

## MANUA ISLANDERS LIVE LAZILY AMID COLORFUL SCENES

Loneliest and Loveliest of U. S.  
Possessions Untainted by Touch  
of Traders; People Contented.

By Werahiko Rawel  
An old of palm stag's round with them.  
They summer on her chilly shore  
the sea and wind of evenings.  
—Joquin Miller.

No word painting or photographic picture could bring before the reader's eye the bias of splendid coloring, the riot of impossible blues and greens and indescribable lilacs, seen from the deck of a vessel approaching Manua Island, the loneliest and loveliest of America's Hawaiian possessions.

When nearing the reef that guards this semi-tropical paradise, one notices that the water under the boat's keel begins to sparkle like glowing sapphires, shot with orange, ivory, pink and turquoise—and the living coral underneath here as many colored as a bed of peonies and among the exquisite branching coral in this matchless marine garden, tiny bright blue fish flutter to and fro like lovely butterflies. Now and again one catches a vivid scarlet gleam as a huge but much startled gold fish darts away into some safe coral cave. Purple star fish, strangely painted seaweeds and striped or spotted shells are all to the wonder and beauty of the scene.

Presently our boat passes through a narrow passage in the reef and enters a green tinted lagoon and soon is gliding smoothly over an unbroken plain of liquid emerald, in which the sun's tropical rays melt and break into countless stars and lanes of burnished gold.

WAVE WHITE AS SNOW  
The sky on the horizon edge is of an indescribably beautiful hyacinth hue, and long fleecy clouds, far overhead, seem to have taken on a faint reflection of spall bits from the dazzling surface of the ocean. In the far distance a magpie circle of pearly foam marks off the green lagoon over which we are drifting from the blue Pacific ocean and sends back a faint murmur of humming surf through the still, perfumed air.

The beach, just ahead, is pure coral sand, white as new fallen snow, and beyond the beach land are the thatched, high roofed, beehive-like dwellings of the natives, half hidden in a dense jungle of coconut palms. On the white sands of the water's edge small dugout fishing canoes are lying. Hot as is the glare of the noonday sun on the surface of the placid lagoon, all is cool, shady and delightfully pleasant under the tall clustering palms.

The villagers are taking their noonday siesta, and as we walk up the hard, clean beach, not the slightest sound save the swishing of the drooping palm fronds in the breeze and the gentle breathing of the tide-wind upon the sand is heard; but the advent of a papalagi (stranger) soon stirs the totus eaters, who come hurrying forth with shouts of welcome.

Noble looking men, handsome women, bright eyed youths and pretty maidens—the latter delightfully timid and modest—all have a great wealth of remark-

## POLYNESIANS BEAUTIFUL



Above, left to right—One of Uncle Sam's adopted children in grass costume; type of Polynesian beauty. Below, left to right—Bird of paradise in every sense; Werahiko Rawel, Polynesian recliner.

ably beautiful hair of silk-like texture, peculiarly refined, handsome features of distinctly Caucasian type, and skins that are brown, indeed, but like pale brown satin, and eyes—who that has gazed into a Manua maiden's eyes, liquid, glowing, truthful and innocent, set under darkest of dark eyelashes, and shining above it) sweetest smile in the world, will ever forget?

KILT SOLE GARMENT  
That clothes are not necessary to preserve innocence, nor scanty body covering any indication of an impure mind, is convincingly illustrated on this beautiful isle, for the sole garb worn by the guileless natives is a simple waist kilt, which they manufacture from the bark of trees, soft as silk in texture and falling gracefully to the knees.

With a welcome as spontaneous as it is unfeigned, they lead the guests to the tribal meeting house for rest and food, laughing and singing as they go.

HOUSES PICTURESQUE  
The houses of this island are exceedingly picturesque and well adapted to

prevaling climatic conditions, having no walls to intercept the free flow of air. The great brown mushroom-like dome or roof is supported solely upon a circle of huge wooden pillars, and under the deep eaves are neatly rolled-up coconut leaf mats, which can be quickly lowered in case of heavy rain or wind.

In proximity to the umbrella-like houses and sheltering them entirely from the sun's tropical rays, graceful, bountiful cocoa palms rear their splendid crests. They are, indeed, the loveliest trees in all the world, with their perfect star of enormous feathery fronds, 10 to 15 feet long, tossing 80 feet in air at the summit of a tall pillar, slender as a maiden's waist, yet strong enough to withstand a hurricane. Up under the cool shadows of its great leaves are clusters of nuts, 75 to 100 in number. This wonderful tree furnishes the people with food, drink, clothing, bedding and building material.

FRUIT IN ABUNDANCE  
Nearby, growing in semi-wild profusion, are bananas, breadfruit, suga-

ring, guava, mangoes and enormous pineapples, while lemon and orange clusters hang around, all lit up by the glow of their hanging golden fruit.

Nature has been lavish in her generosity to these primitive children of here and all the genial glow of perfect contentment is mirrored in their happy, laughing eyes. Responsibility, gravity, gloom are not in their nature, nor is work, unless of the lightest kind. Their lives are one long dream, one endless holiday. Three fourths of the common horrors of the civilized world are unknown to them and they make small account of what remain. Nor are they spoiled, as yet, by the influence of white traders. Manua Island lies far remote from everywhere, and, unlike Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, is not on any direct route from one great country to another. For centuries it has been hidden away in one of the world's most isolated backwaters, untouched and unspoiled by the rush of the great currents of civilized life. Things on Manua Island remain exactly as they were a century ago; as they will be in time to come until a great tide of ocean traffic rushes in to disturb and destroy the island's blissful life.

ISLAND IS SMALL  
Manua Island is 15 miles in circumference, roughly dome-shaped, rising gently from the water to a height of 600 feet and then gradually swelling up to a summit of 2500 feet. In 1842 and in the eastern portion of Samoa, comprising Manua, Tutuila and several smaller islands of the archipelago lying east of 131 degrees west longitude, are under the United States flag. American exploring ships, under Commander Wilkes, first visited and made a survey of this isolated group in 1842.

The Samoan islands, combined, number about 35,000 and are said to be slowly increasing. At any rate they are not dying out like the fatalistic, dreamy Marquessans and Tahitians, who are forever mournfully reciting their sad and hopeless proverb:

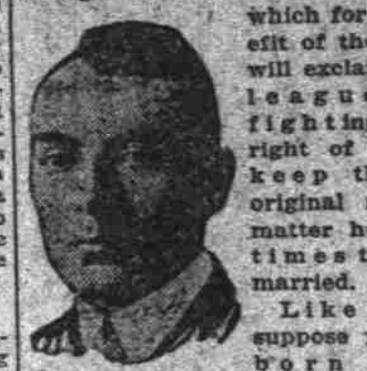
"Ua haere rau-fau, e mou te faaero, ua 'na'o le ta'ua." ("The coral leaves fall, the coral bushes fade, thus man passes away.")

STUDENTS EDIT COURIER  
Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, April 22.—To give students practical experience in writing, the Benton County Courier will turn over its plant to students in industrial journalism May 8. The regular staff of the newspaper will take a vacation. John C. Burton of Dufur will be the managing editor and Edmer Butz of Dallas, manager.

## Ring Riddles Their Argument Lucy Stoners Are All Wrong

By Ring W. Lardner  
To the Editor:

No doubt they're a great many people yearning to know my sentiments in regards to the Lucy Stone League, which for the benefit of the hicks I will explain is the League for the Righting of Wives to Keep their own original name no matter how many times they get married.



Like for inst. suppose you was born with the name Evelyn Hoops, why no matter if you married Geo. Flint, Asa Gaul and Simon Aldrich on 3 successive Saturdays, your name is still Evelyn Hoops.

Well friends as a red he blooded American that loves the great outdoors, I must say that the proposition looks dangerous to me looking at it from all angles though they've a great deal to be said on both sides had at Atlantic City the last time

and some of my best friends is Lucy Stoners.

But suppose for inst. that they're a party some night and amongst the attendants at same is a lady who is the wife of a man named Jules Clark but she is traveling under her so called maiden name of Edith Grubbe. Well Jules Clark is unable to tend the party on acct. of him being the night editor of a morning paper and this ain't his night off.

Well amongst the other guests is a gal named Wilma Floy who has got a kind of peculiar habit, namely when she gets a certain No. of cocktails into her she wants to tell all about other party's she has been on.

Well she has been introduced to this other dame by the name of Edith Grubbe and she ain't got no idea that Edith is married to this here Clark. So it happens that her and Edith gets parked together near the same ash tray and all of a sudden she opens up and says:

"This is some party but I wished you could of been along on one we a great deal to be said on both sides had at Atlantic City the last time

the Elks way there. I met a man that had a qt. on either hip and all ready boiled and before I could say I, yes or no he throwed his arms around me and said I was the only girl in the rm. His name was Jules Clark and he was the night editor of the Morning Planet. It was some party."

Those kind of possibilities is the kind of cases where it makes a he blooded red American stop and think and wonder if they ain't carrying a joke too far.

But on the other hand suppose they're a gal named Lena Spitz which is more truth than poultry because I knowed a gal by that name. Well she gets a proposal from a man named Harold Lambeth as pretty, a name as you can find. She agrees to marry Harold and then what happens?

Why if she calls herself Mrs. Harold Lambeth her sisters in the Lucy League will say what a fine back slider you are to take your husband's name and lose your own individuality. Where as if she decides to be known under her own original name, why every time she is introduced to somebody they're a vulgar gal of meritment.

On the other hand leave us suppose your name is Chas. Nettles and the gal's name is Marion Rash. You agree and then Marion spends the rest of her life in mental tortures wandering if she would be better off

if I got rid of the rash and tried the nettles.

Laying all jokes to 1 side or the other, I would suggest that in the case where the man's name is more ridiculous than the dame's, why she should keep hold of her own and vice versa. Where as if the 3 of them has both got ridiculous names they should ought to give up the name idea entirely and go by numbers.

Convicts don't seem to be no worse off by being known by numbers so a man that wants to get married should ought to be allowed to take a marriage license number the same like you get when you buy an automobile.

Like for inst. suppose you are married in 1922, why from then on your name is 1922-473-868 and your wife's name is 1922-473-868 1/2 and you can call her 1/2 for short. Or halvy.

But when all is said and done I don't know if the whole question makes a whole lot of difference in a person's happiness through life and I know of several cases where a woman calling herself Gertrude Fulver is having just as miserable a time as though she called herself Mrs. Ralph Clay and on the other hand I know a husband right here on Long's Island that calls his wife all the names he can think of and it don't seem to make them friends. They're a catch somewhere.

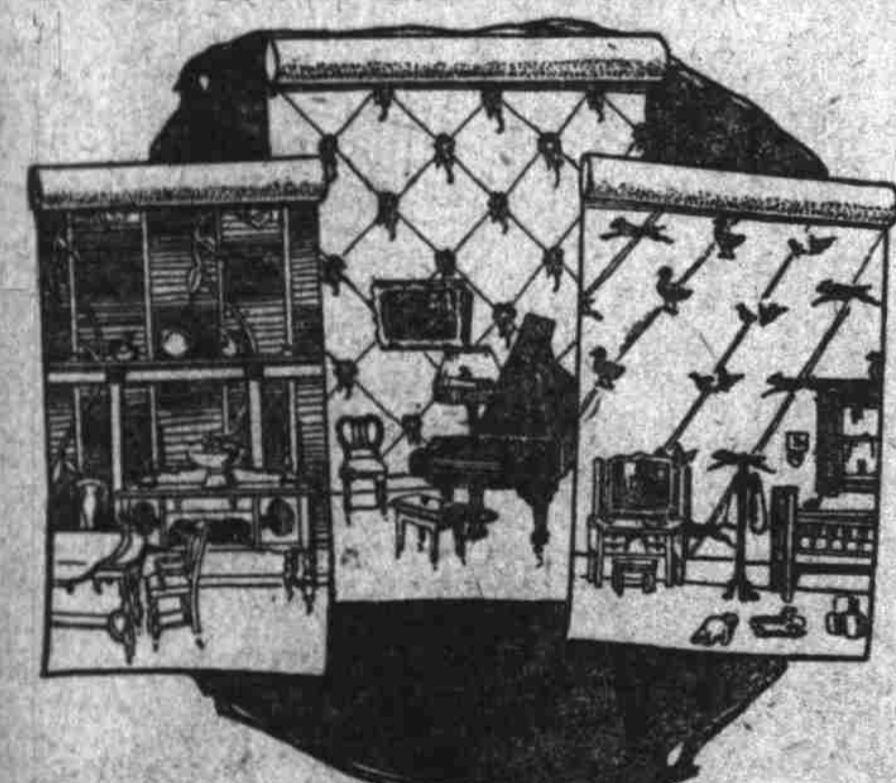
RING W. LARDNER.  
Great Neck, April 21.  
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## College Has Thirteen Wives for Students

Gooding College, Gooding, Idaho, April 22.—President C. W. Tenney claims for Gooding college a record for enrollment of married women beaten with 13. One, a senior, has a son in the sophomore class and another a freshman. The married women here are: Mrs. Naomi Dubendorf, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Arnold Oslund, Twin Falls, Idaho; Mrs. E. Wesson, Shoshone, Idaho; Mrs. M. B. Wilhoit, Bliss, Idaho; Mrs. C. E. B. Roberts, Mrs. H. J. Leyson, Mrs. A. C. Thompson, Mrs. F. D. R. Marshall, Mrs. L. S. Ferris, Mrs. Shirley P. Ditch, Mrs. J. H. Cromwell, Mrs. C. L. Buckner and Mrs. H. D. Cheney of Gooding. Subjects taken range from engineering mathematics to domestic science. Their grades are far above the average.

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