

RACE IS DYING OUT

Indians of Alaska are Rapidly Decreasing in Numbers.

AID OF CONGRESS IS ASKED

Dr. Foster's Report Shows That Disease, Especially Tuberculosis, is Making Great Inroads Among the Natives of the Northwestern Territory.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington.—The national bureau of education has asked congress for an appropriation of \$70,000 for additional medical work among the natives of Alaska. Ever since the Indians of the western plains stopped going on the war path philanthropists have been at work among them seeking to decrease the death rate and to make the one time warriors and their squaws and papooses observe the white man's safeguard against disease. The result has been that the Indians within the United States proper are increasing in numbers.

The Alaska Indians, however, are in a pitiful condition notwithstanding the efforts of the bureau of education, which has charge of the work there, to aid them in every way. Alaska is a long way off and the condition of the tribes there does not appeal to the residents of the United States so strongly as does that of the Indians who are at the doorstep. It is said, however, that congress is likely to become alive to its responsibilities and that the condition of the Alaska tribes will be materially bettered.

Dr. M. H. Foster, past assistant surgeon in the public health and marine hospital service, has recently returned from Alaska, where he was sent to make a survey of the health conditions of the country. His report has a good deal in it to make Americans, and members of congress especially, think on the duty of this country to its northwestern wards, many of whom are suffering physical disabilities because of the encroachment on their country of the "white master."

Population Rapidly Dwindling.

In the report of the bureau of education it is said that no Indians at all will be left in Alaska in sixty or seventy years unless the government at once takes vigorous measures to check disease among them. Dr. Foster in discussing the decrease in the native population says:

"Owing to the usual lack of vital statistics in a pioneer country such as this, the exact facts on which to base an opinion have never been available and most of the statements have been mere conjectures. At Sitka accurate records have been kept by the churches, and they show that for a period of five years and seven months the annual birth rate has been 72.3 per thousand and the annual death rate 85.4 per thousand. During this period, with an estimated population of 400, there were 29 more deaths than births.

The returns of the United States census bureau show that in the last 10 years there has been a decrease in the total Indian population approximately equal to 14 per cent., or 1 1/2 per cent. per year. This corresponds very closely to the rates as figured at Sitka, and they may be taken as indicating fairly correctly the rates for the whole country. The death rate in the United States varies from 7 or 8 per thousand to 35 per thousand, depending upon the locality. An average death rate may be placed at 22 to 23 per thousand.

"The very unusual mortality in Alaska, 85.4 per thousand, is to be attributed largely to pulmonary tuberculosis, and unless it is checked in some way it will result in the extinction of the natives in 60 or 70 years. Fortunately, it is counteracted to a certain extent by an unusually large birth rate, but the birth rate will probably decrease as time goes on."

Not Easy to Treat.

Congress has been asked to establish a tuberculosis sanitarium in Alaska, a provision having been made for it in an appropriation bill which is now before the law makers. There is a touch of humor, although it is a kind of grim humor, in what Dr. Foster has to say about the trouble of rendering medical assistance to Indians in their own homes. His words are intended to show the necessity for congressional action on behalf of a hospital to which natives who are seriously ill can be transferred for treatment. In his report Dr. Foster says:

"Under present conditions the Indians cannot be effectively treated in their own homes except for a few minor complaints. Every physician of experience in Alaska states that they will not carry out instructions or take medicine as directed. If the drug is palatable or they can feel its effects, they are very likely to take it all at one dose. If it is distasteful or if no immediate results follow, they take it a few times and then stop.

"I know of a case where a physician was called in to see a native ill of pneumonia. He left some strychnine tablets with explicit directions that one was to be taken every two hours. The brother of the sick man, despite these directions, reasoning that if one was good, more were better, gave the entire supply at one time and the man died in a few hours."

It is hoped that before long an additional corps of doctors and nurses

can be sent to Alaska who will act as medical missionaries.

Aaron Burr's Cousins.

A paragraph in a Washington paper says that Senator Page of Vermont "has a grandson who on his mother's side is a cousin of Aaron Burr." If Speaker Champ Clark were asked about this matter he probably would say that to be a cousin of Aaron Burr may carry a certain amount of distinction because of the blood relationship, but that Aaron Burr's cousins are like the blossoms of the apple tree in May in a record breaking fruit year.

Speaker Clark has been a great student of Aaron Burr's life. In a way, and perhaps heartily, Mr. Clark is something of a champion of Aaron Burr, a sincere champion because the speaker, it is said, thinks that Burr was accused of a good many things of which he was not guilty and that he was a man too much abused for faults which he had not committed.

There are men who think that if Aaron Burr had not killed Alexander Hamilton many of the animosities against him would not be in existence today. There are other men who say that the dislike of Hamilton's ideas of government, held hereditarily by politicians of today, are responsible in a measure for the championship of Burr by men who otherwise would not have loved his memory so much if they did not hate the memory of Hamilton's political and governmental views more.

Many Descendants of Edwards.

As for the matter of Aaron Burr's many cousins, let it be said that Burr was a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, the great theologian, and one of the first presidents of Princeton college. Jonathan Edwards had ten sisters, all of whom married and had large families. The descendants of Jonathan Edwards direct and collateral, today are numbered by the thousands and everyone of these descendants, of course, is a cousin of Aaron Burr who was Jonathan Edwards' grandson.

Some one not long ago wrote a story about the Edwards descendants direct and collateral. Six of these descendants, either grandchildren or grand nephews, were at one time presidents of colleges. It is possible that more men of the Edwards blood hold prominent positions in the world today than men of the blood of any other one American family. The name is not always Edwards, of course, for in fact the Edwards of the female line outnumber those of the male line perhaps twenty to one, but the descendants of Jonathan Edwards' sisters and of his daughters are just as much of the Edwards blood as are the people who bear the name.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt is a direct descendant of Jonathan Edwards and so it is said is former President Elliot of Harvard. The Dwigths have the Edwards blood in them and a comparatively recent president of Yale university who held the office for many years was a Dwight and an Edwards. He, however, is not included in the six college presidents who at one time held office and were of the Edwards kin. The most recent Yale Dwight was of course of a younger generation.

Army Worried About Horses.

Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff, United States army, who as a surgeon was stationed with a cavalry regiment in the south-over the growing difficulty of securing good horses for the service. General Wood and some other officers with him say that the laws against betting on horse races in many of the states are responsible in a way for the growing scarcity of good horses for the service.

It must not be understood that General Wood either personally or in his capacity as the ranking officer of the army upholds betting. He simply states what he thinks is a fact and deplores the effect if not the cause. When American cavalry officers recently went to England to engage in a contest of horsemanship, including high jumping, with the officers of cavalry regiments of European countries, they lost most of the events because it is said their horses were not the equals of those used by the foreign officers.

August Belmont, who is chairman of the American Jockey club, at a dinner in New York a night or two ago, pointed to the serious menace which threatened the cavalry and field artillery branches of the United States army "in the depletion of thoroughbred horses by reason of a cessation of racing." Mr. Belmont has suggested the formation of a nation-wide association to be known as the National Cavalry and Artillery Remount association, to be created from all ranks of sports and agricultural life with the center of the organization at Washington, to keep a register of mares inspected and found suitable for breeding remounts and artillery horses. Gen. Leonard Wood and Col. Theodore Roosevelt have expressed a willingness to become vice-presidents of the association. It is expected that inducements will be held out to horse breeders in all parts of the country to make a specialty of animals suitable for the army service.

American Record Rides.

There has been a general belief through the years that the foreign cavalry horses were better than those of America, and yet there are records in the United States service of long, hard rides, the horses coming through in good condition, which never have been equaled by men and horses of the foreign service. The army has records of some of these rides and it fears today that the deterioration of the American horse may prevent their repetition if the service should demand strenuous efforts on the part of the cavalry horses of the present and of the near future.

For the LITTLE ONES

SKIPJACK IS EASILY MADE

Any Bright Boy With Few Simple Tools Can Knock One Together Within Short Time.

With a few simple tools any bright boy can knock a skipjack together within a half-hour's time. The sketch gives a general idea of its construction and use. Procure for the runner a stout barrel stave free from knots or cracks. In order that this may pass quickly and smoothly over the snow it must move with the grain of the wood, and not against it. When you have determined by this which is to be the front of the runner, fasten the upright piece

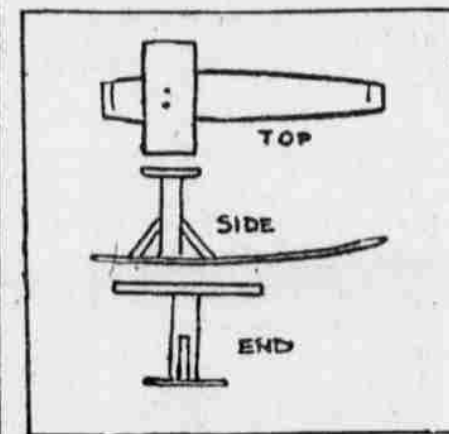


A Skipjack.

to support the seat about one-third of the distance from the rear. This upright should be of two-inch by four-inch stuff about 15 or 16 inches high. A short piece to brace, it should then be fastened both front and back. A board about 18 inches long and 6 inches wide will complete the seat and your skipjack is ready for use.

Let the first trial be over a short slope. Seat yourself firmly, lift both feet from the ground and away you go. Only a slight movement of the body is necessary to keep the runner on the track, and you will quickly acquire this knack after a few trials, and a longer and swifter coast can then be essayed.

It is fun for a number of boys to start to make these sleds at one time, so that each can help the other over the hard places, and contests in which all can take part can be planned. When boys use different sleds



Details of Coaster.

or coasters their skill in managing them is not always to be determined, because some of the boys have much better coasters or sleds than the others, or because they have been able to spend more money for their equipment; but when boys have all home-made sleds like this one no one has any advantage over the others unless it be that he has worked harder to make his coaster better or is really more skillful in managing his strange vehicle.

Puzzling Questions.

If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?

This is simple, but many a wise one has been caught napping and answers at once fifteen pounds, though a little thought will bring twenty pounds, the correct answer.

A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York and one daily from New York to San Francisco; the journey lasts seven days. How many trains will a traveler meet in journeying from San Francisco to New York?

It looks as if the traveler must meet seven trains and that is the answer that nine out of ten will give if the question is new to them.

The fact is overlooked that every day of the journey a fresh train is started from the other end, while there are seven on the way to begin with; the traveler will, therefore, meet fourteen trains instead of seven.

No "Sing" in Guide.

Little three-year-old Clara was very fond of practicing on the piano. Her mother, not wishing to have her music subjected to Clara's vigorous treatment, removed it one day and placed a railway guide upon the piano rack. The infant prodigy soon discovered the difference, however, and throwing it to the floor, she exclaimed: "Mamma, me tan't sing out of zat; zey ain't no sing in it."

COASTING.



Coasting, coasting down the hill. When the evening's nice and still. When the moon shines in the sky. And the coasters shout and cry. At their play, and snow is deep. With an incline smooth and steep: When the sleds and old "bobs" go Like greased lightning o'er the snow. Then it is that fun is had. By the little lass and lad. Ah, we know their joy, for lo! We were children—long ago!

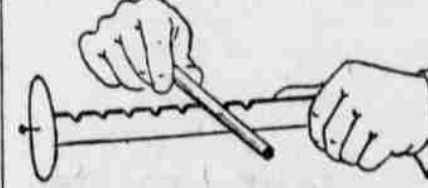
SIMPLE MACHINE FOR BOYS

Will Transform Right and Left Motion into Rotary Motion of Other Without Being Seen.

Probably you know that every machine, no matter how complicated, simply transforms one kind of motion into another. The locomotive transforms the straight push of the piston rod into the rotary motion of the driving wheel. A sewing machine transforms the push of the foot into the rotation of a wheel, and that again is transformed into the prick of the needle.

Here is a little machine that any boy can make which will transform the right and left motion of one hand into a rotary motion of the other without his knowing it, says the *Lath and Sun*. Take a short piece of lath and cut some notches in the edge with a penknife. Then cut out a little disk of stiff card, color it if you like and stick it on the end of the lath with a stout pin.

Now hold the end that is further from the disk with your left hand and rub a penholder or a round pencil up



A Simple Machine.

and down the notches. You will find that the disk will begin to spin, no matter how steady you try to hold your left hand, which shows that you must be moving it in a small circle or the disk would not spin.

SPOTTED DOG AT A BARGAIN

Chauncey Depew Bought Animal from Circus Man, but Neglected to Get Umbrella With it.

Chauncey M. Depew has a keen sense of humor and loves to tell good short stories. The following one is a fair specimen, which, although not a new one, is very funny:

"When I was quite a young lady, about fourteen years old, my father lived on an old farm up at Poughkeepsie. One day I went to town to see the circus, and while there I saw for the first time one of those spotted coach dogs. I bargained for it with the owner, and trotted him happily with my new possession. When my father saw it his good old Puritan face fell, and he said sadly:

"Why, Chauncey, we don't want any spotted dogs on the farm! It would drive the cattle crazy."

"I succeeded in obtaining permission to keep him, however. The next day it was raining, and I took the dog out in the woods to try him for a coon. The rain was too much for the spots, and when we returned home they had disappeared. I hastened to town and hunted up the man who had sold him to me.

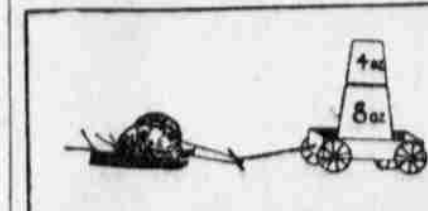
"Look at the dog," said I; "his spots have all washed off."

"Great guns, boy!" exclaimed the dealer, "there was an umbrella went with that dog. Didn't you get it?"

GREAT STRENGTH OF SNAILS

Hitched to Toy Wagon by Harness Made of Twine They Will Pull Weight of One Pound.

Take a pair of snails, and improvise a form of harness out of fine twine or thread. To this attach a toy wagon or model lorry. On this in turn place a number of weights,



Athletic Snails.

and when the snails start moving you will see, to your great surprise, that they can pull after them a weight considerably nearer a pound than you ever had any idea of.

The Snow.

New-fallen snow is often white. But true it is, alack! That snow that falls in city streets is quite as often black.

Bargains In Husbands

By MARY BARRETT HOWARD

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The little kitchen was redolent of freshly baked cake, and stout Mrs. Pickens, hurrying through the remnant of the week's ironing, looked flushed and heated.

"Soap club or no Soap club, I got to get Miss Ransom's thin's done," she muttered. "She'll be after 'em today sure, for I suspicion she ain't got many changes. I declare," she added, trimmily, as she surveyed the fine, lace-trimmed garment on the ironing board, "it makes me feel bad to see how careful she's patched an' mended 'em. Ev'ry dud she's got is most fallin' to pieces, but I expect she ain't got the money to buy new ones. I ain't a mite surprised. I read one o' her stories once an' it was awful dull to my thinkin'. I wish to the land she was smart enough to write a reel good one like 'St. Elmo' or 'Lena Rivers.' She looks half-starved. If I wasn't afraid she'd take it as an insult I'd ask her to stay to the meetin' of the Soap club. I'm goin' to have a good supper. If I do say it, an' I worked in one o' them cheap boardin' houses once an' I know what they be. An' to think that her folks used to be as rich as mud! I met the old judge jest a little while before his death steppin' out as if he owned the earth—well, this is a queer world! Goodness gracious me—there's Miss Ransom now, ridin' in an' an' an' an' it's stopped an' she's comin' in!"

Hastily setting down her flatiron, she ran to the door and admitted a slim, pale girl dressed in shabby mourning, ejaculating as she did so:

"Well, if I ain't surprised to see you ridin' in an' an' an' Miss Ransom! Come right in—your thin's is jest ready, an' while I'm doing 'em up, I want you should look at the new premiums I got since you was here last."

Glad to postpone, even for a few moments, the irrevocable step to which she had just pledged herself, Elinor Ransom followed her hostess into a room where a table was laid with a brave array of plated silver and a set of china decorated with flaming red poppies.

"It's my day to entertain our Soap club," Mrs. Pickens explained. "Ten of us ladies clubs together an' buy our soap o' Lally, an' then we takes turns drawin' for the premiums. He gives elegant ones, jest elegant! I got all that silver an' that chiny set an' that picture frame for my share. Ain't that frame complete? Pickens thought I'd ought to put his picture in instead o' Tim's, but Pickens is homey enough to scare the cat an' Tim was a reel good-lookin' feller, don't you think so, Miss Ransom?"

The large colored photograph in the flamboyant gilt frame was the portrait of a pleasant-faced young workingman, and in spite of the crude coloring, the "sicked-down" hair, and the stiff attitude of one oppressed by his "Sunday clothes" Elinor was able to respond cordially: "Yes, indeed, I do, Mrs. Pickens."

"But I dunno's I ought to find fault with Pickens' looks when all is said an' done. I was awful lonesome after I lost my first," Mrs. Pickens said. "An' it wa'n't long before I found out that there's a mighty sight o' difference between washin' for pleasure as one may say, jest to git yourself some extra thin's, an' in bendin' over a wash-tub day in an' day out tryin' to keep body an' soul together. So when I come across an advertisement, one day, tellin' about a place where you can buy a husband by payin' down ten dollars cash in advance I made up my mind I'd try my luck."

"Why, Mrs. Pickens, the ideal!" Elinor gasped.

"It did seem like buyin' a pig in a poke," Mrs. Pickens admitted. "But I knew 'twas resk ten dollars or earn my own livin' so far as I was concerned, for Tim had been dead most a year an' theer hadn't hide nor hair of a man come shyin' round."

"I got Miss Jones that lives next door to go with me," she continued, "for I ain't one of your reckless kind an' I'd read in the newspapers how women is sometimes tolled off a feller as ever I see. He said he was certain he could suit me, but the man he brought out from the back room was as godforsaken a lookin' specimen as I ever set eyes on."

"You needn't think I'm goin' to take up with such a poor excuse for a man as that," I says to him. "My sakes, I says, 'do you think I'm lookin' for somebody else to support besides myself?'"

"He's all I got on hand jest now, ma'am," the broker says, kind of urgent an' persuasivelike. "But there's more to this one than appears on the surface—you can't always judge by a cat's looks how far she can jump."

"I can," I says pretty sharp. "I can tell ev'ry time, an' that there feller would never in kingdom come earn his own salt, let alone mine."

"At that I marched right out of the room an' down the stairs an' the broker follered us most a block sayin' he was reel sorry it happened so, but if I'd come again in a week he'd have a larger stock for me to select from."

"First I was so mad at his tryin' to work off a damaged piece o' goods like that on me that I thought I wouldn't go next nor nigh him, but ten dollars paid in advance is a lot o' money to

throw away for nothin' and when Saturday came round I went back.

"I had my pick of more'n a dozen that time, but I didn't have no difficulty in makin' a choice for, if I do say it, I'm a pretty good judge o' men."

"Be careful, Miss Ransom, don't step on that coat! Hobo don't let nobody but me touch it. Tim was a track walker," she explained in response to Elinor's inquiring look, "an' he got killed pullin' Hobo out from under the wheels of an engine. You never see a dog take on the way that one did. He was jest wild till I gave him that old brown coat o' Tim's to lay on."

"Oh, the dear, faithful little fellow!" the girl cried. "Oh, Mrs. Pickens, when I see how loyal, how true to their best instincts a dumb brute can be it makes me ashamed of myself and my kind!"

Mrs. Pickens looked puzzled and a trifle puzzled. "Well, I dunno," she said slowly. "It seems as if it would show more sense if Hobo'd stay with some o' them fellers that treat him so well instead o' comin' back here to be kicked round by Pickens when he gets drunk, jest for the sake of lyin' on that old coat."

"Why, Mrs. Pickens, you don't mean to tell me that Mr. Pickens gets—er—that he drinks!" exclaimed Elinor. "Then you can't be such a good judge of men after all."

"I don't know why not," Mrs. Pickens retorted. "Pickens is a money-maker an' that's what I was lookin' for. Them politicians says he's the man for their money, that he can deliver the goods. Pickens may git drunk once in a while, an' he may not be what you'd call honest, but for my part I call Pickens a good bargain."

"But your first husband must have been so different," Elinor faltered, glancing at the portrait above her head. "He looks so kind and—and honest."

"He was," Mrs. Pickens confessed, a wistful shadow creeping over her complacent red face. "Pickens makes a slight most money, for Tim wa'n't practical—you'd know that by his losin' his own life tryin' to save a dog's."

There was a determined tilt to Elinor Ransom's softly rounded chin as she went down the steps of the tenement house a moment later. A man twice her age with tell-tale lines about his mouth and pouches under his watery gray eyes, hurriedly advanced to meet her, tossing away as he did so an oily, black cigar.

"Here you are at last," he said. "What the devil are you carrying that bundle for? I told you to pay the woman what you owed her and say good-bye to her since you insisted upon it, but your things aren't worth botherin' with. You've been down on your luck so long that your clothes are about all in. But we'll fix all that, little girl," he added graciously, his frown relaxing into a jovial manner that was even more unpleasant than his anger.

"I'm not going with you, Mr. Archer—I can't marry you," the girl said. "I suppose you want a little more coaxin'," he said sullenly, "but, my girl, you've kept me danglin' after you long enough!" he exploded, laying a heavy hand on her arm. "Come with me now, Elinor, and for the rest of your life you will get the fine clothes, and the jewels and the petting that every pretty woman wants, but I'll never give you another chance to make a fool of me—once for all, is it yes or no?"

"It is no!—no!—no!" Elinor cried, pulling away from the touch of his hands.

He turned away and left her with a muttered curse, but Elinor Ransom, trudging along the hot pavement inhaling the dust and odor left in the trail of the big car, felt curiously light-hearted. Turning the corner she almost ran into a shabby, broad-shouldered young man, whose whole face lighted at the sight of the slim girl with the big bundle.

"Let me carry that for you, Miss Ransom," he said, falling into step at her side. "All my luck is coming to me at once—I thought I wouldn't be able to see you before this evening, and I could hardly wait to tell you that I'd got a start at last. I—you must have seen that I loved you, dear," the young fellow went on, his voice shaking with the force of long pent-up passion; "but I thought it was only fair to stand aside and let Archer, who could offer you a life of ease and luxury, win you if he could."

Elinor looked up quickly and saw in the dark eyes that met hers the same expression she had seen in the crude portrait of poor Tim Ryan—"the look of a man bought."

"But at last I've got my chance," John Talbot said jubilantly. "I can't offer you much except my love and a very modest little flat, but I'm going to make good, I'm sure of it now—Tell me, Elinor—dearest—do you like me well enough to risk marrying me tomorrow?"

"I don't consider it a risk, John, dear," the girl said demurely, a delicious dimple lurking in the corner of her lovely mouth. "But O, John! John!" she wailed suddenly, clasping his arm in the shock of realization of her narrow escape from lifelong misery. "Just suppose I hadn't stopped at Mrs. Pickens and learned from her what a bargain in husbands really is!"