

Cannibals Have Strange Fables

Merry at Thought of the Hereafter, They Know Why It Is Men Remain Dead.

It is not alone the life of bird and beast and fish swimming in the sea that has afforded themes for the story-tellers of the cannibals of the Bismarck Archipelago.

They have studied out the basic problems of the life of man. They know how the first men were created, in the dust of the earth even if not the ability of it; thus they provide at the start a problem for the students of comparative religion. Rather merry at the thought of death they have reasoned out a wholly satisfactory hereafter, and they have discovered why it is that when we are dead we stay dead. The secret of everlasting youth lies in their possession until the original food threw it away and left it to the snakes. That leads to the man stamping on the snake's head, the snake a reincarnation of the same man in the problem of religious development.

These few tales from Fr. Melzer's collection will serve to illuminate, as they go, the savage ideas of the beginning and of the end, together with a few natural pictures of such life as man must lead wherever he may live.

There is no time lost in guesses at a first cause. It is, he just is. No one seeks to know the cause of the first cause, there is no lengthening chain of enquiry into the creation of the world or the universe. It all begins with the utmost simplicity.

Two men were sitting on the ground; he scratched his skin, as the blood trickled down he sprinkled of two leaves and covered with each a figure. After a short time these were men. The name of one is Kabina, that of the other To Karuvu.

To Karuvu went away, climbed a coconut on which the nuts were bright yellow and picked two unripe nuts and threw them onto the ground, where they burst asunder and became women. When To Karuvu saw the two he asked as to their origin, saying: "Where, then, did these women come from?" To Kabina informed him: "Climb up a coconut tree," he said, "pick two green nuts and throw them down."

To Karuvu threw the nuts down, but the few seeds of the nuts hit the ground. Out of these nuts developed two women with noses flattened like the ears of a pig. Now, when he saw that Kabina's women were more comely than his own he did not rest until he had married one of them, and she had so greatly taken his fancy. But his own women he scorned because their noses were such a sight.

So now, when a brother-in-law is attentive to his sister-in-law, it is because To Karuvu took his sister-in-law in marriage. But To Kabina was displeased at this, and he has brought death upon our race.

Why Old Age Comes.

To grow old gracefully is the most difficult humanity must achieve. As the human body grows old, as the days roll up the tale of years, it does not really die; so the dream of immortality is a vain thing. The secret of making life of humanity a joyful thing, death to all.

To Karuvu baked breadfruit. To Kabina, coming around, came upon him and asked: "Are you cooking anything?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Why are you cooking without letting me know? Bring me half the breadfruit!"

To Karuvu went and sought her; she was once more a young girl, for he had shed her skin. To Karuvu asked: "I am she!"

"You are not my mother," he replied.

"No! I am she, indeed."

"But you don't look as she did."

"No! I have shed my skin."

"Then, how do you know she is your mother?" he asked, looking at her. "You are a fool for sure! Now, our descendants must always die, but the snakes, the small as well as the great snakes, will slough their skin."

"That's how it comes to pass that the snakes shed their skin. Really, we ought to be doing that, but the snakes have taken our place in this matter of life and death."

To Kabina was much put out over the skin of men and because we cannot shed them, but only the snakes. Being very angry he stepped on the snake's head, and that's why it is so broad.

"This is the fellow," he said, "who has robbed us of our chance to change our skin."

Thus it comes about that we cannot shed our skins, but only the snakes. Originally that was what we were meant to do, so that our bodies might always be young again.

Why Death Is an Assurance.

As if it were not bad enough to have to submit to the signs of advancing age, somebody had to invent death. Really it was very simple, just a matter of a dislodging child. Better men would have kept immortality as a good old woman was dead. She dug herself out of her grave, quite out of the grave she dug herself.

She said to a child: "Fetch me some so that I may get warm."

But the child refused to go, it obeyed the old woman not at all, in vain she was all asking.

The old woman died for good, and the child had only been obedient

we should none of us die and stay dead. To be sure, they would have buried us, but we should always have unbrired ourselves and have come back to life as soon as we had warmed ourselves at the fire. But as it is, because that child was disobedient to the old woman, we never awaken again in life, but when once we die we die forever.

Woman's Devotion to Man.

Even in such simple savagery there is scope for sentiment, whether for good or ill. Only judges of sentiment may fairly decide. Here in some humble sort one may see a vestige of the devotion of woman to man, a not unpleasant vision of the polygamous family.

A man went out to the bush and made rain magic.

He spread out two leaves and made a hole in the ground. Then he whispered the magic words of magic to bring the rain. He made his rain magic in a cave in the rocks. A woman lived in a cave up over the rain-making. Her tears trickled down and sprinkled the package in the hole in which the rain magic lay.

But the man thought it was real rainwater trickling thru, so he didn't look up above him. He wrapped up his rain magic, for it had done its work.

But when he got up to go the woman made a sound as of a smother. He looked aloft and when he saw her he asked, "Who are you up there?"

"I'm your woman," she answered. "I'm your woman!"

"But it is actually true that you are a real woman?"

"So yet I am a woman," she replied. So the man said, "Come along, let us go."

They went and they went and they went, and the man bade her go into the house. She came his own wife and he told her the news: "There's another woman in this house."

"But where, then, did you get this woman?"

"Found her in the forest."

"Where is she? Must see her!"

So she had a good look at the other woman.

"But where does this woman come from?"

"She came from the forest. When I was making magic to bring the rain I looked up at the wall of rock and there she sat."

"What is she? Yours is excellent."

"She is a real woman and not a ghost or an extraordinary creature."

So the three of them lived together, and the man married the woman whom he had found in the forest. He sat down on either side so that the man should sit between them. When his first wife began to cook the meal the other, the one he had found, paled the face long before her.

The wife that was found made a fire quickly, popped the taro into the fire, took it out again, cut up the taro, now cooked, and gave it to the man, and he ate it. Thus she did every day and the man ate what she cooked. This made the first wife furious, and she abused both the stranger and her husband.

"So you will eat only what that wild beast has cooked! Where does she come from, from, do you know? Whence does she come that you must eat out of her hand? She's but a woman who comes out of the wild. Yes, who was the father and who was the mother of that creature whose food, you so much enjoy that you think you can despise my cooking on her account?"

The stranger woman sat and sat, and she said long words. This sweat poured down from her, down upon the ground where she sat and she was bathed in it. Then she spoke: "Brother, does any one know, I never thought of that other wife has abused me; she thought I did not hear it. Farewell, brother, now I must leave you," so she spoke to the man.

Then she shut up the mouth of the cave with a rock and the rock made a roaring, but she slipped far back in the cave.

"Let me in with you," the man cried. "Gladly would I let you come up," the woman replied, "but I am sure you could not make yourself small enough to go down."

Too Many Wives Spoil Harmony.

If the family may not be quite happy when there are two wives at once there seems to be unhappiness as well when the wives are in tandem. Here the proof the stepmothers may be cruel even in savagery.

There was once a brother and sister; their mother was dead, and their father brought him another wife to fill a mother's place for his children.

One day his mother set out to cook a meal and heated stones in a fire. Then she ordered the brother and sister to take the hot stones from the fire and lay them on the bundle of food. But the children, who were in the house, came and scolded them: "Here you two, did nobody call you? What will you have to eat? You think of nothing but your play, you two children, you wretches!"

The children, mortified at these harsh words and they got up and went away. They went to the beach and climbed a yutung tree. They plucked yutung fruits and threw them away. They threw them into the sea, but the two fruits floated. So they plucked two more and threw them also into the water, and they floated too.

So they came down from the tree and clambered up a korkor tree, which also stood on the beach. They plucked two fruits from this tree and threw them into the sea, and they also floated. Then they threw two more, and this time the two korkor fruits sank to the bottom. So they sat down and sang this song:

"Mother and father, look at us now! We now are going into the dark sea! Father, farewell!"

After this they leaped into the sea, and it stretched away to the south. The boy leaped into the sea on the spot where he had cast his korkor fruit and the girl jumped in where her korkor fruit had fallen. Their father saw them jump when they jumped into the water. So he broke a stick off a tree and gave his wife a beating on the children's account.

The brother and the sister remain forever. The arches, which are dragged up from the sea in nets, are the children of this pair; they turn into fishes.

THE UNPOPULARITY OF OUR MODERN DELICACIES

Case of Baroness Vaughan and King Leopold Suggests Those of Other Women Favored by Monarchs.

That Caroline Lacroix, who owes her title of Baroness Vaughan to the Prince of Monaco, should have been hounded and pelted with stones by the populace of Brussels, before effecting her escape to France, after the death of King Leopold, is in accordance with precedent. For the nation is usually hostile to the city which has been parties to the scandals affecting the good name of its rulers.

It is doubtful whether this ex-barmaid of the railroad buffet at Dijon will be permitted to return to Belgium, since, being of French birth, it is within the power of the police to expel her as an undesirable alien, by means of a decree of the minister of the interior, without any form of judicial process.

Moreover, she is an object of such intense execration to the people of Brussels, who see in her the chief cause of the extraordinary boycott to which their city has been subjected for nearly a decade by the reigning houses of Europe, to the detriment of trade and industry, that they would be almost capable of lynching her were she to attempt to leave the city by the railway.

Indeed, like other Deliahs she will henceforth be condemned to exile from a country where for a time she reigned. After fashioning an and adopted by the making of these silent plays number anywhere from a handful to several hundred, while for special films outside people are called in to give local color to the scenes.

The "studio" of the modern film manufacturing company is a place where the actors are employed in the making of these silent plays number anywhere from a handful to several hundred, while for special films outside people are called in to give local color to the scenes.

In the effort to retain public approval the film manufacturers have had to resort to innumerable "tricks" to find something new. In this way many of the films are made of their trade, showing the process of preparation from start to finish. Among these are the wine industry, ostrich raising, barrel making and doll making.

Plays of this kind in their native haunts are difficult to obtain, yet one man has secured a large number of these films. The home life of a robin was obtained by a film maker who placed a camera in a bird's nest. Birds were used in taking pictures of pelicans in the water, while the land pictures were taken from behind an artificial blind.

Effect on Regular Theatres.

The rapid growth made by the motion pictures has not been without results on various things. It is estimated that the decrease in attendance of the regular theatres has been 50 per cent. The film is another way helped the actors. It gives them greater opportunities of employment, as the business of posing for the silent play is gradually being taken over by a recognized profession.

With the beginning of the moving picture craze the exhibitors bought their films outright and were forced to pay large prices for the latest and best. To-day the country abounds with exchanges which furnish two films a day on the rental basis. The price of this service varies from \$120 a week for the best class of films, down to \$20 a week for those which have been running for a year or more.

A school for operators recently has been opened where beginners are taught the operation of the machine and given a knowledge of electricity and the camera. The first step in the projection of the films upon the screen, fires, due to the friction of the film, are the trouble's most serious menace to the business, but the danger from this source is being lessened.

As the demand for novelty increased the makers of films had to be ever on the lookout for suitable material for "scenarios" for their plays. Shakespeare, Tennyson, Longfellow and a host of writers have had their works dramatized, while the lives of historical figures have been called upon to give life to the screen.

The Life of Christ and "The Life of Moses" have been reproduced.

his bitter hatred of his two elder daughters, and his dislike of all the members of his family, even of his nephew and heir.

Would Entail Scandal.

Then, any legal proceedings would entail no end of scandal, of a nature to still further damage the prestige of the royal house of Belgium, which has suffered so grievously in the past few years.

The baroness has no reputation to lose. But a further baring of the life of Leopold, of his relations with his imperial consort, his daughters and his nephew, the widow Empress Charlotte of Mexico, who still survives, and whose once large fortune vanished in his hands, like that of the late Queen Henrietta, might injure Belgium's reputation to such an extent as to cost it the throne.

That is why it is possible that Baroness Vaughan, like Princess Yourieffka, will be left in the enjoyment of what may justly be described the price of their shame.

These last words may sound strong. But it is difficult to describe the wealth acquired by these two women in any other fashion. As has been stated in these letters several occasions during the last few years, and has been repeated in cable dispatches since the death of Leopold, his marriage with Baroness Vaughan has merely an ecclesiastical value, and none that would be recognized in any court of law.

In Belgium, in Italy and in France a civil marriage is required by the code, to complete and validate the religious ceremony. It is admitted that there was no civil ceremony in the case of King Leopold and Baroness Vaughan. Moreover, the members of the reigning house of Belgium have broken open and the corpse dragged from the coffin, soaked with oil and partly buried.

She had survived Victor Emmanuel by about ten years, but had lived very quietly after his demise and in such deep retirement that no move was made to expel her from Italy, while the old king had made so little provision for a time that both she and her children would have been in want had not the late King Humbert, with rare generosity, bestowed very liberal allowances upon her and upon his half-brother and half-sister.

Moving Pictures Amuse Millions

Remarkable Development of the "Canned Drama" Has Cut In on Regular Playhouses.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 19.—There are over 7000 moving picture theatres in the United States, besides 2000 other places where motion pictures are shown, writes Frederic J. Haskin. Over 200 miles of film are unrolled on the screens of these places every day, and more than 4,000,000 people are in daily attendance at these performances of the "canned drama." It is estimated that of the entire theatre-going public fully 80 per cent. belong to the moving picture class. On Sunday alone New York entertains 500,000 people in its 1,200 picture theatres.

When the motion picture was first introduced the spectators were satisfied with the simple views to be secured in almost any city, such as factory hands going to work, the departure of trains, and the like. The pictures were developed, however, to a point where they were the best of all, a street parade.

This, however, no longer satisfies the nickelodeon patrons. To-day a coherent story must be told, and what is more, the up-to-date maker of films must have plays written and acted before the camera.

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Case of Arcadie Meyer.

If King Albert of Belgium banishes Baroness Vaughan he will be, after all, only according to her the same treatment that Leopold himself meted out to Arcadie Meyer, who had been the Delilah of his father, Leopold I., during the last years of his latter's life, bearing him two illegitimate sons, who received from Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg the titles of Barons von Eppinghoven.

Leopold I. was much more discreet in his relations with Arcadie Meyer than his son and successor with Baroness Vaughan, for his favorite niece, the late Queen Victoria, who later in childhood had been his ward, and regarded him as her second father, never dreamed that he was anything but the most pious, God-fearing and lofty principled monarch, as may be testified from the letters which she addressed to him, and which have appeared in print.

The people of Brussels, however, were better informed, and when he died, and "La Meyer" ventured to show herself in the streets arrayed in mourning, she was mobbed, pelted with stones and offal, and compelled to flee for her life. She was the most notable of quite a bevy of ladies who helped to brighten the declining years of "Uncle Leopold," another of them being a woman who died as the Countess d'Yvon, and who bore him 2 daughters, subsequently married to the Breton Vicomte de Tregomay, at Etampes.

A Horse Sale.

In an Ohio town there is still maintained a stagecoach system of transportation, the steeds whereof are hired out for the purpose of carrying the horses attached to the Fifth-avenue line in New York not so many years ago.

One day a Cincinnati man, visiting there to see a friend, ordered the stage, having no other currency than a \$5 bill. This he proffered to the driver. The latter took it, looked it over for a moment or so, and then asked: "Which horse do you want, Bill?"

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True Etiquette.

One of the best stories told about Mr. Birrell concerns a poor client, whose case he took up for nothing. When the case had been won the client gratefully sent him the sum of 15s, which he accepted. He then told the client: "A colleague reproached me for this 'unprofessional conduct' in taking less than 20s. But I took all the poor beggar had," said Mr. Birrell, "and I consider that is not unprofessional."—London M. A. P.

Dead Cats in Embroidery.

Tientsin Times: A novel sort of crime was discovered by the Tientsin police when a party native was arrested and asked to explain his embroidery. He found a thieves' bag around his waist, filled with dead cats to the number of seven. One of them, a very fine specimen of the tortoise shell, was still quite warm. In a smaller bag was found, while the cat was being examined, a dead fish treated with some deadly poison. The man was sent up to the yamen, where he received 30 blows and one month's imprisonment.

No More Beauty and Chivalry.

New Orleans Correspondent of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Two of the time-honored popular notions concerning New Orleans appear to have no longer any basis in fact. One is the story of the Belle Creole of the lustrous eyes and half like night is no more; and women stand in the crowded street cars while men sit as they do everywhere else.

The cow had just jumped over the moon. Why not, with beef and milk up in price," she demanded. Hereafter she continued going higher. —Harper's Bazar.

Her Favorite Residence.

She disliked the ostentatious ostentation, and her favorite residence with him was La Mandria, near Turin, where the furniture, poor and scarce as it was, was of the shabbiest description, and where the monarchs, from the stables, the pigsties and the poultry yards, forming the part of the building, penetrated everywhere.

Massimo d'Azeglio, the famous Italian diplomat, statesman and author, gives a most amusing description of the utter lack of formality which used to characterize their life there; the king at meals coatless, and with his shirt unbuttoned at the neck, and displaying his arms and legs, and the equally debarillé "camisado" of the Italian woman of lower class, and a mere skirt reaching to her ankles, with no cloth on the table, and the salt in a heap by the monarch's plate, because it worried him to have to dip his spring onions, of which he ate a great quantity raw, into the salt cellar.

"La Bella del Re," as Rosina was called, never flaunted publicly her relations with the king, not even after her ecclesiastical marriage and her investiture with the title of Countess Miraflores. She was infinitely less objectionable in every respect than Princess Yourieffka and Baroness Vaughan.

Yet so bitter was the hatred with which she inspired the people of Italy for selling the fair name of a king who was something akin to a national hero, that some time after her death a savage attempt was made to destroy her remains, her mausoleum being broken open and the corpse dragged from the coffin, soaked with oil and partly buried.

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Harper's Weekly.

How To Heat Your Home

Article No. 2, By E. H. GURNEY

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Watch for No. 3

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Her Favorite Residence.

She disliked the ostentatious ostentation, and her favorite residence with him was La Mandria, near Turin, where the furniture, poor and scarce as it was, was of the shabbiest description, and where the monarchs, from the stables, the pigsties and the poultry yards, forming the part of the building, penetrated everywhere.

Massimo d'Azeglio, the famous Italian diplomat, statesman and author, gives a most amusing description of the utter lack of formality which used to characterize their life there; the king at meals coatless, and with his shirt unbuttoned at the neck, and displaying his arms and legs, and the equally debarillé "camisado" of the Italian woman of lower class, and a mere skirt reaching to her ankles, with no cloth on the table, and the salt in a heap by the monarch's plate, because it worried him to have to dip his spring onions, of which he ate a great quantity raw, into the salt cellar.

"La Bella del Re," as Rosina was called, never flaunted publicly her relations with the king, not even after her ecclesiastical marriage and her investiture with the title of Countess Miraflores. She was infinitely less objectionable in every respect than Princess Yourieffka and Baroness Vaughan.

Yet so bitter was the hatred with which she inspired the people of Italy for selling the fair name of a king who was something akin to a national hero, that some time after her death a savage attempt was made to destroy her remains, her mausoleum being broken open and the corpse dragged from the coffin, soaked with oil and partly buried.

She had survived Victor Emmanuel by about ten years, but had lived very quietly after his demise and in such deep retirement that no move was made to expel her from Italy, while the old king had made so little provision for a time that both she and her children would have been in want had not the late King Humbert, with rare generosity, bestowed very liberal allowances upon her and upon his half-brother and half-sister.