

IN THE SILENT NORTH INFLUENZA TOOK ITS DEATH TOLL

Eskimo and Indian, Half-Breed and White, Hunter and Fisherman Fell Victims of Deadly Epidemic Without Doctors, Nurses or Hospitals, Whole Communities Wiped Out--By Warwick Smith

BY WARWICK SMITH.

A WHOLE people almost destroyed in a few weeks; whole settlements left without a single survivor; the unburied corpses devoured by half-starved dogs; this is the story that comes out of the silent north—the most gruesome, most awful tale of disease and death that the world has yet heard. War, famine and pestilence have taken heavy toll of mankind during five years, but the relative loss of life has everywhere been small compared with that which has taken place along the rock-bound shores of lonely Labrador.

Eskimo and Indian, half-breed and white, German and Briton, hunter and fisherman have fallen victims to the dreaded influenza. And on all that desolate coast, extending over eight degrees of latitude, not a doctor or a trained nurse, not a hospital or dispensary, not even a health officer is to be found.

The ice floes of the north fill every harbor; giant icebergs miles in length, acres in extent, mountains in height, bar the path of ship and steamer. A land where railroads are unknown, where streets are never laid nor roads built to connect one settlement with another; a country where horses and cows are less known than are the rhinoceros and zebra to the inhabitants of the United States; a region where even canned milk is a luxury and candy is seldom seen; such is Labrador.

The Labrador coast, under the jurisdiction of the government of Newfoundland, extends from the strait of Belle Isle (about 52 degrees north latitude) to Hudson strait (latitude 60 degrees north). A straight line drawn from one end of the coast to the other would stretch over 500 miles. The length of the deeply indented seaboard would be nearer 3000 miles. The southern part—about a degree north of the strait of Belle Isle—is served by Dr. Grenfell and his staff of assistants. At times they visit during the summer season the northern portion. A medical man employed by the government of Newfoundland has a small cabin fitted up as a surgery and dispensary on the mail steamer that plies along the coast in the fishing season.

Communication in winter time would be impossible but for the dogs. Wild brutes that never bark, but howl like their next of kin, the wolves, pull the komatik, or Eskimo sled, over the frozen crusts of snow at the rate of 20 miles an hour. So savage are they that the law of Newfoundland forbids their importation into that island. They are kept in subjection only by a whip consisting of a two-foot stick and a leather thong about 20 or 40 feet long. The rawhide lash is allowed to trail behind the komatik and the driver flicks it just as one does a wet towel, but with the accompaniment of a report louder than that of a pistol. The Eskimos are so skilful in the use of this whip that they are able to beat a partridge at a blow or knock out the eye of a dog. Tales only too true have been told of drivers who have lost their whips being torn to pieces by their own dogs.

In the year 1783, Christian Erhardt, who had been for many years a sailor on whaling ships, led a party of Moravian missionaries to Labrador. Erhardt and his boat's crew were murdered by the Eskimos and the missionaries had, on account of the loss of their only interpreter, to abandon the attempt to convert the aborigines to Christianity. Twelve years later the Moravian Brethren succeeded in establishing mission stations on the coast and since that time the missions have been self-supporting through the trading of the lay brothers of the staff. The authorities in England and Newfoundland at different times gave grants



OF THE HUNDRED INHABITANTS OF ONE SETTLEMENT ONLY 14 ESKIMOS SURVIVE. WHOLE COMMUNITIES IN THE NORTHLAND HAVE FALLEN VICTIMS OF THE DREADED INFLUENZA.

of land to the brethren and empowered them to keep the unscrupulous traders from introducing intoxicating liquors into the settlements where mission stations are established. There are now six such stations, Hopedale, Zoar, Nain, Okkak, Hebron and Ramah. Of these Hopedale is the most southerly (latitude 55 degrees north) and Ramah the most northerly (latitude 59 degrees north). South of Hopedale there are a few missionaries of other denominations from Newfoundland. North of Ramah is Cape Chidley at the entrance of Hudson strait. West of the cape is the great Ungava bay, where a Protestant Episcopal missionary tends his much-scattered flock. This gentleman, Rev. S. M. Stewart, has been traveling since last October to get back to his mission after a short visit to Great Britain. He expects to arrive there about the end of February.

Bishop Martin of the Moravian mis-

sion wrote from Hebron under date December 1, 1918, to the colonial secretary of Newfoundland. His letter was received in St. John's on June 21. He states that out of 100 Eskimo inhabitants of that place 85 died in a single week and one a little later. In this settlement there are now only 14 Eskimos, eight children, five women and one man. The missionaries were all ill, too, but recovered.

For five or six weeks they were unable to do anything with regard to burying the bodies. The ground, shallow at best, was now frozen solid. Some men from a neighboring settlement then came to their help and the bodies were taken in sleds out on the frozen ocean and, a hole having been made in the ice, they were reverently committed to the deep. In one place in the big Saagiek Bay, between Hebron and Ramah, 20 out of 26 bodies were

devoured by dogs and a visitor there was obliged to kill the 60 wild brutes. Rev. S. M. Stewart, writing from Okkak, says there are 28 people dead in that settlement and only two men and two boys survive. He estimates that only 400 Eskimos are left on this wild coast. A few settlements have been visited by the plague. Smallpox as well as measles has also broken out.

Rev. Henry Gordon, missionary at Cartwright, in southern Labrador (latitude 54 degrees), reports that only half a dozen whites are left alive in that settlement. In many houses in this mission none survive. In some cases a few children managed to keep alive after all the grown-up people had died. On account of the impossibility of procuring fuel, fires being found only in sheltered valleys in the interior, many were frozen to death.

The various reports tell stories of al-

most miraculous survival. In one house an old woman of 73 alone remained out of a household of five. For nine days after the last death she was without fire and had to thaw pieces of ice in a cup placed under her arm-pit in order to quench her thirst. In another place a little girl saw the bodies of her parents, brothers and sisters eaten by the dogs in the room she was lying in. She tried to drive them away and one bit a piece out of her arm. She bound up the wound and finally recovered. She melted water with a few Christmas candles which some one had given her to light the Christmas tree. She was using the last inch of candle when she was rescued.

In one place it was impossible to find earth deep enough to bury the dead and it was equally impossible to bury them at sea. Five bodies had to be hauled eight miles before earth sufficiently deep could be discovered and

the ground had to be literally hewed out in places before burial could take place. All the reports which have come in are the official statements of clergymen written to their official superiors in church and state, and I have embodied in this article only the facts reported by them.

The orphans were distributed in the various settlements and the tollers of the deep, with weakened bodies and saddened minds, must face the future with added burdens. I feel that those among us who have lately lost loved ones or have themselves experienced suffering through the war or pestilence will sympathize with the simple but kindly people of the far north, whose sons, both Eskimos and white, fought side by side with ours in the great struggle for the freedom of man. And the few survivors will "carry on" in simple faith, asking no help—though God knows they need it—praying only

that the seals will come inshore and the codfish be plenty. A God-fearing, Christian people, with few churches and scarcely any schools, that neither need nor have a single magistrate or policeman; where no doors are locked, where but one murder has taken place in a century, where divorce is unknown, where drunkenness is rare and the Sabbath never broken—such is the people who inhabit a land where the potato sometimes attains the size of a walnut and ancient spruce trees spread their highest branches only two feet above the ground. And yet they love their country, and all efforts to tempt even the white "livvies" (as they are called to distinguish them from the transient fishermen) to move to the warmer clime have failed. The visitor will agree that the Norwegians named it well when, 900 years ago, they called it Helluland—the Land of Naked Rocks.

POISON DRIVE ON SQUIRRELS AND HOPPERS IS EFFECTIVE

Encouraging Results Reported in Experiments in Klamath County—Eradication of Pests in Some Fields Reported Practically Complete.

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, Aug. 26.—(Special.)—Killing squirrels and grasshoppers is just as essential to the success of President Wilson's increase food production policy as planting more crops, thinks E. H. Thomas, agricultural agent of Klamath county. His success in directing the insect and rodent control work of the Klamath farmers is indicated in his report to O. D. Center, director of the extension service.

From an average of counts made at random on the upper marsh district of the Klamath Indian agency 139 dead grasshoppers were found to each square foot. In addition many sick were found throughout the area treated with poison. Twenty-five dead hoppers were picked out of one horse track. The control measures for the marsh were taken on request of Superintendent West of the agency. The grasshoppers were seriously damaging the hay and the pasture crops on June 16, when the first inspection was made. To combat them 150 pounds of arsenic and one barrel of molasses were ordered from Klamath Falls, and additional supplies by express. The supplies reached the agency June 25, and three days later had been made into poison bait and applied to the land.

Results Held Promising. It took 3000 pounds of bran and sawdust to serve as carriers for the 525 pounds of arsenic and four barrels of molasses used. The bait was spread by 14 men. Within the next few days the same men spread twice this amount—3000 pounds in all.

The counts of dead grasshoppers were made in the presence of the men who spread the bait. A number of them are influential stockmen of the district and were, says Mr. Thomas, "very enthusiastic over the results." They are lessees of agency lands and do the work while the agency buys the materials. They have asked the agent to purchase \$1000 worth more poison and he has made application to Washington for the funds.

Control was begun too late for complete success, but vast stores of hay were saved by the measures, late though they were. The stockmen of the district intend to open a clean-up campaign at the right time next year and wipe the pest out for good.

Early Action Essential. Not all districts were so successful. Labor for spreading the bait was lacking in some, distances which the material had to be moved were very great, some of the farmers were skeptical

even after they had seen the earlier results, and the work was started late. Most of the districts expect to start a vigorous campaign next season. The difficulty of obtaining early and accurate information on infestation is a serious matter. The Tule lake district reported no hoppers repeatedly until the end of June, when a hurry call was sent in. Inspection then showed that the grasshoppers had already trimmed all leaves from certain fields of rye and were attacking the heads. Materials were ordered and the work begun to save the remnants left by the pests.

An S. O. S. was likewise sent in from the district northwest of Fort Klamath, for which poison and carriers were ordered. This was too late for complete control.

More than 20,000 pounds of bait—15 wagon loads—were spread during the summer, but complete reports are not yet available.

Squirrel Killing Success. Killing of squirrels was equally successful. An average of 240 dead squirrels were picked from an acre of treated lands where infestation was especially bad. From two measured acres 456 dead rodents were taken. Fifteen dead squirrels were taken out of a small dry-water course 30 feet long and two and a half feet wide.

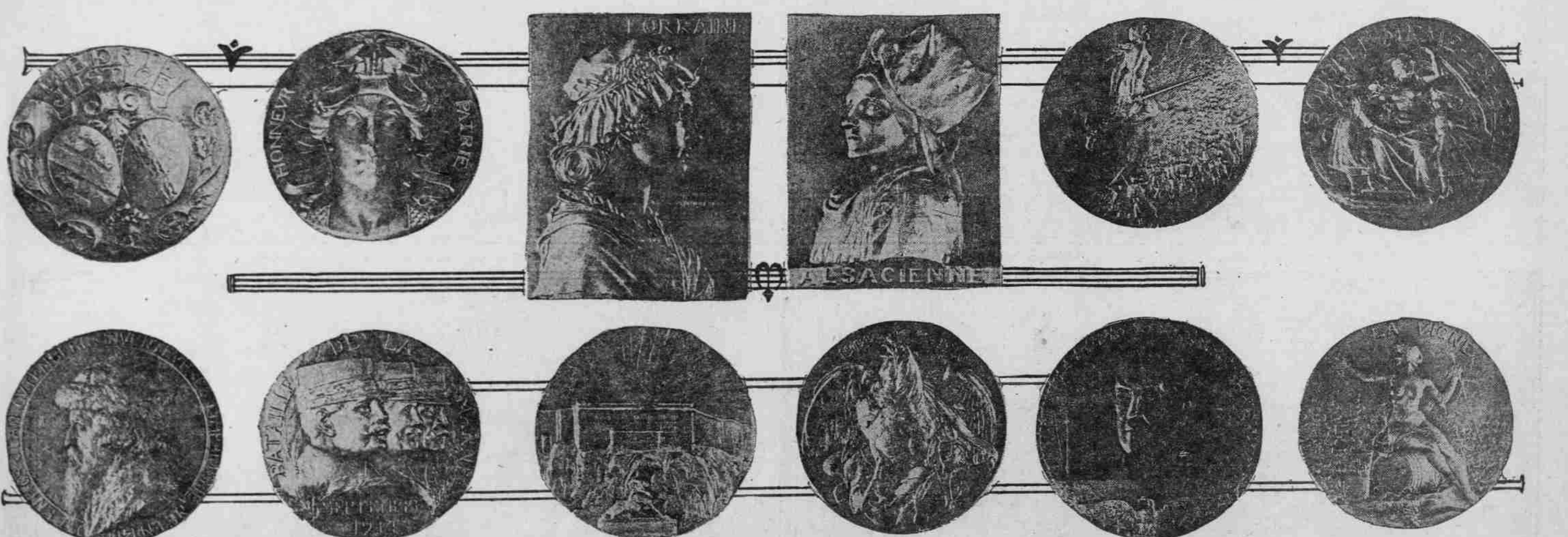
This was on the Rex Borden ranch, where a demonstration had been made earlier in the season, in which 378 quarts of poisoned bait were spread on 300 acres of alfalfa lands. Two men were employed for one day to make a survey of the fields. They brought out 436 squirrels from a 15-acre alfalfa field which the owner said was relatively free from rodents. The dead squirrels were all taken from the top of the ground, and as the alfalfa was thick and tall, many more were overlooked, the men thought. This took no account of the squirrels that died in their holes.

Upon passing the Rex Borden ranch observers failed to find a single living squirrel. The clean-up was practically complete.

General's Honors Come in Bunches.

EL PASO, Tex.—Brigadier-General James B. Erwin's honors all came at once. Appointed acting commander of the southern department pending the arrival of Major-General T. J. Dickman, he was awarded the croix de guerre for his conduct in command of the sixth division overseas and also received a citation from General Pershing praising his work as commander of a brigade of the sixth division during the Meuse-Argonne campaign.

UNIQUE SOUVENIRS BY WHICH FRANCE COMMEMORATES WAR



AS masks and German helmets have their place among soldier trophies, but nothing that the boys have brought home as souvenirs has so delighted recipients as the artistic commemorative medals issued by the French government. Enterprising merchants in the occupied German territory have, it is said, lately been turning an honest penny by the sale of specially prepared Lusitania medals, but they have a different sort of appeal from the bronze and silver medallions that are to be purchased at the Hotel de Monnaie, in Paris.

The French themselves have been liberal purchasers; but no customers are as enthusiastic or as liberal as the Americans, who during the three hours that the "mint" is open each day, throng the building and vie with each other in buying as many of the mementoes as it is permitted to purchase. A uniformed guard directs the pros-

pective customers to an upper floor, where the 100 or more examples of the art of some of France's finest sculptors is on display in a carefully guarded case, and each visitor is permitted to buy selected medals, but only one of each kind. Generals, doughboys, nurses, Y. M. C. A. workers, sailors and just plain people may be seen in line awaiting an opportunity to buy, and the attendants are kept so busy that they are likely exhausted when the three hours of service in selling has passed. Prices range from two francs and a half to seven francs for the bronze medals and the silver medals are two or three times as costly. Artistically, however, each medal is as perfect as the art of the French die-sinker can make possible, and to be recipient of either a silver or a bronze piece is indeed an aesthetic joy.

The medals are in use as ornaments, set against velvet or placed in frames, or are utilized by many persons as pendants on writing desks. Almost at the beginning of the war famous de-

signers and artists devoted themselves to the making of commemorative medals. For instance, a medallion that attained great popularity is the commemorative battle of the Marne production, by J. P. Legastelois, with the date, September, 1914, and with General Foch, Joffre and Petain in profile. The men are set against a spray of laurel and are seen in their uniform caps. On the reverse side is an array of poplars charging the enemy and with overhead, an allegorical feminine figure, sword in hand and rushing on to victory.

To remind one of the horrors of invasion by the boches there is a medallion called "Here the barbarians have passed." A woman, with a single garment, lies with her head against a ruined wall, her eyes closed in death and with her murdered infant at her knee. The other side of the bronze shows heroic and gentle souls plunged in despair at the thought of devastation visited upon them by the hordes of the Hun. Then there is a medal showing the

cathedral at Rheims in flames, with a spray of laurel in honor and in remembrance. Legastelois designed another of the medallions, on which there is representation of victory hovering over French soldiers firing from the trenches. The reverse side shows a crowing cock against a background of flags. Then there is on a disc a widow holding under her cloak and tightly to her breast her orphan child as she stands in God's acre at the cross-topped grave of her soldier husband, his cap at the top of the cross to remind her more forcefully of him and of her great loss.

Ever true to Alsace and to Lorraine, the Frenchman sends forth special medals dedicated to those countries. G. Prudhomme designed the female head and shoulders that typify Lorraine, and the Alsacienne is shown in peasant cap. A memorial to the brave soldier, on an oblong piece of bronze, shows victory planning a badge of bravery upon his breast as he stands on the battlefield. One of the most beautiful of the me-

dallions is that showing Rouget de Lisle. It was he who wrote the "Marseillaise," and on the reverse side of the medal there may be read by the keen-sighted the words and the music of that tremendously inspiring hymn.

President Wilson is not forgotten, but the artist has been least successful in this instance, for there is not the familiar Wilsonian expression on the countenance and it almost needs the label that is underneath to make identification sure. An eagle with wings spread and a circle of stars at the rim, with a torch and a sheathed battle-axe in the background, are parts of the design. The reverse side of the medal shows female figures of War and Peace in hand-clasp and with the phrase, "Right is more precious than peace."

"Under the Same Flag" is the title of a design by Charles Perron, showing two children of the allies clasping hands with the mother, France, holding overhead the flag of the nation. Then another design shows a mother placing

a sword in the hand of her son and bidding him to go. The tomb that is on the reverse side bears the word "Patrie" and is draped with a flag. L. Desvignes, who designed the "Va Fils," also is responsible for "Aux Travailleurs des Usines de Guerre," which shows workmen pouring metal into molds for shells, and, on the other side, a busy steel plant engaged in war work.

Of course, all the medals are not given over to war themes. A particularly striking creation is that showing Jean Gutenberg, inventor of printing, with a wonderfully strong face, Leon Deschamps is the designer. The obverse has an early printing press standing clearly forth. The joy of the grape is not forgotten, with a female seated on a cask in a vineyard as she holds aloft a cluster of grapes. The reverse side has a vineyard with workers busied at their toll. Then there is a beautiful figure of Diana, the huntress, at rest with her bow in one hand and with an arrow in another. What she sees in the distance is the stag as he is

set upon by the hounds; of course, this is on the reverse side of the medallion. Other medals representing female figures of the classics and of mythology are among the collection and they have all the beautiful detail that one comes to associate with French art and with the French sense of exquisite taste. They are in contrast with the strong face of a woman on a medal that bears the star of victory at the head and that has the insignia, "Honor—Country." On the reverse side, in bold relief, is a cock crowing, with 1914-16 above his head. These are but a few of the medallions that have been made by the French during the war. They have probably never been surpassed in any country, and it is not to be wondered at therefore that every soldier who has been told about the beauty of the souvenirs has brought to his friends and relatives here such a varied assortment of the beautiful tokens. They will set a standard that designers in this country could emulate.