men who are not decent enough to being decent women and children into our State should get out. So many Chinamen crowd out so many white people, because white people will not live like rats in a hole. The Chinese come into a community and take over the business at a time. They prefer the restaurant and laundry business, and it requires a white man who has genius enough to be secretary of the United States treasury to stand their competition. We grow and show our teeth at these twenty-five cent men and then patronize them. In fact we help to bring our own financial neck. These yellow fellows can tear the buttons off our social structure; put something into their domestic economy to make our clothes grow old before their time, and make them smell like the Fourth of July when they come home, with none to molest them or see about it.

The Chinese have no patriotism. They do not care a continental thinker for American institutions. American people or for the American ten commandments. Their Joss is money. When I lived in the East I thought the Geary Exclusion act was an outrage against the Constitution of the United States. It seemed to me that the West, by the passage of this law, had

given the goddess of the twenty-dollar gold piece a black eye. But familiarity with conditions must go ahead of our convictions, and sugar coat the pill. Steamships leave San Francisco harbor occasionally carrying cargo the bones of dead Chinamen done up in American gunny sacks. If they do die in our purgatory, they want to be buried in China, and then the gunny sacks are handy to import ten heavy loads. They give that indescribable fragrance and mellow freshness to the genuine article.

We do not need any Asiatic barmecides on our ship of state. We have social sins of our own without paying a tariff on the opium joint and all the other heathenish and cunning vices of antiquity. We desire to be modern sinners. It is so hard to pound into the yellow brains the fact that the white side of American civilization is not responsible for the black side.

Second, we have the black man in our superstructure. Ever since the national government adopted the policy of stationing negro troops at the military posts in Montana we have witnessed a slow transfusion of black blood into the social stream. An army always has comp followers. Little armies have little bunches of civil devils hanging to their coat tails. The size of the devil bears no relation to his capacity for devilment. When the immorality becomes so glaring as to threaten a scandal in Washington the commanding officer has a round up and orders the offenders to skip.

Anybody who has been an eye witness to the conditions which exist around frontier military life, can understand that the black sheep of the flock are poor stuff out of which to make citizens. Our black folks remind me of the man who told his pastor that he could preach a better sermon from any text in the Bible than the one he had to listen to every Sunday morning. The pas-

ter selected the text "Ephraim is a cake not baked."

The black man is only half baked, so far. No appreciable effect has followed his coming to Montana, unless it be to make the razor dispute with the six-shooter for title to supremacy as the western weapon.

Third, we have the Red Man. He is only a picturesque wart on society. People who have formed their judgment of Indian character from reading James Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales, will have to reverse the mental lever when they see the Crova sitting down in Paradise. Missionaries were met by the stern demand: "What will we have to eat in heaven, when they crossed the plains to preach righteousness to the aboriginal blood spillers."

The real Indian is a cipher. You hear the white man's football on another earth, and it seems to say, "Get there," "get there," "get there," but the Indian wears moccasins, and has no football to speak of. Whites and Indians cannot be compared, any more than you can compare a locomotive with steam up, to a pine stump. One is bound to go somewhere, the other is stuck in the mud. You have seen a dog hanging round a soup bone? Well the Indian has the soup bone look.

Lazy people will usually steal. Christianity does not get credit enough for protecting society from highway robbery for twenty centuries by those two planks in its platform which say, Thou shalt not steal; and if any man will not work, neither shall he eat.

The Indian who can steal the stick-eat from a white man is regarded by his tribe as a composite picture of Sampson, Fitzsimmons and McKinley. Of course I do not mean to insinuate that Montanians never steal. They never steal in such homeopathic doses as the Indians. A Montanian once went down into Wyoming and stayed over night with a shepherd. In the evening he gave the shepherd a talk on the aggressiveness, the self-assertion and the rugged honesty of Montanians in general. Before going to bed he wrote this choice sentiment in the shepherd's autograph album, on the page opposite the name of W. J. Bryan: "A clear conscience is worth a cool million." Next morning he was gone, so were the shepherd's horse, gun, and buffalo coat.

An Indian is slow to assimilate the ideas of civilization. When hustles were fashionable, Indians used to buy them under the impression that they were life preservers, until one philosophic squaw lost her life while trying to swim the Yellowstone river in an effort to find out how the blamed thing worked.

Philanthropists believe that education is going to make the Indian brain cells white. This is all wrong. The human nature of the Indian is red clear to the hunkies. The argument that Sitting Bull had a brain as big as Daniel Webster's is based on India rubber premises. It makes Indian quantity equal to Yankee quality, and is a cartoon on a thousand years of inherited culture.

The Indian is said to be affectionate with his dog, his horse, his papoose and his squaw. There are always swarms of dogs around an Indian village, and they seem to fill a long felt want in the camp kettle. I suspect that his love for his dog can be weighed in the scales with a watermelon. Watermelons are of his peculiarities is that he does not comprehend the significance of a bank account. He really does appreciate his horse, and must be as hard pressed before he cuts him as a Montanian is when he makes an assignment.

With his papoose, he is more than affectionate. With his squaw, Nil. An American physician once wrote a book to prove that romantic love was a product of modern society, and used the squaw as a horrible example. But this was only one of the doctor's professional mistakes. Every young man since Adam has realized that he was his own Christopher Columbus when it came to falling in love.

Indian women are not mentioned in history with one exception. In Pocahontas' case, we must all admit that Captain John Smith was in a very susceptible mood when it happened.

Stolen does not extend to cultivated customs. A blanket full of education is soon blown away when the stripping comes back to his prairie, and it will be many moons before stand-up collars and link buttons are fashionable in the teepees.

Fourth, we have the white man. He hails from everywhere, and has moved everything into Montana, from a moral character to his wife's style of cooking. JAMES E. FREE, M.D., Billings, Montana.

AMERICAN CORN IN STARVING INDIA.

The distribution of America's gift of corn among the starving Hindus has been attended with many interesting incidents. The Christian Herald, of New York, under whose auspices the Quito went out with its great cargo, is receiving many messages concerning the giving out of the precious grains. Dr. J. H. Harpster, missionary at Guntur, sends this eloquent story:

The donation of American maize was a great benefaction. It was great in conception and great in the reach of its beneficence. A venerable Hindu, watching the issue of the corn to the poor, emaciated creatures, turning to me, asked:

"Was this grain sent out of pure charity?"

"Out of pure charity," I replied.

"Was it given outright, without any pay for it?"

"Not a 'damard' of pay for it; given outright for the love of God and man."

"Well, sir," he said, "I am an old man, but I have never seen anything like this; have you?"

"I never did," I said, "never anything quite like this."

The fact is, the sending of this corn from America has more or less affected the whole Hindu community—those who have received no help at all as well as those who have. As the people have carried it to their heads all over the district, along the high roads, through country lanes, by foot paths through the fields, twenty, thirty or even fifty miles to their distant homes, it has attracted the attention and touched the hearts of the remotest villagers. So far as attracting the attention of the people to the foreign help India is receiving in this time of her sore distress, it has been more effective than three times the value of the corn invested in native grain and distributed would have been. The fact that it was

sent by people living thousands of miles away, across three seas, out of pure philanthropy, has moved the hearts of the people as a thousand sermons would not have done. The truth is the corn was a sermon in itself, and I incline to think that, so far as Christianity is concerned, the most effective sermon ever preached in the Kistna district.

2,000 BEING FED.

Dr. W. J. Wanless, the physician in charge of the Presbyterian hospital at Miral, reports the arrival of blankets and a supply of corn. "With this corn," he says, "we are enabled to help in supporting two thousand persons to whom it is given out thrice weekly. The fact that the people come for it from villages, many of them ten miles off, shows both their need and their appreciation. The mighty testimony of this exhibition of disinterested charity will last for generations in India. Its immediate and remote result will be the saving of thousands of lives now and thousands of souls in the future. May God continue to bless the Christian Herald and its readers and extend its usefulness over the whole world!"

A SONG AT THE MILL

A missionary in Sholapur writes: "I had been visiting the famine camp and was returning with my heart heavy affected to breaking with the sights I had witnessed, when to my amazement I heard a woman's voice raised in song. Surely no one could be singing in such a neighborhood! What cause could there be for song? I went to see what it was, and there I saw a woman grinding at a mill. It was one of those quaint, old-fashioned mills of two stones. She was grinding away, and her hungry eyes were sparkling with the prospect of a full meal at last. Oh, you who have sent this grain; you who have denied yourselves that these hungry people might eat, Jesus will surely reward you. He sees it, and this hungry

woman's glad song must enter His ears like a prayer for a blessing upon you."

CHILDREN FED.

Rev. Edgar M. Wilson, Presbyterian missionary at Retnagiri, thus describes the feeding of the children with the corn at his station: "We soaked the corn over night and boiled it with salt for an hour or two in the morning. The children brought their little earthen dishes and sat down on the ground in a row. If you could have seen how short a time it took to dispose of the corn, you would have understood how they appreciated it. We had no shelter for such a large number, and once or twice there was a drenching rain while we were giving out the portions. In spite of this, not one of the little creatures burped until his dish was filled."

One likes to read such a story of delight as that of Mr. Wilson. The problem of the children is now a very pressing one, and that not only in the present, but for the future. We are thankful to see that many Sunday schools and Young People's societies, as well as private givers, are recognizing the significance of the crisis and are undertaking the support of orphans. But the extent of the need is appalling.

Thirty cents a week, or \$5 a year, will care for and educate one of these famine waifs. It could be placed in an orphanage of your own denomination, and you would be put in personal communication with it.

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Good Percale Wrappers.....48c
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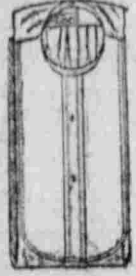
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Men's extra heavy Jersey, wool fleeced Underwear, only, 62c each
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Men's all pure wool Underwear.....85c

Ladies' Capes and Jackets.

Ladies' Capes and Jackets at a Great Bargain. Ladies' light weight Cloth Capes, 45c
Ladies' Plush Capes.....\$1.15
Ladies' Crush, Plush Capes.....\$1.75
Ladies' nicely trimmed Plush Capes.....\$2.25, \$2.50, \$4.75, \$6.00, \$8.00 and \$10.00
Golf Capes from.....\$2.00 up
Ladies' heavy Cloth Jackets.....\$3.00 up
Ladies' extra fine Plush Jackets, fine fur or silk and bead trimming, worth \$25.00, our prices only.....\$16.50

Window Shades.

Window Shades with Spring Rollers, all complete.....10c, 25c and 40c



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Men's laundried White Shirts, 45c, 50c and 75c
Men's Working Shirts.....25c
Men's extra heavy Working Shirts.....45c and up
Men's Suspenders from.....8c up
Boys' Suspenders.....5c

Carpets and Rugs.

If you want to save money on Carpets, come and see us. Yard wide Hemp Carpet.....14c
Yard wide Ingrain Carpet.....29c
Brussels Carpets from.....48c up
Rugs, Art Squares, etc., at special prices.

Pocket Knives and Razors.

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Boys' two-blade Pocket Knives.....10c
Men's Pocket Knives.....25c, 35c, 50c and up
Razors from.....25c up
Wade & Butcher Razors.....45c
Wade & Butcher's regular \$2.50 full hollow ground razors, as good as any made, our price 95c



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Men's Shoes from.....98c up
Come and see our Shoes before buying.

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Men's good all wool Suits.....\$5.50
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Very finest black clay worsted Suits, satin lining, worth \$18, for.....\$12.25

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Extra heavy gray Covert Cloth Overcoats, worth \$16.00, for only.....\$8.85
Fine black Beaver Cloth Overcoats.....\$10.00
MEN'S good MACKINTOSHES, Extra heavy Mackintoshes.....\$2.60, \$4.50 and \$5.00

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Boys' Knee Pants Suits, good School Suit.....75c



Boys' nice Knee Pants Suits, \$1.00, \$1.35, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and.....\$3.00
Boys' Knee Pants from.....25c up

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Good Hand Saw Files.....8c and 5c
Flat Files.....8c, 10c and 15c
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Full sized Nail Hammers.....10c
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18-inch Steel Handsaws.....25c
24-inch Steel Handsaws.....40c
26-inch solid Steel Handsaws.....45c and up
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Door Knob Locks only.....35c
Padlocks.....5c
Brass Padlocks.....10c



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Bargains in Table Cutlery.

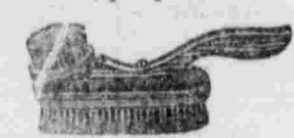
Table Knives and Forks, per set.....45c
Better quality Knives and Forks.....75c and 95c
Splendid Steel Knives and Forks, double bolsters, cimeter blade, per set.....\$1.25
Extra fine Knives and Forks, nickel cap and bolster, worth \$3.00, our price.....\$2.00
Rogers' best Silver Plated Knives and Forks, per set.....\$3.00

Hosiery! Hosiery!

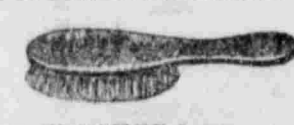
Children's and Misses' Ribbed Hose.....5c
Children's Heavy Seamless Hose.....8c
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Ladies' and Misses' Wool Hose 15c

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Six rolls of White Tape for.....5c
Six papers Sharp's English Needles for.....5c
Twelve dozen Shirt Buttons for.....5c
Two dozen Hooks and Eyes for.....1c
Good Pins, full count, per paper.....1c
Safety Pins, all sizes, per dozen.....2c
Garter Elastic, per yard.....3c
Hair Pins, per box (80 pins).....3c
Two Balls Knitting Cotton for.....5c
Spool Sewing Silk, 100 yards.....30c
Basting Thread, per spool.....1c
Full size Pocket Books.....5c
Ladies' Pocket Books.....10c, 25c and 35c
Corset Steels, per pair.....5c



SHOE BRUSHES.....8c
Shoe Blacking.....7c
Clothes Brushes from.....10c up



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Tooth Brushes from.....3c up
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Solid Copper Wash Boilers.....\$2.90



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Lemon Squeezers.....8c
Bread Pins.....8c and 5c
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