

WOMAN YET SAVAGE, PROF. STARR KNOWS

The Famous Student of Monkeys Finds Her Still in a Primitive Condition

LIKES EVIDENCES OF SLAUGHTER

Says All Her Practices Are Fierce—Her Fondness for Bloodshed He Considers Still Pronounced—Makes Use of Deception and Treachery.

Chicago.—Frederick Starr, professor of anthropology in the University of Chicago, described the twentieth century woman as a savage, who gains her ends by deception and treachery and who delights in evidence of slaughter and bloodshed. He asserted that women have not changed since the days when the human race had tails and lived in the jungles.

"This attack upon women is a new line of activity for Professor Starr, who is best known to the world by his studies of the monkeys in Africa. The professor at one time entertained the hope of catching the talk of monkeys upon the phonograph. Three months ago Dr. Starr made the prediction that Theodore Roosevelt would die of fever on his African hunting expedition.

The professor airs his knowledge of women in an article called "The Women Men Marry." He begins by making it clear he believes women never must be permitted to rise above the savage state, for he reasons that the existence of the race itself depends upon the savage or barbaric instincts in the heart of the feminine half of the world.

"Woman, the eternal savage," declares Starr, "whose only salvation lies in the fact that she always has been, always will be a savage!" Then he continues to say it is impossible to civilize women, "for the fundamental nature of woman is barbaric, and the continuance of the race depends upon the rigid assertion of the fundamental difference between man and woman."

Professor Starr then challenges any one to point to a single first class achievement in literature, in science, in art, by woman. He has been unable to find one, for the simple reason, as he holds, that there has never been a first class woman artist.

"Woman's religion is also notably that of the lower culture," continues the professor. "She is always seeing signs in everything, she avoids her fate, she is superstitious, she is a journey on a Friday. She is the chief supporter of the spiritualistic mediums, she is the founder of new sects in which the religious attitude of savagery is given high-sounding names and maintained by the most select individuals. Further, woman sabbles constantly in the occult, and spiritualism, mental science and the occult are among the oldest ideas of savagery."

Starr says that the twentieth century woman shows herself no further advanced than her sister of the jungle by her love for bright colors, her fondness for decorating herself with birds and the furs of animals, also in her love of jewels and her use of perfumes.

"In the very fundamentals of her character, in her very instinct," says Starr, "woman has come down through the ages unchanged. Savage ingenuity in gaining ends through deception and treachery has become proverbial. The modern woman retains these practices of savagery. When it would seem equally easy for her to gain her end by straightforward and direct methods she delights to resort to sinuous means and duplicity. Woman lives in an old, old world. She thinks the old thoughts, feels the old emotions, is moved by the old impulses; she dresses in the old gowns, she is thrilled by the world-old hopes and fears."

Starr's parting shot is at the charge of fondness for evidence of slaughter and bloodshed, and he says that in this respect woman's savagery is most pronounced.

FATHER OF MUSHROOMS.

Plant Found Near Pittsburgh, Only 48 Hours Old, Weighs 33 Pounds.

Pittsburg.—The father of all mushrooms was discovered a few miles back of Pittsburgh by Dr. Allen J. Willet, Professor of Economics and English in the Carnegie Institute. He found the mushroom at the base of a great oak tree near Millvale. It is 22 1/2 by 32 inches by 9 inches thick and weighs 33 1/2 pounds.

Two hours after the discovery the Carnegie Institute had the find, which is said to be the largest in history save one. Many years ago a mushroom weighing forty-five pounds was discovered. This find appeared to have come up within forty-eight hours.

"O. U. Kidder," He Told the Judge. Bloomington, Ill.—"What is your name?" asked Judge Whitney of a man who called upon him in the Peoria County Court for legal advice.

HOW WE CAME TO BE GRINGOS

Name Due to Our Soldiers in '47 and Bobby Burns's Song.

To the average Mexican all Americans are gringos. They are too polite to call you a gringo to your face, but among themselves it is the term generally used in referring to Americans. It is a term of disrespect, just as greater when applied to a Mexican is an opprobrious term. Oringo had its origin during our war with Mexico in 1847 says Dillon Wallace in Outing Bobby Burns's song, with the chorus:

Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O,
The sweetest hours that ever I spend
Are spent among the lassies O.

was very popular then and our soldiers in Mexico sang it on the march and on nearly every occasion. "Green grow" sounded like gringo to the Mexicans, unacquainted with English and they quickly learned to speak of the American soldiers as gringos and henceforth this appellation has been attached to all Americans.

Tasting the Climate

The summer climate of Alaska is often described as possessing a charm and fascination which cannot be described in words. Nevertheless, in Alaska, the Great Country, Ellis Higginson tells of an old Klondiker who declared that one could just taste Alaska climate.

"It tastes different every hundred miles," he declared with that twinkle in the eye which means one of Alaska in the heart. "You begin to taste it in Gronville Channel. It tastes different at Skagway and there's a change when you get to White Horse."

"I golly at White Horse you think you never tasted anything, but it don't hold a candle to the way it tastes going down the Yukon."

I could not guess what the article tasted like, and frankly confessed it.

Well, say it tastes like little made out of them little blue flowers you call violets. I picked some up from under the snow once and it was so moisture froze all over me, so I know how they taste, and that's the way the article tastes.

Just you remember when you get to the circle, an' say straight goods if Cyanide Bill ain't right."

Thanks to the Burglar

The dark lantern flashed through the flat. Then came the gleam of a revolver.

"Hands up!" blazed the head of the family. "You're a burglar."

"Yes," gasped the intruder, as he faced the cold steel.

"What have you stolen?" "Your wife's pug dog."

UP FROM CANNIBALISM.

All Races of Men in a Wild State Are One Another.

Anthropologists, whose study is man and his prehistoric ancestors, believe that all existing races of men in a wild or savage state at times ate one another, and in modern man science sees traces in his thoughts and habits of ancient cannibalism. Fiji Islanders, in the time of Captain Cook, the renowned explorer, were the fiercest man eaters that modern history knows anything about.

Some of the South Sea Islanders and Africans ate their enemies as a religious form in order to absorb their courage strength and longevity. But the Fijians, a handsome race of human gourmets, eatures, if you please of both friends and enemies. Their greatest praise of a delicacy was to say that it was as tender as a dead man. They were even so fastidious as to dislike the taste of whites and preferred the flesh of women to men. The upper arm thigh saddle liver and brain were their choicest roasts, and tidbits. Noble human flesh was esteemed too precious for women to eat.

At the king's least enemies were a ways upon his table. Slaves were stilled and systematically fattened for market. Tender and juicy females were often roasted alive and eaten whole. But tough old warriors were gamed and softened until "high" before cooking.

King Under-undre is said, according to Lord Aesbury, to have eaten his himself being too greedy and ambitious to share the rations.

None of this could be laid to the lot of food. At one feast to the god war were seen 10,000 yam potatoes, twelve pounds each, thirty great turtles, 150 giant oysters, as big as washbowl etc etc and many puddings one twenty-one feet in circumference. Man meat was called "puka balava" which means "long pig." Family wars feuds and feuds were as bad as in some respectable modern families. It was against law for brothers sisters first cousins and fathers and sons-in-law to speak to one another or eat from the same dish.

As Requested. An official of the Superior Court at Cook County, Ill. which has jurisdiction in the matter of the naturalization of foreigners tells the following:

"In October last a man named August Hulzberger took out his first papers. As he was about to leave the court room he was observed to scan very closely the official envelope in which had been enclosed the document that was to assist in his naturalization.

In a few days August turned up again. Presenting himself to the clerk of the court, he bestowed upon that dignitary a broad Tautonic smile, saying:

"Well, here I vos. Pleased to see you, I'm sure," said the clerk, with polite stream. "Would you mind asking who you are and why you are here?"

August seemed surprised. He exhibited his official envelope. It says "Return in five days," he explained and here I vos."

Foam for Fires. Foam is being produced in Germany says a recent consular report for the extinguishing of flame. The method and the requisite apparatus have been perfected by a well known Prussian manufacturing company at Saarkotten, near Minden Prussia, and have been submitted to extensive tests by fire chiefs and others interested in the question of protection against the dangers from combustible liquids. The apparatus employed consists of a simple metal cylinder provided with a long spout and divided into two chambers. One chamber is charged with an aqueous solution of potash, alum and sodium sulphate, the other with a similar solution of sodium bicarbonate, sodium sulphate and licorice-root extract.

Statues for Gladstone's Home. The figure of Aristotle by the eminent sculptor, G. Walker, has recently been placed in the niche prepared for it outside the south wall of the residence. It is the gift of Dean Lincoln and Mrs. Wickham. The four niches outside St. Delinois are intended for the figures of those four great men who were regarded by Mr. Gladstone as his chief masters: Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Bishop Butler. Three are now in position, all of them the work of Mr. Walker. It only remains for that of Bishop Butler to be given to complete the set.

New Ventilating Device. A novel but simple device for ventilating cars, factories and houses has just been devised by H. T. Minnitt. In a panel of glass or sheet metal a large number of bosses are stamped, each boss being perforated by a hole about a quarter of an inch in diameter. The panel is mounted in a wall or window and if the Josses project outward the wind causes a distinct current of air outward through the holes, but if the panel is reversed the current passes inward. The action is still the same whether the wind blows directly against the panel or across it.

For Woman Suffrage. W. D. Howells, Booth Tarkington, Elizabeth Robins, Agnes Laut, Mark Twain, James Lane Allen, Charles Battell Loomis, Ernest Soton Thompson, Jesse Lynch Williams and hundreds of others, well-known writers, are on the list called the writers' list of those asking for woman suffrage. Most of the writers said that they had already signed other lists, but were only too glad to sign their names to the writers' list.

Miss Finser's Disappointment

In the little country village of Farnum we had about thirty-five voters, and singularly enough they were all married.

At every election for years our votes had been unanimously cast for the same party; we were all doing pretty well, and few of us ever gave a thought to making any change in politics, so there never was any excitement on voting day.

But about a year ago, Bill Sutton's maiden aunt came to live with him, she put it. "To spend the rest of her days with her dear nephew and keep an eye on him."

She was supposed to have a little money, (how much Bill was anxious to find out), had been through some ladies' college years ago, and had lectured several times before different women's clubs, her favorite subjects being, "How to Manage a Husband," "How to Bring up Children" and "The Care of a Household."

It did not take her long to get acquainted with every woman in the village. It wouldn't take her long to get acquainted with every woman in the village. She was a thin, lively, little woman, and she was a very clever, old lady who honestly thought she improved everything she butted into.

She formed a Married Woman's Improvement Society, and made all our women members, Miss Clara Finser, the old lady herself, being president, secretary, lecturer and chief adviser.

At first we men looked upon the thing as a joke, and when we met at the village store would have quite a laugh over it, but we were careful in our comments as none of us was anxious to get next to Miss Finser and her lively tongue.

But we soon began to feel the effects of the M. W. Improvement Society in our homes.

"John," said my wife to me one day, "don't you think we should go out with the team at least three afternoons a week? We are working too hard, and I don't feel so well as I used to some weeks ago."

"Whose team is that, Miss Finser?" I asked.

"Yes, and I quite agree with her," she replied.

"Then we will think it over." That evening some of the neighbors met at the store, each of them aired some grievance that was put down to the work of the M. W. I. Society.

Peter Barrows' wife was insisting on visiting the nearest city two days a week and taking singing lessons, Miss Finser said her voice was worth it. Another man's wife wanted his property arranged so that any he or she could be signed would be of use without her signature also, another wanted mandolin lessons, another a seventy-five-dollar set of false teeth, the work she was doing around the house and farm demanded the best, she said, and so on.

We talked these things over and decided not to notice these demands of the women and at the same time notified Bill Sutton that if this condition of things did not cease soon, there would be trouble for both him and his aunt.

Bill said he did not want to interfere with her, and we all knew why. He had found out that the old lady's bank account was pretty good, and thought he was in line for it, but above all he was afraid of her tongue. She would call him on the least excuse until he was glad to go out in the fields and work for a rest, she would continue to talk when he came back to meals, he got it for breakfast dinner and supper.

He was taking more hard cider than was good for him since his aunt arrived, he said it was impairing his hearing.

The State election was coming round and one question that we were sure on this year was woman suffrage. The Women's Society, acting under the advice of their energetic president, issued up in their small individual demands and began to work in a body for an affirmative vote.

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more than a few words to them they said:

"All right, Miss Finser, we know what you want, you can depend on us, and see the result! A cowardly lot, and pity you poor women who are married to them. The one man who voted for us must be, and is, a gentleman, whoever he is."

None of the members objected to this tirade, for the simple reason that each one thought she was married to the lone voter, but little Joe Bliss' big wife, the next speaker, spoiled the whole thing. She was beginning to pride herself upon being a fluent talker, she practiced considerably on Joe. She said:

"I quite agree with our president in her remarks on the mean and cowardly action of the men, at the same time, I sympathize with my sisters here, married to such a crew, but I think if they had paid as much attention to their husbands on the voting question as I paid to mine my Joe's vote would not have been the only vote we received."

When that started the trouble, everybody was on her feet. "Miss President," "Miss President," "Miss President." All wanted recognition. Mrs Barrows got the floor.

"Did I understand Mrs Bliss to say that it was her husband who cast the single vote?"

"That is just what I said and meant," answered Mrs Bliss. "Well, you will kindly allow me to say, and mean, too, that that vote should walk in, close the door and belong to Peter Barrows and no other."

I think Miss Finser correctly described your husband and the rest of the crowd," said Mrs Bliss sweetly. This sent Mrs Barrows after the poor president.

"Were you alluding to my husband when you were speaking of cowardice and untruthfulness?"

"I was alluding to all who promised me to vote for woman suffrage and then failed to do so," replied Miss Finser.

Well I want you to know that what Peter Barrows promises he always fulfills.

By this time all the members were in groups. All knew who gave that most contemptible and small creature the vote. It was very easy to get into the argument each one was against every other one in the room.

In vain the president called for order she was told to shut up or she would be put out. She gazed up at the crowd of angry arguing women for a few minutes, then quietly put her hat and coat and walked in a stately manner toward the door.

When she got there she turned around there was a moment's quiet, and she spoke.

"I see that I have wasted my time in this village. I will leave here tomorrow, but before I go I will say this, I think the women in this room are better off without any franchise."

The meeting did not close with prayer; it was forgotten and all left for home shortly after the president, keeping up the argument as long as there were any two together. ST. PEELE.

The Disappearing Horse. We sometimes speak of the disappearing horse as if he were a white rhinoceros or a purple cow or even a dodo, a memory of the Never-Never Land. Nothing but motor cars now you can hear the people say. And yet it would puzzle a statistician to tell how many vehicles are horse drawn and how many motor propelled on the average public road.

A paper in the Engineering News gives the count. Seven typical highways in Rhode Island are chosen. On all but two of the seven roads there is a large excess of motor vehicles over horse-drawn vehicles. Over the 7 roads in 8 towns 1,262 motor vehicles and 695 horse-drawn vehicles passed. The touring cars of four to seven seats were 848 in number. Nearly all the horse-drawn vehicles were of light weight, and most of them had rubber tires.

The paper concludes by pointing out the improbability of being able to effectively control the speed of motor cars, especially in isolated districts, except by an extensive organization of state police. Collier's.

Blowing Up a Whale. "Then began the work of bringing the whale to the surface and blowing it up so that it would float. Taking a hitch about a convenient post, the rope was slackened and run through a pulley block at the masthead to relieve the strain of raising the great body. The winch was set in motion, and for fifteen minutes nothing was heard save the monotonous grind as fathom after fathom of line was wound in. When the body was brought alongside the lobes of the flukes were cut off and lifted to the deck. Their a long coil of small rubber hose, one end of which was attached to a pump and the other to a hollow-spear-pointed tube of steel with perforations along its entire length, was brought into play. The spear was jabbed well down into the whale's side, the air pump was started, and the body was slowly filled with air. When inflated sufficiently to keep it afloat the tube was withdrawn, the incision was plugged with oakum and the chains cast off. A buoy with a flag was then attached to the carcass, and the whole set adrift to be picked up at the end of the day's hunting."

Convenience in Germany. A purchase in a German tobacco shop entitles you to one telephone call.

Power of Environment. It is a true proverb that if you live with a lame man you will learn to halt. Putnam.

ROOMMASTER