



A BUNCH OF TARO

# EMANCIPATED WOMAN IN THE SOUTH SEAS



NATIVE WOMEN AT THEIR MEAL OF FISH AND POI



WOMAN PULLING TARO FOR POI



WOMAN has emancipated herself in the tropical isles of the Pacific. Once she did all the drudgery, now she makes leis of flowers for the men to wear about their heads while they do the hard work necessary to support the family. At best the Polynesian woman will only work with her husband, but never for him. The beautiful results of her industry of long ago in the South Seas, when man was master, are almost things of the past, to be found nowadays as price-less relics in the museums of the world.

In the good old days before a Hawaiian queen celebrated the death of her warrior husband by declaring nothing taboo or forbidden to her sex, the Hawaiian woman lived on a slim diet. She might make nets and catch fish for her husband, but she could not eat them, nor could she dine off the same mat, made by her hands, from which her lord and master ate, nor could she even eat in the presence of her own son whom she brought into the world.

Once the "taboo" was removed, the woman became the equal of the man, and the arts languished. When kings could command and kill the disobedient, rulers of Hawaii wore a robe of feathers that took many women a century to complete, and thousands of men as long to gather the few feathers that each wild bird of the mountains



NATIVE FOUNDING TARO TO MAKE POI

supplied for the royal robe of yellow, valued at a million dollars, the most costly royal robe in existence, and the handicraft of savage women who have long forgotten the art that once was theirs, when their fingers created feather robes for their husband chiefs to wear.

Today when a royal personage dies in Hawaii, ancient kahilis, or wands of feathers, are carefully reconstructed by those who still preserve the art of putting them together, and after the royal interment they are again taken apart and put carefully away. In days of old even queens worked on these, and even the present ex-Queen Liliuokalani worked with her own hands a feather wand that preceded to the grave poor Queen Emma, last descendant of the first American to make Hawaii his home. Again this kahili was carried before the funeral cortege of Prince David, and will in time precede Liliuokalani herself to the last resting place of Hawaiian kings and queens, the royal mausoleum.

Sometimes one may still observe a family of women in Hawaii wearing one of the old-time, all but priceless mats, but it is tedious work and the over-educated college-bred girl of Hawaii does not take toll kindly. Besides the art must be learned in childhood when the fingers are supple, and nowadays the public schools have truant officers and every family a sewing machine. Every Hawaiian girl, however, is an adept at weaving wreaths and chains of flowers. The lei women are one of the sights of Honolulu. For the man she loves the Hawaiian girl will still weave a hat of native fibre around which she will make a band of feathers to express her "aloha" or love for the wearer.

As the native arts and industries in the South Seas are abandoned one by one before the onward march of civilization, the aboriginal of the tropics are left idle, quickly forget how to work and pass away. In the good old days it took a muscular cannibal full six months to chop out with primitive stone implements his log canoe. In New Zealand the most expert wood carvers were employed for years at a stretch fashioning with stone hatchets the headpiece for a war canoe. In every South Sea village the sound of the women beating out tapa cloth was heard from morning till night, but nowadays all these things are done in a twinkling by machinery in civilized lands, sold to the South Sea Islanders for the coconuts they pick up under the trees. There is no further incentive for them to work, so nature seems to say to them, "Then why live?" Civilization has clothed the savage and robbed him of his handicrafts, but it has not yet succeeded in making him work for the white man, as the white man wishes him to work.

In the good old days of the great king Kamehameha, some ninety odd years ago, every Hawaiian man was a warrior, skilled in the construction of artistic war clubs and double canoes almost as large as modern ships. The women

wove some of the most wonderful feather robes ever worn by royalty, and to this day the few old natives who still preserve alive the art of beating tapa cloth, turn out designs the like of which is to be found nowhere else in the Pacific, real works of art, while the few Hawaiian mats that are still woven rank above any made in the South Seas. Modern aniline dyes have lightened the labors of the Hawaiian remnant of native cloth makers, but I have many a time come across the Fijian men and women in their forests working all day long with a will digging roots and herbs from which to extract colors. The time has not yet quite come in Fiji when all the population may sit with hands folded, waiting for the end.

but all over the South Seas the handicraft of the native workmen is becoming more and more a rarity to be snapped up for preservation in the world's great museums.

In New Zealand it is a penal offense to attempt to export a bit of Maori carving, no living Maori may be employed upon a bit of native art work for a foreigner, no matter what the price offered the workman may be, he must sell to the government. In the New Hebrides, wood carving is all but a lost art. Today in the native villages, in the home of a chief where the old filigree woodwork dividing the hut in two rooms still stands, only the very oldest workers in the villages can repair it properly. Where there are no old men, clumsy patchwork is made of it, and as for the young men, they know nothing whatever of the art. Practically it has already died out.

I had seen the Pandanus tree growing in Hawaii. I have even sat down and watched the Hawaiians who, in spite of their childhood spent in the public schools, still preserve the art of mat making, and seated upon the flooring of their modern piazzas, their legs under them, keep their fingers busy with the long strips of leaves that some one else has dried and cured for them. It was not until I had spent some time among the Fijians that I met those who collect their own leaves and follow the process of mat making from start to finish.

The woman's work in the South Seas is to help the man. He builds the canoe, she helps to paddle it; she creates pottery, he takes it to a market; he climbs to cut down the ripened coconut, she weaves the baskets that carry the dried kernel or copra to the trader. If tapa is to be made the man helps to gather the bark. And so it goes, the South Sea island woman has nearly everywhere in the Pacific achieved her emancipation, owns her own sewing machine and bids a cheerful "koha" (farewell) to the industries at which her mother was an artist. She has attained equality with man, but the world has lost something that she might gain everything.

## Peace Made The Quaker Face

What made the Quaker face? Not a broad brimmed hat or a gray bonnet, as the flippancy assert. Costume will not make it, as you may prove for yourself at the next masquerade. In part, it was the mysticism, the reserve and the self-reliance of the Quaker mind. These things were the very essence of the society, and they led to a subconscious command to be silent, to be calm, to hide the emotions of the too often rebellious heart, which in turn helped to mold the faces one sees in the portraits and among the Friends still left who belong to the old rule.

It used to be said in our Quaker town that one could tell by their manners the children who had been sent to the Friends' school, because once a week in meeting they had to sit for an hour in perfect quiet. Think of a family, of a community, where the heart was put under discipline for life! But this is not all, for I have left out the causes which were chiefly responsible for the most charming element of the features of the old Friends—an enduring peace. There have been unpeaceful Quakers and unpeaceful Quakeresses. More than one member of our meeting, so I am told, stamped out of First Day service and slammed the door behind them when the unorthodox Hicksites began

their preaching. I have heard that one of our ancestresses was a scold, and there was Cousin Amelia, who used to shake her finger at an obstinate driver when he refused to uncheck his horse, and say: "Just wait till thee gets to the next world. Then thee'll see what will happen!"

As I have remarked, the Quaker project was not always successful. But for once popular opinion is quite right—the Quaker face, particularly the Quaker woman's face, was transfused with peace. Is it not natural? Where could be found "the world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil," if not in the older communities of Friends—communities in which prudence and self-control kept away poverty; where not only war, but strife also, and civil and domestic discord, were banned so explicitly that it was forbidden to decide by majorities at meeting; where rivalry in dress and in station were restrained as far as fallible human nature would permit? How could peace fall to be resident in a society which believed that God was not in his heaven, but among us, and that as long as one lived without affectation, did the daily task, kept the heart tender and the body pure, all was right with the world?—Henry Seidel Canby, in the Century Magazine.

**Bad for Her Child.**  
"I see that your husband is taking one of your neighbor's children as a caddy when he goes on the golf links."  
"Yes."  
"But why doesn't your own son go with him? Doesn't he like to carry his father's clubs?"  
"Yes, but I put a stop to it when I found out what terrible language my husband uses when he foomles. I made him get another boy or drop the game."

**Lazy Little Prue.**  
Sue—Wouldn't you just like to be as happy as a lark?  
Prue—No, indeed. Think of the time they have to get up.—Lippincott's.

**Compensation.**  
Tailor—The last suit I made for you was a little tight, so I am making this one loose. I give every one a square deal.—Pele Mele.

**Explained.**  
Ascum—Tell me, which is proper? Would you say, "It is possible for two to live on \$10 a week" or "on \$10 weekly?"  
Wise—Well, I'd say: "It is possible for two to live on \$10 a week weekly."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Warning Off.**  
Impetuous Nobleman—Sir, I understand you have a peerless daughter.  
Old Moneybags—Yes, and you might as well understand first as last, that she is going to stay peerless as far as you fortune hunters are concerned.

**A Roland for An Oliver.**  
"Mr. Stint, I want to marry your daughter."  
"Would you promise me, sir, to support her in the way to which she has been accustomed?"  
"Oh, no, sir, I wouldn't be that mean to her."

# WHO WHO and Why

## HEADS "BIG SISTERS" SOCIETY



The organization in New York of Big Sisters, formed to work on the lines of the now eight-year-old society of Big Brothers, is the result of the individual effort of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt in the children's court.

The society has already more than a hundred members, has an office in the suite occupied by the Big Brothers, at 200 Fifth avenue, with a secretary and assistant secretary to attend to the clerical work, and to be always at the court whenever it is in session and look after little girls who need assistance when the members of the society are not able to be present.

Mrs. Vanderbilt, whose practical charitable work is illustrated in the apartment homes, with the maximum amount of sun and air, which she had put up for people with incipient cases of tuberculosis, began her visits to the children's court about two years ago. There she found representatives of Jewish and Catholic organizations do-

ing excellent work among their people, but there was no one from the Protestant denominations to make a special effort to look after the children of their churches.

There was so much work to be done that Mrs. Vanderbilt visited the courts at least once and sometimes two or three times a week, interesting herself in cases when there seemed need of assistance. Finding a little rag-tag baby at the front of the stairs she would pick it up and carry it until she found the person who was supposed to be in charge of it. She visited the children she found in need in their homes. They did not know her by name, but only knew that some one kind and motherly was interested in them.

Then, the personal equation being such an important part of the work, she interested her two sisters, Mrs. F. C. Havemeyer and Mrs. Stephen H. Olin, whose names are among the incorporators, and some of her friends also came in.

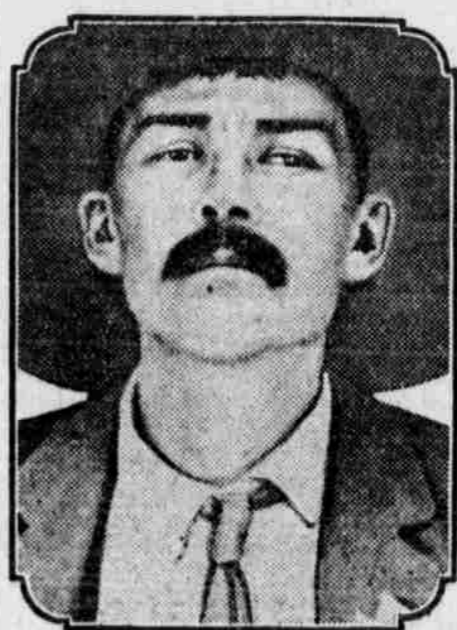
## DUKE OF ORLEANS IS HARD UP

In the diplomatic and social world in London it is believed that the duke of Orleans, who aspires to be King of France and keeps on wire pulling to that end, must be a bit short of ready cash. Otherwise no one believes that he would have sold his famous estate of Wood Norton, "the home of exiles," as he has just done, the buyer being an English judge, Sir Charles Swinfen Eady, writes a London correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



How much his worship paid his highness for Wood Norton it has proved impossible to learn, but it must have been a tidy sum, for the house itself is furnished with a magnificence in keeping with the royal state which the pretender to the throne of France has kept up there, and the property, which is located near Evesham, in the valley of the Avon, extends over 2,500 acres and takes in several parishes. The mansion, which is a handsome one, with many gables, will need a lot of alteration inside to make it a suitable home for an English magistrate, everything, from the door handles and the electric fittings to the oak panelings, being emblazoned with the fleur-de-lis of the royal house of France. However, its new owner can stand the racket, for, besides getting a fat salary as one of the judges of the court of chancery—which so many Americans believe to be keeping them out of big fortunes—he is said to have earned, as a barrister, one of the largest incomes ever made by a lawyer in England.

## DECLARES OROZCO HAS FAILED



Gen. Braulio Hernandez, formerly a leader in both of the Mexican revolutions, is now in the United States, practically an exile from his own country.

At present General Hernandez is at outs both with the government under Madero, which has had him indicted on a charge of conspiracy, and with Orozco, the revolutionary leader.

"The revolution is not a separate one from that which made Madero president," he said. "But Madero betrayed the trust of the people after becoming president by allying himself with the wealthy class and the corporations—what you call the trusts. At my call the people arose to demand what they expected from the revolution that ended in the overthrow of Diaz.

"Orozco was not with us then. Later he joined us. Then the trusts, seeing they would lose, decided to divide, half of them going to the aid of Diaz. I pleaded with him not to accept their services, but he would not listen. Now the people are fighting, but not with the same spirit."

Hernandez asserts the principles for which the present revolutionists have been fighting are revision of the codes and complete reformation of the whole judiciary system, practical and general education, to include the children of the Indian population, and the democratizing of the rural lands.

## SCHOOL FOR MOTHERS OPENED

And now we have a School of Mothercraft. It is a New York institution and is probably the only one of its kind in the world; certainly it is the only one in the United States.

Its director is Mary L. Read, who is also its originator, and among those interested in it is a list of women which might well be mistaken for an extract from the Social Register—all of them enthusiastic, helpful and convinced that in the new institution something has arisen which will very greatly tend to help the nation.

Regarding the objects of the school Miss Read said:

"The objects of the school are to provide a competent, a very practical and scientifically true course of instruction in those things which will enable the mother to make of her children the healthiest, best educated and most honorable citizens. The school goes further than that, indeed, for it aims also to help her to produce, in the first place, the right kind of a child on which to work. The practice of biology in the family includes eugenics as well as the care of the infant and the growing child. There is as much for the unmarried girl as for the married woman to learn, for the right study of eugenics will show her how and whom to marry and how and whom not to marry.

