

THE CHILLY ESKIMO DOES NOT CARE FOR OUR SOCIETY



Drying Fish in the Summer

He Fears That Civilization Will Follow Close Upon the Explorers' Lead and That Extermination of His Race Will Result.

at a time, if the tribal larder is empty, the next summer's sun will shine on huts and igloos tenanted only by a few shriveled, skeleton-like forms. It is a case of root, hog, or die.

His house—or igloo, as he calls it—costs him nothing but a little trouble. First, he scoops out a big circle in the snow, eighteen or twenty feet across and two or three feet deep; round this he builds a wall with blocks of ice or frozen snow, gradually sloping inward until the whole has assumed a beehive shape. The cold freezes the blocks together as fast as they are placed in position, and any cracks or crevices are plastered with snow and hermetically sealed. He leaves a small opening in his beehive just large enough to crawl through, and builds on to this a long tunnel-like passage, and at the end he makes a sharp right-angle turn. This is the front door.

Inside the igloo he builds raised sleeping benches, or seats of honor—banks of snow a couple of feet high, covered with skins, the richness and quantity of which depend on his social standing. For light he has small troughs full of blubber or seal oil with a floating wick, and the result is a good deal more comfortable than it may sound. But when a whole family—and possibly a few of the neighbors—have been having a prolonged feast inside, and the tunnel of the front door is packed with snarling, fish-devouring "huskie" dogs, a European visitor might think that a dash of eau-de-cologne would improve the atmosphere.

Mr. and Mrs. Eskimo and Master and Miss Eskimo wear their clothes very much as they wear their skins, and change them about as often. These clothes consist mostly of soft underskins, worn with the fur inside. Then breeches and tunic of heavier, coarser skins, worn fur outermost, and skin boots and moccasins. Their furs are beautifully cured and dressed; the sewing is done with fishbone needles and strong, fine sinews for thread; and some of the embroidery work—especially on the young ladies' tunics—is extremely clever.

The Eskimo is, above all things, a hunter, on both land and sea. If he is going to hunt in his kayak, or small skin boat, he crawls out of his front door with his weapons, calls up the leader of his dog team, and gives him a sound thrashing as a preliminary. This is not done out of cruelty. It is merely as a gentle reminder to the leader that he is in charge of the rest of the team, Mrs. Eskimo and the family in general until the moment of his lord and master's return.

The Eskimo's Daring on Water.

To see an Eskimo in his kayak in a heavy sea is to see an exhibition of the most perfect daring and watermanship conceivable. The kayak is merely a frail framework covered with skins, in shape not unlike an elongated Rob Roy canoe. There is one small opening in the middle, just big enough for him to sit in and paddle, and a skin apron, which he can tie around himself. In this craft he will face a sea that a whaleboat couldn't look it, and to turn completely over and come up again smiling and buoyant is quite a common trick with him. When he is after seal or sea lion in his boat he watches his chance and then throws his harpoon, which has a long rawhide line and a bladder attached. The bladder acts as a drag on the animal's movements, and also acts as a guide for the hunter, enabling him to follow the wounded seal and dispatch it with his lance when it is tired.

Some Eskimos have a very cunning way of harnessing their dogs. Each one of a team of seven, say, is harnessed to a separate trace, and all the traces are of different lengths, the leader's being the longest. He starts off, and the others, seeing him apparently running away, at once give chase to try to nip a bit out of him—each dog tugging at his trace to try and get a chew out of the next ahead; the only result, of course, being that they put in a fine amount of work on the sledge, and the cunning Eskimo goes on his way rejoicing. The leader of the pack has to fight the other dogs, to lick them into order; to hearthen up the malingering on the trail with tooth and claw; to choose the path over dangerous ice; and to safeguard the house in his master's absence. Instances are by no means rare of a team leader, grown old in harness, dying of a broken heart after being denied his place in the traces.

The life of an Eskimo hunter is hard and bitter, but it makes of him the grim, tough, indomitable little man who has helped to carry many white expeditions successfully toward the pole, and to whom many a starving, frozen crew from an ice-nipped whaler owe a debt of gratitude.

SPAIN'S EXECUTION OF FERRER AND ITS POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE



PROF. FRANCISCO FERRER.



KING ALFONSO.

The best known Socialist in Europe and the leader of his party in the French Chamber of Deputies is M. Jaures, who predicts that the execution in Spain of Prof. Francisco Ferrer, who was convicted of fomenting the recent revolt in Barcelona, will lead to revolution in King Alfonso's domains. The execution of Ferrer has aroused bitter feelings among the Socialists all through Europe, England itself not being an exception, and demonstrations of protest have been made in many cities. In Paris an attempt was made to mob the Spanish embassy and Jaures was one of the chief leaders of an angry crowd of 10,000 persons whom the police had difficulty to restrain. That the putting to death of Ferrer was a political mistake on the part of the Spanish government is apparent, for thereby a storm has been raised which it will be difficult to quell.

Ferrer was formerly a director of the Modern School of Barcelona, and was repeatedly accused of teaching revolutionary doctrines. In 1906 he was arrested, charged with complicity with Manuel Morales in the attempt upon the life of King Alfonso, on the day of the royal marriage. On trial Ferrer was acquitted.

On Sept. 1 last he was arrested, charged with having incited the rioting which occurred in Barcelona last summer. This outbreak, which spread through the Catalan provinces, was in the nature of a protest against the sending of Spanish troops against the Moors on the Rif coast, and for a time assumed alarming proportions. Ferrer was tried by court-martial and found guilty. King Alfonso was appealed to to exercise clemency in his behalf, but refused. He was shot to death at the fortress of Montjuich, in Barcelona.

NORTH of the Arctic circle, north of the lands where any tree will grow, live a race of furry-trousered little men—and, for the matter of that, women; for there the ladies wear the breeches in more sense than one. The Eskimo averages something under 5 feet 5 inches in height, has a merry little flat face, with high, prominent cheekbones, and eyes slightly upturned at the outer corners, betraying his Mongolian origin. He rarely grows any hair on his face, but makes up for it by a plentiful mop of dark black hair on his head. The ladies—especially the young ones—do theirs in a most elaborate and very stiff topknot. As to complexion, it is so very rarely that one really sees an Eskimo's complexion that it is hard to define. As a matter of fact, his real coloring is about that of an ordinary gypsy; but he is usually disguised under a thick coating of smoke from blubber-oil lamps, combined with the accumulation of years of happy unwashedness.

Now that the way has been blazed, it will be an easy matter to penetrate the frozen North. The hitherto locked door to the land of perpetual ice and snow has been opened. The world greets the announcement 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 "kabhena," 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 "South" Not Wanted.

"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.

The Eskimos are essentially a coast race, and it is rare to find a colony of them even as much as sixty miles from the shore. For they have one great and continual problem to face—the question of food. Their bare existence depends on keeping the storehouse filled by trapping and hunting and fishing. For when the long six months' Arctic night sweeps down and blizzards which no man can face and remain alive rage for days—even weeks—

BORN IN WASHINGTON, the ROSE AMERICAN BEAUTY



which would bear flowers at any season of the year, whereas most roses bloom only once a year. Then the gardener's eye was pleased by the rich red color of the blossoms.

After nursing the rosebush carefully Brady succeeded in developing the plant to a fairly hardy state, where the excellent qualities of the rose could be studied. Its large size inspired him to call the attention of a number of gardeners and florists to the Madame Ferdinande Jamin, the beautiful large red rose, with its vigorous thorned stem and its perennial blooming.

Among the local growers to whom Brady showed his prize were two brothers named Field. George Field met Brady in the street one day, in 1881, and offered to buy some roses for him. Field called at Brady's hothouse, and finding that the gardener was not at home, offered to buy some of the plants from his wife. To this offer Mrs. Brady willingly acceded, and he purchased half a dozen of the rose bushes at \$3.50 each. Both parties to the exchange were pleased, but there was no pleasure in Brady's mind when he returned home and was told of the sale. He was indignant, and immediately began the "war of the roses," declaring that his wife had thrown away a fortune for a bagatelle. After nearly thirty years of fighting the rival claimants bid fair to carry their contention to the grave.

The verbose name of the forgotten French lady did not please the new owners, so the Fields changed it to that which it now bears. The renaming of the plant was a good stroke, and the title chosen for it was exceedingly happy. Under the tender care of Brady the plant had so developed that the original owners of the Madame Ferdinande Jamin could scarcely have recognized its modern descendant, the American Beauty.

The money they realized was by no means sufficient to make the rose well known and popular. Their market was limited, and after several years of cultivating it they decided to sell the American Beauty to a wealthy promoter who offered to buy the sole rights in it. They sold their every interest in the matchless rose for an amount estimated at \$50,000.

The American Beauty, put on the national market in 1886, has main-

tained unflinchingly its unrivaled popularity. Growers and fanciers, amateur and professional, all over the country and Europe sent prepaid orders for as many as they could get. To-day there is no monopoly on the rose and it is for sale by all florists.

SNAKE IN HER WORKBAG.

Mrs. Perry Smith, of Paris, Mo., prepared to do some sewing and went upstairs to the room of her daughter for the latter's workbag. The bag, with the mouth almost drawn to by the gathering string, hung near an open window, and Mrs. Smith sat in a chair and placed it in her lap. One opening the bag she discovered a big black-snake coiled cozily in the bottom. The snake started to crawl out, but she hit



it on the head with her scissors, and then she drew the gathering strings tightly together, carrying Mr. Snake downstairs, and called Mr. Smith to dispatch him, not becoming frightened until all danger had passed. The snake measured four feet in length.

Why do actors so often wear long hair? Perhaps this is the reason: There once was a statute in England under which actors found wandering were liable to be branded through the right ear. The long hair concealed the decoration, and thus the custom was started.

Ecuador exports about 20,000 tons of vegetable ivory annually, of which Germany takes about one-half and the United States one-fourth.



WHERE THE ELEPHANT IS SACRED

TO AMERICAN merchants Siam is becoming much more than a mere name in the geography. To manufacturers and exporters the land of the sacred elephant is developing as a trade center and wise dealers are learning that there is good opportunity in the Oriental kingdom to sell their products most profitably. The Siamese are sticklers for goods "as advertised." They will not take anything that is "just as good." They insist upon the original "trade-mark blown in the bottle," and the merchant who attempts to substitute will find his market gone beyond redemption. And this demand extends to the minutest detail.

For many years quinine pills of a certain color, made by an American firm, have been sold by the medical missionaries in the north of Siam, and now the people in that part of the country cannot be induced to take any substitute that differs in the slightest way from what they have been accustomed to buy.

That Siam is developing as a field for all sorts of American products is evidenced by the fact that machine plows made in the United States are finding a profitable market in the kingdom.

Makers of mining machinery and tools of every description will be interested to know that there is likely to be an increasing market for their products. Bordering upon the north of Siam are the Southern Shan States. A company has recently been organized in Burma for the purpose of obtaining certain mineral concessions in these States. These concessions include a prospecting license, conferring the sole right to prospect for minerals and mineral oils for a period of four years, with the option of extending the time for a further period of four years, over an area of about 6,000 square miles. Already the English are alert to the possibilities and British merchants and manufacturers are preparing to invade the territory.

As a commercial prospect for Americans the kingdom of Siam is attractive. The difficulty is with the climate, and only those who are physically fitted to endure a hot climate and Oriental methods of living should risk residence in that place. There is considerable danger of exposure to epidemics. In fact, the danger is so common that it is always to be expected.

SPLINTERS.

Head gear—Mental adjustment. Up and doing—Painting a tin roof. It is better to be satisfied with a little than to lose all.

Those who jump at conclusions usually find they have jumped too soon.

They say that love will find a way, but some old maids think it is a long time getting busy.

It is a whole lot easier to count your friends when you are broke than when you are prosperous.

PROGRESS OF THE DAY.

Greece raises 150,000 tons of currants yearly.

Kaiser William is an extensive shop owner in Berlin.

The threads of Japanese screws run the opposite way from ours.

Budapest has a school where the students are taught the art of eating.

A human hair of average thickness can support a weight of 6½ ounces.

A gas-driven street car will soon be in operation on the streets of New York.