

SUSPENSERS.

Society has frowned on the masculine suspenders. So the suspender must go—has gone almost, say those who sell wearing apparel for men. It's the age of the belt. Manly shoulders must be unhampered by straps; only the patient diaphragm is to be subjected to a harness. So passes another useful device, sacrificed to fastidiousness. We used to eat mashed potatoes with a knife till someone with supercilious manners came along and told us the fork was the proper utensil for that important duty. Formerly people poured out their hot coffee into saucers, "blew" it cold and then drank it from saucers, all unconscious of the terrible impropriety involved. Nor was it formerly considered an indication of boorish origin for one to sip tea from a spoon. Oh, these changing times! Suspenders gone the way of the bicycle and the crocheted necktie! Is no one bold enough to do them reverence? Fashion is a tyrant. It takes no cognizance of man's various shapes—his embonpoint, his fullness or deficiency of girth—it merely issues a fiat and expects all to obey. The time is opportune for a new declaration of independence. Let every man who prefers suspenders to a belt buy a pair forthwith and wear it in defiance of the world.

Some people are determined not to let Christopher Columbus rest in peace. Not long ago a celebrated Jewish rabbi insisted that the great explorer was a Jew, and now comes a member of the Royal Geographical society with the claim that Columbus was a Spaniard and not an Italian. The Spanish scientist says that the veil of mystery that has for four centuries enshrouded the cradle of Columbus has at last been torn aside to reveal him without doubt or argument as a Spaniard. Dr. Horta says that the Italian lineage of the discovered was accepted because there was no "authentic, respectable and authorized historic documents" to prove to the contrary. On the other hand, the Spanish historian says the only accepted proof of the Italian birth of Columbus was his own statement that he was born in Genoa.

An Englishman in Shanghai was twitting the eldest son of Dr. Sun Yatzen about his father's cosmopolitanism. "Nobody knows for certain where your father was born," he said. "Canton claims him and so does Honolulu. Before the revolution he had not been here in China for many years. The English port of Hongkong was the nearest he ever approached. I don't see how your father can call himself a Chinaman, and in fact, I don't know what to call him." "Part of what you say is true," answered the son of the famous patriot. "For fifteen years my father was a man without a country, but now," and the boy smiled proudly, "a country has been made for him."

Ireland is to send a deputation to this country to protest against the landing at Queenstown of certain mentally defective persons alleged to be Irish and having Irish names, but declared to be from other countries of origin than Ireland. These objectionable are excluded from the United States as undesirable immigrants. It is said they have no claim on Ireland. Certainly they have no claim on the United States.

The mines department of Canada is preparing an official announcement that the effective smelting of Canadian ores is a commercial possibility. The iron business has undergone a revolution every few years for more than a century. Is another due? Will it result in the general adoption of electric smelting?

Scientific experiments demonstrating that caffeine is fatal to rabbits and that nicotine paralyzes the optic nerve, should impress the public. Hereafter no truly humane persons will give the rabbits coffee for their breakfasts, nor put cigars, smoking or chewing tobaccos in their own or others' eyes.

In New York there is a man who has been married 11 times. Nobody except a New York water could pay alimony to ten women.

London has a hotel that has gained fame through its onions. Certainly a smart bid to fame.

A naturalist informs us that the lobster is becoming extinct, but the two-legged variety we have with us always.

A college professor has solved the mystery of the curve ball, but it takes a horny handed lowbrow to hit 'em where they ain't.

Bossy, the hygienic cow, now looks hungrily upon her owner's straw hat that will soon be hers to devour.

A Texas editor declares that he had read the Congressional Record regularly for two years. Perhaps he is taking it as a remedy for a chronic case of insomnia.

New York immigration officials are detaining a man who speaks nothing but Latin and Greek. That man should have landed at Boston.

Getting the speed mania is one form of insurance against old age.

Samoan Ceremonials

F. W. Pickard



ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO THE KING

WITH the mild persistence characteristic of their race, the natives of Samoa have declined to permit the white man to abolish the habits and customs that developed in their beautiful islands during the long centuries before the conquering stranger came. They have dropped their primitive religion and become Christians—on the surface, at least. The "mission girls" allow themselves to be clad from neck to heel in white "Mother Hubbards" and in Apsia all the women wear some scanty covering for the upper part of the body, though none of them will put on shoes and stockings except while attending church. But in most other respects these lovable brown people live as they always have lived.

This is notably true concerning the ceremonies, those of daily observance as well as those which mark some great occasion. It was my good fortune to be in Samoa at a time when it was possible to witness various ceremonials not often seen. Malietoa was recently dead, Mataafa was elected king by a majority of the people and Tanu had been chosen by the minority and, what was more important, by the Protestant missionaries. From all parts of the little archipelago the adherents of Mataafa had assembled on Mullinua Point, just outside Apia, and there took place almost daily some decidedly picturesque doings.

Biggest and best of these, naturally, was the coronation of the white-haired old chief, though the word is a misnomer for there was no crown. Mataafa sat alone in the center of a large open space, and all around, in the shelter of palms and banana trees, were thousands of natives and the entire white population of Upolu island. The king's own house was turned over to the consuls, naval officers and other distinguished persons. When all was ready five ancient "talking men" representing the chief districts, advanced until within a hundred feet of Mataafa and delivered long addresses to him upon his duties as ruler, concluding with the administering of what passed for the oath of office. The king replied with utmost dignity, rising to speak, and the talking men thereupon closed in on him and anointed his head with a sacred oil. His majesty then retired amid the loud cheers of his people, and the rest of the afternoon and the evening was given up to feasting. The innocent revelers were not lessened by the fact that bloody war was imminent. On the other side of the town were encamped the forces of Tanu, and to precipitate the conflict there was needed only the decision of the white judge of the supreme court that Mataafa's election was invalid. That came later, and so did the fighting.

Next day we all went out again to see a "talofofo," or food procession. Once more Mataafa sat in state, and before him filed his subjects, a long line of men, women and children. Leading the delegation from each district or village was its especial taupo, the maiden who is designated official hostess of her village and who retains the office until her marriage. She was attired only in the old-time lava lava, or skirt of bark cloth, and her ornaments consisted of flowers, wreaths and pieces of palm oil. Chanting some ancient song in archaic language, she danced in advance of the slowly moving and chanting procession for some fifty yards and then walked until the talking men who led it reached her side. This was repeated all along the beautiful pathway until the "talofofo" was reached. As each person passed the king he or she tossed in a heap before his majesty some article of food. One might bring a live pig, trussed up and smelling; another a squawking fowl, or a fine fish wrapped in fresh leaves; another a huge bunch of bananas; or a basket of pineapples. But not one was without his offering, even if it was but a breadfruit or a piece of taro. So, dancing and singing, the parade passed, and then, without any sense of the ridiculous, broke up, turned back and helped the king eat up all the gifts. That was indeed a monster feast.

Perhaps the people ate up Mataafa's food with the less compunction because they knew how abstemious he was. One morning I called on his majesty by appointment and found him at his breakfast. The royal meal consisted of a bowl of kava and two bananas; big purple ones of a variety not known here; and the king courteously offered to share the fruit with me. Grave, wise-looking and big physically, mentally and morally, Mataafa sat there cross-legged in his simple hut and chatted with me about his loved friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, munching his banana and driving away the flies with his fly-flapper. He was a true nobleman and his death last summer deserved more than the four-line



SAMOAN GIRL IN WEDDING ATTIRE



TALUPO AND TALKING MEN DRINKING THE TALOLO



SAMOAN GIRLS MAKING KAVA

notice it received in the newspapers. Perhaps the German papers paid some tribute to his memory, for the Germans in Samoa, though they could not maintain him on the throne against the Americans and the British, recognized his worth by making him high chief of German Samoa after the partition of the islands.

The making and drinking of kava is a daily ceremony of the Samoan household. Kava is their ordinary beverage, but there is never any relaxation of the formal etiquette connected with its consumption. It is made and served usually quite early in the morning. Already the members of the family have taken their daily bath in the sea or, preferably, in a stream or fresh water pool, and the women have dressed their abundant black locks. The big wooden kava bowl is taken down from the hut post and the maidens prepare the dried root of the piper methyestemum. Formerly they chewed it after carefully rinsing out their mouths, but in later times it usually is grated. One of the girls sits in front of the bowl and pours water upon the kava, meanwhile stirring it with a mass of fibrous root which serves as a strainer. This from time to time she tosses over her shoulder to another girl, who shakes from it the debris and throws it back into the bowl. Every motion, the stirring, the tossing, the shaking, is done in a stated way that must not vary.

Finally the drink is brewed and the fact is announced by the clapping of hands. This is a general invitation to everyone within hearing to enter and participate, and the sound is a welcome one to the thirsty wayfarer. Neighbor and stranger are alike welcome. When all are seated in a circle as large as the house permits, the maiden who made the kava proceeds to serve it. Filling to the brim the polished, thin shell of a half a coconut, she sends it by another girl to the member of the household or the guest who is highest in rank. He receives the shell in both hands, and with the salutation "mannia"—good health and fortune—empties it at a single draught. To remove the cup from the lips before it is empty is a serious breach of etiquette. The newcomer in the islands finds this somewhat of a task, for at first kava is not a delectable beverage, tasting much like soapuds. But the liking for the drink grows rapidly and one soon admits that it is both refreshing and delightful.

Having emptied his cup of kava, the drinker returns the shell to the maiden by spinning it across the floor, never by the hand of the girl who brought it to him. My first attempt to do this sent the cup so far wide of the mark that it altogether upset the gravity of the occasion and covered me with confusion. Not only in the morning does the kava drinking take place. It marks all important events or conferences, and once it was my privilege to be present when every single point of old-time etiquette was rigidly observed, even to the chewing of the kava root by the maidens. I had carried to Mullinua an important bit of information for the Mataafa leaders—a tip that the British were to land a party of marines to search the point for weapons—and while the guns were being hastily concealed in the bush or carried aboard canoes, the leaders were assembled to discuss the news. As they talked three really handsome taupo maidens prepared the kava in the good old-fashioned way, and so nicely was it done that I had no desire to decline the cup even

if common courtesy had not demanded that I accept it without hesitation. Perhaps in writing of ceremonies the marriage ceremony should not be omitted. But that rite, as we know it, really is omitted by the Samoans, except those who have been educated by the missionaries. The latter always demand a "mission marriage," and their natives still are satisfied with the ancient forms, which consist in the main of an exchange of presents and a feast. Divorce with them is even easier, for the dissatisfied one merely leaves his or her mate. But while the marriage is in force the Samoan sets an example to more civilized peoples in the matter of conjugal faithfulness. Lack of dress does not necessarily mean laxity of morals, the opinion of the casual tourist to the contrary notwithstanding.

HOW ANIMALS LIVE IN WINTER. Winter is coming, and the wild creatures in the north are preparing for the cold months. Some, like the squirrel, store up food, but many more go to bed to sleep through the cold days when food is scarce. This winter sleep is called hibernation. Each animal chooses some comfortable place for its long rest. The woodchuck rolls up in a burrow in the hillsides; the coon and bear find caves among the rocks. Many of the warm-blooded animals do not sleep all winter, but take long naps from which they awaken on warm days. The cold-blooded creatures hibernate, too. Snakes knot themselves up under a log or rock; toads, wood frogs and tortoises push down in the soft earth; mud turtles and water frogs bury themselves in the bottom of shallow streams and ponds. They all sleep until hunger wakes them, and the first thing they do in the spring is to hunt for a good meal. If you want to see something hibernate it is easy to keep a box tortoise or a water turtle all winter, in a box of earth and moss with a pan of water at one side. Before they go to sleep don't forget to feed them every two or three days bits of raw meat or earthworms. They do not care to eat every day and are able to go a long time without food. A box tortoise which a boy has had in the house for two years went to sleep the first winter just as though he were out in the cold, but the second winter he only took short naps and had become so tame he would eat out of the hand.—Mabel R. Goodlander in the Churchman.

A Slight Mistake. "What are you doing here? I should not think such an out-and-out horseman as you would find pleasure in a musical farce." "I don't care anything about the farce. I came to see the ponies they said were in the piece."

Mutual Distrust. "You wouldn't tell a trusting girl things you didn't mean, would you?" "No, indeed," he answered. "Say, you wouldn't ring in a dictograph on a fellow, would you now?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Superfluous. "Why does a ship have to have an anchor?" "To keep her fast when she is at a port or where she wants to stop." "But doesn't she always keep her hold?"

World's Largest Freight Ships. The largest vessels in the world designed for carrying freight exclusively are the Col. James M. Schoonmaker and the William T. Snyder Jr., built for operation on the Great Lakes. They measure over 617 feet, molded beam 64 feet, molded depth 33 feet, with a dead weight carrying capacity at 20-foot draught of 13,200 tons. The vessels carry water ballast in side tanks and in a double bottom which is 6 feet deep. The total water ballast capacity is 9,440 tons. Each vessel is equipped with a quadruple expansion engine of vertical inverted type with an estimated horsepower at ninety revolutions per minute of 1,900.

GOATS USED AS FIRE PREVENTERS

California forest fire fighters have hit upon a practical idea to prevent the spread of conflagrations. In their primeval forests when a fire has once started it is liable to devastate enormous tracts of country, and so the fire fighters make huge cleanings—or breaks, as they are locally termed—on the possible line of fires. These breaks, which are fifty feet wide or so, according to the height of the forests, are, however, rapidly filled with new vegetation, and so keep it from destroying the usefulness of the fire breaks, thousands of goats are being pastured free of charge by the government in order to keep down the growths of weeds and brush. Goats will perform this service while picking up a living, thus saving the forest service much money every year, which would otherwise go to gangs of

men armed with hoes and other weed exterminators. Such small growths are a serious menace in case of forest fires, as during the dry season they will carry the flames right across the barrier designed to check them, and then no one knows what will happen.

IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BY WM. A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 135 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

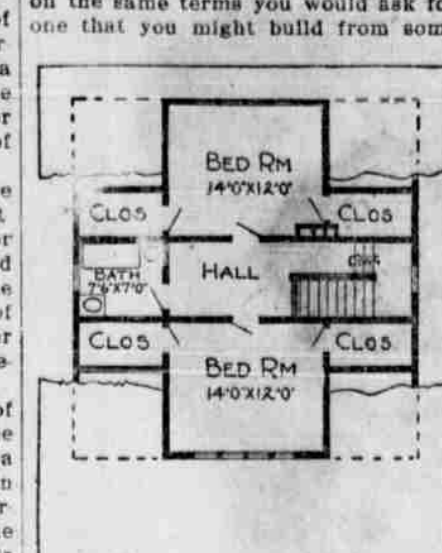
take to him the plan of the house shown here and say: "Now, you are in the business of building and selling houses on small payments. You want your customers satisfied. Probably you are going to build a number of houses in the next few months. Now, here is a house that just suits me. If you will build it I will take it on the same terms you would ask for one that you might build from some

It is true that many thousands of city dwellers who have, in the natural love of the country, a love for a home with grounds and gardens are unable to have what they desire for various reasons, principally because of a lack of means.

City dwellers are compelled for the most part to live in flats or apartments with never a look at trees or grass. Privacy so much to be desired is out of the question because of the common hallway; and the tramping of feet overhead is a constant reminder that the place is not a home but merely a place to stay.

The whole idea of the builders of city "homes" is to economize space and get all the rooms possible on a given piece of ground in order to gain revenue. All sight is lost of the artistic and everything must bend to the one purpose of income. The occupants live alone and constantly dream of a little cottage with a few vines and a garden place in the back yard, and a place for the children to play where they will not be under the constant espionage of a janitor with a grouch.

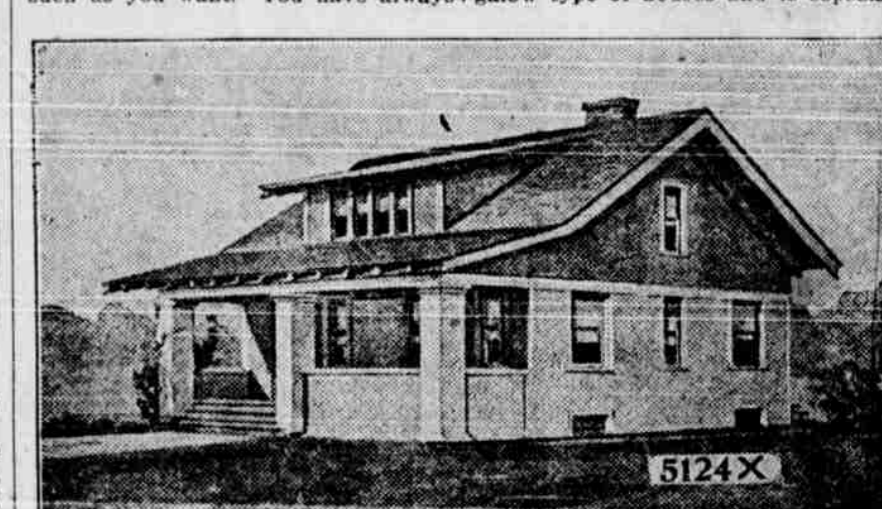
This is all wrong and it is unnecessary. You may be a salaried man. You may think you cannot do any different. You have not the money to buy the ground, it is true, and authorize a builder to put you up a house such as you want. You have always



Second Floor Plan.

other plan. I will sign the contract now.

There is no probability that the ordinary real estate man would refuse your terms. And what would you have? You would have the same house you would get if you owned a lot and built on it. Now, the house shown here is one of the popular bungalow type of houses and is especial



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thought that even if you bought a house you must take one already made by some real estate firm and pay their high price.

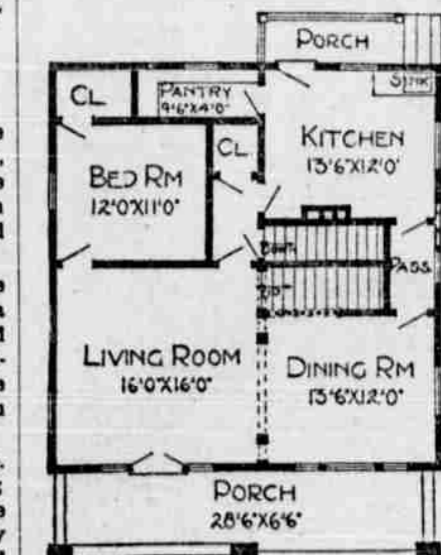
Now listen. The real estate man has selling expense. He has advertising bills, office rent, clerk hire, maintenance of salesmen, and many other

ly attractive on account of the fact that the porch is included under the roof of the house. Nor is it expensive. It ought to be built complete for \$2,600.

This house is 31 feet, 6 inches wide and 33 feet long. It has an attractive porch with strong lines. The design is one that will make every person look at the house as he passes by; and it is one that will always sell, if at any future time conditions should arise that would cause you to want to dispose of it. That you cannot do with a house, unlike this one, has no individuality.

There is a large living room 16 feet square, and at the right of this is the dining room 13 feet, 6 inches by 12 feet in dimensions. The kitchen is reached from the dining room through a passageway. This is a good arrangement for the reason that all smoke and steam from the kitchen will be kept out of the dining room. One of the good features about this house is the fact that it is well lighted, and every room will be bright and cheery.

The second floor is reached by a stairway leading from the living room. On this floor are two bedrooms which, with the one on the first floor, provides three in all. The bathroom is located at the end of a hall that extends through the house, thus assuring plenty of air on summer nights through the windows at each end. An unusual arrangement and one that will appeal to every housewife is the fact that there are six closets in this house, providing plenty of storage place.



First Floor Plan.

expenses in addition to his profit, that figure in the price of any given house. It is safe to say that this real estate man would be glad to eliminate this expense if he could make a deal that did not involve all these factors. He builds to sell. Suppose you were to

HOUSING PROBLEM IN ITALY

Really Helpful Scheme That Has Been Started by Prince of the Roman Church.

In Italy a Roman cardinal has gone beyond mere discussion, beyond the forming of societies and committees for the relief of the ill-housed. Cardinal Cassetta has given up many acres of his own private lands to be divided in lots among the poor peasants of the district, and has moreover provided them with materials for building their own cottages for themselves. The property thus given is to be under the direction of the communes of each district. The big land owners of the country are not exactly pleased. "The cardinal is a Socialist," was the cry raised by many, and they went so far as to complain to the pope. Pope Plus sent for his cardinal. But it was only to say, after learning full particulars: "Eminence, your theories are those of Jesus Christ; I give my blessing to the good work you are doing for the laborers of the land."—The Living Church.

Business Before Pleasure.

Edwin Booth, the barytone, tells of an experience he had recently in an Ohio town. He had been engaged to sing by a local chautauqua association and when he alighted from the train the chairman met him. "If it rains this afternoon we will have rehearsal at three o'clock," the chairman announced to the singer. "If it doesn't rain the rehearsal will be held at five o'clock." The effect of rain on rehearsals puzzled Booth and finally he asked the chairman to explain. "Well, it's like this," he was told. "Our pianist drives the sprinkling wagon. If it rains he won't have to sprinkle and can be with us at three o'clock. Of course, if it doesn't rain he will have to sprinkle and—" "Oh, I understand," Booth interrupted. "It's a case of business before pleasure."

Chicagoan's Auto Invention.

Franklin J. Morgan of Chicago has patented an arrangement in connection with a steering mechanism at one side of the body of an automobile of three seats disposed in a single row and each comprising a complete seat and back. One of the end seats is located immediately in rear of the steering mechanism and the middle seat is abruptly offset in the rear of the line of the adjoining end seats and its back is correspondingly offset. The occupants of the middle seat is so situated that he will not cause any interference with the steering operations.