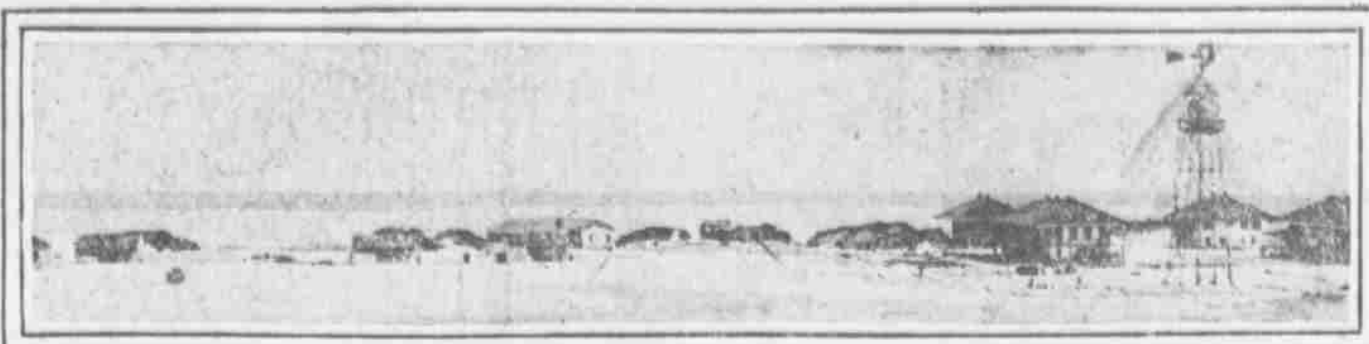


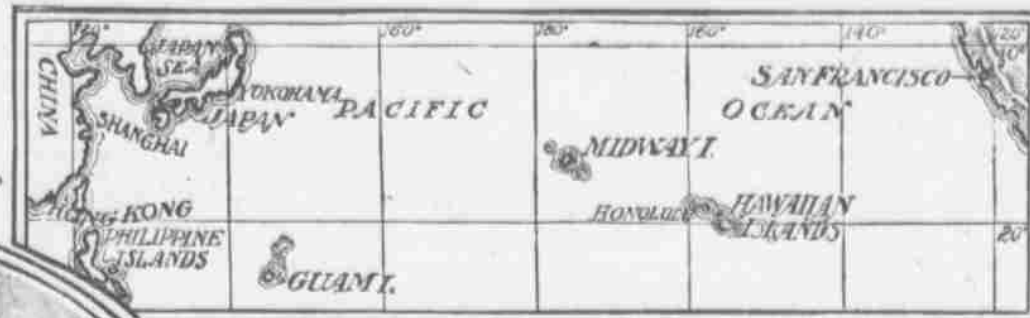
# THEATRICALS

## BY A MARBOONED SHIP COMPANY

ON AN ISLAND IN THE MID-PACIFIC



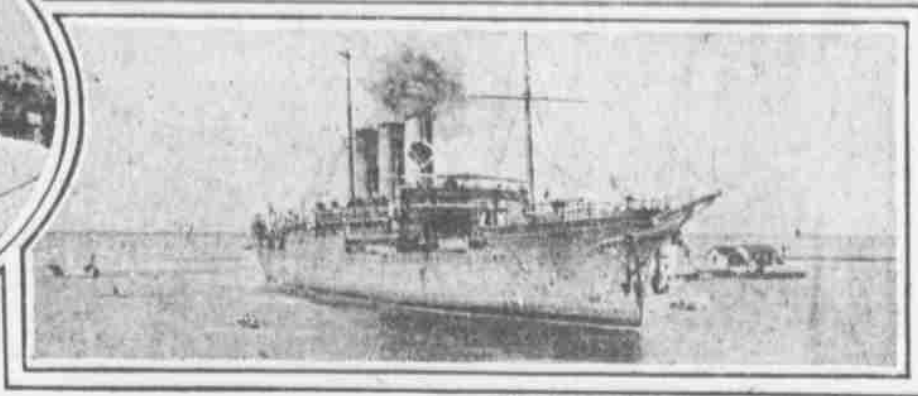
GENERAL VIEW SHOWING CABLE STATION



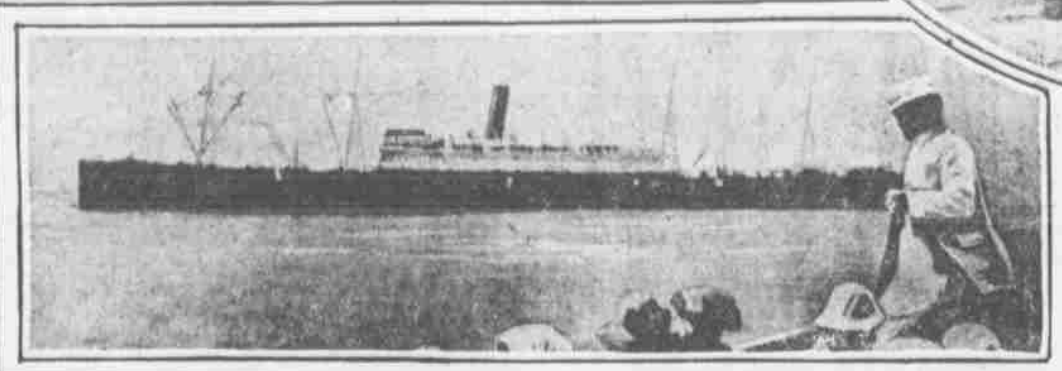
MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF MIDWAY ISLAND



PASSENGERS' QUARTERS



JAPANESE NAVAL TRAINING STEAMER THE ANEGAWA WHICH TOOK PASSENGERS TO HONOLULU



THE MONGOLIA ON MIDWAY REEF

WHAT is a most interesting narrative comes from the Pacific of a shipwreck on a coral reef in the middle of that vast ocean, the escape of the passengers to an island near by and the good times they had there until rescued by their own ship, which was finally saved by a wrecking crew from destruction on the reef.

The big steamship Mongolia, bound from Yokohama to Honolulu and San Francisco, had about five hundred Asiatic passengers and fifty cabin passengers aboard. Those little islands out in the Pacific are so small that it takes a good navigator and a sharp lookout to sight one of them. In this case the big Pacific liner had no difficulty in finding the reef bound island, for it was in the night and nobody was anxious to run ashore on an island, yet the big Mongolia performed the feat with such good seamanship that the vessel was not damaged to any great extent.

The passengers, however, considered themselves shipwrecked all the same. When daylight came they were surprised to find themselves in sight of the offices of the Sand Island cable station of the Commercial Cable Company. All kinds of life saving craft were at hand, and although the water is four or five miles deep in the back yard of the island it was only about a hundred or so feet deep in the lagoons of the reefs where the ship was stranded.

In a few hours the entire crowd of steerage and cabin passengers were transferred ashore. Then the chief steward landed a gang of cooks and assistant stewards, together with provisions, to feed them all during the seven days they were marooned on the island.

As it was anywhere from a thousand to eighteen hundred miles to Honolulu and a quarter way around the world to the great continents the passengers considered themselves lucky that they were on dry land. It was feared that rough weather might set in, with the sea sending great rollers over the reefs, pounding the ship to pieces and working havoc with the smaller boats, so the cargo was likewise removed, in hopes of lightening ship and getting her off the rocks.

Of course the Commercial Cable officials did not have sufficient supplies in store to feed so many guests, hence the congratulations when the transfer of supplies from the steamer was completed. Few shipwrecks are so fortunate as to happen within a store's throw of an ocean cable office and have communication with the world. A government transport, the Bedford, was called for to look after the passengers, while the Iroquois and the cable steamer Restorer were ordered to the island with a supply of stores.

But the passengers did not know then what was being done for them at first and many wondered if they were to become Robinson Crusoes, and kept on the island for a prolonged stay. Fortunately there were enough buildings and tents there to house them all, and when they had feasted as they never feasted before and taken a look at the country, which was less than two miles in extent, they proceeded to provide ways and means for enjoying themselves.

To appreciate their situation a few facts in regard to the place where they were wrecked may be interesting. The Midway Islands are among a dozen ocean knobs of rock extending in a straight line nearly eighteen hundred miles northwest of Honolulu. They break the long distance of nearly four thousand miles between Honolulu and Guam. The Midway Islands get their name because they are half way between Asia and America.

Two islands compose the Midway group, Sand Island, the larger, one and a quarter miles west of Eastern Island, is a mile and three quarters long by a third of a mile wide. The highest point of land on the island is but forty-three feet, and the average elevation is from three to ten feet above the ocean.

For the most part the islands are very much in appearance like Coney Island of thirty years ago, when it was a barren waste covered with sand hills as high as a house.

The Midway Islands are of dazzling white coral sand, covered in spots with bushes and grass, where the sea birds lay eggs and hatch their young. Clumps of bushes and grass dot both islands, but when the Pacific storms sweep in for thousands of miles the islands are hidden in clouds of their own sand.

It may be recalled that the United States government took possession of all those islands dotting the ocean in a north-westerly direction for nearly two thousand miles from Honolulu—that is, all those in

The Hawaiian group which came into the possession of the United States—and in 1899 the government appointed Lieutenant Commander Rodman Governor of Midway, to have the territory surveyed. In 1898 the Pacific Commercial Cable line was completed and an office opened at Sand Island, making the Midway group an important point for the cable company, for steamers and ships in general and for the government's war vessels in particular.

In 1887 the bark Wandering Minstrel was wrecked there, and Captain Walker and his family and crew, barely escaping with their lives, managed to get ashore. For fourteen months they suffered here and nearly perished. The larches were terrible. But for the fish they caught in the comparative shallow lagoons and the birds and eggs they found in the bushes they would have starved. As it was, many of the crew died of scurvy.

It is a singular fact that although Sand Island, less than two miles long, has abundance of clear, fresh, sparkling water obtained by digging only five or six feet into the sand, it did not prove healthful to Captain Walker and his crew. On Eastern Island, adjoining, and only a mile and a quarter distant, the water is not so good, but for some reason it is much healthier and there was no illness among those living on that island.

The scurvy and its dreadful ravages were confined to those living on Sand Island, which is now the headquarters of the government and the cable company. But for the coral reefs which fence in the island there would be no safety for them. The Pacific storms, with their enormous tidal waves, would overwhelm them. Between these walls of coral and the island are the lagoons, flowing with water of a dark blue color, but so clear that one sees as in a mirror far down in their crystal depths. Sharks swarm the sea outside.

As these islands are the summits of vast submarine peaks, which in bygone ages volcanoes threw up from the depths, one can form some idea of the vastness of the ocean there—a wilderness of waters stretching for tens of thousands of miles in every direction. Not far from these islands are the deepest of ocean abysses, going down from five to six miles.

Not far away is a submarine mountain, rising to within three or four hundred feet of the surface. If it had appeared above the sea its tip top point would have been called an island. It soars three or four miles up from the ocean's bed.

Such are the sublime surroundings where the Pacific steamer went ashore and its shipwrecked passengers were rescued from the shark infested reefs. They had hardly walked around the island twice when they concluded they must have some kind of amusement. Amateur theatricals were suggested and everybody said:—"Yes; give me four tickets for the first night."

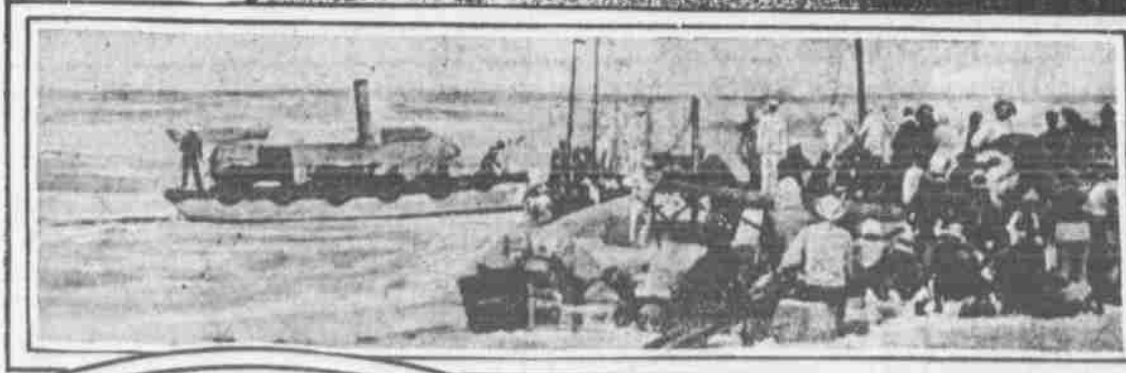
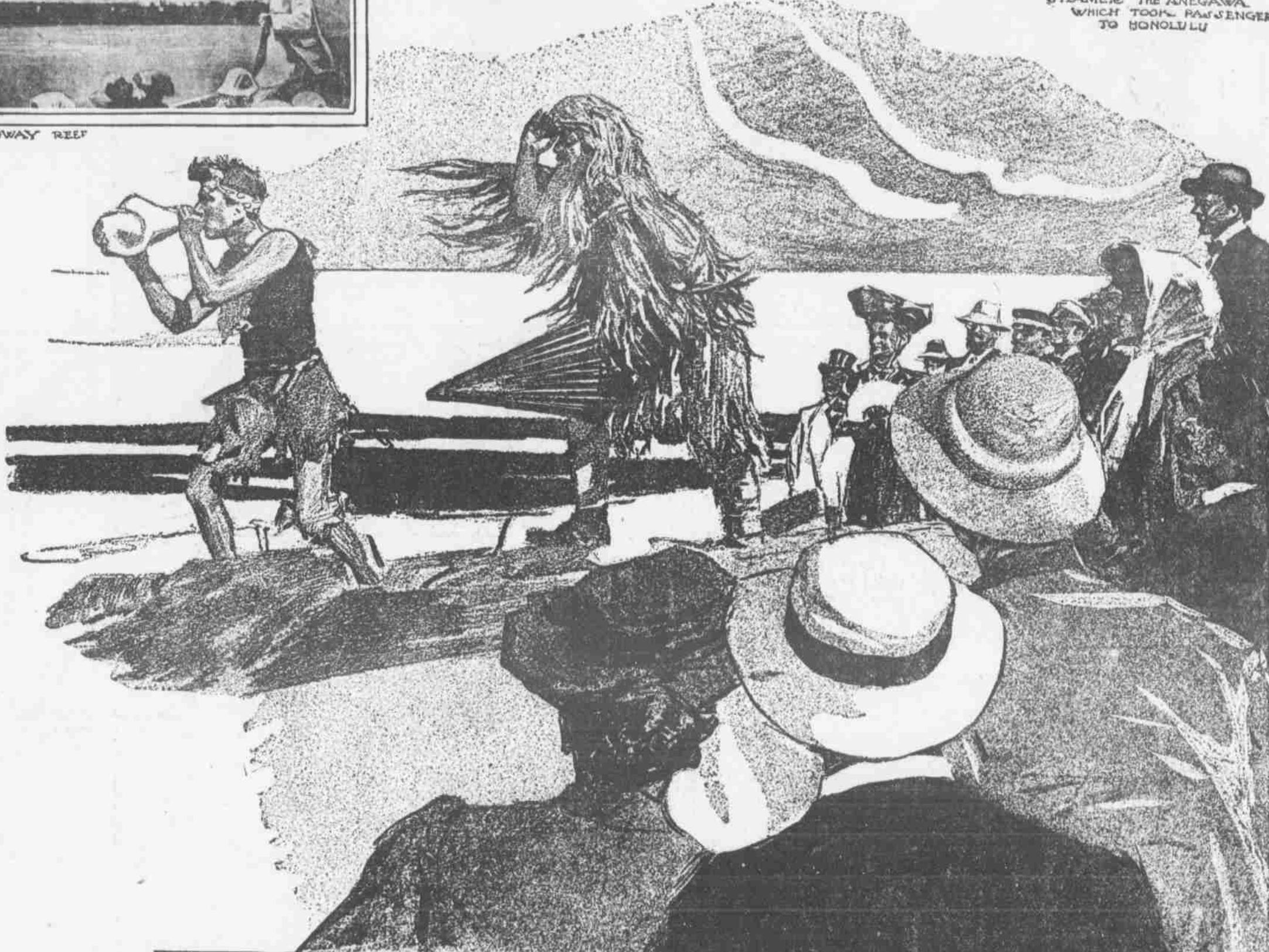
SO THEY WROTE A PLAY.

"But where are we to get a play?" The answer came instantly, "We will write one." So out there on that lone island, thousands of miles from civilization, the playwright turned up and was ready for business, just as if it were New York on old Broadway, with 150 typewriters waiting to copy the parts.

Mr. Arthur Maguire, of St. Margaret's Lodge, St. Margaret's, England, and also of Florence, Italy, offered to write the play, and quicker than Mr. Hammerstein composed his famous opera, which is said to have cost the King of Belgium ten tears, the piece was ready for production.

The author selected Midway as the scene of the play. With great skill he wrote it around the islands, the scenery, the ocean and the wreck, and all proved a hit. This is the story—Four handsome, gifted gentlemen of wealth and leisure, haughty and jaded both in America and Japan, resolve on revenge. So they formed a Women Haters' Club and went sailing around the world. Suddenly one night they were wrecked on the Midway reefs.

This opens the first act. Next the auditor beholds the tenth anniversary of their residence on the island. The dude women haters have become Robinson Crusoes—in fact, the leading character is Robinson Crusoe. He is supported by his man Friday, who applauds like any other hired rascal. When his master, Robinson Crusoe, recites a poem of his own composition, telling of his experience on the island, the man Friday goes into raptures of approval and wants a raise in salary.



PASSENGERS FROM MONGOLIA LANDING AT ISLAND



A GROUP OF THE PLAYERS

### HANDICRAFT IN INDIAN SCHOOLS.

THE Superintendent of Indian Schools recently said:—"It is the policy to preserve the native handicraft of the Indian, and the arts of their ancestors are taught in the schools wherever it is found that the children take any delight in these things. It is deemed especially important to maintain the high artistic standards which have made Indian work famous and given to it its greatest value. This involves the preserving of the symbolic tribal designs and employing only those dyes and materials which have stood the test of time and use.

In endeavoring to extend instruction in native industries it is given more prominence in the schools where tribes are represented who are adept in particular arts. Thus in schools having a number of Navahos or Moquis children competent training in blanket weaving is provided. Specific instruction is given in stringing the warp upon the hand made loom, carrying and spinning of wool and dyeing the threads to suit the pattern. The native Indians of the South half of the Navahos reservation weave annually more than \$200,000 worth of blankets, and the quality is superior to that formerly made. About one-fourth of the support of these Indians is derived from the sale of the blankets.

At the Chryseides school in Oklahoma beadwork is taught and many articles made at the school are readily sold. At Chillicothe the girls are taught bead and drawn work, at Phoenix, Ariz., girls are taught blanket and basket making and bead work, while at the Pima Training School basketry is taught. At some of the schools, especially in New Mexico, pupils are encouraged in pottery work, and some unique models in vases and jugs have been developed. Lace making and Mexican drawn work receive considerable attention in the schools of New Mexico. There has been a decided revival of handicrafts in America, and weaving on hand looms has been introduced into the curricula of various educational institutions.

the company made a highly grotesque appearance. This is the cast:—  
 Mr. Hovella, Chief of Orchestra. Mr. Standford, Musical Instruments. The Table Co.'s photograph were shown to the spot, as usual of the passengers during a voyage. A former local manager, said that although he was in the restaurant business, and rather busy in theatricals, he found that he had a few open dates, and offered to play one night engagements with the company at various points on the two islands.