DR. GRENFELL A REAL HERO OF THE FAR NORTH



FACTS ABOUT DR. GRENFELL.

Graduated from Oxford university, 1886, and from the medical department, London university,

Began his life work on a mission-beat of the deep sea trawling fleet, 1891.

Went to Labrador to carry the Gospel to the deep sea fishers in He reaches 20,000 fishermen on

the coasts of Labrador every year. He got from Andrew Carnegie 30 portable libraries to assist him in his work.

He has started a series of cooperative stores in the north.

He operates on patients anywhere, wherever called, without

He carries his ether and instruments in one pecket and his Bib 9 in the other.

He raises \$12,000 in New York every year for his work

YOW he did it, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, the Arctic missionary phyhave ended in the death of ninety-nine | the legs of the dead dogs. men out of a hundred.

Out in the ice pack, surrounded by a pack of eight hunger-maddened dogs, fighting him for their lives as hard George Reid and some of his men off had to face them alone in a tempera- boat and took me off." ture ten degrees below zero. How he survived is a nine days' wonder even up in frozen Labrador, where men batfrom forbidding nature.

And when he had conquered the dogs he still had the elements as his now he has a third. But very often deadlier foe.

Dr. Grenfell leads a strange life. He has devoted himself and his life to the Esquimaux and the natives of Labrador-deep sea fishers all. He is their doctor, missionary, friend. A graduate of Oxford, he has chosen that tmost barren spot in North America as one where he may do some good in the world.

His headquarters he makes at Battle Harbor, Labrador. From there, as a base of supplies, he makes trips of hundreds of miles into the frozen north, carrying his surgical instruments and his medicines along with his Bible and his great good cheer, to say nothing of his books and fils footballs. Until Dr. Grenfell went to Labrador men and women lived and dled without as much as ever seeing a doctor, much less having his services. He has had many adventures, but this is the story of his latest:

44 HAD left Battle Harbor," he said. alities, and Indians and Esquimaux. knew what a surgeon was up in Labra-to attend several patients ten Some of the diseases they spring on dor until he went there to make it his miles away in a little settlement across the would puzzle the best of special- life work. He is known now from the not even the child, ever knew how the ice pack. It was bitterly cold; ists. Why, only last winter they called Arctic circle down to where real civilthe thermometer showed it to be ten on me to care for a shipload of beri- ization begins. If he knows he is degrees below zero. I was traveling beri. It cleaned out the whole vessel needed he will take any chance—this over the ice with my pack of dogs when I found I was being carried away from the coast by the moving ice field. Before 1 realized it 1 was frozen north are gradually dying tion is a success he may be crowding floundering in broken drift ice, and be off because of the disappearance of a football or a baseball and but upon fore I could stop the dogs we were all the great forests. This drives away his patient as soon as he is able to get

in the freezing water. cept self-preservation. They tried to it is disease, brought by contact with save themselves by climbing up on my the white men. We white people are A Grenfell: "He is a surgeon, a 1541-42. Prof. Williston found charred shoulders. I had to fight them back immune against many diseases, but master mariner, a magistrate, an before I could clamber to safety on a when they strike the Esquimaux the agent of Lloyds in running down the dian pueblos in Scott county, estipiece of solid drift ice. Then the germs light on virgin soil. For ex-rascals who wreck their vessels for dogs had to save themselves. One by ample, a white sailor brought a sim- the insurance, a manager of a string turies old. Bourgmont found the Kaw one they scrambled, up on the ice ple case of influenza into an Esqui- of co-operative stores, a general oppo- indians cultivating corn on the pres-

"I had lost everthing. My robes were gone and the supply of food for myself and the dogs. It looked as if it was all up with all of us, because a

clothing was soaked. "So I took off my skin boots and cut them in halves. These halves I

the floe rapidly out to sea. And the

temperature was falling fast. My

strapped to my chest and back. "The wind and cold increased as the night came on, and I could see the dogs were growing ravenous. When they are that way they are what their ancestors were, nothing better than wolves. They were yelping for food time before they would attack me,

"It felt like murder, but I killed three of my largest dogs. I stripped useful man on the North American them of their skins while the rest of the pack kept aloof, snarling and nearly approaches the heroic ideal, I came after me, but I was able to fight | Lord Strathcona of Canada not long them off until I could skin the three ago. dead dogs. Then I threw the meat to the survivors and kept the skins to wrap about myself.

was rapidly drifting from shore. I had sician, can hardly tell. But he nothing to put as a mast on which I the most good. He is a captain of in- the Banded Death strike—the child's at-large was a matter of course, but it did and he is safe home again could swing out a signal of distress dustry-under God! now after an experience that would until I thought myself of the bones of

From the top of the pole I flung out a football with the best of them, and he grass by the fence. And the mother, piece of my shirt. It was seen by as he was fighting them for his-he Locke's Cove and they came out in a

FOR 17 years Dr. Grenfell has been working there among the fishertle 365 days a year to wrest a living folks or anybody else that needed his services. He has had two hospital ships lost in the treacherous ice and when he gets a call miles away the ship is powerless to reach the patient and he goes over the ice with his pack of dogs.

Already he has established three land hospitals in Labrador, 23 loan libraries, an industrial school and half a dozen co-operative stores. He has seen to it that wireless telegraphy is installed on land as well as on the fishing boats. This gives him many chances to answer calls which cost nothing.

Occasionally Dr. Grenfell comes to and surgical appliances.

"It is queer doctoring," laughed Dr. Grenfell when last he was here. "I have Canadian and Newfoundland He'd rather set a broken shoulder a

-every one of them had it. the caribou, which means starvation about. He may also hand him a tract. "They, of course, knew no law ex- for the Indians. With the Esquimaux

ran its course 41 of the natives were

fore. It is of great assistance in my handle a saw but how to sell the work; it puts me within call when product as a living wage." there is an epidemic or a serious case.

help to the fishing industry, which is girl bound in harness and he rescued what our people live upon. The run- her. He stamped out smallpox in a ning of the fish is uncertain and when one ship strikes the fish it can summon the entire fleet.

"We are gradually getting the natives to live a proper life. Liquor has crept in among them, and has given us trouble. It is not an essential in cold latitudes for physical well being. I can tell when liquor has seized hold of a place as easily as I can tell an epidemic of diphtheria or beri-beri. Personally I remain a tectotaller.

WE have many eye-diseases in the frozen north, due chiefly to the glare of the sun on the ice and snow. The great white plague is creeping in upon us, too. But Labrador is still almost germless. We can perform operations out in the open almost as easily as they do in the marble lined operating rooms in New York.

We wear dressed reindeer skins for clothes, and the lighter and softer the garment is the warmer it is. You could almost put your overcoat in your and 30 below zero, with your bread and condensed milk frozen, your butter no good, then's the time for fat pork-it is nectar! "You can never understand it till you live in the

"There are more feet in Labrador than shoes and we are often called upon to amputate frozen limbs, not I remember one case that shows we have no creed in the Arctic. The World. wife of a Roman Catholic had a frozen leg amputated and I was called upon to supply an artificial limb. I had one gale from the northwest was driving in stock, and after I had given it to the patient I learned its history. It had belonged to a Haptist soldier who lost his leg in the civil war fighting for the union. His wife was a Presbyterian, but when he died she gave it to an Episcopalian cripple. It worked ground to my mission in a devious way and I gave it to the Roman Cath-

Now just a little about this man who works away in the Arctic that the poor creatures who dwell there may have a and I knew it was only a question of little light and comfort in their frozen

"If I were asked to name the most continent to-day, the man who most

"When morning came I saw the ice deprecatory doctor, who is living his monster's cold head with his little life just where he thinks he can do warm fingers. And not even then did

Don't think for a moment that he and voice was neither hatred nor fear. is a soft-spoken, smug country parson "These I managed to splice together. -no, indeed! He can play a game of out of his coil and disappeared in the

"He can amputate a leg. contract the walls of a pleuritic lung by short-"The Esquimaux up here are all oning the ribs, or cure with the aid of Christians-the Moravian missionaries modern methods and home-made apconverted them years ago. Christianity pliances a man suffering with certain is a saving influence for them; they forms of paralysis; a hundred milea would have been extinct long age from from a shippard, he can raise the the vices which follow trade. As it stern of his little steamer out of wais, their number decreases with every ter by the rough application of the decade. They are now installing the principles of hydraulies and mend her wireless all the way up the Labrador propeller; he can handle dynamite and coast. It is already as far north as blast an excavation under one of his Belle Isle, which has summer connec- hospital buildings in which to place a tions with the mainland and the world. heating apparatus; he can start a Wireless has now been put 200 miles lumber mill and teach the inhabitants nearer the pole than it ever was be of lonely Labrador not only how to

Dr. Grenfell reaches 10,000 people "We have found the wireless a great every year. He found an imbecile



fishing fleet. He has operated out at pocket. With the thermometer at 20 sen on board a tossing smack on two men who were doomed to death had he not come along with his merciful

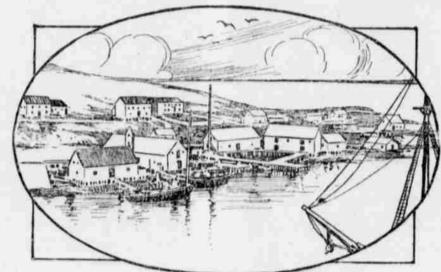
other and his intelligent knife. Dr. Grenfell is a graduate of Christ college, Oxford, and of the medical department of London university. He began his medical missionary work on board a hospital boat of the North Sea fleet. He was sent to Labrador only of men but women and children. for a vacation and he has been there ever since.-From the New York

CHILD AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

The Little One Played with Death, But Knew It Not.

The child saw the Beautiful Death that lay in the sunshine on the edge of the bending grass; he had never been afraid of anything; he was not afraid of the snake. He stretched out his little rosy arms toward it and laughed and gurgled. The snake shortened his coil, and in his hiss now there was menace. The last rays of the sun shone on the head of the reptile; they seemed to light up all his evil features. They showed that his eyes had a touch of red in them and were lustful; they showed a fleck of dried blood, not his own, on the cruel curve of the lip; they showed the spreading nostrils and the jaws of yelping. Finally the bravest of them think I should name Dr. Grenfell," said iron. But the child could see none of these things; for the child knew noth- pretty Matilda Brice had attracted in greater numbers than ever. Touring of lust, of cruelty, of blood. He Abraham Jenkins at a Grange social naments are played on the golf links rolled over on his stomach and, taking THE man he was talking about is hold on the grass, pulled himself play-Just a plain, weather-beaten, self- fully toward the snake; he touched the touch was a caress; in the child's face

Then the rattlesnake glided slowly



Battle Harbor, Labrador, Showing Two Buildings of the Deep Sea Hospital to the Left.

New York to tell of his work. He has can amputate a frozen limb, set a coming up, found her little boy talking interested Andrew Carnegie and Rev. broken bone or care for a desperate faithfully though sleepily to his toes, Dr. Henry Van Dyke. They send as pneumonia case. He can also put up many footballs as Bibles to the Arctic, a pretty good fight against the wrong but chiefest of all are the medicines kind of men, just as well as he put up his fight against the hungry dogs.

He is a robust, deep-chested, jolly sort of a fellow. He loves adventure. fishermen among my patients, as well thousand miles away from civilization as American, Scandinavian and British than preside over a well-ordered opsailors, whalers of nearly all nation | cration in a city hospital. They never doctor who carries his lancets in one hand, his ether in the other and his

maux village of 500 souls. Before it neat of all fraud and oppression.

That night, after the child had been tucked in his crib, the mother and father sat on the porch by the open door and planned for their boy's future. Then she told him of her afternoon trip; of how good the little boy had been; of the quiet safty of the green fields; of the sunset over the pines. And as her love for their child and for him thrilled in her voice he bent near and kissed her tenderly, for they were lovers for all time. And none of them,

near the Banded Death had passed. That night, far up in the dim and silent pine woods, the rattler found his old den and his mate. Why had he not struck the child? It is a mystery, -Archibald Rutledge, in Outing Maga-

Corn Long a Kansas Crop.

The earliest mention of corn in what is now Kansas is found in the corn in the ruins of prehistoric Inmated by him to be at least 21/2 cenent town site of Doniphan in 1724.

The Wakening of Wildwood

By Stanley E. Johnson

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

map of summer travel. The little they were unfamiliar, place that slumbered is bounding with life. From the first day of July to the first week of October, every year, a widower for a second time, the lonemore baggage is handled at Wildwood by slab was discovered to have a com-Junction in a single day than had en- panion on the opposite side of the tered the township in the whole family lot. It was thus inscribed: course of its existence prior to its awakening. And its awakening was brought about by the great transformer, Death. This is how it came to In the "best room" of the lonely

hillside farmhouse of Abraham Jenkins-a room seldom opened except to the minister and book agents-were assembled, one November day, the clans of the Jenkinses and Perkinses. to attend the funeral of the late Martha Perkins Jenkins, the farmer's wife. A stalwart son, the eldest of a family of nine children, had, after Abraham himself, given voluble testimony to their high appreciation of the departed. The leanest of a covey of malden sisters of the deceased took the widower aside and said: "I only hope she knows how ye'r feelin' fer her; it would be a good bit satisfyin' to her, I'm sure. She sex to me once, sex she, 'Ef I go, I know that Abe'll marry some young thing that never'll tek no interest in the young ones, and they'll be left ter shift.' But ye wouldn't do that, would ye. Abe?"

Disregarding this pointed appeal, Abraham Jenkins cleared his throat and addressed the assembled com-

"I've jest decided ter tell ye, s'long's yer all here, that I've sort o' felt ez ef I sh'd foller her soon. So I've bought a lot in the graveyard-to be paid fer in instalments-and when I die I want yer ter put me by the side of Marthy. Then I shell rest in peace, Them's my final instructions." Turning to the maiden sisters of his la mented wife, he added: "I know ye'll tek good care o' them thar youngsters that Marthy sot so much store by." Then he broke down and sobbed wildly, "Oh, Marthy, Marthy, why hev ye

Four months after the funeral another Mrs. Abraham Jenkins was installed in the lonely farmhouse, and she was all that the first Mrs. Jenkins had foreboded. Young and frisky, ole, and his mourning had ceased from of Hotel Wildwood and the tennis that moment,

That there should be great indigna tion among the Jenkinses and more or less astonishment in the community was some months after the wedding of the widower before a marble slab mysteriously appeared in the new Jenkins lot in the village cemetery, bearing the following inscription:



The first stranger to notice the odit mean, he wondered. The sexton, phia in 1876, has never lost his interwhom he happened to catch on the est in this most admirable training premises, denied all knowledge of the school for young writers. significance of the inscription, but he grinned. The bicyclist was followed not long afterwards by a visitor in a pers seemed the most fascinating buggy. Soon the country swains, with thing in the world," said Mr. Beck in their companions, drove from places the course of his address, "I feel in-25 miles away to read and ponder upon the strange inscription. Picnic class. The organization of the Naof the neighborhood.

The years sped swiftly by, and bits ther: of moss and lichen gathered in the deeper lines of the carved index and lets of stone in the old days?" clung to the angles of the sculptured letters, but an increasing army of vis- parent, itors noted that the traces of time and by unseen hands. The seasons passed, the news."

Twenty years ago nobody went to each bringing new curtosity-seekers Wildwood, and yet, 20 years ago, its from a wider radius to behold the inmountains were as picturesque, its explicable legend and exercise their sunsets as gorgeous, the white moon- ingenuity upon its - interpretation. light, streaming through the tops of Summer bearders began to come from its tall, dark pines, was as glorious New York and Boston, and tourists and impressive as to-day. But now, from the south and the flat, treeless from an unknown cross-roads, it has regions of the middle west, to whom become one of the most noted and im- the towering peaks and dense, sweet portant places on the White Mountain smelling woods were as inspiring as

Then, to the amazement of everybody, when Abraham Jenkins became



This second dazzling gravestone appeared one day in March. Before the

season was over Wildwood had built its first summer hotel and planned and subscribed the capital for the narrow gauge branch around Swallow Hill to connect with the rallroad at what is now Wildwood Junction.

The new road had hardly been running two seasons when Abraham Jenkins, white-haired 1 tottering, followed his second w to the graveyard to which, after his funeral, all eyes were again turned. Among the townspeople it had always been suspected that the first slab was put up by the Perkinsen and the second with money left by the consort who had been Matilda Brice. These conjectures were confirmed when the will of Abraham Jenkins was read and a gravestone was creeted in accordance with his last instructions, between those of his departed partners, and it was also conceded that in death he had proved equal in wit to all his wives' relations, for this was the sculpture it bore, surmounted by hands attached to arms spread out as if in benediction:



Tourists to-day throng to Wildwood courts of the Minster, near the Cloister Pines. Bear Nook glen, Artists' point and Lectern ledge are visited by shoals of sightseers in buckbeards, in automobiles, awheel, on horseback and afoot, and the views from Sunset rock were never finer. But the tide of curiosity has ebbed away from the little cewetery on the hill where the bones of Abraham Jenkins rest between those of his two wives, and they and the feuds of their families are almost forgotten.

Breaking the News.

At a recent dinner of "The Fossils," given recently, James M. Beck was one of the speakers. "The Fossils" is an organization composed of former amateur journalists, and Mr. Beck, as dity of this bit of mortuary sculpture one of the organizers of the National was a touring bicyclist. What could Amateur Press association in Philadel-

"In looking back upon those days when the publishing of amateur padeed that I am quite in the fossil parties came and gazed upon it and, tional Amateur Press association after eating luncheon in the grove of seems almost prehistoric. In looking tall pines—now known as Wildwood— back through the years it is almost went away to spread the intelligence as misty as the stone age. I was a of the peculiar monument in Wild- very small boy when I took part in wood cemetery and extol the charms those weighty deliberations. I feel like the youngster who said to his fa-

" Father, was writing done on tab-"'Yes, my son,' replied the dutiful

" 'Gee!' mused the boy. 'Then it decay were periodically cleaned away must have taken a crowbar to break

WASN'T USED TO IT.



Visitor-Look on the bright side, old man. Although you're laid up, your wife is all devotion to you. Crabbod Old Grouch-Yes, confound it; I don't know what's ailing her.