

BRAIN OF THE SAVAGE AND OUR OWN

MEASUREMENT SHOWS THAT UN-CIVILIZED MAN, IF GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY, WOULD EQUAL HIS WHITE BROTHER



SAVAGES OF FRENCH GUINEA

THE savages of the world found defenders recently among the foremost scientific men of Europe. Here noted scholars presented arguments to prove that in many cases the aborigines of the world were not so far behind civilized man in respect to natural brain power as the world has been wont to believe.

No less a savant than Principal Jevons, of the Durham University, speaking to the lower culture section of the History of Religions Congress, in London advanced the remarkable proposition that to exchange the environment of the savage and the civilized man of Europe, would demonstrate in a few generations that the former would accustom his ways himself to civilization just as certainly as the white man, surrounded only by wild and savage conditions, would lapse into the ways of the aborigine.

Then came a series of astonishing propositions. L. T. Hobhouse, Professor of Sociology at London University, compared the skull of the Polynesian with that of an Englishman. He admitted that the brain reservoir of the savage was just as great as that of the Briton, and he further conceded that the natural life of the savage spared him many of the weakening impulses that result from the vicissitudes of the man of civilization.

The only cause of the undoubted mental superiority of the Englishman, he concluded, was because the latter profited by the intellectual bequests of previous generations, while the Polynesian remained at the same mental level as his remote ancestors.

This was quite an admission for an Englishman to make, but it was cast in the shade by the report of Professor Fleischmann, a German savant, who told how he had been studying the arts of hypnotism and suggestion, which are now taking a more potent place in the medical beliefs of the modern world.

The professor told how he had been astounded to find that the savages of many countries had, through their medicine men, long exercised these arts of influence and suggestion that have the effect of curing a person of ill through the brain rather than through the body.

Another expert sneered at the self-superior pose of the white man, and recalled how in England until the eighteenth century there was a belief in magic, and that not much more than a century and a half ago persons suspected of witchcraft were burned in many civilized countries.

He argued that considering the superior advantages of the white man's countries, the progress made was far from being great enough in comparison to permit the patronizing of the savage in all parts of the world.

But the most wonderful of all the arguments for the possibilities of the savage were purely mathematical. They represented the researches of Professor Sollas, a noted German scholar.

He addresses the law of dimensions to show that there is no reason why the savage should not some day be equal to his white brother, provided that brain capacity counts.

He even demonstrated that no immeasurable chasm exists between prehistoric man and the cultivated citizen of today.

Professor Sollas made an exhaustive series of measurements. The results he attained surprised him, for he expected to find the skull of the modern man of education would demonstrate beyond cavil that he enjoyed advantages with which the savage could never hope to catch up. What he did find was exactly the reverse.

He found that the men of the so-called Neanderthal race and the Polynesian or Australian type of blacks, who really represent the lowest type of man, are in reality of the same family.

The brain size in the two is virtually equal.

In the earlier period of the paleolithic age, Professor Sollas deduces that men who then inhabited Europe had developed an average skull capacity of 76 cubic inches. At the end of the paleolithic period man had developed their brain accommodation to 94 1/2 cubic inches, which is a size that is



POLYNESIAN SAVAGES

only a shade below the average for today.

This rapidity in cerebral development in that one period leads Professor Sollas to believe that there must have been a considerable variation in the size of the prehistoric brain. He estimates that about 18 cubic inches each way. This would give those early races skulls with a minimum of 50 cubic inches and a maximum of 94 cubic inches. The least intelligent men of that day were about 50 per cent as well gifted in mental possibilities as the average man of today, while those who had attained the limit of development would have compared favorably in brain capacity with the average man of today.

Assuming that the newly discovered pithecanthropus remains represent the average type, that race would probably vary between 43 and 73 cubic inches in skull development. The latter figure exceeds the minimum of the Australian natives and closely approaches their average, while the minimum of 43 cubic inches comes very close to the maximum of the anthropoid ape skulls. Professor Sollas therefore argues that the pithecanthropus and the Neanderthal man must be regarded as successive links between the animal world and the human race.

After thus dealing with primitive man, the scholar continues to trace his investigations down to the present time, and shows that the savage has in many cases advanced in brain capacity. But he has not yet had the proper conditions to put this raw material to use. He has the brain, but it remains undeveloped, a fallow field, which must be reached by the powers of education before he can deserve a place with the white man of modern times.

In the United States, the Indian, naturally one of the most primitive and ferocious of savages, has shown what can be accomplished in the way of putting fertility into these fields of gray matter that have been going to waste for centuries. At the Carlisle Indian school and other training establishments, a constantly increasing number of redskins are being educated into the ways of the white man,

and they have shown an amazing facility for progress. There are many talented musicians among them, so that the Carlisle Indian school band is famous all over the country. Several Indians have gone to Congress, and have taken places of influence in other walks.

In all the new possessions of the United States, where savage races are to be found, notably the Tagalogs and the Moros, evidences have been furnished to investigators that they are far from being hopeless from a mental standpoint. All that is needed is the power of education.

England in its vast scope of Colonial interests, furnishes many cases of the lower races showing possibilities of development that have astounded their teachers.

Among many of these primitive peoples are to be found really excellent systems of government, where the power is properly distributed and the products of the land are so divided as to make livelihood easy for all. The mental gifts are not of a kind such as is shown and valued in the new world, but the negations of many savage countries can perform feats of skill which all the brains of the Occident cannot explain. For every act of ferocity that can be

charged against the savage there is ever an explanation. The white men against whom it was directed, went into his country with the idea of stealing from the original owner, and the savage who fought to defend had to use only those horrible means of resistance which he knew. As civilization carries itself further and further into the remote homes of aboriginal man, and education gives opportunities to those who never knew them, the truth of the speeches made at the London Congress are destined to be verified. The savage is a better man, mentally, than he has received credit for.

What New York Stands for in Theatricals

No Other City in the Land Would Tolerate Stage Rankness and Verbal Nastiness.

New York Correspondent of the Washington Star. CHARLES READE, the novelist, used to write amusingly if somewhat distastefully, of what he called the "arrogant prudery" of the British. All the same, "prudential prudery" is a heap better than popular prudery. That sort of thing, as has often been set forth in this correspondence, grows steadily in New York. For example, a shop window display must be exceedingly risqué these days to engage the attention of New Yorkers. They don't call 'em "window dressers" any more, by the way—they're "window undressers." A distinguished French editor who recently visited New York declared that

Paris has much to learn from New York in the matter of these extraordinary window displays—and he added, naively, that Paris doesn't need to learn too much of it. Everybody knows, of course, that New Yorkers will tolerate—will, indeed, enthusiastically applaud—stage utterances and a degree of stage rankness that no other American city would think of standing for. Most of the so-called musical comedies that leave New York after long runs here, for road tours, have to be severely clipped of their verbal nastiness and the draping of the women considerably amplified to suit the decent censorship of what New York theatrical folk call the "provincial" audiences. As a matter of fact, not a few of the

plays that go out from New York have to be subjected to this sort of pruning. A noted romantic actor, once a stickler for dramatic propriety, is now presenting a play here, some of the scenes of which are so close to the line of utter indecency that they would inevitably be hissed anywhere else than in New York. Here, however, these indecent lines make the hit of the piece. And it would seem, too, as if the time were at hand when no new play may hope for success in New York unless it embraces at least one disrobing scene. Some actresses are now lending themselves to this sort of thing who, a very few years ago, would have resented even the thought of engaging in such a prostitution of their art. One recalls how, not so long ago, these "orange blossom" vulgarities were rigidly confined to the variety shows given at the stag theaters. But they're on Broadway now all right, and, apparently, on Broadway to stay.

It is just as well to leave it to the sociological or the psychological student to discover the reason why the theater-going women of New York are even fonder of these wholly unnecessary atrocities of prudery—for many such scenes are introduced with scarcely any hearing at all upon the progress of the story—than are the men folk. That such is the plain fact, however, is not to be doubted by anybody who notes the great preponderance of women in attendance at these plays where these exhibitions are given. Probably the underlying reason for the immunity, not to say the popularity, with which this sort of nastiness is received and greeted in New York is that New York is hardly an American city at all. A Westerner, a man with a well-developed sense of humor, too, sat through a New York musical comedy the other evening without being able to muster up a solitary, single laugh from careful atten-

tion to the hopeless drivel of which the piece was made up. All around him the New Yorkers were rocking in their seats with noisy, almost hysterical mirth. Every cheer, rancid rally of the "Why does the chicken cross the road?" variety wrought these New Yorkers to ecstasies of laughter and applause. Jokes that were carsworn when Texas Sittlings and the Burlington Hawk-eye were new and novel publications drew these New Yorkers to a veritable distraction of hilarity. The Westerner began to fear that there was something the matter with him, he felt so much like a death's head at the feast—a Farmeide feast, say.

"Now I wonder why this is thus?" he inquired, anxious for enlightenment, of his New York entertainer after the show. "What caused them to laugh so?" I am not, I hope, destitute of a sense of humor. He'll see or hear anything worth laughing at, why, you can hear me too blocky. But there wasn't a spark of fun in that show. The jokes that were not merely childish plays upon words were older than Noah's first disastrous voyage. "The dialogue was utterly witless, pointless. Mellowed by a good dinner, and with a receptive spirit, I went into that theater eager to be amused. I am not blasé. But I didn't get a laugh for myself. Is there anything the matter with me?" And, if not, then what the dickens allied all those people—that made them laugh so hard?" "Simplest thing in life," replied the New Yorker, with sardonic candor. About three-fourths of the people in that theater speak and think in a language that is not English. It wasn't an American audience at all. Very many of these people had merely an elemental knowledge of the English language. Therefore any sort of a silly joke, any sort of a piffing play upon words, being entirely new to them, amused them, made them



AMERICAN INDIANS IN THEIR SAVAGE GARB

BEHNS FAMOUS SAVAGES CELEBRATED BY KIPLING

laugh. Nothing could be easier to explain. Rappelling, for instance, you yourself were living in Germany and just picking up the language. You would, of course, be wholly unfamiliar with the stock of German jokes and puns. Consequently, the most idiotic sort of a German alleged funny show unquestionably would cause you to shriek with laughter, as these people did tonight. The twist upon words, the new point of near-humorous view, would be funny to you in such circumstances.

There was a good deal in that analysis of the laughter of a New York theater audience. And a similar sort of analysis, otherwise applied, would account for the amount of public nastiness that is tolerated in New York. And the final word of such an analysis would be that New York simply is no longer an American city at all.

Changes in the Smith Name.

John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high-sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die-away novels; and yet it is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smet; and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonoff Smithovitch. When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmit; if he clambers about Mount Hecla the Icelanders say he is Jahn Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscans he becomes Ton Qasmitia; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittewieski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains they talk of Jhu Schmidt; when he goes to Mexico he is hooked as Jontli FSmithi; if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins he turns to Ion Smiltos; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.

How Annoying!

Chicago News. Just now I find my troubled mind is running in new channels. I'll have to buy a big supply. I see of Winter business. I also note an overcast. It is something that I'm needing. For these three years upon last year's The multitudes have been feeding. My spirit wails. It seems that quite And blankets must be bought now. I've let them go too long, I know. But they demand must thought new. The furnace grate, that cannot wait, Reflection most unpleasant. We can't aspire for want of Rp. And now wear most freezing. And coal! Dear me! I fail to see At all how I can make it. It's hard and yet I've got to get A ton or two, please take it. My bank account—a small amount— Won't meet it altogether. It's sure enough confounded tough. This sudden change of weather,