

# NEGRESS WHITE FOR THIRD TIME

FORMER SLAVE UNDERGOES UNUSUAL TRANSFORMATION IN COLOR OF SKIN.

## MYSTERY Baffles Physicians

Indianapolis Woman Offers Puzzle to Several Doctors Who Have Made Study of Case—Thinks Another Change Coming.

Indianapolis, Ind.—For the third time in her life of 59 years, the wife of America Massey, an ex-slave who lives with George Laswell at Minnesota street and Churchman avenue, has turned from black to white.

The first 16 years of her life were spent in slavery as a housemaid and as she can remember nothing about her parents she does not attempt to explain the mystery which has baffled every one who has seen her as well as numerous physicians who have examined her.

Having completed the third transformation Mrs. Massey is now of a fair complexion. Her skin is not light in patches, but is completely white with the exception of three small brown spots on the right side of her face and one on the left. A tint of pink on each cheek adds a bit of color to her appearance and the curly hair, which is gray only in patches, brings additional contrast. When working about the house she rolls her sleeves, showing arms whiter than would be expected on a woman with a fair skin.

For the last 12 years Mrs. Massey says the transformation has been in process, and as the change has been completed for so long she is rather expecting the reverse performance to begin before many months. She has as yet noticed none of the more marked sensations experienced in former changes. The only things that have caused her to believe a transformation is due are the appearance of the small spots on her face and the fact that she has remained white longer than usual this time.

In making the first complete change from black to white and then from



Mrs. Massey's Skin Has Turned Completely White

white to black as well as in the second complete change, Mrs. Massey says she noticed an itching sensation of the skin before the appearance of the spots, dark or light, as the case might be. As she tells it, the first white spots began to dot her colored skin in 1888, and in the course of two years she turned perfectly light. During the next two years a reverse process followed. The next four years saw a similar change from black to white, then from white to black, and Mrs. Massey was still more astonished in 1896 when she began to turn white for the third time. Since that date she has been turning color more slowly, and the surprising thing is that the hue has held for the exceptional number of years.

Although she has not as yet noticed the accompanying itching sensation, the appearance of the little spots on the face has given her ground for fear that the reverse process in the third transformation may not be far off. Mrs. Massey is not worried about the matter, however, as she is not affected physically by the change of color. In fact she says she has always enjoyed the best of health, and although she is getting pretty well along in years expects to see many more birth-days.

### No Recommendation.

Landlord—Oliver Cromwell once slept in that bed you occupied last night.  
Guest—That's more than I could do.  
—Half Holiday.

# JILTED MAN DUMB FOR THIRTY YEARS

PENNSYLVANIAN TAKES VOW NEVER TO SPEAK AGAIN TO ANYONE AND KEEPS IT.

Middletown, Pa.—For 30 years Benjamin Landis, who lives with his mother in a modest little home two miles outside of this town, has not conversed with friends or relatives because, it is said, he was jilted by a girl whom he loved devotedly when a youth.

More than thirty years ago "Ben" Landis wooed Miss Fanny Gingerich, who was then the belle of the countryside, and who married Henry Sively. Landis was about eighteen years old. Apparently jilted, he tried to forget that there ever lived such a girl as Fanny Gingerich and he went west.



For Thirty Years He Has Not Spoken.

hoping that his affection might be lost in a mining camp or on a prairie ranch. For several years he lived near Kansas City, but finally he came east and returned to his mother near Middletown.

Love's flame had not died out, but he was a far different "Ben" Landis than the one who went away a few years before. Relatives declared that "he became queer while he was in the west," but neighbors and friends say "it was the girl."

Withal, Landis confessed that the untoward culmination of his love affair had disheartened him. It was at this time in his life that he took the vow never again to hold a conversation with any one throughout the length of his life.

And he has lived up to this self-imposed "no talk for life" sentence unflinchingly for 30 years. Now and then he mumbles a short sentence, but his mother, Mrs. Catherine Landis, a venerable woman of 84 years, with whom he has lived since he swore off talking, says he never speaks to her.

Landis is picturesque in dress and features. He wears his hair a foot long and binds it under his coat. He never shaves and his beard extends half way to his belt. It has been 30 years since the hair or beard has been cut.

His only recreation is skating and he is a prominent figure on Swatara creek almost any winter day.

Fanny Gingerich, the woman whom Landis wooed, is a widow. Her husband, Harry Sively, was killed on a railroad 16 years ago. She lives with her parents near the Landis home, but "Ben" never speaks to her.

## HORRIBLE METHOD OF TORTURE.

Mexicans Banquet Lizards and Ants with Body of Living Man.

Kelvin, Ariz.—With lizards, ants, and other crawling, creeping things making a play ground of his body and a feast of his flesh, James Martze, a prospector, 70 years old, the other day remained five hours in a baked desert a few miles from here "spread eagled" by stakes in the sands.

With a broiling sun pouring down upon him and his tongue swollen and his lips cracked from thirst, he faced a can of water placed before his eyes and just out of his reach.

Martze was the victim of a pair of Mexican highwaymen, who practiced their Apache method of torture after having robbed and beaten the old man in excessively brutal fashion.

The prospector was held up while on his way to this town, a mining camp, and was robbed of his kit, weapons, and a small amount of money. He then escaped from the robbers, but was recaptured and tied to the stakes as described.

Martze finally loosened himself from his bonds and staggered into this camp.

Posses were organized here without delay and the search for the perpetrators of the outrage was begun.

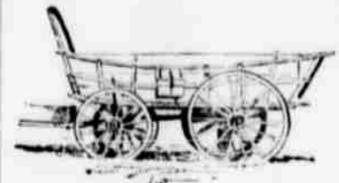
If caught, the men will probably be summarily executed.

## OLD "VIRGINIA TRAILER."

Odd Looking Vehicle Once Popular Type of Land Craft.

Kansas City, Mo.—George W. McCanne of Jacksonville Mo., is the owner of a queer looking land craft. In the days of its making (1831) it was known as a "Virginia Trailer." It was built for the trail to the west, and represents ten times the amount of labor that is put upon the very strongest and best wagons of to-day. The tires around the rear wheels are five feet six inches in diameter, and are made of hammered iron. After thousands of miles of travel the tires are three-fourths of an inch thick, two inches broad and the four weigh over 400 pounds.

The wagon was constructed in Lincoln county, Kentucky, by William McCanne, for the purpose of removing his family of six children and his



Wagon Known as "Virginia Trailer."

household goods to Missouri. Two blacksmiths hammered out iron bars for all the braces, rings, straps and hub bands. The picture shows the feed box on the tongue, where it was placed when the oxen were feeding. While on the journey the feed box was bolted to the rear end. There were two "booms" across which canvas was fastened to protect the family.

To draw this ponderous vehicle from Kentucky to Missouri Mr. McCanne used two yoke of oxen and a span of horses. The wagon had a capacity of six tons of freight.

Arriving in Missouri, Mr. McCanne took up 600 acres of land at the government valuation of \$1.25 per acre. Much of this land is now in the hands of his descendants.

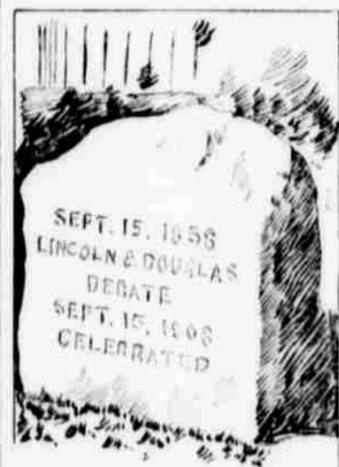
Mr. McCanne, the maker of the wagon, was a veteran of the war of 1812. It has been estimated that were a modern wagon factory given the contract to duplicate the "Virginia Trailer," using only hammered iron, and making mortices instead of holes, it would cost nearly \$1,000. The ancient vehicle was constructed with thoughtful care for every emergency. The hubs for the rear wheels are nearly as large as beer kegs, being 20 inches in length and ten inches in diameter. The bed is 16 feet long and 6 feet wide.

The "Virginia Trailer" was modeled somewhat after the army wagons used in the last war with Great Britain. Every piece of wood about it is thick and nearly as hard as iron. The hull from no Indian life could penetrate it, and a ring of such wagons, defended by American pioneers, would form an impregnable fortification against their copper-colored enemies.

## COMMEMORATE NOTED DEBATE.

Tablet Unveiled on Semi-Centennial of Lincoln Douglas Meeting.

Jonesboro, Ill.—The semi-centennial celebration of the great debate be-



Monument Commemorating Famous Debate.

tween Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas attracted a large crowd the other day. It is estimated that 10,000 people attended the celebration, which was held in the Union county fair grounds and in connection with the county fair. The crowd assembled under the same massive oak trees which sheltered the famous contestants and their audience 50 years ago.

A native bowlder of white limestone weighing 5,000 pounds, inscribed: "September 15, 1858, Lincoln and Douglas Debate, September 15, 1908," has been erected upon the exact spot where the debaters stood. The services were impressive. The tablet was unveiled by Miss Lillian Lanier of Anna, Ill.

There were present 50 persons who heard the original debate 50 years ago and who cherished a distinct memory of that occasion.

# VISIT WITH REPUTED CANNIBALS

CAPT. F. E. THOMPSON HOBNOBS WITH SERIS ON TIBURON ISLAND



NATIVES OF TIBURON ISLAND

Capt. F. E. Thompson of the schooner Ketchikan has just returned to San Francisco from a nine-months' cruise in the Gulf of California. He made five landings on the mysterious island of Tiburon, met Chief Francisco, head of the Seris, at Freshwater bay, also the chief's son, Nouchita, and 15 members of the tribe, at Pearl Point, set down in Dewey's chart as "The Indians." Capt. Thompson had with him eight Yagups, who were listed as sailors.

The sensational feature of Capt. Thompson's story is that he found the Seris the very opposite of what they have been traditionally painted. Instead of cruel, cannibals and desperate characters, Capt. Thompson was welcomed to the island under a flag of peace, and made thus in the company of Chief Francisco, and was invited by the chief back into the island two leagues to visit grazing land on which are the chief's herds of burros, but this invitation was declined.

He found the dreaded Seris hospitable, well-mannered and kind-hearted willing to do him any favor within their power. In return for gifts of beans, tobacco, matches and sugar, Chief Francisco gave Capt. Thompson a handsome bow and arrow, and Nouchita made a peace offering of a queer wooden crown, stained with red and blue berries.

The friendly visit to Indians, conventionally written about as being hostile, whose island has long been a playground of the white man as has been the Seward City of Alaska, opens a new and startling chapter in the story of Tiburon, says the captain. He is the first white man who has brought back a friendly report from this wonder island in the Gulf of Southern California.

"My object in going to the Gulf of California," said Capt. Thompson, "was to find phosphates. I went by rail to Guaymas, and outfitting the Ketchikan there to make the nine-months' cruise on the Gulf. I took eight Yagups as a crew, and none had the slightest trouble with them. They are very hard working men, and have prodigious strength as rowers. They think nothing of wading through the surf with 125-pound bags of phosphate on their backs buffeted by waves that would make an ordinary man lose his footing.

"We went to Tiburon for wood and water and to all made five separate landings. I expected trouble, of course, but when I came within half a league of Chief Francisco and his men at Freshwater bay, I ran up a flag of peace—a dead-on an ear—and he replied to doing the same.

"The chief's signal was handled by his son, Nouchita, who dipped his red twice, meaning that two of his men should come ashore for a talk. I went with out of my Yagups.

"The chief spoke to me in degraded Spanish, asking for cigarettes, tobacco and matches, and I gave him some Mexican cigarettes, also some corn, beans and sugar, and he was certainly much pleased. His son spoke to the lingo of the Seris. I did not understand a word he said, but we managed to get acquainted somehow, and after a little while the chief lighted a pipe of peace. I took a whiff and he greeted in broken Spanish that we would be good friends. Of course, I was a bit suspicious, for an Indian may be a good friend today and an enemy tomorrow—but I let it go at that.

"The chief showed us where to get water, and sent some of his men to help us cut wood. He told me I was the first white man he had seen in several years, and he was very friendly. We ate a supper of sea turtle, staved there that day, and then went

on to other points, where we saw other Seris Indians, but none of them invited us. In all, we made five separate landings, covering the whole of the island. In the course of the month we went clear around it.

"At Pearl Point I found a long sand bar that is literally paved with the famous pearl oysters, and I have no doubt that there is a vast quantity awaiting somebody who is willing to make the expedition.

"The chief's present of a bow and arrow was a pleasant incident. In return I asked him what of our stores, naming them over, would strike his fancy. He speaks a sort of degraded frontier Spanish, and I made out after some reflection, that he thought he would like my shirt. I immediately handed out the present, in fact I made it two, but he refused the second one, saying: 'After long thought, I can wear only one shirt at a time.' This shows his simple mind. I am sure he will never wear that shirt, but will wear a third if I drop off or is torn to rags in the bush.

"The men took a fancy to my hat, and, of course, I at once took it off, and gave it to him, and in turn he presented me with a wooden crown, rather ingeniously made of strips of wood, running together and fastened with a detachable pin, with a hook at the end. It is ornamented with red and blue stripes. I gravely put on the crown and Nouchita seemed greatly pleased.

"We had a hard time getting the sympathy of the chief and his body-guard. They would not pose before the camera, because they are terribly superstitious. They believe that everything that belongs to them must not with them at death, and if anything that is part of them gets away, there will be terrible trouble in the spirit world. In order to get the chief and the men near him before the camera I pretended to line them up to distribute cigarettes, and while my back was about to pass along with the cigarettes, I snapped the shutter.

"I do not know what would have happened to me if I had been discovered in the act of taking the picture. It is the first photograph of the celebrated Seris. He is usually regarded as cannibal, but his presence within the limits of the living is sufficient proof to the contrary.

"I saw many deer heads in the chief's camp and a large pair of mountain goat horns. I would have taken the goat horns, but they looked too old and rusty. The arrows presented by the chief are beautiful pieces of native workmanship. The heads of these carefully sharpened weapons were made by a man doing the work, and it is an endless job. The load is held in place with gutta, a strong, sticky, resinous wood. The upper part of the shaft is of willow and the lower part of bamboo, bound with pelican arrows. There are small ornamental bands on the arrow and one of them looks as though it were cut out of wither.

"The Seris Indians feed largely on sea food, such as turtle, fish and sea urchins. They have prodigious strength and venture out on rough seas in dugouts, that are handled with extraordinary skill. The Seris wear like men, and their eyesight is fine, and hunting, is so keen that they can see almost as well, I struck me as a white man can with a marine glass.

"The report brought back from Tiburon island by Capt. Thompson is at variance with the traditional stories made by explorers and legends of expeditions seeking gold or adventures. In the past the Seris have always been pictured as cannibals, ruled by a race of Amazons.

Tiburon has been classed as one of the world's greatest geographical mysteries, and the race inhabiting this unknown island has been unaccounted for by scientists. Some authorities have regarded the Indians there as "pre-Columbian Apaches," other equally high authorities have regarded them as the last of the Aztecs." This name is commonly ascribed today to the Seris Indians of Tiburon.