

Daily Magazine

Had Her Picture Taken With Cannibal King Who Wanted Her for Supper

But She Has the Picture, and the King Lost His Supper, for Mrs. Martin E. Johnson and Her Husband, on Adventure Trip in the South Sea Islands, Got Away by Fleetness of Foot From the Savages—Was Only One of Many Close Calls During Their Expedition.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

HER friends call her "The Little Girl Whom the Cannibal Forgot to Eat."

She is an exceedingly pretty and plucky young American woman, the wife of Martin E. Johnson, the photographer, whose remarkable moving pictures of the South Sea Islands will be shown at the Rivoli Theatre for the first time next Sunday. To obtain these pictures Mrs. Johnson and her husband spent a year in the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands, following for a part of the way the trail left by Jack London, his wife and the Snark, but visiting many savage tribes and islands which were not included in the itinerary of the cruising author. And I suppose Mrs. Johnson is the only woman in New York to have her picture taken side by side with a ferocious cannibal chief on an occasion when she was in imminent danger of going either to that chief's harem or to his cooking pot—perhaps both!

Yet she looked none the worse for her thrilling and gruesome experience when I called on her yesterday, a brown eyed, curly haired, pink cheeked little person, in a pink silk breakfast gown which helped me to appreciate how toothsome soft and tender she must have appeared to the cannibals. She sat surrounded by native skulls, spears, whips made of human bone, and on the back of her chair perched another memento of the South Sea Isles, Pollyanna, a small and affectionate red and blue parrot.

"My husband and I have been married nine years, and we've always been pals," Mrs. Johnson began her story. "So I just made up my mind, when he told me he was off to get photographs of the worst cannibal tribe in the South Seas, that if he was going I would go too. If anything was to happen to him I thought it might as well happen to me. We were living on Vao when he came home one night and said he had procured a 23 foot whaling boat, with a crew of five natives, and would start the following day for Mallicola, where the cannibal tribe, "Big Numbers" lived.

"You'll stay at home," he told me. "I'll do nothing of the sort," I retorted.

"Then he said he knew I'd have cold feet the next morning. But I was up as early as he, hustling around to pack things to eat while he was gone.

"We sailed down the coast with a good breeze and landed first about seven miles away from the Big Numbers villages, where my husband obtained native guides to take us to the haunts of the tribe. Anchored in a bay further down the coast, we ran across a French recruiting schooner, whose master urged us vainly to go no further."

"We reached Mallicola and landed on the beach. About twenty-five big, black, fierce looking natives appeared absolutely naked except for a bark belt. They wore armbands and anklets of wild boar tusks. Their hair is bushy and they have thick lips, big noses, cruel eyes. All were armed, a few with bow-and-arrows but most with guns.

"We followed them back through the jungle to meet their big chief, Nagapate, who has sixty wives. We climbed two hills and walked through a mile of scrub growth, scaring up wild pig and many birds. We came out on a grassy plateau. Four more bushmen suddenly came into view about a quarter of a mile further on, all carrying guns. One of them escorted us to the others, and we must have made to understand that we must wait. They set up a wild, barbaric chant, which was answered from back in the hills, the sound coming nearer all the time.

"Suddenly the big chief himself burst through the undergrowth. He was over six feet tall and had at once the cruelest face and the most graceful body I have ever seen. He showed no signs of friendliness and stood glaring at me as if he could not take his eyes off me. My husband handed him a package of trade goods and tobacco; then, in order to do something to break the tension, I began doing something commenced to photograph. I managed a sticky smile, as I stood beside the chief, but I was nearly paralyzed with fright. I was literally stiff with it.

"Martin packed up his apparatus, shook hands with the chief and mentioned to me to do likewise. But when that brute had hold of my hand he would not let it go. He actually dislocated a little bone in my wrist, pressing it so hard, and with his other hand he commenced to feel of my face and body. I was ready to drop. I had two pistols in my pockets but Martin had made me promise not to use them until he told me to do so. He ordered his men to pick up our apparatus, but the chief commanded them to drop it and it was he who was obeyed. We tried to back away, but we were seized from behind and our arms pinioned to our

How Many Cubic Feet in a Ton of Coal?

HERE is a little information which will help you to solve the vexing problem that is apt to be a hardy annual, i. e., how much coal to order in order to fill the bunkers, but without having to put some in an oil barrel in the out house. A ton of bit coal contains from thirty-two to thirty-eight cubic feet, averaging about thirty-five, says Popular Science Monthly. By measuring the cubical contents of your bin you will be able to estimate how much to order to fill them. This may be done by multiplying together the length, breadth and depth of your bin.

American Woman's Adventures in Cannibal Land

SCENES FROM THE THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF MR. AND MRS. MARTIN E. JOHNSON, WHO VOYAGED AMONG THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS TO PHOTOGRAPH MAN-EATING SAVAGES ON THEIR OWN "HOME GROUNDS."



Blind Girls Help U. S. Study Work for Sightless Soldiers

Four Have Taken Test Jobs in a New York Factory and Already Have Proved Better Workers Than Many Shopmates Who Have Their Sight.

By Ruth Raphael

FOUR blind girls are helping Uncle Sam make ready to receive those of his sons who will return from battle to a world of darkness.

A few days ago they took their places among the workers in a large New York spark plug factory. With their nimble fingers they are opening up doors of industry which have previously been closed to the blind.

The girls were taken into the factory through the efforts of Walter G. Holmes, manager of the Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind, No. 259 West 54th Street. Mr. Holmes has been working hand in hand with Lieut. Col. Bordley, who was put in charge by the War Department of the work of caring for the blinded soldiers.

According to Col. Bordley, who visited the girls at their work, it is a tremendously significant experiment. When we entered the big room, I tried to pick out from the row of girls seated at the benches, four who worked gropingly, or with hesitation, I couldn't find them.

When they were pointed out to me I could still see no difference in the gait of their fingers as they travelled in and out in the business of assembling the parts of a spark plug. But there was a difference. "They're more particular," was the comment of one of the "old hands."

declared F. W. Keegan, manager of the factory. "I intend to increase my force of blind workers."

"They don't waste so much time talking and running around—they're constantly 'right there,'" added J. C. Pettepher, the foreman.

The girls are all employees of the Ziegler Publishing Company, but their work there has kept them occupied only four days of each month. The rest of the time was spent in knitting, knitting, knitting, and in sitting alone in the darkness with their thoughts.

Just what work means to them can be gleaned from the story of Miss Katharine Dongham, No. 217 East Ninety-fifth Street, herself of the stuff of which soldiers are made.

One morning, seven years ago, Miss Dongham, who was a music teacher, awoke to find herself totally blind. There had been no danger signals other than severe headaches. From the kitchen she heard her mother making breakfast. She wondered what she was doing up in the dark. And suddenly she began to tremble.

For her mother's sake she kept secret her discovery the following two days, pleading illness when she kept to her bed. A month later, after the doctors had pronounced her case hopeless, a place was made for her at the Ziegler Publishing Company.

The hour arrived when the messenger was to have called for her. When she found that he was not on time she set out alone, tapping her way with her cane through the biggest city. She reported for duty with the rest of the employees.

of sympathy," said this young woman, thus sensing so truly one of the grave dangers awaiting the returning and disabled soldier.

Then there are Miss Rose Heiber, No. 119 West 76th Street, and Miss Nellie Doris, No. 206 West 67th Street, who before they were taken into the spark plug factory were forced to work before they could at knitting.

"I worked three days last week on a sweater—eight-hour days—and received one dollar for it when it was finished," said Miss Doris. She is now making \$1.25 a day as a starter.

"I'm happy to help the soldiers by succeeding at this work," said Miss Heiber. "On the other hand, the blind soldier is helping the cause of the civilian blind. It's a pity that it took this terrible war to give us our opportunity."

The fourth worker, who is both deaf and blind, is not regularly employed at the factory. The Ziegler Publishing Company can't spare her. She is considered an indispensable part of that company's industrial equipment. An expert "proofreader" is Miss Katherine McGill, who supports her mother in their little home, No. 522 West 53d Street. The proofs are printed in both Braille and the New York Point System, and after feeding an error she writes the same upon a typewriter and attaches the correction to the galley. But often there are no more proofs to be corrected. That no longer spells mental isolation, but a useful hour or two at the factory.

A campaign is to be launched by Col. Bordley to find out what sort of factory work is suitable for the blind. Girls will be sent into the factories of every type, after which they will prepare a report.

Envoys are soon to be sent to France to look after the blind soldiers

from the time they are dismissed from the hospital until the time they reach this country. Here they will be met and taken to the Red Cross institute for the blind which has been established at Baltimore, under the direction of Col. Bordley. After the preliminary course, such as reading by the Braille system, writing and typewriting, has been completed, they will be taught salesmanship in its highest forms.

There Is an Increasing Wastage of Adult Life

A CHILD born to-day has about ten times as many chances of living and growing to maturity as had the child born thirty years ago. On the other hand, a man forty years old has fewer years to live than had the man of the same age thirty years ago, says Popular Science Monthly. Medical statistics prove that infant mortality and preventable diseases are decreasing, whereas degenerative diseases and cancer are increasing. However, the gravity of the wastage of adult life will not be appreciated until there is a nation-wide registration of the sick.

Mr. Chinaman Must Have His 'Melican Cigarette

TEN years ago we exported four hundred million cigarettes to China, which is an average of about one cigarette a year for each Chinese. This year there has already been an average of ten cigarettes exported to each Chinaman, or, in round figures, four billion American cigarettes, says Popular Science Monthly. Last year our exports in cigarettes alone reached the \$12,000,000 mark.

Kings Toil for Cakes

Royal Birds Used to Have It Soft—But That Was Before We Nudged the Clocks Up Sixty Minutes—Kinging Was Easy Velvet—But That Was Before We Bounced the Cuckoos Up an Hour.

By Arthur ("Bugs") Baer

Copyright, 1918, by The Free Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). CAT can squint at a king, but it takes an ace to step on him. But, if that cat wants to do any flirting with that king person, it had better look quick. Because that old ace is busy stepping on that king, and in about two jiggles of Mister Cat's tail there won't be any kings left to squint at.

Democracy is busting 'em loose from their crowns, and soon the kinks and everybody will be little democrats together. Crowns are dropping off royal skulls like ripe huckleberries in a Missouri gale. The whole works is going democratic. By the time the returns from California come in old Gus Cat will need binoculars to look at a kink. Looking for kings will be like taking a census of dodo birds.

The war has gone democratic. And that means kinks will have to punch the time clock with the rest of us working birds. Kaiser Bill will have his throne wrapped around his neck like a muffler and tied in a lover's knot. No more of this royal purple junk. That's off, like an old shoe.

It's going to be rather corrugated on old Billhelm when he has to step out and earn the daily biscuits by the sweat of his reeding and bevel-edged brow. All the kinks will have to work. No more royal broken-arched bums. The world is cured and intends to stay cured.

The bird who launches a royal employment agency for ex-kings who can furnish good references will make a garafeful of kale. Only trouble is that no ex-king will be able to furnish a good reference.

Heretofore a kink's only ambition has been to sleep off a champagne souse in a Louis XV. fireplace and then waddle around in a Colonel's uniform of the 110th Imperial Shock Troops. Between souses he would have his photo taken with his glass eye and tin ear turned away from the camera. But now kinks will be face to face with work. Flat feet will be no exemption. Neither will flat skulls.

Don't know what the Kaiser will do as a workman, but he ought to be able to understudy for the man who puts the worms in chestnuts. And his sextet of sons, Yea bo! Billhelm has been saving 'em for pallbearers.

There's the Klown Prince Fritzterik Billhelm, the heir apparent. Fritzterik is heir apparent, but he ain't very apparent when there's fighting near. Fritzterik should make a good official weather fore-caster, as he has been guessing wrong since the war started. Then Billhelm Idle-Fritzterik, Prince Addehead, Prince August, Prince Oscar and Prince Joachim. Prince Joachim was named after a joke and resembles his old man as closely as one flivver resembles another. Fair enough. Don't know what the Hohenzollern sextet can do, but we could give each one a snow shovel and turn 'em loose in Alabama.

The Czar of Bulgaria might make a fairly good traffic cop in the Sahara Desert with a little experience. King Chas. of Austria-Hungary ain't much good, as he is nothing but the Kaiser's yes man. The Sultan of Turkey is another fish who ain't of any more use than five inches of foam on two inches of beer. The only man who could have given those birds appropriate employment was Barnum.

The old king craft is dead like three kegs of salted mackerel. Kings will have to work for their cakes.

Wear Your Own Art Gallery; Painted Lingerie Is Coming!

By W. G. Bowdoin

War conditions are making themselves felt in every direction and conservation along all lines has become and is becoming more and more familiar to each one of us. We must not only eat less sugar than ever before, but we must wear shorter skirts and lower shoes. The hosiery manufacturers, with all the rest of us, must reduce their manufacturing costs by eliminating the fancy edging and startling designs of the ladies' lines. They must, in spite of themselves, limit their output to plain and sensible shades because of the dye situation.

Lingerie that once screamed will now make its pointed approach much more noiselessly and without ostentation, but with latent force. All this makes for the opportunity and the development of the latest feminine fad in underwear.

Once more it is true that it is an ill wind that blows without benefit. Oil paintings, done to suit individual taste, on the lingerie, are among the fall announcements.

Each piece is to follow a master design, and acts will have their day in court. Thus, a mosquito net overdress will put a spider-web stocking most eminently in the shade, if not entirely out of business, and a whole flock of vipers opens up before those of us who have eyes and limited possibilities as to genetic effects, with startling backgrounds and atmospheric tonalities.

The imagination halts when a life-like representation of the execution of Marie Antoinette is suggested as the adornment for the back of a corset cover, and more especially when this is to be accompanied with a panoramic sketch of the taking of the Bastille, drawn to scale, running around the bottom of the underskirt, with additional sideights, based upon the French Revolution, sandwiched in, where opportunity offers.

"Washington Crossing the Delaware," "Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices," "The Battle of Waterloo" and examples of the shut-to-pieces school may all be harnessed to the new fad.

The 250 degrees, playing in double, represented by a pair of silk ones, ranging from grossness to need among those who also ran as to possibilities. The artistic temperament may now take on a new lease of life, in spite of the agitation in favor of a tax on art ranging up to 25 per cent. It may mount upon eagle's wings. It may run without weariness. It may—but what's the use? The new fad is a positive boon to struggling artists from Maine to California, whose productions have, since the war, had to confront not only a sluggish, but a positively dead market, and the line of them is now forming (at the right, please) to call the happy originator of the new idea blessed, which is here touched upon only too briefly.

Let us all rise in our places and give three rousing cheers for the application of painting to lingerie.



TAKING OF THE BASTILLE RUNNING AROUND THE BOTTOM OF THE UNDERSKIRT



THE EXECUTION OF MARIE ANTOINETTE ON THE CORSET COVER