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THE MONGOOSE CAME TO EAT THE RAT WHO ATE THE CANE, AND ALSO ALL THE BIRDS, THE SNAKES AN LIZARDS WHO ATE THE TICKS, WHO ATE THE MONGOOSE.

HOW AN ATTEMPT WITH THE MONGOOSE TO EXTERMINATE THE PESTS IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA FAILED UTTERLY.

THESE ARE THE RAVENOUS RATS THAT ATE THE VALUABLE CANE THAT GREW IN THE VALLEYS IN THE ISLE OF JAMAICA.

THE MONGOOSE SENT TO EAT THE RATS, THE LIZARDS AND SNAKES.

THESE ARE THE BIRDS AND THE SNAKES AND THE LIZARDS THAT ATE THE TICK THAT WERE PESTS IN THE ISLE OF JAMAICA.

THE West Indian island of Jamaica has just furnished a peculiarly interesting illustration of the way in which the animals eat one another up.

It is a curious kind of endless chain.

A few years ago the rats were eating up all the sugar cane in the island. In order to keep them down the planters imported a lot of Indian mongooses. The mongooses ate up the superfluity of rats, but not content with that, they ate up the birds, the snakes, the lizards and nearly all the small animals of the island that they could lay their teeth on.

Now, the birds, the harmless snakes and lizards were extremely useful, because they ate the ticks which were as great a pest as the rats.

The assnuits of the mongoose on the birds, snakes and lizards naturally permitted the ticks to increase enormously. They attacked men, animals, cattle and particularly the mongoose.

The mongoose, who is willing to fight anything his own size or larger, could do nothing with the ticks, and he began to sicken and die at a great rate.

Then the birds, snakes and lizards began to flourish again and resumed their former occupations. They ate up the ticks, as they had been accustomed to do. But the mongoose had received his death blow from the ticks. He had no use for Jamaica any more. Therefore, the rats began to increase again and to eat the cane, and everything went on just as it had done before.

In brief, what happened was this:

The mongoose ate the rat, who ate the cane, and also all the birds, the snakes and lizards, who ate the ticks, who ate the mongoose.

The problem of destroying any one race of animals or insects noxious to man is a very difficult one. For instance, when the people of Jamaica concentrated their attacks on the rats they disturbed the equilibrium of nature and caused an increase of other pests. Nature had no particular reason at this time for helping man to wipe out the rats.

In time, no doubt, the increase of the rats would be checked by natural means. When they become too numerous, fat and lazy some race of enemies, insect or otherwise, will come along and devastate them. This always happens in nature. When a species of vermin or noxious insect becomes very numerous it attracts a race of parasites to check its increase.

The Tick That Ate the Mongoose.

The people of Jamaica have apparently a remedy against the rats by producing a highly trained and domesticated race of mongooses. These must be trained above all, not to catch birds. It is a great task to produce a race of domesticated animals. No one knows how many thousands of years man required to domesticate the cat and dog. To-day every dog is born domesticated, however much his education may be neglected. Every mongoose is born wild, although his parents may have been highly trained.

The mongoose is one of the most interesting animals alive. There is no living creature who shows such thoroughgoing sporting spirit. He has more skill than the cat in catching rats and mice, and will kill larger and more dangerous animals than the cat would dare to attack. He will kill cats as cheerfully as anything else.

In India the great value of the mongoose is his habit of killing venomous snakes. As long as there is a snake about the house the mongoose will not rest until he has nosed it out and killed it. The mongoose depends on his marvellous agility to escape the snake's fangs. When the snake strikes at him he avoids it either by stepping aside or leaping high in the air. Finally the snake, becoming weary, lies stretched on the ground a moment too long. The mongoose leaps on the reptile's neck and bites through it just at the base of the brain. Then he sits down and makes a meal of the snake.

The mongoose is very easily tamed and makes a pleasant companion. The English people in India always have a mongoose about the house, because he saves the children from snakes and amuses them, too.

The Jamaica tick which proved so disastrous to the mongoose is a small gray insect with a pair of terrible jaws. It swarms in the cane and bushes and clings to the legs of men and animals as they pass by. Then it buries its head in the f and sticks there. If a man attempts pull it off the head will break in the flesh and in a day or so form a painful ulcer. The proper way to get rid of it is to rub some drug on the skin which will make the insect die and drop off.

When the unfortunate mongoose with its long fur became infested with ticks it was practically impossible to give him any relief without cutting his hair close all over.

The Choates at Home in England.

MR. CHOATE has followed the lead of his predecessor in office, Colonel Hay, and taken a house in Carlton House Terrace.

No. 1, the house leased by His Excellency, has more interest for Americans, as it is the home of Lady Curzon, Vicereine of India.

The exterior of the house is familiar to every passer-by. It is the usual cream painted stone and of the type architecturally familiar in the old square New England houses. You enter No. 1 from Carlton House Terrace, although esthetically the side overlooking St. James Park is the front.

Upon entering you find yourself in a square vestibule. The color scheme of this outer hall is rather Oriental, the keynote being struck by the deep Bokhara carpet.

You pass from this outer hall to the inner hall, which is in reality a sort of reception room.

Here the color is much more delicate, the walls are of soft blue, the floor is inlaid in blocks of old brown marble. The furniture is of no particular era, old Chippendale and antique oak. Real china and artistically faded Daghestan and Cassack rugs harmonize delightfully.

On this inner hall are hung all of Lord Curzon's famous Reynolds prints. They hang in a double row up the staircase.

Beyond the inner hall opens the big dining room. Here you find the inevitable polished oak floor. The color scheme here is a rich crimson. The walls are hung with the old-fashioned crimson felt paper, the curtains at the windows are hangings of heavy Persian brocade in crimson and silver-white. The furniture is rather a matter of amalgamation than anything else; the big State dining table is mahogany and the sideboard is of carved oak. The chairs again are of mahogany covered with crimson leather.

The most striking thing in the dining room is the unusual collection of old Indian embroidered panels framed and glazed and hung on the inner wall.

The drawing room is decidedly French. The walls are decorated in cream and gold with just little touches of pale blue. The fireplaces are the conventional cast white marble, and over each hangs a plate-glass mirror framed in gold. Here, again, the electric lights, softly shaded in yellow. The floor is of oak overstrewn with Persian rugs. There are any amount of little gilded chairs, the usual number of sleepy hollows, and two big, luxurious couches, one at either end of the room. There is a very beautiful table of gilded carving artistically littered with cherished photographs framed in dainty silver filigree. Here, as in the dining room and inner hall, the great chandeliers have been fitted with drawing room is directly over the dining room and identical in outlook and size. Both are very large, quite 75 by 25 feet.

Across the upper inner hall and directly opposite the drawing room on the Carlton House Terrace side is the huge salon. The color scheme in this room is a beautiful gold and fawn. The floor is of deep old polished oak, the magnificent heavy doors are of the most beautiful gold and maple. But the furniture in the room is not distinctive and belongs to no one epoch. The two finest bits are the heavily carved heavily gilded and tapestry-covered chairs either side of the door as you enter. In this room, too, stands Mr. Joseph Choate, Jr.'s, piano, a fine Steinway grand. These are the only reception rooms in the house.

There are very many houses in Chicago and New York as well infinitely more costly and more ostentatious. And this particular house would not be interesting were it not for the fact that here and nowhere else in England is the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James "at home."

This is the home where Ambassador Choate entertains the representatives of royalty.

Kipling's "Mowgli" Is a Reality.

SO it seems "Mowgli," Kipling's man cub, is a real being, and even to-day, though somewhat advanced in years, is alive and well. At least two persons have seen Mowgli. They are Dr. Charles Stirling and his wife, Dr. Marion Fairweather Stirling, of No. 3918 Washington street, Kansas City. She was superintendent of the Government dispensaries at Agra, British India, and he was field surgeon with the British troops.

"My husband and I are personally acquainted with several of Kipling's characters," said Dr. Marion Stirling, "and we have visited many of the places he wrote about. His stories are actual fact, thinly disguised as fiction. In some instances he took so little pains to disguise names that Anglo-Indians can readily identify them.

"His tales are exact pictures of persons, places and events, some of which came within our own experience, and there were many others for whose truth we can vouch.

"Mowgli is Hindoostanee for 'man cub.' This character appears in the 'Jungle Stories,' but was first introduced to the public in a tale entitled 'In the Rukh.' It will be remembered that Grisborne, the forester, saw a man walking down the dried bed of a stream, naked except for the loin cloth, but crowned with a wreath of the tasselled blossoms of the white convolvulus creeper. So noiselessly did he move over the little pebbles that even Grisborne, used to the soft-footedness of trackers, started.

"He is now under a mild form of captivity by the missionaries at Secundra, a mission station forming a suburb of Agra, on the Great East India Railroad. Between forty and fifty years of age, this man cub has never developed an intellect of more than half that of a human being, but nevertheless his intelligence is very much above that of the monkey. Articulate speech is not among his accomplishments. He makes a guttural noise, and squeaks and chatters, but there is little evidence of an attempt to form words. In the sign language, however, he is proficient and usually manages to make his wants understood.

"Mowgli was taken twenty years ago by a party of 'pig stickers,' or hunters of the wild boar. While pushing through an Indian jungle they saw a queer looking thing running with a pack of wolves. It moved on all fours, its motions resembling the 'lope' of a horse. They lassooed it and brought it to Secundra.

"While effects of civilizing influences upon Mowgli have been in the main disappointing, still he shows some improvement over the jungle creature of twenty years ago. He is less vicious, but it is still considered unsafe to allow him at large. As to personal appearance—well, we'd call him deformed. He is very stooped and his arms are too long. His body has more hair upon it than that of the average human being; his brow is retreating, and his eyes are wild and shifting. He usually stands upright now, but when he gets excited and wants to make good time he drops upon all fours and moves with the peculiar 'lope' which the pig stickers noted.

"His origin is still a mystery. No one knows who or what his parents were, but that they were human beings scientists are agreed. Mowgli was probably born as well as any other Hindoo peasant. In time of plague or famine infants are often abandoned, many times unintentionally. It sometimes happens that a family is wiped out of existence in a few hours, leaving a sole survivor. Mowgli may have been such a survivor. It is not impossible that in his infancy he suckled a she wolf, which by some accident had lost her young. The relations between wild animals and the human kind of India are such as are not easily understood here."

HERE AT LAST IS THE FIRST REAL NEW WOMAN.

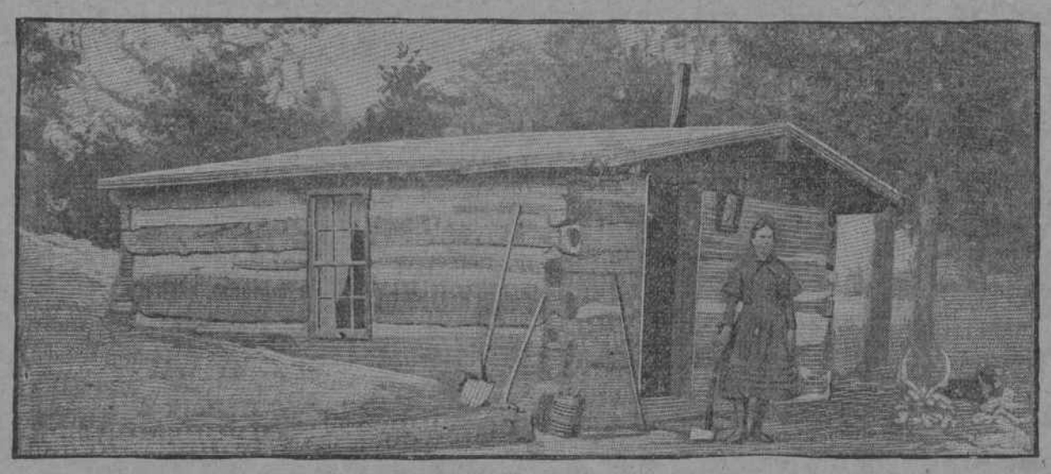
HERE is the real new woman at last. Others have called themselves new women, but none have proven their right to the title except by word of mouth. While other women have talked Mrs. Mary Walling has acted.

Mrs. Walling is a mining prospector. She lives in one of the wildest portions of Southern Colorado. Her home is in the San Juan Valley. She lives alone in a rough cabin, built by her own hands, on the summit of Gold Hill, opposite Buena Vista, the most picturesque city in Colorado.

The cabin is perched like an eagle's eyrie 3,000 feet above Buenna Vista and 10,000 above sea level.

Mrs. Walling spends all her time looking for the gold she is sure she will find some day. She says she will have plenty of use for it when she finds it, for she will build a home in New England for the dear old mother she left behind there. The mother's picture hangs in a rude frame in front of the cabin.

Mrs. Walling has one companion and protector, her dog Sport. Sport is getting old. When he dies the woman prospector will be lonely indeed.



MARY WALLING, THE NEW WOMAN OF SOUTHERN COLORADO, WHO MINES, HUNTS AND HOLDS HER CLAIM WITHOUT THE AID OF A MAN.

Mary Walling is a pleasant-faced, robust woman of forty. She is as strong as a man. She wears short skirts that reach an inch or two below her knees, and stout leather leggings. She seldom wears a hat, and for that reason, perhaps, has an unusually abundant mass of hair.

She fells trees and cuts them into firewood. She carries a pick and shovel when she goes prospecting. She is a skilful hunter and her gun provides her with all the meat she needs. She carries water from a spring a mile distant. She needs few groceries, and those she carries in a bag on her back from Buena Vista, five miles away, over a path so rough a man could scarcely follow in it empty-handed. She often carries a bag of flour up the steep mountain side.

Despite all these masculine accomplishments there are many feminine touches in the rough cabin that Mary Walling built. She has transplanted the vivid Indian pink and the mountain rose to flower pots that were once cases of blasting powder which she found occasion to use in her mine. She has pressed wild flowers and framed them, and there are skins of animals that she has killed upon the floor for rugs.

AND HERE IS PROOF THAT THE EARLY INHABITANTS OF ENGLAND WERE CANNIBALS.

THE shocking discovery has been made that the early inhabitants of England were cannibals.

Human bones that had been gnawed by human teeth have been discovered in large quantities near Braintree, in the County of Essex, which adjoins London on the northeast side. There can be little doubt that the bones were gnawed and picked clean by human teeth because they were found in the vicinity of prehistoric dwellings. It is, of course, impossible that wild animals could have devoured the bodies, split the bones open to get at the marrow and then arranged them all neatly together in the neighborhood of a village of lake dwellers.

It is therefore unavoidable to conclude that the ancestor of the modern John Bull, who prides himself on the superiority of his table manners to those of all other nations, feasted on human flesh.

The discoveries receive additional interest from the fact that they were made by a clergyman, the Rev. J. W. Kenworthy, who is a very distinguished archaeologist.

Skulls that were cracked open so as to get at the brains and human bones split from end to end by artificial means have been found embedded in the soil at Braintree. The nature of the treatment to which these skulls and bones were submitted in ancient times is such as to leave no doubt in the minds of specialists that they are relics of a prehistoric cannibal feast indulged in by the residents of Braintree.

These ancient Britons were constantly warring upon each other; but it is by no means improbable that when food was scarce they did not trouble to go out and kill an enemy. Suspicion is entertained that the number of bones which have now been found and which undoubtedly were scraped and split at some festival were part of the anatomy of some peaceable residents in the locality who happened to have the ill luck to be selected for the evening meal.

The soil around Braintree is specially adapted to the making of bricks. Excavations are now in progress there for the purpose of extracting brick earth. These operations have been carefully watched by the Rev. J. W. Kenworthy, who is interested in antiquarian research. Much to his astonishment, he came upon a find of the first magnitude.

This went to show that a prehistoric settlement existed on an island in the middle of a lake at Braintree. The reverend gentleman has laid the facts before the Field Club of his county.

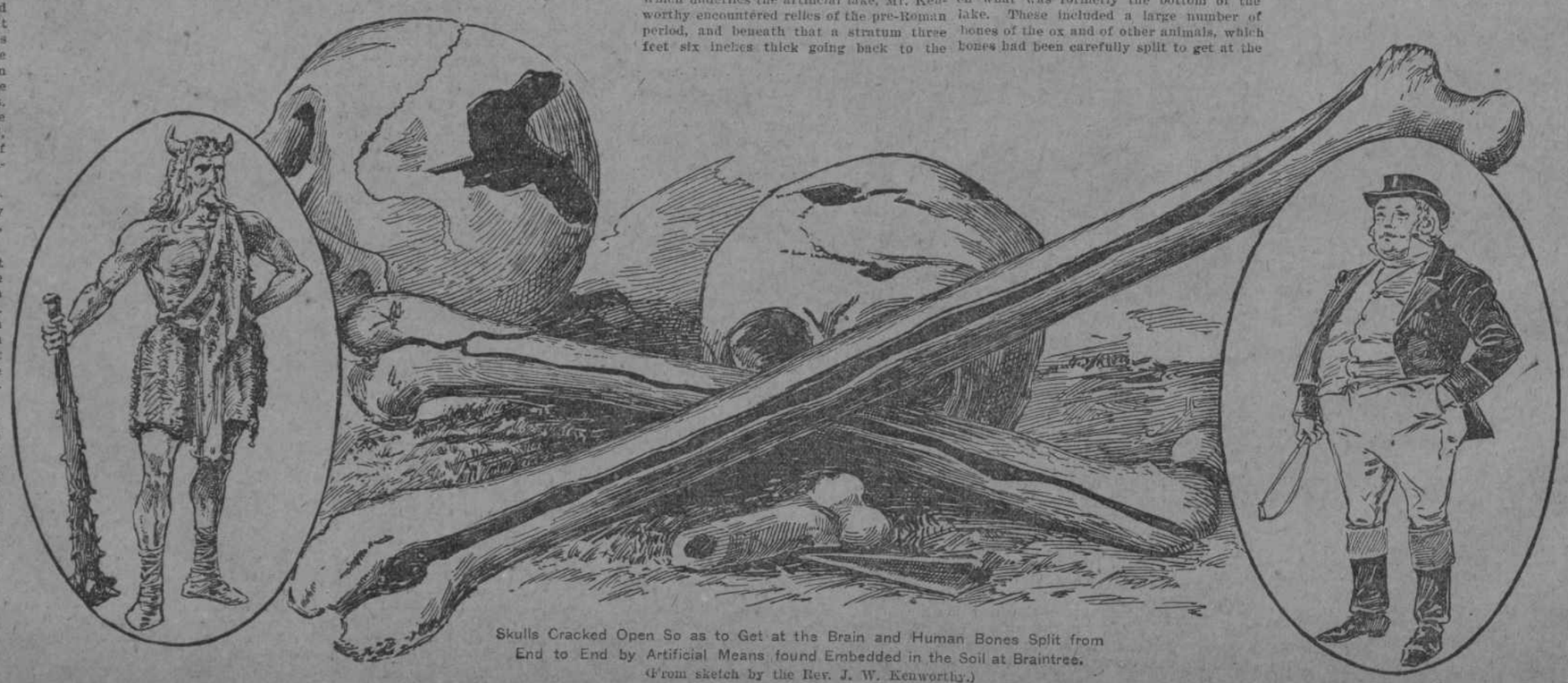
Mr. Kenworthy has been able to show that the lake at Braintree silted up with washings from the hills, and that for some purpose the prehistoric residents of Braintree constructed an artificial island in the middle of the lake. This was probably for the purpose of defence. Mr. Kenworthy has discovered this island, on which were huts inhabited by people of the stone age.

The huts had well-made floors and were protected by painted piles. In the material of the floors Mr. Kenworthy searched for evidence of the manners and customs of these Braintree lake dwellers.

Before coming to the bed of London clay, which underlies the artificial lake, Mr. Kenworthy encountered relics of the pre-Roman period, and beneath that a stratum three feet six inches thick going back to the neolithic or stone age. Beneath this was a stratum of the post-glacial age, resting on top of the bed of London clay. The remains of the lake-dwellers were found in the stratum of the stone age.

Here were found numerous flint javelin-heads and wooden spear-shafts. The most remarkable discoveries, however, were made on what was formerly the bottom of the lake. These included a large number of bones of the ox and of other animals, which bones had been carefully split to get at the marrow. The skulls had been cracked so as to permit of the brains being extracted.

Scattered among these were several human bones and skulls, which had been treated in a precisely similar manner. One of the human thigh bones is shown in the illustration. These bones had been carefully split and then put together again.



Skulls Cracked Open So as to Get at the Brain and Human Bones Split from End to End by Artificial Means found Embedded in the Soil at Braintree.
(From sketch by the Rev. J. W. Kenworthy.)

The man who did it was undoubtedly one of John Bull's cannibal ancestors.

He was quite skilled in manipulating the bones. The lower end of one bone has had a piece knocked off, possibly with a stone hammer, so as to lay bare an internal cavity. Into the hole thus made the cannibal drove a wedge, thus splitting the entire thigh bone from end to end.

One of the human skulls found at this spot has had the back entirely broken away, evidently for the purpose of getting at the brains. After the bones had been scraped clean they were thrown into the lake by the dwellers on the artificial island.

The only argument that has been brought forward to prove that these bones were not split by cannibals is easily disposed of. That the men threw their dead into the lake is not likely, as people of that period buried or burned their deceased comrades according to superstitious rites. Had the dead been simply thrown into the lake the bones would have been found in a perfect condition, just as if the individuals had been accidentally drowned.

Several scientific men who have examined these remarkable relics of English cannibalism say they prove conclusively that a large cannibalistic community existed at Braintree, and that human beings were eaten there in the ordinary course of domestic cooking.

Mr. Kenworthy will shortly publish a treatise on these strange discoveries.

It may be argued that these prehistoric cannibals had no connection in race with modern Englishmen, but that is hardly likely to be true. The old idea expressed in history books that the Angles and Saxons entirely wiped out the Celtic population of ancient Britain is no longer maintained. It is probable that the majority of the Britons remained on the soil. Similarly, it is probable that if the ancient Britons in a previous age conquered a race of prehistoric stone age men, they left the majority of them alive. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that modern Englishmen are the blood descendants of the cannibals.