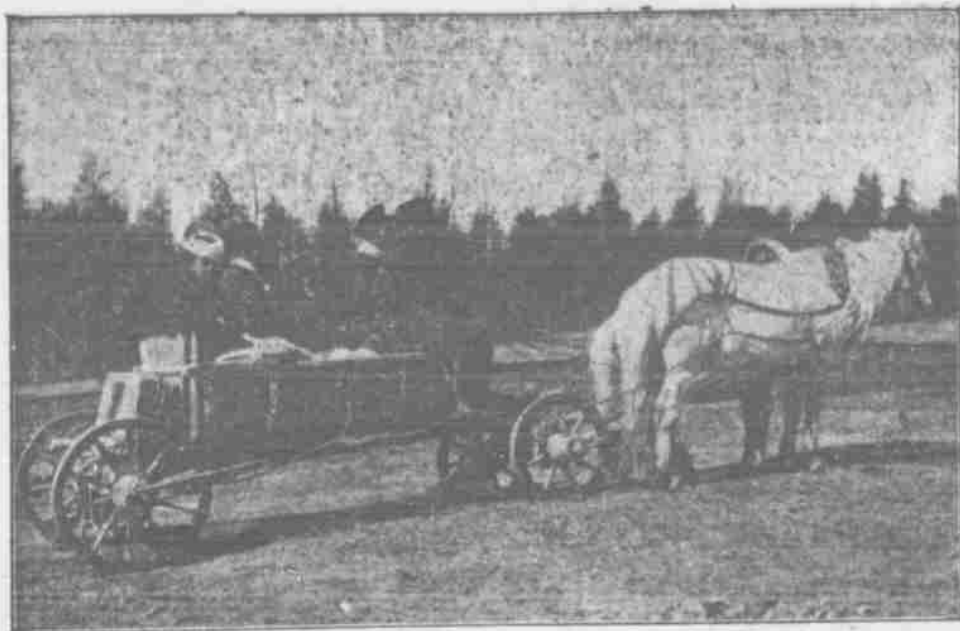


# Adventures of the Museum Collector



MR. AND MRS. JOCHELSON, MUSEUM COLLECTORS, TRAVELING IN SIBERIA

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**W**HEN people walk around a museum and gaze in open-mouthed wonder at prehistoric skeletons from Siberia, totem poles from Alaska, bone spears from the cannibal islands of the Pacific, and a thousand other curios from all the ends of the earth, they seldom give a thought to how the things came there. It seems as natural as for the morning milk to appear promptly on the breakfast table. Yet the collection of museum specimens is one of the most difficult and adventurous of professions.

In one of the principal museums of America the other day a group of officials were talking about one of their number who happened to be away on sick leave. "He's never been really well since he came back from his expedition to Patagonia," said a man whose face was bronzed by long exposure to the tropical sun in many parts of the world. "He had to sleep out in the open for many months, without even a tent part of the time, and the rains were so incessant that for over three weeks he never wore dry clothing. No wonder he got broken up, poor fellow! His health was completely ruined by that trip, and now he is always suffering from rheumatism and ague."

"And do you know," said another of the officials, "that he was ordered off on that trip at a day's notice. He was asked one afternoon by the authorities whether he could be ready to sail for Buenos Ayres and thence to Patagonia, on the following morning. He was young and unmarried, so he said yes. In this line of work a man has to be ready to move to the other side of the earth as rapidly as a war correspondent or a soldier, but I think the dangers that he runs are even greater than theirs."

The reports sent in by various collectors who have been sent abroad by American museums in recent years bear out this statement. Consider, for example, the remarkable experiences of Dr. Berthold Laufer of the Berlin Academy of Sciences among the Gilyak, Tungus and Ainu tribes on the island of Saghalin about six years ago.

After spending some time on the island, gathering idols, amulets and other articles for a well known American museum, Dr. Laufer was taken ill with the grip at a Gilyak village. He lay on his back for weeks, and directly he got up again he was attacked by pneumonia—the result of the hardships of his life—and his investigations suffered a long interruption.

As soon as he could stand, the doctor got a horse and rode over the island to visit the Tungus and Ainu tribes. After a few days he collapsed from exhaustion and could no longer ride his horse; but he got a reindeer sledge and continued on his journey. Then he received a telegram from the Russian governor of the island, telling him to return immediately if he valued his life, for a band of outlaws was terrorizing the region by slaying the natives and holding up travelers. Dr. Laufer put the telegram in his pocketbook and calmly drove his reindeer ahead until he reached the Ainu tribes and collected a lot of valuable information from them, as well as some remarkable museum specimens.

"I had very good success in using the phonograph," said Dr. Laufer, "and obtained songs of the Gilyak and Tungus. It was difficult to talk to the people, because there were no interpreters, and nobody knew more than the most common phrases of Russian, although Saghalin is a Russian colony. Among the Ainu, Russian is entirely unknown, and for the purpose of interpreting I had to use Japanese, with which, however, they are not very familiar, either. Nevertheless, my knowledge of the Japanese language facilitated my work among them, since they like the Japanese people."

"I did not succeed in obtaining any anthropometric measurements, although I tried to do so. The people were afraid that they would die at once after submitting to the process. Although I had their confidence, I failed in my efforts in this direc-

tion, even after offering them presents which they considered of great value."

"I only succeeded in measuring a single individual, a man of imposing stature and great strength. He was a fine-looking creature, but after a few measurements had been taken he fell prostrate on the floor, the picture of despair, and groaned: 'Now I am going to die tomorrow!'"

"When I visited one of the Gilyak villages the people were celebrating their bear festival. For five days I assisted in the ceremonial, and was even permitted to witness the sacrifice of the dog, which is kept secret from the Russians."

"While among the Gilyaks I took phonographic records of songs, which created the greatest sensation among the Russians as well as among the natives. A young Gilyak woman who sang into the instrument said:

"It took me so long to learn this song, and this thing has learned it at once, without making any mistake. There is surely a man or a spirit in the box which imitates me."

"All the time she was crying and laughing with excitement."

Dr. Laufer's diary contains the following entry:

"2d January—I started by dog sledge northward. This journey was exceedingly difficult and sometimes even dangerous. At one time I narrowly escaped drowning when crossing the ice at the foot of a steep promontory. I broke through the ice, which was much weakened by the action of the waves. Fortunately, my guide happened to upset his sledge at the same moment when I broke through. Thus it was that he saw my situation and extracted me with his staff."

One of the most remarkable expeditions undertaken by a museum collector in recent years was that of Waldemar Jochelson in Siberia, from the Sea of Okhotsk westward over the Stanovoi mountains to the Yukaghir, and thence to Yakutsk and Irkutsk.

This journey amounted to nearly 8,000



MUSEUM COLLECTORS IN CAMP IN SAGHALIEN ISLAND.

miles, and Mr. Jochelson was accompanied all the way by his wife, herself a noted scientist and a doctor of medicine of the University of Zurich.

They had just got well started when the party lost six horses in a terrific snowstorm, and six more died soon afterwards from exhaustion, while two of the native guides almost perished from cold and hunger.

Undismayed by the misadventures Mr. and Mrs. Jochelson pushed on and lived for some time among the native Koryaks. Their diary contains the following entry:

"While among the Maritime Koryaks we lived most of the time in their underground dwellings, which are reached by a ladder leading down through the smoke-hole. It is almost impossible to describe the squalor of these dwellings. The smoke which fills the hut makes the eyes smart. It is particularly dense in the upper part of the hut, so that work that has to be done in an upright position becomes almost impossible. Walls, ladders and household utensils are covered with a greasy soot, so that contact with them leaves shining black spots on hands and clothing."

"The dim light which falls through the smoke-hole is hardly sufficient for writing and reading. The odor of blubber and of refuse is almost intolerable; and the inmates, intoxicated with fly agaric, add to the discomfort of the situation. The natives are infested with vermin. As long as we remained in these dwellings we could not escape these insects, which we dreaded more than any of the privations of our journey."

"The winter tents of the Reindeer Koryak are so cold that we could not work in them; therefore, we had to put up a tent of our own. It was furnished with a small iron stove, and there we carried on our ethnological and anthropometrical work. At night, however, the tent was very cold,

and we slept in bags made of wolf skins. While on the way we spent the nights on the snow, covered with fur blankets. Several times we were exposed to snowstorms, and had to wait under our blankets covered with snow until the gale was over."

Later on, the party proceeded on a dangerous boat journey, and were driven by storms into the Bay of Atkyna, where they were penned in by the weather for five days, almost without any provisions. On the fourth day of their stay they were lucky enough to kill two seals and thus escaped death from starvation.

Still worse hardships were in store for them when they had to cross over the Stanovoi mountains.

"We were the first whites to cross the Stanovoi mountains at this point," said Mr. Jochelson. "In winter, nomadic Fungus visit this country, but in summer it is deserted by all human beings."

"This journey was the most difficult one that it was every my fate to undertake. Bogs, mountain torrents, rocky passes and thick forests combined to hinder our progress. Part of our provisions consisted of bread and dried fish. A heavy rain which fell during the first few days of our journey soaked the loads of the pack horses and caused the provisions to rot. Therefore, we had to cut down our rations from the very beginning."

"After crossing the passes of the Stanovoi mountains we reached the upper course of the Korkodon river. By this time our horses were exhausted and it was necessary to take a long rest. Meanwhile the cold was increasing day by day and haste was necessary if we were to reach our destination before the closing of the river. Therefore, I left three Yakut with the horses and the goods and prepared to descend the river on a raft with the rest of my party, hoping thus to reach a camp of the Yukaghir, which is located on the course of the Korkodon."

"It took us one day to build a strong raft, and then we began the descent of the river, made dangerous by numerous rapids and short bends, by the rocky banks and by jams of driftwood. Our guides had intimated that we could make the descent in two days, but instead we spent nine days on the raft."

"It was my desire to leave ample provisions with the three Yakut who staid with the horses, and for this reason I reduced our own allowance to the very lowest limit. Thus it happened that three days' rations had to last us through the nine days which we spent on the raft. For the last six days we had to be satisfied with forty-five pounds of flour, or an allowance of two cups a day for every person, and a little tea without sugar."

"We spent four days among the Yukaghir of the Korkodon and after finishing our work and purchasing a supply of fish we continued our journey to Verkne-Kolymsk in a boat, down to Korkodon and the Kolyma. The journey took seven days. In the night following the seventh day the river froze up while we were still forty miles from our goal. We left the boat and after a tramp of two days reached Verkne-Kolymsk on October 9, 1901."

Edmund Otis Hovey, a geologist attached to the American Museum of Natural History, was sent down post haste to investigate the eruptions of La Souffriere and Mont Pelee in the West Indies in 1902, and to collect specimens of the volcanic material. He made several adventurous ascents of the two volcanoes and narrowly escaped death many times.

Another American museum collector traveled in the unexplored parts of Mexico and discovered a remarkable tribe who call themselves the Huicholes or "Gods of Fire." They are fire-worshippers, and have weird religious ceremonies, in which they surround themselves with burning brushwood until it would seem to an outsider that they must burn to death.

RALPH B. CARRUTHERS.

## Carpenter's Letter

(Continued from Page Twelve.)

that consumption is not hereditary, and very likely leprosy is the same."

"Are there many children born on the island of Molokai?"

"No," said Governor Carter. "The lepers have but few children, and the number of grown-ups is decreasing. Altogether there are 850 there now."

"Do you have consumption in the Hawaiian islands?"

"To some extent, but chiefly among the native Hawaiians, who are decreasing very rapidly. In 1836 there were more than 100,000 natives on the islands; sixty years later there were less than 40,000, and today we have only about 30,000. The Hawaiian islands generally are very healthful. Our temperature is about as equable as that of any part of the world. We call our country the 'Paradise of the Pacific,' and every one who visits us says the islands are rightly named."

"Is your tourist travel increasing?"

"Very rapidly. The Pacific ocean is becoming one of the pleasure resorts of the nations, and with the big steamers which have been recently added to the Pacific fleets the travel will be greater than ever. There are good hotels in all parts of the island, and Honolulu has one of the finest hotels of the Pacific. It cost \$1,800,000. It is a modern six-story, fire proof structure, with a great roof garden of one-third of an acre, capable of seating 2,500 people. We have other good hotels in Honolulu and at Waikiki, our seaside resort close by, and also in other parts of the islands. There are now good facilities of travel from island to island, and there is no place where one can see so much grand scenery under such pleasant conditions."

"Is Honolulu growing?"

"Yes; we have many new buildings, and

altogether about 45,000 inhabitants. The city has twenty miles of electric car tracks, 1,000 telephones, four public parks, two opera houses, three boat and yacht clubs and social clubs of various kinds. The assessed valuation of our property is \$28,000,000 and the rate of taxation is 1 per cent. We have morning and afternoon newspapers, and since the cable has been completed we have telegraphic dispatches from all parts of the world."

"How is the new cable working, governor?"

"It is doing very well, indeed, and we think it comparatively cheap. The cost is 25 cents a word for a dispatch to San Francisco, and about 47 cents a word to Washington. Your question as to how it works reminds me how the cable was explained to one of our natives at the time the connection was first made. The native could not understand how you could send messages such a long way under the water, until at last the wire was compared to a dog. Said the cable-agent, who was explaining the matter: 'Suppose you had a dog, one of these long-bodied dogs with short legs. If you pinch its tail the dog will bark. Now, if you will suppose a dog so long that if its hind legs stood in San Francisco and its front legs in Honolulu and some one pinched the dog's tail in San Francisco, would not the front end of the dog bark in Honolulu? It is on that same principle that cable messages are sent from one place to the other.'

"The last legislature or so has been very extravagant and has made appropriations unnecessarily heavy. I called the legislature together in special session a few months ago and preached retrenchment. As a result the appropriations were reduced about one-third, the session was short and the bills passed were in the interest of the whole people. I think we shall do very well from now on."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.