

Mrs. Lorillard Spencer to Desert Newport for Jolo Jungles as Missionary to Wild Tribesmen

Wealthy Woman Determines to Work Among Igorrotes After Trip Around World.

FROM the luxuries of a mansion within a stone's throw of New York's Fifth avenue and a villa with one of the most commanding views obtainable in Newport to the jungles of the Philippines, where warlike tribes of Igorrotes lay in ambush for any and all representatives of civilization who may happen to invade their fastnesses, is a far cry, but this is the courageous step Mrs. Lorillard Spencer is about to take. While men and women reared in the lap of luxury often jeopardize their lives in pursuit of sport or pleasure, no such motive prompts such a radical course by this matron, whose name has been synonymous with all those pursuits which those of culture and social qualifications are entitled to. Her recently announced determination to make this pilgrimage might be termed quixotic by some, but the great cause of Christianity is her watchword, and with this for her slogan Mrs. Spencer will make an exhaustive study of conditions in the Philippines, and her heart and purse are at the disposal of those who have interested her in this work.

When friends of Mrs. Spencer learned that she, accompanied by Miss Virginia Young, for years the head deaconess at St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York city, were soon to leave for the Philippines, there to spread the doctrines of the Church among the ignorant and barbarous tribes that inhabit this country, they deemed her course little short of madness. But when they paused to learn that this determination had only been reached after a long and earnest talk with Bishop Brent, in charge of the Episcopal diocese of the Philippines, they realized that it was only after due and mature deliberation that she had decided on the move.

To intimate friends Mrs. Spencer has asserted that she never contemplated a journey with more pleasurable thrills than this. While her arrangements have not been completed by any means, nevertheless she is so arranging her affairs that she will be able to embark in the

very near future, and to this end she has cancelled nearly all her social engagements made months ago. Miss Young, her companion in this broad field of mission work, hurriedly left the city in the waning hours of the Protestant Episcopal Convention, recently in session here for two weeks or more, and when she returns this month she will so perfect her arrangements that an early date for embarkation may be set.

Mrs. Spencer and Miss Young will proceed directly to Manila and then seek the interior of this archipelago and seek to found a mission at Jolo, the native heath of one of the cruellest and most ferocious tribes this government has had to contend with since the United States constituted itself the guardian of this Far Eastern race. Miss Young will outline the work in view, giving Mrs. Spencer the aid of her ripe and valuable experiences, while the latter, after grasping the situation thoroughly, will advance the necessary funds to finance the work the mission is to undertake. Bishop Brent is naturally overjoyed with having succeeded in enlisting so wealthy and influential a convert to his cause, and when the announcement was made he exultantly told of the work that lay before these lone women and of the many injustices that had been heaped upon a tribe which he described as fearless and made up of one of the most magnificent bodies of warriors he had ever known.

Mrs. Spencer's name is well known where charity and a desire to aid the stricken are concerned. Deeply interested in church work, although not what might be strictly termed a "church worker," she has ever stood ready to aid the down-trodden and spread cheer and comfort where sorrow, suffering and want had crept in. The mistress of a large fortune, she has been more than generous in her contributions to Home and Foreign Missions, and the Protestant Episcopal Church has had no more liberal contributor to those branches of its broad fields of endeavor.

Before arriving at this conclusion Mrs. Spencer had many conferences with Bishop Brent, who while in this city stopped with Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. She was made thoroughly familiar with the work that lay beyond and the know of the perils that attended such an undertaking. But keen in the desire to extend the work



MRS. LORILLARD SPENCER

of the Church in which she had been reared and thoroughly infused with the enthusiasm of the head of the diocese, she determined to allow no obstacles to deter her in her most recent resolve. Mrs. Spencer has been a member of St.

George's Protestant Episcopal Church for many years, and it was there that she came to know Miss Young, for a long time the head deaconess of this parish. Missionary work had ever interested Miss Young, and it was but natural that she

should have interested Mrs. Spencer in this branch of her work. Only recently Mrs. Spencer and Miss Young encircled the globe together, and it was not long after their return here that the announcement of the Philippine project was made.

Miss Virginia Young, Deaconess of New York Church, to Aid.

In the course of this trip Miss Young and Mrs. Spencer visited nearly all of the foreign missions in which the Protestant Episcopal Church is interested, and therefore obtained first hand an intimate knowledge of the splendid work the Church is doing. Shortly after their return the Episcopal Convention began its sessions, and the head of every diocese which comes under the control of that Church in North America went to New York to attend the sessions of the House of Bishops. In discussing the work ahead in the Philippines Bishop Brent said that the field is broad and the work hard and arduous, but with women of the type of Mrs. Spencer and Miss Young to blaze the trail he felt confident that the most important step in this direction had been taken. He is sure that others just as prominent as Mrs. Spencer and Miss Young will soon manifest a similar interest in this far distant field and that the work now started will go steadily forward.

In the course of one of his addresses before the joint session he said: "So far the Christian nations have been showing the Filipinos how proficient they were in the manufacture of high class weapons and how effectively they could use them. I am trying to influence the natives with the principles of Christianity. If you should one day hear that I have lost my life, let there be no retributive justice. I do not wish to have bloodshed stain the honor of my name."

This eloquent and zealous appeal for the tribes whose souls he is seeking to reclaim struck a responsive chord in the heart of every man and woman in the cathedral, and as the women far outnumbered the men at this session it could readily be seen that more than one woman would willingly follow the lead taken by Mrs. Spencer had she the means and time at her disposal.

Those women present who take a prominent part in the social life of this city were even more deeply stirred when Bishop Brent concluded his address by saying:

"There is no difference between the pagan of Fifth avenue who worships the tinsel god of pleasure and the pagan of the hills of Luzon who worships the pitiable conception of a pitiless God. The Moros have been unconquered for centuries and I can only admire them. Warriors though

they be, they are entitled to just that treatment one would expect a Christian nation to accord any race of people. The United States might in this way make preparation for the way it has acted toward another primitive race—the North American Indians."

Since her recent return to New York, Mrs. Spencer has been stopping with relatives. Her handsome home in East Eighty-fourth street has not been opened this autumn, and the chances are it will remain closed until Mrs. Spencer returns from the Far East. Miss Young, while making either the Deaconesses' Home of St. George's or the Seaside Club her headquarters, has been stopping with her sister in East Sixty-fourth street until receiving a sudden summons calling her out of the city for a period of three weeks.

Miss Young has carefully guarded the secret surrounding the arrangements for her journey to and her stay in the Philippines. At the Seaside Club it was said that it was well known there that Miss Young is soon to leave for the Philippines, but that she had had very little to say concerning the trip. Those at the Deaconesses' Home, however, equally unfamiliar with the programme of the one-time head of their order, although one of them remarked that she was sure a wide field stretched before Miss Young and she was confident she would accomplish much toward awakening the tribes among whom she is to cast her lot.

Mrs. Spencer has occupied a commanding position in New York and Newport society for many years. As Miss Caroline S. Berryman was a reigning belle, and her marriage to Mr. Spencer was one of the most brilliant functions of the autumn of 1883. She was the granddaughter of Stephen Whitney, one of the most prominent merchants of his day. Mrs. Spencer inherited a large fortune from his father and he and his wife set up their establishment at Chastellux, one of Newport's show places.

Both were fond of travel and they journeyed all over the world aboard Mr. Spencer's yacht. Mr. Spencer was the founder of the Illustrated American Magazine. Due to an illness which ultimately resulted in the amputation of his leg, the last years of his life were spent in practical retirement. He died about two years ago and the bulk of his fortune was left to his wife.

Menace of New Guinea Cannibals Serves as Prison Wall for Convicts.

IN New Guinea they have an extraordinarily effective method of controlling prisoners whereby they are able to dispense entirely with the high stone wall that usually hedges about convicted violators of the law.

Picture to yourself an aggregation of men who have been found guilty of every crime on earth, desperate fellows, many of them men who have not stopped at murder, men whose hands are doubly, often trebly dyed with the stains of the foulest of deeds, violent characters who would hesitate at nothing which would serve their ends. Prison guards hardened to danger are afraid of this class of men in other countries. Let them loose upon any community, with their liberty at stake, and even the bravest guardians of the law might hesitate before trying to effect their capture. Only the thickest of stone walls, the broadest of iron bars are strong enough to hold them.

"Those who favor the rule of kindness instead of that of restraint in dealing with prisoners are often deeply interested in the success of the government of New Guinea in controlling their prisoners and keeping them from running away without the high wall or the iron bars of other prisons," says the Rev. C. V. Hall, a Methodist Episcopal missionary who has just returned to this country after a five years' tour of the world. The Reverend Dr. Hall explored various parts of New Guinea for nearly five months and he was greatly interested in the spectacle of the New Guinea prisoners, quiet and passive within the prison bounds, even though no wall, no bars, no visible barrier of any kind stood between them and perfect liberty.

"You know," said Dr. Hall, "the Dutch are at present doing with New Guinea what the British did with Australia years ago. They are shipping their convicts from Java to New Guinea, and one of the most striking experiences of the country is to see their methods of controlling the prisoners and keeping them within bounds without so much as a prison wall."

"When the new convict arrives he is marched out into the prison yard and into a certain alley of the prison grounds. This takes place the morning after he has

reaches the prison. The rules of the prison are then read to him and the bounds within which he must keep are clearly stated and pointed out. Then he is told there is no possible chance of his attaining liberty.

"You may escape from this place," he is told, "that is easy enough, for, as you see, there are no walls, and the guards do not trouble too much about the prisoners getting far away. But in any direction that you go there is something to stop you. You will inevitably be devoured by cannibals."

Then the prisoner is ordered to face about, and there before his eyes he sees more than a hundred human heads staring at him. The government has bought these heads from the head hunters of the wilds which lie beyond the prison bounds. They are the heads of those who have gone to make many a cannibal feast.

The new prisoner, as brave as any man often, and usually more reckless than the average human being, finds after this exhibition no inclination to take to the wilderness. Instead, he keeps well inside the prison bounds, and as the weeks go by and the hideous orgies that follow them are whispered through the prison he finds liberty less dear and becomes less and less willing to pay its probable cost. The horror of the brooding mountains and the forest paths never trod by the foot of civilized man and haunted by menacing, ghoul-like figures takes possession of him and he covers closer and closer in his little place of safety.

The Rev. Dr. Hall joined an expedition into the interior of New Guinea, and he and his party in the course of their wanderings discovered a new tribe of natives whom they named "Ki-Kis," which in the native language means "eat-eat." Dr. Hall believes these natives to be descendants of the Australian aborigines.

"We stayed at the mouth of the Fly River," said Dr. Hall, "there were three white men and a troop of native soldiers. We embarked in canoes at that point and made half of our journey in that way and the remainder on foot."

"I was extremely fortunate in being permitted to go at all, because the authorities of New Guinea do not permit any one to go into the interior. In that they are very wise, for it would be impossible for them to afford any protection against the natives. Cannibalism exists within

Why They Do Not Attempt to Escape.

By the Rev. C. V. Hall.

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150 miles of every part of all of New Guinea. There appears to be no decrease in the practice in this part of the world, although in many other places where once it flourished it no longer exists, and in other cannibal sections it has been greatly lessened. But in New Guinea it is rampant, and if any man thinks he can go into the interior without a strong guard and escape its dangers let him try it. If he escapes he will come back a wiser man, and he will have seen sights that will leave him cold forever to the horror possible to civilization.

"I did not receive any official permission to accompany the government expedition which was bound to go beyond any point ever reached by white men before. The son of the Dutch Governor was a member of the expedition, and through a high official of the government I was enabled to go although no official permission was furnished me."

"It was understood, of course, that I would take things as they came and that such risks as there were I took upon myself, the government not being in any way responsible."

"We travelled rapidly in the canoes, but when it was decided to take to the jungle we encountered such impassable masses of growth at many points that it was necessary for the soldiers to go ahead to clear the way by chopping down trees and cannibals, too, I am afraid, in many cases."

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reasons why they took us to be supernatural was that the Ki-Kis, the strange race that we discovered, grow pale after death. The cannibals always see the Ki-Kis after death, unfortunately for the Ki-Kis, and so they were familiar with this phenomenon. Therefore they reasoned among themselves that we too must have tasted death and emerged triumphant from that encounter. There is something here of interest to the psychologist, that natural association of pallor with the great ordeal that besets mankind.

"We found that the savages of these small villages were first class fighting men. The object of their military pilgrimages is always simply the discovery of their enemies. As a result of a battle the visiting team, to speak in the popular parlance of civilization, bring home to their village spoils of war. These are the bodies of their victims. At the feast which follows the bodies are eaten and the heads kept as trophies."

"At one time we came up to a village when the fighting men had just taken fourteen heads of their enemies. These we obtained from them. Two of the lot fell to my share and I presented one of them to the museum at Jamaica. The other I brought back with me."

simplest standpoint. The natives have no actual constructive ability, the most that they do in this line being the arrangement of few branches in such a manner that they are protected from the sun. A group of these simple shelters constitutes a village.

"These natives were large and dreadful looking, jet black in color and savage of aspect. They were very strong and ferocious and appeared to have no arts of any kind. They did not, so far as we were able to discover, make any sort of pottery or do even the simplest style of weaving and we saw no effort at personal adornment, such as the stringing of feathers or patinal forest ornaments. They mated and were loyal to their mates, fighting to the death for the women whom they had taken as wives. Occasionally by way of a rebuke a savage husband kills and eats one of his wives which serves as a lesson in absolute obedience to the others. It is no place at all for the suffragettes, and yet apart from this occasional catastrophe domestic relations appear to be quite pleasant. We could not discover any religion at all, even the most primitive, nor any rites which celebrated even the most gruesome of gods. So far as we could find, the cannibalistic feasts in which the natives indulged were purely for the gratification of appetite and had no further significance unless it were as a howling demonstration of their triumph over their enemies."

"Sometimes the cannibals make their forays as a single tribe or again several tribes combine to attack other tribes, so we were told through our interpreter. When victory blesses the arms of the allies there is a triumphant return to the village of one of the chiefs engaged in the combat, the prisoners are dragged unwilling victims to the banqueting place, well knowing what fate awaits them."

"After four days of river travel we left the canoes and took to the mountains. It was then that we made our most interesting discovery of the journey. Our choppers going on ahead to break down some of the dense growth so that we could more forward came upon them first—the strange people whom we named the Ki-Kis. The reason for conferring this name upon the strange people we had from one of the cannibals of the valley below. He informed us that the people of the mountains were very good eaters. He also explained that they made their homes in the mountains so that they might flee from attack."

"The first Ki-Ki woman that we saw we took to be a tree, not because she had that romantic resemblance to a tree which one looks for in a dried, but because she was modestly attired in the bark of a tree, which she had brought into a garment resembling a tube. I have heard of the tube skirts which women are now wearing in civilized climes, and I suppose that of which has never been revealed."

the garment of our savage sister was much like that in shape. Some of those to whom I have described this garment have declared that the Ki-Ki belles must be wearing slit skirts, or how otherwise could they manage to get about in this narrow, tubelike garment? But I really think they put the garments on over their heads, and it is not long enough to impede their progress. The interesting part of the costume is that in making it the Ki-Ki maiden has made use of the wisdom of the wild animal and the bird, not to mention the serpent, for she has made herself practically invisible in the forest by this garment of forest hues."

"The men of this tribe were also more given to dress than their brethren of the valleys. They wore shoulder ornaments made of forest treasures, feathers, berries, &c. Both men and women are very much smaller than the valley people and not smaller at all. Instead they are extremely stout, so much so that it was impossible to get near enough to them to learn much of their ways."

"They live upon roots, nuts, berries and other wild fruits and apparently are not cannibals. The principal motive of their lives is to escape from their pursuers farther down the valley. They are lighter in color than the cannibals. You couldn't call them brown or copper color; it is more truly described as a lighter black."

"There is no doubt that cannibalism is rampant in New Guinea and that the cannibals of the valley regard the Ki-Kis as a reserve stock in case of famine. The Dutch government does what it can to stamp out the practice, but so far there is no decrease in it, and the gruesome news of what happens among the natives is suppressed by the government."

"In other parts of the world there is also much cannibalism, but so far as I was able to gather information in the course of my travels it is generally on the decrease, especially in the Marquesas group, and yet it was in this group that I saw a human sacrifice and met a native chief whose skirt was made entirely of the hair of persons whom he had killed and helped to devour."

Dr. Hall started on his trip as a representative of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Jamaica. He expects to use the information which he gathered for the benefit of missions in which he is interested. He will publish a book, illustrated with photographs taken during his trip, and will also lecture. He has brought back with him a collection of butterflies and of snakes."

While he was talking of his New Guinea experiences Dr. Hall held a loose-leafed newspaper parcel in his hand, one piece of which he finally discarded so that the interviewer might see a tightly coiled serpent quite large enough and wicked looking enough to create havoc in any corner of New York outside of the Zoological Park serpent house.

Weird Tales of a House of Mystery.

IN the little town of Piasa, Ill., there is a house of romance about which as the years go on the tales become more highly colored and are told in more awe-some tones. It is a haunted house, recently the owner, Clayton Kellam, died, and the sentiment of his relatives prevents its being sold or demolished. They have decided to keep it, as its owners did for thirty years, sacred to the tragedy of his life.

It was the house to which Clayton Kellam took his bride and where they lived happily for a time, until she became jealous of his brother. Because of that she deserted him and went East to live with her mother. Mr. Kellam boarded up the house and has since made his home with his bachelor brother. Nothing in the house was touched. Even his wife's things were left as they were when she went away.

With the passing years the house fell more and more into disrepair. The cracks became so large that persons could look in and see the ravages of time and decay. Kellam would not enter the house and he would permit no one else to go in. Mildew spread unchecked over everything and dust accumulated.

Meanwhile Mrs. Kellam had died and left a fortune to her husband. None of the heirs now cares to be the first to intrude upon the sanctity of the haunted house. Therefore it will continue to stand a monument of a tragedy, the real secret of which has never been revealed.