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Levella Pierce Churchill

SAMOA ·UMA



Yours Sincerely
Llewella Pierce Churchill

SAMOA 'UMA

Where Life is Different

By
Llewella Pierce Churchill



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WITH A MOTHER'S AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED TO
DR. BERNARD FUNK
WHOSE GREAT SKILL AND UNCEASING CARE
SAVED THE LIFE OF MY DEAR SON
AT APIA, SAMOA

SAMOA 'UMA.

THE words of the title, "Samoa 'Uma," may mean much or little, as they are used. The Samoans themselves are glib enough with them. They constantly recur in speech and song. They mean "All Samoa."

I have by no means intended to include all Samoa other than to present characteristic views of the real way of life of the islanders themselves and of the small colony of white people set down among a savage, though Christianized, community. My opportunities were ample to become familiar with the stream of native and foreign life as it passed through the current of my daily life on the domestic side of the American Consulate at Apia. My intention has been to draw upon that familiarity in presenting a picture of the realities of life in this remote South Sea archipelago.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the courtesy and skill of T. Andrew, Esq., of Apia, and of J. Davis, Esq., of Apia—for nearly every picture used in illustration of the text. Their assiduity has overcome the great mechanical difficulties of photography in the

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tropics; their zeal has made it possible to present in picture the real Samoa with more fidelity than can be hoped for in mere words.

Criticism as to the spelling of Samoan names will discover a variation from the standard of the missionaries who reduced the language to writing. For their uses the letter "g" served sufficiently to reproduce our soft "ng"; in this work the "n" has been restored to avoid error in pronunciation. Exception has been made in the case of Pago Pago, which has been adopted into chart English with that spelling.

LL. P. C.

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His Pronunciamento the Orator

Faafogafoga
o Samoa cuma
se'i fou fai atu
o lo'u faatusa

Give attention
All ye Samoans
While I declare
My parable

I.

THE REAL SAMOA.

It has been the luck of Samoa to occupy a most inordinate position in the annals of modern times. The archipelago has been the theme of a mountain of public documents and of private impressions of the globe trotter, and of the two it would be difficult to say which conveys the more erroneous impression. Great nations have more than once been brought to the edge of war over this little nation; and the actual hostilities were prevented by no less a force than the powers of the air, which filled the Apia harbor with a marine disaster so deadly that few of the historic sea fights can show such a roll of the dead.

Samoa never was worth it, never was worth the anxiety it was always causing, never was worth the price it always exacted from every one who sought to do some good for the petty island kingdom. On any map of the world the space it occupies is scarcely more than the dotting of an "i." The whole archipelago might be taken just as it is and set down in Lake Ontario and not become a serious obstacle to navigation.

Samoa has been made to seem large for the most part through the distance at which it has been viewed.

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From the first, the Pacific has been regarded as the home of such romantic ideas as should cast a rosy glow over the deeds of those who, in other seas, would have been justly punished as beachcombers, pirates, mutineers. The "Kingdom of Samoa" made a very respectable figure among the list of the countries of the world, and His Majesty Malietoa looked quite royal on the postage stamps. It was only on nearer view that it was found that king and kingdom were in a very shabby state, that the king was often hard-up on his regal wages of \$48.60 a month, that the queen took in washing to help out, and that all would have been better off if it had been possible to set the kingdom at some such productive work. From the distant view-point the Samoans have been made to appear as a noble race of men, filled with high aspirations, generous, capable of governing themselves if only they are protected from the rapacity of the white man. It is only on the nearer view that it is seen that with more truth it might be said of them that they are greedy and grasping, puffed up with a sense of their own importance, untruthful and never to be relied upon, for no obligation has been found which has proved sufficiently solemn to bind them.

This work is essentially based on the nearer view, and for this closer inspection the opportunities were excellent. One of the briskest of Samoan villages surrounded on three sides the house which for the last decade has been occupied by the representatives of the United States; in fact, the Consulate was set down on the seaward aspect of the village green, and

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was thus of necessity included in all the ceremonies of island life, some dignified and stately, others rude and revolting. Through that house there passed day after day all of the business of the kingdom for inspection, approval or rejection. At the same time there was an undercurrent which included more than half the political schemings of the Samoan people, to whom political intrigue is as the breath of life. At our doors was the complexity of the Samoan life, which is least understood by those who profess to know it the most; in front was the quiet and safe water-way within the reef where with music of not unmelodious voices passed and repassed the pleasure parties of the loyal Samoans, and further out was the open sea, where the boats of the rebels were often seen with derisive dressing of mocking flags. Around the next corner of the shore was the reek and pettiness of Apia, beginning at one horn of the bay with "Mary Hamilton's husband," the evidence of the failure of the attempt to make Samoans the same as white people, and ending at the other horn with the no more deplorable evidence of the wreck that comes to the higher race in its effort to meet the conditions of the lower, the poor, miserable wretch of a box-maker, John Rohde, stark, staring, raving, chattering mad. But at the back of it all, behind the beach and its worries, behind the rebel and the loyalist, the white man and the brown, the tricks of trade and the policies of diplomacy, behind all was the restful solitude of trackless jungle, "the wilderness of birds, the wilderness of God," as the Samoans learned to call it

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even in their heathen days, the only refuge in all Samoa where one could find the blessing of silence.

The reason for the presence at all of the United States in Samoa, of which we now own the more valuable portion as a result of the late partition, is to be found in the annals of the whale fishery. In the days when the fleets out of New Bedford and Nantucket were straining every gallon of sea in their ruthless war of extermination against the bowhead, the right whale and the cachalot, the most distant Pacific was none too far for these most adventurous of mariners. Through the island-spotted belt of the torrid Pacific swept the great herds of sperm whale. At the northern boundary of the stream Honolulu built itself up as a port of call and of outfitting for the dash through Behring Straits into the shallow Arctic seas. In like manner the position of Samoa just within the southern edge of the sperm current made it important to the whalers of the southern fleet before battling down in search of their richer prey, where they sported in the tumult of the sea and the Antarctic icefields. Following the whale fleet came Consuls to arrange their disputes, and thus without prevision of difficulty the United States found themselves committed to a position in Samoa which has been a source of unmitigated trouble.

How it happened that the English had interests in Samoa is one of those things that scarcely need explanation. It is quite the usual thing to find the British Empire, "morning drum-beat" and all, fractioned off all over the world, protecting this spot, annexing that,

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and generally with a managing director's concern in the affairs of weaker people. The position of Samoa in relation to the lines of South Pacific navigation before the universal employment of steam, and in particular its position in reference to Australia and New Zealand, is sufficient in itself to account for the interested presence of the English.

What brought the Germans to Samoa, what gave them that absolute trade supremacy which they were perfectly right to seek to defend at all cost and at every hazard (and it did cost dear, and much was indeed hazarded), was not the adventure of deep-sea cruising, was not the instinct of annexing new lands, but plain ordinary commerce, the selling dear and buying cheap, extending credit to a people who never yet have learned that between a bill and a receipt there is any difference worthy of consideration, and who would mortgage anything for the future to obtain the object of present desire. Let the credit fall to the memory of the man to whom it was due, a genius in his way, to Theodor Weber, that "Misi Ueba," who is probably the only man whose superiority the Samoans were compelled to confess. It was not Germany that went out into the South Sea and carved out an empire. At that time there was no Germany, there were no more than Germanic kingdoms, and duchies and principalities, so petty that in any case if you didn't like it you could go around it without the loss of much time. Above all were the free cities, those Hanseatic republics, and of these it was Hamburg that stood foremost. Out of Hamburg came

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Theodor Weber, what the Germans call "commis," but in his way a genius in discovery. He found Samoa and annexed it to the Firma Godeffroy, whose servant he was, John and Cæsar Godeffroy, merchant princes preëminent in a city full of such. The free town did not lose sight of such a man merely because he was at the back of the world, selling in a market that he was creating where no wants at all existed, but above all buying, buying cheap, minting money for the Firma Godeffroy. Hamburg made him Consul. Later he was made Consul of the North German Confederation. After Versailles his title was changed to that of Consul for the German Empire. All the titles and the decorations which came in later years were very pleasant to have, nobody more keenly than a commercial German enjoys these frills of life. But Weber knew what he was about, he bought and he sold, above all he made himself that "Misi Ueba" who dominated Samoa. In the course of time the Firma Godeffroy was caught in the magnitude of its operations by a coalition of rivals and was forced into bankruptcy. In the examination it was found that some of its world-embracing transactions had been failures and money had been sunk in them, but Weber's part, the South Sea trade, was found to be a paying business and was at once taken up by a stock company, Die Deutsche Handels und Plantagens Gesellschaft der Süd-See Inseln zu Hamburg, but considering the limitations on human time it is found more economical to refer to this as merely the German firm. Weber laid the foundations so well that

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the firm has never made a mistake when following along his lines. Weber did a great deal more than the establishment of a business house. He could not annex land to himself or to Hamburg, but he accomplished the same result in another way. He filled the unoccupied islands of the Pacific so full of his own trading establishments that any annexation by any other country than Germany would be so manifestly futile as not to be thought of. Then, when Germany awoke to a colonial policy, the first thing was to annex from Theodor Weber all the embryo colonies which he had been arranging for.

The center of all this system it was impossible to annex. There were older influences at work in Samoa than those of "Misi Ueba." He had won all the trade, rivals existed only through his good-natured toleration until he was ready to use them or to crush them, but there were treaties in existence with the United States and Great Britain, and these were beyond the reach of the resident manager for the Godefroys. But there are always means of winning by indirection when more open means would be doomed to failure. Germany, that is Weber, had a practical ownership of Samoa, but could not assume the conduct of affairs because of the presence of the two other treaty powers. Then began the campaign of making Samoa quite too hot for anybody but Germany to hold. It would be idle to give dates of the rise and of the downfall of this Samoan aspirant to the throne, or of that; of the days on which were fought singularly bloodless battles, yet with much

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combustion of very expensive powder in very cheap muskets. A Samoan battle with five dead in three days' fighting would be a marvel. There is but one date that it behooves us to recall, for it is the date of termination of the epoch.

This date is March 16, 1889, the day of the hurricane in Apia Harbor. The Samoan figureheads of that particular chapter of trouble were Tamasese, King of Samoa, with German backing openly avowed, and Mata'afa also and rival King of Samoa (with a strong probability of German backing, but this was not suspected at the time and is not yet acknowledged). The war of the puppets was a little thing; the great thing was that this war had brought together seven warships of the United States, Germany and Great Britain, and from moment to moment it was a tremendous strain to keep the old Trenton and the Vandalia and the Nipsic from measuring their wooden walls and obsolete armament against the steel walls of the German squadron. But a blast from the skies fell upon the situation and cleared it up. It was on that day that the hurricane did its greatest destruction and made the petty harbor of Apia famous. Seven ships were there when the barometer gave abundant and timely warning of the storm about to come, three American, three German and one British. Had the warning been taken, there need have been no disaster, for there was abundant time to run to Tutuila, where Pago Pago harbor defies every gale that blows. But fighting blood was up and no commander would be the first to run.



The land-locked waters of Pago Pago, the American dominion beyond the equator

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When the gale was over the German *Olga* was on the beach, and later was floated off, the *Eber* lay at the bottom of the harbor, the *Adler* was high and dry beam-end on the reef, where she is likely to remain a grim monument so long as rivets and German steel can hold out against the unrelenting war of time and rust. The British *Calliope* as by a miracle won her way to safety by the narrowest margin in the very teeth of the gale. Of the American fleet the *Trenton* and the *Vandalia* were wrecks beyond repair, while the *Nipsic* was high up on the beach. She was floated out and was just able to hobble back to Honolulu, and is now at Puget Sound Navy Yard.

This shocked the world into a sense of what was being done in this distant part of the world, and saner thought felt that all Samoa was not worth this loss of life. The result was the agreement of the three powers upon the Berlin Act. Almost before the act was enacted it proved itself but a feeble piece of paper, a commodity of which Samoan politics had already a sufficiency. Yet in 1890 the act went into effect and it was announced that there was to be no more Samoan question. Still there was a Samoan question, as there ever would be so long as the point at issue was unsettled, that being who should own Samoa. That point has been met at last and settled in the partition of Samoa. After the war of 1899, with its revolting barbarity to officers and men of the United States Navy, there was no longer any pretense of a method, such as the Berlin Act was devised to provide, whereby Samoans could govern them-

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selves and be brought to keep the peace in doing it. At last the absurd fiction of Samoan independence was laid aside, the three powers looked fairly upon the archipelago as something to be divided, divided into three parts because there were three of them. This accordingly was done. To Germany was allotted Upolu because of the preponderance of German interests in trade and plantations. To Great Britain was assigned Savaii with the statement that it was given to the British because it was the largest; no one ventured to dispute the suggestion that of a thing which has no value it better profits to have a large parcel than a small one. To the United States was assigned Manu'a and Tutuila. There can be no doubt that the ownership of Pago Pago harbor is the really solid value of the whole archipelago. As soon as this partition had been ratified, another agreement was filed whereby Great Britain conveyed Savaii to Germany in return for similarly transferred territory in the Solomon Islands and the extinction of German rights in the adjacent kingdom of Tonga, which thereupon became a British protectorate. Thus the settlement of the Samoan question availed to wipe out the last two independent native kingdoms on the face of the globe—Samoa and Tonga.

It was at Pago Pago that the United States made their first treaty with any Samoans. This was negotiated by Wilkes of the Exploring Expedition in 1839. It was designed to secure the right to enter the harbor to all American vessels and to buy stores and to refit in general. At that time navies had not

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begun to see the necessity for coaling stations. In the treaty executed in Washington between Mr. Evarts and Le Mamea in 1871 is found the first provision that this country should have exclusive rights to a coaling station in Pago Pago. This right lay dormant until the time of the Tamasese war of 1889, when a stock of coal was dumped on the beach in hastily constructed sheds. The Berlin Act confirmed our exclusive right to the coaling station in Pago Pago, Tutuila, in the same way as it confirmed similar rights of the British in Fangaloa Bay and of the Germans in Saluafata Bay, both on the island of Upolu. Since the partition the coaling station has been re-established at Pago Pago and is now on a permanent basis. American Samoa (Tutuila and the Manu'a group) is administered as a naval station under executive command of the commandant of the station and through the employment of the Samoan chiefs in the duties of their chiefly position as governors of districts.

II.

THE SAMOAN FAMILY.

THE Samoan has no domestic life; no other man is so strongly tied to his family. This is but one more of the apparent contradictions of the life of these islanders. He may put his wife aside at pleasure, he never objects to allow the adoption of his child by another, the permanent relations of the household as they are known to other culture are fleeting associations with the Samoan. Yet with all the looseness there is a certain rigidity which rules every man and woman. That is the Samoan family or *ainga*, the collective households of common ancestry. Nor is that an accurate description of what constitutes a Samoan family. The common ancestry may be the result of birth; it may be as firmly established by adoption.

The Samoan has always shown a disposition toward monogamy, even though an impermanent one. It is only in the oldest tales, and mostly in the mythical period before history may be said to have begun, that simultaneous plurality of wives appears. Even then such a state is almost always marked by special circumstances which, in the Samoan way of thinking, probably amounted to valid reasons therefor. Marriage was consensual, its essential was that it should

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be published to the knowledge of the people, this essential leading to the rude and revolting ceremonies of the *nunu*, the form of marriage for chiefs. Samoan marriages were during mutual pleasure, they were broken by the simple leaving of the dissatisfied party. Secrecy in marriage relations was an offense against ideas of good taste, not against morals, it did not load the woman with a burden of shame. At any time after the voluntary dissolution of one of these consensual marriages, each party might contract another. Irregularity of life among unmarried women was so little comprehended that there was no name for it in the language. Breach of faith in wedlock was visited with rude punishment; the injured wife was permitted to punish her rival by slitting the nose. Marriage, being only temporary, did not make the wife a member of the family of her husband; she was under the power of his family and of her own as well. Her children were born members of her husband's family. If born after the dissolution of her marriage they were counted as members of her family, and without any opprobrium attaching to them by reason of this or any other irregularity of their position. Neither man nor woman might marry a member of the family of either parent, for they were all brothers and sisters.

In these circumstances and under these conditions consider the case of a male child born to parents who yet live in the same house together, that is, the marriage relation has all the permanency with which it is possible to endow it under this system.

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Certain formalities at birth, ceremonies which may be traced elsewhere in Polynesia, point to a dim remembrance of an earlier stage of society, to polyandry, in which the child was held to be of the mother's family and might be employed to mulct the paternal family of some of its property. This child of savages is born to the best of good treatment within the knowledge of the parents, and is encouraged to feel that father and mother are to be his willing servants. It is no uncommon sight to see a small child imposing infantile commands on obedient parents; admonition, correction and punishment of the young are extremely rare. Infant mortality is very large, the people having only a few drugs and very strong ones, which are employed solely on the guidance of external symptoms, the knowledge of functional anatomy being very slight and extremely inaccurate. During the nursing period, which may extend two or three years, the child is called by various terms of affection or endearment, but has as yet no individual name.

When the child leaves his mother the first or childhood name is given. At this period also he begins to be eligible for adoption into another family. The ceremony is simple in the extreme, the blood parents readily consent, the adoptive parents take the child to their home and give him a name which makes him in all respects as much a member of his new family as though he had acquired membership by birth. Just as completely he ceases to be a member of his blood family, except that it is closed to him in marriage. This adoption is very common; probably a

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third of all Samoans, men and women, are thus members of families other than those to which they were born. That the rights of the adopted member are as good as those of the member by birth appears in the fact that the heads of many families have been thus adopted. The history of the senior royal line, the Tupua, expressly states the fact; Tupua himself was the child of Fuimaono and Oilau and received the name of Fuiavailili—he was adopted by Fenunuivao, and when she was married by Muangututia the lad was taken into the sacred family and received the name of Tupua, which he has transmitted to his descendants. When the child has reached the age of eight or ten years he chooses for himself a name, either that by which he has been known in early childhood, or any which may suit his fancy; this name he may change at pleasure, it is often given up in exchange for that of some friend. At fourteen or fifteen years of age he is tattooed and thereby signalizes his entry into manhood. He now assumes his full share of his duties to his family; he may marry, he has a voice in the conduct of family affairs. Up to that period his family has supported him as one of its unproductive members, now he enters upon his right to labor for his family.

Here lies the social condition of his life. He may not toil for himself, he must toil for a family which supports all alike. He has become a full member of a system in which each works for all and each draws benefit from the other.

The central point of this system is the name of the

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tulafale or head of the family. The name is in ownership of the whole family, it carries with it all title to property and all authority. The idea is characteristically Samoan, this making out of a name a solid reality; it is not easy to grasp the idea and to comprehend this seemingly inverted way of looking at a fact. It is very difficult, indeed, to find in civilized life any condition of affairs which can be made to serve as an illustration even of the differences between the two customs, so radically dissimilar are they. It is known that all property of the Salvation Army is vested in General Booth, in trust for the organization of which he is the head. In case of his retirement by death or resignation a new commander-in-chief would be chosen to succeed him in this trust, and all the titles to property would pass to the new incumbent. Now the Samoan custom would be to decide upon some eligible person, a member of the Booth family by birth, or with equal validity by adoption, and to elect him, not commander-in-chief, but William Booth, and as such seized of all property and rights belonging to the organization. The *tulafale* name, therefore, means all that the family has, and its possession carries with it all the dignity and authority of the family, the relation being that of father and children. The name is vested in the family, it is conferred upon a chosen member of the family only after deliberation and by the unanimous consent of all the members, it may be resigned back to the family by its holder at will, and is vacated by anything which removes him from the scene of his duties for any in-



A Samoan child in her finery of beads, a fine mat,
and the hibiscus blossom tucked over one ear

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convenient period; it may be revoked by the family council in case of wrong or unsatisfactory administration. In the last analysis the *tulafale* is seen to be a president elected for an uncertain term, and to hold his authority by virtue of a democracy exercising the fullest right of suffrage. Such is the head of the family; after all, a very simple president directly responsible to his constituents, and prevented from acting except by their unanimous consent.

The family property vested in him falls naturally under the two great heads of real and personal.

The real estate is owned by the family without any division of interests, and comprises certain pieces of land in proximity to the town green where their houses are built, and larger blocks in the interior, where they may establish plantations of food stuffs and other products useful in their domestic economy. Other real property consists in rights to enter on the land of others for certain purposes, to draw water or to pluck cocoanuts.

Personal property consists of canoes and fishing gear, of mats and pieces of cloth, of the generally scanty furnishings of the house. For the most part they are retained in individual possession; that they are really held in common stock appears in several ways. If the family must make a present or contribute to some extraordinary expense of the town, such, for instance, as the wedding of its official maid, then the *tulafale* calls upon the several members of the family for the goods which are in their possession. In like manner, if a member of the family fancies any-

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thing in the possession of another member of the same family, he has simply to take it for his own use.

Into a society thus organized the young man enters when his tattooing is complete. He is familiar with every detail, he has seen the performance of all its ceremonies, he has learned the formulas of courtesy with which others must honor his family, he has learned from his elders the tales of his ancestry and the ramifications of his family in other towns, he has enjoyed the care of his family in his young days, now he is to assume his share of the duties. With those duties he is familiar. He knows to the last item the possessions of the family. Some little tasks have been imposed upon him, tasks proportioned to his strength, now he is to perform all of a man's duty according to his skill. When his *tulafale* bids him, he must form one of a party to go upon the family lands in the bush and care for the plantations or open new ones. He must fetch wood for the family oven. He must take the gear and bring in fish for the family food. He must bear club and spear in the wars of his town. He must exert his skill in building canoes and houses. He must make speeches and keep the knowledge of the history of his race.

These are the occupations of man. One of the old stories tells of the death-bed of an ancient hero. About his mat sat his sons, and to each the dying man distributed some article of the equipment which had served him well in life. To one he gave the digging stick and the tops of taro ready for planting, his was to be the duty of tilling the soil. To the next

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he gave the bamboo pole, the pearl shell fly-hook and the nets, his duty was to get the food with which the sea is teeming. Yet another fell heir to the richly carved club of ironwood, and his was to be the duty of war. To another was given the stone axe and the shell gouge, he was to be skilled in making things and in tattooing men, the artificer of the community. The last received the staff and the fly-flapper, he was to be the orator, the maker of speeches, the living record of the history of the race.

This was the first and the last specialization of industry, it continues to the present day. Yet it is not allowed to be rigid and cramping to the needs of the family. Each does most often that for which he has special talent, yet he employs his strength always where it will do the most good. If there are no houses to build, the carpenter will be found in the plantation or at the fishery. Such work as is needed by the family is apportioned to all the members in proportion to their ability. In the tropical islands a very little labor suffices to assure all the necessities of food and shelter; the social burden does not, cannot indeed, press heavily on any individual.

People developing in such a scheme of life can never fit in any system of family such as is known to the more advanced races. An exemplification of this came to light in the course of some judicial investigations. Capt. Elisha Hamilton, an American and at one time United States Vice-Consul at Apia, married a Samoan woman, who then or previously took the name of Mary and became to all people, white and

brown, Mele Samisoni. In time Capt. Hamilton died. His widow did not long remain disconsolate, but married Te'ō, a young Vaiala chief of subordinate rank. From that time forth he was known among the natives and the white people alike only as Mary Hamilton's husband. But the loss of his identity was not the only thing which happened. He successfully pleaded with the Samoan government that he had passed out of their jurisdiction. He was cited to appear in some native case before the Samoan Chief Justice, Folau Papali'i. Lounging into court (it should be carefully understood that the Chief Justice of Samoa is a foreign and a dignified official, and that the Samoan Chief Justice is quite different and has to do only with petty native cases), Mary Hamilton's husband argued the point that he was American. Mary had been a Samoan, but by marrying the American Hamilton she had become American. So he, Samoan by birth, acquired the American citizenship of his predecessor through his marriage with the American Mary. Chief Justice Folau accepted this as good in law, and it was only by accident and long afterward that it came to knowledge of those who could set the matter straight.

This Folau once employed his family after a fashion not at all likely to suggest itself to other Chief Justices. A certain fixed allowance was made at one period for the maintenance of native offenders, and Folau had the spending of it. Being very appreciative of a good thing, Chief Justice Folau sentenced his household and others of his family to his jail, and

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drew the prison funds for them as prisoners, thus keeping it all in the family. So long as this combination remained undiscovered it was impossible for any ordinary offender to get into jail.

III.

THE SAMOAN HOUSEWIFE.

THE position of woman among the Samoans is, when all things are considered, not only satisfactory but enviable. She has her share of the duties which fall upon the communal family to perform, she enjoys an equal share of the privileges and benefits which fall to its lot. Knowing nothing better, she lives under the conditions of a rude and barbarous life without appreciation of its inconveniences, and seeing no cause to wish for anything better. She is by no means the drudge and beast of burden which women in other rude communities are; she has a voice in affairs. In matters concerning the family well-being she is consulted; she has the right to advise and to vote on terms as free as those allowed to her brother. She may rise to a position of dignity and authority in the community. She may be chosen its *taupou* and as such is entitled to a train of girls, her *'aualuma*; she is as much a part of the system of government as is the chief; honors are her official portion. She is sought in marriage by the great, her nuptials cement alliances. When she goes in formal state to call upon the *taupou* of some other town the procession is headed by the inevitable orator shouting her name

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and rank and titles; she personifies the family dignity and its power. The first of Samoans to attain supreme authority, to become possessed of all four royal names, was Salamasina, a woman.

These sketch the chances of the woman in public life. Her domestic cares are summed in the duty to be the housewife. Hers is the task to wade the lagoon for the smaller fish, to weave the mats, to beat the *tutuga* bark into the *siapo* cloth, to cook, to manage the affairs of the home. In the simplicity of the state which she inherits as a birthright, these tasks are not burdensome. There is no idea of menial occupation; there cannot be such an idea among a people who know not the institution of domestic service as a specialized occupation. The nearest the Samoan can come to the idea of a servant is 'au'auna, which means only one sent on an errand. With all her dignities and honors the *taupou* may be seen on her knees pulling up the weeds which struggle to grow between the pebbles of the pavement about the guest house in which she exercises the rites of hospitality. The wife of the chief of highest rank may be found side by side with the wife of the meanest commoner hunting for sea urchins in the sprigs of coral, and, when found, cooking them in the same pit oven.

Housekeeping is no great toil in the Samoan community. With the break of day the family and the guests, who have been sleeping on no more extensive bed than the floor mat laid over the pebble pavement and with the head supported by a joint of bamboo, yawn out of the night's sleep and arise for the bath.

When that is done the bamboo pillows are stacked along the beams overhead, the mosquito screens and all the large mats are rolled in convenient bundles and sent to the same convenient closets. There is no furniture to arrange, the floor mats are turned over and shaken and freshly spread upon the pavement.

The posts, which uphold the arching height of the roof of the house, arise from the center of the floor, three trunks of trees as straight as may be found. They have more purpose in the house than merely to support the roof, they carry the dignity of the lady who rules the house; at their base is her proper seat on which no other woman may venture to intrude. When she takes her place there she has no need to draw the corner of the mat over her feet, as she does elsewhere when chiefs are present, the sign of being in the house on sufferance. In her own place she claims and receives the language of courtesy, that oddity of speech which the Samoans and the Malays alone know; she may not be spoken of or addressed as *fafine*, merely a woman, but as *tamaita'i*, or madam; her house ceases to be *fale*, but becomes *maota*, a mansion; many other words are supplanted by terms of dignity, which it is the worst of ill breeding to omit. The posts mark another distinction. The three stand close together in a line. Produce that line to the edges of the house at either end, it forms the major axis of the oval floor. In front of this line is the place for guests, behind is the place for domestic cares; in a space altogether open and with not a single partition, the imaginary line has marked out



Baked pig becomes a triumph

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parlor and scullery. If you have the rank you enter the parlor, if you are of no rank you go around and enter at the back, where you seat yourself and do without a formal greeting. Sitting in the parlor front you must remain unconscious of what is doing beyond the posts; etiquette has run up a partition which you do not see through. Not to the manner born you break a thousand niceties of good manners, and the Samoans, even after years of acquaintance with white people, have not ceased to wonder at a people who know none of the amenities of life. You see the savage has his ideas and is quick to criticise the prevailing bad manners of the civilized.

There is but one change needed to restore the house from its night to its day aspect. At night the stout and narrow floor mats are stretched as beds from the posts to the front of the house, by day they must run the other way or the house is considered in disorder. When this alteration has been made the housewife visits her cupboard for the morning meal. Her pantry for food consists of a pair of small beams cut to a pattern, which, like everything in Samoa, never varies; they are lashed across the three center posts just high enough to clear the head of any one walking beneath. From these beams she reaches down the cocoanut leaf baskets in which the food is kept ready cooked, for breakfast is always a cold meal. With the basketed larder she brings out a supply of strong mats a foot wide and two or three feet long to serve as individual tables. Samoan life is lower than ours, lower by thirty inches, which is the height of a table

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from the floor; what we do on the top of a table the Samoan does quite as comfortably on the floor itself. On each of these food mats or *laulau*, the lady of the house spreads a freshly plucked leaf, either of the bread-fruit or of the banana, as may be nearest at hand, and lays upon it a portion of such food as she may have saved over from the meal of the evening before. She will surely have big pieces of baked taro, dirty-looking baked bananas, perhaps a fish in the lacing of leaves in which it was baked, sea urchins, perhaps a red junk of pork. On every tray are placed two kinds of food, for the islander will go long hungry rather than eat of a single article of diet. When every person has his tray before him the head of the house says grace; they actually had a grace before meat before the missionaries came to convert them from heathendom. In unbroken silence they attack the meal and eat rapidly, but with precision. When the last morsel is eaten, each drains the fluid of a freshly opened cocoanut and washes his hands in a shell full of water, which is passed around to those who have finished the meal.

Breakfast over, the family scatter to their various occupations, and with the men out of the way, house-keeping may proceed. The mats on the floor are to be swept or shaken off and tucked away aloft, where they may be reached as needed. Then every day the floor has a good sweeping, just as if it were carpeted, instead of being paved with black pebbles of volcanic rock, or chips of yellow coral. To clean such a floor they have evolved a durable and effective

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broom of the midribs of cocoanut leaflets tied at the end of a stick. This enters all the crannies of the pavement and removes all the dirt as no other kind of a broom would do. With this weapon of domestic sovereignty the good lady of the house sweeps out her home and the strip of pebble pavement which extends around it, in which a spear of grass or other weed would be an offense. She has to look after the green turf of the village plaza or *malae* on which her house faces, the grass must not be allowed to grow too high, the unsightly traces must be concealed of the rooting of the pigs; she has to be careful that not a single leaf is left in sight, a single leaf will vastly disorder the tidiness of even a large *malae* if that leaf happens to have fallen from a cocoanut tree during the night and lies sprawled over six or eight yards of turf.

Sweeping over, the housewife turns to other occupations of her craft. If she is going to be away from home she takes care that no mat or any other thing is left on the pebbled floor, for in the absence of human residents the pigs and chickens of the village will stalk in and out of the house as the hunt for food may carry them. Her duties away from home are mostly to be performed in company with other women of the village. When the tide is out by daylight they search the lagoon and the reef for the shell fish and sea-slugs, which are a favorite article of their food; there are molluscs in the chinks of the coral which are good for food, and they have to be pried out for the family larder. Luck may guide some woman to

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the snaky arms of an octopus, than which the sea holds for them no greater delicacy. Or it may be that the time has come for the women to cultivate the orchard of the *tutuga*, of which they use up many hundreds of trees a year in making *siapo*.

Perhaps her duties lie not abroad but at home. She spreads out her mats upon the floor and goes to work as cross-legged as any tailor, with an extra cross that no tailor could ever accomplish. She paints the *siapo*, on which she has already spent hard blows up to her waist in water when beating out the bark into paper tissues; she weaves mats for a variety of household uses, for each use a different mat with its own different name and different material; she shows deft fingers tricked with skill as she ornaments a fan or a hat made of island stuffs; the fan she will sell to the tourist if she can get to Apia when the monthly steamers come in; the hat she will wear with the gaudy humility of the converted soul when next she goes to church. That is the conventional sign of the woman who is *fa'asā*, who has got religion and has joined the church, she wears a bark bonnet rich in dyes; likewise the man similarly circumstanced, he wears a white lavalava waistcloth surmounted by a white shirt, and he wears the shirt like a surplice, every inch of it in sight. If she has foreign made cloth, the housewife may occupy herself with dress-making, a simple art with three branches. The least complicated is the making of a lavalava. She sews together two pieces of calico each two yards long and hems up the edges, and the universal article of

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apparel is then ready to wear. It may be a chemisette which engages her attention; she may even have the goods for a "faloka" frock (Mother Hubbard). At such work as this she uses a hand-power sewing machine, resting it on the cover of its box; it is suited to her needs and with such an instrument she can turn out plain work good enough for her own use.

In the afternoon there is the family dinner to cook, for there is no midday meal. The cooking is done for the whole village together in pits dug well behind the houses. It is a general operation of the whole community, in which everybody has some sort of a share. The men have attended the tilth and have brought in the yield of their plantations, or their take in the sea; they have fetched the firewood and have heated the cobblestones which cook the food in the pit oven; they stand ready to handle the hot cobbles and to cover in the oven when the time comes. The women have prepared the food to be cooked, have plaited up the fish in mats of green leaves, have mixed the made dishes of taro and bread-fruit and all sorts of things, which are made of the consistency of a custard with cocoanut water. The children bring the heaps of banana leaves with which the hot pit is to be lined and covered over. The men pull out the cracking stones from the heap of fire blazing in the pit, put in the viands on their bed of leaves, toss back the stones over the things to be baked and bury the mass in hot earth. Such cooking needs no one to attend it, and there is time to sleep half the afternoon away. A long nap during the day is looked

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upon as a necessity by everybody, and all make a point of taking it when and where they may.

When the sun is far down in the west and night is near, comes the time for calling. Mats are spread all over the floor of the house and the women stroll in for a gossip over their cigarettes. Then may be heard the call of cheery salutations from every house to passers along the beach or on the green; the children are at play close to home; under all the sounds of life is the hum of some story teller and the sharp exclamation *mo'i*, with which her hearers greet the tale of wonders. This social hour lasts until the night falls in and it is time for all good folk to be at home.

With the dark comes the firelighting, a duty of the house mistress. Once this firelighting was an act of pagan worship addressed to the *aitu*, or tutelary spirit, which looked out for every family. The old meaning gone out of it, the ceremony lives on, and every night a brief blaze is kindled in one of the fire pots which flank the center posts of every Samoan house. As soon as the fat flames have fairly caught the dry cocoanut leaflets with which the fire is fed, the head of the household recites the invitation, "Now let us make our worship." One starts a hymn, all join in, more noise than melody; but the feat is not to be criticised, for the islander will not relish disrespect to any feature of his worship. The hymn finished, the head of the house prays for his household and his visitor, prays at length for everything he thinks worth praying for, and is nothing if not fervent in his supplications. Then the housewife promptly

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sets forth the dinner, the important meal of the day, the only one at which hot viands are regularly served. When dinner is over and the fragments have been put in baskets and hung up to furnish forth the morning board, the lady of the house may join the game of *sui pu*, casino, with a grimy deck of broken cards as a basis of much agility in cheating; she may take her share in the talk of the house, she may even stretch out on the mats for a nap. But one more duty will round out the day, bed time comes early, she must order the house for the night. The mats are spread once more as they were when this day began, the bamboo pillows are brought down from the rafters and with them the mosquito nets or sleeping tents. These slight preparations are all that a Samoan needs to make in order to pass the night—between his body and the pebbles of the pavement is but a single thickness of a mat, under his head is no softer support than a smooth joint of bamboo, but as he has never become used to mattress and pillow, he sleeps cool and comfortable.

One last care remains for the lady of the house. When all have settled themselves for the night she lifts the lamp out of the wire frame in which it has been swinging, turns down the wick until the flame is very dim, then sets it on the floor that it may keep watch while all are sleeping.

Why?

As a good Christian woman she is sure that there are no wandering demons of the night such as her people used to believe in when they were heathen,

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and knew no better and had to keep the fire burning all night long to scare away the evil spirits. Of this she is sure in the broad light of day. But in the evening, when it is dark and still, she will tell you there is no such reason now to keep the lamp on a glimmer, but after all it does no harm, she says, and it would be convenient if any one should awake and want to smoke, for then he could toast his tobacco leaf and light his cigarette at the flame. This night and every night there is not a Samoan house in which men are asleep which does not give out the faint glow of a lamp turned low. And the demons of the old time never enter a house which shows this protection.



The village taupou and her attendants

IV.

COURTESY AND CEREMONIES.

AN inordinately large part of island life is taken up with rude formalities. The Samoan is never so content as when he is enjoying the opportunity to swagger through some complexity of arrangements, long speeches shouted across the expanse of the village green, incessant repetitions of set phrases of formal honor, processions in gaudy adjustments of his normally scanty attire led by grotesque dances of official beaux and belles of the towns. If a speech is to be made—and life consists mainly of making speeches—the *tulafale* takes his place remote from the house in which sits the chief addressed, fifty yards or more away across the *malae*, and the neighborhood resounds with what he says. If a formal present is to be made, the givers throw their gifts on the grass of the meeting place. If a pig is baked for guests it becomes a triumph as it is borne from the oven on the shoulders of men.

Every contingency of customary Samoan life finds the Samoan fully prepared with the time-honored phrase of compliment or of sympathy, with the fitting term of address. If one would hail a man at such

a distance that a loud call is necessary, the shout is prefaced by the word *Sole*, sir. To a woman one calls *Funa e*, woman. Even to a child is an appropriate hailing sign, *Ta e*. To a lady of rank *Tamaita'i e*, or *Tausala e*; to a chief *Ali'i e*. One passing is constantly greeted with the salutation, *A 'e alu ifea?* "whither goest thou?" not yet quite degenerated into the meaningless form of the English question "how do you do?" For the Samoan greeting still demands an answer to its interrogation; it may be no more than *Iō*, "down yonder," and that carries by implication a willingness to stop for a wayside chat; or it may take the form *se fe'au*, "an errand," and then it is known that the present is not a fit time for the interchange of the new stories which spread almost electrically among the Samoan towns, half believed, half distrusted, but always discussed down to the last detail. Every parting, whether of chance wayfarers or when one leaves a house at which he has been visiting, has its set phrase, the same whether one be going but across the village green to the next house or about to set forth upon the sea.

O le ā 'ou alu," says the parting guest, "I am going."

"Ua lelei," his host replies, "It is good."

"Tofā lava, soifua," and the guest at once arises to go, "May you indeed sleep as nobles sleep, and may your life be as the life of a chief." The use of the court dialect crowds this three-word phrase with all this courtesy.

"Tofāina," is the last word of the host as the guest

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steps backward under the eaves of the house and out upon its surrounding pebble pavement, "may you sleep like a noble."

Death is ceremonially viewed as a departure. The dying man has about him his family and his friends. To them he commits in the fullest form of ceremony his last wishes, *mavaenga*, to be a law unto them. Except when death comes by the sudden chance of war, the family would be held inestimably bereaved whose head set forth on the westward voyage of the spirit without the opportunity to perform the ceremony of the *mavaenga*. Tradition would hand it down for many a generation to the family disgrace, nay, the spirit itself might be barred from setting forth for that yawning chasm in westward Savaii which receives all peaceful souls, and it might remain in unrest as an *aitu*, a ghost, to plague its family and friends, and, if not set at rest, to become a malevolent demon imperiling the woods and every dark and lonely spot.

The highest pitch of form and ceremony is reached in Samoan visits. Enter a Samoan house, the guest house of the town when the people are gathered to welcome the arriving guests, such hospitality being a duty. Rigid custom fixes the place of every one within the house, so does it prescribe the exact form of words in the dialogue of greeting. As every detail of the situation has its bearing on the ceremony of reception, it is first necessary to explain the situation and the surroundings of both the guests and the receiving party, and that must be prefaced by

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some view of the official guest house and its situation relative to the activities of the town.

Without entering upon the niceties of the several orders of Samoan architecture, it will suffice to say that the guest house (a literal translation of its name *fale talimālō*) belongs to the highest order, the *fale tele* or "great house." Its general motive, like that of all Samoan houses, is a strong roof well thatched, covering a pavement of smooth pebbles or coral chips which extends a yard or more beyond the eave line, that line being marked by a compact row of larger rocks. The *fale tele*, of which order are all the houses of chiefs, has a ground section of a well drawn ellipse, the longer dimension commonly fifty or sixty feet, the shorter about two-thirds as long. The roof, the one important thing in these houses, consists of three parts securely united after they have been separately built, the two end pieces are each a quarter of a sphere; between these curved ends is a plane strip extending from the ridge-pole to the eaves in back and in front, its width being carefully proportioned to the size of the house and ranging from one to three arm spans or natural fathoms. The supporting posts of this roof are variously assigned in rank by Samoan custom, for the house is nothing but a roof on posts, the spaces at the sides between the eave posts being filled only with sectional curtains of cocoanut leaf mats, kept hauled up under all ordinary circumstances and lowered only when needed to screen out the sun or the rain. At the center of the house the ridge-pole is supported by a group of stout posts up to the number

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of three, according to the size of the structure. The eaves are supported by lesser posts some five feet high and spaced about six feet apart. When the pebbled pavement has been spread with coarse mats two yards long and two feet wide, and when over these at the two places of honor have been laid much finer and far larger mats, the house is in readiness for the purpose for which it is designed, to receive visiting parties. It is always placed on the *malae*, where every official ceremony takes place, and whenever the exigencies of the town plan permit, this house shows its front to the sea. The only difference beyond that of position between the front and the back of the house, is that the back in the interior has two poles tied between the center posts and the beams of the plane portion of the roof, which serve for the storing conveniently above the floor of spare mats and bamboo head rests, which are the furniture of every house. At the four points at which the plane strip at the eaves meets the rounded ends are posts in pairs, one supporting the rounded end, the other the central roof, and the space between the posts of a pair never exceeds six inches. These four points and the posts at them are called the *pepe*. The points at each end of the longer axis, and therefore under the center of the eaves of the rounded ends, are the *tala*. The two *pepe* in the front of the house and the two *tala* are the posts of honor. In each case the superior dignity attaches to the *tala* (specifically named *matuatala*) and the *pepe* at the left hand of one coming toward the house from the *malae*. Foreigners on

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going into a Samoan house will preserve their dignity in Samoan eyes if they are scrupulous to enter and take their seats at this left hand *pepe*.

Having now set the stage, it comes next in order to introduce the players. The simplest way of presenting the case with accuracy of detail is to assume the visit of a real visiting party or *mālō*, on its characteristically Samoan trip of pleasure and feasting or *malanga*, and just arrived at the real town which is the object of its journey. There is good feeling between the two towns and the visitors are arriving with their canoe loads of gifts of food and other property. The town of Luatuanu'u is calling on Falefā, and its fleet has been seen making its way to the landing within the reef.

Word is passed that a visiting party is making for the town, and all preparations are promptly made for its reception. The house of the Falefā chief Leutele is spread with its carpeting of mats, and thither gather the chiefs who are to take part in the ceremonies. Leutele himself sits cross-legged at the post in the *matuatala*, for that is the place of honor for the hosts. At the post next to him at the left and therefore just within the back of the house, sits his *tulafale* named Iuli. This house of Leutele has a name, as they all have; it is Vai'ilī'ilī, and the green on which it faces is named Moamoa. The chief Salanoa, second in rank, sits in the opposite *tala*, flanked by the *tulafale* Moeono. Alaiasā, Luafalemana, and Suluvave, other chiefs of the town, sit at posts in the front of the house, leaving the two *pepe* vacant for the visitors, and gen-

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erally leaving a post vacant next each of the superior chiefs in the house ends. In front of the center posts sits the official maid of the village, the *taupou*, one of whose chief functions is to be the hostess of visitors. She has been chosen from the young girls of the family of Salanoa, and her name is Fenunuivao, but she has also the pet name of Le Pepe or the butterfly, by which she is equally well known. At her side sits the official beau, the *manaia*, of Falefā whose name is Fonotī. His duties are to make a marriage which shall bring wealth and influence to the town, hers are to attract courting parties of the beaus of other towns with their many presents. The names cited are the names of chiefs and others in Falefā at any time, there have always been these names since Samoan society crystallized, and they will continue to the end. The chiefs have always these names and no others, or rather they become chiefs and their relative rank is fixed because their families respectively have chosen them to bear the names which carry the power. At the back of the house, the place of no dignity, are such common men and women as are needed to serve their betters.

Meanwhile the party from Luatuanu'ū has drawn its canoes up on the beach and is advancing across the *malae* to the house in which the reception is prepared. First walks the chief Luafalealo, accompanied a half pace to the left and rear by his *tulafale* Pufangaoti bearing his emblems of office, the slim staff and the fly-flapper. Next comes the beau Leota with the belle Poto of Luafalealo's family. Then follow the com-

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mon men who have paddled the canoe and now bear the burdens, passing around the right hand end of the house, entering it quietly at the rear, leaving their burdens outside, and sitting down without ceremony. Those of the party who have rank enter the front of the house at the same time, long experience teaching them to find their proper places without confusion. Luafalealo sits at the *pepe* on the left, that being the honorable post for the visitor at his reception; and as he sits he slightly draws into his lap a corner of the mat, a token of his being present on some sort of sufferance. Close at his left sits his *tulafale*. At the other *pepe* sits Leota, and beyond him the *taupou* Poto. As they sit the party of hosts call out: "Ua affio mai, ua susū mai, ua maliliu mai!"

Luafalealo makes his reply, speaking for himself: "Ua affioina lava, a outou affionga, le Afionga a Leutele, ma Lau Afionga a Salanoa, ma Lau Afionga a Luafalemana, ma Lau Afionga a Fonotī, ma Lau Afionga a Fenunuivao, ma Lau Tofā Iuli, ma Lau Fetalaingā a Moeono." As he slowly and with care repeats this formula in the undertone which etiquette prescribes that he shall use, he looks with intentness along the circle of chiefs as if in recognition of the names and relative rank of the persons in whose presence he finds himself. What the dialogue means it is next to impossible to express in English, because the English has none of the dialect of courtesy which plays so large a part in Samoan society. It may be said that the hosts have said, "You have come" in three several ways, and the guests have re-



A taupou would scarcely feel clad without her tuinga or head-dress

The fine mat, the full dress of the taupou

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plied, "We have come," and have tacked on to that statement a list of the titles and names of the persons whom they see at the different posts of the house.

This may be made clearer by a brief consideration of the system of Samoan titles of rank. For the most part they are derived from verbs meaning to come, the difficulty in finding literal English equivalents is due to the fact that the verb of coming changes in Samoan with the rank of the individual. Somewhat of this idea may be obscurely found in English, as for instance where we speak of "a killing" of desperadoes, a "murder" of a reputable citizen, the "assassination" of a sovereign. In the use of these Samoan titles the literal meaning is simply "Thy Coming," the terms used are an attempt to present the Samoan idea of the greater dignity of him who comes.

Of a person of no rank the Samoan uses the verb *sau* (plural *o*) to devote the idea of coming, no title under the circumstances being formed therefrom. Advancing now to the lowest grade of rank, that of the *tulafale*, the verb of coming becomes *maliu* (plural *maliliu*); again from this no title is formed, but when a *tulafale* enters the house he is entitled to the salutation "*Ua maliu mai*," "thou art come." Chiefs of the secondary rank have a new verb of coming, *susū*, are saluted "*Ua susū mai*," and receive the derivative title *Lau Susunga*, Thy Approach. For chiefs of the primary rank the verb of coming is *afio* (plural *afifio*), they are saluted "*Ua afio mai*," and receive the derivative title *Lau Afionga*, Thy Advent.

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Still higher are the kings, more properly the chiefs who hold any of the four royal names; they are saluted with "*Ua talaa mai*," "thou hast parted the clouds," but no title is derived from that. The titles of *tulafale* are interchangeably *Lau Tofā*, Thy Sleep, and *Lau Fetalainga*, Thy Pronunciamento. Applying these principles to the opening dialogue of the chiefs at the reception of the visitors, it will be seen that the hosts in general terms saluted all ranks of the visitors, and that Luafalealo made specific acknowledgment to each by name and title.

Now has arrived the proper time for the *fa'alupenga*, or the showing of courtesy to the whole town. Every community in Samoa has a set of stock phrases which must be used over and over again to do it honor, phrases handed down from a remote antiquity and on no account to be altered from their ancient form. Some towns can command but three or four such phrases, others have two or three score; but be they few or many, they must never be omitted in any address to the chiefs of the town by any stranger. At every change of topic in the address the compliments should be repeated in whole or in part, and a very safe rule of Samoan oratory is that they cannot be rehearsed too often.

Luafalealo sees that Falefā will receive him kindly, and now he turns back the corner of the mat which has covered his lap, that being also a signal to his attendants to bring in their bundles and stow them at the back of the house. The *tulafale* Pufangaoti now makes his chief's speech announcing the purpose of

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the visit, and incidentally reciting the town compliments of Falefā, each chief as his name is mentioned murmuring "*Ia fo'i*," "that also," or "*Malie*," it is well." These are the set compliments of Falefā :

"Glory be to the town of Fonoti."

"Glory be to the Four Houses."

"Glory be to you two elders, Iuli and Moeno."

"Glory be to the gathering of the men of the king of Atua."

"Glory be to the race of Tunga."

"Glory be to thee, Leutele, the mother stock of Tupua."

"Glory be to thee, Salanoa, the younger brother of Tupua."

"Glory be to thee, Alaiasā, who wast brave in victory."

"Glory be to thee, Luafalemana, the son of chiefs."

"Glory be to thee, Suluvave, the son of the king of Avii."

Similarly Iuli makes the reply of his chief Leutele and the town. With equal repetition and circumlocution he expresses the pleasure felt at the visit and manages to work into his remarks as many repetitions of the Luatuanu'u compliments as the former speaker has done with those of Falefā. These are the complimentary phrases of the visitors :

"Glory be to thee, the forward end of the carrying-pike of the king of Atua."

"Glory be to thee, Lafa'aua."

"Glory be too thee, Fetch much, Fetch little."

"Glory be to thee, Pufangaoti."

"Glory be to Lauofo and the feet of his orator's staff, Fulu, and Ifopō and Ta'uaifainga."

"Glory be to the race of Taulapapa, namely Seiuli and Luafalealo."

"Glory be to the abiding place of orators."

"Glory be to the dividing waters of the two inland regions."

"Glory be to the parting of the road."

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There may not seem very much to these compliments, but in the Samoan mind they are all important. Bitter wars have been caused by omitting or altering any of them. The whole orator class exists solely to know these phrases, and to be able to recite them in their proper places. In the instance under review the ceremonies of the reception may have consumed hours, but nothing may be abated of its slow formalities. When the last speech has been made the Falefā chiefs promptly retire, only the *taupou* Fenunuivao and the *manaia* Fonotī remaining to look after the comfort and entertainment of the visiting party. When the chiefs return later they take the place of guests in their own house, for the visitors thereafter occupy the end of the house.

These are the official formalities of courtesy as between town and town. Of the individual courtesies as between man and man there is an enormous volume. Some become familiar through frequent hearing, such as the *vaeane* with which a Samoan interrupts one speaking, or the *tulou* with which he crosses your path, both corresponding to the English "pardon me," such as the wish for health, *soifua*, which greets a sneeze or a yawn. This mass of formalism is a tax on the mind to remember, its ceremonies are long drawn out and intricate. It is strange to reflect that it is the ceremony of bare savages.



A manaia with heading-knife

V.

KAVA—THE CEREMONIAL DRINK.

THE very core and center of Samoan life is a clump of dried roots, the renowned kava, or, as the Samoans themselves name it, 'ava. It is a necessary part of every ceremony, a part as great indeed as the whole in the estimation of the islanders. Tradition has been as busy with it as with everything which the Samoans prize. Poets have sung its praises until now there has come down from antiquity a stock of kava verse of no mean proportions and some considerable interest. Custom and ritual have grown up about its use until it has become encrusted with a mass of ceremony difficult to master and practise. No festival is complete without its kava, no war may be fought or even determined on if the kava has not been rightly served, and the beginnings of peace as well are in the kava bowl. With the earliest dawn the loud clapping of hands sounding over the *malae* signifies the morning draught of kava served to the chiefs, the last thing at night the firelight falls on the ring of chiefs, each with his back against his appointed post in the house, waiting for his name to be called for his kava. A visitor must always carry his three pieces of kava for presen-

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tation to his host, the host must present his kava as well, and with it a formal offering of specified food. Town has fallen out with town, chief been set at odds with chief, all over a blunder in the serving of the kava.

The grape, barley and rye offer their own excuses for the place they have taken among men from the dawn of culture. But the social or other value of the kava resists analysis. Its medicinal properties—chemists have found a scant teaspoonful to a bushel of dry root—are singularly inert. It is the base of a simple cold infusion, it forms neither a malt nor a fermented nor a distilled liquor. Devoid of the least trace of alcohol, it has no power to stimulate the imaginative side of the senses. Equally lacking in sedative powers, it produces no such wealth of visions as the juice of the hemp or the poppy. It slightly checks the desire to eat, a piece of the dry root kept in the mouth will enable a Samoan to work all day long without food, yet the custom of the use of the beverage prescribes that it shall be followed by a formal offering of food. It is not an intoxicant, except that large quantities of fresh kava infused before the sap has dried are credited with producing a partial paralysis of the lower limbs. Those who use it habitually are able to leave it off without feeling any reaction or craving for it. Its use does not appear to produce any functional derangement of the system; it was long credited with producing the common elephantiasis of the islands, but the use of the microscope has shown the true cause of that unpleasant

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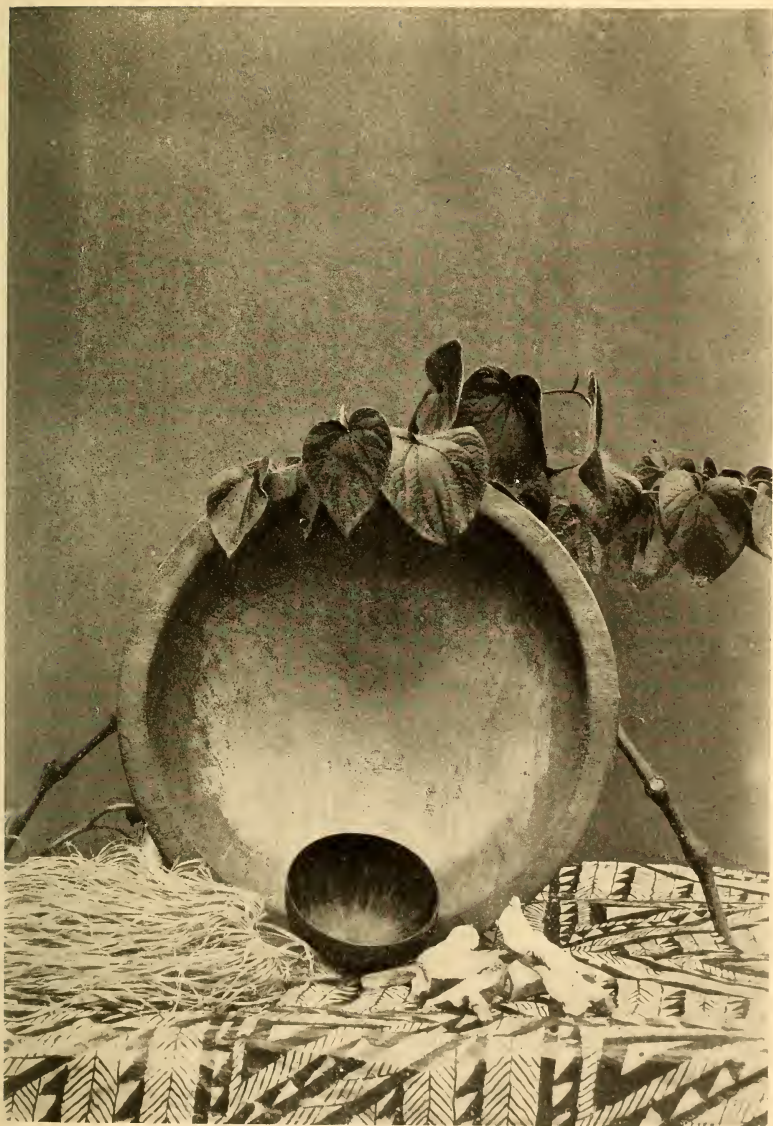
disease; the Samoans themselves cast on their kava responsibility for a peculiar scurfy skin which frequently is seen on those past middle age.

Kava is the root of a large pepper bush, the *Macropiper methysticum* of botanical classification. If it were not for legends of its introduction by supernatural power in the ages when the land was in darkness, it would seem to be an indigenous plant, for it grows everywhere throughout the bush. It is commonly cultivated in the alleys between the rows of houses in every Samoan town, for the duty of presenting it to visitors is so pressing, that it is no uncommon occurrence to see hosts taken by surprise hurry to the nearest bush and wrench it from the soil, in order to trim its cluster of roots and prepare it for immediate presentation. It is easily recognized. The bush grows in a somewhat straggling cluster of long stems as much as two or three inches in diameter, swollen into knots at every few inches of the length. The leaves are dark green and heart-shaped, as large as the two hands. It takes three years for the roots to grow to such a size as will make them useful; after the fifth year it is said that the root is too fibrous and woody to be good. When sufficiently grown the roots are dug up and cleaned. For the most part they are cut into lengths of three or four inches and split down the middle, to secure even drying when they are laid out in the sun. But if a root is found especially large it is cured whole, to serve as a present on some occasion of great formality; there is more show to such a root, but the quality is never so good.

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In Fitiuta of Manu'a they tell of the discovery of kava. One of the heroic impersonations of Tangaloa lived in that village, and had a son, Lefanonga. Every day at earliest dawn the boy saw his father leave the house, and could get from his mother no satisfaction of his curiosity as to where the father went. One morning he trailed his father and followed him to the *malae* of heroes in heaven, and surprised the circle of the gods drinking kava. They were at first going to kill him, but they gave him a chance to save his life by conquering the kava bush, which was a famous wrestler. Lefanonga tamed the wild plant and brought the first kava to men, together with the knowledge of how to use it. In other parts of the archipelago the story runs that a son of the King of Fiji gave his dying commands that they should bury his body, and should care for what might grow at his head and at his feet. At the head sprouted the kava, at the feet the sugar cane. A rat came along and nibbled at the kava and was reeling, he nibbled at the sugar cane and recovered. Thus men learned the use of kava. From the lad's grave it was carried in two expeditions to Samoa, the first landing at Manu'a, the second establishing the cultivation of both plants on Savaii.

One of the first things to be done by a Samoan on visiting another is to present some pieces of dry kava, three being the usual quantity. The giver belittles his gift and describes it as of no value, the receiver praises the fragrance of the kava and gives orders that a bowl of the beverage be prepared. For every stage



A picture of everything that makes the kava,
except the water and the taupou

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of the transaction there are set forms of speech, which it is incumbent on all to follow. The kava passes from hand to hand until it reaches the chief to whom it is offered. His orator makes the set proclamation in a loud voice, so that it may serve notice to all within hearing to share in the drinking. The root then is passed to the maid of the village, one part of her duties being the preparation of the kava. Formerly it was the universal practice in all Samoa to prepare kava by chewing the root, the *taupou* and several of the girls of her train officiating at that duty in the sight of the guests. The missionaries have set a strong prohibition against the unwholesome custom, and have succeeded in banishing it from the neighborhood of Apia. But in the towns of remoter districts, where there are fewer white people to exert a restraining influence, the old custom remains unchanged, and the Samoans profess to find the kava better when thus prepared. But when kava is prepared for white people in their presence, the pieces of root are pounded in a hollowed stone with a smooth piece of rock, pieces of domestic furniture which may be noted in the house of any chief.

When by either method the root has been reduced to a coarse powder and mass of fibre, it is placed in a large mixing bowl known as the *tanoa*. These bowls, which are sometimes of very large size, are carved in a single piece from the trunk of a hard timber deep red in color, fine in grain and susceptible of a high polish. The number of legs may vary in different bowls, but ten is considered the proper number

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for a bowl which chiefs should use. The genuine antique bowls with a deep enamel derived from long use, are held at fabulous figures, and are practically no longer to be obtained. These are invariably severely plain and devoid of ornamentation, bowls surrounded by a beaded ornament are made for sale to tourists.

When the powdered kava is in the *tanoa*, the maid of the village proceeds to mix the beverage. She sits in her appointed place in front of the line of central posts, cross-legged on a mat, the big bowl before her, a supply of cocoanut shells filled with water close at hand, at least one of her girls sitting beside her and another standing at the edge of the house in the rear. Near her at a spot in the house fully fixed by old custom, sits the *manaia* or beau of the town, or else one of the *tulafale*, whose duty it is to supervise the operation and to rule the service of the drink. One of the attendants first pours water on the hands of the *taupou*, who then takes the bunch of fibres of the *fau* or hibiscus bast with which the fluid is mixed and strained. Water is poured, a little at a time, on the powdered root, and the mixer carefully stirs the contents of the bowl. As soon as there is sufficient water both hands go into the bowl, and the particles of the root are squeezed over and over to make sure that all the strength shall pass into the water. The first operation, the squeezing in the hands, continues until the floating particles of fibre show that there is no more value left in them. The next operation is the straining, which is accomplished by the use of the

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bunch of fibre, a loose mop of vegetable strings three or four feet long when fresh, but retained in use as long as enough is left to make a handful. The manipulation of the fibre is complicated; properly handled it serves very effectually the purpose of a strainer. The fibres are swept around the surface of the liquid in the bowl and brought down from all sides at once into a bunch in the hand at the deepest point; this is wrapped over itself in such a way as to collect and hold as much of the fibre of the root as possible. The dripping bunch of fibre is wrung with a peculiar twist over the bowl, and when squeezed as dry as possible is passed by the officiating *taupou* to her girl attendant who sits beside her. She tosses it to the girl at the back of the house, who shakes the fibre out upon the pavement outside, or else on a mat, from which it may be collected to be used over again with a fresh supply of root. Four or five such shakings suffice to remove all the coarse fibre from the bowl, and the *fau* is sent no more to the back of the house. All the shaking out of the finer portions is done by the officiating *taupou*, who whirls the bundle of wet fibre about her head and prides herself upon the grace with which she goes through all the motions. At last she thinks the mixture properly made, and holds the *fau* dripping above the bowl and squeezes it with a splash into the remainder of the contents below. It is for the chief of the house to say whether the mixture is right or to order its dilution in case of need, and this he may do as the result of a careful glance at the color of the liquor as it falls, or if he pretends to a finely-

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educated taste in such matters he will not look up, but depend entirely for his judgment on the sound of the splash. If the mixture is satisfactory to the chief, the supervisor of the ceremony shouts a formal speech announcing the straining, to which every person present replies with a formal wish for good luck to the drinking and a general clapping of hands. This was used to drive away the malevolent demons of heathen times, at the same time it served as an announcement that the house was under a taboo, and no one might enter or leave it until the completion of the drinking.

Now that the beverage is ready for the drinkers, the supervisor of the kava begins the ceremony in which a single mistake as to the rank of the chiefs and others in the circle would never be forgiven to him, and might possibly lead to grave troubles. He has to call the cup of kava for the one who is to receive it, he must call him in the proper order of his rank and by his proper title, or the cup will be refused. In general the order of drinking is made to alternate between guest and host, the cup of honor going to the guest of highest rank, the second cup to the host of highest rank, then the cup goes to the guest of the second rank, who is followed by the host of second rank. The supervisor of the kava must know the relative rank of all the chiefs of every town in the archipelago—that is a part of the accomplishments of the *tulafale*. In many cases it is not sufficient to call the name of a chief and send the cup traveling in his direction. Most chiefs have a distinct name by which they are known in the kava

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ceremony, sometimes a name, more often a phrase of boasting or a threat to hereditary enemies. A Malietoa drinks his kava under this call, "Taumasina, fetch here Seufangafanga," in which Taumasina is the name of the two servants whose duty it is to sit awake by the fire when a Malietoa sleeps, and the last word is the name of the cup. If the chief happens not to have a cup name, the supervisor of the kava calls "the cup of" whatever his name may be. For orators and those of no rank the call is "thy kava," followed by the name.

When the name of a drinker is called it is in order for him to clap his hands; it not only serves to direct the attendant who serves the cup, it has also some effect on the demons which the Samoans do not believe in, but which they think it just as well to treat with some respect. The cup is a highly-polished piece of cocoanut shell, the *taupou* fills it by dipping the bunch of *fau* into the fluid and then squeezing it into the cup which her attendant holds. When the attendant is carrying the cup she holds it as high as her head; standing in front of the recipient, she brings it down with a long, even sweep toward him so low that she almost grazes the mats with it, and continues the sweep upward to the level of his hands. As soon as he has taken the cup she steps backward toward the center posts of the house, or in Manu'a goes altogether outside the house.

As the bearer is carrying the cup to him the drinker is expected to voice his thanks in the words "*ngase-ngase*," or "*malie lau pule*," which are polite expressions of gratitude. When he has the cup in hand, the old

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custom prescribes that he shall spill a few drops by way of libation on the pebbles beside or behind him, and accompany the operation with the formula, "Let the god drink kava, this recognition is agreeable." Then he may drink or may return the cup to the bearer. In the ceremony it is essential that a person who is disinclined to drink must touch the cup, either by taking it into his own hands or by touching his finger to the point at the bottom of it while it still remains in the bearer's hand. A very elegant declination performed by ladies is to touch with the tip of the little finger the fluid in the cup and fling a drop over the shoulder for fortune. The cup refused by any one is not served immediately to the next in order, nor is it poured back into the *tanoa*; but when the cup is called for the next user, the *taupou* dips her bunch of *fau* once more and wrings a few drops more into the cup.

The drinker is expected to drain his cup at a single draught, no matter what its size, the few drops which remain he is to toss behind him and out of the house, and what remains upon his lips he blows off with a shout, while the others in the circle murmur a phrase of compliment on his drinking prowess. The empty cup may be handed back to the bearer, a common custom is to toss it along the mats and to set it spinning like a top with such precision that it shall come to a stop directly in front of the bowl. The last cup in the bowl is reserved for the supervisor of the kava himself. When it is reached he pronounces the final formula, and the house is again free for all to enter and leave.

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Kava is not an attractive drink. To see it made, even with the modern refinement of pounding the root, is not a good preface to liking it; seen in the bowl it is yellow and dirty, the odor which spreads as it is being mixed is dull and earthy, although the Samoans profess to find it particularly agreeable. The taste is perhaps not exactly that of stale dishwater—with which it has been compared—but it is at the same time not exactly anything else. After drinking, the mouth, tongue and palate seem as though lightly dusted with plaster. Yet most white people use the kava as regularly as their native neighbors, a custom the reason for which is obscure, as obscure as the reason why white people should live at all in the islands, among a series of dreadful realities, instead of the dream tissue which has been woven out of South Sea moonshine.

VI.

MUSIC AND THE SIVA.

AN early impression, in fact one of the very earliest, which one gets of Samoa is that it is a land of music. Before the steamer which brings him has cast anchor, the air is ringing with the songs of the boatmen as they row or paddle to meet the newcomers. As the visitors wander among the strange surroundings of native life with intent to see as much as the brief stay allows, the impression is confirmed by the sound of many voices swelling in chorus from this house and that. It is natural for the Samoan to burst into song on any occasion. The canoe melodies are as old as the life of the people. Women at work about their houses are always singing, men delving in their lonely plantations lighten toil with a song. At the great games of cricket or stick-throwing, in which village contends against village, there is always a chorus of singers. When the frequent processions move across the *malae* on any of their many errands, the presentation of a gift of food, the exhibition of ancient fine mats, there is always the music of singing. Every night at the lighting of the fire as the signal, itself a heathen survival, but now the signal for evening prayer, there is the singing of a hymn. On Sundays,

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and often during the week, the same sound of melody swells from the village churches. When the kava is served to merry gatherings in the evenings there is a game of forfeit; after the calling of the cup the recipient must either recite a legend or sing a song, else he can have no drink. Almost all the knowledge of the past is preserved in chants and songs to be handed down with music.

All this music is vocal, the human voice is the only instrument. The Samoans never attained to the slightest beginning of the idea of fixity of musical values which has culminated in the orchestra. They had a form of flute; with the bamboo growing in all the forests it would have been wonderful if there had been no recognition of its sound-producing value. But the island flute was an instrument of small compass, it was pierced with three holes, but the stops follow no regular system and therefore are of no service in developing a musical scale. And this flute was blown at the nostril, not at the lips. Its sound is a faint and feeble note, too small of volume to accompany the voice, and with too little flexibility to reproduce the tunes of the common songs. They are not whistlers; many of them do not know how to make the sound through puckered lips, a whistle is not used even to call a dog. The only development of the instrumental idea as an assistant to the voice has been along the line of the drum. They have drums of varying sizes, but of one general type, a log of wood somewhat like their canoes in shape and hollowed out through a slit on the upper surface. Some of these reach the

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length of ten or twelve feet and give a note correspondingly deep. From this size they grade down to those of less than a foot, which may be carried in the hand. The drum-sticks vary in proportion, from the single club which is used on the largest, to the two wands employed on the hand drums. The sharp tones of these excavated drums are employed only for signal purposes, to call the people to meeting, to sound the curfew, which sends the children scurrying off to bed. The drum used in music, a mere measurer of the time, is hastily made by rolling any mat off the floor to surround a bundle of a few sticks; it is beaten by a stick in each hand; in choruses it is usually supplemented by clapping of the hands.

Rarely in these days does one hear the chanting of the old legends; the older people are becoming very jealous that the knowledge of them shall not spread among the Papalangi foreigners, the younger people are scantily familiar with the old forms of intoning. The reciter droned a large part of the poetry of these tales on a low note; from this he passed suddenly to a higher pitch and chanted a short passage, and then the hearers broke out into a lyric chorus of certain parts, after which the reciter returned to the droning recitative. From those lyric choruses, at first subordinate to the chants, has developed the music of the Samoans.

As with other people who have developed remote from contact with the beginnings of European civilization, their musical scale is widely at variance with the uniformity of written music. They have chosen

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tones other than those included between *do* and *do*, their ears are suited by intervals and assonances which are out of harmony and unmelodious to ears attuned to the diatonic scale. They have in their superb physical development and perfect lungs the raw material of the voice; some manifest through all the rudeness a mellow sweetness, particularly in the minor chords which so largely constitute their music. But the material is altogether raw and untrained, they have never attained any idea of the rational use of the voice, their one idea seems compassed in volume, and to attain this they have sacrificed everything to the upper register, to the head tones, to an exaggerated falsetto which in no long time rasps out the vocal chords. As is frequently the case with savage music, the words and the tune are so fitted together as to bring the lyrical ictus upon a verbal accent at the very end of each measure with a redundant syllable. This results in giving to the music an abrupt finish in full volume with a final slur which is not pleasant.

The Samoan dance, the *siva*, is a natural accompaniment of the music. The dance is a calisthenic exhibition with the aid of song, it is only in rare cases pantomimic. It is entirely an exhibition and designed for the entertainment of spectators, without whom there could be no dance. It is devoid of the element of mutuality which marks the waltz and some other great national dances, it is devoid of other meaning than the display of grace, agility, or the grotesque.

As it has been necessary to note in so many instances, the *siva* also is among the duties of the *taupou*

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of every village. She is trained in all the poses of the dance by her duenna, her scanty wardrobe is largely made up of material which shall adorn her for the dance, her train of attendant girls is carefully rehearsed to accompany her in the *siva*. She is not a soloist in these performances, for there is no distribution of parts, but she is the central figure of the group and the leader of the concerted movements of the party. Her dancing is one of the things about which her town boasts in order to attract suitors, the poets of her community write verses about it and sing them as they travel by boat in front of other villages.

The *siva* is a dance of the upper body, it is danced sitting, and the feet and legs move only slightly and to keep time. The number of possible motions of the body and the arms is limited only by the flexibility of the muscles of the dancers and their ideas of what is graceful. The motions are in no sense symbolic, there is no interpretation to be put upon any pose or change of poses, they are calisthenic and no more.

Like everything else Samoan, a *siva* is formal, never spontaneous. It is known that on a certain night the *taupou* and the *'aualuma*, which is her girlish court with the duenna, will dance. The house will surely be crowded with all the people of the town who are entitled to enter, the lesser people with the women and the children will form a fringe on the grass outside, for the islanders richly enjoy this form of amusement and take a genuine pride in the skill of their own official maid. One end of the house is set aside for the dancers, the first line extends from the front

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of the house to the back, a second row of principals may extend immediately in the rear, and behind the actual dancers is a crowd of drummers of rolled-up mats, singers and rhythmical clappers of the hands which extends indefinitely out upon the green. In the center of the front row of principals is the place for the *taupou* as leader of the dance, a position which brings her close to one of the fire pots, in which dry cocoanut leaflets are kept steadily burning to cast a bright light over the shifting scene of glistening skins and leaf trimmings and crude colors and writhing arms of girls. When all is in readiness for the dance, the '*auahuma* files into the house, the girls adrip with scented oil of cocoanut and decked in girdles of brightly-stained fibre with many wreaths of odoriferous leaves and gay flowers hung over their shoulders and about their necks, some carrying out the eighteenth century idea of the patch by smearing the cheeks with the bright red of the stamens of the hibiscus. In a formal way all the young men in the house shout their compliments at the '*auahuma*, praise their beauty and their grace. A Samoan compliment goes right to particular items, it is not a shy and modest hint of charms, but an oratorical statement which there is no mistaking. The '*auahuma* seats itself in the one or two lines of the principal dancers, according to the size of the house and the number of girls present, the seat of the *taupou* is left vacant.

There is good reason for the delay. The Samoans do not wear many clothes at best, the *taupou* about to dance is lightly clad, but her toilette is a long and

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a trying one, it takes as much as three hours to make. The 'aualuma are mainly clad in a coat of fragrant oil, the *taupou* is oilier than they and diffuses a sharper odor of sandalwood and ylang-ylang and a dozen crude essences of trees as yet unknown outside the Samoan forests—her attire is only more ornate than that of her fellow dancers, except in one particular. She wears the *tuinga*, they do not. The *taupou's* head-dress is a composite affair, part wig, part frontlet of nautilus shell, part bright plumage and part scaffold of three sticks. It is not an easy thing to put on, for its component parts must be assembled piece by piece every time of using; it is productive of constant pain while it is worn, and is taken off with a feeling of relief, yet the sway of custom is so rigid that a *taupou* would scarcely feel herself clad without her *tuinga*. 'As this mass of hair and sticks and feathers is exposed to somewhat rough treatment and violent motions, it must be firmly attached to the head. The foundation is a strip of cloth which is wound around the head at the roots of the hair and which serves to draw all the hair into a bunch at the crown, where it is allowed to stand up to its full length of three inches, which is the usual length. Upon this one lock is tied the wig of natural hair set in a frame of cloth or fibre netting. When that is attached so securely as not to be dislodged, the scaffolding of three twigs and a cross piece is tied in front and made fast to the cloth covering just above the forehead. This framework may be left without ornamentation, or it may support a common decoration of discs of looking glass. Tresses of

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the green and red feathers of the tiny parrakeet are attached to the wig and to the framework. The *tuinga* is completed by tying across the forehead a band of several rows of the partition plates of the nautilus. With this decoration goes a necklace, either of bright shells or of whales' teeth ground fine and sharp, this being probably the more characteristic and representing the greatest value in the eyes of all the Pacific islanders.

There is a burst of applause when the *taupou*, led by her duenna, comes into the house and takes her place in the vacant seat in the middle of the front row. The compliments are shouted thick and fast, and the highest chiefs are loudest in praise of the maid of their town. Without loss of time she starts the singing, and the dance opens. It does not matter what the words are, they have no reference to the posturings of the dance—a love song, a battle song, a dirge for the dead have all been heard with exactly the same movements of the dancers. Generally the songs are filled with the praises of the *taupou* herself, and contain boastful pronouncements of her great superiority over this or that rival in neighboring villages. Every dance, with its song accompaniment, is done twice, for the first time in common time, the repetition as fast as is possible. There seem to be some sixty distinct dances, and most *taupou* are acquainted with about half the number; ten is the common limit displayed at any given *siva*.

The *siva* itself is uncouth and inelegant, it may interest as a specimen of savage customs, yet it is a

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clean performance. The same is scarcely to be said of the second part of the entertainment which follows the innocent *siva*. This the Samoans call the *tau-alunga*, or roof-tree, and it is danced by the *taupou* as a soloist, or with the assistance of a few of her girls. This is danced erect and employs the whole body, it varies from a mere march to a rudely dramatic performance. For this style of dance there is no singing, but there is abundance of drumming and the clapping of hands, or possibly a short sentence may be monotonously repeated over and over. There is in these exhibitions the germ of the theatrical idea; the *taupou*, often assisted by the *manaia*, who also wears the high headdress, aims to present a review of things familiar to her audience. Beginning as a burlesque and piece of grotesque horseplay, it soon passes all bounds which would be set by a good taste, which it is idle to expect from savages.

A favorite theme of these night dances of the *tau-alunga* class is a representation of the visit of a naval officer to a native village on social diversion intent. The *taupou* assumes the part of the officer, and her train of girls at first represent his party of sailors. This gives a chance for a mock drill, in which it is hard to say which is more grotesque, the imitation of the manual of arms performed with cocoanut leaf stalks in place of muskets, or the attempt of the *taupou* to give orders in some sort of gibberish which she thinks reproduces the sound of English words. After the mock drill the girls cease to be sailors and resume the more natural character of village girls.

VII.

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SAMOANS have but a scanty development of the art sense. They are attracted by bright colors as they are by crude scents of the strongest odor. They seem to find pleasure in the flaming scarlet of the hibiscus blossoms as large as a tea cup, which they wear in the hair or tucked over one ear. The rich red nutlets of the pandanus fruit when fully ripe are commonly threaded on fibre for the necklets which are worn a great part of the time. The ti plant offers brightly colored leaves for frontlets, and its inner bark is dyed in gay pigments for the making of girdles. The fine mats in use as apparel on occasions of ceremony are edged with the red feathers of the parrakeet; the common clothing of tapa, called by the Samoans *siapo*, is painted in a wide range of designs. Whatever there is of the art idea in the life of these islanders is essentially geometrical and decorative. The pictorial is entirely absent. There is not the slightest trace of any attempt to reproduce in any material a single one of the objects with which they are most familiar. Races much lower in the scale of development make rude pictures of men and animals; the Samoans not only are utterly unable

to draw even a suggestion of an object set before them, but they seem at a loss to recognize even the most faithful reproduction of an object. Thus only is it possible to explain how it comes that most Samoans, when looking at a photograph, turn it a quarter of the way around instead of holding it with the bottom of the picture horizontal. It may be that in this lack of accuracy in pictorial appreciation is the reason why the Samoan, whose name is tattooed on his forearm, is just as likely to have it done wrong end to, as though seen in a mirror.

There is clay in Samoa, but no potter. The only use to which the clay has been applied in native life is in finishing off the two small fire pits which are found in every house. The fire bakes the clay into coarse brick, the Samoan sees the product, but has not learned from it the benefit of fictile work.

They have not the rudiment of stone working, for they are devoid of metals which might serve as tools. The highest attainment in the use of stone which they have reached is in the building of dry walls—heaps of rock without mortar. There are tales of a house built of stone on the model of the common thatched house. Its ruins may still be seen in a mountain gorge at the back of Apia in one of the valleys of the Vaisingano, very difficult of access. Within quite recent years a chief in an access of religious zeal not otherwise manifested, destroyed as far as possible this *Fale o le Fe'e*, the House of the Cuttle Fish god of war. The ruins which are pointed out as having once been stone posts, show no mark of

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dressing or cutting. Some treasured stones appear to have been shaped by art into smooth spheres; they were local gods in the old days, but there is no reason to suppose that they are other than the balls of rock yet to be found excavating pot-holes in rivers the world around. The only suggestion in all Samoa of a structural use of stone is to be noted in the name, *Fale fatu*, or House of Stone, which is used in reference to the *malae* of the village of Matafangatele when the rulers of the Tuamasanga are there assembled for the declaration of war; yet neither there nor elsewhere is there a single house into the construction of which stone enters.

The tools for cutting—flakes of rock and sharpened edges of shell and serrated teeth of sharks, which would prove too feeble to be used in working stone—are sufficient with much patience for the shaping of such articles of wood as they needed. In house architecture there has been no advance beyond simple utility. The posts are never anything but tree trunks, from which the bark has been removed. The only example of carpenters' skill with cutting tools is seen in the beams of the rounded parts of the roof, which are not only cut truly to curve, but are composite of many small billets cut, scarfed and fitted with commendable accuracy and skill. The canoes are almost equally devoid of ornament, but they show far more of the carpenters' skill. One common type is carved from a solid block of wood, others are more ingeniously constructed of planks in irregular shapes, but all provided with an inner border of lugs and shoul-

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ders by which the pieces of wood may be sewed together, nails and similar devices for fastening being quite unknown. In either type the sum of the ornamentation is a row of square blocks on the slight suggestion of a deck, which are sometimes further set off by white cowrie shells tied on. Other wooden ware which is susceptible of ornament and any skill of carving, consists of clubs and fans and combs. The old clubs are most elaborate specimens of work along a very few fixed patterns. For the most part carved of a wood as dense as iron and almost as refractory to work, each club stood for the labor of a lifetime or more. The clubs which were really cut for desperate use in war, are commonly carved in dentelles and shallow relief. Other clubs to be used in the *siva* and in triumphal processions are of more complicated design and deeper relief, which the ability to employ a softer timber made possible. A large part of all the wood carving is done in Savaii, and that seems to have been always the case, for no reason that is at all manifest. For the wooden fans and back combs a wood is used which is easily split into thin plates. These plates are worked in the flat and are ornamented by cut out patterns like a coarse fret work. Back combs a foot in length are common ornament and are employed solely for personal decoration.

Textile industry has not only not attained to the loom; it has not even reached the point of spinning or even adding strength to raw fibres by a simple twist in the fingers. The only weaving that is done is done laboriously by hand. Its sole product is the



Painting the siapo, the brush is a pandanus nutlet

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mat, of which there are a score of different types, each adapted to some special use of the household or the community. The material used varies from the coarse but common leaflet of the cocoanut to the long and fine leaf skins used in the fine mats. The mats grade from the coarseness of the material of which they are woven. At one end is the floor mat, so stiff and heavy that it has given its name *papa* to planks of timber. At the other is the fine mat, as closely woven as a stout damask and quite as durable, the full dress of the *taupou*.

It is a long task to weave a fine mat, nine feet square and every inch woven by hand. The materials must be sought with discriminating care, the cortex must be carefully peeled off the leaf and freed of every speck of leaf tissue, it must be diligently examined for minute faults, it must be slit with a thorn into threads of the same gauge of fineness. When all the material is ready, a house must be built for the work, for the growing mat must not be exposed to the ordinary domestic chances of an ordinary house. It is not on every day that a weaver may work, the day must be fine and fair or the weaving is a blemish. A woman works for years before she completes such a mat. By that time she has grown to prize it highly. Each fine mat has its name, each has its history, which recounts how it has passed along with the dowry of some famous *taupou*, or has been offered in the making of peace between rival war parties on the road of war. On occasions when the fine mat is brought out upon the green, it is saluted with the respect which would

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be paid to a chief, even the highest in rank stoop that it may be touched to their heads, which are a part of the body little short of sacred in Polynesian habits. Bystanders shout the praises of the fine mat; it is as fertile a theme for the poets as the kava; they put no limit to the note of admiration: "Take it away," sings one, "it dazzles my eyes;" "it is brighter than the sunrise shining on the sea," sings another. A Samoan will make any sacrifice to keep the fine mats of his family; it is the only safe pledge for money borrowed; he will always come to redeem it. Held in such veneration as they are they rarely come on sale, when they do they frequently bring large sums, \$50 for a good specimen is a fair value on which to reckon.

Other small wares are made of leaves and bark and small twigs. There is a large variety in the shapes and decoration of fans which are made for sale, as they have slight utility. The Samoan labors under the impression that the Papalangi civilization of all Europeans is based on a free use of the fan, which on the other hand they seldom employ. Enter a house, and its mistress rummages through her chest to find a gaudy fan. It is supposed to be the one thing which tourists really must buy; the village of Lau'ii, a little way up the coast from Apia, has practically no other occupation than making fans for the steamer trade. The same materials are put to much more valuable uses when made up into baskets, of which there is a multitude of different patterns adapted to varying needs, all serviceable and many ornamental.

The widest scope for decoration and color is af-

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forded by the *siapo*, which elsewhere in the Pacific is known as *tapa*, and which foreigners call native cloth. It is not a cloth in the strict sense, for it is not a product of the loom or the spinning wheel. In its fabrication it somewhat resembles papyrus; the materials are coarser. The material is the bast or inner bark of the *tutuga*, the *Broussonetia papyrifera* of the botanists, a rapidly growing tree. While the saplings are yet slender they are cut and the bark peeled. These strips of bark are weighted down in a running stream and retted until the bast readily separates from the outer bark. The bast, while still wet, is laid out on a beating board, a trunk of a tree with its upper surface made smooth. On this table the bast is beaten with a special paddle or beater, square in section, each face marked with ridges graded from very coarse on the first face to correspondingly fine on the fourth. This beating spreads the fibrous material into a broad sheet as thin as tissue paper and about as strong. These sheets are spread on the grass to dry and at the same time to bleach in the sunlight. These tissues are the raw material out of which the cloth is made. The woman who does the work surrounds herself with a pile of the tissues, a forming board with a slightly curved surface, her shells full of pigment, and a piece of pasty arrowroot. Some *siapos* have the color rubbed in, this work is done when the tissues are being put together. Others are wholly compacted in the natural white and painted last of all, some combine both methods. If color is to be rubbed in as the *siapo* is making, there is a stencil employed,

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a mat on which the patterns are outlined with the wire-like midribs of cocoanut leaflets. This is tied on the forming board, a tissue is laid over it and rubbed with a lump of red earth in the same manner as a tracing is taken from a coin; over this tissue the woman rubs the ball of arrowroot and then lays another tissue, which in turn is rubbed first with the color and then with the paste. Most siapos consist of five thicknesses of tissue; for special purposes, where greater stiffness is a desideratum, many more tissues are employed.

Painted siapos, far the more striking, are the product of correspondingly increased labor. For the common marking of the siapos a lump of mineral color suffices, but for painting, it is necessary to prepare colors in oil, and they must be fast colors, for the cloth is likely to be caught out in torrential rains which test its color and construction. The principal color is a lustrous black. This is the soot of the burning nut of the candlenut, an ancient illuminant. The soot is mixed with cocoanut oil, and the fresh sap of the pani tree serves both as a mordant and dryer, beside imparting to the black lustre a slight tint of red, which may be distinctly seen in a side light. The same mineral pigment, powdered and mixed with cocoanut oil and the mordant, provides the red shades, the leaves and young twigs of a species of fig provide a dull yellow. These are the three colors of the Samoan palette and serve for all uses. At the present day the general spread of cheap and fleeting dyes has enabled them to place on the steamer day market

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an assortment of siapos which copy with much accuracy the prints from Manchester looms and in gay colors. In painting siapo the idea appears to have generally obtained of dividing the surface into squares, and of treating each square by itself as a block to be combined with other such blocks, like the squares on a checker board. The work was entirely freehand, the patterns geometrical and conventional. The artist is the woman who has beaten the bark and made the cloth, the brush is a pandanus nutlet shredded at the point to get at its fibre, the color is mixed in the universal South Sea cup, the half of a cocoanut shell.

The Samoan intelligence does not take kindly to innovations of any sort, a thing which can be done just as the fancy moves seems to them scarcely worth doing, the real things of life are governed by set rules and forms and ceremonies. There is much of this idea in all Samoan affairs; it enters into art by conventionalizing design at all its stages, by defining for the highest form of art a single pattern which must not be varied from by so much as a line, and in which artistic success is won only by fidelity of the copyist. The highest point which art reaches in Samoa is to tattoo on every man a vestment from his waist to his knees, which he may never take off.

The tattoo pattern is rigidly conventional, for every line there is a name and a legend. Those are things which the young man learns when he is undergoing the operation. When the artist is working on a line he teaches its name and what it stands for, esoteric information which qualifies a man for his position in

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society. One part of the pattern is called the ship, another the vampire, another the butterfly; but if they had ever any resemblance to the objects from which they are named the conventionalizing has gone so far as to destroy every character which might lead to recognition. Some people have made themselves so proficient in tattooing that they can draw in the skin quite pretty pictures; the Samoans who practise the art are satisfied to be able to turn out each subject tattooed just like everybody else in a pattern which has nothing to recommend it but its antiquity. When one considers the number of square inches of skin embraced in the tattoo pattern, many of which are filled with solid blocks of pigment, and looks at the rude implements of the art, it is easy to recognize that here is an operation not without pain. In such a climate and with a people who have a disposition toward skin ailments, it is remarkable that blood poison does not follow the tattooing needle; yet such is not the case, the only sequel is a shedding of the skin wherever the instrument has pricked the design. The implements are a set of finely pointed and sharp combs of bone affixed to a light wooden handle in the position of the blade and handle of a hoe. They range from a single sharp point, which is employed in turning fine corners of the design, to sets of fifteen or twenty points in a row, which serve for the large masses of block work. Whatever be the instrument in use, the operator holds it by the handle in such a way that the points are a short distance above the skin of the patient. He strikes it lightly with a stick

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held in the right hand, and employs the fingers which grasp the handle to serve the purposes of a spring. The bone teeth are frequently dipped in the pigment, cocoanut oil and candlenut soot, and the accumulations of paint are wiped away as often as the artist needs to study out the pattern, which is never traced beforehand. An assistant keeps the skin stretched wherever the artist is working. At least two weeks are required for the completion of the operation, and none but very resolute men would have the hardihood to bear such large daily instalments of pain as that would involve. Women are often tattooed, with bracelets and stars and other light decorative designs, with the names of themselves and their children on the arm, but there is no conventional design which all must have.

Jewelry is replaced by strings of shells and bright berries easily strung together when needed. Armlets are made of the tusks of the wild boar, and rings, pretty but fragile, are cut from plates of the large turtle of the sea.

VIII.

FISHERS AND SAILORS.

ALTHOUGH the Samoans are singular among the peoples of the Polynesian race in not being fairly entitled to the name of Navigators, which their French discoverer mistakenly conferred upon them, yet it must not be inferred that they are not seafarers. They are almost to be classed as amphibious, so much at home are they in and on the sea. They swim before they walk, they have to learn locomotion on land, swimming seems to come by instinct. In their small canoes they voyage from island to island across the wide straits of the archipelago, no wind is too tempestuous for them to venture out in it, no sea so high as to block the way of their canoes. With fewer exceptions than can be told off on the fingers of one hand, their villages are built on the beaches; part of the furnishing of every house is its store of paddles for propelling the canoe, which is drawn above the tide upon the beach ready for instant launching. Every community has its village boat, a large craft with benches for twenty, thirty, forty oars, and many masts for sails to use in running with the wind. Much of the common food comes from the sea, fish, molluscs, cuttlefishes, urchins, even one glorious gorge

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in the whole year, the palolo worm. All Samoans are swimmers, are fishers, are sailors; they fall short of being the navigators which Bougainville thought them only in that their voyages are confined to their own archipelago.

Yet in a sense they have gone abroad and visited other archipelagoes of the South Sea. Where their congeners have legends of adventurous voyages in large canoes over leagues of empty ocean, the Samoan has tales of long distance swimmers. They tell of twin girls, united back to back, who swam the whole south coast of Upolu and across the straits, and came to land near Pago Pago in Tutuila, from there to Fiji, and from Fiji back home to Manono. There are no such swimmers in these degenerate days, yet within more reasonable limits than the swimming of a tract of ocean over which the inter-island steamers take three days, within the ordinary limits of a man's endurance they are tireless swimmers. It is well attested that they have swum a dozen or fifteen miles in a day, taking for support on the journey no more than a single cocoanut, which holds a supply both of food and drink. They do not swim after the methods taught in schools. Theirs is a natural stroke, such as is used by all quadrupeds whose bodies balance in water much as the human body floats. It may be called a dog paddle by those who look upon swimming as an art to be acquired, and have never had the chance to see that the motions with which an infant creeps before it walks are the motions of natural swimming. It is by creeping that South Sea babies

learn to swim unaided. They creep down warm sand beaches to the line which parts the shore from the warm sea. An adventurous push forward, the wash of some tiny wavelet, and the small human thing is at home in its ocean element. Practising only this instinctive paddle stroke, they are brave and fearless swimmers. Had it not been so, there would have been a longer roll of drowned sailors in the great Apia gale, for it was Samoan watercraft which pitted itself against the fury of the tempest and seized the drowning from the clutch of the raging sea.

The most venerable antiquity attaches to the model and the lines of the Samoan canoe, single or double, which is also the type of every Polynesian vessel. Between one and another archipelago there may be slight variations in unimportant particulars not affecting the sailing qualities of the vessel, but in general, the Samoan canoes show the sum of all naval architecture of the Pacific islands. All varieties fall within two main divisions, the double-hulled canoe or catamaran type, and the outrigger type of single canoe. In the Samoa of to-day the massive double canoe has all but vanished, a solitary specimen hauled on a Savaii beach, to go into decay and never more be used, is all that is left of the *alia* or great catamaran of the war fleet. Its two hulls were built up of planks without ribs, they were braced apart with struts and beams lashed and sewed together; the absence of the nail or spike, which characterizes all Samoan carpentry, gave them the flexibility in every part which a catamaran needs in a sea way. But the *alia* was not

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easy to build, its bulk was too great for many passages in the reefs, its draft was disproportionately great, and it could not stand comparison with foreign boats of an equal passenger capacity. That doomed the catamaran; white men were employed to build boats for one Samoan community after another; now the half-castes are the boat builders of the community, and find themselves occupied with abundance of patronage.

Of the outrigger canoes which now form the navy of the land, and which must always have largely outnumbered the catamarans, there are again two classes. The larger and more seaworthy of the canoes is a composite vessel, the great majority of the canoes are of the *periagua* type. These are the canoes which are most often seen, in the neighborhood of Apia there is none other.

But when these small vessels are spoken of as dug-outs, the expression is used in the sense in which it is employed in naval architecture, and with no derogatory suggestion. Though the hull is indeed dug out of a single log of wood, it is none the less molded on lines of quite as much grace as utility. The bow is perpendicular, sharp as a blade, tipped with an ornamental horn like a rudimentary bowsprit. From the sharp bow the lines flow with very clever appreciation of fluid resistances and merge in the general width of the hull; from this the lines fine sharply back and upward to the stern. This hull is the product of long experience; the designer has had to consider the need of a sharp and fine bow entrance, but at the stern he

has had a double problem, which has been successfully met. One point has been the usual one of avoiding the drag of dead water in the run. The other arises from a peculiarity of island navigation. In many cases it is necessary to depend for propulsion on the send of a following sea, in cases where it would be impossible to use the paddle; this is a frequent contingency in many narrow and tortuous passages in the sea reefs, and is frequent also when it is obligatory on the sailor, in the absence of any pass, to jump a boiling reef in the very spray of the breakers. This frequent requirement has had much to do with molding the stern of the Samoan canoe and fitting it to the conditions of its use. Although the hull is always associated with an outrigger, there is no flattening of the lines on the outrigger side, in every Samoan canoe or catamaran the hulls are symmetrical with reference to their lengthwise axis.

The outrigger of the Samoan canoe consists of three distinct parts, therein differing from that of Hawaii and other archipelagoes which have but two. Two outboard braces are lashed over the gunwales of the hull, straight pieces of wood instead of the curved beams elsewhere employed. The beam of the outrigger in the water is a log sharpened to a point at one end, the bow. This is adjusted to be on the level of the keel of the boat, its bow is opposite the bow of the hull, its after end stops just behind the rear brace, which is at the point where the sharp tapering of the stern begins. Between the braces and the outrigger trunk are inserted small rods, which take the



Apia, the little town strung along the beach

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strain of the lashing of plaited cocoanut fibre, which hold the larger parts together. This outrigger is always on the left hand side of the canoe, and the space between is commonly four feet. The braces where they cross the hull serve as thwarts for the paddlers, who sit facing forward, and paddle first on one side and then the other. The outrigger always causes a drag to one side, which must be corrected. This is partly accomplished by varying the angle of the paddle blade with the hull of the vessel when paddling on the right hand side, and when it becomes too great to be thus remedied, the paddle is changed for a few strokes to the outrigger side. When two paddlers are engaged together, the one in the rear is charged with the duty of steering; when there is but a solitary paddler, he sits on the rear thwart. These canoes are very crank despite the outrigger; they hold up well enough so long as the inclination is toward the right, but it does not take much to capsize them when the outrigger once gets under water; when they do go over there is a great chance that the occupants will be sharply hit by the outrigger coming up on the other side. They are righted without difficulty, and cleared of water by a very simple maneuver. The crew swim alongside the righted canoe and move it rapidly backward and forward, with a short stop at the end of each motion; the water contained in the hollowed hull hits the end of the excavation with a rush, and by a peculiarity of the internal shape is sent in a considerable stream overboard; it requires but a few moments to get rid of the water by this process.

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The size of these dug-out canoes, which are known as *paopao*, is limited only by the size of the original log and the convenience with which it may be handled in the construction, they are seldom seen large enough to accommodate more than two paddlers. When a vessel of a larger size is needed, recourse is had to the *tafānga*, a canoe of the same outrigger type, but of which the hull is built up of planks stitched together with cocoanut fibre in a plaited cord, and having the seams paid with the gum of the bread-fruit tree. The planks are pieces of wood of irregular shapes, varying for different parts of the hull; they are uniformly hewn out of the solid block of timber, and have all around the edge on the inner side a rim or shoulder rising at least an inch above the general surface, which serves both as a brace and as a frame for the stitching. Such canoes are often of considerable size and accommodate many paddlers and passengers.

The fishing industry is conditioned by the nature of the immediate sea. If a town lies on the beach of a lagoon, where a reef at a distance from shore holds back the heavy swells of the ocean and provides an expanse of still and shallow water, the devices for fishing are many and varied. At low tide the women and girls may be seen wading across the shallows and hunting in the tangled beds of flowering coral for the prickly sea urchins, the trepang, and other sea cucumbers, and a great leathery naked mollusc, which are favorite articles of food. When the tide is low at night, they conduct the search with

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torches of dry cocoanut leaflets and the hard spathes of the blossoms of the same useful tree; the fish, which are attracted by the light, are then easily speared or netted. On still, dark nights the scene is most picturesque, with the waving lines of torches seemingly far out in the ocean, and the light quivering in long lines upon the wave surface.

At high tide the men take canoes and follow the feeding schools of fish, watchful to see the leaping of the prized mullet or the still more toothsome *malauli*, pressing in upon them with a large net mounted on a forking stick and so heavy that only men of strength can direct the cast. Others follow the high tide wave along the beach and kill fish of the same sorts by darting the spear at them as they come close along the beach, an operation which calls for much skill. Women with small hand nets form a ring about some well-known feeding ground and contract their line about the leaping fish, some are caught as they try to jump over the shouting crowd, others remain and are meshed in the nets. Longer and larger nets are set in narrow passages between the hedges of the coral, and the fish are driven into the snare; men and boys crowd the water, beating stones beneath the surface or slapping the waves with long poles. Set lines are common, traps like huge demijohns without the glass are placed in the crannies of the reef. Fish are abundant and form a large portion of the diet. In fact island custom, which refuses to eat only one kind of food at a time and demands variety, requires something from the sea with every meal. A song of feast-

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ing describes the good viands, the bread-fruit plucked from the highest branches and bedewed with the drops of its gum, the bundles of taro pounded into a custard with cocoanut water; yet the Samoan poet is not content, he grumbles that there are only things from the shore and nothing from the sea, he is not content until they cut open a trepang and lay it on the leaf before him, which is his plate.

Where there is no reef, and therefore no lagoon, there is no opportunity for all this variety in fish taking. Then it is necessary to rely on the hook. The Samoan hook is effective. It is always made of shell, and differs slightly according as it is intended for large or for small fish. For the small fish the shell is cut an inch square and is drilled with a hole near the bottom, through which an unbarbed thorn is passed and firmly lashed in place. Theoretically, a hook without a barb should meet with fishermen's scorn; practically, it holds most of the fish which take it. The finest fishing of all in the Samoan idea, and it is amply borne out by the experience, is the chase of the bonito in the deep waters. To be successful in this angling means that one must begin far back and be right in every step which leads up to the result. Ill luck, fisherman's luck, is a thing fully comprehended in the heart of the South Sea, the worst of ill luck may be injected into a canoe when its planks are being hewn out far up in the jungle. One tree is good, another tree is fatal to all fishing, some planks must be cut when the moon is waxing, others will drive away the fish unless the axe enters the log on

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the waning moon. There are a dozen ways of assuring bad luck in the making of the hook. The hook is a handsome thing. Its shank is a heavy strip of pearl shell, which is dull black on the outside and shades into brilliant pearly lustre on the inner curve. The barb is carefully carved out of bright pearl shell and is stoutly lashed to the shank with fibre of coconut husks, which will stand any amount of wetting with salt water, yet take no harm. It is tricked out with a tassel of gay colored fibre and leaves to attract the great fish. In Samoan eyes the bonito is a gentleman; he has a language of courtesy even as chiefs have, none but gentlemen might fish for him, his flesh was forbidden to the common man.

In connection with Samoan canoecraft may be mentioned the surf riding. In this archipelago there are none of the surf boards which the Hawaiians employ in their sport of *heenaluu*, but the Samoan does quite as well with his canoe, which he manages to place just in front of the combing crest of some great roller and comes dashing shoreward with tremendous speed and loud shouts of "U-hu-hu," which is the only instance of the use of the aspirate in the language. Here also may be mentioned the chance of accident in their trips across the straits, accidents which may have had somewhat to do with the peopling of the Pacific with a homogeneous race. In 1897 a foreign-built Samoan boat carrying some thirty men, women and children, started from Tutuila to go to Manu'a. The wind varied from its usual direction, they had no compass, they failed to sight their destination. Pro-

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visioned only for a trip of sixty miles, they were blown out on the broad Pacific with no means of directing their course. They were adrift for three weeks before the wind brought them to a distant land far to the north. The details are too ghastly to dwell on, they were eight when they came to shore, two more died after landing at Apia, to which they were brought by the London Mission yacht John Williams, which had encountered the castaways in its regular round of the islands.

IX.

SHOOTING THE APOLIMA PASSAGE.

IF you can picture in imagination the spectacle of the camel threading the eye of the needle with the speed of the swiftest of all express trains, you may get some idea of what it looks like to pass from the ocean into the still lagoon of Apolima, the most beautiful island in Samoa, and by long odds the most picturesque of all spots chosen for human habitation anywhere in the wide world. If you can imagine the feelings of the same camel as he finds himself shot at the needle's eye at the rate of a mile a minute, and suddenly makes the discovery that the eye has in it a cast on which he is in deadly danger of being hurled, you may then know how it feels to shoot the narrow and tortuous pass through bristling coral jaws which is the only access to Apolima.

Apolima is worth the seeing. To have missed it is to be blind to one of the natural wonders of the world. It stands alone in a class alone. Apolima is a case of false pretenses. About midway between the two larger islands it rises from abysmal depths in the strait which parts Upolu and Savaii. Its nearest neighbor, the level island of Manono, lies within a guarding ring of coral, its beach is a continuous strip of glistening sand inviting the voyager to land and stroll at will through the vistas of forest and plan-

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tation. But about the island of Apolima the diminutive industry of the coral has reared no massive break-water, the ocean rolls in an unbroken sweep against smooth and shining cliffs. At the bottom is the wild tumult of the sea, thence rises the precipice unrelieved by even so much as a clinging fern, then over the summit of the cliffs high in air a glimpse of waving tops of trees as a sign that this island of the straits is not the desolate crag it appears from sea. One may make the circuit, the diameter of the whole island is scarcely more than a mile, and nowhere is there anything to be seen but the frowning wall of volcanic rock, black and red, everywhere beaten by thundering waves. There is but one exception, there is a single opening in the outer wall, one peep-hole frames a most charming picture of tropical luxuriance, one narrow gap entices the voyager to risk the jagged perils which beset the path, and to enter in to enjoy the wonderful scene which meets his gaze.

The island clearly began its existence as a volcanic cone thrust up through the sea in some great commotion of the mighty powers under the rind of the earth. When it was an active vent of the internal fires cannot now be estimated, but in the obscurity of a Samoan legend there is a statement that it was not always in these straits. So far as it is possible to read its history in the exposed rock faces, the volcano could not have been at work very long before its final catastrophe, which quite spoiled it as a volcano, but transformed it into a marvelous home, such as nowhere else houses man. From the rock walls can

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be seen what happened. The small volcano, newly extruded from the sea, was probably resting after its first activity, a cone containing a lake of fire not much above sea level. Through some seam, which opened as the walls of the crater cracked in cooling, the ocean found its way inward. A sudden puff of steam, the flight of a mass of rock through the air, boundless hissing and explosion, and the water had put out the fire forever, and left the cooling island like a bowl with a piece broken out of one side. That seems to be the explanation of the events which produced the island, for after the first wonder of the novel place passes off the question is sure to arise as to what did it all.

The gateway to Apolima is broken out of its northern wall. A dangerous cluster of rocks about 200 feet seaward shows where the lava flowed out from the riven crater and the shattered fragments of the wall found an off-shore lodgment. Between the cliffs, as measured at the sea level, the whole gap is not 300 feet wide, the slope upward to the summit level of the broken wall is very steep, and at that high level the gap is probably not more than twice as wide as at tide level. When one passes inshore of the outlying ledge of rocks, the beauty of Apolima springs suddenly on the sight, so suddenly as to seem almost an illusion. Then one recognizes the fitness of the name which the Samoans have given to the island, for Apolima means "the hollow of the hand," and carries with it the idea of protection, a place of refuge.

The promise extended by the treetops peering over

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the bare outer walls of rock is fulfilled in the richest measure as soon as the view of the interior breaks upon the sight. The inner face of the crater wall is almost as steep and bluff as the seaward aspect, but it would never be suspected under the mantle of living green with which ferns, bushes and even trees have clothed it, clinging to every spot in which the disintegrating lava has made a pocket of fertile soil. Walled in by this amphitheater, the bottom of the crater is a tiny plain, covered with vegetation, stretching down to the waters of a wee lagoon just within the dangerous gateway to the island. Beneath the waving leaves of the cocoanuts is seen a small hamlet of a dozen or fifteen houses for the accommodation of as many families, for the restricted territory will afford support for no more. Outside their gateway the ocean is forever in turmoil, yet there is never a ripple on the placid surface of their little lagoon. The fury of the gale may beat on their outer walls, they do not even know that there is a tempest, for the wind can neither enter nor dip down into their calm atmosphere. They live in unbroken peace, while the baffled gale passes harmlessly overhead, 500 feet away. In centuries of constant bickerings, the fleets of war canoes have swept across their straits and past their very doors, yet Apolima is still a maiden fortress. The dozen spears they muster have proved enough to hold off every enemy who has attempted entrance in the brief and uncertain periods when entrance is possible, for at other times the sea locks the place against all comers and against all goers.

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To visit Apolima one must employ the usual vehicle of Samoan travel, an open row boat. In these small and open craft the trader and the tourist alike put out upon the very ocean itself for trips from place to place on each island, and for the more venturesome voyage across the straits to other islands of the archipelago. Exposed to the sun and the frequent downpours of the rain, thrown about by the heaving of the sea, and not infrequently deluged with the crest of some lopping wave, such voyaging can never be comfortable. It is safe enough, however, for the Samoans are good boatmen even though they do have the terrifying custom of steering as close as possible to the combing edge of the huge breakers which sweep like resistless cavalry charges upon the reefs or crags of the shore. When you go to windward your reliance is on the strength of the boatmen, who tug at the oars for incessant hours without wearying. To leeward you have the swifter and more comfortable voyage with a scrap of sail. That's all of the sense of direction you need in the islands. For all practical purposes the compass is not needed. The four cardinal points are windward and leeward, seaward and inland; this simple equivalent of boxing the compass is contained in the Samoan jingle, which your boatmen will insist on your learning,

*“Gagaifo,
Gaga'e,
Gauta,
Gatai.”*

Still, if you have your boat and a good crew, and

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keep the little verse steadily in mind, not even then are you at all sure of seeing Apolima when you set out to see it. The first part of the voyage is all plain sailing. From Apia you run down to west and leeward in the still lagoon of shallow water inside the barrier reef. You must make your start when it is close to high water, for the lagoon is shallow. Just back of Mulinu'u Point, where formerly the Samoan Government sat all day and wondered what it was there for, there is a broad sand bank. A few miles further along is a sad tangle of rocks, and to get past these difficulties the tide must be high. But once past the rocks of Faleula, the lagoon is a fairway, and there is nothing to check the swift run before the wind down to Muli-fanua, the end of the island of Upolu. In every small bay which opens on the sight as you go whizzing from one headland to the next, a Samoan town is to be seen under the groves of cocoanuts which fringe the glittering beach. Almost at the end of the island are the clustered structures of the largest of the German plantations. Just past this station the channel setting close in shore gives opportunity to see the ruins of some mammoth erections of stone and earth, of which the history has been lost in the mists of Samoan tradition. Here the lagoon widens out to include the island of Manono, for which the boat must head on its way out. Here one must halt to ask of the people as to the chance of entering the sister inlet, which lies a few miles outside the still waters of the lagoon. Generally they can tell in Manono by the look of the sea breaking on a certain portion of

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their reef whether the Apolima pass is practicable. If their judgment is adverse you halt at Manono and wait for a better opportunity. They can always tell you surely if the pass is impracticable. They are by no means so certain when it may be run. As to that you have to take your chances.

After leaving Manono you are quite at sea; there is no reef to still the stretch of water, the angle at which Savaii and Upolu lie with respect to one another creates a sort of funnel to direct the sea into the ten-mile strait and to magnify the waves. Here you must take your chances on adjusting the physical system to the peculiar combination of squirm and wriggle, which is the motion of a small boat perched on the crest of the high sea waves, varied only by dizzy slides down water-sloped and painful climbing up shifting hills. After some two miles of this sort of sailing you draw close alongside the rocky outer walls of Apolima, and the boat boys feel happy to be able to skirt the sea-beaten cliffs right in the highest swell of the outer line of breakers. Their choice in this matter is responsible for the intimate acquaintance you gain of the rock conformation of the outer face of the island. In a dull sort of despair you try to pick out the one particular spot on which you are about to be dashed in water-torn pieces. While you are making this round you are sorry you came, it really seems scarcely worth the while to undergo the discomfort of coming so far only to be broken and drowned on a face of rock which nowhere offers even a crack in which the fingers might take a last hold on

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life. A little more of the circuit and you see the outlying barrier of the gate of the island and a slim path of watery tumult between the surf ashore and the surf just a little way out in the sea. Into this tumult you steer in a state of mental desperation as to which you are very honest in the confession that you really wish you had been content to trust to the pictures of the place. All at once the gateway opens in plain sight before you; you can feast your eyes on the marvelous beauty of such a landscape as is to be found nowhere else in the world, you pluck up courage and are now as anxious to get in and see more, as but a moment ago you were wishing you were well out of it.

Despite your access of courage, the most difficult part lies before you. Up to this you have been in discomfort, now you will have to take your chances of a very real danger. There is plenty of time to consider all the details of the peril, and the more those details are looked upon the more distinct do they become in every item of frowning rock and gnashing tusk of coral. The first thing is to find the one spot in the world between the open gateway of the passage and the smother of surf on the reef outside, in which the boat can be kept still. There you must wait the leisurely movements of the villagers of the island, who will make signals as to whether it is possible to come in, a matter which it is almost impossible to determine from the outside aspect of the passage. If their signals are favorable, they will launch their canoes and cross their own duck pond of a lagoon to take positions on the rocky jaws of their island's gateway, to

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be in a position to give help, for there is always a bright prospect that help will be needed. There is presented a sharp contrast. Outside the gate your crew are rowing with long, steady strokes, merely to keep the boat in one place, in a smooth eddy of foam and whirling suds within a wild jabble of waves; as you are lifted from the depths high into the air you look down upon the canoes on the lagoon within moving as smoothly as paper boats of children in a tub of water.

Between the tumult and the peace is a narrow and a crooked passage between the rocks, through which you must make your way. It can be done only on the last two hours of the flood tide; even then it is always dangerous, from outside it seems an impossibility. As each wave recedes it lays bare the whole stretch of the rocky barrier, and discloses the twists of the narrow passage between lagoon and raging sea. This barrier is only fifty feet across, that is, from the sea to the still waters beyond. When the wave recedes the channel is seen to be no more than eight or ten feet wide, and partially blocked in places by coral formations. Through this lane, where there is not room for oars, it is necessary to run with the utmost precision of fine steering, and the crew will seldom intrust that part of the operation to any white man unless they have learned that he is skilled in the quick handling of small boats. Only a few white women have ventured to shoot the passage, and certainly none has been allowed to handle the rudder at the critical moment, for the lives of all depend on the

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man at the helm. As the pass is far too narrow for oars, and as they would anyway be useless in the magnificent velocity of the wave stream, the sea is relied on to furnish the motive power. The boat is kept in the smother of the eddy under the off shore ledge of rock while the crew and helmsman watch intently the way in which the sea breaks on and over that barrier. Sea after sea passes by and tumbles into banks of fine spray on the threshold of the island gate. Not one of those seas has promised to carry the boat through in safety. At last a higher roller is seen to rear itself far out beyond the outer barrier, and to come rolling shoreward with a magnificent stretch of perpendicular face. All are intent upon its progress as it sweeps grandly inward with ever accelerating velocity, for it may prove the wave so long waited for. If it is seen to pass unbroken over a pinnacle cutlying in front of the main ledge by a small interval, it is known that that is indeed the wave to use. As its wall face sweeps on the boat is rowed shoreward out of the eddy, the oarsmen put then their every pound of muscle and courage into the oars as they back water into the very cliff of water which is swooping down upon the boat. There is the thump of wood and water as the wave hits the stern of the boat and begins to heave it in the air. The crew pull now like men possessed, for the few boat lengths which intervene they must keep the boat on the advancing face of the giant wave. The speed is something terrific, the prospect is something appalling to view from the lifting stern of the boat, coasting with

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tremendous velocity down the steep slope of a hill of water, which is itself careering onward with far more than the speed of a railroad train. Just in front lies the wall of the gateway, dripping yet with the foam of the last wave, tense figures of the islanders clinging to the rocks in readiness to reach out into the commotion and snatch the shipwrecked from drowning in case of disaster. With a last struggling effort the crew bend to the oars and draw them inboard and out of the way of the rocks between which the boat must pass without a check, for even the slightest check would mean prompt destruction. The ears are deafened with the roar of the breaking of the tons of water on the rock, the eyes are all but blinded with the salt cloud of mist into which the water is hammered by the impact. The boat must be just one single instant ahead of that thunder and that breaking of the water, it must be headed exactly into the narrow rift in the rock just a foot before the crest of the propelling wave shatters over upon the immovable obstacle. Then as the water boils into the constricted channel it seizes on the boat and hurls it onward until it seems that the might of giants would not avail to direct it away from the fangs of rock and coral which beset the way. But answering the steering oar the boat is directed through those fifty dangerous feet, avoiding a danger on the right only to be confronted by another on the left, sliding past rocky perils with so close a margin that it looks as if a sheet of paper would be torn to rags between the boat and the rock. With every minute fraction of an instant the still

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lagoon is nearer. Still the peril is not yet past. Just as the boat clears the walls of rock and is on the very instant of passing in and floating peacefully on quiet waters, the boys throw out the oars and pull as hard as ever. With all their strength they can do no more than keep the stern of the boat just barely clear of the channel out of which on its inner side it has just escaped, into which the outward rush of the waters is seeking to drag it. There by dint of hard rowing the boat just succeeds in standing still until the efflux is past, and the turn of the waters with the startling advance of the next incoming breaker allows of escape into the lagoon. Then, as the crew, exhausted by the excitement, takes leisurely strokes across the smooth water, and to the landing place, the Apolima people set up a shout of welcome to those who have adventured so much to see the island.

They gather around and proffer that hospitality for which they expect so generous a reward; they ask the crew whether the lady was frightened when the boat came through the pass, and when they get the answer that she was courageous they turn to congratulations and say how very few ladies have ever ventured on that trip, and how it often happens with white men who have come through the gap that they were too weak to take a step for a long time afterward.

Such is the getting into Apolima. The getting out is even harder, for, as the boat is sucked out through the narrow channel, it meets just outside an incoming wave, up which the crew must row hard in order to get on the seaward face in time and slide

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down hill before it begins to break. It can be done only on the first two hours of the ebb tide, seldom is it possible to go in and to come out on the same day; often visitors are held for a week at a time waiting the chance to get out.

X.

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IN the Vaiala reef there is in particular one pool that attracted me from its first discovery. It is easy to find, for the bearings are plain. Stand on the beach in front of the American Consulate, set your back against the tall flagstaff and wait until the one clear spot in the outer fringe of breakers shows the false passage which has more than once been mistaken for the entrance to Apia harbor, a mistake which even a rowboat cannot afford to make. Then wade out in the warm water of the lagoon along that line, and about two-thirds of the way to the barrier reef the pool will be found; in fact it is the first really deep water.

My first experience with it was accidental. Wading at first, and then swimming when the coral would permit, I suddenly found myself floating where the water was thirty feet deep. It was as clear as crystal, blue as the cornflower, and my downward gaze saw every detail on the white sandy bottom and on the coral walls.

I swam across the pool and took a position where I could study its details.

Experience alone can yield any faintest conception of the marvelous beauties of these pools in South

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Sea reefs; mere words of description would seem turgid, and no one would venture to put on canvas the brilliant colors which alone could do justice to the oceanic garden. The corals are covered with vivid colors such as the rainbow alone can match, the tip of every stony spray and twig in this submarine shrubbery is as gay as the brightest flowers in longshore gardens, and the gentle flow of the water gives them a semblance of motion such as they would possess if they were really plants instead of stalks of solid limestone that cut and tear whatever is dashed upon them. In and out among the trunks and branches, the water seeming almost a sort of atmosphere, fly schools of painted fish, which in their thousand hues rival the brightest birds and butterflies of the upper air.

It was the fish that most attracted me in this pool. I had become familiar with the bright colors and odd shapes of these denizens of the tropical sea, but never before had I seen fish exactly like these, which seemed to have a monopoly of this basin, and I seldom saw them elsewhere in the same waters, and then only singly and not in schools as they were here. The pool was about sixty feet in diameter and roughly circular in its outline. Of just how many of these fish were in it I should hesitate to express an opinion, but there were at least half a dozen distinct schools, and in each school were many individuals. They were shaped like the mackerel, almost uniformly less than a foot in length, in color a brilliant violet, with a quieter shade down the backbone and on the fins and tail, which were a dull drab; gill covers, bright

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scarlet, the same color appearing on the rays of the fins and in a series of smoothly circular spots along the median line of each side, graded from one as large as a cent just behind the gills to a mere pin head at the tail.

The name of the fish I never learned. We have no museums or works of ichthyological reference in Samoa to help me out. I described the fish with painstaking accuracy of detail to Tanoa when I returned to shore, but his only reply was that he did not know it. Then I made him wade out with me to the pool, and gave him an exhibition of the living animals. He looked with much care at them, then he soused his head into the pool to get a better view under the surface. When he came dripping to the surface he gravely pronounced that they were "*i'a sa,*" which meant no more than that they were fish tabooed for the benefit of the chiefs, and that he was not high enough in rank to know anything about them. I fear that this was a vain delusion, for the density of the ordinary Samoan ignorance on the most common questions of natural history is seldom illumined by a single ray of comprehension.

Not satisfied with Tanoa's general ignorance or content with the mere looking at this living picture of one of tropical nature's own aquaria, I could not rest until I had caught some of the fish themselves. The first day was confined to observation. I waited until the alarm of the school at my sudden and terrifying appearance in their zenith had subsided, then worked around to a stem of coral on which I could

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rest without casting a shadow into the pool. From this inconvenient perch I watched them feeding with an eye to learning what bait would most attract them.

In waters so crowded with animal life of the lower orders, it was by no means easy to see just what these gaudy violet and scarlet fish were feeding on. Clearly they were not bottom feeders, for each of the schools was hovering in the middle depth, never sinking to the sands, and only rarely making rapid dashes to the surface; it was equally clear that they did not feed on the corals, and in general it seems that the coral pulp is displeasing to all the South Sea fish, although the crustaceans find much of their sustenance in the living tissue of the reef-forming corals. So far as I could observe the food of these fish, it seemed to be the small jelly fish and the zoea stage of the crustaceans. It was observed that all the feeding was done from below upward; no amount of food below the school attracted any attention, but anything above the school was followed upward to the surface or until the animals dodged below their finny pursuers and there found immediate safety. Later on I found that there was an anatomical reason for this upward feeding. Under each eye was a ridge or shelf of hard bone or cartilage which served as a blinder to cut off all the view downward—in fact, the fish could not look over their lower eyelids, and were necessarily blind to all that was going on in depths below them. In addition to the purely marine food supply any small bright insect that floated on the surface caused a wild rush of all the fish, and in most

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cases the insect, unless it was one of the hard-shelled beetles, was snapped up.

This seemed to give me all the necessary information as to the taking of violet fish with scarlet trimmings, even though they were held under a taboo for the high chiefs, for I had my own opinions as to the relative rank of coffee-colored magnificences and the American woman—in fact, the best was not a whit too good for me if only I could catch it. This may not be altogether in harmony with the general official instructions that my husband had received to pay strict attention to native ideas of rank and the pomp of circumstance so long as they did not affect our foreign relations, but the diplomacy does not exist which shall interfere with the rights and privileges of the American woman who would go fishing. Tanoa had instructions to collect a bait can full of young jelly fish and another of the zoea stage of the crustaceans. My own task was to whip up a few flies that should suggest the gorgeous brilliancy of the native butterflies. It was not difficult to get the materials—a stone thrown with the skilled aim of any Samoan boy would bring out of the leafy coronet of the nearest cocoanut palm a native parrot, gay with all the shades of red and blue and green that one could desire. My supply of crewels furnished all the rest of the chromatic scale, and a good long dip in cocoanut oil would fix the silks so that the contact of the salt water would not change their colors or soak them into a soggy tangle. Furthermore, Samoan experience argues that the cocoanut oil is a

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good lure in itself for the fish of the islands. My lightest rod and strong silk line completed the equipment. For the rest I needed no more than my bathing suit, for in the neighborhood of the reef barrier there was no telling when some larger wave might leap over the coral wall and set me afloat. To my preparations I added a much worn camp stool, for the coral is not a comfortable seat, and I preferred to take no chances.

I must record that all these preparations were in vain. I tried the rainbow fish with jelly fish and with young crustaceans. The bait was attractive enough to the rainbow fish. As soon as it reached the water, they rushed for it immediately, but they were wise enough to see the hook, and with a derisive whisk of their tails they shoved the lure away and returned to something less dangerous. When I found that this was useless, I tried chumming. The fish gobbled up the bait as it sank through the water, and the little that did reach the sands was without effect, for chumming can never be of any good with fish that have brackets under their eyes which cut off the view downward.

Next I tried my gorgeous flies. It is not a little hard to cast under the steady blast of the trade wind, but I felt that I was sifting my confections of crewels and parrot feather on the surface of the water in much the same style as a fluttering insect would swamp itself in the foreign element. The fish seemed to think the same, for they came rushing to the surface in what seemed eagerness to snap up the pleasant

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food. But again the little glint of Kirby blue showed the falseness of the pretense, and the rainbows flashed away. Probably when the schools were in safer depths some wise old fish quoted to them sage finny proverbs such as "All's not fly that flutters," and "Beware the good meal that has a string tied to it." I do not know that Samoan fish have such proverbs, but from my experience I suspect it. At any rate, bait and fly proved absolutely useless.

By this time I was not alone. All children are curious, and the Samoan youngsters are no exception. One can hardly blame them for wanting to see what was going on. It does excite attention that cannot be avoided if the marine landscape presents such a prominent picture as that of a woman in a bathing suit sitting three-quarters of a mile out in the Pacific Ocean on a camp stool with a green-lined white sun umbrella over her head. Without being a savage, almost anybody would wonder what such a spectacle might mean. Accordingly I found half a hundred of the little children of Vaiala wading out to me, content to sit quietly on the coral blocks and watch what might happen. In a general way I had come to recognize long since that my movements provided these small and laughing savages with their closest approximation to the juvenile delights of the circus.

Having all these spectators, I put them to use. I recognized that rod and line would serve me not at all in this tide pool so provokingly crowded with these gay fish that scorned the hook, no matter how cunningly concealed. But I had some hope that a

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net would prove effective. Therefore, I dispatched some of the children to shore to borrow nets for me. They brought back a magnificent assortment, for I had not followed all the niceties of the language in describing just what sort of net I needed. There is a single word for all this sort of fishing gear, and that was the word I used, not remembering that each variety of net has its own name, and that no Samoan ever knows enough to use the slightest particle of common sense in aid of one who is not adept in the niceties of their language.

I had asked for fishing gear, and it was fishing gear they brought me—gear of every sort that they knew. Here came a youngster packing out a length of rope covered with tassels of cocoanut leaves, a thing that could be of no imaginable use in my deep pool. Next was a quartet struggling with a wooden hand barrow heaped high with a hundred-fathom seine, of which the meshes were so large that it would hold nothing smaller than a codfish. Others carried small dip nets, which could be used only in the shallowest pools. I had asked for nets and it was nets that they had brought me, according to the best of their lights. Some had even brought out a stock of fish traps of basket work, but they were of no more service than the nets. Yet from the mass of material placed at my service, and for which I knew I should have to reward each youthful bearer, I did manage to put together a purse net that would fit within the pool. With the assistance of the children I succeeded in setting this in the pool, but, of course, all the fish

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had been frightened into the safe seclusion of the coral forest. After the net was set I waited for the fish to come back. It was altogether useless. The fish swam up to the outside of the net and looked at the meshes, then they swam back under the coral and told the others that there was something wrong. At every twig of coral I could see a fish gazing curiously at the pool and its treacherous contents, but not one would venture out where I might gather it in.

The stir on the reef and the errand of the children on the shore had interested Talolo. He did not know what I was doing, but that I was doing something was enough to bring him to me. I explained that I had been trying to catch these rainbow fish with bait and with the fly. His first comment was that fish of this sort were forbidden to all but chiefs. That was a thing I knew already, for Tanoa had told me, and anyway, I explained that it made no difference to me in the least, for I was entitled to the best there was going. Then he explained that they would not take the hook under any circumstances. I thought I knew this already by dint of experience. Next I showed him my purse net, only to be told that it was impossible to net these fish, a truth of which I was rapidly becoming convinced.

"What shall I do, Talolo?" I asked. "If you and the rest of the chiefs eat these fish there must be some way of taking them, and you must show me how."

There were few things that Talolo liked better than bossing a job, and particularly when by so doing he could give me a new demonstration of his theory that

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I had no business to tackle the natural history of *Somoa* without his guidance. To the crew of small children he delivered a set of positive orders, which set them at work collecting the nets, including the purse that I had set in the pool. With surprisingly little delay they lugged their gear back to shore, and to one of the more trustworthy youngsters my rod and appurtenances were intrusted, with directions that he wake *Tanoa* up from his afternoon nap and tell him to dry it carefully, because, while it was no good in *Samoa*, I might want to use it some time in my own home.

Then *Talolo* found a seat in the water alongside of my camp stool and proceeded to tell me stories. He told me how much he loved me, but by this time that was a well-worn fiction and was understood to be no more than a preliminary step to the request for the satisfaction of his manifold wants in the way of hardtack and salmon. From this he branched off to the solemnity of the taboo that existed over these fish, and the dreadful happenings that were bound to make themselves felt in the insides of any man or woman who should venture to eat them without being to the manner born. Even the one method which would catch them was forbidden to those of low estate under most unpleasant penalties. After all, he was of the opinion that my rank and station was sufficiently high to admit me to share in these fish, and my goodness of heart toward him was so great that he was sure that I would bestow on him some slight gift in recognition of his services in my assistance.

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By the time this harangue was finished and Talolo had received assurances that he would not go unrewarded; the children came wading back, and each one bore a back load of green vines with large round leaves. The plant was in a general way familiar to me. That is to say, I had often noticed it growing on the beaches just above high-water mark. But I never had seen it in flower, nor did I know of any reason why it should be held above any beach weed. It was not at all ornamental, and I was unaware of the fact that it was useful.

The children built up a platform of coral blocks on the reef and carried it above the level of the water. On this platform the back loads of vines were deposited and each carrier set at work making them up into tight bundles a yard or so in length and about a foot thick, tied around carefully every few inches. When the bundles were all made up, one of the children gave Talolo a stout stick, with which he beat each bundle several smart blows. Then tying to one of the bundles a few sinkers of coral rock, he cast it into the pool as near the center as possible. The same was done with the others, and a considerable area of the sandy bottom was covered with these green fagots.

Of course, the very first bundle frightened all the fish away to their hiding places in the coral thickets, but as soon as the last bundle had made its splash the schools of fish returned to their feeding ground. We sat on the brink of the pool to await developments. For fully five minutes nothing happened.

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The vines were anchored at the bottom, the fish swam above, and I was ready to vote Talolo's efforts as great a failure as my own. But then a change began to make itself manifest in the deepest school. Instead of swimming lazily the fish began to dart hither and thither on irregular courses and then to swim hurriedly to the surface, where they clustered nearly straight up and down, with their mouths out of water and gulping air. The surface current and the breeze drifted these fish to the edge of the basin, where the children picked them up and put them in my creel. In a few moments another school floating a trifle higher was similarly affected, and came stupefied to the surface, and was caught.

It was clearly one of the vegetable fish poisons of which I had heard as being extensively in use in the South Sea islands. The clubbing which the bundles of weeds received set free the active sap, and it gradually mixed with the water at the bottom and thence extended upward in the still basin. This could well be the case, for at the bottom the coral walls were practically solid, and whatever current of the moving tide there might be was confined to the upper levels. The stupefying influence of the weed seemed to extend actively upward for ten feet—at least above that depth the fish were not sufficiently affected to bring them to the surface. I noticed also that in the case of fish which were brought to the surface the effect of the poison seemed to wear off in about five minutes, and after their recovery they seemed to suffer no ill effects, but swam placidly in search of food.

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Talolo convinced me by actual test upon himself that the weed is harmless to the human system. I nibbled one of the stems and found nothing but a slightly sweet sap, which reminded me more of the juice of a watermelon than anything else. But on taking some salt water into my mouth with the sap I found the taste changed to a sharp and pungent acid. It is probably that sea change that acts upon the fish.

By the time my creel was filled to overflowing, and the last few fish had been strung on a stem of the weed that caught them, the seat of my camp stool was awash. I gave the word for the return to shore, for I never could feel at ease with my brown kindergarten in deep water, even though I knew full well that every smallest baby of the lot could swim before it had learned to walk on dry ground. Accordingly, I gave the word for the long wade back to the glistening beach. But Talolo would not have it so at all. Even if I were forgetful, he knew that there were several things yet to do. With a national facility at speech-making, he harangued the small tribe, and laid down the law to them with all the authority that a chief's son could exercise. Immediately every one of the children took a prompt header into the pool and swam to the bottom, from which they collected all the poison vines, and did not rest until they had dragged them into a tide channel, where they might float away. I should hardly have thought of that last detail, but it argues in Talolo a recognition of the principles of game preservation. When that

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had been accomplished Talolo told off the detachments of youngsters who were to carry ashore my various belongings, reserving for himself the fish, and then I noticed that the taboo on the fish had proved so strong that not one of meaner rank had so much as touched them.

On the beach he and I conducted the important operation of counting the catch. As he laid them out in order on broad banana leaves, I reckoned twenty-eight, but Talolo positively announced seven. When I first encountered that proposition I had found it hard to understand, but in time I became reconciled to the mysteries of Samoan counting, even though I never really acquired the art in all its niceties. The "*tasi, lua, tolu, fa*" became as familiar to me as my "one, two, three," but I was always forgetting when two were one and when one was one, and when three were one. Cocoanuts are an example; two drinking nuts count one; *palusami*, if I remember correctly, it takes three to be counted as one. Evidently with these tabooed fish the unit was four. After the count Talolo claimed two, meaning eight according to my count, for his father Le Patu, inasmuch as he was chief of the village, and therefore entitled to his rake-off in accordance with the principles which are found universally applicable to rank and station.

As to my own "five" of the gayly painted fish (really twenty according to my arithmetic), I lost no time in putting them to the pan test. Like all the smaller fish of the coral waters, they were good eating, yet not so conspicuously good as to account for

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the chiefly taboo that has been placed upon them. But I had an amusing experience with Tanoa when it came to cooking the dinner. He had a shadow of title to rank as a talking man in some distant village, and indeed he had no greater delight than to bawl ceremonial speeches on my behalf, but a talking man is far removed from a chief, and he explained that he was not high enough to touch these fish. After a long argument, I did succeed in convincing him that he could do for me what he could by no means do on his own account. So he dressed the fish and put them on the pan, but I could see that he was by no means at his customary ease. We had some for dinner and some for breakfast, and still there were several left over, since not one of my domestics would dare touch the fish for their own food. After breakfast I heard Tanoa shouting a speech on the village green outside of our compound, and the burden of his address was that out of the goodness of my heart I was presenting to the chiefs of Vaiala "three" of the tabooed fish, which, of course, meant a dozen. This was as good as any way of disposing of them, for there was no way of keeping them for the next dinner. The talking man of Vaiala made a long speech in acknowledgment, and then the highest chief there present stalked out from the great house of the village, picked up the leaf on which the fish lay, raised them formally to his head and carried them from view. As it was not long before the smoke began to curl up from the village pit ovens, I have reason to believe that my fish fed the chiefs.

XI.

TORCHES ON THE REEF.

IF any one were to ask me if I would consent to go jacking for chromo fish with the assistance of a piece of an umbrella rib rubbed sharp on a stone, I should, of course, deny that I could ever be guilty of such a breach of the laws of true and honest sport. Yet that I have done just this thing will be set forth in this narrative of one night's experience in the purple night of the South Sea within the spray of the foaming breakers of the restless ocean. The only excuse that can be offered is to plead the custom of the country, and Samoa must be taken as a fair excuse for all sorts of moral derelictions.

Just why all moral sense vanishes in Samoa must be the study of the practical and dogmatic moralist. The country and the climate do seem to rip the Decalogue into shreds, and the common decencies of sport are a sealed book. Nowhere else in the wide world would one so much as dream of killing fish with a flaming torch and a barbed spear, but in Samoa it is the regular thing for all the women of the native villages in the dark of the moon.

It has its picturesque side at any rate. To see the glare of the torches out at sea, the long alleys of light

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reflected on the still waters of the lagoon, to hear in the pause of the thunder of the breakers on the reef the shrill cry of women, all this is a scene to attract the attention. Add to this the unbroken calm of the windless evening when the feathery plumes of the cocoanuts are stilled at last, the ebb tide smell of the orange scum which rises from the exposed coral, and you have a scene which cannot be matched away from the islands of the tropical Pacific.

The reef lay a good long mile seaward from my beach in Vaiala, and the beach was only a few feet from the front gate of my compound. Out on the reef the torches glared like the lights of some city seen from the deck of a vessel becalmed in the offing. From time to time a torch expires here and there, and the night is so still that it takes an act of reason to overcome the imagination which makes one think the sound of the hiss is heard as the fat leaves fall into the water. In a slow progress the groups of torches move eastward along the reef until the fishers reach the Vailoa sands, a mile or so up the coast, where the reef pools cease and there is no fishing ground.

My first source of information was, as usual, young Talolo. The young girls of the village had been giving me a concert on the veranda—Lise and Fuatino and Manima, who was a grotesque young imp of not quite ten years. Talolo had engineered the concert and had distributed the reward in the shape of handfuls of sugar candy lozenges, which some enterprising trader had had manufactured in the Colonies with

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Samoan mottoes in brilliant red, such as "*Talofa*" (love) and "*Lau Pele*" (my darling). In addition to his duties as impresario, Talolo had used his horse-hair fly-flapper to keep me free from the poisonous attacks of the mosquitoes, which make the dark a torment in the islands. When Fa'agaoi, the boy whose name carried an unsolved romance of kidnaping, had paraded the beach with the rattle of the wooden drum which serves for curfew, the other children had scattered to their homes. But Talolo remained, for he seemed to hold himself superior to all the laws of the elders and the village schoolmaster, perhaps because he was the son of the village chief. Meanwhile, he waged war on the mosquitoes and idly steered his conversation in the direction of showing how much he was entitled to a sixpence or a tin of salmon or a pen and a sheet of letter paper, or some other of the means whereby the lad made his devotion to me profitable to himself.

Such talks with Talolo called for little close attention. I knew that if he kept up his liquid flattery long enough I would yield to his blandishments, for after all, a tin of beef or salmon more or less amounted to little at the time. Idly listening to the lad and idly looking out upon the lonely sea beyond which lay home and the land where life was less dependent on the can-opener, sparks of light began to flash out upon the night from the sea itself and to attract my curiosity.

"What are the lights, Talolo?" I asked.

"*Oi! Oi! Oi! Se mea fa'atauva'a.* Nothing

much," he lazily replied. "Only the women on the reef, that's all. Samalia and Fa'afili and Salatemu—that's my mother now, you know; they are catching fish, good for eat for me for you to-morrow. I'll bring you some. If they bother you I'll make them stop until you go sleep."

Really, there never seemed any limit to the things which young Talolo could do when he set about it, and if I had only given him permission he would surely have stopped the fishing even if it did bring a morning famine on Vaiala. But it is not in my nature to put a stop to anything that has to do with fish. I forbade the boy to interfere with the torches on the reef, and asked him only to tell me how the women with the lights caught the fish.

"*Tailo, tama'ita'i, ou te le iloa,*" he replied. "I don't know, lady; I know not at all. That is the women's fishery, and I am a man. How should I know what they do?" The little wretch was only a boy, after all. He had not even advanced to the stage of being tattooed, but he had all the masculine scorn of female employment.

"But I am a woman, Talolo," I said, "and as such I am entitled to know. Won't you tell me how Samalia and Fa'afili and your mother Salatemu and the other women catch the fish for you and all the rest of the men to eat in the morning after you have sung your hymn and said the prayer?"

"*Moni lava,*" replied the boy. "That is true indeed. The Papalangi men are such fools. I have been wondering whether the Fa'amasino Sili would always give

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you salmon and *pisupo* to eat in the morning when other women here have to go out and get the fish for their men to eat. I will tell Salatemu to take you out on the reef to-morrow night and teach you how to get the fish as women ought to do. But you must get ready. Have you a spear? Do you know how to make your torches?"

I had to confess my ignorance and lack of preparation. But Talolo saw to it that the error should be corrected.

"Tanoa e," he called to my servant, who was stretched on a mat around the corner of the veranda waiting to shut up the house when I should feel sleepy. "Tanoa, the *tama'ita'i* goes to-morrow night upon the reef to catch the fish for the Fa'amasino Sili to eat in the morning, for he has grown weary of giving her things to eat, and now she must feed him. In the morning you must teach her how to make the torches and you must make her the spear to take the fish with. Now you can bring me a tin of sardines, which will be her loving gift to me for telling her what she shall do, and then I will tell Salatemu to teach her how the fish are caught at night when they come to the torch."

The first thing in the morning I found the sunny side of my compound strewn with leaflets of dead cocoanut leaves. Long before I had aroused for my morning swim the faithful Tanoa had begun the preparation of the torches for the coming night. In case of any need, the South Sea islander falls back upon the cocoanut with a reliance upon its qualities

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which the experience of ages has shown to be well grounded. A single leaf of the cocoanut may range from ten to thirty feet in length. On the tree when the trade wind blows it seems as light as a feather; in the still night when it falls to the ground a massive weight, which could knock a man senseless if it should hit him in the descent. It is only in the evening calm that these leaves fall, and the prudent when they are abroad at night keep away from the cocoanut shade lest they be struck by falling leaves or ripe nuts. Each leaf has about a hundred lance-like leaflets, each four or five feet long and some two inches broad. These leaflets are full of oil, and when dried in the sun burn with a bright flame and a dense cloud of aromatic smoke. It was these leaflets that Tanoa had spread out in the sun to give them a thorough drying before making the torches which I was to carry for my fishing. Each torch consists of ten leaflets laid together in a neat bundle with ends alternating, half of the tips and half of the butts brought together. Every few inches the leaflets are tied with a strip of dry hibiscus fibre which in the islands is nature's substitute for the ball of twine of civilization. But here enters the comical division of labor between the sexes in Samoa. Tanoa could gather the leaves and strew them in the sun to dry, but when it came to collecting them in bunches and putting the cords about them, he was forbidden to help, for that was women's work, and I had to wait for Salatemu to come under the guidance of Talolo.

The making of the spear, however, was entirely man's work, and Tanoa set about it. The sole requi-

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sites were a ten-foot pole and an old umbrella rib. The latter was easily supplied in a land where there are four months of unintermitting downpour of rain, and where every day in the sunny season a shower may be expected. And the gales of the hurricane season turn so many umbrellas inside out that in every house there is a stock of gamps which have served their usefulness.

Having selected the rib from one of the broken umbrellas, Tanoa cut it across about an inch above the spreader and half an inch below it. The spreader itself he cut off at a distance of half a foot from the rib, thus leaving a wire shaft with a toggle an inch and a half long. The two ends of this toggle he reduced to sharp points by dint of much rubbing on a lapstone of smooth basalt. When his hours of industry had accomplished the proper degree of sharpening, he set the toggle in relation to the shaft so that its shorter end formed a sharp angle with the spreader, and then hammered the joint so that the two parts would retain that relative position under ordinary circumstances, yet not so tight as to prevent the toggle from pulling out to a right angle when drawn upon by the struggles of a fish impaled upon the sharp instrument. When this had been completed to his satisfaction, he lashed the device with cocoanut husk sennit on the end of the stick. The remainder of the equipment was a basket of cocoanut leaf with a braided cord to sling about my neck to carry the catch.

By this time Talolo brought Salatemu to inspect the preparations, both hungry, of course. After they

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had been fed a light repast of a couple of bread-fruit and a pound of tinned corned beef apiece, Salatemu assured me that all the requisites had been provided and that she would tie up my torches. Before that task had been completed, mother and son needed the slight refreshment of a tin of salmon and a hunk of cold boiled taro for each, it being understood that Tanoa assisted at each of these snacks just to show that there was no hard feeling, even though I could not join in the meal. I have never been able to go the limit of what Samoans will take in the way of food; no matter how much I have given them by way of experiment, they have always seemed capable of taking more.

After Salatemu had eaten all that I was prepared to place before her, and had declared my outfit all that could be required, I asked about the clothing I should wear.

"Well, you walk some and you swim some on the reef," was her answer, "so you wear what you swim in." This made it plain that my bathing dress was the proper garb for the reef fishing. But there had to be an addition. These Samoans go barefoot all their lives, and it is nothing to them to parade upon the reef in their natural feet. But unlike them no civilized woman used to going shod could ever venture on the reef with its jagged sprigs of coral. In preparation for the emergency, I took an old pair of canvas pumps or Oxford ties belonging to a larger-footed member of the family, and had Tanoa stitch an armament of Manila rope all over the soles. Experience

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has shown that for wading in the coral waters there is nothing like Manila hemp; even leather is cut to tatters in a few moments. This will serve to show the texture of the soles of these Samoan women who walk on the reefs barefoot and suffer no harm.

In the early evening when the tide was ebbing, Salatemu came back to see if I was ready. As soon as the shore patches of coral began to appear above the receding tide, I took my spear and slung the bundle of torches and the creel upon my back, firmly fastened my rope-soled shoes upon my feet, and set forth seaward. The water was pleasantly warm, and for the first part of the way the going was easy, for we took advantage of a slant of sand which extended out in front of the house. I could see little to help my steps, for the torches were not to be kindled until we reached the reef. But I could just discern Salatemu in the darkness as my guide, and on the right hand and the left I could hear the chatter of the other women of the village.

All at once the bottom seemed to drop out of the sea. There was nothing to step on, and I found myself soused over head and all into the warm water. My spear lost itself instantly, and I had to swim out. When I came again to the surface, I found that I had dropped into a tide pool, while my guide had kept on the rim, only a few feet away from me. With her aid I recovered the spear and found footing once more. My torches were wet, of course, but that made no difference, for the water does not stick to the cocoanut leaflets. It was not the last time I had such a duck-

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ing, for the reef is full of these deep pools, and it is impossible to see them in advance. While our torches were yet unlighted, the only light was the will-o'-the-wisp glow of the coral and the sharp phosphorescence of the fish darting from pool to pool as our advance scared them out of cover.

At last Salatemu and I reached the dry footing of the barrier reef. It is about fifty feet in width, broken chips of coral for a footing, here and there a pool, and seaward the majestic wall of the breakers thundering in from sea as high as a house and combing over in flame-specked foam, and at intervals broken by deep passages where the waves coursed shoreward. It is close to the reef that we catch the fish with jack and spear, the small fish on the shoreward face of the barrier coral, and the large fish such as mullet and bonito in the passes.

When we had reached the reef it was time to kindle the torches. Every woman had brought her store of matches, and had kept them dry in a manner that they alone could have thought of. The matches had been tucked into their hair, and no matter how often the women had been forced to swim, the matches remained dry, because their hair was so soaked with coconut oil that the water could not reach the matches. All along the reef for a mile the torches began to gleam, and by their light we could make out the dripping forms of brown women holding torches aloft in the left hand and poising the spear in the right as they skirted the reef pools.

Salatemu had stationed me at the edge of a ten-foot

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pool with a clear, sandy bottom. At first I could scarcely see a thing until I learned the knack of holding my torch both above and behind me, and of keeping my own shadow off the strip of water which I was watching. There were fish there, fish in plenty, for I could see them darkly flash across the line of light. As soon as I spotted a dark body slowly moving over the illuminated sand, I cast my spear. It struck in the sand two feet beyond the mark, which continued its slow progress. Then I recalled my knowledge of refraction and remembered how the water lifts any object and makes it necessary to aim below. The second time I struck the object at which I aimed and brought it to the surface. But Salatemu's laugh of scorn soon convinced me that it was not worth the taking—one of the leathery sea cucumbers a foot in length, neither ornamental nor edible, although a close relative of the trepang, which is also found, though rarely now, and is worth its weight in silver when smoked and dried for the Chinese market. By the time I had cleared my spear, the pool was filled with a school of fish, and I cast at random.

Beginner's luck! I drove my spear quite through one fish and into a second, and landed both. Salatemu began to think that she had nothing to teach me, and I was canny enough to take all the credit that was coming to me for the chance shot. The fish were misshapen cobbler fish, each as large as a saucer and decorated with long frills, but for all their picturesque appearance I knew them to be good in the pan.

The next few casts were blank, until I discovered

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the not unnatural mistake I was making. The light of my torch was so sharp, the water so clear, and the bed of sand so devoid of dull shade, that I was aiming not at the fish, but at their shadows on the sand, and, of course, overshooting every time. But this pool was now exhausted, and Salatemu and I moved along to another. After bringing up two or three small fish, I made a cast and lost my spear. I could see the shaft sticking up a little below the surface, but that was all—the point had stuck in the coral at the bottom. I was helpless, for the tricks of jacking on the reef were new to me. But Salatemu came to my rescue, for she was familiar with such incidents. Like a fish herself she took a header into the pool, and I stood by and watched her descend. At the bottom she gave a tug on the spear and disengaged it from the coral branch into which I had driven it. But that plunge scared all the fish away from that pool, and we moved on.

Next we came to a deep passage in the reef which we had to swim across. While Salatemu was showing me how to arrange a raft of my spare torches on which to float my lighted one while swimming, I heard a rhythmical splashing inshore of us. All at once there flashed into sight a gleam of light leaping from the water. I did not know just what it was, but instinctively I cast my spear at the spot where I thought it would next emerge. More good luck! The spear pierced a leaping fish in its flight through the air. Involuntarily I followed the spear, for I toppled over into the channel and came up within reach of the shaft before the fish had had time to recover its motion.

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Seeing what was up, Salatemu followed me, and with united efforts we brought to the solid reef a brilliant mullet, which I found afterward weighed all of eight pounds.

That ended my fishing for the night. I had convinced all the Samoan women that I was capable of doing better than they, that I could land two fish on a single drive, and that it was nothing at all to me to kill a fish in the midst of its leap. I was afraid that any further attempts would spoil the record, and wisely I desisted. Just about the same time Salatemu came to grief by stepping on a sea urchin. Quoting the old proverb, "*fōlaualamea*," which is nearly the equivalent of our proverb about "a hair of the dog that bit you," Salatemu lifted up her foot and picked off the offending urchin with a body about the size of a tennis ball, and armed on its upper hemisphere with spines all of two inches long. These spines can inflict a very ugly wound, and one that is likely to suppurate and prove very obstinate in healing. Following her native medicine, she turned the urchin flat side up and applied its jaws to the wound until it caught hold of the skin. Then she stood like a wading bird on one leg until the urchin had, as she explained the operation, sucked out all the poison and dropped off. When this had been accomplished, she picked up a slab of coral and smashed the urchin and ended by eating its meat, all being necessary to the treatment. After this accident she could fish no more, and we slowly waded back to shore. For her kindness in showing me the mysteries of torching fish on the reef, I opened my creel

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and gave her all my catch except the big mullet. That I felt I was fairly entitled to.

The only thing in this fishery which shows the least influence of the foreigner is the use of the umbrella rib in the spear. Before the foreigners came to Samoa with their umbrellas to displace the aboriginal rain shield of a banana leaf, the fish spears were tipped with the barbed thorn of one of the indigenous shrubs found everywhere at the edge of the bush. The thorn was just as good for piercing the fish, and the barb held them as well as the wire toggle, but the thorns soon broke if they hit the coral.

On the return to shore, Tanoa was awakened to clean the mullet and to salt it to secure its keeping over night. While he was at his task he kept up a running commentary of flattering congratulations on my skill with the spear, as shown by my wing shot at the fish in air. But the next morning when we had the fish for breakfast, my graceless Talolo came around and sat on the floor of our dining-room in the shady corner of the veranda and developed a long chain of logical demonstration in proof that, as usual, he should have a tin of something. The gist of his argument was that inasmuch as I had shown that I could go out on the reef to catch the family meals like any other woman, there was less need for hoarding our supply of provisions in tin cans, and on that account we could all the more readily spare him some salmon or corned beef or even sardines, and perhaps throw in a can of jam.

And this was the sentiment of Talolo, without whose



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aid I should never have shouldered my bundle of torches and tried the night fishing on the reef. It is only one of the many reasons I had for feeling that Talolo was not altogether disinterested in his attentions to me.

XII.

THE PALOLO ANNIVERSARY.

IN late October the ardent sportsman will be reckoning up the days and the stars and the blossoms of the trees according to a legendary schedule in order to determine the coming of the palolo—that is, if he is a South Pacific sportsman. There is a close season on palolo. The open season lasts less than three hours in the year, and no one ever took palolo out of season. It is not that the primitive islanders of the South Sea have any game laws, nor if they had any would they be at all likely to observe them. Nature herself regulates the preservation of this game. When the close season is on, the palolo is shut up in the reef as tight as a drum, and the very keenest search fails to disclose a single specimen in the reef pools, which at the appointed time will writhe with them. Something like a game law that is, for it is automatic and self-administering, with no need of game wardens and penalties.

Worms are intimately associated with fishing; in many cases a necessary preliminary. But to go fishing for worms is a novelty in the line of sport, and one for which it is absolutely necessary to go to the uttermost parts of the earth and to be there promptly

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on time. That is all that the palolo is—a wriggling worm of the sea. But the South Sea people know no greater delicacy. Its coming marks for them the beginning of the year. They travel long distances to reach the reefs where the palolo is known to come, and more than one savage battle has arisen because access to a favorite reef has been forbidden by earlier comers.

The habitat of the palolo is restricted to the South Pacific and to a circumscribed area within the torrid zone. It is unknown outside of certain coral reefs in the three central archipelagoes of Samoa, Fiji and Tonga. Even within its area the worm is by no means widely distributed, for it is only certain narrow strips of coral reef which afford a home for the animal. Thus on the whole of the north coast of Upolu there is only one strip of the fringing reef, less than half a mile in length, where the worm is ever found. The line of separation is drawn as sharply as though by a wall; but the most careful examination of the reef corals reveals no apparent distinctive difference which might account for this phenomenon on the score of difference of surroundings. Furthermore, the coral beds in which palolo are known to thrive present the most wide differences among themselves in the matter of the genera of corallines and corals that form the reef. It is a mystery, but where all connected with the life history of the animal is so mysterious, one additional puzzle makes little difference.

This South Sea worm has taken its place in syste-

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matic zoology, and may be found in the larger cabinets, with its double Latin name attached. Gray, the English zoologist, identified the worm from preserved specimens, placed it among the annelids, and erected for it a special class, *Corallicolæ*, in which it is represented by the unique genus and species *Palolo viridis*. That does all very well for systematic purposes of science. When it comes to the life history of the worm the primitive savages of the islands may be in dense ignorance of its scientific name and place in the scale of nature, but they know the really essential point of when and where and how to get the worm, and biology as yet knows no more, if so much. This account of the palolo is derived from personal observation and from careful talk with the oldest Samoans, who yet retain the knowledge that belonged to their race before the white people came upsetting things in general.

The most striking of the mysteries of the palolo is its period. Other animals know no calendar; the palolo keeps account of time, and makes its appearance with strict attention to schedule. For a small part of just one day in the whole year it comes within sight of men and then goes into retirement for another year. There is a mystery that will call for much study, how a marine worm can reckon the days and months and never fail to appear at its appointed season.

White people with their calendars compute that the palolo is due at dead low water in the night of the third quarter of the moon nearest the first of November. But as that reckoning involves both the solar and

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the lunar months it is apparent that it will be bringing the palolo earlier and earlier each year. But the palolo does not do any such thing; it follows its own schedule and adjusts lunations to the sun and to the sidereal year with the utmost precision. The white men have never yet been able to predict when the palolo will apply the correction for the difference between the lunar calendar and the sun's year, and for that reason the calendar computation finds itself sometimes a full lunation ahead of the worm.

The Pacific islanders are wiser. They are very wise indeed in regard to anything to eat, and their computation of the palolo is never known to fail. A very wise old Samoan gives this method of forecasting the single day of this strange fishing: When the *aloalo* comes into flower with its gorgeous cardinal spikes of bloom on bare branches overhanging the sea; when three other shrubs, which it would be hard to identify for any foreigners but the botanists, are covered with blossoms; when the trees are putting forth their new shoots, then you may know that the palolo moon is near. Then you scan the heavens for further signs. When the "carrying pole," which is the Belt of Orion, has set; when you can no longer see the constellations known to native astronomy as the Man and the Duck—then you may be sure that the palolo fishing is close at hand. Now you watch for the moon. When you have had the right signs on the trees and in the sky, the moon enables you to fix the exact day of the fishing; the new moon, which follows these signs, is the one on which to reckon, and

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its third quarter is the time for the mysterious worms to come to the surface.

It is only the very sage Samoans who can forecast from these elements. It is an art now rapidly passing away. The modern islanders who have lost much of the wisdom of the sky and the forest, keep a careful count of the days since the last palolo. That is a duty of the principal talking man of each village. For his fishing calendar he has a small basket, which is hung out of the way on one of the rafters of his house. For his further provision he has nine black pebbles, nine red and green feathers of the island parrakeet, and three leaves. Each day after the palolo he drops into the basket one of the black pebbles. On the ninth day the last pebble goes into the basket, and on the tenth day all the pebbles are turned out and a feather put in their place. Thus a feather is put into the basket every tenth day, as reckoned in the interval by the pebbles. On the hundredth day he turns out nine feathers and nine black pebbles and puts a leaf in their place to denote a hundred. When the basket holds three leaves, five feathers and four pebbles the palolo is due next morning. This interval of 354 days is good for two years. On the third it is necessary to reckon 384 since the last palolo fishing.

These are the methods by which white and savage men keep the reckoning. How the worm itself down deep in the coral knows when its one day has come around, what force of nature brings it up to spawn on that day, and no other, is a mystery all unsolved.

The worm is of about the girth of a thick twine.

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Its length is much dependent on circumstances, for it is very fragile, and drops asunder at the joints when caught, so that it is difficult to estimate what the original length was. Specimens which have been carefully floated out have measured more than thirty inches. Whether long or short, the girth of the animal seems constant. Museum specimens are invariably in fragments, and therefore are of no assistance in determining this point.

The head of the palolo is involved in considerable doubt. Gray, who established the place of the animal in zoology, pictures its head as marked with three spines, of which the central one is a little the longest, the three being arranged like a trident projecting forward from the top of the head; eyes are represented at the base of the spines; behind the spines is an oval depression, into which projects backward a short spine. This seems to be a mistake of some sort, for careful observation has failed to show a living palolo with a head corresponding with that description. Really the head of the worm is a blunt termination and distinguished from the other segments only by its greater length and the absence of the lateral bristles. The rings of the body are flattened out into a slight keel at each side, and on these keels each segment has a bunch of bristles at each side, apparently for use in swimming. There is a breathing hole in the middle of each segment, the series showing as a line of dark dots along the worm from tip to tail. The last six segments taper down to the tail, which is ornamented with two long and two short spines. The males are

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white or reddish ; the females range from dark green to black.

If this were all there is to the palolo it would amount to no more than a curiosity of zoology. The South Sea islanders, however, have neither knowledge nor care for these details and problems. To them the sea worm is the raw material for such a gorge as is dear to the savage nature.

When the white men's calendar and the count of leaves and red feathers and black pebbles and the wisdom of the stars and the blossoms all agree that palolo day is at hand, the Samoans who live on beaches where the worm does not rise paddle off to visit more highly favored communities. Very few come to Apia, for its fishery is but small, and there is not room for a hundred canoes in the pools of its scanty half-mile of productive reef. In Savaii there is an abundance of the delicacy, and on the south coast of Upolu there are famous fisheries.

The night before palolo it is just as well to go to bed early, for it is going to be an early start in the morning. The Samoans go promptly to sleep, with the exception of one detailed to keep the watch. At 3 o'clock his shout rings out as he calls the rapidly falling tide and the rising into view of the coral patches, for the moon at its last quarter has little power to illuminate, and does no more than make ghosts and phantoms of things seen. The signal is passed from house to house, until the village is fairly ringing with glad acclamation. Each Samoan brings his paddle from the house with him, the canoes are

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drawn up in line beneath the cocoanut trees at the edge of the beach, and the launching is simple. Little time is lost in getting under way, and the fleet heads out directly for the well-known fishing ground. Samoan canoes draw little, and if only there is as much as six inches of water it will serve as a channel. Thus the fishers edge themselves into pools within the reef, where they hope to find a bounteous supply. And still the tide goes out as if it were never to come back, and more and more of the reef appears on every side. Some have made a miscalculation. Instead of being in a pool they find themselves high and dry on the coral, with the tide still falling. Then they must carry the canoe from pool to pool in search of water to float it, and all the while their friends are jeering them. It is a noisy gathering. If they are not poking fun at the unfortunate or scolding those who trespass on some favored pool they are at least singing. And still the tide goes out.

Only a few feet away are the seaward breakers. Steadily the great waves sweep in relentlessly from the sea. They comb over and beat in thunder and tumult on the coral wall. The air is filled with their salt spume; yet not a ripple passes the barrier to disturb the fishing fleet under the protection of the great wall of the barrier reef. The thin edge of the moon is riding higher, but the pallid light, which makes even the brown faces seem green, is not from the moon; it is the blanching eastern sky that goes before the dawn. The pools grow smaller and smaller, and the struggle grows greater to get within some pool and

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not be left behind on the coral as the tide goes out. But now the older men shout for silence, and the command of the aged has weight with these skylarking savages. The old men are scanning the surface of the pools, and now and then they sweep with their nets. The tide goes out no more—no more of the reef darkens the surface; it is slack water. It is now but a question of moments until the worms come forth.

There is only one sort of net that is any good for palolo—a piece of mosquito netting drawn over a forked twig or a looped bamboo and of about the size of a pocket handkerchief. With this the surface is skimmed, and the water can flow off sufficiently rapidly to preserve the worm in large pieces if not entire.

It is dead low water. The tide must surely turn this very minute. There is no wind at that time of day. The dawn calm broods over the sea. Not a ripple shimmers the water. There is not a sign anywhere of living thing in that water. You can feel the tension of the scene, and though it is your first palolo fishing, there is a contagion in the enthusiasm of those about you. You strain your eyes at the surface of your pool and sweep it with your net. Lucky if you are not cheated by some dark twig of coral, to the destruction of your net. There is not a living thing in that water, and you feel the chill of the summer morning and wish that you had not come. All at once, and at once from every side of you, you hear the shout, "*Ta palolo! U-U-U! Ta palolo!*" ("Struck palolo! Oh, ho! Struck palolo!")

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You feel like paddling to see the find, forgetful that the tide has locked you in your own pool and that you have not Samoan feet to run unhurt over the jagged coral. All of a sudden you bethink yourself to look at your own pool, bare as you knew it to be. Bare? did you say? Why, it's fairly alive with masses floating up from the coral grove over which you are poised. You sweep your net and find that you have a bunch of wrigglers in it. Details are impossible in the obscurity, but you are moved to raise the Samoan cry, and on your own account you shout "*Ta palolo!*" Better rest content at that, for it is only long years in the South Sea can teach the way to give the rest of the call. Now, never mind the shouting—scoop! Palolo comes but once a year—scoop! Don't discourse to anybody about the zoological mysteries, but scoop. Fill your bucket with the worms and let them writhe and wriggle while you scoop more to bear them company. Scoop as fast as you may, the same spot yields just as many worms, no matter how quickly you can get your nets cleared. This lasts for about half an hour; certainly not longer. That is, it takes the worms that length of time to get clear of their coral nests. After that time you can scoop your pool quite clear and no more will come to view. If left to themselves in the pool the worms remain on the surface between one and two hours in a living scum. Then they sink to the bottom and are lost to sight in the tangle of the coral before the sun rises, all the islanders being convinced that the first ray of sunlight kills any belated worm.

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While you are scooping you will make your first essay at tasting the savage delicacy. It may well be said that the eating of worms is an acquired taste, and it is just as well to make the first experiments under the cover of darkness. At any rate, you have carefully picked out one of the least of these worms, and have tasted it. To your surprise—and most likely to your disappointment—everything seems just as it was before. You taste nothing but a little salt water, and there is no fierce lashing about of the worm in your mouth and midst, as you have forebodingly imagined. But that's not the way to eat palolo. It should be served raw, of course. Sunlight is fatal to palolo, and for that reason the islanders cook only so much of the catch as they find themselves unable to consume before the sun rises. But cooked in leaves, it is coarse, and not at all to be considered. It is like the oyster, and cannot bide the fire. Take a handful of the worms freshly caught, and let the sea drain off; now "scoop" them up and leave the rest to nature. After they have passed the palate, the tongue begins to smack of the flavor that in our knowledge is associated with the sweet scallop, and that's what the palolo tastes of.

Any one can acquire the taste for palolo. But it is not to be recommended, for it's a long and weary way to the South Sea, and it is hardly worth while cultivating a taste that can be appeased only once a year, and that in the gray of the dawn 10,000 miles away.

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Since the time when I went palolo-fishing, as set forth in the preceding chapter, one of the mysteries of this remarkable animal has been cleared up. The palolo, that is to say that part which is found in the water on its one appointed day, is not an independent animal. The determination of species made by Gray, therefore, must fall to the ground for the simple fact that he never had in his possession a complete specimen. The discovery of the animal which supplies the palolo was made recently by Dr. W. McM. Woodworth, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard, at which museum are now the only complete specimens of the worm. His researches were conducted at Falelatai, Upolu, where the reefs have been famous from immemorial antiquity for rich yield of the annual delicacy. This investigator broke out from the reef a large block of coral, and with much ingenuity established it under its natural conditions in a place where he could give it careful study. Dr. Woodworth was thus enabled to make the discovery that the palolo that is fished for and is eaten with so much avidity is not itself the worm at all, but some sort of growth thrown off. That which is found floating in the sea has been described in the foregoing account. The real worm is quite a different thing, as has now become known through these investigations, and which has been identified with one of similar habit in the China Seas. Instead of being slender and thread-like, as is the floating palolo, the worm is short and thick. It lives all the year round in the crannies of certain reef corals at no great depth

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below low water level. The floating palolo are parts of the larger worm in the reef coral which, under some mysterious influence, are thrown off on one day of the year. That the floating palolo disappear at sunrise from the waters, which in the gray of the dawn were filled with them, is no longer a mystery. As soon as the light of day becomes sufficiently strong, the floating palolo dissolve in the sea water, and thus in a few minutes every trace of them vanishes, thus leading to the belief that they went back to the reef. It should be mentioned that the palolo appears on the island of Savaii just twenty-eight days before it appears on the Upolu reefs, yet on the Savaii palolo morning a few worms are found in the Upolu palolo pools. Sufficient mystery yet remains about the life of this wonderful marine worm to occupy the attention of naturalists for years to come; this note is made because the opportunity was too good to neglect to give credit to Dr. Woodworth for a discovery which reflects credit on American biological scholarship. Dr. Woodworth has not yet published the details of his study of palolo, but when his paper does appear it will surely be found of great interest.

XIII.

THE CHASE OF RATS.

TALOLO said rats.

Now, that may seem in one aspect trite, and in another it may seem slangy. The slang is easily removed, for my gentle companion of forest and mountain side made his remark in Samoan, and in that most courteous speech there is no such thing as slang, and even if there had been, Talolo, ranking as the son of a chief, would never have so derogated from his natural grace as to use it. As to its being trite that Talolo should say anything, that is another matter. Many of my memories of that faraway kingdom in the South Sea, which has just become half American, are really based on what Talolo said in his shattered English, which was the best I could teach him, or in his own more liquid speech. He was always keen to accompany the "shootgun" into the bush, even if it did involve my company, for he had learned that we were inseparable, and must be taken together. Yet had it not been for Talolo there are few mysteries of the Samoan slopes which I should have encompassed. Therefore, it is only fair to give passing credit to the living faun in bronze who taught me the haunts of the crayfish in the mountain streams, and the pigeon

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in the topmost boughs, and the snake that vocalizes like a hen, and the *aitu* demons to be afraid of, and the way of the fish in the sea, of the bonito that charges the fisherman in the canoe, and the mullet that ripples the quiet lagoon in the miracle of the dawn twilight, and all the other birds and beasts of Samoan nature, to which Talolo applied the epithet "good for eat for you for me." That was his one fault; he was always thinking of something "good for eat." If the things he ate had only been commensurate with his anticipation of them, my Talolo would have been at least seventeen feet tall, and then he must have been fully tattooed after the manner of Samoan men, and I should have had to take a chaperon on my trips with him afield. Sport for sport's sake was beyond Talolo's comprehension, but the result of sport he could well appreciate, particularly when baked with a stone in their insides.

But, to start fair, we must return to Talolo's remark of rats and what led up to it.

Samoa was sunk in ignoble peace. King Malietoa Laupepa had just drawn his monthly wages of \$48.60, and there could be no vestige of political trouble until he had gone broke again. It took him eleven days to spend his civil list, and the next revolution was not due until the thirteenth of the month, and even then it might be postponed if we could be wheedled into lending him \$5 or \$10 to the next pay day, when long experience had been sufficient proof that he would forget it. Even the rebels, who were not in receipt of any "*kupe*" or money whatsoever, were now quiescent,

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the last great war feast that they had conducted had used up all their pigs and taro, and they could make no new demonstration until they had grown more taro in the ground and more pork on top, and as to the latter item my still small gun was doing daily execution on all the Vaiala shoats that crept through the Robinson Crusoe hedge and uprooted my *Cineraria maritima* and frangipanni. I never did know what *Cineraria maritima* really looked like, the pigs and the climate were against it; but I remember the name from the seed package as one of the Samoan mysteries.

After breakfast Talolo was discovered sitting in an attitude of placid hunger on the fragment of the wrecked mast of the Trenton, which lay at the foot of our flagstaff as a reminder of how the weather not so long ago took a hand in the Samoan question and gave it such a settlement as years of prosy diplomacy had not availed to accomplish. Instinct told me that Talolo was hungry, that and experience. In fact, so far as I was able to judge, Talolo was always hungry. In some occult way he seemed to know when there was likely to be something to eat in my cook house at the back of the compound. It was against all my rules and regulations for the government of what the diplomatic officers would insist on calling Samoan relations, but when there was the wan aspect of an empty stomach on Talolo's plump face, all rules and regulations went overboard, and Talolo was ordered to go to the cook house and seek such consolation as Tanoa might administer. That procedure accounted for the general smear of content and tinned beef which

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Talolo wore when he rejoined me on the veranda and borrowed (and, as usual, eventually annexed) a box of those matches of which only a half will strike on the box. This was for the purpose of lighting the banana leaf cigarette, which he had bullied Tanoa into giving him. Tanoa, as good a soul as ever lived, was helpless in such a case, for Talolo ranked about one-eighth of an inch above him in the intricacies of island precedence, and for that reason he had to yield to all of Talolo's demands.

Having incorporated into himself one whole tin of beef and another of mess salmon, plus whatever was going in my cook house in the way of baked bread-fruit and taro, and not having any clear idea where he was likely to acquire another similar light luncheon for an hour or so, Talolo was quite willing to squat at my feet and continue his education in English, a language which at heart he despised because it drew so few distinctions between the chief and the common person.

Talolo, like other boys the world over, was perfectly willing to give up his grammar and turn to natural history or some other really interesting topic. For about the one thousandth time he suggested how nice it must be to live in my island of Niu Ioka (New York), and to be able to go out after having breakfasted on two or three tins of things and back in the bush to employ the shootgun in bringing down an elephant or a tiger. He knew there were such things on the island I came from, for Tonga had seen them there, and as Tonga had been in the circus, she knew.

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Now, when any inquirer pulls the Barnum & Bailey show on me, I have to yield as gracefully as may be.

Thus started, it was only a natural transition to the shotgun, which Talolo knew was hanging on the wall of my own room, with a leather bandoleer of cartridges. Here is where he was disappointed. Every shell was empty, and what was worse, there was not a drachm of nitro in the whole kingdom, and there would be none until the next mail boat renewed my personal supply. The Consuls held unpleasant opinions about powder—one can hardly blame them, when it is recalled that they were a feeble trio amid turbulent savages—and it was more than difficult to have powder on hand. Of course there was a scanty supply of black powder, but after the nitro, one does not much care to use the smoky stuff.

At once all of Talolo's plans fell to the ground. There was no chance of going after pigeons. The sky was overcast, and under Samoan clouds the fish will not bite. It was proclaimed as a great disappointment to the lad, for he said that he knew just where we could count on finding a wild bull in the bush. That was one of Talolo's perennial promises. He was always on the point of bringing me within shooting distance of that or some other one of the wild cattle, but I never did get a shot at anything with horns in all my days under the dripping boughs.

It was then that Talolo said rats. Now, I had a personal grievance against the Samoan rats. At night they invaded the house. They scampered over the floor mats, which magnified the scratching of their

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claws. They ran hurdle races over me as I slept, and if by any quick chance my fingers closed on their soft fur they squeaked. Worst of all, they got on the tin roof and held festive dances with complicated and noisy steps. That drove the sleep from the most drowsy. Really there was only one good thing to say in their favor, and that was that they were indefatigable hunters of cockroaches, also a nocturnal bird and a very annoying one.

When Talolo in Samoan, which I wish to repeat is not slangy, said rats, he used the word "*imoa*."

"*Isumu*?" I questioned in reply.

"*Iole fo'i*," was his response. "Same rat, three names: *imoa* and *isumu* and *iole*, all the same bird." One has soon to recognize in the islands that everything that is not a fish or a worm or some such minor creation is a bird, even a horse is a bird.

"But, Talolo," I said, "the rats are asleep in the day time. The only time we can get them is at night, and anyway my shotgun is dead—no powder."

"Much cloud to-day, Tamaita'i," he promptly replied. "Night and day same thing. Day better, for no *aitu*. Rats wake up and walk about in the bush and we catch them. Gun no good. Gun big. Rats small. Kill them with throwing stick. Good for eat for you for me."

The last item was really unnecessary. I never did get to the limit of the fish, flesh and fowl, and "birds" that were not in some way "good for eat for you for me," principally for him.

That is how I came to go on the hunt for rats with

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Talolo. Our only weapons were throwing sticks, mere dried wands of the lightest kind of wood, each about as thick as my little finger and rather more than a yard in length. The chief use of these sticks is in a game over which the islanders spend many days at a time in the effort to see which can throw the greatest distance with one ricochet on the worn turf of the throwing green, which may be found in every village. Fierce contests are waged with these wands, to the accompaniment of barbaric feasts and dances.

The experience taught me one thing, and that is that it is no easy thing for a white woman to throw a six-ounce stick with any hope of stunning or even hitting a field rat at the distance of 100 yards, and on the wing, as one may say. Total result: I confess ignominious failure. I did not kill a single rat, except one that doesn't count, for I squashed him by a backward step, not having the remotest idea that he was there. Talolo was more than disgusted, for he had given me the very straightest wand that he had in his collection. Therefore, if anybody wants to know how it seems to hit a rat with a stick at long range he is going to be disappointed, so far as my personal experience goes; but I did see how Talolo did it. Between us we brought home a fair string of game, including my squashed victim, and there can be no doubt that Talolo by himself would have done much better if it had not been for my company. A boy can't kill as many rats as he otherwise would if he has to spend a very considerable part of his time in hunting for a woman's throwing stick, and never

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feeling quite certain whether it is in the deep lantana brush or up in the summit of some high tree. I really could not help it. After the stick left my hands I never could tell which way it was going. That it would not annoy the rat was certain; its ultimate destination was doubtful.

Talolo was right about the effect of the heavy clouds; but then Talolo was always right about his woodcraft except for some of his views about the *aitu* and the snakes that cackle like a hen, and even as to those I am not entirely sure that he was lying. It was only in other matters that he gave full swing to his Samoan mendacity, questions as to who was his mother and such like unimportant trifles. The Samoan bush is always gloomy, even when the sun is at its torrid brightest above the leaves. On this day of lowering clouds, it was as dark as in the twilight which northern nations know. Between the trunks of great trees and under the cordage of pendent lianas were long vistas through the undergrowth, where the long slabs of banana leaves arched overhead, and near the ground the flat expanse of taro leaves simulated a green platform, and all tied together with the sturdy convolvulus out of which the Samoans believe the first women were created and then bore the first men and peopled the world—the whole world of the five islands. Every such vista was closely scanned by Talolo, as we made our dripping way over the soggy soil, where it has never ceased to rain since the world was young. Some were barren of guidance to him. In others he tried to show me the track of the scampering

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rats. Here and there he professed to find the course of the blue lizards, which flashed now and then on our sight, sharp-eyed creatures that sprang from under foot and gave a glimpse of their foot-long agility, dreadful things to have drop on you from overhead, according to Samoan belief, for then your neck swells up and you die, and I always believed whatever Talolo told me in the bush, since that was his own country. At last the lad found a runway of the rats. I must confess that I could see little spoor, but to his eyes it was clear that he had found one of the paths which the woodland rats use.

We walked along this thin trail until we came upon a straightaway stretch of very nearly 200 yards, and there we took our stand in silence. Yet, still as we were, the jungle seemed filled with sound. There was the distant and melancholy cooing of the wood dove, the *manutangi*; the lizards scuttering through the grass gave vent to little squeaks; the vagrant hermit crabs fell in clumsy slumps, as their top-heavy borrowed shells overbalanced them. In our waiting we felt a sudden chill, and Talolo insisted that we should tie the fragrant leaves of ginger about our heads in precaution, for those sudden chills mean the passage of some *aitu* on its hunt, and ginger may keep them off.

Suddenly there was a little beast on the runway ahead of us, a lump of blue fur sitting in its tracks erect upon its haunches and washing its face with its forepaws. That was the first rat. It seemed too pretty to kill, but Talolo had no scruples whatever.

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He signed to me with a wave of his hand, and we threw at once. My stick landed in an orchid half-way up the trunk of a *tamanu*—that strange tree of the South Sea forests that grows boards. But Talolo directed his stick with a more acquainted aim, and rat the first fell to our bag. At least the rat was stunned, and Talolo gleefully running up broke the little animal's neck and brought it to me that I might see what dignified sport we were pursuing.

What I saw was a little animal no bigger than the chipmunks of our fences, gracefully shaped, covered with a thick fur of light slaty blue which might be ornamental when dressed and made up. Its eyes were quite as large and fine as those of our roadside squirrels, and entirely different from the sharp beads which we associate with our household rats. In fact, this rat is entirely indigenous to the islands, and drives out the foreign rats which escape from the ships in the harbor.

As was this first rat, so were the others that came to the runway on which we had taken our stand. Invariably I missed, except for the one that I inadvertently stepped on, and with very few exceptions Talolo was able to land his game at very considerable distances.

Talolo had assured me that the rats were "good for eat for you for me." I took home a few of the spoil and put them in Tanoa's hands for cooking. They had first to be skinned and wrapped in leaves, and then buried in the ground over night to season. In the morning Tanoa presented them fried for breakfast. Somehow or other I did not seem to hanker after

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fried rat. A junior member of the family vowed positively that so long as there remained a tin of beef in the kingdom of Samoa, and a can-opener was available, he was going to draw the line at rats. Another member of the family, with past years of experience with savage eating, welcomed the fried rats, and said that he was ready to eat the mess himself with no assistance. "What's a rat," he announced, "after you've had to feed on 'wums' and bugs?" With this encouragement, I nibbled gingerly at my first fried rat. Come to think of it, it is somewhat of a new sensation to an unaccustomed palate. But it was so fine and tasty a morsel that I insisted that as between myself and the other member of the household who had a liking for rat, there should be an equitable distribution of the game.

XIV.

THINGS THAT CREEP AND CRAWL.

"Then strange creepy creatures crawled out of their holes."

THAT'S the domestic side of Samoan life—that's housekeeping in the islands, a never-ending war against the creepers and the crawlers.

"My word!" Dosie Gurr used to say in the Colonial dialect, for she was a New Zealander, "it's like tiking a blooming course in zoology to live here." That's English as she is spoke by our Colonial cousins. "Ask the lidy if she'll tike a piece of cike" is Australian English, hard to understand until you get used to it. Dosie Gurr was right in this. I never knew whether I was living in what was really the best house in Samoa or was an inmate of a zoological garden.

To appreciate the situation it is needful to know something of the house in Vaiala—"the *maota* in the *malae* of Lelepa," as I had to describe it in all Samoan letters. There were inner arrangements for sleeping and for the transaction of the Consul-General's official business, which seemed to consist mainly in smoking vast quantities of native tobacco in banana leaf cheroots and in ceremonious drinking of the harmless but soapsuddy-looking kava in the effort to match one set of native intrigue against the other.

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All told, these needs used up less than half of the space under roof. The better two-thirds was veranda, on which the daily and synodic travel of the sun left drifting areas of charming shade. A section of veranda, impermanently latticed off like the Hawaiian *lanais* made the dining-room, and most of the zoological research was conducted in that segment of the domestic economy, for natural history and meals together are bound to make an impression.

From the beginning I was told not to walk on certain portions of the veranda because of the ants. Tonga used to call out after me, "*Ta fefe i loi ma loata!*" I don't like ants in my sugar bowl, but I never was afraid of them, as my maid's words would seem to imply in warning. Because it was the country custom, I had the legs of the dining-table and the meat safe set in empty beef tins of corrosive sublimate, which it was the cook boy's duty to replenish every Monday morning. That offered some prospect of keeping the ants out of the butter until they had triangulated the range of the table with an insect wisdom in surveying, after which it was easy for them to climb on the ceiling to the exact spot which would allow them to tumble in the half-melted butter with which one must oil the food in an iceless tropical habitation. Wise birds, these ants, when it comes to getting in the way of dining humanity. But Tonga's warning meant more than that. Tonga was not at all fastidious as to this or any other combination of dinner and zoology. She had in mind to warn me against a more serious inroad. What that was I soon found out.

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She had shouted to me to look out for ants in a certain spot of the flooring, and I had disregarded the warning, because I had not yet learned to fear the tiny ant. All of a sudden the flooring vanished beneath my step, and instead of finding a place to walk on, there was a yawning gap in the planking. Then I knew what was meant. The ants are not only after butter and such things to eat—they go for house timbers and riddle the planks. It is often the case that they will cut out a board from end to end and leave no outward sign, for they never touch paint. When you are least expecting it the solid plank is really but a hollow sham, which the least pressure will break through. In any boarded house in Samoa that is over five years old, it is just as easy to walk out through the wall anywhere as it is at the door, and that the ants have done. Tonga's caution meant: "I'm afraid of the *loi* and the *loata*." Except for the slight and graduated difference in size, it was not possible to distinguish between the *loi* and *loata*, both being common house ants. Both were red and both were minute, and one was as destructive as the other, neither being as large as the common red ant of America. Although they eat your house out from under you, they render good service as scavengers. I have seen cases where a dead rat was reduced to shining and harmless bones in less than an hour by the well-directed efforts of these inconspicuous cleaners.

After a long residence in New York, I felt on terms of intimate acquaintance with cockroaches, as I erroneously named the common water bug. The

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stories of South Sea travelers that they had been forced to sink their vessels to rid them of the pest I viewed with complacent appreciation of their skill in mendacity. But after I came to know the real cockroach, the *Blatta orientalis*, I was convinced that these stories were mild—if they had mentioned a ton of dynamite I should have believed it too mild a remedy to be effectual. One day I was called on to open the locker in which the tinned provisions were kept, for I never had a Samoan visitor who could not dispose of a pound can of corned beef or salmon while waiting for the cook boy to prepare him something to eat. On the inner side of the door was the slough of a cockroach about an inch and a half long, and alongside of it was a cream-colored monster all of three inches in length. It looked buggy, but it was a new thing in my experience, and I called for some one to explain the mystery. The cook boy came running up, and as soon as he saw what was the trouble he looked on me with scorn, after the manner of each of our native servants, who refused to consider other than their specific duties. Tanoa's duty was to cook, and as cockroaches were not cookable he felt that he had unnecessarily been called from his proper duties. However, he explained: "*O le monga-monga mate lenei, ua ola lea.*" "This is a dead cockroach," he said, pointing to the slough, "and that is a live one." It was a marvel to see how big the bug was in comparison with the shell which it had just discarded as it lay torpid and waiting for the new skin to harden. In time I became better acquainted with

the brutes and learned to recognize their nocturnal inroads on my finger nails. After I had lost a few pairs of shoes through their nibbling at the seams, I soon recognized that they were more of a pest than I had considered possible.

Twice a year we had flies in abundance. For months they vanished from human sight; but as soon as the bread-fruit came into blossom we were pestered with them. They flocked in such crowds that I appreciated why the outward mark of all Samoan dignitaries is a fly-flapper of horse hair or fibre. The Samoan habit exposes so much skin that it is easy to see that life would be a torment without a sharp brush to get rid of the pests. The junior member of my family hated flies. If his hatred only extends to the Prince of Flies in the same measure his hereafter is sure. He brushed them away and still they came and kept a-coming. But he was not to be downed. At one of the stores he found a wire trap, which was to be baited with sugar and vinegar. To this he pinned his faith and set it on the dining table in the *lanai*. Of course, as the place was open to the air in every direction, he might just as well have set it on a post in the village green for all the good it did. When this fact was called to his attention and it was argued to his satisfaction and disgust that he had undertaken a contract to kill all the flies in Samoa, he grew wildly angry and kicked the trap into the sea, whence it was washed up on the next tide chock-a-block with long-armed fighting crabs, so that he had the satisfaction of catching something, any way. But this annoyance

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visited us only for two months in the year—once in what should have been the spring and once in what should have been the autumn if the torrid zone had been equipped with those seasons, but always when the bread-fruit was flowering.

From flies to mosquitoes is an easy transition. The old Samoan legend runs somewhat after the fashion of Pandora's box and tells how a Samoan girl was impelled through curiosity to split open two bamboo tubes, of which one discharged a cargo of flies and the other let loose the first mosquitoes on the islands. They are fierce birds, these mosquitoes. By day they are hidden from the sight of man; at night they are a consuming pest. Yet there is one good feature about them—they will not come near a light, a habit which they do not share with the Jersey brand. Even the moonlight is sufficient to keep them off, so that for at least a part of the month it was possible to enjoy the delights of the cool night air on the broad veranda. Within doors they kept away from the light of the lamp, yet there was no way of sitting at a table in comfort, except by putting a lighted candle on the floor to drive them off.

Still, if the lamplight kept off the mosquitoes it attracted swarms of other bugs. There were soft and pudgy moths which buzzed about in a bewildering fashion and attracted flocks of vampires which hovered in the shafts of light outdoors seeking their prey. The most common of these evening flyers were black coleoptera about a quarter of an inch long, which came by the million. Drawn by the rays from the

lamps, they seemed possessed of an insane desire to fly down the lamp chimneys. Every now and then the room would be filled with nauseating fumes of cooking beetles, and the flame would be choked out by the mixed mass of carcasses, which would have to be cleaned out in the dark amid the deadly assaults of the mosquitoes, which had been waiting for just such an opportunity.

A rare and always interesting insect novelty were the phasmidæ. It sometimes happened that one would watch the flight of a long and heavy fly headed directly at the climbing stephanotis or the shrubs of frangipanni. The eye might have noted the place of coming to rest, but as soon as the flight was ended the insect seemed to vanish, for the most careful search was unable to disclose anything but dead twigs. It was one of the stick insects and a fine example of protective mimicry. An even better example was the less rarely seen leaf insect. I have been able to see but few of these at rest. It has happened that I have watched them in flight and have waited eagerly to note the place in which they would land in order to get a better view of the mimicry. At distances of from fifteen to twenty feet the insects have taken alarm, the leaflike wings have ceased to beat and have remained outstretched. Stopping in its flight, the insect has slowly fluttered to the ground, and it has been impossible to recognize it in the grass, so deceptive was its resemblance to the tender twigs of the ylang-ylang.

In the chronic revolutions of Samoan politics I knew a man who had no hesitation in going unarmed



A Samoan house is merely a roof of thatch set up on posts

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among the troops of the Samoan rebels, and the Malietoa forces who were just as bad. He was able to send budding rebellion back home again, and never seemed to think that he had been in any personal danger. But he shuddered at the Samoan spiders, although they are all as innocent as so many guinea pigs. One spider that ran over the houses at all times and everywhere was as good as a circus. It was a light-colored beast, about a quarter of an inch long. It built no nest or web, but was a hunter pure and simple. Its mode of capture was to stalk the flies when they came to rest on the walls. It would begin its hunting on a fly a yard or more away, and would slowly creep up on its victim with a nervous quiver that showed plainly the delight which the animal took in its game. At the distance of rather less than a foot the spider would collect itself for the final rush and remain all in a tremble of excitement. When the fly turned its head away the spider would leap through the air, and seldom failed to catch the fly. It would puzzle any student to know how it was done, but I have seen these hunting spiders in a leap of a foot directly upward clear with ease an obstacle more than two inches high, and in the last of the flight swerve as much as three inches to one side to allow for movement of the fly after the spring had begun. Theoretically, the thing violates every known rule of mechanics, but so did the curve in pitching a baseball when the college professors first began to study that paradox. The largest spider, and it is a very common one in Samoa, is a gangling-legged monster

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that can hardly be covered by an ordinary saucer. It is smooth all over, the accident of having it fall on my hands having shown me that it is as smooth as velvet; the eyes are closely grouped together, and in the sunlight blaze like gems, and in the dark there is a glitter from them that seems to show a phosphorescent action of some sort. This spider looks bad, but it is perfectly harmless for all its grim appearance—in fact, the Samoan children play with them. It also spins no web. There are web spiders, all nocturnal, but I have never seen them. Their cords are often found stretched across the paths, and are tough enough to pull off the hat of the passer.

Popular ideas credit all the tropics with the scorpion. There are plenty in Samoa—little fellows about an inch long, and they may be found by rolling over any log or stone. They seldom sting, and when they do the wound is not so bad as the sting of the mosquito. They abound in all boarded houses, but owing to their shy habits and nocturnal disposition they are seldom seen, and their only trace is the discovery of their slough, with the sting curled up in a menacing attitude.

The centipede is very common—a dreaded neighbor. Charles Warren Stoddard has written of it as a disconnected chain of unpleasant circumstances. They are so numerous that it is never safe to thrust one's hand into the thatch of a Samoan house at any time. It is not uncommon for them to drop from the roofs of these houses to the floor in the midst of some of the evening deliberations of the native politicians.

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They hold the "*atualoa*"—the "long god"—in great fear, and such deliberations invariably adjourn until sure that the centipede has been destroyed. The sting is painful at the time and for days afterward; but it is in no sense dangerous. These centipedes frequently exceed a foot in length, and each of the twenty-one segments is as large as a nickel.

No house is ever free from the "*unga*" or hermit crabs, which make a fearsome racket at night as they carry their topheavy borrowed shells into all sorts of places where it was not meant that they should go. There seemed to be two distinct classes of them. For one class the limit of size seems to be the small uni-valve shell not bigger around than a quarter. In these the two claws are very nearly of the same size. The large hermits are a dozen times as big; the claws are disproportionate, and the larger can give a very sharp nip—one that the incautious meddler will not be likely to forget so long as the finger remains black and blue. They serve a useful end in domestic affairs, for they seek out and destroy the eggs of countless insect pests.

Concerning the rats, known indifferently as "*imoa*," "*isumu*" and "*iole*," which Talolo introduced to me as a game bird, I may mention that the *imoa* gave me my first chance to be real funny in Samoan.

I said to Tonga as she sat sewing by my side one day while I was studying out sentences in the language of the country, "*Ua 'ai Samoa moa ma imoa.*"

"*Moi!*" replied my maid, stopping to light her seventy-second cigarette for that day; "that's so. I think

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so Samoa people she eat hen and eat rat. Samoa people fool people—never been circus and Chicago, except me.”

It had struck me as funny, that collocation of Samoans and *moa* hens and *imoa* rats. But I learned in time that Samoan is a tongue you cannot joke in. When you say a thing it is either the truth, which is contrary to the custom of the country, or else it is a lie and therefore a work of art; but a jest is impossible.

The bush is full of blue lizards—the *pili*. Every house is fairly alive with a smaller lizard—the *mo'o*—which is one of the geckoes with leaflike toes. They are little fellows about two inches long, prettily colored in a light and a dark shade of brown. They can run up a glass window pane quite as safely as the flies, on which they feed. They are very tame, and will run up the hand when stretched out toward them, and a sharp ear can catch their little cheeping cry when they are content with their surroundings. But when alarmed they are off like a flash of light, and will take the most reckless leaps. I have seen them land safely at the end of a twenty-foot jump. Yet when cornered they have no hesitation about snapping off the most of their tails. That was a maddening puzzle to my small cat. The sight of a *mo'o* anywhere was an immediate challenge to the kitten. She would immediately start on the hunt, for the most part a fruitless chase, for the little lizards could scuttle off faster than two cats. Yet when the kitten did succeed in landing on the lizard there followed a scene of bewilderment. The *mo'o* invariably snapped off its

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tail, which was left wriggling in one part of the veranda, while the lizard ran off to a short distance and awaited developments. The kitten never failed to be puzzled by the remarkable circumstance—she never knew whether to catch the lizard or the tail. If the *mo'o* moved the kitten went for it; but she always stopped short to keep an eye on the wriggles of the tail. As soon as she turned back to take care of the tail, the *mo'o* got in motion and had to be looked after. Hundreds of times I have watched the dilemma, and the ending was always the same—the lizard got away and the kitten had to be content with the bony tail. But there were lots of lizards about my house sprouting new tails.

XV.

WRECK OF THE SCHOONER LUPE.

"MADAM," said Captain Wilson most politely, "madam, I have come dripping wet from the sea to protest the schooner Lupe as she lies on the Matafanga-tele reef and her tackle and appurtenances. Likewise four Savages, which Cap'n Harry Smith said you could depend upon, and which you can't. Likewise and also, I protest Cap'n Harry Smith who said you could depend on them Savages and you can't do it, or else I wouldn't be here protesting them three things, the schooner and the Savages and Cap'n Harry Smith."

Now all this sort of thing was manifestly consular business, and as such belonged to the masculine and official member of the household. It is not for a woman sitting on the veranda of the unofficial side of the Consulate at Apia to deal with protests of mariners, even though they do come dripping wet from the sea. All this was explained to Captain Wilson, who was leaving a pool of salt water on the veranda where he stood in a respectful attitude. He was told that he would have to await the return of the proper official, who just then was off in the boat in pursuit of some one of those wild nightmares of war which are the sum and substance of Samoan politics. But none of

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these considerations had any weight with the drenched mariner, he had come right out of the sea to protest, and nothing short of a protest would satisfy him. The only way to content him was to rummage through the rack of official blank forms to find a dusty and mildewed copy of Form No. 58, which is provided for mariners to protest on. Then by laying down a string of mats on the floor from the pool in which he stood on the veranda, a way was made by which he could come inside the office and sign his name, a laborious operation, but as satisfactory to himself as though the thing had been done in proper form. One may have cherished ideas of keeping floors neat and tidy, but it is impossible to prepare in advance for official calls of shipwrecked mariners just out of the sea in which they have been shipwrecked. That is one of the unusual states of affairs which would worry almost any housekeeper. Still it was in a sense flattering to see that the shipwrecked mariner was content to have his protest taken down by a woman not authorized to the performance of such duties of the consular service of the United States.

When Captain Wilson had dissolved himself out of the office, and the chain of mats had been thrown out on the grass to dry, he insisted on recounting his tale of marine disaster and the shattering of confidence recklessly placed in Cap'n Harry Smith.

"Yes'm," continued Captain Wilson, "if you'll get your umbrella to keep the sun off and just step down on the beach here you can see the Lupe where she lies and where I protest her and her tackle and her

appurtenances. You better fetch along that spyglass that was bought at Strutt's auction for three dollars, there may be three dollars' worth of seeing in it."

Sure enough, when one stood just at the very verge of the sands it was possible to see a two-masted schooner high and dry on the reef a mile or so up the coast, and with the spyglass it was possible to make out more details of her shipwrecked condition. The glass was all right if only one had learned the knack of keeping it from coming apart at the joint; so long as the big tube did not drop off from the little tube you could see several dollars' worth, even though the captain was doubtful about it. With a comprehensive sweep of his arm in that direction he repeated "There's the schooner Lupe and I protest her and her tackle and her appurtenances." Captain Wilson is not the only one who has found a sort of satisfaction in some complicated official formula.

Then turning to a group of four natives who were sitting wet and impassive on the broken mast of the Trenton at the foot of the flagstaff, he repeated his statement that he protested "them Savages." That was one unfortunate feature of treasuring that broken piece of timber which is all that is left of the flag-ship wrecked in the great Apia hurricane. It was very nice to have a memento of the historic event, but the mast was a nuisance in that it provided a perch for all the idle Samoans to come and roost on, and a fair half the time was spent shooing them off. When Captain Wilson had protested Savages it created the impression that some dreadful deed had been done by

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the islanders. But the four on the mast were unmistakably boys from Niue, or Savage Islanders. In the varied mixture of islanders about Apia it is always possible to identify the Savage Islanders through their fondness for clothes; others may be content with a lavalava, but the Niue boys rig themselves out in shirts and overalls with the very first wages they earn. Therefore, when the shipwrecked mariner protested four Savages he meant only his crew of Savage Islanders, whom he had set down there on the mast where he could keep them under his eye until he finished his business.

Captain Wilson, who had just been wrecked, was some sort of a Finn, but at some time he had been naturalized in some American port and on that score felt himself authorized to do all his nautical business with the American Consulate. It turned out on further investigation that this assumption was inaccurate, for his wrecked schooner was not entitled to sail under the American flag. But the mysteries of the navigation laws of the United States are not included in any curriculum of feminine education, and mistakes are therefore pardonable. When Captain Wilson was not sailing he was the general mender of clocks for all Apia, a community habitually careless of time and inclined to be content if they find their clocks are keeping the same day when Captain O'Ryan fires a cannon at the pilot station at noon on Saturday so that the beach may know once a week what time it is.

Despite the filling out of Form No. 58, there was

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nothing to show how the schooner was wrecked and where the responsibility of Cap'n Harry Smith entered into the disaster. That was a part of the narrative which the shipwrecked captain was only too anxious to disclose, for by it he expected to show that the responsibility for the loss did not lie on his shoulders.

He began by telling how he had been chartered by the German firm to go to windward for a cargo of copra which was ready to be brought down to Apia. If any keen intelligence discerns any slip in the nautical terms the blame is not to be laid on Captain Wilson, who was probably as accurate in the use of his marine dialect as a sailor is expected to be, it is rather due to the narrator's inability to keep a clear idea of directions at sea which chase around after the wind. In this case the impression was clear that the schooner was to go to the eastward islands of the archipelago, to Tutuila or to Manu'a, for in Samoa windward always has that meaning. He went on to explain that because the wind blew against the course all day long it was necessary to make a start at night, when sometimes there was a wind outside that would help him along several miles to the east before the tradewind began in the morning. There were other details about the need of making a quick trip of it and the bother he had in getting the Savages to sail the schooner for him.

After all these details had been set out in full, for wet as he was, he would not omit a single item which had even the most remote bearing on his cruise which

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came so promptly to disaster, he then got to the point which introduced Cap'n Harry Smith and the cause of his difficulty hand in hand.

"Along in the early part of the evening, madam," he continued the narrative of wreck, "me and Cap'n Harry Smith was discussing some points of sailing in these here waters and he was telling me about some of them harbors up to windward. Now I know a great deal more about them harbors than Cap'n Harry Smith does, but I didn't tell him so, wanting to be sociable, and it being my last night ashore with him. From time to time he would get up and have a look at the harbor and come back and say it was dead calm. Then that being so, him and me would have another one, and go on talking about points of sailing, for you've got to be mighty knowing when you're sailing up to windward in these islands. Along after 10 o'clock I began to look for the wind to get out of the harbor on, but there wasn't any wind and Cap'n Harry he says there never is any wind before midnight, but I know better than that, and I know that 10 o'clock is the time to begin looking for the land breeze. Well the land breeze hadn't begun to blow just then, so me and Cap'n Harry took some more just to keep from dry waiting and then we began to argue about it, me knowing all the time that he was wrong and him trying to make out that I never sailed about these islands as long as he had, and on that account wasn't entitled to know anything about the land breeze at night. We was perfectly sociable in our talk, for Cap'n Harry is a good fellow

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for all that there's lots of things he don't know about sailing. When it got to be 11 o'clock, or maybe the least bit short of it, I went out looking for the land breeze, and Cap'n Harry Smith he sat back in his chair and told me it was a waste of time looking for it to set in until midnight. But I felt it a little fresh, not exactly a breeze, but a good sign it was going to come. So I told him to wet his finger and hold it up and then he'd see whether the land breeze always waited till midnight. That fixed him and he said that maybe it was a little bit earlier for just that once, and that any way a cool feeling on a finger wasn't enough to sail out of harbor on. So I sat down with him just to finish it up, for I was for going off to the schooner and beginning to get the anchor up.

"Yes'm. Where was me and Cap'n Harry Smith all this time? Oh, part of the time at one place and part of the time at another along the beach. But when it came 11 o'clock they shut up for the night and so we finished off at my house, where I had to go for some of my things. As I was saying, for when there's been a wreck you've got to tell everything just as it was, I was for going off to the schooner. But Cap'n Harry kept on saying the wind was too light yet, and really it didn't amount to much, only to prove that land breezes do come before midnight. So we sat down with what I happened to have in the house and Cap'n Harry he told me some more about the harbors to windward. By and by I was getting a little bit uneasy about getting off at

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all, for there was precious little wind, but Cap'n Harry he said that it was all right to leave it all to the Savages, they'd know best of all and they knew where to find me when it was time to go. He said Savages was the sort you could depend on, for they make the best sailors of all these natives. Samoans are no good at all, they're too lazy, and they go to sleep on watch and you can't get them to do more than just so much. But he said he always took Savages for his crew and glad to get them, because you could depend on them always.

"But how did the Lupe come to be wrecked on the Matafangatele reef? Why, that's what I'm telling you, ma'am. I've got to explain why I protest Cap'n Harry Smith and them Savages, for he said you could depend on them and I've proved that you can't. So when he was telling me how the Savages was the most reliable natives and you could always depend on them—which you can't—the head one of them came along to the house. That's him, the biggest of the lot, him that's leaning up against the flagpole fast asleep. He said that the wind would come pretty soon and he had come for me.

"Then Cap'n Harry Smith, what does he say? He says 'them Savages is the best natives in the South Sea, you can always depend on them.' Well, it did look that way. So I owned up like a man, for I don't mind saying so when another man happens to know more than me, though as a general thing I know as much about these islands as Cap'n Harry Smith, for all he's been here so long. So we had another just

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to say good-bye on, and I got into the boat and the Savage rowed me out to the schooner.

“That land breeze was light, just enough to get the schooner out of the passage and out far enough away from the reef so’s she would be safe. I was going to make an all-night job of it, and keep the helm while it was dark, but the breeze was so very light and I was sleepy. Then I thought of what Cap’n Harry Smith was saying about them Savages that you could always depend on them. And I began to think that perhaps he was right, for he had been cruising about the islands so much longer than I had that perhaps he knew best, for I’m not one of those men who stick to their own opinion just because it’s theirs; no, ma’am, I stick to my own way of thinking because I know I’m right. Anyway, I had been hard at work all day and that made me sleepy, and then I got some more sleepy discussing them points of sailing with Cap’n Harry Smith, so I made up my mind I’d depend on them four Savages for just the one night so as to try them. So I called the head man of the Savages and I told him we was bound to windward and I was going to turn in and I depended on him to see that the schooner went to windward all night long. I did not say a word to him about Cap’n Harry Smith’s saying that they could be depended on, for it might have made them too set up to do any work if they knew that Cap’n Harry gave them the best name in the South Seas after he’d been cruising about the islands so many years. But I just told him I depended on all four of them and then I went to sleep.

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“The next thing I knew was this morning when a raft of Samoans came piling down the companion and into the cabin. I was some surprised, for I thought they was Savages when I shipped them, but I see I must have been mistaken along of all the other things I had to do so that I could get off as soon as the firm wanted me to go. While I was puzzling out how I could come to make a mistake like that, signing Samoans on articles for Savages, then it came over me that Cap’n Harry Smith thought they was Savages, too, and I knew I had a good joke on him and his telling me that Savages was the only natives you can depend upon. Pretty soon I noticed that the schooner was lying pretty still. Then I went on deck mighty quick, and I see we had gone clean right atop of the reef, and the tide going out we was high and dry on the coral. Of course, being so tired I couldn’t be expected to wake up when we struck; you see I was depending on them Savages the way Cap’n Harry Smith said you could. But come to look for them they was all fast asleep on deck, and they didn’t know we was wrecked until I went around and kicked each one in turn. You see they got hold of some gin I had aboard in case of cramps or any kind of sickness you’re likely to get when you’re out at sea. They got hold of it and then they got drunk and let the schooner jump the reef, and they didn’t even call me, but just slept through it all like logs. And before the Samoans thought to wake us up and let us know we were wrecked somebody stole all the sails and rigging and everything else, and then they

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left us to wade ashore. But I don't mind that so much as I do them Savages, Cap'n Harry Smith was so sure you could depend on them. Because you can't depend on them and I've proved it; that's why I want to protest them Savages; likewise and also, Cap'n Harry Smith which said so."

Now there is all the narrative there ever was in connection with the wreck of the schooner Lupe, which climbed over a Samoan reef and stuck there until successive gales tore her timbers apart. For a shipwreck it may, perhaps, lack the thrill of dashing waves and drowning mariners and things going by the board, if that be the correct way of putting it. There are a plenty of other shipwrecks which have all that sort of thing, this is only a nice, cosy little shipwreck designed to illustrate the great truth that Savages can't be depended on, even if Cap'n Harry Smith does say so.



Every man is tattooed in a solid pattern from waist to knees

XVI.

SAMOAN FICKLE BRIDES.

THE peculiar conditions of the South Seas, where a mere handful of white men form an islet in a sea of brown-skinned savagery, and the Caucasians are forced to depend upon the resident functionaries of their nations for every relation in life, operated in Samoa as they would be able to do nowhere else, to bring each of the several items in this record of matrimonial complication in turn before the Consul by whom the tangle was first ensnarled, and later taken apart, at least as far as it was possible to separate the several threads.

Johnny Milco was as meek and mild a beachcomber as could be found in Apia from the pilot station on Matautu Point to the three-roomed palace of King Malietoa on Mulinu'u. He had his trade as a carpenter, and he worked at it when the rare chance offered. Like everybody else, he growled at the hard times on the beach and drew regretful comparisons with what things used to be. Like everybody else, for all his growling he stopped in Apia and was to all seeming content with the hard times and the infrequency of the jobs which called for exercise of

saw, hammer and plane. And unlike many of the others, he was not to be found about the public houses, and was never heard in the noisy brawls with which the many pothouse statesmen solved the great difficulties of the consular administration of Samoa under the tripartite control. Apart from his laziness, which might after all have been climatic, he was a fairly good but unassuming citizen of Apia, and had brought no discredit upon the United States, from which he hailed. On the beach he was known as Johnny Milco of America, but on the records of the American Consulate he was registered as John Milcovich, a native of Ragusa, and naturalized some years before in Chicago, in testimony whereof he had deposited his citizen papers for safekeeping in the Consulate. The simple alias was manifestly a mere matter of yielding to the convenience of others who would not take the trouble to enunciate the longer Dalmatian name, and might well pass unnoticed in comparison with other known aliases where the motive was neither so simple nor so lacking in discredit. In brief, Johnny Milco was a simple, easy-going and poorly educated citizen, and there was no reason at all why he should not command the best offices of his Consul in the events which it was his ill luck to crowd into a few weeks of tropical life.

He called one morning at the Consulate and asked if there were any American papers in. For almost an hour he read the latest of the files. Then he touched upon the ever-vital question in Apia as to whether the United States were thinking of sending

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to Apia that ship of war always so longed for and always so long in coming. At last and by devious traverses he approached the business on which he had come, that being no less than his marriage, which in the state of the law in the islands could be performed by no one but his Consul. His own papers were all right, he gave satisfactory answers to the questions which in an affair of so much gravity it was proper to put, and it was determined that there was no obstacle on his part to entering the holy estate.

When asked as to the party of the second part, the necessary lady, in fact, he displayed a certain degree of hesitation and finally asked if it were really necessary to bring a lady's name into the case. It took no little argument to convince him that while it argued a chivalrous disposition to try to avoid bringing a lady into legal matters by name, still in the case of matrimony it was absolutely unavoidable and was strictly provided for in the Constitution. As though dragging the information from the innermost recesses of his bashfulness, he acknowledged that he was to marry Miss Annie Dace, who lived on the next island in the kingdom, but, for the purposes of the union, was now in Apia with her father. Being examined as to her civil status, which was necessary for the record in the office, he seemed much at a loss and wound up by saying that her father would have to settle those points. Stepping out on the veranda he called out and Dace was seen to extricate himself from the shade of a cocoanut tree beneath which he

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had been dozing throughout Milco's leisurely prosecution of his business.

Dace was just the opposite of his prospective son-in-law, keen and energetic in answering. He spoke up quickly in his statement of consent to the projected union, but as to his daughter's civil status he was clearly in a fog. She was his daughter by a Samoan whom he had married, therefore she was of his nationality, but what that was he would like to find out. He had been born in New Brunswick, down among the Blue Noses. No, he wasn't British, and he would tell why. When he was no more than a year old his folks had moved to Cape Ann and settled there, and when he became 21 he took out his papers in Boston.

There it was again. He could not produce his papers. Because why? Because he had lost everything down to his shirt in a wreck off the capes of the Delaware. But he had served in the United States Navy in these waters, where he could easily prove it by almost any of the old hands on the beach. He did not have what you might call his discharge papers, because he had not stopped to get them; in fact, he had slipped over the side and swum ashore. He supposed you would call him a deserter. Still, he did not want to be put down as a Samoan. Even if the law did make him one, he wasn't no nigger. But when endless repetition of the law showed him that a deserter must lose his American citizenship and that he had renounced his British citizenship in Boston, and must perforce now be a citizen of the country

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in which he had lived for years, he consented to withdraw his objections so long as the marriage went on, even if his girl was put down as a Samoan, which she wasn't, no more than any American half-caste.

That evening the bridal couple appeared at the Consulate and were duly joined in the holy estate of matrimony, with the promise solemnly made that death alone should them part. They asked the consular family to attend the supper, Dace assuring everybody that it was going to be a bang-up spread, and that Johnny, Milco had given orders to Ah Sue to spare nothing to eat and drink. But if the Consul restricted his connection with the affair simply to making the couple one, there was no lack of guests at the supper, and it was generally commended as being just about one of the best things of the sort in the memory of the beach.

A fortnight or three weeks later Milco again drifted into the Consulate in his aimless way. In answer to the natural question, he said his wife was pretty well, he guessed; there never was anything much the matter with her. She was down in Tutuila now.

"Down in Tutuila, man," the Consul asked. "When did she go?"

"Oh, about two or three weeks ago, she went along down in the schooner with Cap'n Grant."

"But Grant sailed the night you were married, didn't he?" again asked the Consul.

"Yes, sir, that's the time she sailed, and she got a good land breeze after midnight, which must have set her well eastward."

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Little by little and piecemeal Milco told his story. After the spread Annie went into the back room on some errand. Milco stood at the door saying good-by to the guests, and the last one to leave was Grant, who stopped to take a last drink with the happy husband. When Milco went into the back room he did not see the girl he had just married. He leaned out of the window looking out over the harbor and heard the clank of windlass and pawl as the sailors were getting the anchor on board the schooner whose sails he could discern in dusky outline. The click of oars sounding through the stillness of the night served to track Grant's way from shore to deck. The head sails were spread to the land breeze, and the schooner stood out through the pass in the reef and so to sea. While Milco was still looking from the window and idly wondering what had become of his wife, a Samoan girl beached her canoe just beneath him on the beach. She told him that she had just returned from putting Annie on the schooner, and that Annie had run away from him with Cap'n Grant. Now, what he wanted to know was whether there wasn't some law for him. The Consul assured him that the statutes were fairly bristling with points of law which could be stuck into the recreant ones, and appointed a conference when Grant should return to the harbor.

In a few days the schooner, a regular trader between the islands, returned, and Grant and Milco were summoned to meet that evening at the Consulate for the purpose of seeing what was to be done. It was one of those situations which might lead to

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shooting, and there was the chance of some dramatic outcome. Each of the men came promptly at the time appointed, and each brought with him a friend to see fair play. After laying down the law in all its bearings, the Consul, cautioning them against any violent act, left them in consultation, to see if they could not make some settlement without the expense of litigation. After a half hour the sound of high voices showed that harmony was not resting on their councils. The Consul hastily rejoined them, only to find that Milco had announced his ultimatum, and Grant had refused to treat with him on that proposition at all.

"See, Mr. Consul," said Milco, "this man, Cap'n Grant of the schooner, he comes up here to my wedding, and he sees you marry me and Annie, so he knows we're sure enough married. Then he goes down with us all to my house and he eats my cake that the Chinaman baked, and he eats all the other good things and he drinks the wine and the gin and the Scotch, and he stops and takes another drink with me because he is just going to sail and I'm just married, and then he runs off with my wife out of the back window in a native canoe and sails away with her to Tutuila, and she doesn't come at all back to me. Am I a fool? Do I marry my wives for other men? No, sir, I do not. And now when I ask him to play fair he won't do it. I tell him all about the things he had to eat and to drink, and I tell him that it is fair he should pay the Chinaman half the money for that spread, and he won't. Isn't that fair? Must

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I pay all the money for suppers for other men to run away with my wives? I pay half, he pay half, that's fair."

Eventually it had to come to a divorce suit, and that was held in the Consulate. In the course of the procedure it developed that the gentle Annie had a husband already whose claims were prior to any proposed by Milco or surreptitiously established by Grant. Poor Milco was plunged into the depths of a quandary when it became necessary to dismiss his suit for divorce and sue for the annulment of a marriage initially void. He was lost in the mazes of the law; between his debt to the Chinaman for the supper and his wish for a divorce he could not see where he was going to land. It was proved that Annie had married a year before in the jurisdiction of the Consul of another nation, and her husband was trading in a group near by. That sufficed to set Milco free from his first plunge into matrimony.

But he was not yet content. He had evidently set out to get married and married he was clearly determined to be.

The next attempt was directed at the daughter of a half-caste and was apparently a promising venture. This girl, too, had once been married, but the death of her husband and her widowhood were matters about which there could be no dispute and no misunderstanding. The arrangements for the wedding progressed as well as could be expected when the girl was on a distant island several hundred miles away. But her father was on the spot and he was satisfied



©Ailolō, a Laulisi belle

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with the offer, and came up to the Consulate to assure himself beyond a doubt that Milco was now free to marry. Word was sent to the girl at her distant home to come down and be married, and the cutter which carried the message was now due on its return with the precious cargo. Milco came to the Consul to secure his services for the second time within three months, and with evident satisfaction announced that not he, but the girl's family, were now to provide the supper.

On the day set for the wedding the cutter came bowling into port with a fresh trade breeze along toward sunset, but no wedding party came to the Consulate that night.

The next day a native policeman brought before the Consul a most dishevelled and disreputable Milco. That he had been drinking hard was clear; that his soul was bursting with a distress too great for his maudlin utterance was no less plain. A few hours of confinement put him into condition to recount his woes.

The cutter had left Manua with the girl aboard, in obedience to her father's command to come down to Apia and be married. But on the way it had stopped at Tutuila for cargo. Tutuila seemed to have an irresistible attraction for the Milco brides, and so it proved in this case. A young man trading on that island was in need of a wife, and chanced just in the nick of time to be at the port where the cutter called in. It did not take the widow long to marry there at her own pleasure and without considering Milco, who

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was awaiting her coming in distant Apia. When the skipper of the cutter brought this news into Apia, Milco fairly broke loose, and from the meekest of men became violent. In the first place he deliberately got himself just as drunk as he could possibly be; then he started out to hold the skipper of the cutter personally responsible for the wrong. Arming himself with six bottles of brandy and a six-shooter, he boarded the cutter with the announced purpose of killing her master, but with which of his deadly weapons was not made clear. When he found the master had gone ashore he settled down to wait for him and passed his time with the liquor. Arrived at a point of stupefaction when it was possible to approach him with safety, he was arrested, disarmed, and brought before the authorities. In this last venture he had but made the mistake of courting, instead of the girl, her father.

The jeers of the beachcombers were too much for him to bear up under. He took an early opportunity of sailing away from the group, left the South Seas, where matrimony proved such an uncertainty, and no one knows whether he has on a third attempt succeeded in marrying or has given it up as a bad job.

XVII.

THE VAMPIRES OF THE TUASIVI.

WHILE this is a story of good hunting on the mountain peaks of Samoa, it is only proper that it should begin where the event itself really did begin—with the pigs of Vaiala on the ocean beach of Upolu. If the village swine had not put the idea into Talolo's active brain I might never have had the moonlight shooting at Suatele's clearing, on the very top of the mountain over which I had often watched the frigate birds disappearing every evening as the sun went down.

The Samoan pigs, native to the soil and in several particulars different from the civilized hog, were a great nuisance. Even a six-wire fence was of no kind of use in keeping them out of the compound which surrounded the Consulate; in fact, the closeness of the lower wires seemed only to attract them to the more earnest effort to scrape through the barrier. As an abatement of the nuisance, I took a leaf from Robinson Crusoe's book and planted a hedge. My hedge was planted just as the great exile's was; five-foot stakes were driven into the ground. Within a week they were all growing in the most equatorial luxuriance, and before the month was over the hedge was a wall of green already crowded with flowers. It was an interesting feat in horticulture; it availed to

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restrain the mature and elderly porkers, but the little pigs scraped through and laughed at me. It is really exasperating to be laughed at by a young hog. I found by actual measurement that a pig two feet long could scramble between two stakes in my hedge four inches apart. Just how this happened I must leave to anatomists to explain.

Whenever official life and Samoan affairs seemed out of kilter, I called in Salatemu, because she seemed to be the most permanent and abiding of those whom I learned to recognize as the wives of Patu, the portly chief of Vaiala village, which lay about all sides of my compound, except the seaward aspect. She looked the situation over and referred the subject to her lord and master. Patu put his administrative brain to work upon the problem, and finally settled it. The tabu which he had set for all Samoans on the premises should be extended to all pigs as well. The owners of pigs should be notified that my premises were sacred, and any pigs found trespassing were to be killed ruthlessly. I have often wondered if Patu meant that I was entitled to shoot his trespassing Samoans as well as their pigs. At any rate, I never tried it, for it was so dreadfully easy to stir up an international complication in that worrisome kingdom. The only stipulation that Patu made was the provision that I was to allow one of the villagers to enter the compound for the purpose of removing any pig which I might shoot. Thereupon Vaiala dined with great glee on the assassinated pork. I have some reason to suspect that the boys in Vaiala organized a system

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of stampeding the young pigs of the Matautu village, a quarter-mile along the beach, driving them into my compound for me to shoot and then holding their own feasts over the delicacy. To'omalatai, the one-handed chief of that neighboring community, made complaint that such a reprehensible game was being played. The only answer he got was that any pig in the garden was a pig shootable, and therefore shot, for close watching had convinced the Samoans that I never missed a shoat among my struggling flowers.

One morning while we were at breakfast, my own particular boy, Tanoa, came to me breathless with the whispered warning, "*Tam'aita'i e, manuvae fa e tolu i le lotoā,*" conveying the information that three "four-legged animals" were in the garden, for Samoan courtesy will not admit of using "*pua'a,*" the name of so vile an animal as the pig, in speaking to a superior. Tanoa had brought my single-barreled Winchester shotgun, already loaded, and two extra shells. The first pig was easy, for he stood and snouted at me. The other two were better shots, for the fate of the first pig sent them careering around in wild commotion, and it was quick work to break down the gun and reload. The last pig was killed just as he was struggling in the hedge, and another minute would have taken him beyond my right to slaughter. The usual shout arose in the village at the prospect of baked pork for dinner, and little Fuatino promptly appeared for the purpose of dragging out the slain, a considerable task for so small a girl.

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After the commotion was over and I had settled down in my shady corner on the veranda, I was surprised by a warlike figure with a long gun sitting on the wrecked mast of the old warship Trenton, which lay at the foot of the flagstaff. It was my young friend Talolo, making a front after his own fashion. When he felt that he had produced the impression he sought to make, he came through the gate and took his seat on the floor of the veranda with his customary polite salutations. The gun he carefully stood under the consular coat of arms. Somehow, in his mind, that seemed to make it official and proper.

"What are you going to do with the gun, Talolo?" I asked. "*Tau le taua?* Are you going to fight the war?"

"Please, no." The lad seemed hurt that his intentions were misunderstood. "This the good season; no war in good season; bimeby the bad season come, then fight the war. That my shootgun. When I fight the war I have head-chopping knife and big rifle-gun and kill rebels. Mebbe Patu he rebel perhaps, then I kill the government. Always fight in rainy season, the Vaipalolo. You want go shotting for me for you to-night; go shotting *pe'a?*"

Any one who has passed a sleepless night listening to the vampires or flying foxes quarreling in the mango trees when the fruit was ripening would be glad to go on an expedition of revenge and extermination, or, as Talolo worded it, "To go shotting *pe'a.*"

But lately there had been few vampires about the beach. The manager of one of the large German

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plantations had drawn on the resources of science and had inoculated them with the germs of mice typhoid, and they had died off very completely. But Talolo said the sickness had not extended back into the bush, and there were just as many as ever on the mountains where the berries were now ripening.

"*Fa'amolemole, Tama'ita'i,*" continued Talolo, "smooth out the wrinkles of your heart, lady, I give for you for me my shootgun in love."

I had to spend a great part of my time in turning down Talolo's loving gifts, for he was an adept in the Samoan art of making presents in order to receive tenfold in return. The gift of his "shootgun" would mean only that I should give him my own light Winchester. There were several reasons why I shouldn't do that. One was that I should be helpless with a muzzle-loader "made in Germany" and with the bore of a lead pencil. The other was that the Consuls visited heavily any traffic with the natives in firearms, and as one of the few white women in this outpost of civilization among the savages, I had no wish to add to the dangers of life. What these might become, I had already had a taste of in the last rainy season, when I was left alone in the house with a hundred stand of rifles, and Muliufi and his crowd of rebels had surrounded the place from midnight to dawn, hoping to get the weapons, yet afraid to face my rifle, as I patrolled the veranda against them.

But savage etiquette prescribed that I should look the odd gun all over and appear to return it reluctantly as too rich a gift for me to receive. After careful in-

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spection, I gave the "shootgun" back to Talolo and made him happy by the announcement that I would give him a tin of powder, a box of caps and a supply of shot for his use on our trip after vampires that night, "as my servant shooting food for me," which is a way of getting around the law which even Consuls have been known to wink at. Thus for about the thousandth time Talolo got not only more than he deserved, but twice as much as he expected. I knew, and he knew that I knew, that all of this provision he could save out would be used for the making of Mauser cartridges for the next war. But that is Samoa.

As our expedition was a hard one, I needed more assistance than Talolo could give, for I knew that I should be out all night after the vampires, which in other lands would be regarded rather as carrion than as game. Our shooting ground was eight miles away, nearly 4,000 feet nearer the sky and accessible only by a difficult trail. Accordingly, I must have Tanoa, whose affectionate middle-aged heart would be broken if I should count him out of any of my adventures. He was willingness personified, and could be of assistance if only he understood what was wanted. My maid, Tonga, was also to be of my party. Between them a sufficiency of supplies could be taken to meet my needs, and also to have some presents for the chief Suatele, at whose mountain-top home we should pass the night.

Talolo and Tanoa were sent on ahead with orders to await us at the end of the road, some three miles

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inland, with a boy to bring back my horse and cart. At noon Tonga and I, with the provisions, set out in the cart.

At the end of the road there was no gradual cessation of the means of travel. The road cut itself off square at the edge of unbroken jungle, and all that was left was the narrowest kind of a trail, where the bare feet of Samoans kept down the weeds which otherwise would soon obliterate the stony path long ago marked out as the Ala Sopo, the "cross-over road." It is little more than a foot in width, nothing but jagged lumps of lava, which may be easy enough for the tough bare feet of Samoans, but difficult for any shod foot. As usual in the islands, it follows the highest crest of the ridges. And it is hot—how hot can only be appreciated by one who is familiar with the cool shade of the American woods. Overhead and all around the monster trees interlace their obscuring leaves, and branch is tied to branch with long lianas. High overhead is a thick green ceiling which cuts off the light of the sun and lets all the heat sift through into green sweltering arcades, where no breeze ever penetrates. From the leaves above the moisture patters down on the leaves beneath, and as one mounts toward the summit the sudden afternoon showers come pelting down. Not a bird is ever seen in these solitudes. The mournful cooing of the *manutangi* dove faintly echoes along the tangle of trunks, but the bird itself is on the upper surface of the canopy, which the eye cannot pierce; the *lupe* pigeon sometimes sounds his long roll and Talolo

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fruitlessly points his empty "shootgun," but he knows that at this time of day he can see no game. In the path the muffled rustling of soggy leaves gives token of the presence of the blue *pili* lizards scuttering out from underfoot. Talolo does not mind the *pili* when they are underfoot, but he takes all a boy's delight in telling how his mother's brother was walking on this very Ala Sopo and a *pili* dropped on him from a tree and he died and then turned blue, for that is the superstition. And Tanoa tells weird tales of the *aitu*, ghost devils, that are known to haunt this spot. There is the lady devil who lies in wait for handsome young men to rub noses with them and then they die. There is So'oalo, who nets men and women from his *tia* or stone hunting platform which we must pass, just as a century ago he netted *lupe*. His body is buried on the very summit of Mount Vaea, but his soul has never found rest. Some of the tales pass my comprehension of the Samoan, but Tonga is ready to translate for me. "Fool man," she says, by way of comment on the wild tales of the woodland demons; because she has traveled, because she has been to America with Barnum's circus and the Midway Plaisance, she would have me think that these old tales have no terrors for her. "Fool man," she says of Tanoa, but her lips are blue and her teeth are chattering, and she keeps close to me. The circus and the Midway cannot altogether destroy the faith of a lifetime.

We pass the *tia* of So'oalo in safety without being netted, we hear the roar of the Holy Cataract of

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the Vaisingano and escape the black-boy cannibals who have run away from the German plantations and have made their wild abode near that waterfall. We reach the bank of one of the confluent brooks of that stream and sit down to rest in a little open space, where my Samoans recover their spirits sufficiently to eat a tin of salmon apiece and to point out to me the path of the crowing snake, and speculate on the length of time since he last passed that way. Then on again up the steep mountain, until we reach the flat mile of summit of the pass. It rained yesterday; it is raining now; it will rain to-morrow; it always rains by daylight here, and the mountain top is a sour morass feeding the rivers that run north into Apia harbor, and those that run south on the other slope to meet the sea in Safata Bay and at Siumu. The last stretch is the worst; the going is something frightful, now striding from one slippery root to another, and now missing the footing and plunging waist deep into yellow mud. There is just a mile of this, the Palapala Tele, which means the big muds. Every step is a burden of mire or the risk of a sprained ankle; it is just as hard for the Samoans as for me. At the further side of the morass we can look down for one brief glimpse on the long slope of jungle to the Southern Sea, the first view of the whole trip. Just here a dry trail picks itself out of the mud and makes off toward the east. A few minutes bring us to a clearing at the head of a picturesque valley with a waterfall dashing spray over the scene. At the end of the path is a ten-foot trunk of timber, half that

in diameter, a thatched shed roofing it over to keep the rain out of its hollowed-out interior. All fatigue forgot, Talolo rushes onward and beats on the log with a stick, evidently trimmed for that purpose. The soft, yet distinct, notes of this wooden drum ring out over miles of mountainside to advise Suatele that visitors have arrived whose rank entitles them to smite his drum.

The house lies just beyond, the only native house in all Samoa which has its sides closed in. Here lives Suatele on the Tuasivi, the backbone of the mountain. It is right that his house should be closed in, for it is cold at this altitude, and when one comes from the sea it is hard to bear the lower temperature. But Talolo finds some dry wood and Tanoa gets out dry matches from my rubber-cased traveling bag, and soon we have a hot fire crackling in the open fire-box in the middle of the floor. It seems odd to write of the comforts of a bright fire in the tropics, but the chill of the Tuasivi is too great to bear in soggy clothing. Tonga lets fall a screen, behind which I may change into dry garb, and then, as I lie on the only raised bed that can be found in any Samoan house, she kneads me from head to foot after the ancient Samoan fashion of "*lomilomi*," which is the most perfect of all massages, and the tired feeling leaves me altogether. Soon after this is completed, Suatele comes back from his work in answer to the summons of the drum, and extends the courtesy of his mountain home. Savage though he is, it would be hard to find any man more polite in every little one of the

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oftentimes wearisome details of Samoan etiquette to a guest. There is none in all Samoa who can compare with him in this punctilio except Mata'afa and Tupuola of Amaile. From the mystery of Samoan housekeeping he sets food before us, cold yams and taro, a fish toasted in its leaf wrapper and a piece of pork cut straight across the back behind the shoulders, which is the proper dainty for those of rank. Tanoa, already trained in foreign cooking, has warmed a tin of beans and beef and salmon for the people, together with a pot of chocolate, which all appreciate. The first duty of the occasion is complete when I have overborne all of Suatele's polite objections and have induced the chief to share my meal. When we have finished and the water for the washing of our hands has been passed, his people and mine cluster about the abundant supply and make their meal with Tonga as hostess of the feast.

It rains steadily till the moonrise, but at 8 o'clock the clouds suddenly vanish, not breaking away, but sinking down the slope to the lower levels and to the coast. The moon, just past the full, makes the scene as light almost as the day. It is time for our vampire hunting. Talolo has his remarkable German "shoot-gun" with its thread-like bore. I am armed with the only weapon I ever cared to use in that trying climate, a light, single-barreled Winchester. Tanoa has brought another of my breechloaders, which at my order he exchanges for Suatele's muzzle-loader, so that the chief may have better sport. Tonga takes charge of all the ammunition except the shells. I think she

intends to keep strict watch over its use in the hope of saving as much as possible wherewith to make cartridges for her warrior husband to use in the next war.

We have not far to go, only to the clearing outside the house. There is fruit growing there, and where fruit grows the flying foxes gather. They are there ahead of us, the night is filled with their squealing. Suddenly Suatele gently touches my arm to direct me toward the moon. The vampire was out of range, but for the moment the scene lasted it was a marvelous picture. The great bat was soaring somewhere between me and the moon, and for a second or more was outlined fairly within the bright disk of radiance. Every detail was in perfect silhouette, even to the eager head and snapping jaws, and the claws at the last joint of the wings seemed to catch on the very edge of the moon. It was only a glimpse, but while it lasted it was a perfect picture.

When the shooting began it was evident that Talolo had, through some mischance, told the truth as to the number of vampires on the Tuasivi. Really, I do the lad an injustice; he could not avoid lying about the ordinary affairs of life on the beach, but his bush information was always accurate. Talolo and Tanoa stalked their game and took none but pot-shots at the bats when feeding. Suatele tried to imitate me and shoot them on the wing, but without much success, and it was hard to say which caused him the more chagrin, the missing the vampire or the waste of so precious a commodity as powder is to the Samoans.

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In a little more than an hour's shooting we killed three-score bats to four guns, and it was all done without leaving our stands. In size they averaged from three to four feet of wing spread, only one falling as low as thirty inches, and several spreading over fifty inches. The bodies of these large ones were about the size of black and tan terriers. They take close shooting, for a charge of shot merely through the wing does little damage.

When our game was brought back to Suatele's house it was at once cleaned and skinned. As fast as each bat was dressed it was stuffed with leaves, tightly wrapped in leaves of another plant and buried. This, it was explained, was necessary to prepare them for food, as otherwise the taste would be too rank to be borne. As the rats abound on the mountain and have a lively appetite for meat of all sorts, it was necessary to set a watch over this temporary cold storage of the vampires we had shot. As Talolo emphatically declared they were "Good for eat for me for you," it was quite essential that they should not be stolen by the rodent marauders.

My tramp had been such a hard one, and the cool night was so unusual a luxury, that I was fast asleep long before our game had been disposed of, and I slept soundly even without the steady roar of the surf breaking on the reef, to which I had become accustomed at my seaside home. It hardly seemed that I had slept at all when Tonga roused me in the gray of the dawn to come out and listen to the song of the *ma'oma'o*, which is silent except at that hour.

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There is no bird note that can compare with the beauty of this mountain bird's morning song. It fills the jungle valleys with trills and roulades of melody for five minutes at a time, of a plaintive composition that carries every fine shade of music. When one bird sings, all others listen, and not until one has finished its effort does another tune up. While we were listening to the dawn concert we heard the distant sound of shots, and Tonga told me that Suatele, fearing that I would not care to eat vampires, had taken a boy and had gone off to shoot me some pigeons. While waiting for him to return, we went part way down the southern slope to the waterfall of Papapapa, and had our morning plunge in a pool that was almost icy.

Suatele's fears were without ground. The vampires when baked in wrappings of fresh leaves after the night's interment were as succulent as our squirrels, and as dainty a viand as could be desired, being both tender and juicy. What with the pigeons and the vampires, there was enough to take back with me a good supply for my dinner at the end of the long homeward tramp down the mountain.

XVIII.

THE BEACHCOMBER AND THE MISSIONARY.

IT may seem incongruous to group the degraded wanderer of the South Sea, the salt-water vagrant, with the self-sacrificing men who brought the message of the gospel to savage and heathen islanders. Yet to the Samoan they represented only varying manifestations of one force, equally at first they stood together for the initial impact of the civilization which the white men had, the Papalangi, the "Breakers through the sky," as the common name means. It was only after fuller acquaintance that the unwitting islanders were brought to see that one class of their earliest visitors was harmful and destructive even of their savage state, that the other represented reformation, education, construction.

The day of the beachcomber of the South Seas has passed. He was what chemists would denominate a by-product of the sperm-whale fishery, and with the passing of that leviathan so has he passed. Yet, as once in a while the voyager in Pacific seas encounters some cachalot, solitary and morose, so in lonely nooks and corners of the islands he meets a few surviving specimens of the beachcomber, just enough to make it more plainly clear that the race is about extinct.

Every volume in which is set down the history of

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discovery and adventure in the South Sea has its chapter of the runaways. There must have been reason for it. Some natures are so constituted that there is to them a charm in free savagery as shown among the islanders of Polynesia. It may be hard to see in what this charm consists, but it is certain that it has existed even for men to whom the best of culture was open. Instances readily occur to mind which go to show that it was not only Fo'c's'le Jack who succumbed to island madness. Then, too, if the islands drew their victims the ships shoved them. A merchantman is not a heaven in these days of legislation for sailors; in the old days it must have been much closer to the orthodox abyss. When a whaler stopped at an island it was expected that there would be runaways, and this was just as much the case among the arrant cannibals of Fiji and the Marquesas as in Samoa and Hawaii, where the practice of man-eating was remembered only as a dreadful custom of remote savages from whom the people sprang. When a Pacific whaler came back to the port it had left three years before, the log was overhauled to show how it had dotted the remote archipelagoes with evasive sailors, here one and there another, until it often happened that there were left scarcely enough to bring the ship home. Sometimes it was a wholesale move of the crew. That was what happened to Captain Bligh and the man-of-war *Bounty*.

One of the oldest white residents in Samoa is one of the few surviving beachcombers, he lives as he has done for many years, in a native village some

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miles away from Apia. His whole unkempt history is comprised in the single entry: "Ran away from a New Bedford whaler." That was more than fifty years ago, and he has seen all the changes which half a century has brought to the islands. He has seen the coming of the missionaries and the coming of some sort of law and order. He has watched the spread of new arts among the people. In all this he has been content to be a looker-on. Fifty years and more ago when he swam ashore, the chief of the town welcomed his coming and smuggled him up into the hills until the whaler sailed away and the coast was clear. The runaway was an acquisition to the savage state. He knew how to load and fire the one piece of ordnance which was the pride of the community. He could do all sorts of wonderful things, and could help his patron and master to a high position among the rulers of towns which had no white man. For him then were wives, was food, were all things just as if he were a chief. Fifty years have brought their changes for him, too. Now he toils in his own yam patch for the food to keep him alive. News of home touches not a single responsive chord. He has actually sunk into content with the thatched huts of the village in which he has passed almost the allotted span of man's life. Fifty years have advanced the savage, he has been content to see even his wild neighbors advance beyond him.

From the beachcombers and other white men who have established domestic relations with the Samoans has sprung a class of half-castes, as yet no consider-

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able element in the population, either in numbers or in influence. Many are indistinguishable from the native population of full blood, whose customs they follow. Others are carefully trained in the habits and manners of the white father. What any half-caste shall be depends entirely on the father; the child may most easily become like the mother's race, that needs no training, it results in a debasement of the native blood with no elevation from the foreign strain, the result is only a poor sort of Samoan. On the other hand, the father may strive to lift the child above the native level, incessant care and drilling may result in an inferior sort of European. As is common with most instances of mixed blood, the worst traits of each stock seem most to thrive, although there are exceptions to confirm the rule.

The first of the missionaries to attempt the conversion of the Samoans were sent out by the London Mission Society, practically an undenominational organization of a Congregational form. The Society (it is generally known by that general term, as may be seen from the title the "Society Islands," which the Tahitian archipelago so long bore) long since entered into an agreement with the large American foreign missionary society known as the American Board, and effected a division of the territory in the Pacific by which the Americans confined themselves to the islands north of the equator. Having the field free to themselves, the pioneers of the London Mission laid out a broad plan for their work in Samoa, which has scarcely undergone a change up to the

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present time. Being first in the field and having the largest resources on which to draw, they number in their communion three-fourths of the Samoan converts.

The aboriginal paganism of the Samoans was found by the mission pioneers to be a negative system. There was a belief in a creator who was so essentially supreme that having created the world he could not be bothered with the petty details of what took place upon it. Supernatural power was manifested to men by lesser gods attached to each family, each town, each district. They were to be placated rather than worshipped, they were expected to ward off similar gods of rival families which might work harm. These minor gods were regarded as populating common animals, which were treated with respect because of this association. Thus it was forbidden to the people of Vaiala to eat the turtle because it was the dwelling place of the village god, and the same animal was regarded in the same fashion at Siumu, on the other side of the island of Upolu. Certain spots of ground were held in regard as the special seat of the influence of the god, and in many cases called for ceremonies on passing. The ground now occupied by the British Consulate at Apia was a very sacred spot, it was obligatory on passers to drop a stone at the base of a certain tree—the place was named Matautu Sa, the Holy Cape. There was nothing of the cruel complexity of the tabu system such as ruled in Hawaii, there were no sacrifices of men or of animals. Each person as he ate offered inform-

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ally a small portion of the food to the house god or *aitu* as to a member of the family; the custom still lingers in the libation of kava. At night the head of the house offered prayer to the gods most concerned in order to ward off their destructive power. Such priestly power as was exercised existed only as a phase of the general power of the head of the family or of the town.

Upon this the missionaries built. There was little in the way of theological structure to clear away, some portions of the existing form were susceptible of transformation into a Christian usage. Pass over the successive steps of progress and examine the results. But first glance at other missionary bodies occupying the same field, teachers who came after the London Mission had opened the paths. In Samoan speech the system of the London Mission is known as the "Lotu Tahiti," the "Tahiti religion," because the first teachers came from that first seat of missionary endeavor in the Pacific. There is also another Protestant sect, the "Lotu Tonga," because it spread from those islands to Samoa. This is the system of the Australian Wesleyan Methodists. In addition to village churches they have a training school for native elders in Savaii, and a general boarding school at Lufilufi, on the north shore of Upolu. There is also the "Lotu Pope," the mission of the Roman Catholic Church in charge of the Marist order of French priests. There are nineteen priests with a bishop stationed at Apia, where the cathedral occupies a commanding position in the center of the town beach.

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There is a school conducted by the lay brothers of the order for boys, and a convent and school for girls in charge of the nuns. The Mormon Church of Utah maintains a mission of some thirty elders in the archipelago. While their labors are general, they have made a special effort for the alleviation of the condition of the half-castes who have been allowed to drop back into native systems of life, and they are the only teaching body which presents the continuous use of English as an essential.

There is not a Samoan to-day who is not by name, at least, a Christian; there remain but few who were originally converted from paganism. Every town has its church, every town its native pastor, who is also schoolmaster for the village school. Sunday is observed with religious exercises; frequently the churches are opened during the week; every household has its service of evening prayer. The land is to be classed as a Christian community, and this has been accomplished in but a few years. There are Christians of various denominations, but there is little of dogmatic controversy. The London Mission has practically ceded certain territory to the Wesleyan Mission for its work; the Catholics, while paralleling in proportion to their means the establishments of the Protestant missions, are yet governed by principles of comradeship in the work; the Mormons may draw their converts from all denominations, but without controversy.

Because the London Mission numbers three-quarters of the native Christians and conducts the largest

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establishment for their education, it amounts in practice to being the church of the archipelago, and as such may be studied without any intention of slighting the equally earnest work of the others which have been mentioned.

Not only are the Samoans all Christians by name, they are a literate people and make a showing far ahead of communities much older and much more cultured. Excluding those who are so old that they had passed the learning age when school facilities were offered, it is safe to say that the Samoan who is unable to read, to write and to cipher is singular in his ignorance. In addition to these acquirements of the primary grade every person has a knowledge of the very text of the Bible which would astonish a person unacquainted with the marvels of savage memory. The infant is taken at the earliest feasible age into a system of compulsory education which is a part of the community life. Each morning and again at evening the children of the village are required to attend upon the native pastor, the *faiife'au*, at his home. Here they are taught in classes in the ordinary studies of primary education. How far the system pursued educates them is a problem in pedagogics; they certainly learn to recite excellently well. Probably in this they are carried through by the disproportionate development of the memory. Yet that it amounts to more than mere learning by rote is shown by their quickness at figures. The primary education of these schools of the village pastors is not only compulsory, it continues until the pupil is

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able to pass an examination satisfactorily to a superior authority.

This introduces a competition which stimulates the young Samoan as much as scholars elsewhere. The village school is for boys and girls together. The pupils most successful in these final examinations are recommended for entrance to the boarding schools, of which one is conducted in each district for each sex. There is a second examination to select from those recommended the brightest pupils to fill such vacancies as may exist. Here the boy or the girl enters on a new educational phase. To reduce it to a comparison with American common schools, these district boarding schools may be classed as of the grammar grade. Here begins the education in English, not only the language but manners as well. The pupils not only have to learn to speak English, but they have to serve a considerable portion of their time in the domestic employ of the English missionaries in charge of the schools in order that they may acquire familiarity with the routine of foreign customs. Every means is employed to instil the lesson on which the whole future of the Samoan seems to hang, the lesson that he resolutely will not learn, that is the importance of systematic and well-directed industry. The mission teachers struggle with the inertia of the native communistic custom, they still hope for a result which is long in coming.

Competent examinations of the scholars of the district institutions supply competitors for the advantages of the highest educational facilities of the

group, the college for young men at Malua and the boarding school for young women at Papauta, on the hills behind Apia. Here the course attains to the general standard of our high schools and minor colleges. The instruction in English, both language and manners, is continued to the end, in many branches the instruction is given entirely in the foreign language. In this matter of the use of English a certain peculiarity is noteworthy. English is, of course, a speech of extreme difficulty and harshness to Polynesian vocal organs, its grammar renders it very difficult to acquire; but no matter how well a Samoan may learn to use the English, and no matter how much daily practice he has, it is remarkable that the language steadily recedes from him as he grows older. This can be proved most easily. There are several men in and about Apia who not so many years ago were steadily employed as interpreters and gave satisfaction, yet now they understand little English and are barely able to make themselves understood in it. It is a peculiarity for which no explanation has been advanced.

The plan of the Malua institution is collegiate. At present it is developed along but a single line of the higher branches, that of theology. Most of the students in attendance see that in the present constitution of their society the ministry is the only opening for men of such education as they have been receiving for a number of years. That sends them flocking into the ranks of the *faiife'au*, who administer the village parishes, and when no vacancies offer in this service,

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employs the surplus in the missions, which the Samoan church supports in the Tokelau or Union group and in New Guinea. No Malua graduate, be he pastor or king, has been able to instil into the communities under his charge the lessons of European methods which have been instilled into his mind; no Malua graduate is known to have had the moral hardihood to practise in his own life the lessons he has learned. This the Mission authorities confess. They hope to extend the scope of Malua and with it the chances for trained Samoans, who might in time leaven the community. They recognize that there is room for almost a hundred native physicians, to be in residence in the native communities, and to take the place now filled by old women with harsh vegetable preparations and no knowledge of nursing. They recognize that a few lawyers might find business with advantage to their people and themselves. All this is in the plan at Malua, it is not fair to find fault, because it is not yet in working order; rather should one admire the magnitude of the results of a system which was first applied to a race of benighted savages little more than half a century ago.

Samoa is not only a Christian and a literate community, it is independent in these particulars. The native contributions support the village pastors and the church expenses and relieve the Mission chest of these charges. The district schools and the higher institutions are practically supported by the fees for tuition paid in cash and kind and by the periodic food presentations. The missionaries are sent out

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from England as teachers and ministers on long terms of service, they work and supervise with the utmost diligence, they are in turn supervised by the visitation committee of the main society, coming at intervals on tours of inspection.

The danger of the little education crops out in Samoa as in other places. Tonga, a very intelligent Samoan woman who had spent nearly two years in the United States, was regarded by her race as a phenomenal liar, yet she had done no more than tell the truth as to what she had been seeing. Among other novelties she described the cable car, and that account was believed because she argued it out and made it seem reasonable.

"In the towns of America," she said, "are chariots on which you may go from place to place faster than a horse can carry you. There is a double road of iron, such as the priests made when they were carrying the stone from Mount Vaea to build the big church of the 'Lotu Pope' in Mulivai. Between the irons there is a thin hole in the ground just wide enough to stick an iron pole into it. They are a very wise people in America, and they use iron in many ways, because their land is so cold that they have to save the wood to build fires to keep warm. Then their chariots are on these iron roads, and they stop when you hold up your hand and you have the American money, which is larger than a sixpence and is worth less. When you get on the chariot the man in front takes hold of his iron stick and pushes it down into the hole in the ground, the chariot starts

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so suddenly that you can hardly sit in your place, and then it goes over the iron road with great speed."

"That is a lie," commented the chief, for whose information the matter was being recounted. "If there are no horses the chariot does not move, for how could a man with a stick, even an iron stick, cause the chariot to move with speed?"

"Because you are a chief," the woman rejoined, "and because you have been at the great school at Malua, shame is in my face to hear you say a thing like that. The chariot moves because of the hole in the earth into which the man puts the stick."

"But, woman," said another in the listening throng, "I am no more than a house-chief and I have not been to the great school at Malua, therefore think no shame to tell me why the chariot moves in America."

"You have been to school enough," replied the narrator, "to know that the earth goes round all the time. Well, there is the hole between the iron ways, the man has an iron stick, he pushes it down into the hole until it catches hold of the earth as it goes, therefore the chariot goes, too, for it is made to go by the motion of the earth. They are very wise people in America, *poto tele*."

The practitioner of the healing art among such islanders as these is essentially a missionary, no matter what may be the terms of his residence. The health officer of Apia is Dr. Bernhard Funk, who has resided in Samoa for more than twenty years and has acquired great familiarity with the islanders' ailments.

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He was for a long time the only medical man in the kingdom, and though a private practitioner, never restrained his hand from healing because the sick was but a savage who would never pay the fee. Lately the Seventh-Day Adventist church has stationed a medical missionary at Apia, Dr. Frederick E. Braucht, of Battle Creek, Mich. Beginning in a disused warehouse, from which it was impossible to remove the fragrance of ancient copra, Dr. Braucht established a hospital and sanitarium. From this he has advanced to a new hospital especially built in a favorable situation and properly equipped. Here, with trained nurses, Dr. Braucht enjoys a general practice, and in addition treats the many cases arising in native life. This is not a charity, a small fee is required, for in such a state as that of Samoa there is always a family of many members which is chargeable for the sick or decrepit. The Samoans try by every means to secure something for nothing in this as in every other relation of life; when they are obliged to pay they value the service at a higher rate.

XIX.

COPRA AND TRADE.

IN a commercial sense Apia puts its best business foot foremost. It looks like an emporium, it is really huckstering. But there are shops, shops everywhere. From the great factory of the German firm at Savalalo, to the last small cottage out on Matautu Point at the other end of the beach, everybody has something to sell, mostly something in tins. A shop is next to every place. Here is the Foreign Church, next it a shop. Here the undignified building of the Supreme Court of Samoa, the shop next door overshadows the majesty of the law. Under the eaves of the palace of Monsignor the Lord Bishop of Polemonium, is a place for the sale of things. Journalism, as exemplified by the single weekly paper, sells corned beef as well as news. The next neighbor of the postoffice is a shop, the custom house is scarcely to be distinguished from the places of retail trade which flank it. So it goes all down the beach, everybody sells something; it is not until one observes that three people in a shop are a crowd, that it is seen how small the trade of Apia really is. And as Apia, so the whole archipelago; whatever business is done anywhere is done on this stretch of beach. There are traders outside, a voyage about the islands discloses little establishments for the sale

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of provisions, of calicoes, of notions, of everything but the guns and ammunition which are justly under the ban of a law which is really obeyed. But these traders on the stations, leading the most lonely lives amid purely native surroundings and seeing the worst traits of the native character, are not independent merchants; they are all the scantily paid agents of the traders in Apia, who are themselves not making such profits on their transactions as to be able to spare much for the poor chaps outside.

In native trade the sale of liquor finds no place. In the earliest days of settlement there was no hindrance to the limitless barter of the gin which has been such general currency in the South Seas. But the Samoans are not a people given to drink. Under recent systems of government the traffic has been under a strict prohibition. Even when they could have all the liquor they might want, they did not want any. Now they want still less. Kava is enough for them, and it is just as well so. Under no circumstances of Samoan affairs does one have to guard against the spread of the drink habit. The Samoan does not drink. Neither the greed of the early traders nor the misguidance of less commercial and, therefore, more insidious foes, has served to introduce this habit among the natives in the islands of Samoa.

One store is exactly like the next. Count them along the beach of Apia, almost forty dealers in precisely the same goods, a market more than a little overstocked. What one sells the next sells, there is but one thing for them all to buy. The stock ac-



Home and store of a petty trader
It looks like an emporium ; it is really huckstering

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count is that of a general country store, everything from a paper of tacks to the very latest abomination of crude colors for some native belle to carry as a decorative parasol, a strong business reliance placed on such substantials as canned salmon and corned beef (round tins only will catch the native trade, and that closes the market to the American packers and gives it to those of Queensland and New Zealand). Business is based most largely on the native with his rare sixpence; he must have the quantity for his money, quality is a secondary consideration. To see the business done read the signs hung out for the buying Samoan to read. *Talasini*, that's kerosene. *I'a masima*, salted salmon from the Columbia River. *Paelo pulumakau*, kegs of corned beef, a standard present to make to a Samoan village, a regular unit of wagers on their cricket games. *Falaoa*, loaves of bread; *'apa masi*, tins of crackers; *pisupo*, tins of salt beef. Competition cuts these down to the lowest rates, profit can be made only by the inferiority of the article.

So much for the signs which show one side of the business. On the other there is but one, *fa'atau popo*, copra bought.

Every beach is lined with crooked cocoanuts, their roots in salt water. They yield the one thing which Samoa can raise and which the great greedy world beyond can use. Other things have been tried. There was cotton. War closed down on the American supply of Sea Island cotton, and in Samoa, as elsewhere, the planters endeavored to produce the article. It

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failed elsewhere, the staple was not of the proper quality, it failed in Samoa. Then they tried coffee. Much money was expended to establish a plantation at Utumapu on the high hills at the back of Apia. That was a failure and was abandoned. Cacao has been experimented with, the vanilla, various fibres; none has met with the slightest success. There is but one thing which has lasted and that is the cocoanut; even that has had nearly all the profit shaved out of transactions in it by over-production and by the discovery of the machinery to extract the oil from the cotton seed of American plantations. The cocoanut yields the copra, all that is needed is to cut the ripe nut open, slice out the hard meat, dry it in the sun or by artificial heat and ship it abroad.

The cocoanut needs little cultivation. The nuts fall to the ground as they ripen, they sprout where they fall and an orchard may be started by making a hole in which to put the sprouted nut at a sufficient distance from the next, say thirty feet. It then takes care of itself, bears a crop when it is six years old, and continues to bear for almost a century unless gale or the rough custom of Samoan warfare cuts off its head. The nuts which drop into the sea drift off to other beaches and there take root, none the worse for their voyage. In every month of the year the tree is in flower, on the end of a long stalk yellow blooms in a stout scabbard. Thus there are always nuts in all stages on the same tree, for every stage a fresh name, until the confused memory begins to wonder how the Samoans can recognize so many differences with so

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little distinction. Whatever the stage and the name may be, the cocoanut requires no care from the time it is planted until the cutting of the nut. A tree is an investment, it is uncertain at what it should be capitalized, some say it pays a shilling a year, some say more, some say less, but that may be taken as a fair statement of its value.

Much depends on the curing of the meat. It is of that hard and indigestible texture at which nobody familiar with cocoanuts would think of using it for food, the stage in which it appears in northern markets. From the time that the meat is cut out of the shell it begins to shrink in weight, it continues shrinking at every stage in its handling. The rule of copra buying is that the meat must be dried in the sun on clean mats for three whole days before it can be called copra. As soon as that stage has been reached the natives strive to get it off their hands at whatever weight it may then have, artificially augmented if possible by adding a few stones. The trader is eager in the same proportion to keep it shrinking on native hands until the last moment. If unconsidered rocks are weighed as copra for the advantage of the producer, it has sometimes happened that weights and scales have been fixed to afford an advantage to the buyer. It is noticeable that a native boat loaded with copra is more apt to capsize than when it has other cargo, sea water can thus be made to add to weight for the benefit of the poor producer. This is in trade between native and foreigner, a game of barter in which wits are sharp and advantages are not neglected.

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This trade is uncertain, because the Samoan is a particularly uncertain individual in the performance of contract. The bulk of the copra shipped to Europe, only a slight amount going to San Francisco, is the product of the three great plantations of the German firm. From both sources the supply is by no means equal to the demand, every pound of copra is shipped away that can be bought, but the factors would buy as much again if it were to be had.

The reason why the copra output represents only a part of the possible supply in Samoa is due to the lack of labor. It is not that there is need of special skill, that is not the cause of the deficiency; all that is needed is the power to use a knife and to bear burdens, absolutely unskilled labor. There is an abundance of Samoan men and boys, they are utterly idle and without occupation. But the Samoan will not engage himself to labor. He is unwearied in the ceremonies of his village life, he will make speeches all day long and half the night, but he will not work. His system of social existence is such that no matter how much he might labor, no matter how well paid he might be, despite a disposition toward thrift, he would be worse off for his employment than in his idleness. To his family would go all the results of his efforts, the family would spend it with the utmost promptitude, and that would be the end. There are times when the individual Samoan will work a little. His town may be building a church or a boat, and an assessment may have been levied in payment; a fine may have been imposed on him which must be paid in coin; there may

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be some other and pressing emergency which may be tided over only by currency. Then he will work, one dollar for as much of a fair day's work as he is prevented from shirking. That is the standard rate, a dollar a day, which must never exceed ten hours, and will be shortened by as much as his ingenuity may prove facile enough to accomplish. Such a rate is prohibitory in plantation labor for field hands. Even if there were not that obstacle, there is another equally valid in the habits of the Samoan viewed as a laboring man, which view is in itself an absurdity. He grows very tired of his job, whatever it may be; he knocks off when he is tired of it, and no considerations will cause him to resume, he lacks the essential of steadiness.

To meet this great difficulty, it has been necessary to import field labor. At one time this was a disgrace to humanity; the labor traffic, or blackbirding, as it was called by its apologists and its enemies respectively, rivalled the cruelties of the Middle Passage of the African slave trade. Since then it has been regulated and is supervised by men-of-war on the recruiting grounds and officials at the port of delivery. This has done much to remove the greater evils of a traffic, which can never in the nature of things be wholly respectable. The labor is recruited from the unsettled islands of the Western Pacific, from the Solomons and other groups down about New Guinea. Ships are sent recruiting, a formal contract is entered into with each man to labor for three years at a fixed rate, probably a dollar a month and his rations and

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clothing, payment to be made at the end of his term of service in goods and a box to put them in, the laborer to be returned to the exact place from which he was taken. Only a house with large resources and extensive need for labor can engage profitably in this traffic, therefore all the field labor, the "black boys," have been handled in Samoa through one house, which is under direct governmental supervision. These are the men who do the actual work, who cut the copra and dry it, who do not ask more than a dollar a month as wages for an unlimited amount of work, and who never shirk their jobs. The black boy is not a pretty fellow to look at, one knows that he is a cannibal who has laid aside his special proclivities only for a season, there is nothing attractive about him, he does not have half a fair show in life, but he must be admired as a dogged worker and the mainspring of whatever industry there is in Samoa.

For purposes of communication with the black boys, there has grown up a jargon based on English, but with trimmings drawn from almost every island in the Pacific. It has a limited vocabulary, it is devoid of all rules of grammar, it is rude and most uncouth, but it has the merit of being effective for the purpose of conveying all the information which it is necessary for a black boy to have or to communicate. "Kaikai" in the jargon is food, "bimeby" is to be understood by its sound, "bully" makes a superlative of any adjective. It calls for no high degree of scholarship to comprehend what is meant when a grinning black boy remarks, "Soon bimeby you bully good kaikai," and it

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is all the more grisly when it is recalled that these laborers have been known to practise their cannibalism in Samoa.

A black boy sent on an errand with a note came back without the memorandum of receipt, which is customary in such cases. It was important to make sure that the note had reached the person to whom it had been addressed, and the boy was questioned. He said that he had given it to the right man, but as the black boys never know any white men by name, there was need of some further determination. The black boy was ordered to tell what the man looked like to whom he had given the note. The prompt response, "Cocoanut b'long-a him grass no stop," was immediately convincing, for the letter had been sent to one who was completely bald.

Another black boy struggled to explain that a certain article was on the piano. It was difficult to convey the impression, but he succeeded by the use of this description, "Big bokus, you fight him he cry."

This jargon is commonly known as *beche-la-mar*.

XX.

THE TALE OF LAULU'S HUNT.

TO SOME readers the suspicion may arise that this narrative lacks directness and continuity. But, bless you, this is the most simple, straight and plain sailing, compared with some of the tangles in which Samoan stories involve themselves. You just ought to try to follow out the thin and fragile thread of truth in a narrative which it is to the interest of a Samoan to make tortuous. This tale of Laulu's hunt is really very direct and straightforward. Its action is comprised entirely within one night at the full of the moon. It is like a well-written piece of music, for it ends on the very note with which it began, namely, a shirt. It was really hunting, for I was called out by the hunting shout in the early dawn to receive a bonito presented on a gleaming paddle. That it involves more than a slight suspicion of political ambition and jealousy is unavoidable and inherent in human nature.

There was one luxury in Samoa which we could insist upon as no more than a necessity, and that was to keep clean and to look clean. This involved several changes a day, and in the same proportion required a wardrobe of considerable magnitude, though of extreme simplicity. Having two adult male persons to



Tonga and Lulu

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look after—and no mere man knows how helpless he appears when he puts up the cry, “Where’s a clean shirt for me?”—I had my sufficient task set out in keeping track of the shirt supply of the household. Samoan laundry methods of cleaning clothes in a stream by throwing jagged rocks at them as they lay spread out on one another and a flat stone were sufficiently mangling in their tendency to account for a certain large decrease in the shirt stock of the household. But the deficit was larger than could be accounted for on any principle of laundry mutilation. Then I discovered that the official head of the household was by way of providing shirts for a considerable group of Samoan chiefs. He solemnly declared that each shirt so expended would produce a tenfold crop of friendly alliances among the island politicians. Not being myself official, I made up a firm mind that it must stop. If the interests of the United States in that shabby kingdom demanded the exercise of bribery and corruption to the extent of one shirt for each proceeding of political infamy, there surely must be a shirt fund in the United States Treasury against which to draw. It certainly was not my intention to allow public services to be paid for out of a purely private and personal collection of shirts. Just above the lower front hem on each and every shirt I wrote the name of the owner in nitrate of silver ink, in letters an inch high, and in Samoan, so that there might be no failure to comprehend the ownership of the garments thus marked. This indelible record of title did not interfere with the comfort of the real owners of

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the apparel, for it was out of sight when worn. But it put an effectual stop to the shirt as a corrupting agent and secret service fund for the payment of the price for small diplomatic secrets. No Samoan, chief or other, was supplied with the nerve to walk across his village green on Sunday mornings on his way to his "religion" clad in the spotless white of a wholly pure character with the incriminating legend plain for all to see that he was wearing a shirt that he did not come by honestly. It could not be concealed, for the Samoans, you see, dress differently, in fact the shirt goes outside and quite over all, with every inch in sight.

Therefore, I was all the more surprised when Lauulu came in one evening all dripping with a fresh dubbing of cocoanut oil and told me that his new boat was on the beach, and that he was going up the coast and would bring me something back. He was, I think, the tallest man I had ever seen; at least the tallest with whom I was acquainted. As he sat cross-legged on the floor, he seemed almost to look down on me, who was sitting on a chair. This is the Lauulu who made an American tour some years ago with Barnum's Circus. The surprising thing was that he wanted to borrow a shirt. The request was a specious one, for he knew very well that a request for a gift would be flatly denied, and he had more than a suspicion that a shirt received as a loan would not be reclaimed. And after sufficient of time Tonga could cut out the name and run up a new hem.

Lauulu had many reasons why that shirt should

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be loaned him. For one thing, he was poor, too poor to buy shirts for himself. How well I remember the proud formula of these pleas, "We are an insignificant people on puny islands, set far away in the middle of the flat sea, and great is our poverty." Even with this form of humility on his lips, the Samoan makes you feel that he regards himself as the best there is, and that you are asked only for politeness, when he had the right to demand or to take without demand. It was merely a form of words, this poverty plea, in this instance, for I paid Tonga well for her work for me, and I was well aware that she would not see her big husband lacking anything that would show her pride in him. His better reason was that runners had come stealing in by night from the district in rebellion to tell him that in Faleapuna they were deliberating about calling him to be their ruling chief. There was nothing unusual in that circumstance, even when the rebellion was in far more acute stages there was never any difficulty about surreptitious correspondence back and forth. I knew that both Laulu and Tonga were rebels at heart, and that their continuance so near the court of Malietoa was really that they might serve as hostages, and was tantamount to a mild imprisonment. I rather welcomed the chance to dabble in political intrigue, and I knew that the official member of the household, who was just then in the rebel country in the effort to prevent a threatened breach of the peace, would be sure to hear of Laulu's arrival at Faleapuna in time to stop any action if he were so minded. Accord-

ingly, I lent Lauulu the shirt, and bade him go off bravely in his hunt for the rank and titles of a ruling chief, the town itself being one of the most important in Samoan political relations. It would take too long now to remember just what his title would be, but it would most certainly be something of the most magnificent description, and would entitle him to a large amount of rich and ripe flattery when speeches were made at him.

And all seemed to depend on the loan of a shirt. He was careful to say that he had shirts of his own, but he wanted one of these shirts with the name in front. That would show all the rebels that he was a man who had a pull with the administration, and politics is politics, whether it is played on a great continent or in a bunch of little islands.

Lauulu had been gone so short a time that I seemed yet to hear the thump of the loom of his oar in the rowlocks up the lagoon about the big shoal of the Vailoa. Then came Tonga with her maid. Being of an observing disposition and imitative in her way, my good Tonga had come to the conclusion that what was good enough for me was quite as good for her, and as she was my maid she had taken a maid for herself in the person of a sturdy young girl of the name of Evai. It being after Tonga's hours for work, she called socially as one lady upon another, and her maid sat dutifully in the background and made cigarettes for her mistress, and when Tonga interrupted her conversation with the interjected command, "*Kusi mai*

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le afi," the girl promptly "kusied," that being the Samoan equivalent for strike a match. It took several cigarettes to bring Tonga around to the point which had brought her. She wanted really to know if Laulu had been seen that evening.

Tonga and Laulu had been married in about all the ways possible in a community of so much divided jurisdiction, and there was not the slightest doubt that she was Mrs. Laulu with a firmness and fixity that would stand all the tests of the most rigidly civilized country. Therefore, I felt no little satisfaction in relating to her my assistance in furthering Laulu's ambition to become so important a chief.

"*Matapua'a ma le tufanua*, she is pig-faced and she stands upon the ground," was Tonga's sole comment.

Thereupon I saw a great light and promptly subsided, for after that it was clear that this being a big chief was not altogether politics.

Tonga was not at all the sort of woman to sit down when she had a crisis to deal with and idly wait for it to crash. She was in the habit of dealing with an admirably prompt decision with all matters in which she was interested, and this case was no exception. She lost no time in going to the house of her nearest relation in our village and in taking a pair of paddles from their usual position in the rafters of the house. A canoe was soon chosen from the collection drawn up on the beach and carried down into the water. In this frail craft Tonga and her maid set out upon a trip that might extend to some sixteen miles. After the first few miles of still water in the lagoon there

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came a long stretch of open sea, where the shore reef was broken in but two places that would admit of the safe passage of even a canoe. As Laulu had had nearly an hour's start, and had two men to row his boat, it was altogether unlikely that Tonga could overtake him within the lagoon unless he should stop by the way to talk and drink kava. There was not much chance of this. Laulu was by birth entitled to be the chief of the next village, Matafangatele, and to bear the name of Asi. But the place had been usurped by another, and the present Asi spent a large amount of time in detailing just what he would do to Laulu should he ever catch him. It was, you will see, by no means likely that Laulu would stop for mere sociability anywhere in Asi's territory. I was in a state of tremor about Tonga and her canoe when it should come to that long stretch of ocean voyage, which was bad enough in itself, and was made even worse by the sudden dangers of the hidden reef off the Solosolo shore, the Fale Aitu or "House of Devils." But I consoled myself with the thought that Tonga invariably knew what she was about. Indeed, I felt the same sort of fear when I passed out from the lagoon to the open ocean, even in our gig, with its four rowers and twenty-two feet of length. In time I grew accustomed to breasting the ocean seas in all weathers, and came to look upon such sport as steeple-chase jumps over reefs and through the breakers on shores of absolute rock as nothing more than a half-dime ride on a swan-boat in Central Park. Tonga was safe enough in her little canoe. I watched the gleam

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of her paddles in the shimmering lagoon under the moonlight. I watched her course as she skirted the Vailoa sands and then vanished on her way around the point at Mootā. I was now interested in two parties headed east over the moonlit ocean. In the lead was LauLu, with his two rowers, in a boat freighted with one shirt and a bundle of political ambition. Nearly an hour behind him came Tonga and her maid in a light canoe, both paddling like all-possessed, and determined to wipe out that handicap. The freight of the canoe was frankly a clever wife's determination that her husband should not make a fool of himself. I fancy that so efficient a woman as Tonga always showed herself to be, was not altogether a peaceful citizen at home; but she never let that appear in public, and never failed to make it appear that she thought her big LauLu was everything that was right.

Having thus dabbled to the extent of one shirt, as a loan, in what might be high Samoan political intrigue or again might not be that sort, and having forwarded Tonga in pursuit, there was no more to be done but to await developments, wishing Tonga more power to her elbow.

Samoans are proverbially unable to keep a secret, and that is true without an exception as to the secrets of others; but in matters concerning which they do not wish to speak, there is no power can wring or cajole or buy the truth from them. The bare fact that Tonga in her canoe overhauled LauLu in his boat well this side of the Fale Aitu, and that he did not

go on to Faleapuna, to be made a ruling chief, but went fishing instead, was about the sum of all I ever did learn of the domestico-politico-marine drama that was played out in the moonlight on the open sea. If Tonga's suspicion was truly founded, and if indeed under the political pretense there was a woman, as Tonga more than implied by her ejaculation of "pig-faced and standing on the ground," which is about the limit of Samoan abuse, in such a case, if I had been Lulu I should have recognized that if I went further I should have been certain to fare much worse, and I think he showed himself a prudent man in that he went fishing instead.

Perhaps my opinion is not entirely unbiased, for I had a steak from that bonito for my breakfast. It appears that when the sea is just right and the tide is making a certain stream around the Fale Aitu, and when it is full moon in a certain quarter of the heavens, and the dawn is breaking with a rare green color at the horizon and fading out to a dainty fawn color toward the zenith, and if your boat is right, and if your fly-hook is tied rightly for luck, and if you are a fit person and will choicely troll in the last gasps of the night breeze off-shore and carry your lure through the very center of the Fale Aitu, you will surely get a bonito. What a lot of conditions there always are before you can catch fish! At any rate, they seemed to be all fulfilled that morning in Lulu's case, for he caught a young bonito with all the marks that go to show that it is just at its best for eating.

Tonga returned the borrowed shirt, still in its

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wrapping of waterproof tapa cloth, and explained that it was all a misunderstanding, that Laulu did not need to borrow shirts, for he had plenty of his own, and silk ones, too. Furthermore, he had no wish to be chief at a small place like Faleapuna. In fact, he had tried to communicate to me his purpose of going out on the bonito fishing, but as the bonito is himself a chief, and must only be mentioned in a special language of courtesy, I had failed to comprehend the exact purport of his remarks. Laulu sat by, looking as good as gold, while his loyal little wife put all the blame on me, and his only comment was to say yes and no, "*Ioe*" and "*Leai*," at the proper intervals, and in the meanwhile to keep up a soft clucking as though calling chickens, which is a compliment of the higher Samoan courtesy, in which duties of the gentleman he was thoroughly posted.

Then Tonga's own maid rolled her mistress a cigarette, Tonga puffed it bright and passed it to Laulu. In the language of diplomacy, the incident was closed. But I'd give six bits to know what was taking Laulu toward the rebel country that night.

XXI.

THE GREAT VAIALA STEEPLECHASE.

THE Earl of Hardwicke won all the money fast enough. That seems appropriate to any one who has given attention to the peerage. Dukes may be noble, Marquises probably have some special designation which slips the memory just now, but in all literature Earls are either belted or wicked. This one was wicked, with a wickedness that would qualify him for the biggest belting that ever earl got on an outlaw track.

There never had been any real sport in Apia. Wars there had been, but they were far too slow and conversational to become a good betting proposition. Samoan communities frequently engaged in stick-throwing competitions for a keg of salt beef, but these occupied anywhere from a week to a month, and no Papalangi ever yet had been lazy enough to watch a game all through and find out how it was counted. Something better than this had to be done for the amusement of several young men who found themselves cast together in Apia after having reached the South Sea metropolis from remote quarters of the earth. They were tourists. They had filled themselves up on all the poetry of Polynesian life and had come down to see the reality. They had found that

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the romance made no mention of the discomforts of sleeping on coarse gravel, of eating dirty foods of uncouth taste, of walking wearily over jagged rocks or perspiring under the dense canopies of the trees of unbroken forest. After the first enthusiastic days of leading the native life they all trailed back to Apia and found no higher occupation than tepid beer or conducting interesting problems of the art of gauging the liquid capacity of certain seasoned vessels on the Apia beach, who were willing to be experimented on in that line so long as it would benefit science. Their idleness led to the first horse race ever held in Samoa, the one which is now being helped along into history.

The Earl of Hardwicke deserves the credit of proposing the affair. Therefore it may be a trifle less discreditable that he got all the money. He was a very modest young person. There was not the least bit of "side" about him. He traveled about just like any fellow. His card read simply "Charles Philip Yorke," and on the steamer they called him Mr. Yorke until it popped out by accident. In conversation on deck he chanced to quote some little thing that his man had said. It was not so much what his man had said as it was the way he said it. When quoted it began with "M'Lud" and it wound up with "Yer Ludship." With very becoming evidences of confusion, Mr. Yorke appeared disconcerted and rapidly changed the subject. But in the steamship's library there was a copy of some almanac or other giving details of the peerage, and it took no very long

search to discover that Charles Philip Yorke bore the title of Earl of Hardwicke. After that there were many who felt it wrong to call him Mr. Yorke. The young man was most affable, considering his status, and explained that he was sorry that it had leaked out, for it was his desire to travel incognito, or as he phrased it, in the dialect of the House of Lords, "without any of this bally fuss." His modesty was respected as much as was possible, but less on account of his wishes than because the passengers were divided into two hostile camps as to the proper form of address. One party clamored for "Your Grice," and the other for "Noble Sir." Out in the middle of the Pacific the dispute could not be settled. In fact, it lasted over into his Samoan sojourn and was only settled by Carr, a beachcomber, who always made a stagger after accuracy and declared that an Earl should always be addressed as "Your Earldom." Which went.

This modest and vagrant Earl was responsible for the great Vaiala steeplechase, the very first race in the history of the islands. The most that could be said of the horses was that they were better than nothing. Even at that they weren't much. They were distinctly of the mutt class. It is very doubtful if they would be admitted to the District of Columbia tracks, although it is well known that the capital of this country does get some of the queerest racing propositions, especially in the winter. The only Samoan horses are little ponies from Tonga, no pedigree to say anything about, full of mischief and tricks, no particular

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staying power, but a magnificent capacity to stand punishment of whip and spur. There never yet was one that couldn't be bought for a sovereign, and as the freight from Tonga is sixteen shillings, it is clear that the real value of the horse is four shillings, or throw in the odd tuppence and generously say one dollar. But in the dullness of Samoa a horse is a horse when time hangs heavily on the hands of sporty tourists.

The Earl started it. He proposed that they should get up a scratch race for native horses owned by natives, ridden by native jockeys, and that the white men should make up a purse for the winners and find their own sport in betting. It was agreed that, as there were nine of them, each should nominate a horse and subscribe a sovereign, and the purse should be divided among the winner, second and third. The horses must be nominated that evening, which gave each of the gentlemen plungers all day in which to pick their mounts, and the race was to be run off the next morning at high tide, all horses with their jockeys to be at post one hour before high water. In the absence of bookmakers and the talent in general, it was mutually agreed that each gentleman subscriber was to back his own nomination against all comers at the best odds he could get during the hour when the horses were on view.

There is, of course, no track at Apia. In fact, in the steep municipal district there is no space sufficiently level to lay off any conveniences of the sort. But there are stretches of hard beach of coral sand

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that will serve the purpose, and ought to prove good going for unshod hoofs. Because of the existing features of the nearest stretch of beach the race was made a steeplechase with natural obstacles. Beginning on Matautu Point, a short distance beyond the pilot station, the course extended along the beach to windward for a little more than two miles. The obstacles were two cocoanut trees to be leaped, one river to swim, another to ford, a patch of rocks, a mangrove swamp, a straight run home and a stone wall to jump at the finish. The summary:

ONLY RACE.

The Great Vaiala Steeplechase Handicap; for three-year-olds and upward, or downward; by subscription of one sovereign each of nine nominators, of which £4 to the winner, £3 to second and £2 to third; about two miles and two or three furlongs.

Mr. Tofaeono's ch. g. Solofanua, no pedigree, 125 (Fa'agaoui), nominated by the Earl of Hardwicke.....	1
Mr. Tangaloa's br. h. Televave, no pedigree, 75 (Talolo), nominated by Mr. Page.....	2
Mr. Patu's b. g. Manu, no pedigree, 250 (owner up), nominated by Mr. Dibbs.....	3
Tasi, Lua, Tolu, Fa, Lima and Ono also ran.	

Time, 18:30.

Betting—Fifteen to 1 Solofanua, even money Televave, 8 to 1 Manu, 5 to 2 Tasi, 3 to 1 Lua, 6 to 5 Tolu, 7 to 3 Fa, 3 to 1 Lima, 4 to 1 Ono.

But this is not the sort of horse race that can be fobbed off with a mere summary and nothing else. Everybody had a run for his money, and the noble

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Earl got it all in the end, for it turned out that he needed it in his business, that and a great deal more.

When the horses were brought together at the appointed limit of one hour before high tide in their run to windward—this is not a yacht race, but there seems no other way to describe a horse race on the beach—there was not very much to brag about in speed or form. Each of the gentlemen nominators had done his best to pick out an animal to carry his colors to victory in this epoch-making race, and it is fair to presume that each had found something either in action or staying power of his nomination to determine him in the choice. However that may be, the hot favorite in the paddock was Televave, Mr. Page's nomination, and that was on the general appearance of the pony as well as the fact that he carried the lowest weight in the person of the cheekiest jockey. If any horse struck the majority of the sportsmen as a weed and a rank outsider and the full catalogue of the things that no horse should be for commercial purposes on the track, it was the nomination of the Earl of Hardwicke, Solofanua. In fact, the others almost began to believe that His Earldom could scarcely be a real peer, he showed so unaristocratic an ignorance of horses. The Earl was making no apologies, he was offering no explanations, but the man who expressed a scoffing opinion of his nomination, and was prepared to back his opinion with money, the one thing that in all places and at all times talks, the Earl was prepared to accommodate for as much as he chose to take. In

the same way the Earl backed every other mount to lose for as much as each nominator would venture in support of his nomination. Now when a man, and an Earl at that, wants to waste his feudal revenues on the veriest old skate that ever lowered a record at Guttenburg—well, it's just human nature to touch him for a few in order that next time he may have a fuller comprehension of the science of the horses.

After all the bets had been written down and there was no more money left to take a parcel on the Earl's monstrosity, the bugle was sounded and the bunch was rounded up on the beach. There was an excellent starting place in the shape of an old punt of the Trenton and Vandalia Wrecking Company drawn high on the beach at the very top of the Point. The start was tame, that must be forgiven the jockeys. This was the very first race in Samoa and they knew none of the ornamental work. The nine horses were backed against the starboard beam of this old punt and the Earl himself saw to it that the hind hoofs of each horse were beating a tattoo on the weatherworn timbers. When each nag was found fairly on the mark, the Samoan master of ceremonies gave the signal to start, and with his word, "*Alu,*" each jockey plied whip and heels in the effort for speed. Although they got away in a bunch, the horses were sorting themselves out in the first furlong, and by the end of the second furlong there began to be some show of reason for the betting which had been laid. All except the Earl's nomination. That remained as absurd a proposition as before. By the time the cavalcade had

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come abreast of the American Consulate, which is approximately two furlongs, it was seen that my Talolo was showing some skill for a savage jockey, who never had had any training. He had Televave well in hand and just beyond the leaders, but in position where he could bring out whatever there was in the nag to do. The Earl's nomination was last of all. Fa'agaoi was flogging him unmercifully in the effort to get up more speed. The sportsmen followed on other horses at the rear of the racers in order that they might keep the race in view, which it was easy to do by taking short cuts here and there.

Just beyond the American flagpole the first horse stopped and the jockey dismounted and led his horse for a distance of at least one hundred feet. Each jockey, as he dashed up to the same point, did the same. But the Earl's horse kept right on and went ahead of all the others, while they were being walked. The subscribers to the race were dumfounded. They said they had been thrown, that every horse but one had been pulled, and they said it in every way known to the turf. That did no harm, neither did it do any good, for it was said in English and the jockeys were ignorant of that language. George Scanlan, the half-caste policeman, assured the sportsmen that it was all right. The riders were passing in front of the house of a high chief and the Samoan custom forced them to dismount and walk their horses. It had to be done, he assured them.

"But why doesn't that mule of the Earl's have to walk, too. See, he's going by on a gallop like a car

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horse. Isn't there any Samoan custom for that sort of moke?" the eight other nominators asked.

"Him b'long that high chief itself. Samoa custom all same Engliss custom. You don't take off your hat to yourself? S'pose not. So Samoa chief horse he ride in the fronts of Samoa chief house himself."

By this time all the jockeys had remounted and were speeding after Solofanua. But the chestnut was in difficulties at the first obstacle, a cocoanut tree that had been blown down on the beach a little further along. This reduced him to the ruck once more and by the time he had negotiated the jump, the other horses were ahead. But there was another chief's house and there was the same dismounting and leading of horses as before except that Manu kept going just as did Solofanua. The interpreter explained that this also was all right. Manu did not have to be led past because this house was the house of his owner, Mr. Patu, who was the chief over that part of Vaiala, and Solofanua could go by, because as a chief Mr. Tofaeono was higher in rank than Mr. Patu.

The next obstacle was a river to swim. Mr. Patu's horse was rather fractious at the water and would not go in. That brought Solofanua to the front and through Fa'agaoui's luck rather than management he had his mount in the river and breasting the sluggish current of the Fue-sa. This gave him the lead on the other side, where there was first a stretch of good-going beach. Before the others were able to catch up the next obstacle was reached, the stretch of mangroves. This was a narrow streak of tangled growth

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too small for a grove, too thick for a hedge, not more than twenty feet thick, but a regular teaser. It was like going through a labyrinth of knot holes with sharp edges and abundant splinters. Solofanua was first out of this obstacle, but Televave was not long after. Immediately after the mangroves came about a hundred yards of black rocks, each dornick having so many sharp juts, spurs and angles that it could always keep one uppermost. These were neither safe nor speedy going, and the leaders came out little better than horses that had already been distanced. Solofanua lost ground in this obstacle.

From the rocks there was another good speedway to the next obstacle, which was the River Vailoa, too broad to leap, too shallow to swim, with nothing but a splashing ford which takes it out of speed most wofully. At the Vailoa the race was just about half over. Televave was first over the ford, and ready for the next barrier, the last one on the course until the finish jump, but this was a hard one to negotiate, and it strained the pack out into single file. The barrier was neither a leap nor a swim. It was a tree which must be climbed, a difficult task for horses. It had been made as easy as possible, but none the less it was necessary for every horse or other person that used that ford to climb to the bank beyond on a cocoanut tree that had been felled to serve as a ladder. Only one horse could climb at a time, and the Earl's winner was the last of all.

When this obstacle was surmounted there was a good stretch of turf for the run home. Although

Solofanua was pounding along at the very end of the line, there were two important advantages waiting for him. The first was the home of his owner in the hamlet of Mootā. When the same dismounting was done here which enabled the laggard horse to get once more to the front, the interpreter was good enough to explain that this was the residence of the chief who owned the rear horse. When he was taken to task on the score that the first get down and walk had been done before the residence of this same chief, the interpreter was ready with his answer :

“High Chief Tofaeono, him live here, too; him live there, too. Other wife live here, other wife live there, too.” This proof of bigamy among the ruling classes was shocking to the moral sense; but the double establishment was an advantage in horse racing complicated with Samoan customs.

Here the Earl's nomination got a good lead and he held it for a while, only in the end to be overhauled by Manu and Televave. Scarcely a hundred yards from the finish was the house of yet another chief, inferior to Tofaeono, but higher in rank than Tangaloa and Patu. This chief, Asi, was beyond the stone wall at which the race was to finish. In the zest of the race the jockeys on the horses of the two inferior chiefs raced past Asi's house without dismounting. As soon as he saw this disrespect Asi jumped over the wall and started in to remonstrate. Then the neglectful jockeys had in good earnest to come down off their high horses, and while they were crawling by the angered chief, Solofanua leaped the

THE GREAT VAIALA STEEPLECHASE.

wall, won the four sovereigns for his owner, and for the nominator, the Earl of Hardwicke, all the money there was in the game. Asi won his rake-off.

There was no jockey club to take this matter up, and at the time it was considered a safe enough race barring the complications of Samoan custom. Later it was learned that after the noble Earl had left Samoa and continued his travels as far as Australia he was soon detected in Sydney as no Earl but a common swindler, and as such sent to Woolloomooloo jail for ten years hard. Then a few began to wonder. Then it was found that the Earl had discovered the trick of this native custom from Asi and had planned the whole scheme for the purpose of transferring funds from his fellow travelers' pockets to his own.

This, then, is the story of the first race in Samoa, the great Vaiala steeplechase. The moral seems to be—mind, it is not definitely stated that it is—that there are several other things beside the legs of a horse that it's business to put trust in.

XXII

THE SLIDING ROCK OF PAPASE'EA.

"OH, I say now!" exclaimed the Captain of the British gunboat Royalist then on guard duty in Apia Harbor, "you can't expect a man to believe that sort of thing, you know. Of course, whatever you say about the political affairs of this beach I must believe, for that's your line of country and I'm here to do your shooting for you whenever it becomes necessary. But it is pretty stiff to ask me to believe that you sit in the wet and go sliding down a face of rock without hurting yourself."

"Still, it is a fact, none the less, and a very exhilarating fact, indeed, as you will confess if only you will try it for yourself."

"Now, madam, that is rather too much. You have entered into a conspiracy with my wardroom officers to make this tour of guard duty memorable to me. First you got me bragging as to putting up heavy weights, and it is true I can put up more pounds than any one of the ship's company, and then you whistled up the bow oar in your boat and had him beat me at my own game. Next you led me on to make the remark that it would be easy to include that waterfall of yours in some morning stroll; it took me all of fifteen hours of breakneck work to get there and

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back in one day, and I was in such a state that I could not go to the German Consul's 'Bierabend.' Now you are trying to get me to give an exhibition of coasting down a hard rock for the amusement of your fellow conspirators in the wardroom country. At my time of life, and having attained command rank, I must decline to assist in the undertaking."

"But, Captain, will you accompany us if I promise you solemnly that the First Luff shall do all the experimental sliding, or the Engineer or even the Paymaster?"

"Why, it's positively absurd. You know that the human body will sink in water. And this water you say is only two inches deep. Now, in the name of all hydraulics, how are you going to slide like a bubble on the surface of the water and not touch the rock below? But on your solemn assurance that I can inspect all the conditions before venturing on any such exhibition, and that you will interpose no objection to my sacrificing all of the junior officers in turn, I am willing to join your outing party."

It was because the Captain of this particular British gunboat was just as good as gold and as strong as an ox, to say nothing of his being as green as grass about Samoa, that the preceding conversation was due. He had been induced to make a few trips into the bush, and after the hard experience he was beginning to be a trifle suspicious. But as to the Sliding Rock at Papase'ea there was no reason for such suspicion, as will be made clear in this story of the trip.

Fortunately for Captain Rason's peace, the trail to

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Papase'ea is so regularly traveled by the residents of Apia and the few tourists who have the time that it is open to equestrians all the way from the beach to within 100 yards of the bathing place. That in itself was a great thing, for foot travel in Samoan bush is anything but easy, and one learns to welcome any spot for the terminus of an excursion which will obviate the wearisome footsteps in the steaming atmosphere under the thick shade of the tropical forest. Here comes in the advantage of having a practically amphibious boat's crew. The first of their duties was to row the boat and sing, but on shore excursions it was their duty to attend on horseback, and the opportunity was offered them to carry on little speculations on their own behalf by renting ponies when such an opportunity arose, as in this case, when it became necessary to mount the greater number of the officers of the H. B. M. S. Royalist.

A trip to Papase'ea is always a picnic and a merry-making, for there is something invigorating about the water of the mountain stream, which is so much cooler than any water on the beach as almost to seem cold, that it is impossible to avoid growing rapidly hungry. And there is something so unusual about the sport on the rock as to set even the morose in good humor. At the same time it must be remembered that the Samoans regard it a solemn duty to eat on all occasions when there is anything edible. But in the islands it is just as easy to extend dinner hospitality in the bush as it is in the best domestic appointments. It resolves itself down to an enumera-



A Solomon Island black boy imported to work on the plantations

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tion of the number of cans that must be opened and the number of corks that must be drawn, and those are operations that can be done just as well in the woods and by the streams as under the roof of a house.

The boat's crew were sent out ahead, each armed with the necessary provision for the picnic. But even with them out of the way, it was an imposing cavalcade that set out from the American Consulate on the road to the woods. With the British officers and the Samoan girls and the interpreters and the inevitable Talolo, the party amounted to more than twenty, and that is a large number in Apia except on steamer days. It made a long and sedate cavalcade down the beach road in strict obedience to the municipal ordinance against riding faster than a walk. The Royalist contingent had come so freshly from a long cruise that none of them felt like galloping, and probably all were just as well satisfied to know of the state of the law. This was made quite manifest when the party turned back from the beach and into a long stretch of good road exempt from any restriction on speed. Here the Samoan girls started their half-broken Tongan ponies into a speedy gallop and laughingly challenged their respective officers to catch them. To attempt to chaperon the next two miles of horse race was about as futile as it would be to play propriety to a three-ring circus. By wise use of a seemingly impracticable short cut (this was due to the wisdom of Talolo) along a sippy trail through a taro swamp and then a clump of sugar cane with a few water jumps

and a pig fence of stone to clear, it was possible to get ahead of the race and to capture the First Luff and the girl who had taken the lead. As the other galloping pairs came up they too were stopped, and last of all came the Captain, pounding steadily on in the rear with a much winded little rat of a pony that had never carried the weight before. All were then content to settle down to a more sober and decorous pace, for the naval contingent were beginning to feel that no matter how experienced they might be in riding the waves, it called for a different seat when it came to a flat race in Samoa.

Since turning inland from the beach the road had been a straight causeway in the swamp, known as Tiger Bay, and the only thing to see was the taro, the cane and the banana—no shade for this whole stretch of race course, and no breeze, for the trade wind has never the force to make itself felt behind the coastal fringe of cocoanuts. But when the higher ground was reached, the character of the scene underwent a change—the swamp was left behind, the road now lay under the grateful shade of tall trees and between clumps of bushes loaded down with gorgeous blossoms. Samoan houses began to appear under the shade of the bread-fruit trees, with their great and jagged leaves, and around a bend in the road we came upon the town green of Vaimoso, with its chief's orator standing in the shade to hail us with the never omitted question, "Whither go ye?" and to propose that we alight and drink kava. But Talolo, whose delight it is to do all sorts of mannish things, replies in

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form that America and Britannia are out upon important affairs of state and cannot delay, but that some day we will return to see this lovely town of Vaimoso, and will talk wise politics with its chief. In studying Samoan it is not so much a question of grammar as of learning to lie gracefully. Talolo was born that way.

Beyond the village we began to breast the hill, and climbed and climbed over a broad road half overgrown with weeds, until we came upon the few houses which make the little settlement of Lotopā, where a few settlers have cleared the bush and set out plantations of coffee. Here the government road stops short in a clump of bushes. Here, also, were the boat's crew in waiting with the supply of refreshments. There was the beginning of a mutiny when Tanoa and his outfit discovered that this was not to be an eating station, although he had gone to the trouble of gathering nuts and bananas and leaves for plates. But as it was only an hour from the Consulate, and as, in addition to whatever breakfast they may have had with their own families, each of the crew had consumed a pound-tin of corned beef, half a tin of salmon, unlimited cabin biscuits, and all the sugar soup or tea wanted, it was felt that they could manage to bear up for a little while longer. It was not so much that they were individually hungry as that they were disposed to yield to the Samoan national hunger, which is invariably excited by the presence of food.

At this end of the road a broken-down stone wall gave an opportunity to squeeze through the close

clump of bushes, and then it was seen that there was a narrow trail behind. Here there was no tendency to gallop or scamper, for the trail is too narrow and too crowded with stones to permit of any relaxation of the attention. The path was cut up with the roots of the high trees, and every root in the soaking mold was a trap for the feet of the unwary, for with the closest care one or other of the ponies would slip on such a root and then would follow a series of wild gymnastics which were the reverse of steadying to the rider, no matter how much they might tend to restore the equilibrium of the pony. Another forest danger was from the low-hanging branches and from the lianas pendent from tree to tree. These frequently hung so low as to sweep a rider from the pony's back. I had long since trained my boys when going ahead and encountering any such obstruction to give warning and to use the cry, "Low bridge." That seems plain enough for most people to know what to expect. But it bothered at least one of these young Englishmen.

About five minutes after Tanoa had set up that shout for the first time, and it had passed back all along the line, we had stopped in a fairly smooth and open place for the duller members of the party to overtake us. One of the junior officers then said: "Do you know, I just made a most stupid error. All the Samoans shouted something that sounded almost exactly like 'low bridge,' and ever since I have been looking out for a bridge. But, of course, there wouldn't be any real bridges in this jungle, and, of

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course, I was misled by the similarity of words in the two languages. But it was a droll blunder, now, wasn't it?"

Then followed an attempt to explain the use of the American language to the British officer.

"Yes, yes; I understand," my navy boy replied. "When you say 'low bridge,' that's only a figure of speech. But, don't you know, it's rather misleading. You see, you are looking out for a bridge that would be underfoot, and so you have no warning about the low branch overhead, don't you know; and then you are swept off the pony's back. Of course, it's only one of your ways, but you have so many odd ways, you Americans. The idea of calling a branch a bridge, it's most extraordinary."

At last the trail through the damp depths of the forest led our party to the sound of dashing water, and we found ourselves in an open space which afforded grazing for the ponies. The sound of the falling water was plain, but no water was in sight. Struggling through the high grass of this small meadow—grass that measured more than six feet—we came to a jumping-off place, where a steep and wooded slope led down to a small mountain stream, which was making noise enough for a river. Here we scrambled down the bank with the assistance of roots and projecting rocks and hanging vines, and at every step regretted that we were not monkeys for the time. Once safely at the foot of the descent we were at the summit of the waterfall.

So far as goes the geography of the unusual, there

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are but two such sliding rocks in the world—one in the Negri Sembilan region of the Malay Peninsula, the other in the bush at the back of Apia. They depend for their interest on the feature in common that a deep pool is overhung by a slant of rock, over which trickles a stream, and that by sitting in the stream at the top of the rock the swimmer may be plunged with high speed over the rocky surface and forced deep into the pool below. It is said in behalf of the Samoan Papase'ea that the slide is longer and steeper, the plunge more rapid, and the submersion in the pool deeper than in the Malayan example.

This waterfall in the Samoan bush is, in fact, triple. The lower cascade has only about five or six feet of fall, and the basin at the foot is shallow. The middle one of the series has a fall of no more than a dozen feet, and the basin is only slightly deeper than the one below. The upper cascade falls thirty feet, and the basin is so deep that the swimmer coming over the fall does not touch bottom at the end of the plunge, although his velocity is excessive. The Samoans call these falls respectively the swimming places for children, for women and for men. It is to the latter fall only that the name of Papase'ea properly applies; and very few travelers ever think of looking at the lower cascades of the series.

The breakneck trail down the hill slope lands us in a leafy amphitheater, where stepping stones enable us to cross and recross the stream, while overhead the branches mix and meet to form a grateful shade. The lower side of this bowl in the valley is marked

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by a dike of volcanic rocks, worn smooth by the coursing waters, which pour along in an ungovernable torrent when there are storms in the hills. The upper ring is filled with a pool some six feet in depth and bounded by the smooth rocks and the trunks of tall trees. Into this pool flow several rills, which trickle at ordinary stages of the water from several slopes of the hillside. It is probable that these rills are all parts of the same stream which has been split up by obstacles above. Nothing at all is known about the stream higher up in the mountains, for its bed is quite impracticable for travel, with the rocks in one place and the fathomless bogs in another, and always the dense tangle of low-lying branches and interlacing lianas. And if the explorer comes upon a stream higher up in some clear place, it is impossible to identify it as the Papase'ea stream, for there are so many brooks on the Samoan mountains that one cannot be safely distinguished from another. It is probable that the stream is one of those which drain the central morass on the Tuasivi, for its waters are so cold as to point to a source at a high altitude. Wherever these waters come from, they all collect in the pool.

This reservoir serves as a pressure regulator for the falls. After the heavy rains the stream is a raging mountain torrent, into which it would be suicide to plunge, as any one can see who will watch the force with which it tears out trees and great blocks of rock from the banks. But at ordinary stages, when there has been no storm in the higher altitudes, the water

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scarcely trickles over the portion of the volcanic dike which constitutes the sliding rock.

The first three or four feet of this dike are nearly level, and owing to the wearing of the frequent floods as smooth as so much glass. The water trickles in a narrow channel worn but a few inches below the common level. The next forty feet pitch downward at a sharp angle of the same glassy smoothness. Then the rock breaks off abruptly about ten feet above the surface of the water in the lower basin. This lower pool has been excavated by the floods to a depth of more than thirty feet, and has nearly vertical sides, so that there is only one small area of shallow water near the lower outlet. A geologist would probably class it as a large pot hole with a diameter of about forty feet. Into this pool the length of the slide is about fifty feet, the last ten of which are in the air, the slide along the rock being some forty feet of length, with a vertical descent before reaching the final plunge.

When the water in the stream is low—that is, in general, when it is safe to essay the slide—there is not enough water going over the dike at the right spot to make it advisable to slide, for much escapes over other channels, and those channels are so filled with rugged rocks as to discourage any travel which involves the principles of sliding friction. But by damming the other outlets the water held in reserve in the upper pool can be concentrated until its whole volume passes over the smooth channel in the dike, where it can make the sheerest plunge to the basin



Wharf of the German firm—Apia

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below. When thus gathered the stream is about three feet wide at the brink of the fall and two inches deep.

Captain Rason was still more than ever disinclined to engage in such sport after he had looked the ground over and had measured the depth with his finger. He took refuge in the science of hydraulics and proved to his own satisfaction that the slide could not be made in two inches of water without damage somehow.

Meanwhile the others of the party were going to see the thing through without regard for mathematics at all. One of the Samoan girls undertook to carry one of the young Lieutenants over the rock just to show how. Down in the stream she sat and instructed him to sit behind her. The attitude was just the same as in coasting on a double-runner sled in the lands where there is snow. The principal point to be observed is that the Lieutenant shall look steadfastly over the girl's left shoulder while she wears her head to the right, for if the two heads should come together when they strike the water in the basin it might do damage. Having received all the necessary instructions, the pair inched along the rock until the full force of the stream caught them. Then they went at breathless speed on the surface of the falling cascade down to the final flight through the air, and were submerged in the basin at the foot.

The Captain, being in no restricted sense responsible to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for the well-being of the officers committed to his care, watched the flight with anxiety, which was not

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relieved until he saw his officer climb out of the basin in good order and start to clamber up the face of the rock. Then, convinced that the impossible was the easiest sort of thing if only you saw how it was done, the good Captain hastened to be the next to go over. Declining all aid, he sat in the stream, but he was too eager in hitching himself forward to the place where the current overcomes gravity. The force of the water took him broadside, and before he could correct his position he was sent rolling as well as sliding. Thus he came to the final flight head downward and made a magnificent dive into the basin. Thenceforward for an hour or more there was a steady succession of dripping humanity, Samoan and European, each awaiting the turn to go over the rock. Only one anxiety tended to mar the enjoyment—an anxiety voiced by my young Talolo between plunges when he asked, "Bimeby I think so we eat for you for me?" Reassured on that point, Talolo subsided, and the fun went on.

The last plunge was the most daring of all. The engineer officer undertook to walk down the slope in the water. He explained that he was sure it was not as dangerous as we might think it, for the whole of his weight would tend to keep him on the rock, and the only purchase the water would have on him would be his ankles. He did walk steadily down the slope in the swirling water for at least twenty out of the forty feet of the slide. Then, as the current was carrying his feet out from under him, he gave a jump forward and apparently into the basin. But he said—

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and it is more probable—that he landed on his feet lower down the slope and took a second jump thence into the basin. Such a thing had never been heard of before at the sliding rock, and the Samoan witnesses may be counted on to put this record slide into their traditions.

But sunset was fast approaching, and no Samoan is really comfortable in the bush after dark. As soon as we reached the Lotopā road again the sun went down and then the ride home was made in brilliant moonlight.

XXIII.

SOME SOUTH SEA HOODOOS.

IN these random narratives of fin and feather in the South Sea, under tropical skies, in the evening calm and the steady daytime blast of the trade-wind, in sun and torrents of the furious rain, it is only fair to anticipate one comment of the friendly critic. It may be thought that the game comes to bag too easily; that the percentage of kills is too high to be altogether real; that if the fish refuse the bait they always get into creel by some other device of net or trap. In the course of the tales various Samoan associates in the free life of the sea and jungle have been introduced; the ever faithful Tanoa has been aroused from his naps to render some needed service, the vivacious young Talolo has led the way to mountain nooks, and has been content with the opportunity to use the "shootgun," and has made his plaintive appeals for something to stay his appetite; Tonga and Laulu, chiefs and common folk have contributed to the sport. They are all real personages, their characteristics are drawn from the life just as I learned to know them and to use their several talents. So, too, with the hunting; it is all the record of real experience, the few bright spots in an official position which was after all but an exile. The fish were indeed taken, the birds were in-

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deed killed, it is all fact. But to meet this criticism that all was too easy to be true I must devote this chapter to the adverse influences that all of us recognize as conditioning the sport of rod and gun. By this I do not mean the bird that is cleanly missed, the fish that breaks the tackle, the gang of hooks that get snarled in the coral. These are but accidents of sport that might happen to anybody and anywhere. Those which I mean are the hoodoos that spoil all the sport of a day. We can reason them aside as absurd superstitions in our country, but we must acknowledge their power; but among the simple savages there is no chance to reason them away—they are very present realities, and when we meet them in South Sea waters, and on the island mountains, none of our acquired wisdom can expunge their power.

In the islands the old gods are still very close to present life, despite the vigorous profession of the newer faith which the missionaries have introduced. On village greens the stone churches rise into prominence; the people are unremitting in their attendance upon the services, wearing clean white shirts and gaudy bonnets, according to the sex of the worshippers, and carrying their Bibles and hymn books wrapped in spotless handkerchiefs. But in the jungle and on the waters no Samoan quite forgets his ancestral gods, the powers of nature, and in the domain of the hunter and the fisher these old gods reign supreme. Moralists may not assume to blame them as untutored savages practising absurd superstitions of an inferior race, for if any moralist will only go

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a fishing with people of the infinitely superior Caucasian race, he cannot avoid seeing a few practices which may not be superstitions, but which are certainly believed necessary to luck. What the boy does to the worm after it is on the hook and before it goes into the stream is proof that there is kinship in practice between the savage and the cultured sportsman.

These, then, are a few of the conditions which make or mar the success of the hunter and the fisher in Samoa.

There is good luck in the tiny island parrot that nests in the coronal of the cocoanut trees. It is a bird no larger than the English sparrow, and quite as companionable. It is an impertinent bunch of brilliant plumage, green and red and blue; it chatters all the day in the trees, and it flies fearlessly down about the houses and has no fear of people. Common as it is, it is credited with any amount of *mana* or supernatural power, and its movements are carefully watched. There is a long and tiresome song in Manu'a, which is now part of the United States, that arouses the anger of all the bickering Samoans in the westward islands of Tutuila and Upolu and Savaii, where the people think their kings amount to something, yet have to confess the superiority of the king of Manu'a. It rehearses the distant flight of the parrot from the mountain of Taū, how it passed over each island but did not alight, and therefore left none of its magic power. Then the song finishes with the question, "Malietoa, is that thy parrot? Why not catch it as it flies and then the magic power will be thine?"

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But the parrot wings homeward to Manu'a without alighting, and seeks its nest on the mountain of Taū." This is enough to start a fight when sung in the hearing of one of the Malietoa clan. But even outside of Manu'a the parrot brings luck, particularly to such as go to the bush or out upon the reef in search of game. If when a party is setting out, a parrot should fly down among them or should alight upon any of their tackle, success is assured. For this reason prudent sportsmen sit in the shade and wait for the parrot to bring them luck.

Good luck is brought also by the little gecko lizard, the *mo'o*, that runs about the houses in search of its food, the eggs and larvæ of insects. No one ever harms them, and they chase in and out among all one's belongings. They are timorous little animals, only two or three inches long; and a finger suddenly pointed at one will cause it to scuttle away like a flash of light and probably shed its tail to facilitate its escape from the threatened danger. Still, if a *mo'o* is found in the creel or game bag when it is taken down for use, it is a sure sign of success. They are pretty little beasts to look upon when they are poised for instant flight on the rim of the creel, head in air as if to scent the danger, their eyes mere vertical slits of deep purple in bands of orange, their little throats quivering with the beat of the excited little hearts.

Quite the opposite is the effect of the other lizard, the blue *pili*, six or eight inches long. Fortunately it is rare about the homes of men, although common in the woodland ways. If it is found in any of the

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gear of hunting or of fishing, one might as well give up the trip. The least that can happen is failure; it is more than likely that some distressing accident will follow the disregard of this warning. It is not only in sport that the malign influence is felt. If a blue lizard should drop upon the head or shoulders of a man under any circumstances, it is his death warrant, and it is very easy for these Samoans to lie down and die from such a cause as this. Luckily, the mere meeting of the *pili* on the path is innocuous, for within the limits of the jungle, even to the summits of the highest mountains I have scaled—and they are nearly a mile up above the sea—it is impossible to avoid the lizard that scampers across the path. The *pili* plays a most important part in the legends of Samoa. His original was the child of the high gods of the ninth heaven, and that is as high as one can go in the island succession of heavens. He had the power of transforming his shape and of living in the sea and in the rivers and in the springs and in various parts of the land. From each transformation various high native families trace their descent. But for the fisher and the hunter he is always bad medicine.

The majestic frigate bird is another that brings blessing and curse according to circumstances. When fishing the frigate bird is all that could be desired. If he is seen winging his untiring flight over a fleet of canoes, and the fishers pray him to grant them fair wind, they feel that they are sure to have the wind and to come home with their canoes laden with the fish of the deep sea. But ashore it is different; the

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frigate bird brings a baleful influence on the sport of pigeon netting. Every night and morning the frigate birds are seen high in air crossing the mountain ridges of each of the islands. It is a straight passage, for these are birds of the sea and are never known to alight on any Samoan island. They come in from sea at such an altitude that it is hard to discern their clear whiteness, but that altitude brings them close to the tree tops over the central ridges of the islands. These are the spots which, before firearms were introduced, were most affected by the netters of the island pigeon. That hunting was a very solemn ceremonial. It engaged for days at a time the whole population of the seaside villages, and was conducted in strict accordance with ancestral rules. If a pigeon party which had taken post on the stone platforms in the earliest dawn found a frigate bird swooping close to their nets as the day dawned, it was obligatory to relinquish the sport for that day. Not a pigeon could be caught, for the will of the mountain gods was distinctly adverse. Against such a calamity it was necessary to pray hard and long in the last hours of the darkness, and to take scrupulous pains that the stone platforms should be free of all persons or things that were suspected of being out of luck.

The same idea of good luck afloat and bad luck ashore attaches to the albinos. There are not many of them in Samoa, and they are ghastly sights, with their flaxen hair and pink eyes, and white skins that the sun can never tan. It is hard to understand why these few sports of nature should be considered lucky

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on the sea, for in the brilliant glare of the sun they are almost blind, while in the depths of the jungle their vision improves in proportion to the obscuration of the light. That this commonly recognized feature of albinism has not passed the recognition of the Samoans is brought out clearly in one of the legendary tales that Tanoa once recited to me. In ancient times a village only a little way up the coast had a large number of albinos, who seem to have carried things with a high hand, and to have made a nuisance of themselves by ruling the people of the ordinary coffee color. There was no respite until the legendary hero Polu came that way in the course of his self-appointed tour to wipe out the various demons which then infested Upolu, a sort of South Sea Jack the Giant-Killer. He told the people of this hag-ridden village to call a *fono* or town meeting for sunrise the next morning, and in the great house of the town to make a show of yielding to their blanched and pink-eyed disturbers of the peace by yielding them the post of honor at the west end of the house. As it was cannily ordered by the hero, so was it done. The albinos came to the *fono*, and were duly gratified to find that the place of dignity was yielded to them without demur. But Polu asked that the screens about the house be drawn up. Then the east was lit with the glory of the dawn, as the deliberations began. At first the albinos directed affairs with their usual high hand, but then the sun itself arose out of the morning twilight, and its level beams entered at the eastern end where the screens were tied up, and fell sharply

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in the pink eyes of the albinos and blinded them. While they were thus helpless by reason of this clever play upon their infirmity, the hero and the people fell upon them and slew them. Ever since that time the few albinos have been lucky to have along when fishing, but unlucky companions on a hunting trip. Just why this should be so no one knows. Tanoa's only explanation is that it is an ancient legend.

There is nothing in all the five islands that can bring better luck than the spider; not the small hunting spider that scurries over the walls of houses in pursuit of flies, but the large one, as big as the palm of one's hand, that never builds a nest, but clings head downward on uprights, and watches the course of events with eyes that gleam mildly blue. What this spider does for a living I never have been able to discover. It moves but slowly, it is never seen to bother a fly even at its very jaws, and it most certainly is harmless, even though terrifying by reason of its size. But it is lucky to have this ugly monster about one's hunting gear. It seems fortunate that it is lucky, for the spiders seemed to have a great liking for the barrels of my shotgun. I became so used to it that I never handled the gun without breaking it down and first blowing through the barrels to dislodge the lodgers which I knew I should find within.

Other devices which bring luck are the free use of cocoanut oil on hooks and lines, and the careful observance of old rites in connection with every canoe and line and paddle that is used in the bonito fishery. That is a very complicated sort of thing indeed, and

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as the bonito are by no means easy to catch, it is just as well to have some such excuse to fall back on.

Now for the things which bring ill-luck and queer one's sport afloat or afield. They are well nigh infinite. One must be forever on guard against the chance of meeting with a hoodoo of the most enduring consequences.

The night before you must keep a watchful eye for shooting stars. They are a distinctly bad omen in general. They signify death of some chief indefinitely in the direction of their travel, and the death of one of the mighty is a bad thing. It forbids all fishing in that direction toward which the meteor flies, it forbids all hunting in the direction from which it comes. Even if one accords strict observance to these rules it is just as well when hunting along the course of the shooting star or fishing against it to take the precaution to knot into a corner of one's garb a black pebble and a white one just to ward off possible mishaps.

The foot-long centipede is an unpleasant companion at any time. His effect upon the skin gives a general impression of a tug of war team of angry wasps. When such a beast drops from the rafters of the house upon a party about to set out for the seaward fishing, or touches any of the gear, it is just as well to postpone the trip, for lines will break, hooks will catch in the coral and be lost, nets will surely be torn and the fish escape. But if the trip is planned inland, whether for fish or birds, the hoodoo of such a mishap may be wiped out by crossing a patch of growing taro. What

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with the mud underfoot and the wetness of the great leaves of this plant, it is easy to see that the walk across an acre of such plantation really should have some good effect to counterbalance its discomfort.

Fishermen must observe one precaution as to the tide. If they set out on the young flood they will have no luck. Slack water ebb is all right. Even the half flood has no bad effect. But when the tide just begins to make, no canoe must ever start out. It spoils a fishing trip also to launch a canoe bow foremost. That is true of all water trips, whether after fish or on other business. I have watched the crew of our own boat take it from its storage beneath the house and set it in the water hundreds of times, and never once did I see them launch it otherwise than by the stern. To cough in a boat afloat is a danger that must be averted by prompt action. If under oars or paddles the crew immediately break stroke; if under sail the man at the tiller makes it a point to spill the sail. Yet a sneeze is absolutely harmless. To expectorate from the boat into the sea is another dangerous thing to do. A fishing trip when this happens might just as well be given up, for there is no hope of any catch. It is not permitted to bail a boat in white water, except it be on or within a reef.

With the superstitious in this country it is lucky to meet a hunchback, particularly if one touches the hump. In Samoa it is the worst of luck and no one would ever dream of fishing or hunting in such company. After such a chance encounter, the only way of obviating the evil influence is to turn backward

to the house last passed, enter and sit down and take some refreshment, even if it be only a draft from a fresh cocoanut. This is all the more strange for the reason that there are very few such cripples, and they are treated with invariable kindness, being commonly used as jesters in the train of chiefs and village maids.

It spoils fishing to encounter a rat in the water, and the same is true on the reefs when the devilfish throws one of its tentacles about the shin. As the common devilfish of the Samoan reefs has tentacles two and three feet long closely beset with suckers from the size of a two-bit piece down and a considerable power to cut the flesh, the latter incident is not only a hoodoo but a distinctly unpleasant event. Just why the rat and the devilfish spoil sport was explained to me by Tanoa in another of his tales. Very long ago it happened that the bat and the devilfish and the rat met on a dry portion of the reef. They fell to a discussion of their relative speed and challenged one another to a race to the beach. The bat took wing and easily beat the others, but in the contest for place the rat did not play fair. While it was swimming shoreward it looked down in the water and saw the devilfish swimming backward. The rat being well tired out, dove down to the devilfish, and seizing hold of it brought it to the surface. Thus the rat was ferried to shore, and when the devilfish grounded in the shallow water the rat leaped ashore and claimed second place. Just why this account should explain the hoodoo which these two animals put on the fishermen is more than I could understand, but it seems

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to be quite plain to the Samoans. At any rate, when I expressed my doubts, Tanoa clinched matters by getting a devilfish for my inspection and pointing conclusively to the marks upon its pouch, which were left by the ancestral rat which played this trick.

Of all malign influences the worst is the *aitu*, the old Samoan god of place or family. Many times in these stories of lagoon and mountain jungle I have reported the dangers of *aitu* and the harm that they are capable of inflicting on the timorous islanders. All signs may be favorable for good sport, yet all of a sudden some busybody *aitu* interferes and queers the whole business. The white person never learns just how to recognize the coming of the *aitu*, but to the Samoan it is painfully clear. There was only one of the simplest signs of all that I ever learned to recognize, and that was the knotting of the grass across the pathway. I have no idea what could knot grass in this way, though there must be some simple explanation; but to the Samoan intelligence it is proof positive of the passage of a malevolent demon of their old mythology. But whether it is a knotting of the grass or some of the more obscure signs, as soon as the Samoans have recognized the presence of an *aitu* the trip might just as well be abandoned, for the obstacles will multiply beyond all power of surmounting.

Some one or other of these signs made the success or failure of all my trips with rod and gun in the paths of the Samoan forests and streams and out upon the open sea.

XXIV.

PAPALANGI LIFE.

THE natives of San Salvador, when they beheld the caravels of Columbus, hailed the newcomers as gods from heaven, so the Samoans greeted the first white men as *Papalangi*—"breaking through the sky." The term is now applied to the white residents there.

The requirements of administration and of business impose on some few families the necessity of living in Apia amid discomfort, which would not elsewhere be tolerated. One is appalled at the list of things which may not be had in Apia, things without which housekeeping seems an impossibility. It ranges from a servant through the whole gamut of needs back to the servant again; and if the servant were possible there is nothing for him to serve.

Beyond the inevitable tin of something there is practically nothing. And how weary one grows of the tin. It is all alike, if the tin does not hold soup it holds meat, and if not meat then fish. The palate grows educated to a fine discernment of the shades of the tinny flavor; some are so expert that they can distinguish infallibly between the corned beef packed in New Zealand and that packed in Queensland simply

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by the smack of the tin, but it is dreadful to contemplate becoming so much of an epicure in flavors, which are nothing but metal after all. It simplifies such hospitality as may be exercised, the mistress of the house need never be taken aback by unexpected guests, she but orders that more tins be opened.

Attempts are made to alleviate the distress. A philanthropist of the beach had given up the sea to become the local butcher, but when the beef or the mutton, which was steer or sheep at sunrise, must for climatic reasons be cooked and eaten before sunset, no power on earth can help its toughness, no art of cookery can make it palatable. Even that old standby, the egg, is uncertain in supply, uncertain in every other way, and it is not appetizing to discover the details of that uncertainty at the very table. Milk is creamless, scarce, often strongly flavored. It may be had from one overworked dairy if the supply is sufficient to go around, but there are no means of keeping it sound from meal to meal. Some Samoan capitalist may have a milch cow, then milk is peddled in gin bottles from house to house. Sometimes it has the flavor of the original gin, sometimes it tastes of bottles never known to be washed; it is always diluted with an eye to covering a longer list of customers, and the dilution is effected with water of the cocoanut, which adds a strong flavor of its own. Even such a staple as the potato comes with not only the added cost of freight from San Francisco or Auckland, according to the season, but a week or a fortnight in the

warmth of a steamship's hold has not improved the condition of the necessary tuber. Once there came a fisherman who undertook to supply fish, the waters being full of them. He exercised his gentle calling for just one calendar month, then he packed up his nets and moved on to a place where he met with a prospect of making a living. Samoans are irregular providers of the fruits of the earth, for high prices they peddle spasmodically when pressed by need of coin. Sometimes it is possible to get tomatoes the size of a moderately large marble, sometimes string beans a yard long, sometimes cucumbers for stewing. Breadfruit and taro are accepted under protest as a substitute for the potato, the yam is rarely to be had, the *umala* is a soggy and red sweet potato and seldom obtainable. In their proper seasons mangoes are abundant, bananas are common most months of the year, the pineapple is delicious, the avogado pear is sometimes seen. Lemons are unknown, limes abundantly replace them. Oranges are to be had only once a month, after the arrival of the inter-island steamer from Tonga, for the scale was some years ago admitted into Samoa and has destroyed its groves of oranges, of which the green-skinned variety was considered the superior of all citrus fruits.

These are the limitations of the domestic side of Apia, the material limitations. They are still more restricted by the service problem. The Samoan works with difficulty, with a mental reservation. He confers a favor by assuming charge of the house, and makes you feel the debt of obligation. It might be

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possible to train him, the Mission establishments are always dealing with that problem; but it would be useless, for as soon as he was well trained he would leave. Not that he would strike for higher wages or would be tempted off to give some neighbor the benefit of the training, he would just naturally arrive at the conclusion that he had toiled enough to last him for a few years or for the rest of his natural and lazy life. In a community so crammed with fixed ideas, the question of wages admits of no argument. When the rate is to be settled he announces that he must have seven shillings a week or twenty-five dollars a month. Of course he is hired on the cheaper terms of the weekly employment, and he is quite as content. He sleeps off the premises, in fact, he inclines to be off the premises just as much as he can manage. Between meals he may be found curled up on the floor of the cook house fast asleep, a boy who will do that even to the neglect of his work, is considered a treasure of reliability. More likely he must be hunted for in the village, where he is cutting a large figure in some noisy game of cricket or stick-throwing, or possibly at a kava drinking and not to be interrupted. He must have the greater part of his afternoon to himself for his swim. On Sundays the meals have to be sandwiched hastily in between the rapid recurrence of the services in the native church. At no time will he consent to do anything which was not expressly stipulated at the time of his hiring. Sometimes he fails to appear at all, he is sick, or what is worse, he is suffering from an attack of some malevo-

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lent *aitu* or demon of the woods and darkness. In such a case, if he is an honest boy (such honesty is rare), he will send a substitute, some boy who does not know even how to boil water; credit may be given for his good intentions, the work none the less falls on the housewife. His brother often comes to dinner—on such occasions it is always a brother—if the matter is not taken in a strong hand, the whole family will follow. As it is, the Samoans in the next houses fare better than their wont, if they keep on friendly terms with the cook boy.

A dinner table was a lesson in geography. The things set out to eat might come from the most distant regions, in fact, they usually did. In nothing did this oddity more clearly appear than in the visit of the lone circumnavigator, Captain Joshua Slocum of the *Spray*. His last port of call had been Robinson Crusoe's Island of Juan Fernandez, where he had taken in a supply of the mammoth onions, which must ever prove a strong reminder of that distant spot. It happened that just then we had a sack of New Zealand potatoes when the Captain came to make his official call. Onions as well as potatoes were a luxury in the tropics, and a satisfactory exchange was speedily effected to general satisfaction. It was in Samoa that this lonely seafaring man disposed of the remnant of his dinghey, which became a washtub for the laundry of such finer wear as I could not find it prudent to confide to the mercies of the ordinary Samoan washerwomen.

The insect life is but one more item in the sum



Oceanic Hotel, Pago Pago

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total of domestic despair. Fortunately flies are rare except when the bread-fruit is in bloom, and that happens only twice a year. But the mosquito is a torment, he will not come out into the open, even the light of a lamp will keep him off at night, but in every dark place he lies in wait and bites most fiercely, for every bite a stinging blister. Ants are a necessary article of diet, it is impossible to keep them out of food; all tables and cupboards may be set in pans of solution of corrosive sublimate, yet the ant seems proof against such corrosion. Cockroach monsters creep in dark corners, as long as a finger; they will eat anything, but have a special fondness for eating out the stitches of shoes and other leather goods. Leather turns pale blue with mildew over night, one's clothing molds unless aired at short intervals; and even that gives no protection against the insects, which seem to live only in dress goods when made up.

These are but some of the conditions under which the white people live in Apia. Society is limited in other ways. The officials may bring with them some of the larger thoughts of the larger world from which they come, but the deadness of the petty cares of the archipelago over which they must spend their time reduces every idea to the level sameness. The tiny community is rent with jealousies, which have come down from the bitter days before the partition, when each nation faced the other in enmity, which fell little short of the clash of arms. Public spirit there is none of any sort, social amusements are an impossibility in

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a community of such startling mixture, a dance is only for the more enterprising among the half-castes and others, who are not over sensitive as to the condition of their partner so long as he can manage to keep his legs. Upon the good ladies at the Mission compound has fallen the herculean task of providing some sort of social life in Apia; they are yet at the very initial step in trying to create the demand. They have a reading room and coffee house in the hope that it will attract the men from the worse places. But there is only one coffee house, there are twelve bars. It is only once in a long while that one sees some one in the reading room looking at the foreign papers, the rest of the population is in the twelve bar-rooms, as may be seen from the road and may be heard, too. The ladies have tried to awaken an interest in tennis, and have opened the neat lawns of the compound for that end. Seldom are more than two players seen. It is discouraging, no wonder the Mission ladies break down.

It used to be that Apia was called the hell of the Pacific. They claim that it has undergone a great improvement. Well, those who profess to know say that it was a great deal worse before the hurricane.

One very hot day, and while Tonga was busily engaged with her sewing machine out on the veranda of the Consulate, a war canoe appeared near the reef. She quit her work and gazed steadily out over the glassy waters of the lagoon and toward the native canoe with its burden of savages. "Barnum's circus good place," she muttered, as she lighted a cigarette.

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“Oh, I think so, hell near to this place, I sure. Hell near to ground here make so hot, make Samoa people fool people. I like go back Meleke, Barnum’s circus, plenty fun, not much fight, plenty ice cream. I like ice cream, I like eat plenty good things. Fool Samoa people fight, cut down cocoanut trees, bimeby no more anything to eat in all Samoa.” Hell still exists thereabouts, at least in Tonga’s way of thinking.

Once a month, more correctly once in every fourth week, in the time when through mail steamers did call at Apia, the world loomed up on the horizon, something came briefly into sight which was not Apia, which was not Samoa. Then the Papalangi rejoiced, for it was steamer day.

Some one once not inaptly described the journalistic policy of the sole weekly paper. Counting from the mail period he said: “The first Saturday the editor finds fault with the American Consul; the second Saturday he finds fault with the German Consul; the third Saturday, being English, he does not find fault with the British Consul, but he makes up for it by coming out strong in disapproval of things in general; the fourth Saturday after the mail steamer he has the news of the world, and is too busy and too well satisfied to find any fault at all.”

It portrays the situation even slightly at the expense of the Samoan editor than whom no one knows better how sad a task it is to make a newspaper and remain on speaking terms with a difficult subscription list. For dreary weeks of uneventful days the white

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people are cut off from the earth as much as if they were camped in the mountains of the moon; more so, even, for in the moon there would be a chance to see the earth, in Apia there is nothing to see but the empty rim of the Pacific Ocean. Under such conditions men and women reckoned ahead to steamer day as the youngsters check off the days before Christmas. At last the fourth Thursday came, the day when the steamer should come into sight on the northern horizon, if there had been no delay. It is safe to say that little was done on that day but watch for the tinge of blue far to the vacant north. People did not stray far out of range of the flagpole on the end of Matautu Point, where the pilot hoists the signal of a vessel in sight. From the first sighting of the smoke far away it was about two hours until the ship came in from San Francisco. Once the mail was five days late, such suspense cannot be imagined, one must experience the trial to comprehend it.

As the steamer rounded into the mouth of the passage in the coral reef and dropped her anchor just within the mouth where the Trenton struggled with the courage of giants against the despair of defective boilers to win out from the destruction which the Calliope only barely succeeded in escaping, a mile an hour out through this narrow gap, the harbor seemed alive with boats of all sorts, from the huge cargo punts of the German firm with their crews of cannibal black boys to the boats of official life. In the first flight were the gigs of the three Consuls flying their national colors and with their stout crews

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in distinctive uniforms. They had reason to be first on the scene, for their mail bags were waiting for them on the steamer deck, and they were keen to get the instructions from their superior authorities in settlement of this or that question of the native state over which a decision might have been for many months awaited, while the matter must remain in abeyance pending the decision of Washington, London and Berlin. About the gangway clustered the wherries of the watermen, whose services were needed by the passengers if they would go ashore. Waiting for the traffic to clear away and to give them a chance to board, were canoes of Samoans ready to occupy the decks with their small wares for sale, themselves as interesting to the tourist as their goods.

Ashore the beach was crowded with the sightseers keen to make the most of their short stay; rarely did the steamer bring a passenger who intended to stay ashore, to most of them it was an agreeable break in the monotony of the days at sea upon an ocean where a sail may not be sighted from the steamer for year after year. Samoan peddlers crowded about them with goods for sale, men with saddled horses proposed to take them to this or that point supposed to combine interest with sufficient nearness to be accomplished while the steamer lay at anchor, six hours as a rule. For once the beach road was a whirl of life and activity. All the white residents of the town, except those who were quite as diligent as the Samoans in the attempt to extract the tourist coin, were busy opening letters and papers, dipping into the

confused jumble of the news of a whole month in a bunch, and that, at least, a fortnight old. In time the whistle sounded its warning, the anchor left the coral bed, the trip was resumed. Two days later there was another arrival, the inter-island boat from Auckland by way of Tongan ports. As it went out on Sunday to Fiji and on to Sydney, it was replaced by the sister ship making the same trip in the reverse order. This, too, sailed away, and on the following Wednesday the northbound mail came into port. The bustle and rush was repeated, this was the steamer which carried the letters home, carried home those who were able to get away from the place.

Then might often be seen some of the great boats of the Samoans, decorated with awnings, flags and wreaths of flowers. When some one is going away whom they regard or for whom they wish to show honor, these boats are employed, with the music of farewell songs and cheerings to put their friend aboard the steamship for his voyage. It is a frequent sight and not at all an unusual one to the residents, although the tourist passengers are undoubtedly duly impressed. On such occasions one always hears the favorite parting song of the Samoans to their friends, it was written by a native poet in honor of Admiral Kimberly when he sailed home after the hurricane which wrecked his flotilla. The chorus is the most noteworthy part of the music; while the verses are frequently altered to suit other occasions, the chorus remains the same. It is given in the native text as a fair specimen of native versification

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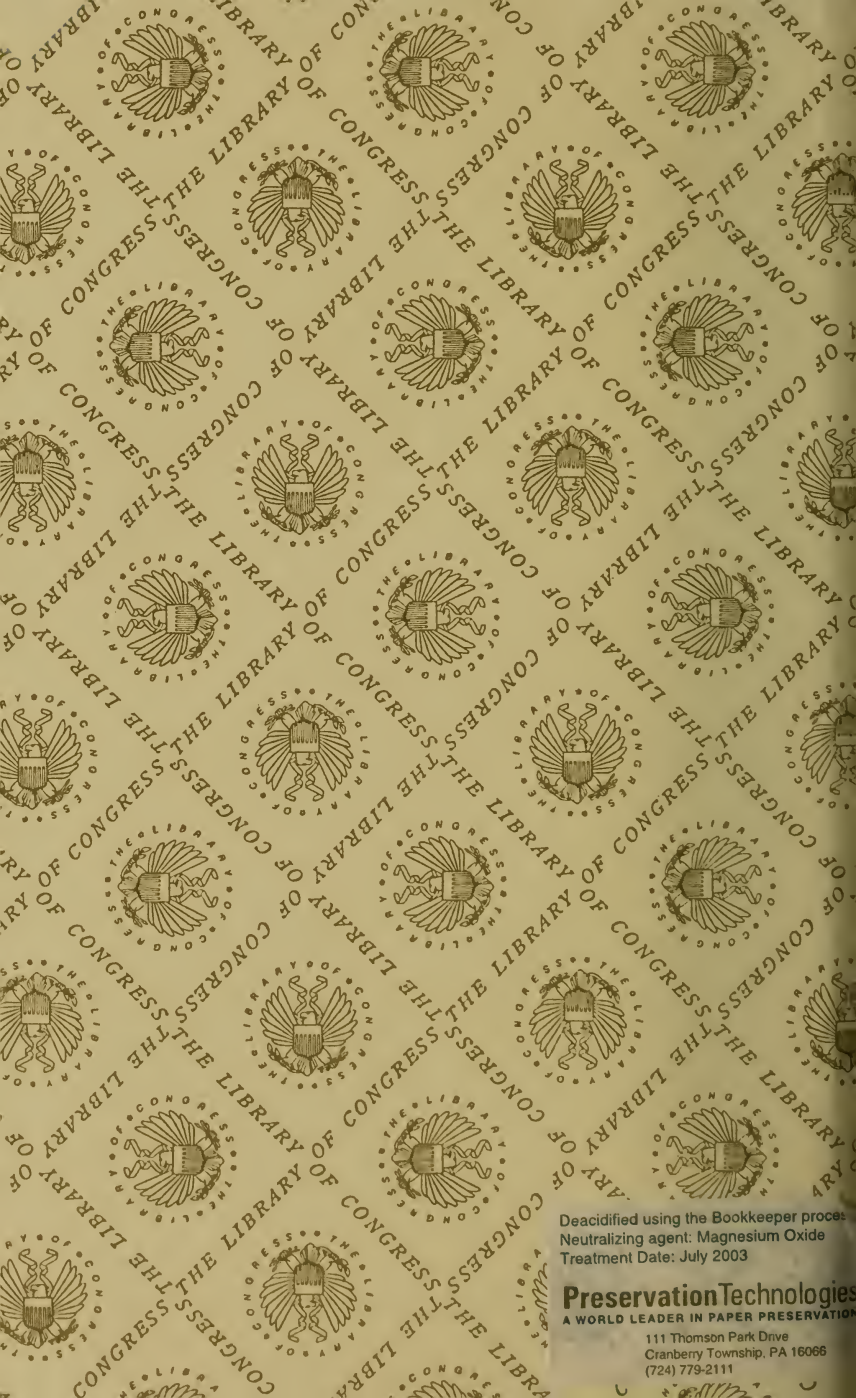
and accompanied with a literal translation. The first line is intentionally in imitation of the English of it.

Tutu-pai, mai feleni!
'O le ā 'ou te'a,
A folau le va'a
O le ali'i-pule Meleke.
Ne'i galo mai Apia
Si 'ou ta 'ele'ele,
A e manatua mai pea
'O le 'aupasese.

Good-bye, my friend,
I am about to lose thee,
And the ship is sailing
Of the American ruling chief.
Forget not thou Apia
My own dear soil,
But may remembrance endure
Among the passengers.

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