

EDUCATING THE CHILDREN OF LABRADOR

The great hope of Labrador, as in need of any country, lies in the manner in which we of this generation are able to equip the children of today for the problems which life will hold for them tomorrow.

One of the great lacks of our fisher people was and is that so many of them can neither read nor write. They could not even keep simple accounts, and so opened the door to a dishonest trader to cheat them.

One of the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon, the determination not to be unnecessarily beholden to charity, is strong in our fishermen. It followed that if the fishery failed in a lean year, or if illness overtook a breadwinner during the short season of open water, and so prevented his earning a winter's "diet" for his family, we had often to starve.

Our "uneducated" Northerners can follow an obscure trail, tell you what animal it is and what it is doing, can fell ten trees while I am felling one, can sharpen an axe or set a saw and rig a ship and net twine.

Would you call a man uneducated if you were to come to his cottage in the middle of a winter's bitter cold night and without a moment's hesitation he took you in, fed you and your large team of hungry, great dogs, even turned out of his bed for your sake, and in the morning when you left, refused to take one penny in return for such unstinted hospitality?

Nearly thirty years ago I was stopping in a Roman Catholic village, some thirty miles south of our largest hospital, paying a visit of three or four days and holding one of our usual, itinerant winter clinics.

On the morning when I was leaving, my hostess apologized for the absence of her husband, who she said had been obliged to leave home early on business, and was unable to wait to say good-bye to me.

Through the help of friends we have been able to send out each year to the States and Canada, and one or two to England, a few of the more promising of our Northern young people for technical training.

One summer's evening, many years ago, on the deck of my little hospital steamer, after the clinic was over I noticed a lad of about sixteen standing diffidently by the rail. I was weary at the end of a hard day and accosted him with little patience.

We took him South with us. Later we were able to send him to the great Pratt Institute in Brooklyn for a year's course in mechanical engineering. That was thirty years ago; but five years ago when we were able to build our first reinforced concrete hospital, fireproof throughout, centrally heated, electrically lit, with modern plumbing and equipped with every convenience demanded by the most up-to-date little hospital in a city, we did not have to send to "civilization" for a contractor or a master mason or a plumber or an electrician.

Denominational schools have been, in our opinion, one of the most serious handicaps which Labrador and North Newfoundland have had to labor under, in each little village the school grant being given pro rata to the denominational affiliation of the various members of the community.

Through the help of volunteers, the Grenfell Association has been able to carry on a number of small summer schools for the children of these remote fishing villages. These young college men and women, who have thus gladly given their summer's holiday to teaching a handful of children, would doubtless otherwise have gone abroad or to some pleasure resort like Bar Harbor.

As years went by it was found that primary education did not satisfy. It only lighted a lamp and discovered unexplored reaches of the imagination. Gradually we were able to build larger schools in more populous districts, schools which are kept open all winter, and which offer more advanced courses to their pupils.

There are now three of these, located at three of our hospital centers, and we pride ourselves that the standard of teaching we try to maintain in them will bear comparison with similar schools in more crowded and more favored parts of the world. In all our work—medical, social, industrial, child welfare, educational—it is our constant aim to give to those whom some might term the "underprivileged" the same high grade of service that we would demand for our loved ones at home.

Through the help of friends we have been able to send out each year to the States and Canada, and one or two to England, a few of the more promising of our Northern young people for technical training. When they have been given this opportunity they have always agreed to return to their own country and give at least two years' service.

We have had to choose the educational institutions carefully, as we have never been very much concerned as to whether Jack would wear a black tall coat and a beaver hat, or an oilskin jacket and a souwester, and we certainly did not wish Susie to add to her troubles by being taught to wear heels two inches high, or to use lipstick or rouge or

DOG MEAT

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"An' the real Tomitito is a four-year-old." Out came his handkerchief and he spat on it and commenced rubbing vigorously; slowly a quill quill of white appeared on the horse's nose. And the judges stood beside him while he rubbed.

"A dash of alcohol would bring the deception out clearer, the presiding judge decided, 'but that can't come up to blanket the horse: 'What horse is this?'"

"I don't know. I thought he was Tomitito. I found him in Tomitito's box when I came to lead him to the paddock to be saddled, sir."

Ben Toothaker came down and joined the group. From his hip pocket he produced a silver flask and poured some of its contents on his handkerchief. Nobody asked him what the flask contained, but what ever the stuff was it cut the stain away from the ring's nose promptly. The track veterinary was called and after examining the horse's teeth declared him to be a six-year-old; the paddock judge came and swore the horse was not Tomitito, although, in deference to the racing rules which require that all entries must be identified before starting for the post, he had examined him and decided he was Tomitito.

"Well, no matter what his name or breeding," said the presiding judge, "he's a speed marvel running under an alias. Tomitito could never have run the course in such fast company and the crooks knew he'd pay a long price if he won. This ringer is disqualified. Send one of our track police back to the barn with him and watch him every minute while they cool him out. We'll ascertain later his real name and who owns him and rule the man off for life. Tanglefoot wins. That's official," and he called across the track to have the winning numbers run up.

Whereupon Timothy J. Donovan did that which he had never done before. He slumped down under Tanglefoot's discolored nose and fainted.

"Stand aside, gentlemen!" Ben Toothaker cried. "The stuff is good for man or beast." And he poured some of the contents of his flask down Timothy J. Donovan's throat. Timothy J.'s faint was of brief duration. Presently he sat up in the dirt of the track and said:

"What did she pay?" "Five hundred to five-hundred to one." "What else would she pay?" Toothaker replied. "There were only a few tickets sold on her. My colt was the favorite." "Not wit' me, sor. An' I bet a hundred on Tanglefoot at the track. The books'll pay fifteen to one on her save an' except in New York,

any of these other artificial adjuncts which would be supposed to add beauty to her already healthy and bonnie face.

We can now point to nearly a hundred returned students who have come back to serve their day and generation north of the Roaring Forties. They serve as teachers, stenographers and bookkeepers, mechanics, weavers, plumbers, electricians, carpenters, trained nurses, industrial workers, trained cooks, and domestic science teachers, and we can boast at least one tinmith, one pottery maker, and one stone polisher. Some few of the students—and they are not the least useful—after they have returned from their training, have quietly married and settled down in isolated little villages, where we hope and believe that their homes are the cleanest and brightest, and that they themselves are radiating centers of the best that civilization has given them.

It is only to be expected that some of the young men and women, flung into the ease and excitement of the life in America, not looking below the surface, should contrast it with the rigor and hardship of the life which they had known at home, life which they had known at home, environment. It is hardly to be wondered at that the lure of modern flesh pots of Egypt should be so strong as to make some forget their ideal of service to their own people. Inevitably we have lost a certain proportion who have elected to remain. It is greatly to the credit of our people, however, that by far the greater number have gladly returned home.

Only once, when I was about to give a lecture in a large city in America, has an incident like the following occurred. A tall, good-looking young man, whom I had known during all his boyhood on the coast, and who had been helped out to the States for education and training by one of the volunteers of the Grenfell Association, met me at the station and drove me to my hotel in his car. He was obviously ill at ease, and I tried in vain to diagnose the cause. When at last I begged him to tell me what was on his mind he burst out, "Please, Sir Wilfred, don't tell the people in your lecture that I came from the coast." "Facilis descensus" even in a privileged environment. I did not point out to him that his attitude was exactly the opposite of that which would induce me to hold him up as an example of the fine product his country could offer.

We hope that you have chanced to come upon this brief account of some of our educational problems in Labrador and North Newfoundland may have received a little insight into the opportunity which that country offered us when we went there thirty-nine years ago and continues to offer in increasing measure. I cannot reiterate too often that Labrador has given me far more than I have given it, and that its lure to all of us is not its finished civilization, but its perpetual challenge to every ounce of wisdom, courage, and creative ability which a man or a woman possesses.—By Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

where yer bookmakers pay twenty to one. Ye promised to bet a thousand on her in New York, sor. That 'aves thirty-one hundred at fifteen to one—and that's sixty-six thousand five hundred I win—an' 'om the m'ncial bet away from the track I get me forty-one hundred dollars back."

"You're worth over seventy-five thousand dollars, Tim—and you've earned every cent of it. I'll give you a check for it this evening. Confound the day I ever picked you up on the road! Your mare has just beaten me out of a five-thousand-dollar purse, not to mention a five-thousand-dollar bet at even money."

He sighed and a cryptic smile played around the corners of his mouth. "And I thought I knew the horse that was going to win this race. Well, I know a little more about horses now—and my education 'as cost me something."

He was thinking of Timothy J. Donovan's forty-one-hundred-dollar bet which he had "bucketed." He was glad he could afford to make good to Timothy J. "All my life," he reflected, "while Tim lives, I'll have a joke on myself and never be able to tell it to a soul."

An hour later, at the barn where Tanglefoot, cooled out now and blanketed, stood munching sweet California hay while Timothy J. leaned over the half door of her box and beamed love upon her. Ben Toothaker came by and handed him a check for his winnings. "Tell me, Tim," he begged, "how you knew the mare would win today."

"I didn't know. I only suspected she would, sor. I told ye she's afraid o' horses, did I not? When she's shtarted in close the sight o' the man wit' the red flag just inside the fence annoys her. There he shtands wit' his flag ripplin' in the breeze, an' ready to drop it the instant the barrier's sprung, an' it makes her nervous. She's into the shtartin' gate an' out ag'in a dozen times, usin' up her energy an' bein' man handled by the brutes of assistant starters."

"She's not calm an' set for a spring like an antelope, so the faster-breakin' horses get away first an' she's afraid to press on through any openin' that shows up. Nor will she do well if the boy thries to take her around the field. Nor will she run well if another horse challenges her in the first three-eighths an' runs her neck an' neck. Back go her eahs an' she quits."

"But why does she do that, Tim?" "For two reasons. She's a mare—an' mares have niver the heart a colt or a gelding have. Thin she's got an' old memory. Whin she was a two-year-old an' the fastest o' her year in America, her thin owners entered her in the Futurity at Saratoga, an' in the very shtart o' the race she got into a press o' horses an' fell. She took a complete somersault, an' the memory of it made her timid."

"But she wasn't timid today, Tim." Timothy J. Donovan smiled. "There's nothin' in life more courageous nor a mother, sor—an' though ye do not know it, Tanglefoot's six weeks gone in foal. A bred mare's nerves are quieter; she runs shtraighter an' thruer an' honest nor a maiden mare."

"But in back o' that ag'in, sor, she had the outside position, an' I give the assistant starter fifty dollars not to manhandle her, an' I give the man wit' the flag fifty more to shtand wit' his flame annointed flag on his shoulder wit' the red cloth hangin' down his back so's the mare couldn't see it before the shtart."

"But the jock had his eye on the flagman an' as the flag rose up hard an' vicious he knew it was goin' to fall—an' he beat the barrier by two lengths. She was off in front an' she opened up a big lead, crossed over and with nothin' in front o' her ran thrue to her breedin'. No horse bumped her or bothered her—an' not till the last sixteenth did that ringer get up to challenge her."

"But her royal blood was up thin; she was winnin' an' she knew it an' she ran a fifty-thousand-dollar shtake horse to a head finish. The rest ye know. An' she'll niver race ag'in, nor will I iver own another race horse. Me colors will hang in a glass case an' on top o' the case will shtand the silver cup she won this day. I'm content."

"What are you going to do with all your money, Tim?" "I've been a wild jackass all o' me days, sor, but this time it goes into bonds for me old age. I've been shtandin' here thinkin' I might go back to Ireland an' live the life of a gentleman, wit' a little farm an' a few mares, but I'd a letter from me niece a while back an' an' sure, she tells me times are hard there."

"So I thinkin' o' the yearlin's that must be broke next fall, an' the eight two-year-olds we'll take to Maryland next month, not to mention the foal Tanglefoot will bear us—an' please the Lord it'll be a colt—an' ye the good kind boss but a babe in the horse chistnuts just the same, an' how could I 'ave ye for the jackals to pick the bones o' ye—"

"Mr. Toothaker, sor, do ye mind that little mare, not a nerve in her shtuff that race, an' peekin' away at her supper for all the wurr'd as if she'd breezed instead o' breakin' a track record? She's a great little doer, so she is, an' whin I think that whin we met she was headed for the slaughter house whilst I was headed for the poorhouse—"

He wiped his sleeve across his old eyes. Verily, God has been good to him and his Tanglefoot.—Peter B. Kyne in Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

CHANGE IN AUTOMOBILE BRAKE AND LIGHT ADJUSTING STATIONS

An amendment to the Motor Code that went into effect the first of the new year is one that abolishes official headlight and brake adjusting stations. Beginning January 1, the work formerly done by such stations, as well as all work incident to the compulsory inspection campaigns, will be handled only by what will be known as permanent official inspection stations.

None but these will be permitted to issue official stickers or certificates for headlight, brake or other inspections or adjustments.

—Raise heifer calves from only the very best cows, Penn State dairy specialists recommend. "Keep down numbers but improve quality" is a New Year's resolution for the Keystone dairyman.

Roger Babson, the noted Economist, who in 1929 predicted the collapse of prices, says:

"The worst is definitely over. Business is on the way back.

"Prosperity will return when fifty-one per cent. of the people get right spiritually—Have Faith! Work, Love, Pray; do good. Do not hoard money."

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The guild of the Episcopal church will hold a food sale in the Variety Shop, Saturday Jan. 23, opening at 10.30 a. m. Everything delicious to help you out in the week-end marketing, can be gotten there.