

### The Eskimo's Gift

By MALCOLM BROWN

The arctic had yielded up its long sought secret as to the location of the magnetic pole. The "Catherine" had returned, but of the twenty-nine who had sailed in her the year before only fifteen returned. And Lieutenant Andrews led them, for Captain Scoville had died in a snow crevice.

Andrews and Scoville had been alone at the time of the disaster, except for an Eskimo, who had been brought back to New York. These three had been separated from the rest of the party by forty miles of ice and snow. Lieutenant Andrews and his boy returned to the ship, and the lieutenant reported the catastrophe. Help had been impossible. Scoville had slipped over the edge and fallen under an avalanche of snow, a hundred feet beneath.

It became known that Catherine Maynard had been sought in marriage by the captain and the lieutenant also. Whispers flew, suspicions grew. Instead of the reception such as a hero should receive, Lieutenant Andrews was robbed of his triumph and shunned by all. They said that he had killed Scoville.

Andrews knew what was said, but he had his duty to perform. He carried the news to Catherine.

"He slipped on the very edge of the precipice," Andrews explained. "In an instant he was gone, down the sheer rocky sides of the mountain. He was killed instantly, and buried under the snow. Rescue was impossible."

"I know," said Catherine Maynard, holding out her hands to him. "You could have done nothing."

Andrews knew then that she had heard the rumors.

"I cannot ask you what I should wish to ask until I have cleared myself," he said sadly, and went away.

He was a dishonored man. On all sides enemies rose up against him. "Let somebody who can speak Eskimo question the boy," said his enemies. "Then we shall know the truth."

Andrews made answer, his only answer.

"Put the boy to school," he said, "till he can speak English, and let him be asked the truth."

Andrews lived in a little cottage in Maine.

The Eskimo boy was being educated at a public school.

All the while Catherine Maynard fought with her pride. She knew that Andrews loved her, but she could never speak unless he told her. He did not come, and at last love conquered pride. She wrote to him. When Andrews received Catherine's letter he had to make his decision: Either to go back and face his calamities or to go into exile. He chose. He went back to Catherine.

"Catherine," he said, drawing her into his arms, "I must tell you now. I love you."

"Yes, dear," she answered simply, and raised her lips to his.

That was the manner of Andrews' return to his world, and to his astonishment he found that all the doors which had been closed against him were open again.

Wan-tak-kaw, the Eskimo, or John, as he had come to be called, could now speak English fairly well. He was a frequent caller at Maynard's home. In spite of the professors, he was able to give a very clear account of the accident, which utterly banished all shadow of suspicion. If such had ever existed, from the admiral's mind.

"John," said Catherine, "Lieutenant Andrews and I are going to be married."

"Good," grinned the Eskimo. "In my country we give present when man get married to woman."

"To think, dearest, that tomorrow we shall begin our life together!" whispered Catherine, as they sat together in the house.

"Mr. John, Miss Maynard," announced the old butler.

John came smiling into the room. "In my country give marriage present night before," he said, extending a small package. "Not for you, Miss Catherine—for Lieutenant Andrews," he continued.

Andrews tore it open. Inside was a magnificent pearl necklace, and, with it, a sheet of note paper in Scoville's writing. Catherine saw it and grew as pale as death.

"What's this, John?" asked Andrews quickly.

"Captain Scoville give him to me," answered the Eskimo. "He say to me, 'Bye-bye Lieutenant Andrews get married. Then you give this to him. Not give to girl, give to him. You say nothing till he ready to get married.'"

"Catherine, dear, do you think you had better read it?" asked her lover.

"Yes, dearest," she answered bravely. They read it together.

"My dear Andrews," (it ran).

"If you marry Miss Maynard, as I hope and believe, give her this necklace as a last gift to her from one who will not see her again. God bless you both, my dear friend."

"JOHN SCOVILLE."

Catherine looked at Andrews and her eyes were full of tears. "He loved me," she whispered. "He all but asked me. But he knew—he knew that it was you. And he—he—"

"He did not mean to return," said Andrews huskily.

"Do you see what that letter means, dear?" she continued.

"It means," answered the lieutenant, "my vindication."

# SOME SMILES

### CHEERING

Having advertised for a chauffeur, the multimillionaire sought to test the honesty of the applicant.

"Suppose," he said, "you were to find a pocketbook in the tonneau containing \$100,000—what would you do?"

"Nothing at all," replied the truthful applicant. "I'd live on my income during the rest of my life."—Boston Transcript.

### Fleeting Fascinations.

"Your speeches haven't their old-time spellbinding qualities." "I've been trying to get away from that spellbinding stuff," confided Senator Sorgbun. "Any good vaudeville monologist can hold an audience spellbound, but after the show is over he couldn't command enough votes to elect him poundmaster."

### Kept 'Em Guessing.

"Old Jake was buried yesterday." "What did he die of?" "Nobody knows; not even the doctor." "That's just like the old rascal. Nobody knew what he lived on and nobody knows what he died from."

### A Long Peroration.

Orator—Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster.

Farmer Green (in a stage whisper)—My land, Maria, let's git out o' here! He's goin' ter start in on the dictionary.—Boston Transcript.

### As Good as Any.

"Here's a girl," said the correspondence man, "who wants to know how to acquire a swan-like neck." "Tell her not to make a goose of herself," put in the sporting editor.—Boston Transcript.



**'S FUNNY**  
She: How are you making out learning to run your car?  
He: I have trouble learning to "reverse."  
She: And you do it so beautifully when you're waiting.

**Problem.**  
Which we for long have nursed:  
How can we make our money last  
Unless we make it first

**What Was Wrong With Moses?**  
"Miss Jane, did Moses have the same complaint my papa's got?"  
"Gracious me, Percy! Whatever do you mean, my dear?"  
"Well, it says here that the Lord gave Moses two tablets."

**Often Happens.**  
The Dowager—What has become of Mr. Gadabout? He used to be quite a society lion.  
The Old Tea Hound—He doesn't go out any more. He married a society lion tamer.

**The "Goat."**  
"Have you ever been arrested for running your automobile too fast?"  
"No; what do you suppose I'm paying a chauffeur for?"—Boston Transcript.

**His Retort.**  
Mrs. Exe—What a change one little woman can make in a man's life.  
Mr. Wye—Yes, and, by George, what a heap of change she requires while she's doing it!

**An Actress.**  
"Aw, she ordered those flowers sent to herself."  
"But the love missive on top?"  
"Merely the bill."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**At the Radical Meeting.**  
Orator—Do you get me, boys, do you get me?  
Voice from Rear—No! But wait until youse leave d' platform.—Wayside Tales.

**Good Business.**  
"We are building a railroad through these mountains."  
"Rich country, they say."  
"You bet. We pay the cost of every tunnel with the coal taken out."

**Sufficient.**  
"Can you refer me to any one for whom you have worked before?"  
"Well, mum, I cooked for you a couple of days last winter."

**Add Pathetic Figures.**  
"I'm sorry for the poor chump."  
"Why, I understood you to say he was the life of the party."  
"He was, but he didn't know it."

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Before electro therapy is begun in the case of a paralyzed arm, for example, the testing tip of the electro diagnosis machine is tried on the patient's good arm to determine normal response. Interrupted galvanic current is used with proper arrangements for starting and stopping its flow. The wire attached to a back electrode is plugged in at various strengths until the patient's normal muscle or nerve reacts to the current. The same process is repeated with the paralyzed arm which, if it is not entirely beyond help, shows reaction, although to a much stronger current. The difference between the strengths of current which cause the two arms to react, gives the specialist the basis for his calculation to determine the exact method for treatment.

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"I was eating scarcely enough to keep alive," she declared, "for I would rather not touch a bite than suffer the misery I knew would follow. Even sweet milk disagreed with me. I was sick in bed for two and three days at a time, and gas on my stomach made such awful pressure on my heart it almost cut off my breath. I had horrible dreams at night and in the morning was all tired out."

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## "KIDS" — THE LITTLE BOY FROM THE CITY



SOCIETY FOLK CHEERED VETERAN RIDER OF 60 AND 16 YEAR OLD MOUNT AFTER WINNING RACE



Harry S. Page, who has been identified with sports and hunting close to 40 years, is shown here on his aged gelding, Gold Plate, with which he won the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club Plate at the Belmont Park Terminal (Long Island) meeting of the United Hunts Racing Association. Mr. Page, more than 50 years old and noted as an expert horseman, was injured two years ago while riding over the same course, and wears a covering over his left eye. In the other eye he wore a monocle which remained firmly in place as he helped his mount over the jumps.

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