

FOUND PYGMIES IN FAR-CHINA

Dr. Geil Tells of His Travels Along the Great Wall and Its Little Known Neighborhood

REASON WHY THEY ARE DWARFS

Legend Has It that They Were Stunted Through Fear of Being Buried Alive for Mistakes in the Work—Modern Awakening in China.

Dr. William Edgar Geil, the explorer and writer, recently reached New York from a quest in China that involved travelling the whole length of the Great Wall and the discovery of 200 miles of that barrier that never had been mapped before. He says that he has confirmed the story that in the remote northern mountains of China there lives a race of hairy pygmies which has been there since 210 B. C.

Dr. Geil started out in 1901 to study the primitive races of the world wherever he could find them. He crossed China and Africa in the course of his search and ventured further into the pygmy forest of Africa than Stanley had gone. He was gone for four years and traversed 120,000 miles.

This recent expedition of about twenty-five men, headed by Dr. Geil, started in May of 1908 from Shan Hia Yuan, where the Great Wall's eastern extremity is washed by the Yellow Sea. Its purpose was to reach Tibet by sticking to the wall for all of its 1,250 miles. Crawling along with pack mules the party got to the other end of the wall, at Kian Ku Yuan, north of the Nan Shan Mountains, in September, 1908. Dr. Geil does not know that anybody ever did the trick before; it is certain, he thinks, that no white man ever did. The whole trip was about 1,800 miles. It took the explorers into Tibet, where Dr. Geil fell ill and had to be carried along by his men for several days.

The explorer said that he made sure of the existence of the pygmy people by getting Chinese pundits to translate for him inscriptions in half a dozen dialects on the sides of the Great Wall. These learned men told him that it was part of their folklore that whenever one of the millions of men who worked on the construction of the wall was found to have erred at his task he was immediately buried alive in the wall at the point where he had made his mistake. It was about 210 B. C., according to the legend, that a body of workmen, tired of seeing their comrades and friends transmuted into building material, fled with their wives and children into the interior and kept on until they came to the deep forest where their descendants now live. Some of them, tradition said, had become demented because of their frightful experiences.

"The interesting folklore that I studied through interpreters," Dr. Geil said, "gave me a line on these wild men. We located them far in the interior. I have a man among them now, and am interested to know how he is faring."

"The Great Wall experience of the Chinese who ran away stunted the growth of their progeny, according to the folklore experts, and that is why they have kept to themselves as a race of dwarfs."

The explorer contributed the further information that the pygmies "live like animals, and their long nails and terrible faces give them the appearance of being of a lower type animal family than the monkeys of Africa."

Dr. Geil said he found evidence of the existence of at least ten great walls in addition to the famous one that he followed. He reasons that the energy that went into the construction of all this masonry is the measure of China's true strength. He believes that the empire presently will be in a position to reassert itself. He found that in 2,000 cities and nearly 100,000 towns the Chinese were being instructed in the use of arms, and heard that an army of from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 men could be put into the field before long. Dr. Geil is one of those who believe that China is doing a good deal more than merely turning over for another nap.

The members of Dr. Geil's party had no serious trouble with the natives, although they met many to whom a white man was a novelty. The hard going—in one place the trail led to an altitude of 12,000 feet—seems to have been more hazardous than encounters with the men of Tibet. There was difficulty also in understanding the maze of dialects.

Dr. Geil crossed China six years ago, and he says that in many other ways than the upbuilding of a standing army there has been a wonderful advance.

The traveller remarked that he had been in the African country where Roosevelt is to hunt and that he could not see any great danger ahead of the former President in so high an altitude unless he should fail to protect himself against the tsetse fly, which the sleeping sickness is said to prefer as a common carrier.

Cumulative Dangers.

"When you have made a statement for which you are sorry, you should own up to it," said the idealist. "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "it is bad enough to say something you regret without following it up with an expression of self-distrust you are sure to regret still more."

USES ALLIGATOR AS DIRIGIBLE

Bicyclist Pumps Air Into Saurian, Ties It to Wheel and Sails Away Merrily.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Even an alligator may serve a useful purpose in the field of aviation. Richard Notts, a baker in Lefferts avenue, Hoffman Park, between Jamaica and Richmond Hill, has demonstrated that fact. He is the newest and the most dangerous rival of Count Zeppelin and the hero of that section of Queens Borough. Notts needed a horse and wagon yesterday morning. He mounted his wheel and started toward the home of Peter Herr, a farmer who lives in Lotts lane. Near the home of Herr he passed a pond owned by Mrs. P. M. Pette of Brooklyn, and saw in his path a militant alligator four and one-half feet long. The reptile was itching for a fight and reared itself for an encounter. Notts left his wheel so hastily several of his friends assert he fell off. Anyway, he dismounted and began looking for a weapon with which to fight the alligator. Finally his eye lighted on a large foot pump with which he pumps air into the tires of his bicycle. Seizing it, he jammed the business end of the pump into the mouth of the reptile and its teeth closed on it with a vicious snap.

Notts tried to get the pump from between the reptile's jaws, and was unable to do so. Then a happy thought struck him. He began to pump away, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the alligator swell to abnormal proportions. The alligator was inflated to such a degree that its temper heated the air as it passed into its body. Notts pumped away as hard as he could, and in a few minutes the alligator, filled almost to bursting with hot air, floated clear of the ground and it was as much as Notts could do to prevent it sailing off with his air pump. Fortunately he had a coil of rope with him.

Holding the inflated and angry alligator with one hand, he cut the rope into four lengths. To each of the four legs of the reptile he tied one piece of rope securely. Then he tied the four loose ends to his wheel, two to the handle bars and two to the frame beneath the saddle, and pumped more hot air into the alligator. Herr looked on, and explained the reptile had been in the pond two months and that it had feasted on fifty of his chickens and frightened his ducks and pigs so they would not go near the water. Notts listened impatiently to all that and to a further suggestion that an enemy of Herr had put the alligator in the pond. Then he seated himself on the wheel, released the anchor rope and sailed off for home, using the tail of the alligator for a rudder.

When he landed in Hoffman Park with his alligator dirigible he created a sensation, which was increased when the alligator gave an expiring breath which blew leaves off a tree thirty feet away and sent the air pump and four alligator teeth through a window across the street. The fact that the alligator had died in the interest of science was a keen disappointment to Notts. He just had been figuring on establishing an alligator air line for the quick delivery of bread when the reptile's released soul started for the Florida Everglades.

KILLED SNAKE, LANDED FISH.

Indiana Angler Had Bass on Line and Blue Racer on Leg.

Fort Wayne, Ind.—Charles Paul of the Paul Manufacturing Company, was fishing in a small lake near Angola and stood on the bank, because there was no boat available. Hooking a bass he found it necessary to play for advantage in shallow water to his right.

His eyes were glued to his line, and he did not see a big blue racer in his path until the reptile whirled itself around his legs and lifted its head above his belt. Grasping the reptile by the throat with his left hand Mr. Paul braced his fish rod under his right arm, while with difficulty he reached for his knife in his pocket. Opening the blade with his teeth he cut the snake's throat, disengaged the folds of the dying reptile, and resumed his play of the bass. He drew the fish to shallow water and landed it. The fish weighed five pounds, and the snake measured 7 feet 2 inches. Companions saw both.

BRING A MAN, GET A PRIZE.

Pastor Uses Candy Bait to Enlist Girls' Aid.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Prizes are to be given to young women who bring young men to the Sunday School at Christ German Lutheran Church at Hazleton, near here.

The prizes are offered by the minister, the Rev. J. O. Schlenker, in an effort to win back the adult attendance at the Sunday school classes, which has fallen off greatly. Pastor Schlenker promises to give each young woman who brings two young men to Sunday School next Sunday a large box of candy. He does not say whether he will give prizes every Sunday.

Raises Peach a Foot Around.

Montclair, N. J.—In sorting a bushel of peaches, taken from one tree in his garden, W. A. Hodges, of No. 132 Claremont avenue, found that not one of them was below nine and one-half inches in circumference. Most of them measured ten and one-half inches, and one was twelve inches.

There are now fifty-four playgrounds for children at the schools of Boston and twenty-eight in the parks—more than ever before.

CITY FOUNDED ON IRRIGATION

Rivers Always the Wet-Nurses of the Earliest Civilizations.

Rivers are always the wet-nurses of the earliest civilizations, and in this respect the Tigris and Euphrates are rivals of the Nile, for Babylonia, like Egypt, was a river's "gift." The Mesopotamian Valley is intersected, gridiron fashion, by huge canals—not dug out, but built upon the earth's surface, crossing the plain from river to river and seeming to the traveller like ranges behind ranges of curiously regular hills. From these, lesser canals branched in all directions and gave birth in turn to others still smaller, until at last the final threads carried the life-giving water to every grove and garden and individual palm. A system of irrigation so mechanically perfect and on so vast a scale was never elsewhere seen. All the wealth and splendor and power of the ancient Babylonian and Assyrian Empires were dependent upon it. The prosperity of the country hung upon its water supply as absolutely as the existence of a Saharan oasis hangs upon its well. A harm done to the irrigation system was felt through all the civilization it nourished.

It was so the Mesopotamian civilization died. The complicated irrigation works which watered the country required for their upkeep the superintending care of multitudes of trained laborers and expert engineers. Only knowledge and skill and large resources could deal with and maintain the immense canals and sluices and dams and locks which distributed the river water over the land and which composed a machinery as elaborate as a clock's, though of water works, not metal works. The hand of a steady and strong government was needed to wind that machinery up and keep it going, and there came a time when that hand was withdrawn.

Marriage and Meanness.

Some years ago there lived in Atchison a young woman noted for her good works and gentleness. She was always helping the poor and was patient and kind and universally admired. She married a fairly good man and abused him within three months. She had been good and patient for years, but a husband was too much for her; she had never been cross to any one until she was cross to her husband. There is something about marriage that stirs up hidden depths of meanness on both sides.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Murder Story a Hoax.

About a year ago a man named Meckley who lived near the Bucknell Campus at Lewisburg, was found dead along the Reading railroad track and the theory that he had been struck and killed by a train was universally accepted. Last week the story gained circulation that a young girl who had been employed in the Meckley home as a domestic at the time, had recently been taken suddenly ill, and to relieve a guilty conscience made a confession accusing Mrs. Meckley of murder. According to the story Mrs. Meckley had been intimate with a college student and during a quarrel with her husband about it, struck him on the head with a flat iron and then cut his jugular vein with a pen knife, hiding her crime by placing the body on the railroad track.

Investigation has proved the story to be false from start to finish, but residents of Lewisburg are excited over it.

The Dazzling Searchlight.

On a dark night no warship would be safe from torpedo attack but for the searchlight, says a London paper. The full moon lights up a torpedo boat so that it can be fired at when nearly a mile away. To produce the same illumination with the most powerful artificial light an electric arc of 160,000 candle power placed three quarters of a mile high would be needed if the aid of mirrors were not available. But with this light and an ingenious arrangement of mirrors it is possible to surpass the moon. Searchlights are now made which throw light a distance of sixty-three miles, but objects can be seen only a few miles from the source of the light. The effect on the enemy is most demoralizing. When the bright beam is suddenly thrown on the eye the pupil contracts violently; when the beam is removed the eye can see nothing. If this is repeated a few times it takes all the nerve out of a man, so that only the best trained and most courageous can continue the attack.

An opportunity was given the public to witness a display of these powerful searchlights during the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, when the international fleet lighted up the heavens with their powerful beams.

The project of the Cape Cod Canal, now under construction, antedates the Revolutionary War. At last the Panama diggers have something to which they can point and say, "See how fast we're working."

FOOT BALL.

The Rules Should be Changed or the Game Abolished.

The Philadelphia Record prints the following timely article on the subject of foot ball:

Four trained college athletes and two High School boys have had their necks broken playing college football this fall, and 12 other players have met death from the effects of injuries received in this game. One of the six with broken necks, Midshipman Wilson, of Annapolis, is not dead yet, but his case is hopeless and his lot is really more pitiable than that of Cadet Byrne, of West Point, who, meeting with a similar accident, died the following day. Internal injuries killed five; fractured skulls, three; heart failure, two; blood poisoning, one, and pneumonia following injuries received in a game, one. Only one of all this number was of tender age—the grammar school grade—by whom college football should never be played, thus disproving the oft-repeated statement that it is the novices and not the trained athletes, who are killed. The present season has been particularly dangerous to football players of the first grade, but also damaging to the high school boys ranging in age from 17 to 19 years. The deaths have resulted from all sorts of plays, including the deadly flying tackle, piling up and blows on the head or body, so almost every feature of the game will be assailed by some one when the football rulemakers meet three days after Christmas to discuss the situation. Everyone must realize that radical changes should be made to make football safe, but just how to bring about the desired result without changing the character of the game is a puzzling question. The average college football man loves the game so much that he is practically blind to its faults, and this is particularly true of the football solons who control the destinies of the game. It was with great reluctance that they went about the work of "reforming" the game after the disastrous season of 1905, when 24 players were killed, and it is only reasonable to expect that they will be slow to take radical action this year when only 17 players have met with fatal mishaps. They argue that if tackling and piling up, which is the direct result of trying to gain so many yards in a certain number of tries, are eradicated, it will not be college football, but another game entirely. Their fondness for the game they have built up makes this proposition seem appalling, and they would willingly let the rules go unchanged for another year in order to demonstrate the truth of their assertion that the number of deaths this season are due to unfortunate accidents, rather than to defects in the game.

DANGER MAKES IT EXCITING.

College football is too popular a game to be legislated out of existence, as has been suggested at Washington, and yet that may be its fate unless it is thoroughly reformed. If the rules are radically changed at this time it will be because public sentiment demands it. Free discussion of the best methods to bring about the desired results can do no harm, and may result in pointing out a better solution of the puzzle than the originators of the game have hit upon. No one can deny that college football is an exciting game, and a good one as well, so far as bringing out the manly qualities of courage and pluck in players. It is exciting because it is dangerous. Danger is alluring to most people, particularly where the danger is to some other person. It is this feeling that makes college football popular among women. They admire manly men and love to see them in combat. Fashion has set its stamp of approval on college football and the women attend in great numbers, although the great portion of them do not know much about the game. In Spain the same feeling prompts women to attend bull fights. No one can deny the attractiveness of a contest in which men are in constant danger of injury or death, but the fact that college football is interesting does not necessarily make it a good game for young men and boys to play. The 130 deaths and thousands of serious injuries sustained in football during the last nine years shows that the game needs thorough reforming. If it cannot be made safe it should be abandoned altogether. It is up to the rule-makers to decide which it shall be.

The shepherd dogs used by the police of Berlin cost \$18 to \$24 untrained, and \$72 trained, says our "Dumb Animals." In Philadelphia they might bring ten thousand dollars a piece to some favored breeder, charging per foot, or per bark.

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Booze at Mahanoy City.

According to figures compiled by Rev. M. S. Rees, an evangelist working in Mahanoy City for the last four weeks, that town pays an annual "booze" bill of only a little less than \$500,000. The town, with a population of 16,000, has 166 licensed liquor houses or an average of one saloon to every 100 men, women and children. Concluding, he said that there is more beer sold in Mahanoy City on Sunday than on any other day in the week, citing one instance where he counted 40 men go into one thirteenth station on Sunday, while at another a dozen men had to remain on the outside, the inside being too crowded.

Trespass Notices.

Card signs "No Trespassing" for sale at this office. They are printed in accordance with the late act of 1903. Price 5 cents each. tf

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