

# THE PEOPLE OF SAMOA

### BEAUTIES OF LIFE IN THE KINGDOM ON THE SEA.

The Inhabitants Are Happy, Love Fun, Are Hospitable to Strangers, Never Worry, and Are Splendid Fighters When Forced to It.

The recent difficulty in the Samoan Islands has turned public attention to that quarter of the Pacific, and we begin to wonder what kind of people live there. First of all, as everybody knows, there are foreigners, that is English, German, French and Americans, but the chief interest centers in the native Samoans.

In color the Samoans are the lightest, in physique the most perfect and imposing as well as the most graceful of the Pacific Islanders. In disposition they are the most gentle, and in manners the most attractive, while mentally and morally they are much the superior of their neighbors. Their color varies through shades ranging from a dark brown to a light copper, and occasionally to a shade of olive, which is exceedingly pretty. Their hair is straight, coarse and black, although one daily meets a number of bleached red-heads, artificially produced by the application of coral lime, which is used



U. S. HARBOR, PAPO FAFO.

to stiffen the hair so that it will more easily stand erect—a style greatly admired. The hair is generally worn short, combed upward toward the crown, and receives frequent and liberal applications of coconut oil. Varieties of adornment prevail according to the fancy of the individual; these usually express themselves in the use of flowers and leaves, which are twined into wreaths and garlands and worn with becoming effect.

Hospitality is a part of Samoan religion, politeness one of their chief

# THE KAISER'S GAME DID NOT WORK.

### German Attempt to Expand in the Samoan Islands Promptly Frustrated by Uncle Sam and John Bull.



who represents an old rebellious faction that for many years was headed by a rebel chief, Tamaese, and who has been urged on and assisted by the Germans, who hope that once they have him on the throne they will be able to do anything they please with him. The Germans have always been opposed to Malleo because the latter have had the sympathy and support of the English and American people and governments.

### MRS. CORDELIA BOTKIN.

#### San Francisco Woman Convicted of a Diabolical Crime.

Mrs. Cordelia Botkin, the San Francisco poisoner, who has been convicted by a jury which fixed her punishment at imprisonment for life, is a remarkably pretty and attractive woman. At her trial for the murder of Mrs. John

### THEY LOST NO TIME.

#### Announcement of an Engagement Was an Important News Item.

In a Milwaukee newspaper office the telephone rang loud and long the other night, or rather, in the early hours of the morning. It was the "dog watch," most of the workers having gone home, and but one member of the staff was on guard and on the alert for anything from a murder to a fire. It was about 3 a. m. when the "dog watch" was called to answer an imperative summons.

"Hello," said a voice. "Is it too late to get something into to-morrow's paper?"

"Not if it's important," was the reply. "Oh, it is," was the assuring response.

The reporter rushed for a pad of paper and a pencil, screwed his ear to the receiver again and said: "All right. Fire away there."

The voice was heard again, this time tremulous with emotion. "The engagement of Miss — to Mr. — is announced."

The wrathful explosion at the newspaper end of the line was picturesque and prolonged. After a choice assortment of profanity in an aside the query went back: "Why didn't you send in such stuff earlier in the day?"

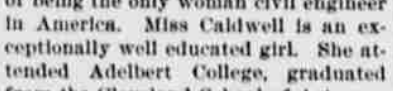
"But I couldn't," said the voice apologetically. "You see, it just happened."

### ONLY WOMAN ENGINEER.

#### A Cleveland Girl Who Enjoys a Unique Distinction.

Miss Florence Caldwell, of Cleveland, Ohio, has gained the distinction of being the only woman civil engineer in America. Miss Caldwell is an exceptionally well educated girl. She attended Adelbert College, graduated from the Cleveland School of Art, won high degrees at the Ohio Wesleyan College and finally entered the School

of Mines of the State of Colorado at Golden. She was the only female student in that institution, and after four years graduated with a certificate of civil engineer. No other woman in America holds such a paper. Miss Caldwell is a daughter of Judge Caldwell, a prominent Ohio jurist.



MISS FLORENCE CALDWELL.

### IN A BREAD BASKET.

#### How Two Lovers Untwitted a Parent in the Days of Elizabeth.

The story runs that Lord Compton fell in love with the only child of Sir John Spencer, one of the most opulent of London's merchant princes, proverbially known at the time as "rich Spencer." Sir John by no means approved of the advances of the young courtier, and positively refused to consent to the marriage; the course of true love, however, never running smooth, Lord Compton devised a plan to outwit Sir John and carry off his lady love.

A bribe to the baker enabled him to disguise himself and deliver the leaves one morning. As soon as the basket was empty the lady got in, and Lord Compton was boldly carrying his precious load down stairs when he was met by Sir John, who, luckily not recognizing him, gave him a sixpence as a reward for being so early, observing that that was the way to thrive.

On discovering the truth Sir John was so angry that he disinherited his daughter, and the quarrel was only made up through the intervention of Queen Elizabeth, who invited him to stand sponsor with her for a child, whom he promised to adopt—to find it was his own grandson.—Pall Mall Magazine.

The manner in which New York papers talk about people is as interesting and candid as private gossip in the West.

# CAMPAIGN AND OTHER BUTTONS

### Wasting Pad Out of Which an Iowa Woman Made a Small Fortune.

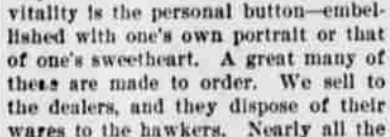
"I became interested in campaign buttons a few years ago," said a Chicago woman who is constantly on the lookout for novelties which will sell, "and was fortunate enough to catch the craze just at the right time. We had quite a large plant and were able to turn out 100,000 buttons a day. The device was printed on disks of specially prepared celluloid, which were then slightly softened and pressed on metal rings with a stud fastener. That part was done by a machine which was invented by a woman in Iowa. She made about \$15,000 out of her patent. The first buttons were nearly all political, but the fad soon extended to other varieties, and at one time we made over 300 different sets, each set having, sometimes, as many as forty separate designs. Making the drawings alone kept a corps of ten men busy. They were originally printed in black, but after a while the demand for novelty forced us to put in color presses and some of the work was really artistic. Eventually we used photography also, and printed from the negatives direct to the celluloid. The process was a secret one, and we had to pay a pretty stiff royalty.

"There was a great difference in the quality of the buttons. Some of them sold for half a cent apiece wholesale, and some brought as high as a quarter. The latter were the large photographic buttons with German silver mounts. Of course a few are still sold, but not a hundredth part as many as were formerly called for. We thought that the war would create a demand for buttons bearing portraits of the celebrities, but we were badly led. We got out several series with pictures of Dewey, Hobson, Sampson, Schley and all the rest of them, but somehow they didn't catch on, and a set with pictures of the ships that we recently filled was for 100,000 handsome Roosevelt buttons, which went to New York and were bought by partisans of the rough rider. A phase of the fad that shows some vitality is the personal button—embellished with one's own portrait or that of one's sweetheart. A great many of these are made to order. We sell to the dealers, and they dispose of their wares to the hawkers. Nearly all the buttons in the market are peddled on the curb."—Chicago Chronicle.

### JOURNALIST AND DIPLOMAT.

#### Brilliant Career of J. Russell Young, Who Died Recently.

By the death of J. Russell Young, librarian in Congress, at his home in Washington, the nation lost a most capable and devoted servant, and journalism one of its most distinguished and successful men. Mr. Young was appointed librarian in Congress in



J. RUSSELL YOUNG.

July, 1867, and since his appointment worked almost day and night in his enthusiasm to bring the library up to his standard of perfection.

His career is a varied and highly interesting one. Mr. Young was born a little more than fifty-nine years ago in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and, after having with much difficulty and great effort and sacrifice, obtained a high school education, he began active life as a copy holder in the office of the Philadelphia Press, and soon graduated to the news editor's desk. At the outbreak of the civil war he was sent to the front as the war correspondent of the Press. He was successful, and at the close of the war became chief editor of the Press, a position which he resigned, going to London and Paris as the New York Herald's foreign correspondent. He gained national fame by his letters to the Herald while traveling around the world with Grant. Returning to America in 1879, he did editorial work for three years on the Herald, and in 1882 was appointed minister to China by President Arthur. He has left an exceedingly well written manuscript of the life of Grant.

### HIS TRIBE OWNED CHICAGO.

#### Simon's Father Sold the City's Site for Three Cents an Acre.

Simon Pokagon, chief of the Pottawatomie tribe of Indians, who died recently at Benton Harbor, Mich., had led a prosaic life. He had many of the characteristics of his race, but they



CHIEF SIMON POKAGON.

were the fine ones, and, in addition, he had some of the best qualities of the white people. He was honest to a degree, and he was a bright, intelligent talker. Although his education was just what he had picked up here and there, he was really a cultivated man. He spent much of his time reading, and had quite a collection of books and curios. He could write well, too, and produced at least one poem which possessed merit.

Simon was 70 years old. The topic upon which he delighted to talk was the sale by his father of the site of Chicago. The land on which the second city of the Union now stands was owned by the Pottawatomies, and Pokagon, Simon's father, sold it to the government for 3 cents an acre.

### WATERLOO DANCER STILL ALIVE

#### Lady Carew, Belle of the Brussels Ball, Completes Her Hundredth Year.

There is still living at Woodstown House, County Waterford, Ireland, a remarkable woman, the Dowager Lady Carew, whose career takes us back to one of the most historic and dramatic periods in the world's history. Lady Carew was one of "the fair women" who danced with "brave men" at the ball given in Brussels on



LADY CAREW.

the eve of the battle of Waterloo, where the star of Napoleon went down in gloom and that of Wellington ascended. The event was graphically described by Lord Byron in his "Child Harold's Pilgrimage."

Lady Carew recently celebrated her 100th birthday, and is said to be one of the two survivors of the historic ball. She is still well preserved for a woman of her age and her mind is still unclouded. She was a Miss Cliffe, daughter of Major Anthony Cliffe, of New Ross, Ireland, when she danced in Brussels on that historic night. The following year she married Lord Carew, whom she has long survived.

### Why Jenner Wore a Guinea.

Sir William Jenner, the Queen's physician, wore at his watch chain a guinea piece which bore a pleasant little history. One day he found among his patients in his consulting room a humble carpenter. On remarking to the man that his disease had, through neglect of treatment, made great progress, he received the following reply: "I have been waiting to see you for three years, sir." "Why, my man?" queried the physician. "Couldn't you afford to come sooner?" "Oh, yes," answered the carpenter; "but I could not get a gold guinea piece anywhere; and I heard you'd take nothing else."

Sir William wears that guinea on his chain, but though he completely cured the patient within eight months, he never took another fee from the poor fellow who had tried so hard to find that guinea, and had waited so patiently to consult him.

When a woman speaks of her hired girl as a "maid," she is thinking seriously of putting her in uniform.

No man need expect much of a display at his funeral, unless he is a colored man, and belongs to a lodge.

### Population of the World.

The periodical estimates of the world's population, made by Professors Wagner and Supan, of Germany, are always widely accepted as on the

# HUMOR OF THE WEEK

### STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

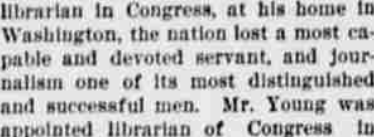
#### Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

**Beyond Help.**  
"I can't imagine why they call bad actors 'ham.'"  
"Nor I. They can't be cured."

**He Confesses.**  
"And what would you be now if it weren't for my money?"  
"A bachelor."—Puck.

**One of Them.**  
"There goes one of the hardest-worked men in this town."  
"How can that be possible? He's rich, isn't he?"  
"Yes, but he has three married daughters who work him for the support of their husbands right along."

**And the Baby Had a Fit.**



The Professor's Wife—If baby cries, hubby, just sing to her, and she'll go right to sleep again.



The Professor (singing hurriedly, eager to return to work)—The sto-orm is raging wild-lidly through the fo-or-est!—New York Journal.

**Encouragement.**  
He—I wonder what people will say of my poems a hundred years from now? I suppose the smart critics will have to dissect them, as they do Byron's and Wordsworth's now.

She—Oh, don't borrow trouble on that score. The critics a hundred years from now will have nothing unkind to say about you. They'll not know that you ever were.

**His Suggestion.**  
Young Author—Well, how do you like my play? Have you any suggestions to make?  
Manager—There is one suggestion I would like to make. Instead of having your hero lynched by a mob in the last act, I think it would be well to have the mob hang all the characters early in the opening scene.

**Her Distinction.**  
Manager—So you want to go upon the stage? Have you ever been robbed of any diamonds?  
Fair Applicant—No, but I have lived in Chicago six months without being stopped by a highwayman.

Manager—Whoop-la! I'll put you on as a star immediately. You're one in a million.

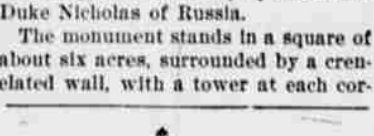
**The World as a Debtor.**  
Billberton—Oh, well, the world owes me a living.

The Rev. Mr. Goodman—That may be so, but the world, like a good many individuals, doesn't go hunting around after creditors in order to pay its debts.

**An Explanation.**  
Little Willy—Papa, what is an old-fashioned patriot?  
Papa—He is a voter who believes that a man who is popularly called "Honest John" or "Bill," and so on, is really honest.—Puck.

**Horrible.**  
He—Yes; she is living under an assumed name.  
She—Horrible! What is it?  
He—The one she assumed immediately after her husband married her.—Syracuse Herald.

**Putting His Foot Into It.**



"Stupid affair, this, eh?"  
"Um."  
"Let's leave."  
"Can't, I'm giving the party, you know."—New York Times.

**A Hard Job.**  
"Timils is a man who had to face great odds in this world."  
"I don't know how you make that out. His father was rich and famous, wasn't he?"  
"Yes; and yet Timils has made people recognize the fact that he has succeeded on his own merits."

**An Angel.**  
Smith—I hear Robinson has lost \$50,000 on bad notes.  
Jones—Indorsing for a friend?  
Smith—No; backing a prima donna.—Judge.

**How He Won Her.**  
"Ah," sighed the rich widow; "how do I know that you do not wish to marry me simply for my money?"  
"Darling!" cried the man, who was young enough to be her son; "have I not written poetry for the magazines? And did you ever hear of a poet who allowed money matters to enter into his calculations?"

# His Experience.

Miles—Marriage is a failure. Giles—How do you know? You were never married.

Miles—That's how I know. You were the girl refused me.

Keeping It Up to the Last. Dix—I understand Windig, the attorney, is seriously ill.

Hix—Yes; I met his physician this morning and he says he is lying on death's door.

Dix—That's just like a lawyer.

**A Heartless Wretch.**  
Wife—Here's an article in this paper on "How Men Propose." Do you remember how you proposed to me?  
Husband—Not exactly; but it must have been in the dark by mistake.

**Convincing Evidence.**  
Friend—That song of yours has become very popular, hasn't it?  
The Song Writer—Yes; I've heard a number of people swearing at it.—Puck.

**Where Reason Totter.**  
Husband—What! Another hundred dollar gown. Didn't I tell you that you must keep within your allowance?  
Wife (triumphantly)—You said unless in case of absolute necessity!—Puck.

**Maybe.**  
Mansard—I may be awfully ignorant, but what are "Job's comforters"?  
Hallroom—What the landlady puts on your bed these cold nights.

**Lost Time.**  
"The first act, you know, is supposed to cover a period of twenty years."  
"What a long time between drinks."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**National Greatness.**  
Bennet—Do you think we will have space enough at the Paris exposition?  
Nearpass—Yes; I think so. Of course, we can't expect to look as big as we feel.—Puck.

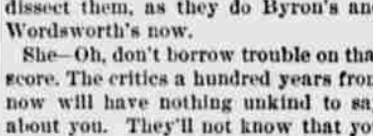
**Very Likely.**  
Jones—Wonder what made Columbus first think that the world was square?  
Johnson—Reckon somebody put up a job on him.

**Her Chance.**  
Miss Passe—They say marriages are made in heaven.  
Miss Pert—Ah, then you have one more chance.—Syracuse Herald.

**Author and Critic.**  
"Stubbs, your new novel is splendid. It is written in a crisp style and is interlarded with flashes of wit."  
"Great Scott! That sounds as if you had been brought up in a bakery and were describing piecrust."—Chicago Record.

**Feeking Knowledge.**  
Little Harry—Papa, is it true that Delilah knocked Samson out by cutting off his hair?  
Papa—Yes, I believe so.  
Little Harry—What was Samson—a football player or a fiddler?

**A Blisful Prospect.**



Languid Lannigan—Gee, weary, don't yer wish dey'd git up er six-day eatin' and sleepin' contest?—Denver News.

**Her Opinion.**  
"People ought not to take children to the theater," said the bachelor.  
"Not if they can possibly avoid it," answered the young mother. "The noise on the stage does keep the poor little things awake so."—Washington Star.

**Not a Public Benefit.**  
"I see that a Southern author recently inherited \$25,000."  
"Well, that was a fine piece of luck."  
"No, it wasn't. He's still writing."

**Of Course.**  
The Optimist—Now, as to woman, generally speaking—  
The Disagreeable Man—Yes, she's generally speaking.

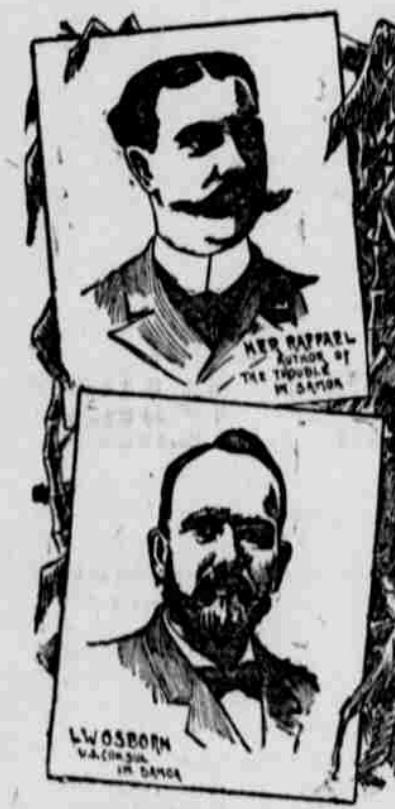
**But Still a Bird.**  
"I wouldn't call the doctor a quack."  
"Why wouldn't you?"  
"It suggests a duck, and there are lots of birds with bigger bills than that."—Cleveland Leader.

**He Knew.**  
Teacher—What is a fossil?  
Little Willie (raising his hand)—I know, please.  
Teacher—Well? You may tell us what a fossil is.  
Little Willie—That's what mamma said you were the day you sent me home for a better excuse when I stayed out because we heard Johnny Tripp's sister had the measles.

**Blotted Out.**  
"What was your first impression of Chicago?"  
"I don't know. A chunk of mud splashed into my best eye just as my first impression and I were about to meet."

**Ignorance of Boastful Boston.**  
The place was Boston. The district courtroom and the corridors leading thereto were crowded with applicants for citizenship. "Where does the President reside?" the judge asked one of these. The man was an Italian.  
"In Washington street."  
"You may stand aside."  
The Italian went away to brush up his history, and the judge said to a French-Canadian from Fall River: "Who is the President of the United States?"  
"McKinley."  
"If he should die, who would succeed him?"  
"His son."  
This man also went away sorrowful. So did the man who said the President lived "on Fleet street," and another who declared the President's name was "Byron," and still another who asserted that the President was likewise the Governor of Massachusetts and Mayor of Boston.—Youth's Companion.

At a wedding the men all pity the bride and the women all pity the groom.



MEN PROMINENT IN THE SAMOAN TROUBLE.

characteristics, and a dishonest act in the exception. Food and shelter are vouchsafed to every one entering their homes or villages, and the stranger has but to consult his own wishes when he is ready to depart.

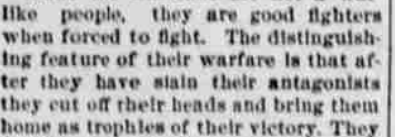
The Samoans are a joyous, fun-loving



COURT HOUSE AT APIA.

people, and under the slightest pretext for an excuse they indulge their buoyant natures in singing and dancing.

While the Samoans are not a warlike people, they are good fighters when forced to fight. The distinguishing feature of their warfare is that after they have slain their antagonists they cut off their heads and bring them home as trophies of their victory. They do this on much the same principle as the American Indian in days gone by prided himself in the number of scalps he could string to his belt, or as the American of to-day brings home a captured flag. They have an inborn hatred of foreigners, and only make friends with them when they think they can profit by doing so or when they fear the superior power of the foreigner. They have had almost continual civil war for the past twenty-five or thirty years. For many years the reigning dynasty has been that of the Malleos.



MRS. CORDELIA BOTKIN.

for the punishment of crimes committed in whole or in part in that State. The defense contended that, as the outcome of the crime really took place in Delaware, Mrs. Botkin was only liable to the law of that State.

**Figures on the Colored Vote.**  
By the figures of the last census the colored vote of the country—that is, the males above the age of 21 years—numbered 1,740,455. Of these the following States had the largest proportions: Georgia, 179,028 voters; Mississippi, 159,492; Alabama, 140,733; South Carolina, 132,949; and Louisiana, 119,815.

**A Great Scottish Industry.**  
The Scottish herring fishery is now the greatest in the world, employing 12,000 boats and 100,000 people.

The office seldom seeks the man, but the office very often does.



STREET SCENE IN APIA.

Malleo Laupapa was the greatest king in Samoa history. He was deposed several times, and as often was reinstated on the throne. The present king is Malleo Tausu, but he is having great difficulty, owing to the treachery and treason of Mataafa, a firebrand