

ESKIMO RESENTS CIVILIZATION



DRYING FISH IN THE SUMMER.

THE world greets the announcement that the north pole has been discovered, with acclaim. New space has been added to the world's mapped areas. Civilization will march on. All nations join in rejoicing—all except one, the most vitally interested.

The Eskimo, native of the land of snow and ice, does not welcome the white man's coming. Beside his igloo he sits and listens to the tribal rumors of the coming events. He hears the weird, garbled tale of how a "civilized man," a "kabibena," has reached the north pole. He hears that other white men will come after him. And he sits and grieves for his people; for the advance of the white man means to him only what it has meant to all the primitive people who thus have been "discovered"—extermination.

"Civilization of your kind we do not want," says the Eskimo to the explorer or missionary. "It is good, perhaps, for you and for your countries. It is not good here in the north. We cannot live under it. As we live now so must we live if we are to exist. It is our life; and life is good here among these ice cliffs when it is lived in our own way. We are content. So have our forefathers lived from time immemorial. And so will we live as long as we remain on earth. Force us to live as you live, make us accept your civilization, and we perish. We have seen it. We know what it does to us. It kills the Eskimo. Leave us to our ways, leave us to our country, or the Eskimo will be wiped off the face of the earth."

Such is the Eskimo's reception of the great news. It is something like a shock to our self-satisfaction and opinion that our civilization is best for all people, whether they like it or not. How can those poor people up there in the frozen north spur the benefits that civilization holds forth to them? How can they fail to realize that civilization will make their harsh life easier, more pleasant, more happy? The questions come naturally at the idea. It seems preposterous. But when one comes to examine the mode of living of the winter bound Eskimo, along with the conditions under which he is forced to exist, it seems not so astonishing that the Eskimos should say: "We were a happy people until the explorers came. The explorers brought their civilization, and that is not well."

Living in a land so barren and harsh that nowhere else on earth is its duplicate to be found inhabited, the Eskimo through centuries of struggle has adopted the only mode of living that makes his existence possible. The land which other people despise, the conditions under which no other people could live, he has learned to love. They are his world, and without them he could not live.

Resources such as the world looks upon as necessary to the maintenance of life the country has none. It is a barren of never changing ice and snow. Stones, pieces of driftwood, reindeer, birds, dogs, fishes, and most of all, seals—these are the things that are given the Eskimo to live on. The stones, sticks and bones furnish him with weapons. The weapons furnish him with meat. For his house there is the stone, the ice, and snow, nothing more. For six months of the year his world is in darkness. Yet he lives and is happy until the explorers come.

In the winter hut so excessive is the heat that the thick fur garments of outdoor use are discarded upon entrance. Among some tribes men, women and children dwell together in a complete state of nudity, in others a small loin cloth is used for indoor wear. Night and day the stone lamps filled with whale oil burn in the huts. The Eskimo is superstitious of all things. The long arctic night has driven the fear of darkness into his soul, and he will not even sleep without a light burning before his eyes.

The houses are so constructed as to burn brightly all night. When they begin to grow dim the Eskimo woman knows that it is morning and time to get up. Cheerless as such a home may seem, it is declared to be quite the opposite. The woman who wakes first in the morning calls out to her neighbor a challenge for a race in dressing and going out after the morning meal of fish, which is cached in the ice outside. The challenge is accepted. The women dress and rush out laughing, break off great armfuls of the frozen provender and come back laughing to their still sleeping companions. The fish are thrown on



AN ESKIMO.

the floor until they have thawed from hard as stone to a mere frozen condition. Then the two women who are dressed pass the food around to the others, and soon the whole household are gnawing away at their fish breakfast.

"The eating is not the trouble," says the returned adventurers, "it is the getting of it that gives the Eskimo a problem."

"The getting of it," the procuring of food in the waste of snow and frozen waters, is more of a battle for the native than the problem of housing himself against the wintry blasts. Hunting is his one means of living, whether it be hunting reindeer, ptarmigan, seal or fish. As a consequence the hunter is the "great man" in the economy of Eskimo life, and the importance of a man is reckoned by his ability to kill seals. The best hunter in a village is the king. He has his pick of the women, and he exercises it with a freedom rather startling to conventional ideas of matrimony.

"Without hunters a tribe cannot exist," is the Eskimo's point of view, and the tribes that have perished are the ones in which there were no strong, able men to kill game for food.

As a hunter the Eskimo stands without a peer in the world for hardihood, daring and craft. Armed with the most primitive of weapons, a piece of sharpened stone fitted in a stick of wood to make a lance, he hunts and slays the animals of his country, from the swift flying ptarmigan to the ferocious polar bear. The sea is where he must look for most of his subsistence, for the sea holds the seal, and without the seal the Eskimo could not live. The seal furnishes him food and clothing; its fat provides the oil which lights his lamps and cooks his food, and its bones and skins make the boat in which the tireless native paddles over the stormy seas in search of his prey.

Of the kindness and catholic hospitality of the Eskimo there is but one verdict—they are the kindest and most hospitable people in the world. Even wrecked explorers whose coming means only that they will consume a great amount of the common store of food, are hailed with the greatest of delight, the best is set forth before them, and they are invited to make themselves at home for as long as they please. In one instance an explorer relates that a murderer was taken in, fed, housed, and cared for through a hard winter by the family of his victim.

"Do some people in your land starve and shiver while others eat much and are warmly clad?" was one of the questions that the shocked Eskimos put to an explorer when he expressed surprise at their charity. "Why, then, do you call yourself civilized?"

It was a puzzling question. The explorer was forced to admit that "some did."

"Then why do you ask us to accept your civilization?" demanded the Eskimos. "Here that never happens."

So the "poor, frozen native of the north" does not yearn for the civilization that threatens him.

TALK OF NEW YORK

Gossip of People and Events Told in Interesting Manner.

Glad the Hudson-Fulton Fete Is Over



NEW YORK.—It would be interesting to learn what Henry and Robert think about the disturbances which shook Manhattan Island and the territory about it during the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

An interview with these two old water-adventurers would be a pleasant respite from Peary and Cook. But not even Prof. Hyslop, the speak expert, has ventured to reach beyond the veil and ask questions; surprising, too, in one who has called up the spirits of the dead for advice as to whether he should marry again?

Especially as the interview, if authenticated, would have brought good money from the newspapers.

But there is no vagueness or uncertainty as to mundane impressions of the celebration. There has been no room for cavil or criticism. The millions in town and the millions who

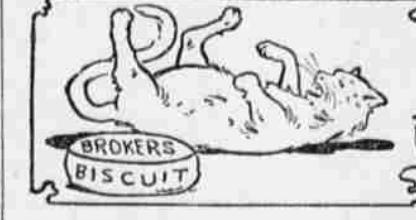
came to town unite in expressions of satisfaction and praise. Only one discordant noise has been heard. It was from a Brooklyn alderman, who offered to punch the nose of a Manhattan alderman because he did not receive as many aldermanic stand tickets as he believed himself entitled to.

The show was magnificently sheduled, elaborately arranged for, and successfully carried out. No greater thing of the kind was ever seen in America. But New York is glad that it is over.

Ten of millions of dollars poured into New York because of it. If one could total the cash paid to the hotels alone in the two weeks it would make the United States debt look small. Every hostelry in town was packed to the doors, and you will know, gentle reader, how the most of them can make an expense account look at the end of a fruitful ten days.

Add the receipts of the railroads, the street car lines, the restaurants, the steamboats, the stand owners, the souvenir sellers, the saloons, the hundred and over takers of money for which New York is famous, and you reach total that speaks for the abundant and generous prosperity of the country.

Who Slew Thomas, a Market Mystery



THE Brokers' Bread; or, Who Slew the Black Cat," is the title of the latest Produce exchange mystery in New York City. Furthermore, it is likely to remain a mystery, deep and impenetrable, until the present generation of brokers has passed away and the old Exchange building, grim and stanch as it is, has crumbled to dust.

When the janitor arrived to open the exchange he was horrified to find, stretched upon the floor with a look of terror and pain upon its face, the body of Thomas, the exchange's black cat, stark and stiff in death.

The janitor, whose wife's brother sometimes delivers parcels to a detective agency, is naturally of an inquiring turn of mind and by association has acquired the instincts of a detective. He immediately began a search for clews.

Obviously the cat was dead. He deduced that almost immediately when he picked the animal up and found that it was cold and rigid. He was not satisfied with this progress, however, and determined to probe the

mystery to the bitter end. Granting that the cat was dead, there remained only the simple discovery yet to be made, i. e., why was the cat dead?"

"Here," he mused, "we have the effect, and for every effect there must be a cause. It is the cause we want now, or words to that effect."

Then Walter Moore hit upon a theory that he was certain would put an end to the cloud of mystery that enveloped the market. He was sauntering carelessly across the floor when he discovered several flour brokers at their oven baking bread. The flour traders have a stove on the floor in which they make bread.

It was this scene that gave Mr. Moore the clew upon which he relied to clear up the crime.

"Ah, ha!" he said to himself (detectives always say "Ah, ha!"). "Ah, ha!" he repeated, "the cat ate of the broker's bread. That explains the look of horror on its face."

Calling a cab, he dashed madly across the exchange floor and found the janitor.

"Pish! tush!" he said in a low voice! "not a word. Come and give me the corpse of the cat. It was killed by eating a biscuit baked by a broker, and I will prove it," he hissed. "I will have the chemical department hold an autopsy and if we do not find a biscuit in that cat's stomach my name is not Jack Rogers."

All of Their 12 Children Born on Water



AND NOW there's another little Vedders to aid in the swelling of Uncle Sam's humble but important mercantile marine force, and Mr. and Mrs. George W. Vedders of New York City, commandants of the good ship Edith—rated coal barge—are receiving congratulations of the harbor fleet because of the arrival of a baby boy, their twelfth child.

The youngster was born on the Edith. This is not an unusual happening in the Vedders family. Capt. Vedders himself was born on a towboat 52 years ago at Rondout, N. Y., and so were his father and mother; likewise Mrs. Vedders, who first saw the light of day on one of the old grain-carrying, shallow-draft Erie canal boats at Lockport, N. Y.

The Edith, on which Capt. and Mrs. Vedders and the youngest five children, including the baby, now reside, is one of the newest and finest coal scows in the New York cruising fleet. It is only a year and a half old, 90 feet long, and the property of Patter-

son & Bowens of 1 Broadway. When seen on his boat Capt. Vedders was seated on the back "porch." Surrounding him were a dozen or more captains of other barges moored near by, as well as several of the directors of the power house of the immigration bureau.

"Yes," said Capt. Vedders. "I'm the man. They're doing fine. It's a boy and we're going to name him Frederick Ellis Vedders, just to show how much we think of this island."

"Why, of course, I'm not at all bashful. I've had 12 of 'em, all born on either coal or ice boats, and, barring two who died when they were babies, they never saw the inside of a drug store or had a doctor at their tongues."

"My youngsters have been the busiest lot you ever saw. The three oldest girls married barge captains themselves, and the two oldest boys have got their own boats now. Funny thing, too, we're all working for the same firm."

"Say, pa," interjected James Vedders, aged 12, "Frank got sick once and ma had to give him some medicine."

"Yes, kid," replied his father, "but that was because your mother took him off a safe canal boat and went up on one of those risky merry-go-rounds in Central park."

Wins Prize by Eating 56 Ears of Corn



NEW corn-eating record has been established in competition in New York city which is likely to stand for many years, the winner in the contest setting a new mark by consuming 56 ears without pausing, and thus eclipsing the old record of 44 ears by an amount sufficient to supply an average family with corn for a meal.

More than 6,000 ears were consumed by the 260 contestants, the least to be eaten by any one contestant being 13, at which unlucky number the competitor, a boy of nine years, was unable to proceed. He was gladdened,

however, with medal awarded in honor of his having established a record for juveniles under ten years.

As the youngster in question weighs only 49 pounds, when empty, his achievement in consuming nearly eight pounds of corn, or one-sixth of his own weight, is considered fully as remarkable so that of the prize-winning competitor.

To secure the 6,000 ears consumed in competition was in itself a tremendous task, one of the conditions being that every ear should not be less than eight and not more than nine inches long, and should measure not less than five nor more than five and one-half inches around the butt. To obtain a supply conforming to these qualifications more than 25,000 ears were examined by ten men.

Figured on a minimum measurement the winner consumed 504 inches of corn, or 42 feet, equal to more than seven times his own weight. At the

madam: Don't be misled

Cheap and Big Can Baking Powder is Only Big in Size—Not in Satisfaction—Not in Economy

A large can and a small can does not make baking powder cheap—or even less expensive than Calumet—the high-quality, moderate-price kind. It certainly cannot make it as good. Don't judge baking powder in this way—the real test—the proof of raising power, of evenness, uniformity, wholesomeness and deliciousness will be found only in the baking.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER



is a better baking powder than you have ever used before. And we will leave it to your good judgment for proof. Buy a can today. Try it for any baking purpose. If the results are not better—if the baking is not lighter, more delicious, take it back and get your money. Calumet is medium in price—but great in satisfaction. Free—large handsome recipe book, illustrated in colors. Send 4c and slip found in pound can.

Calumet Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition

Editorial Amenities.

Editor Junkin of the Sterling Bulletin has red hair. Editor Cretcher of the Sedgwick Pantograph has no hair at all.

"Mac," asked Junkin, "how did you lose your hair?"

"It was red and I pulled it out," growled Cretcher.—Everybody's.

Ambiguous.

Harold—What did she say when you turned over the gas and kissed her?

Rupert—Said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again.—Philadelphia Record.

Of Course.

"How do you make your wife mind so well?"

"I tell her she can do anything she likes, so she don't see any fun in it."

In case of pain on the lungs Hamlin's Wizard Oil acts like a mustard plaster, except that it is more effective and is so much neater and cleaner to use.

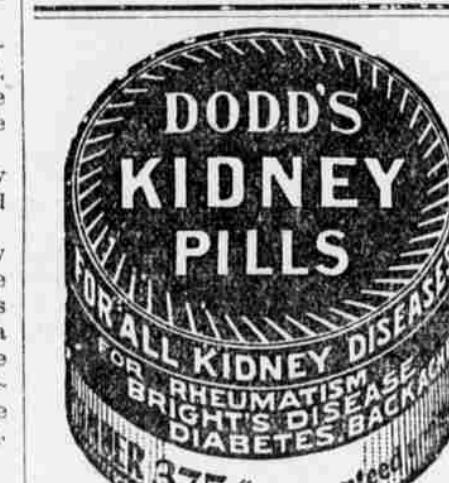
The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—Disraeli.

THE SOURCE OF TROUBLE
must be treated before it can be cured. Allen's Liniment is a powerful, non-poisonous, non-irritating, Harmless and sure. At all druggists.

We live truly for ourselves only when we live for others.—Seneca.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, relieves pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Money talks, but it often fails to tell the truth.

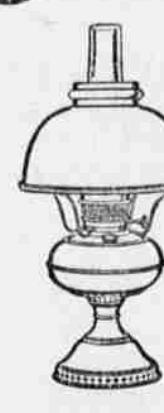


Is Poor Consolation.
"Yes, it must be a terrible thing to go through life without your limb. But you must remember it will be restored to you in the next world."

"I know it will, mum, but dat don't encourage me, for it was cut off when I was a baby, an' it won't come with in a couple of foot of de ground w'en it's restored."

A girl never feels more important than when she is getting married, and a man never looks more inconspicuous.

The Rayo Lamp



Is a low priced lamp. There are lamps that cost more but there is no better lamp made at any price. It is made upon scientific principles. There is nothing in lamp making that can add to the value of the

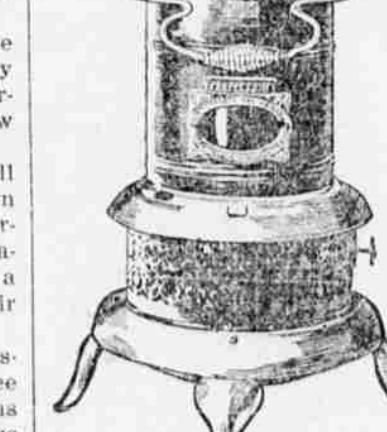
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