

COLONIZING EXPERIMENTS IN NEW GUINEA,

LARGEST ISLAND ON GLOBE.

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THURSDAY ISLAND. Torres Strait, South Pacific Ocean. April 8.—Some of the most interesting colonial experiments of the day are taking place in New Guinea, the great island which lies on the other side of the strait, in which this letter is dated. The island has been divided up among the British, the Dutch and the Germans, and each nation is now establishing its settlements upon it and sending out exploring parties to investigate its material and scientific resources. While the past year the North German Lloyd Steamship Company has been making New Guinea one of its regular ports of call. A big syndicate, called the German-New Guinea Company, has been formed to develop that part of the island, and plantations of cotton, tobacco and rubber are being set out. The company has already three steamers and a number of sailing vessels engaged in its trade, and it is endeavoring to build up a little Germany away down here in the South Pacific Ocean. The Dutch are governing their territory through the Sultan and the native chiefs just as they rule the rest of the Dutch East Indies, and the British are managing their property on the same lines that they observe in their colonies the world over.

World's Biggest Island. Before I describe what is being done in British New Guinea I want to tell you something about the whole island. I have learned much concerning it at the capitals of the Australian states, and here at Thursday Island, where there are many New Guinea natives. More especially, however, I am indebted for my information to the Rev. H. M. Dauncey, a missionary of the Church of England, who has lived for ten years in New Guinea, and who, long before this letter is published, will be back at his home in the British part of that island. I have been traveling for several weeks with Mr. Dauncey, and it is through him that I have secured photographs of New Guinea and its people.

New Guinea is by far the largest island of the globe. It exceeds Borneo by over 10,000 square miles, and it is bigger than any country of Europe except Russia. It would make ten states as large as Indiana, six states the size of New York, and more than 57 as big as Massachusetts. From one end of it to the other it is as long as from Boston to Omaha, and at places is as wide as from Boston to Washington.

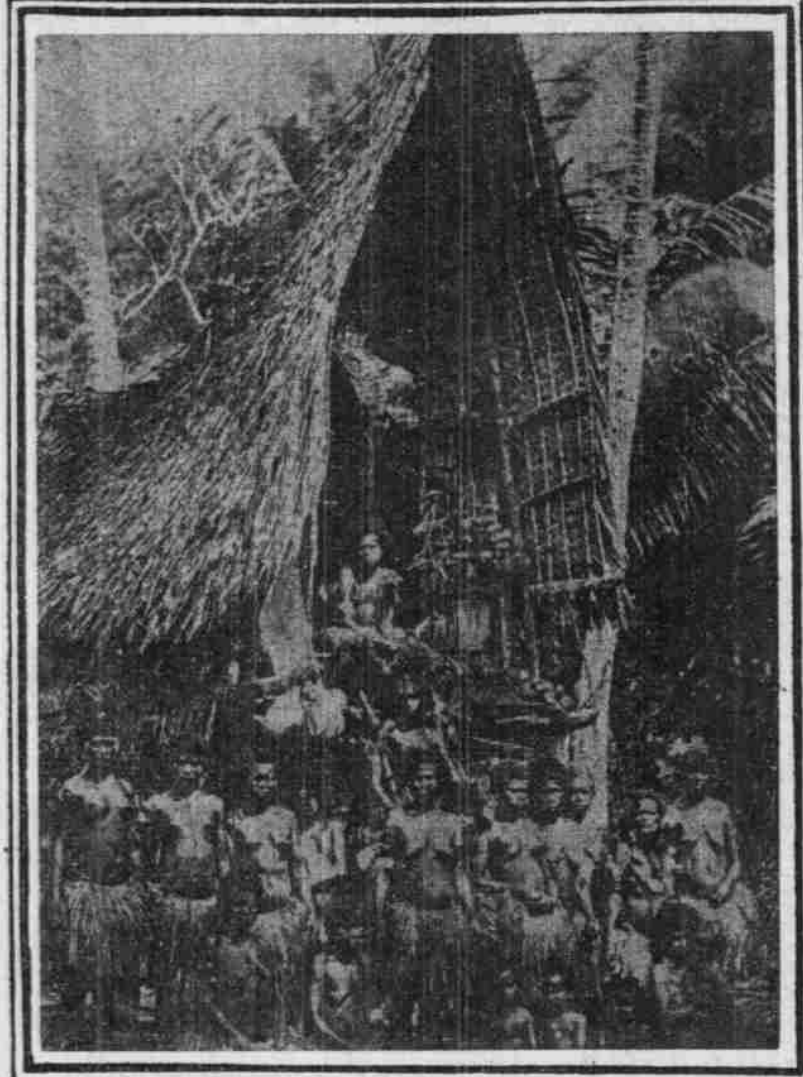
Look at it as it lies upon the map. It is just north of Australia and right under the equator, extending for ten degrees south of it. Its shape is that of a gigantic bird squatting on Torres Strait, and the Arafura Sea, with its island-festooned tail spread out on the Southern Pacific Ocean, and its ragged head looking toward the Philippines and Asia.

Wilder Than Africa. What an enormous country and how little it is known! It is wilder than Africa and less explored than any part of South America. Only the smallest part of it has ever been trodden by white men. It has savages of whom we know nothing, and plants and animals which are just beginning to be pictured in the scientific journals.

It is a land of high mountains and low, meandering plains. The tallest peaks between the Himalayas and the Andes are to be found in it. There are mountains in Dutch New Guinea supposed to be over 17,000 feet high. They are covered with snow all the year around and have never been climbed. The height of the Etna-like Mounts in the German possessions is estimated at 15,000 feet, and in British New Guinea the Owen Stanley range has several peaks of over 13,000 feet. Each colony has one great river, the Dutch having the Fly, which might be called the Mississippi of the country.

Today I write especially of British New Guinea. This is the southeastern portion of the country. The Dutch own the most land. They have the eastern half of the island, including the head and upper part of the body of the squatting bird. The northern section of the remainder belongs to the Germans, the southern, including the tail, to the British.

The British possessions are altogether about three times larger. The birds of Indiana, and they now have just about



HOUSE AND GROUP OF PAPUAN BELLES.

as many people as Cincinnati, of whom only 250 are Europeans. The colony consists of missionaries, planters, gold miners, a storekeeper or two, and Government officials.

Seat of Government. The seat of government is at the little town of Port Moresby, on the southern coast, just back of an excellent harbor. Here there is a government house, the store of Burns, Philip & Co., a church, and about 150 native houses. The church is also used as a schoolroom, and is attended by 30 native children on week days. The Government uses native policemen, and it has a force of 124 native constables, by whom order is kept.

Men who are posted tell me that New Guinea will eventually be a valuable possession. The Government is very careful in leasing or selling the lands. Only a short time ago it refused to sell 250,000 acres to the British New Guinea syndicate at 50 cents per acre, notwithstanding the syndicate offered to develop the property. It is now having numerous applications for tracts of 50,000 acres and upward, and among others Mr. Burns, of Burns, Philip & Co., has offered to invest \$50,000 if he can have 100,000 acres of land for his company.

No land is being leased or sold without the proviso that it be developed, and without continued development, the title does not pass. The Government is settling out coconut groves and rubber plantations, and there is no doubt that the colony will eventually be self-supporting. At present its expenditures are about \$7,000 a year and its revenues about \$3,000. The revenues are derived entirely from customs duties, and the smallness of both expenditures and revenues shows that the colony is still in its infancy.

There is no doubt that there is gold in New Guinea, but the mountainous parts of the country have not been touched nor prospected and the quartz possibilities are unknown. The most of the mining so far has been on some of the islands about the coast, and especially on Sudet Island, in the Lezard archipelago, at the tail of the bird where considerable placer mining is done. Some gold has been found on Woodlark Island, and quartz deposits exist along the Fly River.

There is considerable pearl fishing about

the coast, and also sponge fishing. A recent industry is the cultivation of sponges, and another, which is quite profitable, is the gathering of trepang or beche de mer.

The Rev. Mr. Dauncey tells me that American tobacco is imported by New Guinea, and that it forms the chief currency of the natives. The tobacco is made up in sticks as long as a lead pencil and as big around as your little finger. It is evidently well soaked with licorice or glucose or some other such mixture, for it is as black as jet. Such tobacco is accepted in payment for goods at the store in Port Moresby, and four sticks of it are the average pay for a day's work. Among the natives themselves tobacco is the most common currency. So many sticks will buy a hatchet or a knife, a set of pottery dishes, a fish net or a necklace. The Government buys its land of the native, where it is owned by certain families, by giving them hatchets, handkerchiefs and tobacco, occasionally throwing in a shirt, or a knife to clinch the bargain.

The natives of New Guinea are of their own kind. They are of the Papuan race, which is different from the Malays, from the aborigines of Australia and from the many other races of the Pacific. The Papuans are of many varieties. They are generally of a copper color, and they range from that to almost black. Mr. Dauncey found the smallest of the natives in the eastern end of the island, and he tells me they increase in size as you go south and west, and at the same time grow darker in color and more boisterous in disposition. They have woolly hair, but not like that of the negro. Their hair stands out from the head. It is often threaded through bamboo tubes or pipes, out of which it sticks in great tassels. It is of a springy nature, so that if you put your hand down on it, it will be thrown up, much as if you struck a hair mattress.

In the far east the men tattoo their faces and bodies in a hideous fashion. The women also tattoo, especially the upper parts of their bodies. In some places this tattooing is the only dress. In others the women wear petticoats of long leaves, frequently placing one layer upon another. In houses, these leaf skirts extend from the waist almost to the feet.



NEW GUINEA DANDY.



PAPUAN MOTHER AND BABY IN CRADLE.

and in connection with a necklace of shells or beads form the entire clothing. Sometimes the skirts are made of the fiber of bark.

The tattooing of the women often covers the whole body, and among some tribes this tattooing forms the coming-out suit of the maidens. The getting of such a suit is exceedingly painful, but Mr. Dauncey says that the girls are anxious to do it in the fashion and gladly submit to it.

How It Is Done.

The girl to be tattooed lies down on the ground, when the ink is pricked under her skin in the various patterns. Thorns are used for the pricking, and the thorn dipped into the ink is driven under the skin with a little mallet. Such dressmaking is slow, but a suit once made lasts a lifetime.

In some parts of the island it is possible to tell whether a woman is single or married by her hair, or rather the lack of it. The married women are all bald-headed, and the sensible man does not at-

tempt to flirt with a hairless female. A maiden wears her natural wool until the wedding, but after that shaves off every bit of it close to the scalp and keeps it so shaved for the rest of her life. The first shaving and, indeed, all shaving of this kind, is a serious matter. Until the foreigners came the razors were sharp flints, but now the natives use broken glass, and there is a steady demand for soda and beer bottles to break up for shaving utensils.

There are many New Guinea tribes, so Missionary Dauncey tells me, in which the men lace themselves in with rope, in order to reduce the size of their waists and stomachs. They bind bark belts from two to ten inches wide tightly about the body, compressing themselves so that full-grown men acquire waists as small as the most tightly laced of our women. It is said that the chief reason for this custom is that the men wish to persuade the women that they have small stomachs and are therefore small eaters. In New Guinea the women are the chief



TATTOOED PAPUAN GIRLS OF NEW GUINEA.

providers, and the young woman who is looking about for a husband is supposed to prize highest the man who will be most easily fed. A boy, on being asked why he laced himself so tightly, said:

"I shall have to get a wife some day, and if I have a big stomach, no one will have me."

For this reason men seldom eat in the presence of women, and prefer their meals in their clubhouses. The New Guinea natives do not believe in much fat. It is a disgrace to be fleshy, and the men dread extra adipose tissue as much as do our society women. Indeed, the anti-fat quacks could do a thriving business in New Guinea.

As to food, the people are chiefly vegetarians. They live on yams, bananas and sweet potatoes. They are not particular, however, and when they can get them will eat kangaroos, pigs, dogs, snakes and lizards. They are fond of grubs or larvae, and the women dig these out of the trees and cook them.

In many of the New Guinea tribes the men and women live apart. The men have clubhouses in which they sleep and eat. The women live in huts off by themselves, a number of wives often being in one hut. They cook their husbands' food in their huts or on the ground outside, and bring it to the clubhouse, laying it out on the veranda and calling to their husbands to come and eat. Mr. Dauncey says that it would be death to a woman to enter one of these clubhouses, and that they are reserved exclusively for the men. The houses are often of great size. They look like immense hay racks, starting from the ground and going upward until they reach the ridge of the roof. The entrance is a hole at the front. There are no windows and the houses are built so protected with mats that they keep out the mosquitoes.

Dwellers in Flats.

In other sections of the country the men and women live together, on the apartment-house plan. In some places there are houses 500 feet long and 60 feet wide, containing 60 families or more. Such a house would be divided by little partitions into stalls or pens running out to a central hall, so that going through it would be like passing through the stalls of a cow stable. In each stall a family has its quarters, the women doing their cooking inside and the smoke finding its way out as it can through the roof.

These New Guinea flats are very dark, for the walls extend almost to the floor on account of the mosquitoes, and often there is no more than two feet of wall before the roof begins. The roof, however, may reach as high as 30 feet above the floor. The material of the houses is usually poles and grass. First a framework of poles is made, and then the thatch of grass or banana leaves is tied on.

The New Guinea natives are fond of their children. They treat them well and are exceedingly affectionate. Mr. Dauncey told me that in his 10 years' intercourse with the natives he had never seen a father strike his child, and that mothers never whip their children.

A queer thing in the Papuan cradle. It is made of the fiber of the banana woven together in the shape of a bag. Into this the baby is dropped, and the bag is then hung to one of the poles of the roof of a tree and swung to sleep. If the moth-

er goes out she merely unhooks or unties the string and slings the cradle on her back, carrying her baby about as the Indian squaw does her papoose.

It is rather remarkable that the New Guinea savages have developed special trades. On the south coast there are some tribes which do nothing but fish, and others which devote themselves to farming. The farmers never fish and the fishermen do not farm. The two tribes live close to each other and exchange their respective products. The farming is largely done with sharp sticks, the men standing in a row and plunging their sticks into the ground simultaneously and thus prying up the soil. The fishermen make their own canoes. Some of them gather shells and pearls.

Pottery and rope-making are other principal industries. Not far from Port Moresby a tribe lives which makes cooking vessels of clay, drying them in the sun and baking them with fire. They then carry their vessels from place to place and sell them.

New Guinea has but few animals of note. The chief are wild pigs and small marsupials, including tree kangaroos. In birds the country is wonderfully rich. There are 400 different species of land birds, and among them many of most gorgeous plumage.

There are parrots and cockatoos of all colors, and pigeons more splendid than our peacocks. I have seen New Guinea pigeons as big as hen turkeys, and as small as the tiniest dove. The gora pigeon is the largest. Its body is of a brilliant light blue, and its neck has all the colors of the opal. It has a crest of grey, slaty-blue feathers running from the back of the head out to the front high above it, much like the curl on the head of a baby. When the sun catches this crest it shines as though it were set with jewels.

Small as Humming Birds.

There are tiny birds here as small as the smallest humming-bird, and more beautiful than any humming-bird we have. There are also cassowaries which have bodies almost as big as those of the ostrich, but which look as though they were clad in feathers of frayed clothes lines rather than ostrich plumes. The cassowary is sometimes caught by the natives, when small, and are tamed. It is not a safe pet to have about, for it will swallow anything in sight, from a stray spoon or a pound of nails to a pup or a kitten. It is by no means certain that it may not attack the baby, and, when angry, a kick from it will break the skull of a 10-year-old boy.

The king of all New Guinea birds, however, is the bird of paradise. There are forty species of this bird, and most of these are found in New Guinea. The birds are comparatively small, but their color is by the most gorgeous known. Some of them are of the brightest red, with a luster like that of the opal, with yellow bills and velvet-like plumes encircling the base of the head. The feathers of the tail stand up like filigree wires. The golden bird of paradise has six long feathery tips extending from the back of its head, of a great crest or crown rising out of the middle of its back somewhat like a canopy over it. It is only the male birds that are so gorgeous, but they are hunted everywhere for their feathers. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

AMONG THE SEABIRDS OF THE OREGON COAST.

(Continued from Page 25.)

plowman's legs and run along at his very heels. Several different varieties of gulls spend the winter months about the river, near Portland.

The California Murre.

The California Murre is the commonest bird that is found on the rocks off Netart's Bay. It breeds in countless numbers, from California to Alaska, on all the barren rocks and islands wherever a suitable place presents itself. The birds are gregarious in habit and like to nest in large colonies. They will take possession of a shelf or rock—a narrow projection, or a niche in the side of a cliff—and huddle so closely together as to completely cover all available space. They make no attempt whatever at nest building, but lay their big, pear-shaped egg on the bare rock, depending upon the uneven surface to keep it from rolling into the sea.

We noticed such a shelf in one accessible place on Shag rock, and, leaning over the cliff just above the birds, we were able to count the number breeding there. The shelf was about three feet wide by 5 feet long, and furnished an abiding-place for about 100 birds. Each bird had its egg tucked beneath it and sat there contentedly awaiting the return of its mate, for both birds assist in the incubation.

It is amusing to see one of the birds return from the fishing ground to relieve its mate. He lights on the outer edge of the shelf, where he pauses a moment; then, like a man in a Fourth of July crowd, he looks for an opening in the dense front row through which to edge to his mate.

"Gangway, There!"

Seeing no opening, he boldly squeezes in, unceremoniously pushing the other birds to the right or left. They, resenting his behavior, peck at him with their long, sharp bills, but on he goes, amid

much opposition and complaint, until he reaches his wife.

They exchange places, and then, instead of Mrs. Murre taking flight from the breeding ground, to find its own proceeding must be gone through, although in inverse order, again, much to the disgust of the neighbors. They manage to make a vigorous protest, and speed the parting sister with a fusillade of blows until she arrives at the edge of the ledge, when she gently drops off into space. To the right and left others are constantly coming and going, keeping up an interesting performance for the onlooker from above.

The murre presents a striking appearance, as they sit in their upright positions. They are of a uniform dark, velvety brown on the upper part of their bodies, and pure white on the breast. If they are disturbed suddenly, in their large colonies, they often flutter along to the edge of the rocks, dislodging their own and their neighbors' eggs and starting them rolling down the rocks.

A Tragedy. We noticed one bird matron, in particular, whose egg was dislodged in this way. As it began to roll down the incline the bird, its maternal instinct aroused, pursued it and tried to stop it with her bill, but without success.

On it went, rolling and tumbling toward the edge of the cliff, the poor bird following and uttering a mournful "Cool cool cool" until it rolled over the precipice to the rocks below, where its contents were greedily devoured by an ever-watchful gull.

Sometimes the murre would not desert their eggs, even when we came within touch of them. We made an interesting observation, after one of the colonies had been almost deserted. The eggs were lying about almost too thick to permit of walking among them, and we noted, with interest, their wonderful diversity of color and markings.

Surely here was food for thought. Had

not Nature planned this great variation to give each bird some distinguishing mark, by which, after an absence from the breeding ground, to find its own among the thousands of eggs scattered indiscriminately over the surface of the

rock, without any suggestion of a nest? Most birds distinguish their houses by the way they are built and their surroundings, but among the murre, variety of color in the egg itself is the only guide. Fifty to 100 of their eggs can be picked

up, no two of which will be at all alike, except in size, and even the shape and size often greatly differ.

The murre never lays more than one egg at a time, but it will, if unmolested, rear several broods during the year. The

bird has many enemies and is subjected to many robberies. Its chief enemies are the men who take its eggs for commercial purposes. The Indians and natives of Alaska have, from time immemorial, used the eggs for food. They go out to the rocks and return with canoe-loads of them.

The Tufted Puffin.

The tufted puffin, a sea parrot, as it is commonly called, is a curious-looking bird, its great, red bill and long, whitish ear tufts, extending from the sides of the head backward, and its conspicuous white face mask giving it a striking and grotesque appearance. It belongs to the auk family, and has small, narrow wings like the murre.

The nesting habits of the puffins are peculiar, in that they dig burrows in the guano which has, for ages, collected on the rocks off the coast. Often three or four of the birds club together in house building. After the main entrance to the community quarters has been completed, side corridors are run, in three or four directions. At the end of each is a small room for each pair of birds, which receives a carpet of dry grass and feathers, upon which the single, dirty-white egg is deposited. The petrels are often associated with the puffins and use the same burrows in which to place their eggs. Both the petrels and puffins generally have two or more entrances to their nesting burrows, which gives them several means of escape in case of need.

The puffins, like the petrels, often will not leave their nests when disturbed, but will protect themselves against all invaders, by using their powerful beaks.

The Descent.

Before we had investigated half of the bird life on the rocks, Captain Joe, far below, displayed the signal for us to descend. The morning had been calm, but during the afternoon a breeze had sprung

up, and the waves had begun to dash higher on the rocks.

The descent was much harder than the ascent. After sliding down the first fall-rope to the lower ledge of rock, we were surprised to find our way of retreat down the north side cut off. The tide had risen about the base of the rock around which we had come in the morning, and now we had no way of reaching the water's edge except to go down the face of the cliff on the south side, 30 or 40 feet, to a platform of rock, from which we could gain the shore. This was more than we had bargained for, but by trying our ropes together, we made a line long enough, after it had been doubled for anchorage purposes about a large boulder on the edge of the cliff, to reach the platform below.

It is not a pleasant sensation, sliding over the edge of a cliff, hanging to a little rope, and to one who has not tried it before, it seems a little like walking backward into eternity. The rope was held firmly by the first fall-rope, and we went down, but the last man had to take chances of its slipping off the rock. After taking every precaution, the descent was safely made and the rope pulled down by one end.

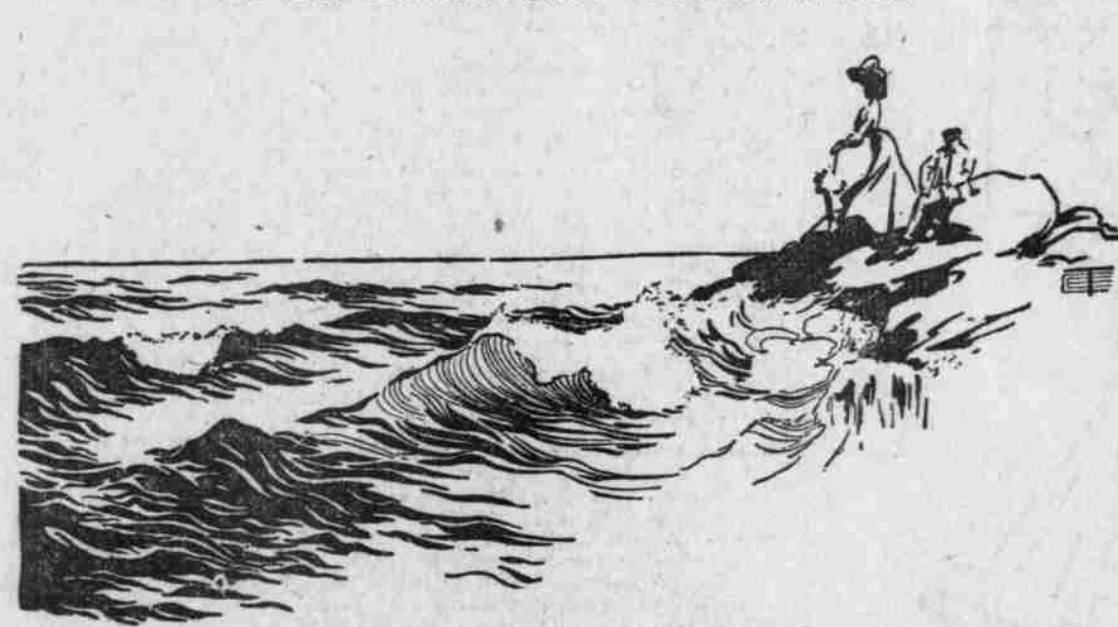
Through the Breakers.

The trip from the rocks to the mainland was marked by nothing more exciting than the shipping of a few bucketsful of water and the getting of another little drenching in the breakers.

As we passed slowly and wearily up the beach, the sun was just setting and the whole western sky was ablaze. Looking back, we saw the great, dark rocks in the distance, while, from far out over the sea the faint cries of the birds were borne to our ears. As night settled down on the sea and all its creatures, we felt greatly repaid for our visit to the great bird metropolis.

WILLIAM L. FINLEY,
In collaboration with
HERMAN T. BOHLMAN.

TO THE SUMMER GIRL--HIS SENTIMENTS.



PREFACE.

Oh! Summer girl, Summer girl, fickle and fair,
I contend you're a mathematician.
A few lines will take me to prove that
this is
Not a theory, but a condition.

PROOF.

For when you are beaming on all of us boys,
Our attention's divided, you add to our cares,
I find that you multiply all of our joys
And subtract from our cash—that's the state
of affairs.
—Q. E. D.
(Jean C. Haves.)