



Happy Tonga Isles

South Sea Islander Poling His Canoe.

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THE sovereign of Tonga islands in the South Pacific is Queen Salote (Charlotte), who, from her capital Nukunono, on part of the archipelago, governs the islands under a British protectorate. The currency used is English money. In language and customs, the Tongans are like the Maoris of New Zealand and the Samoans. Being Polynesians, they differ decidedly from the Fijians, who are mostly Melanesians. Tongan society is distinct, with hereditary lines of chiefs, and Niufofo has its own peculiarities of culture. The people are entirely civilized and Christian; they are strictly governed by a high chief, a magistrate, and police service. There are usually seven or eight Europeans at Angaha.

Wesleyan churches with native ministers and elders are conspicuous in all the villages. On Sunday, services start before daylight, with crowded congregations singing choral music in parts without any organ. The rhythmic and harmonious blending of the deep bass voices of the men and the soprano of the women is pleasing. The music has a quality quite unlike Hawaiian music, and the Sunday services are fascinating. There is no need for a pipe organ.

One evening service in the dimly lamp-lit church at Angaha consists of a musical competition between the choirs from several villages. The choirs, each usually composed of eight persons, men and girls, rise in turn in their places and sing. When a song is finished a reverent chorus of bravos, or the equivalent in Tongan, goes up from the congregation.

The dusky faces in the lamplight, many of them beautiful; the splendid figures of the men draped in spotlessly clean velas, which suggest a Roman toga; the minister exhorting his flock, and elderly patriarchs and matriarchs rising at intervals to make confessions of faith, make the scene one never to be forgotten.

How the People Live.

The Tongan race is dominantly agricultural, with copra as the leading product. At Niufofo intervals between shipments of copra are long, for the bad anchorage and landings make visits by even tramp steamers rare.

The four villages immediately around Angaha represent half the population of the island. Each family lives in an elliptical, thatched house, with woven matting for the walls, but these curtains do not lift up as in the Samoan houses. There are doors in the ends and sides.

Wealth consists of land, plantations, mats, and tapas. The owner of many and fine mats is respected for his prosperity and thrift. Numerous silver shillings circulate from the traders in return for copra and back to the traders' stores for shirts, cloth, and chewing gum.

Of native markets there is no sign. Each adult male has his own eight and a quarter acres of plantation lands assigned to him by the government. He is required to cultivate this ground and plant a certain number of coconut trees.

Men and women work hard, subject to the orders of the government, on the roads and cisterns and other structures required for the progress of the community. Pigs and chickens are abundant, but there are few cattle. Each householder has his truck garden in the hills. To this he goes, leading an old pack horse, and gathers what is needed of yams, taro roots, sweet potatoes, oranges, breadfruit, or the like. The girls think nothing of trudging miles to wash the family clothing at the lake. All are free, happy, and smiling, and all are fine specimens of muscular humanity, leading a natural life of cultivation of the soil.

Like other Polynesians, these people have a fine dignity. Their own customs are regulated by the dictates of a host of ancestral traditions which center about the guilds of the craftsmen, the requirements of the family, and the orders of the chieftainship.

Method of Fishing.

The fishermen use canoes of hewn and pegged timbers and also a log device of the light wood of the fau (same as the Hawaiian hau, a species of hibiscus), to which a splinter rod is lashed tightly lengthwise, with one end free for the purpose of stringing fish by the gills. Hooks are made from pieces of bone attached to short shanks of wood. The fishline is a sennit (a braided coconut fiber), fastened to the log.

Wearing water spectacles, two plain glass windows in wooden cups held by string around the head, the fisherman swims out with his arm across the log, his face plunged beneath the water, so that he may watch fish come to his hook.

After a capture, he removes the fish from the hook and strings it on the splinter rod. He then swims away slowly with the floating log. Two or more baits may be operated at the same time; and two fishermen may work from a single log. The fish are small and not abundant, and many of the species found in these seas are said to be inedible. With the canoes large sharks are occasionally taken.

Recently, the Tonga natives celebrated the completion of the govern-

ment radio telegraph station. The command went forth that native dances or lakalakas, would be in progress for a day. On the appointed feast day each village was to furnish a certain quota of baskets of food, and in the evening there would be a European dance.

During the morning the clans began to gather, young and old, dressed in the costumes of their forefathers, with garlands of shells; beads, beans, and flowers; head-dresses of many kinds; and skirts. Some of these last were tapas covered with scarlet berries cemented in place in elaborate designs with native gum; others were very old and fine mesh mats, prized as relics of antiquity.

At the appointed hour, the high chief emerged surrounded by functionaries, and seated himself on the veranda of the radio building. Clan after clan came forward, each representing a village, the headman and warriors flourishing spears for war dances.

The women and girls formed another line, bringing forward the baskets of food, placing them on the ground in a straight line, and singing and dancing with the stately steps and graceful motions of the arms that told a story of bygone days. Some of the dances are entirely hand and body gestures of girls seated cross-legged.

Drums Always Beating.

The beating of the drums is one of the characteristic noises of the country. At all hours of the day the sound can be heard by one wandering in the jungle. The beating means something with reference to village timekeeping, or signifies special orders to the people. The islanders guide their lives by the sound of the drum, on the one hand, and the clangor of the church bell on the other.

Niufofo, alias Tin Can island, is one of the Tonga islands. Like a vast angel cake in shape, Tin Can island was formed when a volcanic peak, protruding from the blue waters of the Pacific, violently blew off its head and left only a hollow outer shell. On the shores of a peaceful tropic lake which now replaces the molten lava and suffocating gasses of its crater, a wise bird, the malau, lays large eggs in Nature's incubator, the hot volcanic sand.

No springs or streams are found on the island, so the natives must depend on rainwater for their drinking supply. Neither are there harbors, for foam-flecked lava cliffs, rising abruptly from the ocean, surround the island with hardly a break. A tin can, bobbing in the water offshore, pushed by a swimming native, to be picked up by a passing steamer, is the islanders' mail bag.

Two Species of Mountain Sheep, Investigator Says

In North America there are two species of mountain sheep, the Rocky Mountain bighorn and the Alaska white sheep, states a writer in the Washington Star. The desert bighorn is one of the sub-species of the Rocky Mountain bighorn, distinguished by its small size and pale color. Its natural range includes the arid mountainous regions of the southwestern states and parts of Mexico.

Desert vegetation eaten by these bighorns includes cactuses and other thorny plants. The tender leaves of the spiny, polelike ocotillo cactus are a favorite food. In times of food shortage old rams often butt their way through the thorny armament of barrel cactus to eat the juicy pulp inside the plant.

In winter the hairy coat of these animals is dark brown, sometimes so dark that a band of sheep at a distance appears as a black spot moving across the light background of the desert sands. During spring and summer, however, their coats are bleached by the sun into a dull yellow. Many of the old rams have fine horns — long a cherished trophy of hunters — which are larger in proportion to the weight of their bodies than the horns of larger species. Predatory animals that attack mountain sheep usually make a hasty retreat after one or two well directed butts.

Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by
JEAN NEWTON

CHILDREN ARE PEOPLE

SOME time ago a boy of fifteen killed himself after his parents had insisted that he wash the family dishes. In a note he apologized and left to them all he possessed, three dollars, for the purchase of gifts.

My motive in referring to this appalling tragedy is not to blame the boy's parents. We know nothing of the circumstances of the incident which preceded the tragedy, and their misfortune inspires only our sympathy.

But the stark horror of this thing emphasizes again a fact of which many people and many parents seem still unaware. And that is that the children are people. Long before they reach the age of fifteen they are people—with pride and self-respect and sensitiveness and a right to have these qualities respected. A child of three has a right to respect. And respecting a child does not militate against his obedience; on the contrary, consideration for him should stimulate it. A child may be punished and still feel that he is respected.

It would seem natural that thinking people, certainly adults, should realize these things. And yet every day we see treating children as callously and feelingly as if they were things with no thought of the tact and consideration which they regard as right of any adult. They are people who criticized children in the schoolyard there in public, even listed them in public. They are the people who talk to children with a smirk of amusement as if the thing they say were an exciting youthful absurdity. They are people who as a matter of course ask the most personal questions of children to whom they are strangers. They are the people who get that children have a heart, sensitivities, and spirit and that they are not merely half-products in the process of being an adult.

Children are not yet armed with the adult defense mechanism. They are spiritually more vulnerable, more exposed. Their souls are nearer to God.

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THE DANGER SIGNAL

THERE was a great deal of uneasiness in the big barn where the Robber Rats lived. Would Billy Mink return, or had he just made a chance visit and gone somewhere else? The gray old leader of the rats felt sure that Billy would return. He was too anxious to eat, and, you know, when a rat's appetite fails he must be very much disturbed indeed.

But the younger rats thought the gray old leader needlessly fright-



"He'll Probably Sleep All Day," Thought the Gray Old Leader.

ened, and they went about their business of stealing food and gnawing holes wherever there seemed a chance of finding a new food supply, just as if nothing had happened. However, each hole which led into the barn was continually watched by sharp eyes. Those rats did not intend to be taken by surprise a second time.

Rats prefer the hours of darkness. They hate the light of day. Perhaps that is because their deeds are deeds of darkness. So, when daylight came most of the rats returned to their beds to sleep. Only underneath the barn where it was dark did any of them continue to run about seeking what mischief they might get into.

But the wise, gray old leader saw to it that a watch was kept on each hole just the same as during the night. He didn't think Billy Mink would come in the daytime, but he was wise enough to know that Billy Mink is forever doing the unexpected. He suspected that Billy would take great pains not to let the farmer who owned that barn know that he was anywhere about. "He'll probably sleep all day,"

thought the gray old leader, just as soon as it begins to get he'll be back here. I just lie in my bones."

But it wasn't dark when suddenly sounded the danger signal from one of the watchers. In it was broad daylight, the very dle of the day. You see, day and darkness are all one to Mink. He sleeps whenever he is sleepy regardless of whether it is night or day. At all other times is very wide awake indeed. It pined that Billy had wakened about noon that day and as it was with him after a nap he was

grumpy. If he had been a rat instead of a mink he might have remained under the woodpile until darkness came. But Billy is very sure of his ability to take care of himself. He first made sure that no one was about. Then he slipped out from under that pile of wood, and a minute later he was under the barn. Then it was that the danger signal was sounded by the rat who was watching the hole through which Billy entered. It was at once passed on from rat to rat until every rat in the barn knew that their enemy had returned.

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Origin of Chintz Goes Back to Indian Process

Chintz, so beloved by the English, first appeared in Great Britain in the Eighteenth century, being brought by sailing ships from India. These first printed pieces were in the shape of large oblongs, just the right size for bedspreads. They were known as "Palampores." The most popular design was "the tree of life," found on many British manufactured chintzes, states a writer in the Chicago Tribune.

The manner of making the first chintzes in India was such a lengthy and complicated process that the fabric brought tremendous prices. The demand for chintzes grew by such leaps and bounds, however, that soon European manufacturers were forced to copy them, and thus less expensive processes were evolved.

Then some one invented the method of making prints all in one color, and the tones of blue, red, and mauve of that period were the result. France lowered the price of chintzes, and soon places everywhere were entering the business.