

CIVILIZING THE ESKIMO

Effort of the White Man Has Been
a Blight Upon People of the
Arctic.

FINE STUDY FOR SCIENCE.

Native of the North One of the Most
Extreme Variations of the
Human Race.

It is to be hoped that misanthropic work among the Eskimos at Etah will not proceed beyond talking about such work, for wherever the white civilization has touched arctic peoples indescribably deplorable consequences have followed.

In spite of the hardships which the Eskimos have with reluctant nature they were at one time by no means a miserable race, but made themselves comfortable in a frozen region, where all else would have perished, took a healthy enjoyment in life and were

The fact that the Eskimo has the most powerful digestion of any human being ought to lead to a close study of his insides, and especially in regard to appendicitis and other fatal, probably preventable diseases of the abdomen.

The depredations of the white race have been as vicious on the top of the world as on the bottom. The Terra del Fuego Welsh and Scotch sheep herders shot the Onas Indians as if these pitiful, harmless Indians had been snakes or wolves. One Scotchman still living in Terra del Fuego shot sixty. These wretched Indians mistook the herders' sheep for their native guanaco and killed and ate a few.

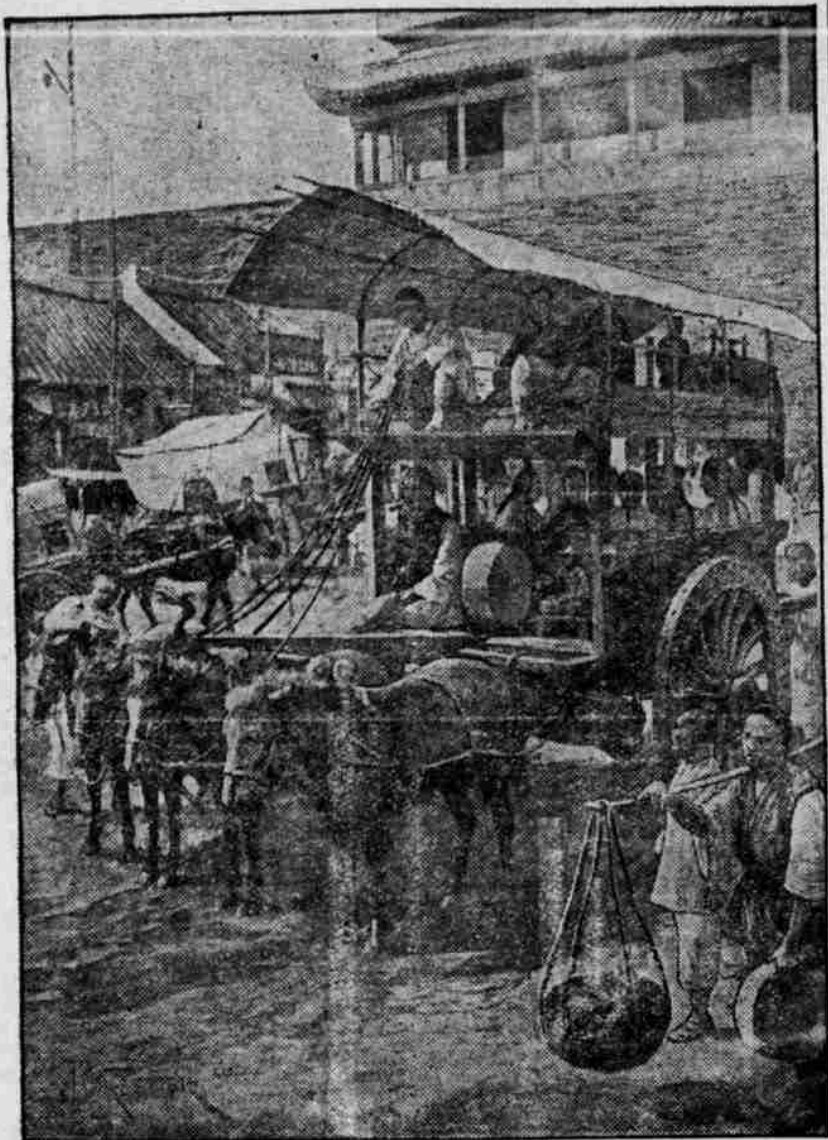
Secret Information.

The island of Great Britain has always been, in theory at least, open to invasion. Fear among the inhabitants was perhaps at its height in the days of Napoleon, when guards were kept watching for any sign of an enemy from over the Channel. Lately there has been much conjecture as to whether England must expect the advent of a foreign army.

An Englishman of a timorous nature was dilating to a more stolid friend on the almost immediate danger of a hostile army, which he seemed to expect at any moment.

"Why, my dear Rugby," he said,

THE "TAXI-CAB" OF 1644 YEARS AGO.



THE LI-MEASURING CARRIAGE OF OLD CHINA.

Attention was called to the ancient measure-mile-drum of the Chinese in a lecture given by Prof. Giles of Cambridge some time ago; and that gentleman was good enough to correct the sketches of our artist's reconstruction of the vehicle (here reproduced). The professor found a reference to the "taxi-cab" in the History of the Chin Dynasty (A. D. 265-419). In the years A. D. 815, 820 and 987 further mentions were made of such a "taxi-cab," and there was a description of the vehicle, a portion of which we give. "At the completion of every li, the wooden figure of a man in the lower story strikes a drum, and at the completion of every ten li a man in the upper story strikes a bell." The length of the Chinese li is variously estimated. Some say that it was 479 yards; others that it was 699 yards. An authority at the Chinese Legation has said that it was equal to 581 yards. It is supposed to have represented one-tenth of an hour's march.—London Illustrated News.

distinguished by gentle domestic and social qualities, the New York Press says. The butting in of the white man has brought with it hypocrisy, poverty, thievery, selfishness and total loss of self-respect and independence.

The Eskimos are one of the most extreme variations of the human race and because they have lived for ages in almost ideally sterilized atmosphere they present at first hand many of the difficult laboratory experiments already worked out, but which Metchnikoff, Flexner and other experimenters are strenuously seeking along the lines of human immunization. It is very necessary for science to know well a people like the Eskimos, who have always been free from cancer and tuberculosis, but the trouble is, medical science, with a few exceptions, has not awakened to the serious necessity of studying so strange and interesting a branch of humanity. Medical science is trying to establish an environment free from disease germs. Now in the Eskimo science has this very thing, the Eskimos having been in a germ-free environment for ages. Just to give an off-hand illustration, England has had a royal commission investigating cancer for years, but with no positive conclusions. The fact that the Eskimo is free from disease germs and all other new growths may mean that cancer is caused by germs.

"there have been spies—actually spies—in the neighborhood here. My coachman was talking to one of them, and it seemed that he knew the names of the postmasters in all the villages hereabouts, and the principal roads, the wealthiest landowners, with descriptions of their estates, and a lot of information of that character! Now, just think how useful that would be in case of war. Just imagine, for instance—"

His stolid friend grinned. "John," he said, "haven't you ever seen 'Kelly's County Directory'? It's a fine book. It gives all that information and a heap besides. You can purchase it for something around ten shillings, I think."

Cause for Suspicion.

"When a man dat's tryin' to trade horses wif me stahts braggin' 'bout how honest he is in his dealin's," said Uncle Eben, "I can't help suspectin' dat he's gettin' ready to make an exception in my case." — Washington Star.

Season of Humility.

It is necessary that one should sometimes forget that he is a superior, and to remember that he is a brother.—Bishop Wilson.

Try to be satisfied with the best you can get.

THE QUICKENING

—BY—

FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Why Mr. Duxbury Farley spared the iron-master in the freezing-out process was an unsolved riddle to many. But there were reasons. For one, there was the lease of the coal lands, renewable year by year—this was Caleb's own honest provision inserted in the contract for the Major's protection—and renewable only by the Major's friend. Further, a practical man at the practical end of an industry is a sheer necessity; and by contriving to have honest Caleb associated with himself in the receivership, a fine color of uprightness was imparted to the promoter's far-reaching plan of aggrandizement.

So, later, when the reorganization was effected; when the troublesome, dividend-hungry stockholders of the original company were eliminated by due process of law, Caleb's name appeared on the Farley slate with the title of general manager of the new company—for the same good and sufficient reasons.

It was during the fervid six months of Chiawassee Coal and Iron development that Thomas Jefferson had passed from the old life to the new—from childhood to boyhood.

Simultaneously there were the coal-mines opening under the cliffs of Mount Lebanon, the long, double row of coking-ovens building on the flat below the furnace, and the furnace itself taking on undreamed-of magnitudes under the hands of the army of workmen. Thomas Jefferson did his best to keep the pace, being driven by a new and eager thirst for knowledge, mechanical, and of a gripping desire to be present at all the assembling of all the complicated parts of the threefold machine. And when he found it impossible to be in three places at once and the same moment, it distressed him to tears.

Of the home life during that strenuous interval there was little more than the eating and sleeping for one whose time for the absorbent process was all too limited. Also, the perplexing questions reaching down into the under-soul of things were silent. Also, again—mark of a change so radical that none but a Thomas Jefferson may read and understand—an awe-inspiring Major Dabney had ceased to be the first citizen of the world, that pinnacle being now occupied by a tall, sallow, smooth-faced gentleman, persuasive of speech and superhuman in accomplishment, who was the life and soul of the activities, and whom his father and mother always addressed respectfully as "Colonel" Farley.

One day, in the very heat of the battle, this commanding personage, at whose word the entire world of Paradise was in travail, had deigned to speak directly to him—Thomas Jefferson. It was at the mine on the mountain. The workmen were bolting into place the final trestle of the inclined railway which was to convey the coal in descending carloads to the bins at the coke-ovens, and Thomas Jefferson was absorbing the details as a dry sponge soaks water.

"Making sure that they do it just right, are you, my boy?" said the great man, patting him approvingly on the shoulder. "That's good. I like to see a boy anxious to get to the bottom of things. Going to be an iron-master, like your father, are you?"

"N-no," stammered the boy. "I wish I was!"

"Well, what's to prevent? We are going to have the completest plant in the country right here, and it will be a fine chance for your father's son; the finest in the world."

"Tain't goin' to do me any good," said Thomas Jefferson, dejectedly. "I got to be a preacher."

Mr. Duxbury Farley looked down at him curiously. He was a religious person himself, coming to be known as a pillar in St. Michael's Church at South Tredegar, a liberal contributor, and a prime mover in a plan to tear down the old building and to erect a new one more in keeping with the times and South Tredegar's prosperity. Yet he was careful to draw the line between religion as a means of grace and business as a means of making money.

"That is your mother's wish, I suppose; and it's a worthy one; very worthy. Yet, unless you have a special vocation—but there; your mother doubtless knows best. I am only anxious to see your father's son succeed in whatever he undertakes."

After that, Thomas Jefferson secretly made Success his god, and was alertly ready to fetch and carry for the high priest in its temple, only the opportunities were infrequent.

For, wide as the Paradise field seemed to be growing from Thomas Jefferson's point of view, it was altogether too narrow for Duxbury Farley. The principal offices of Chiawassee Coal and Iron were in South Tredegar, and there the first vice president was building a hewn-stone mansion, and had become a charter member of the city's first club; was domiciled in due form, and was already beginning to soften his final "rs," and to speak of himself as a Southerner—by adoption.

So sped the winter and the spring succeeding Thomas Jefferson's 15th

birthday, and for the first time in his life he saw the opening buds of the ironwood and the tender, fresh greens of the herald poplars, and smelled the sweet, keen fragrance of awakening nature, without being moved thereby.

Ardea he saw only now and then, as old Scipio drove her back and forth between the manor-house and the railway station, morning and evening. He had heard that she was going to school in the city, and as yet there were no stirrings of adolescence in him to make him wish to know more.

As for Nan Bryerson, he saw her not at all. For one thing, he climbed no more to the spring-sheltering altar rock among the cedars; and for another, among all the wild creatures of the mountain, your moonshiner is the shyest, being an anachronism in a world of progress. One bit of news, however, floated in on the gossip at Little Zoar. It related that Nan's mother was dead, and that the body had lain two days unburied while "like was drowning his sorrow in a sea of his own 'pine-top.'"

Vaguely it had been understood in the Gordon household that Mr. Duxbury Farley was a widower with two children: a boy, some years older than Thomas Jefferson, at school in New England, and a girl younger, name and place of sojourn unknown. The boy was coming South for the long vacation, and the affairs of the Chiawassee Coal and Iron—already reaching out subterraneously toward the future receivership—would call the first vice president North for the better portion of July. Would Mrs. Martha take pity on a motherless lad, whose health was none of the best, and open her home to Vincent?

Mrs. Martha would and did; not ungrudgingly on the vice president's account, but with many misgivings on Thomas Jefferson's. She was finding the surcharged industrial atmosphere of the new era inimical at every point to the development of the spiritual passion she had striven to arouse in her son; to paving the way for the realizing of that ideal which had first taken form when she had written "Reverend Thomas Jefferson Gordon" on the margin of the letter to her brother Silas.

As it fell out, the worst happened that could happen, considering the apparent harmlessness of the exciting cause. Vincent Farley proved to be an anemic stripling, cold, reserved, with no surface indications of moral depravity, and with at least a veneer of good breeding. But in Thomas Jefferson's heart he planted the seed of discontent with his surroundings, with the homely old house on the pike, unchanged as yet by the rising tide of prosperity, and more than all, with the prospect of becoming a chosen vessel.

It was of no use to hark back to the revival and the heart-quaking experiences of a year ago. Thomas Jefferson tried, but all that seemed to belong to another world and another life. What he craved now was to be like this envied and enviable son of good fortune, who wore his Sunday suit every day, carried a beautiful gold watch, and was coolly and complacently at ease, even with Major Dabney and a foreign-born and traveled Ardea.

Later in the summer the envy died down and Thomas Jefferson developed a pronounced case of hero-worship, something to the disgust of the colder-hearted, older boy. It did not last very long, not did it leave any permanent scars; but before Thomas Jefferson was fully convalescent the subtle flattery of his adulation warmed the subject of it into something like companionship, and there were bragging stories of boarding-school life and of the world at large to add fresh fuel to the fire of discontent.

Though Thomas Jefferson did not know it, his deliverance on that side was nigh. It had been decided that he was to be sent away to school, Chiawassee Coal and Iron promising handsomely to warrant the expense; and the decision hung only on the choice of courses to be pursued.

Caleb had marked the growing hunger for technical knowledge in the boy, and had secretly gloried in it. Here, at least, was a strong stream of his own craftsman's blood flowing in the veins of his son.

"It'd be a thousand pities to spoil a good iron man and engineer to make a poor preacher, Martha," he objected; this for the twentieth time, and when the approach of autumn was forcing the conclusion.

"I know, Caleb; bou you don't understand," was the invariable rejoinder. "You know that side of him, because it's your side. But he is my son, too; and—and, Caleb, the Lord has called him!"

"He's only a little shaver yet. Let him try the school in the city for a year 'r so, goin' and comin' on the railroad, nights and mornin's, like the Major's granddaughter. After that, we might see."

Thomas Jefferson took his last afternoon for a ramble in the fields and woods beyond the manor-house, in that part of the valley as yet unfurrowed by the industrial plow. It was not the old love of the solitudes that called him; it was rather a sore-hearted desire to go apart and give place to all

the hard thoughts that were bubbling and boiling within.

A long circuit over the boundary hills brought him at length to the little glade with the pool in its center where he had been fishing for perch on that day when Ardea and the great dog had come to make him backslide. He wondered if she had ever forgiven him. Most likely she had not. She never seemed to think him greatly worth while when they happened to meet.

He was sitting on the overhanging bank, just where he had sat that other day, when suddenly history repeated itself. There was a rustling in the bushes; the Great Dane bounded out, thought not as before to stand menacing; and when he turned his head she was there near him.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she said, coolly; and then she called to the dog and made as if she would go away. But Thomas Jefferson's heart was full, and full hearts are soft.

"You needn't run," he hazarded. "I reckon I ain't going to bite you. I don't feel much like biting anybody today. I'm going to be a preacher."

"You?" she said, with the frank and unsympathetic surprise of childhood. Then politeness came to the rescue and she added: "I'm sorry for that, too, if you are wanting me to be. Only I should think it would be fine to wear a long black robe and a pretty white surplice, and to learn to sing the prayers beautifully, and all that."

Thomas Jefferson was honestly horrified, and he looked it.

"I'd like to know what in the world you're talking about," he said.

"About your being a minister, of course. Only in France they call them priests of the church."

The boy's lips went together in a fine straight line. Not for nothing did the blood of many generations of Protestants flow in his veins. "Priest" was a Popish word.

"The Pope of Rome is antichrist!" he declared, authoritatively.

She seemed only politely interested. "Is he? I didn't know." Then, with a tactfulness worthy of graver years, she drew away from the dangerous topic. "When are you going?"

"To-morrow."

"Is it far?"

"Yes; it's an awful long ways."

"Never mind; you'll be coming back after a while, and then we'll be friends—if you want to."

"I'm mighty glad," he said. Then he got up. "Will you let me show you the way home again?—the short, easy way, this time."

She hesitated a moment, and then stood up and gave him her hand.

"I'm not afraid of you now; we don't hate him any more, do we, Hector?"

And so they went together through the yellowing aisles of the September wood and across the fields to the manor-house gates.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tom Gordon—Thomas Jefferson now only in his mother's letters—was past 15, and his voice was in the transition stage which made him blushing self-conscious when he ran up the window-shade in the Pullman to watch for the earliest morning outlining of old Lebanon on the southern horizon.

Homesickness returned with renewed qualms when the train had doubled the nose of Lebanon and threaded its way among the hills to the Paradise portal. Gordonia, of the single side-track, had grown into a small iron town, with the Chiawassee plant flanking a good half-mile of the railway; with a cinder street or two, and a scummy wave of operatives' cottages and laborers' shacks spreading up the hillsides which were stripped bare of their trees and undergrowth.

Tom's eyes filled, and he was wondering faintly if the desolating tide of progress had topped the hills to pour over into the home valley beyond, when his father accosted him. There was a little shock at the sight of the grizzled hair and beard turned so much grayer; but the welcoming was like a grateful draft of cool water in a parched wilderness.

"Well, now then! How are ye, Buddy boy? Great land o' Canaan! but you've shot up and thickened out mighty in two years, son."

Tom was painfully conscious of his size. Also of the fact that he was clumsily in his own way, particularly as to hands and feet. The sectarian school dwelt lightly on athletics and such purely mundane trivialities as physical fitness and the harmonious education of the growing body and limbs.

"Yes; I'm so big it makes me right tired," he said, gravely, and his voice cracked provokingly in the middle of it. Then he asked about his mother.

"She's tolerable—only tolerable, Buddy. She allows she don't have enough to keep her doin' in the new—" Caleb pulled himself up abruptly and changed the subject with a ponderous attempt at levity. "What-all have you done with your trunk check, son? Now I'll bet a hen worth fifty dollars ye've gone and lost it."

But Tom had not; and when the luggage was found there was another innovation to buffet him. The old buggy with its high seat had vanished, and in its room there was a modern survey and a negro driver. Tom looked askance at the new equipage.

"Can't we make out to walk, pappy?" he asked, dropping unconsciously into the child-time phrase.

"Oh, yes; I reckon we could. You're not too young, and I'm not so terr'ble old. But—get in, Buddy, get in; there'll be trampin' enough for ye, all summer long."

(To be continued.)

Knew Him Well.

Griggs—Hickson wants to borrow some money of me. Do you know anything about him?

Briggs—I know him as well as I do you. I wouldn't let him have a cent.—Boston Transcript.