

The Tarboro Southern

State Librarian

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT, THEN GO AHEAD.—D. Crockett

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TARBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1908.

ESTABLISHED 1822

Advice to the Aged.
Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and TORPID LIVER.

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The candidate.
Who youth's impulsive reasoning quotes,
And then wakes up and gaves notes
The sort of speech that gathers votes
The candidate.

Who shouts for freedom, as he should
Yet makes it strongly understood
That delegates must all be good?
The candidate.

Who leads the music and the dance
And knows since he has weighed each
Results some sixmonths in advance?
The candidate.

And who, successful, vainly tries
His coaxing trump to disguise
And wear a look of sweet surprise?
The candidate.
—Washington Star.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PEA.
There is one thing certain and that is, the pea has backslidden. It was a grand vegetable thirty or forty years ago, possessing a flavor as delicate and sweet as the fragrance of a rose.

The now-fangled pea—the Telephone, Marrow Fat and other sorts that have come later—are poor substitutes for the old-fashioned pea, and it is a sad reflection upon the public taste that they are tolerated.

The pea we have nowadays seem to have taken on a new nature. They are bigger, fatter, clumsier, coarser, thicker-skinned and raw-tasting than the graceful delicate, fine-grained and heavenly scented pea of the youthful days.

The pea of the olden time was the best thing that came on the table. That old association of lamb and pea was intended to be a complement to the lamb, and to be the plus ultra of all meats; but it was the peas that made the lamb taste good. But think of the pea today going with spring lamb—why they are better suited to corned beef and liver.

There are some things that it is almost a sacrilege to try to make better, and one of these is the old-fashioned pea. It was perfect when it was born into the world, and its life was a blessing until the old vegetable iconoclasts got into their heads to give it more body and skin. There it is, burdening the market benches, pushing aside excellence and pulling down the public desire for things that have lost their virtue.—Ohio State Journal.

LET'S IMPROVE WHAT WE HAVE.
The Tarboro Leader a bright newsy has suspended. While sympathizing with the management in their misfortune, it should be clear to the people of the majority of the towns in Carolina that one newspaper finds it difficult to measure up to the exacting requirements of the times. The paper that one newspaper finds it difficult to measure up to the exacting requirements of the times.

It is true as the gospel that many people require more from their news papers than they are willing to pay for, and until they are willing to sustain their newspapers more than they do, they will continue to have sorry ones.—Wilson Times.

True, most true.
As a rule, the publishers of newspapers have not money making for their first consideration, but the excelence of their papers. To a man who stints himself that he may make his paper approach up to date, the starting of a rival paper in a small town is not only discouraging, but also hurtful to the excellence of the paper.

Still any one has a right to exploit a paper, whether it be to carry out some pet scheme, or gratify a vanity or a prejudice, but in the end, it rests with the business man, whether he will encourage a venture that can only encourage inferiority and circumscribe the area of a paper that is advancing an upholding his interest. The business man, if he will consider his interests, will come to the conclusion that for him and his business it will be far better to assist with his patronage, in making the established paper better, than intentionally, no doubt, sapping its foundations by dividing his patronage, so as to help all.

In small towns, the newspaper patronage at best is not enough to maintain two or more establishments. This has just been proven in Wilson, a town much larger than Tarboro, with a correspondingly greater number of advertising and subscribing patrons.

Nearly five years ago the proprietor of the Southern began the foundation for improving the paper, through that greatest and most effective of local institutions, the Building and Loan. It has now reached that point where it can give the people of the town, a better and more complete paper, than Tarboro has ever had.

If the business men of the community will do their part in the shape of patronage, the proprietor will do his, with "full measure, shaken down and running over."

DEAD COMRADES EATEN.
Terrible Straits to Which Starving Eskimos Were Reduced.

A problem of annually increasing seriousness for Canada is that of maintaining her Eskimo wards alive in her territory of Ungava. A peculiarly appalling instance of this has just been reported by Rev. S. M. Stewart, an Anglican missionary from the diocese of Newfoundland, who has been laboring among the heathen natives of Ungava Bay for the past four years.

His report is that last winter, owing to the scarcity of deer, severe weather and poor hunting otherwise, many of the natives in the territory perished of starvation and in some instances the survivors had to maintain life by feeding on the corpse of the dead.

What is believed to be an evidence of this is embodied in the account of the experience of a Newfoundland vessel fishing for cod in Ungava Bay, and whose crew while ashore one Sunday in the past summer came upon some eighty unburied skeletons, with guns and other articles lying by them.

At first it was thought that these were the remains of victims of a tribal warfare between the Eskimos of the coast and the Indians of the interior, and that such an encounter had but recently taken place. The facts becoming known, an inquiry was ordered, which disclosed that no such occurrence had taken place, as the Eskimo tribes are well known as to their locality and numbers. But the still more tragic fact is learned that scores of Eskimos had starved to death, and that others had lived on the dead, the skeletons seen in this case supposed to be the remains of some of the victims of these tragedies.

Their contact with the white man in the shape of whaling crews has inoculated them with all the white man's vices and some of his loathsome diseases. Prof. A. P. Low, of the Canadian exploring expedition of 1903-4 in the steamer Neptune, describes the extinction of a tribe of Eskimos on Southampton Island, at the mouth of the Hudson Bay, in a single winter. They numbered 100 souls, and made shift to live with fair success without employing civilized implements of war or chase, they were isolated from all neighbors. But in 1903 a Scotch whaling firm established a station there and manned it with a party of Eskimos from one of its other posts, who could use a modern repeating rifle successfully. These repeatedly slaughtered the musk-oxen and the deer of the region for the sake of the hide, which they sold to whaling employers, and as a result the whole of the original tribe perished of starvation during the second winter, while the others, who were morally responsible for their death, if not legally punishable, survived through the aid of the provisions furnished them by their employers. Two years later the whaling station was abandoned again, and now this large island is absolutely unpeopled. The same story is told of other whaling stations. Canada is now sending annual expeditions to the region to release the tribes and cop with this problem as best it may.

One of the first steps to this end which was taken by Major Moody, of the northwest police, now governor of Hudson Bay, was to forbid the export of musk-ox skins, so that the natives should not exterminate these animals for the sake of the hides and so destroy their own chief food supply of the future.

The Technique of Home Making.
"Cook, sweep, dust and sew, these four words will never make a home happy," writes the editor in Woman's Home Companion for July. "They do not make sympathy, and love, and ambition, and faith; but they go a long way toward making room for these things. The average bride has a trunkful of ideals, and maybe two trunksful of clothes. Her cook-book—if she has one and antileaves are cut at all—opens easily to 'fudge.' But unless she has mastered enough pages of this book to get three meals a day without exhausting her own body and soul, and her husband's, too, she will have little time for clothes and none at all for ideals. She finds herself involved in the mastery of the merest technical details. In spite of her best endeavors, her husband loses his enthusiasm for her cooked food, and she is left with a trunkful of clothes and a trunkful of ideals, and maybe two trunksful of clothes. Her cook-book—if she has one and antileaves are cut at all—opens easily to 'fudge.' 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