

# WOMEN MUST PAY THE PENALTY FOR ONE

## Terrible Experience of Mrs. Karl Jahr With "Shorty," an Indian Who Murdered Her Husband—Women Plunge Into Woods and Over Rough Country to Reach Settler's Cabin

By Bert Huffman.

The old-time Alaskan mountains reaching away to the east; the long, undulating line of sea beach, stretching like a sluggish serpent lying at ease at the mountain's feet; the hushed waves of the blue Pacific lapping gently upon the shore; the subdued and solemn quiet of the Alaskan twilight settling down like a pall upon the land; a smouldering campfire on that desolate outpost of the northland; a squat figure hovering over the dying embers and a hoarse voice protesting in very sanctified assurance, by a vow that consecrates the speaker's life to seeking revenge upon the white man for a brother's murder—such is the setting of this story of the northland—a true story that surpasses for thrilling experiences any ever written about the Alaskan frontier.

"Shorty" is a "Coke village" Indian of Blind Point, Alaska. He was a small, dark-skinned, and hunted during the entire 30 years of his life in a little mountain cabin on a beach, east of 10 miles of his birth place. Until he was 20 years of age he had never seen a white man and he had never seen a white man's wife and two baby boys were his chief delights in life.

He had sold his fur and fish to the beach at Blind Point and had lived a monotonous, peaceful, almost inanimate life, until one day his brother was slain by white men. The news inspired him to seek revenge. "Shorty," a new motif burned in his breast, a new goal was set before his slant eyes, a new horizon. His life was cast in a new mould. He became a new creature.

### Plan Double Killing.

There on that night of suffering, as he shuddered about his smouldering fire on the beach after covering the corpse of a murdered brother with the kindly tundra, he felt the impulse of his first genuine resolution and he vowed that he would take the lives of two white men to pay for one brother's murder. And he kept the vow.

Mrs. Karl Jahr was sitting at a table in the one dwelling house at Blind Point, Alaska. It was the wedding anniversary of 1904, their first wedding anniversary.

She had been reared on the Alaskan coast, her father, Major Moore, had followed the salmon canneries for

a half century in that wild region. In summer the girl, Marion Thesmont Kilday, came out to Seattle and in the winter she kept her widowed father and mother at his lonely home in the north.

Finally she met Karl Jahr and a short time later she was married to him at Seattle. They spent their honeymoon at Blind Point, fishing, hunting and following the beach in her canoe. Winter came and still they lingered. The northland lure held them and they decided to remain at Blind Point and keep things in order at the father's trading post during his absence in "the states."

The winter passed quickly and without incident. For weeks and even months no one came to the post and the couple enjoyed an unique honeymoon in the vast Alaskan solitude.

Spring came and strange Indians brought in their furs and fish for sale. Occasional white hunting parties passed up the coast and 20 miles distant Tok, another trading post was started. Aside from these occasional hunters, a few Indians, the little party at Blind Point, the region was desolate. Only the silent mountains to the east; only the flat flung waves of the Pacific to the west; and north and south the barren beach line.

### At Blind Point.

A canoe bearing three "Coke village" Indians was tied at the beach below the Kilday house, at Blind Point, that evening, unobserved by Karl Jahr or his bride. It was dim twilight everywhere, detached way of living. Karl Jahr and his wife were preparing to rest, an uneasily because the two Indians broke the silence near the log dwelling. It startled them for an instant, but they were so used to the wild north they were soon outside of the house to learn the cause of the noise and the men.

Jahr rushed out unarmed, little thinking of the peril that confronted him and his bride, in night dress, cautioning him in a woman's way, followed closely behind.

### Only a Ruse.

It was a ruse of the Indians. "Shorty" had conjured up a plan to draw the white man out into the shadows of the night and before Karl Jahr could get to the door, the two men were fighting savages. "Shorty" drew his rifle from under a fisherman's coat, which he wore and shot him to death before he could leave.

Seeing her husband killed the white



Marian Thesmont Jahr.—Photograph by Major Lee Moorhouse.

woman rushed back into the house, pursued by the Indian and in the instant which it required for "Shorty" to fasten the heavy door which she had closed behind her, Mrs. Jahr crept under the bed and waited breathlessly, expecting instant death as soon as the thirty savage should discover her hiding place.

But it was he in the room the Indian rushed out of the house, taking with him the rifle and two revolvers, the only arms at the post. He ran around the house several times, thinking the woman must be close at hand.

Feeling the utter helplessness of her position and knowing that certain death awaited her if she lingered, Mrs. Jahr crept from her hiding place in time to see "Shorty" run down the beach toward a strip of timber in which he must have thought she had taken refuge.

Leaping out of the house she ran in an opposite direction, barefoot and dressed in only a night dress, gaining the strip of timber which skirted the beach. She stopped to consider her situation. She was alone. Her husband lay murdered at the doorway of their house. She had no arms. Help was not to be had in that wild region. It was 10 miles to the nearest camp and the route lay over stony, frozen ground and mud swollen streams, icy hillsides and mud flats along the beach. If she could only escape and she started, barefoot, shivering in her night dress, her hair disheveled, her heart leaping in fear and consternation.

### Alone in the Woods.

Standing there alone, almost naked, the rigor of a northern winter biting her limbs, a murderous savage seeking to slay her, her husband dead, succor miles away, and between her and that succor miles of inhospitable wilderness, with not even a path to guide her, and depending on her native instinct for direction, her thoughts for that moment were anything but pleasant to contemplate.

She knew no prayer, poor girl; she had been reared in the wilds of the north, and her father, a rough fisherman, had been her practical companion, but she wished for a gun—that was the best prayer she knew.

The murderous Indian was watching the house and the beach for her. If she started back to get clothes or to arm herself with an ax, she would be slain. So she started toward the camp of hunters 10 miles up the beach.

It was now near midnight, and the early spring breeze was biting cold in the north. Her bare feet were cut and scratched by the sharp ground. The fallen trees impeded her progress. Her nightdress, drenched by the dripping limbs of the trees and heavy ferns, clung to her even tighter than her skin, and her feet were now bleeding from dozens of cuts and scratches.

Once she sat down on a fallen tree to rest, but she was so cold she had to keep moving to keep warm. She stood for a moment behind a tree to shelter from the wind, which, although blowing up from the south, was bitter cold to

her almost naked body. But she realized that she must keep going if she reached the hunter's camp. She was alone in the night, following the right direction, and yet following the deep timber to hide her tracks from the Indian, who she feared might take his boat and follow up the beach to intercept her. She was alone in the night, and once she waded a stream, which was waist-deep and icy cold.

### Must Cross Flat.

Just before day she came to a wide mud flat which flanked the beach. To go around this long flat, which reached far inland, she would have to travel seven or eight miles out of her direction, while across it through mud and ice knee-deep, it was but two miles to the farther solid ground.

She hesitated before plunging into the mud. She knew it might be waist-deep, and she knew it would be covered with ice water for a great part of the distance, and was murky, growlome and terrible to look upon in the early dawn of the morning. But she had no more than she had already suffered, so she plunged into the vast mud lake and trusted to fortune to guide her.

She stumbled at first, but she fell and plunged her arms into mud and water to the armpits, but she struggled on. Her feet and limbs were now numb and she could not feel the stinging mud in the cuts on her feet and ankles. It required all her nervous energy to keep her from falling. She walked through the terrible flat, but at the end of an hour she reeled upon the solid ground at the farther side, within two miles, as she reckoned, of the hunter's camp.

She lay exhausted and suffering for a few moments, but gathering up her energy she started on, feeling as she walked, her scanty clothing clinging to her, as if plastered to her limbs by the slimy mud of the flats.

She now came out to the open beach, in hopes of catching sight of a boat when to her horror and surprise she saw what looked to be an Indian at the water's edge. In the dim light she could not clearly distinguish, but she was frightened until she almost fell, so weak was she in body and mind.

She finally saw that it was a white man and she halted him feebly. At first he did not hear. Then she called louder as her hopes arose. Started at such a sound in such a place, the man started back and ran from the apparition which he saw at the edge of the timber. She called, but he ran faster and her heart sank within her to see her hope of help vanish.

When the white man reached his boat on the beach he stopped and looked at the figure standing out in the open, beckoning to him. She called again and catching her words and recognizing a white woman in distress the frightened fisherman came toward her, but ap-

proached cautiously. As he came within speaking distance she tried to explain her plight and finally as he understood her terrible story he assisted her to the boat and rowed to the hunter's camp, where she lost consciousness on coming into the cheery room with its great log fire crackling in the fireplace.

### Trip to Recover Body.

Her dripping night dress was removed and warm, dry clothing put on and after rubbing and warming her limbs, she was restored to consciousness and told her story—of her husband's murder, of her escape, of her frightful journey through the timber and over the mud flat to the lone fisherman.

Ten sturdy men brought out a boat and taking her aboard started to Blind Point to recover the body of Karl Jahr and to capture the murderer.

After rowing out a short distance they were picked up by a southbound coast steamer and the party was landed on the beach where he had fallen 12 hours before. He had not struggled, so deadly had been the murderer's aim. The boat-brokers wife and her husband's remains were brought out to Juneau and a party went in search of "Shorty," the murderer. Next day he was captured while leisurely rowing up the beach 20 miles from the scene of his crime.

He was taken to Juneau, where he was tried for the murder and upon conviction was sentenced to serve 30 years in the federal prison at McNeill's Island, where he is now confined.

To the trial it was brought out by several Indian witnesses that "Shorty" had taken the vow to kill two white men in revenge for his brother's murder. Karl Jahr was the second victim and "Shorty" was satisfied. His only regret on leaving his northland home for prison, where he would spend perhaps the remainder of his life, was that he should be prevented from visiting a clam bed farther up the coast that summer, as he had intended to do in company with his brother.

Mrs. Jahr recovered from the effects of the terrible night and recently visited in Pendleton. She resides in Seattle.

### Sober as the Judge.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Judge Boyd of the Irish bench kept a supply of his favorite "pizen" on the desk before him in an inkstand of peculiar make. When he wanted a sip he took it through a quill pen, while other presiding judges, in their entire ignorance of the little maneuver, "Tell the court truly," he once said to a witness, "were you drunk or sober?" "Quite sober, my lord," replied the man. "And his counsel added, with a look at the inkpot: "As sober as a judge."

## WHEN IS A HOME NOT A HOME--By Blanche Rafalska

WHEN IS a home not a home? A numerous chorus constituting Portland's "roomer" population might answer truthfully: "When you live in furnished rooms, rooming-house style, and call it 'home.'"

Does the average person who owns his own roof-tree, or rents one for the exclusive use of his family, realize how many men, women and children there are in a city of Portland's size living and having their being after a certain fashion in "furnished rooms"?

There is no way of getting at the total figure of residents—families as well as choice or force of circumstance, live the free and wonderfully independent existence of the typical roomer. There are thousands of them here "in our midst," and in every large city, and they might go on living in such a manner, without criticism, to the end of the chapter, if lately some bespectacled professor of social conditions hadn't decided to put them in the "problem" class and treat them accordingly.

Therefore, "roomer" is a social problem. It is to be supposed, along with persons who make marriage a failure who are mental invalids, criminally insane, insurance kleptomaniacs, together with the general run of seconds whose headpieces have been turned out of the Almighty's workshop defective in one way or another.

Bolled down and put briefly, it seems the objection to the roomer citizen is that the life is opposed to our social ideas of the home. The Christian world has put all its eggs into one basket; it stakes its all on the holiness of its home. Note the adjectives and privileges of "rooming" life are totally different from anything mother and father countenanced under the parental roof. And there's the rub—several serious "rubs." In fact, there's all kinds of privacies in this mode of living. It is not the correct thing to mingle with your neighbors—your father suspect them, and vice versa. Names or references are not de-

manded; there is never a public parlor. The proprietor would consider that the best spaces for a girl, young or old, is at perfect liberty to receive her men friends in her own room, which is of necessity her bedroom. This is the "roomer" life. When you cross the landowner's palm with silver, and she hands you the key to your apartment, her responsibility is to see that you have a room for the time and you are the keeper, with apologies to nobody.

Young women coming as strangers to the beach from home re-entirement with all its restriction and protection, in the most surprising manner, are led to the "rooming-house" or "please rooming-house," idea like ducks to water. Time was when we had boarding-houses—a plenty. And how they are disappearing! There is the landlady of yesterday, she of the baleful eye, and her under-fed boarder—the pale, dejected youth with poet's soul and the appetite of a hired man; the giddy clerk, and the fluff ruffies (only they didn't call "em "fluff ruffies" 10 years ago); the old maids and bachelors, and all the merry party that used to gather round the boarder's table. The "rooming-house" that near home of blessed memory, has been turned into a rooming-house, and the cafes and restaurants are feeding many of their patrons. The boarding-house was a long way from being a real home, but in many vital respects it was a good substitute for one. Of course, there was no real personal liberty or privacy to be enjoyed. There was always the busybody, the most moral censor who ran a brush aside to the extent possible in a rooming-house. It is not immoral for a girl to see men friends in her room, but it is a long way towards being immoral, and it is not a bit astonished with our old-fashioned ideas of maidenly modesty. Then, it's bad for the family, deplorable for the single man, who are now agitating the subject with a remedy and device, an abode which shall retain the good points of the rooming-house, its convenience and a certain degree of its privacy and independence with the best features of the boarding-house scheme of living.

## MUST GO TO COLLEGE--By Irene Gardner

THE other prisoners were jealous of her shape. This made her so vain that she laced herself so tight that one morning she fainted during mass. Then her secret was discovered—she had laced her corset so tight that the wire netting in her cell was continually out of order.

It cannot be denied that modern woman takes up the burden of coquetry as did her grandmother, and bears it bravely. She smiles, chats and laughs and submits to all kinds of times suspect that she is suffering from because she is laced so tight that she can neither move nor breathe, and that had to be her lot. After all long evening hours, 365 evenings in the year.

Coquetry teaches woman self-control, teaches her to be mistress of herself and to suppress and conceal her feelings from others. In reading in the American papers about the girls who have time and again admitted the life of that sort their birth or financial standing entitle them to.

"And what is the result?" went on the man, earnestly. "You need only to look about you wherever you go to find out. The women speak for themselves. They rush hither and there, dressed absurdly, like dolls, indeed, spending their time in the most foolish ways, and all because they are ignorant of their own heads. If they had been through a college course, some stability at least would have resulted, some desire to read or observe. They would look higher than the latest style in hats, and inspire those women with whom they are associated with something better than mere social rivalry."

"I tell you I wouldn't have my daughter grow up to be a mature woman doing nothing definite after she leaves the high school, no, not if I had to mortgage my home to interest them in something worthy. I'd rather see them dead than that they should grow up fat and flound and in their pursuit of mere pleasure and far rather would I have them display the most serious degrees to be obtained at college than have their mirrors decorated with prizes won at this game of cards or that played all afternoon long."

"None of my girls at present show any particular taste for music or anything of that sort. They are just bright, normal girls, but if they consider their education finished when they graduate, then heaven pity them! Their mother was brought up in a home where there were many children and no help was kept. She led a useful life and made a good time as well. Such a life is possible for the average girl these days. I'll see that my daughters have as good a substitute for it as possible. Do you agree with this man?"

## WHY WOMEN FLIRT--By Paola Lombroso

THERE is not the slightest doubt that the flirtation of woman originates solely from her desire to please man, to attract his attention and to bewitch him.

During many centuries women had no other means permissible to capture men and to hold them captives than their flirtation, and it is therefore not strange that the habit of flirting has its roots deep in the soul of every woman. The habit of flirting has become an instinct with women, one of her most pronounced characteristics.

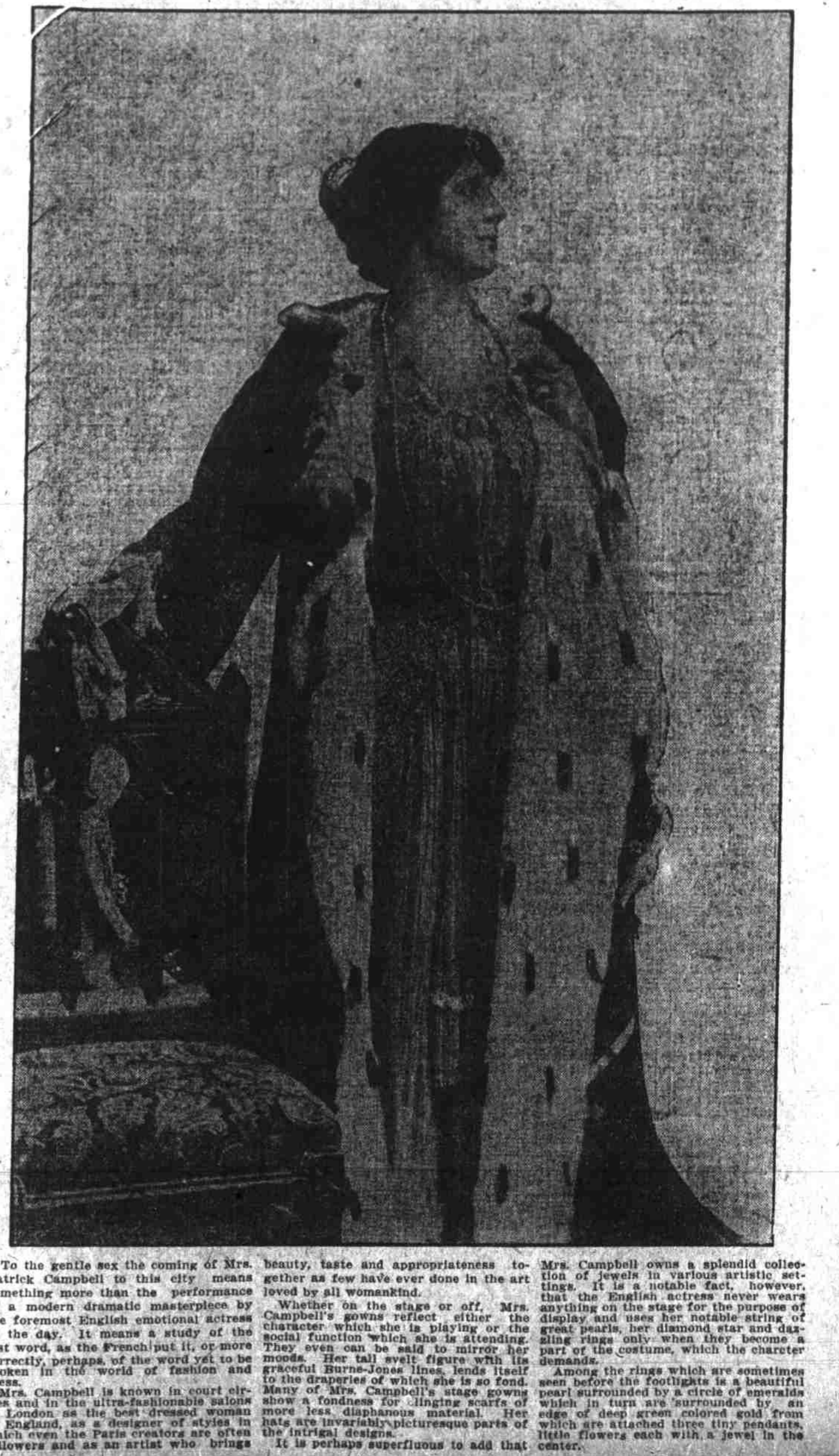
In insane asylums you find unfortunate mad women, who have lost all signs of womanhood with the exception of the desire to flirt. This habit lasts and remains long after every trace of intelligence has disappeared. These unfortunate beings spend hours looking at themselves in mirrors and use as ornaments anything they can get hold of, whether it be a flower, a ribbon or another proof that coquetry is found in every woman is the fact that you will discover it just as much in the rich society woman as in the poor shop girl. I have just heard a story which throws light upon this. It was about an American millionaire whose name the papers did not hesitate to print. When she was about to receive a royal prince in her palace she ordered for her tailor two gowns, one pink and another white. For the two gowns she paid 50,000 francs. Each gown showed a different woman. When she wore the pink gown she looked like a bewitching Eve, while the white made her appear like an angel.

For a long time she could not decide which one to wear. She wished she could find a way to show herself in both costumes. Finally, she decided in favor of the pink gown, but during the dinner, an awkward accident spilled gravy on her dress, and, of course, the young lady had to disappear a few minutes later to return to the sitting-room dressed in the white.

This is the kind of coquetry a millionaire can afford, but the poor woman, who has no other means to attract her admirer than the admiring glances of men, and who often has to live on a crust, will find a new waist, in her way an equally enthusiastic worshipper of the goddess of coquetry.

Women in coquetry under all circumstances, and was coquettish at all times, even in antiquity, before ploughs were invented and men lived in caves. The most beautiful women have been found in primitive times and eras. Savage women are not afraid of any pain if they think they can appear more beautiful. They tattoo themselves to be tattooed on the

## MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL--One of the Costumes Worn in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"



To the gentle sex the coming of Mrs. Patrick Campbell to this city means something more than the performance of a modern dramatic masterpiece by the foremost English emotional actress of the day. It means a study of the last word as the French put it, or more correctly, perhaps, of the word yet to be spoken in the world of fashion and dress.

Mrs. Campbell is known in court circles and in the ultra-fashionable salons of London as the best-dressed woman in England, as a designer of styles in which even the Paris creators are often followers and as an artist who brings beauty, taste and appropriateness to- gether as few have ever done in the art loved by all womankind.

Whether on the stage or off, Mrs. Campbell's gown reflects a striking character which she is playing or the social function which she is attending. They even can be said to mirror her moods. Her tall, elegant figure, which is graced by the fine lines of her face, lends itself to the draperies of which she is so fond. Many of Mrs. Campbell's stage gowns show a fondness for clinging scarfs of more less diaphanous material. Her hats are invariably picturesque parts of the intricate costumes which she wears. It is perhaps superfluous to add that

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most sensitive parts of her body, on her lips and bosom. They pierce their ears, nose and lips, press sticks into their flesh, pull out their teeth, squeeze their heads together that it may appear longer, mutilate their feet and in their respect they rival the beautiful women of the 20th century, who torture themselves and submit to all kinds of operations not to lose their beauty or to prevent wrinkles.

Young women and old are slaves of coquetry. I had an old aunt, about 50 years of age, who said to me, "After 50 years in the world of flirtation, I am now in the very flower of my youth."

And today, when I myself have passed the 20 years' line, I begin to understand how my old aunt felt. I don't think at all that because a woman is 30 years of age she needs to be considered an old hag, and I think that at 60, one may still be quite young.

Here I want to make the remark that I am no flirt at all. The genius flirts do not discover at all that they are old. At 60 they still take part in all the pleasures of society, and speak of their first ball as if it were something that happened a year or two ago.

It cannot be denied, woman is naturally a flirt, but who would have thought that coquetry could be used for moral purposes.

The director of the Italian states prisons, Cadalso, had the following original idea: Once when my father visited him he told him of all the tricks the female prisoners had played on him, and of their irresistible desire to beautify themselves.

Although they were entirely cut off from the world, and so to speak never saw a man, he decided to let them kill in them the desire to appear beautiful, and to arouse the admiration of men. The rules of the prison were very strict regarding the toilet of the prisoners, and it is absolutely forbidden to get powder, perfume and cosmetics into the prison. This, however, did not discourage the women prisoners, and they found that they could get powder or rather, white face coloring, in this way: By licking the walls of their cells and chewing the calamine they produced white dough, which they used to paint their faces. And one prisoner was found one morning painted red all over the face, and no one understood how it had been possible for her to get hold of the color.

Her cell was searched from floor to ceiling, and at last the candle was discovered. The prisoners made skirts runs a single red thread near the selvage, and this thread for months and got the red color. Then she had soaked the threads in water, and this she now had used to paint her face.

Another woman had actually succeeded in making a corset for herself, and all-