

LITERATURE

THE MENTOR

February 1922



THE LURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS

By Frederick O'Brien

Frederick O'Brien, Wanderer
The First American Motor Car
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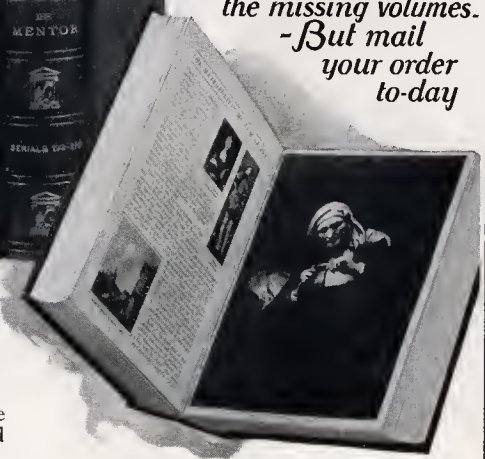
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"Yesterday, at the house of Elijah Ward, Esq., of Philadelphia, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Funeral this afternoon at four o'clock, from 25 Bowery."

THUS was chronicled in the New York *Commercial Advertiser* of April 16, 1819, the end of the inventor of the high-pressure steam engine and of the first American motor car. The beginning had been in the little town of Newport in Newcastle County, Delaware. For nearly a half-century this man cherished the vision of a new era in transportation. His vision was realized, but only long after his death.

As a boy, Oliver Evans frequented a blacksmith's shop, and learned how the smith made things. His first recorded invention was a machine for manufacturing the card teeth used for carding cotton and wool. After he had served an apprenticeship to a wheelwright, he became a partner with his brothers, who were flour millers. He introduced improvements in water-power milling machinery that practically revolutionized milling in the United States.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century, Newcomen, Smeaton, and Watt had been developing steam engineering. Newcomen's engine employed steam at a pressure about the same as that of the atmosphere. Watt's condensing engine used a pressure of about seven pounds to the square inch above that of the atmosphere. Oliver Evans believed in *high-pressure* steam—and he seemed to be the only person in the United States that saw anything in steam at all.

He kept working away at his idea of a non-condensing engine with a pressure much higher than any that had been adopted in British practice. He wanted to demonstrate that horseless carriages could be made to run on highways. He said that the time would come when people would "travel in stages moved by steam at fifteen to twenty miles an hour." He was called a visionary dreamer.

He invented a high-pressure engine and sent plans for it to England. It is now generally supposed that they were seen by Richard Trevithick, who believed that steam might be used to propel vehicles. Trevithick built the first real locomotive, and, in 1804, he ran it on a horse tramway in Wales. Oliver Evans never got so far as to build a locomotive. He did drive mill machinery with his engine; and in 1804 (the year in which Trevithick ran a locomotive) he showed that the motor car had arrived.

His chance came when Philadelphia decided to do some cleaning around its docks. Evans received a commission to devise a steam dredging machine. Seizing the opportunity, he made a dredging machine—and he did more, for his dredging machine, when finally completed, ran by its own power on both land and water. It was exhibited in Philadelphia, where it was run around Central Square.

The public was asked to pay a shilling a head for the privilege of looking at it. Half of the proceeds were to go to the workmen who built the "Digger," as it was called, and half to Evans, to be applied toward perfecting the contrivance. Then the "Digger" was run to the Schuylkill River, and, with a stern propeller rigged on it, went down the Schuylkill into the Delaware. On the way, it passed all sailing craft.

The "Digger" successfully accomplished the object for which Philadelphia had ordered it. And, what was more important, it demonstrated that *both steam railways and horseless carriages for highways were possible and practical*. But no American capitalist was then wise enough to see the light.

Oliver Evans did not abandon his schemes, but, to earn a living, he had to open a little shop in which he did engine repairing. The shop was burned, and with it his valuable plans and patterns. He went to New York to raise money to start anew, and died while on this mission.



Father of the Motor Car
Oliver Evans, who built and operated a motor vehicle before many of the recognized American "pioneers" were born

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Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures

Life is Restful in Beautiful Morea

A lagoon in Morea, one of the Windward group of the Society Islands, which are generally known as Tahiti, from the name of the largest island in the group

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THE LURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Author of "White Shadows in the South Seas" and "Mystic Isles of the South Seas"

FAR below the Equator on the slope of the globe toward Australasia lies an enchanted ocean in which are the magic isles of the South Seas. For more than a hundred and fifty years they have been a lure to dwellers in colder zones, to the adventurers of the seas, and—in vain—to the tired ones of the earth, the workers in city and country, those bound to the wheel of duty that turns daily.

Since the great sea captains returned to Europe and America with tales of the fantastic lands they had happened upon in them, the South Seas have been the goal for which every boy

sets out in his youthful imagination.

I was but a boy when "Robinson Crusoe," "The Coral Island," and "Two Years Before the Mast" sent me searching where pirates had bur-

ied pieces of eight and the great gold ornaments of the Incas. As I was born on the shores of the Atlantic, my first adventures were in that stormy ocean. I saw the Indies of the West and the Brazils, the giant rivers that color the ocean for hundreds of miles, the lakes of asphalt,

and the smoke of Mt. Pelée. But I was to wait some years before a kindly fate permitted me to cross the continent and feel that stir of spirit which



Photo Dr. Malcolm Douglas

The Author's Island Home

Frederick O'Brien and the house he built at Savaii, Samoa, on his last trip to the South Seas



Photo by Dr. Malcolm Douglas

The Village Council in Session

Frederick O'Brien and the chief men of Savaii conferring in the guest house on public questions

Balboa's men, the first of all known white men, felt when they gazed upon the illimitable Pacific, the most wondrous part of which is the South Seas.

On the map the South Seas seem too small for the bursting content of romance and tragedy that they have been endowed with by events and books. But one may pass weeks upon their sky-mirroring deeps and never lose sight of a fragment of land. One may spend a lifetime upon islands in them and never see another human being. For twenty-five years I have visited and lived in the islands of the Pacific. I have roamed from Sakhalin to Tonga. Above all, I have loved Polynesia and shall remember it longest. In it are the most lovable and handsomest untutored men and women that grace the earth.

I shall not forget the first time that Tahiti lifted before my hopeful yet doubting eyes! On the fourteenth day out from San Francisco I awoke with a feeling of buoyancy and expectancy that grew with the morning. I hoped to find soon in reality the ideal my fancy had created. In the afternoon,

while leaning over the cathead watching the flying-fish leaping in advance of the bow, there came to me a new and delicious odor. It seemed to steal from a secret garden under the sea. Sweeter and heavier it floated upon the light breeze—the fragrance of the *hinano*, the *tiare*, and the frangipani, Tahiti's famous flowers.

I strained my eyes to see land through the bright sunshine of the afternoon. Shortly after three o'clock vision became reality, marvelous, exquisite, a dim shadow in the offing, a dark speck in the

lofty clouds, a mass of towering green upon blue water, the fast unfoldment of emerald, pale hills, and glittering reef. Nearer, the panorama was lovelier. The island rose in changing shape, here sheer and challenging, there sloping gently from mountain height to ocean sheen; different all about, altering with hiding sun and shifting view. I marked the volcanic make of it. Its loftiest peaks, cast up from the sea's bottom ages ago, peered from the long cloud streamers a mile and a half above my eyes. Its valleys were caverns of shadow, in which were secreted the wonders I had come so far to see.

Most of all, as the island swam closer, the embracing fringe of coconut trees drew my eyes. They seemed to promise romance—nude peoples, savage whites, ruthless passion, rum and missionaries, cannibals and heathen altars.

Papeete, the capital and port, was all but hidden in the trees that lie between the beach and the hills. Red and gray roofs appeared among the mass of growing things at almost the

same height, for the capital rests on a narrow shelf of rising land, and the mountains descend from sky to water's edge.

A lighthouse lifted upon a headland, and suddenly the brilliant, shimmering surf was disclosed breaking on the tortuous coral reef that banded the island a mile away. Soon we heard the eternal diapason of these shores the constant music of the breakers, a low, deep, resonant note that lulls the soul to sleep by day as it does the body by night.

A stretch of houses showed—the warehouses and shops of the merchants along the beach, the spire of a church, a line of wharf, a hundred tiny homes.

The ship, after skirting along the reef, steered through a break in the foam, a pass in the treacherous coral, and glided through opalescent and glassy shallows to a quay where all Paapeete waited to greet us.

The Tahiti of to-day has scores of churches, automobiles, saloons, Chinese merchants, and opium smokers. But a few thousand Tahitians are left of the hundred thousand there when Louis de Bougainville, the great French admiral, set foot upon it in the eighteenth century, and wrote:

The boats were now crowded with women whose beauty of face was equal to that of the ladies of Europe, and the symmetry of their forms much superior.

These women caused his sailors to mutiny, to kill their officers, to seize their ships, and to flee to hidden spots where they remained lost for a half-century.

I asked, as did all the discoverers, the origin of these Polynesians. They were but a

little darker than Italians or Spaniards of the hot zones; their noses often as straight as Romans or Greeks, though as often much flatter; their hair was black or dark brown and not seldom with glints of red, and their lips well formed, though fuller and more sensual than ours. Their language is one of the oldest living tongues, and a direct descendant of one of the oldest dead ones. They were a Turanian-speaking people who originated in the cradle of the world near the Caspian Sea and, in various migrations through India and Malaysia, arrived in Polynesia. They were in the stone age and had no metal. Yet they brought with them and developed certain wisdom, arts, and primitive sciences that caused them to dominate a lesser, black people already in Papua and Fiji. Admixture with these black people to a degree accounts for the negroid features sometimes seen. The Semitic type is not uncommon among them, and there are many Hebrew and Sanskrit words in their remarkable vocabularies.



Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures

Morning Hours in the Marquesas

These Marquesan girls are from 13 to 18 years old. All of them are expert swimmers and dancers

In great canoes these people roamed over thousands of miles of the Pacific Ocean. They lived hundreds of years in Fiji; thence migrated to Samoa. From there they populated, or, at least, conquered Tahiti, Hawaii, the Marquesas, and other archipelagos, finally reaching New Zealand, where they are known as the Maoris. Isolated for ages, they learned nothing of the later Asiatic and European civilization, and forgot most of what they knew when they departed from Malaysia. Instead they developed a unique and admirable system of customs and laws, compounded of faint recollections of their pre-migratory past and regulations best calculated for their survival. When chanced on by the European scamen, they appeared to be rude savages, heathens, without shame for nakedness or half-nakedness, and with an attitude toward sex that delighted the newcomers and horrified the missionaries. This attitude was that of the untaught child toward things about it, taking what it wants without thought of right or wrong. But the whites, who took advantage of their infantile and amorous disposition resented this ignorance or innocence when it touched their property. They killed hundreds because they stole

pieces of iron, nails, tools, and extraordinary treasures like knives or hatchets, or because they refused to abandon every decency for the pleasure of the Europeans. The Polynesians were communists, property was shared. They did not say *by your leave*, but made off with the goods when they could reach them. Wars ensued, and spear and club were futile against gun and pistol.

Missionaries, who had followed the captains, were in some instances insulted or even maltreated when they said that the feared and worshiped gods and devils of the Polynesians were contemptible blocks of wood or stone. The clerics summoned warships to aid them subdue the hard heart of the heathen.

In Tahiti and the Marquesas the ships left troops and governors.

Traders followed their flags. Rum and patent medicines, clothing and foreign foods, gewgaws and tobacco, were made precious objects to the natives, who gave away their lands or lost them by law or thievery. Years of blood and slavery, liquor and germs, decimated the Polynesians. Then the statements and stories of the clergy and novelists, the romancers and artists, attracted public attention to the crimes of governments and indi-



Photo by Dr. Malcolm Douglas
A Neighboring Chief
The head man of Safune, Island of Savaui, British Samoa



Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures
A Dwelling House in Fiji
The Fijians are Melanesians, not Polynesians, and have an admixture of negroid blood in their veins



Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures

A Samoan Doughboy
One of the Fita-Fita, the native guard in American Samoa. The head men of the villages are trained for leadership in this corps

viduals. A new era of helpfulness began in some groups. But everywhere it was too late. The natives were not partly immune as we to tuberculosis, measles, influenza, syphilis, and leprosy, foreign diseases which were brought to them. And, moreover, they had become apathetic toward life. With their play spirit killed they became mel-

ancholy and almost desirous of death. They yielded themselves readily to sickness, and passed in thousands, until their empty valleys and beaches were waiting places.

To reach Polynesia—excepting Hawaii, which is but two thousand miles from San Francisco, and almost devoid of ancient ways and thoughts—the usual traveler takes the steamship from San Francisco to Tahiti and Raratonga, or Samoa; or from Vancouver to Fiji, and thence by smaller vessel to Samoa. Among the islands, schooners, crude motorboats, cutters, whaleboats, and canoes are the sole means of travel. Off the beaten track between Australasia and America, one must trust to luck and chance trips of local traders, unless willing to risk wave and weather in the frail canoes of the natives.

From the Pacific Coast to Tahiti or Samoa is a two-weeks trip by steamship. Once there, one might wait a year or two in either place for a vessel to the other. In certain seasons, months may elapse before a ship leaves

Tahiti for the Marquesas. There are no schedules off the mail steamship routes. I waited in Tahiti several months to go to the Marquesas, and three months to return! And yet I was but ten days with a favorable wind from Tahiti to Atuona, the capital of the Marquesas. Returning by steamship, I was but three days. The distance was eight hundred miles. The Marquesas are thus as separated from Tahiti or Samoa, by lack of movement, as California was from New York before a railroad connected them.

This isolation has preserved what remains of the old ways of Polynesia. Where the whites are many, these ways have been ended by ridicule, laws, or religious teachings. It is so in Tahiti; I had to go to the very extremity of that island to recover a remainder of the native modes of living.

The spirit of thousands of years has not been utterly driven out by a century or two of contact with the whites. In the Marquesas Islands, in the valley of Atuona, where I lived,—that beclouded cleft in the dark mountains of Hiva-oa, which Stevenson said was the most beautiful spot of all the world—Titihuti, my neighbor, had preserved two of the most



Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures

The Fita-Fita Band at Pago-Pago



Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures

How the Samoans Build a House

A typical dwelling, oval with a coping of stone and a gravel floor upon which mats are laid. No nails are used in it. The pillars are of breadfruit tree and the roof of coconut, pandanus, or breadfruit tree thatch

notable customs in the Marquesas—taboo and tattooing. And in the next valley of Taaoa, Kahuiti, a former chief, told me of having eaten much human meat.

Titihuti was tattooed from her toes to her waist. Although she was in her early forties, and a grandmother, she was inordinately vain of her skin decorations. She paid the price of years of waiting and suffering for her whorls, arabesques, and other bizarre designs. Titihuti did not guess that her tattooing was her race's memory of the period before their migration into the hot islands from countries where her people wore garments for warmth. Titihuti had leg coverings, filmy lace effects simulated in ink of *ama*—candlenut—soot mixed with water. Others had gloves of tattooing, while the warriors with bars and stripes upon their faces recalled the casques and helmets of antiquity in Asia.

Titihuti would not sit down in the presence of her son. It was taboo. Men in the Marquesas Islands erected barriers against the equality of women as in Europe and America, differing in kind, but aimed at making

women subservient to men. They called in priests and chiefs, the wrath of their gods, and the penalties of the law to enforce this inequality, as did Asiatic, European, and American men. Women could not vote in the Marquesas, could not participate in the tribal councils. They could not eat pigs or bananas. Nor could they enter a canoe. As a result they became the most expert swimmers ever known. A hundred women often met the incoming ship of the whites three or four miles at sea and boarded it before the canoes of the men were in sight. Titihuti might not drink out of the same cup or shell as a man—even that of her son—but Marquesan women often had several husbands, each dependent upon her love or whim for his place on the mats of the house. What Titihuti and her sex lacked in legal or clerical rights they made up to a degree by excelling in other directions. Love in Polynesia, as in the Garden of Eden, made the Adams of the islands eat what the Eves handed them, and break the taboos of the gods though punishment was certain.

In Kahuiti, cannibalism had been a mode of expression of his courage and



Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures

Family Life in Samoa

The children, and parents, too, spend hours in fresh-water streams and salt lagoons

his belief in immortality. Kahuiti was a gentleman, and as a much-loved missionary to the South Seas wrote:

Many cannibals are no more ferocious than other races who abhor the very idea of eating the human body. Many cannibals, indeed, are very nice people, and except on very special occasions there is no apparent difference between them and non-cannibal tribes. . . .

The Hawaiians and Tahitians had no memory of ever having been cannibals, so long had they been otherwise. But as were our forefathers—eaters of human flesh—so were theirs. The Marquesans were cannibals until recently. I knew a number of them beside Kahuiti who had devoured "long pig" after a battle.

I asked Kahuiti what was the toughest portion, the least enjoyable. Kahuiti listened to my question, and repeated it. Then he said: "The back of the neck of a woman."

I shuddered. Then I thought to be wise in his eyes. "Because they wore long hair and it kept the sun and air from that part," I said sagely.

The old man opened his mouth in a broad smile, showing all his teeth, sound and white. His smile was kindly, disarming, of real sweetness, so that, foolishly perhaps, I

would have trusted him if he had suggested a stroll in the jungle.

"*Tuitui!*" he answered. "You put weeds in my mouth. It was because women are always turning their heads to gaze around and behind them."

It was his gruesome joke maybe. His words in Marquesan were as if he had said in English, "Women 'rubber' too much."

He was a confirmed bachelor I learned.

In Samoa, recently, I visited Stevenson's grave. After an arduous climb from Vailima, his former estate, I reached the spot where the poet's adopted tribesmen had carried his corpse, where the massive tomb had been fashioned to cover him. That was more

than a quarter of a century ago, but the memory of Stevenson casts a spell of romance and kindliness to-day as when he was there. In Samoa the generation that knew him and loved him has passed. His name is but a sound in the mouths of old chiefs and a few whites. But in the pages of his books and the thousand articles his genius evoked, Louis lives almost as vividly as in the flesh. I came down the steep hill, tired and hot. I was with the New Zealand



Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures
A Real "Tattooed Man"

This Samoan is covered with tattooing, which is hardly apparent because the candlenut soot ink with which it was done is nearly the color of his skin



Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures
Something New in Shampoos

Samoaans starting for work in their taro patches. Their heads are covered with coral lime, partly to shield them from the sun and partly because of vanity—it turns their hair red

governor of Samoa, whose guest I was at Vaillima, now the executive mansion. We threw off our few clothes and plunged into a pool at the foot of a waterfall, the pool in the ferns in which Louis spent so many musing hours. I dined and sat by the huge fireplace he had had built and hardly ever used because of the tropical climate. Years before, I had been the guest of Ori-a-Ori, Stevenson's erstwhile host, at Tautira, Tahiti. In Atuona and Tao-o-hae in the Marquesas, I had followed his footsteps as at Molokai, Hawaii, and in California. And there in Samoa I saw where he was happiest and where he died. I put a scarlet hibiscus on his grave.

When I bade farewell to Louis' last abode, I went to the part of Samoa farthest from white influence. There I lived many months with a Polynesian family. It was the island of Savaii, the first settlement of the Polynesians when they moved westward from Malaysia. From Fiji they had gone to Savaii, and from Savaii they had gone to Tahiti, Hawaii, and elsewhere. In Savaii was the birthplace of their real culture.

Savaii is less than a dozen hours by motor and favorable sailing wind from Apia, the capital of Samoa. Yet hardly anyone goes to Savaii. To tourists it is almost unknown. The boats that go there for copra—

the sole product—are cockleshells, dangerous, nausea-provoking, and crowded. They have no cabins. One lies on deck on bare boards with cargo all about. Sun, rain, and spray, waves and gales, make havoc with clothes and person. There is neither privacy nor comfort. I am glad that it is so, for these hardships discourage excursionists.

In all my stay on Savaii I had no interruption by whites. The days and nights were Samoan—exquisite, simple, almost passive. I swam or

idled in the sea, the salt lagoon, or in the river. I bathed in a cave in which an underground brook rose amid eerie, shadowy rocks, roofed by immense basalt arches.

My house was an oval, a mushroom on many stalks. The pillars were of bread-

fruit tree or coconut wood, and the roof was thatched of coconut and pandanus leaves. There were sides, curtains that could be put in place quickly to keep out rain or sunshine, or for privacy.

Near my house was the guest house of the village, and all that went on in it was my hourly view. I often sat in it at the kava ceremony. Under its shelter I was made brother to the chief of the district, and was presented with a fly-brush, the insignia of rank.

Next to the chief the most impor-



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Himene Singers in Tahiti

Picked islanders who chant the legendary songs of Tahiti on public occasions, telling of gods, demons, and man's wars and adventures



Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures

Young Men Dancing in Samoa

They are enacting in pantomime a legend of the past, telling the story with gestures performed in unison

tant person in our village was the *taupo*, the Village Maid, who was the custodian of the honor of the tribe, the maker and server of the ceremonial *kava*, the best dancer, and the bringer of wealth. She was the official hostess and entertainer of all visitors from outside. In Samoa, every now and then, most of the men of a village went on a picnic to other villages. One morning a group of them, twenty or thirty, started out to make a round of calls. They took with them no purse nor food, and depended entirely on the generosity of those they visited, for sustenance and lodging. They were never disappointed, for those they dropped in on were themselves prospective pilgrims, and must do as they would be done by.

When the *melaga* party arrived, its members or the leading men of it seated themselves on the mats of the guest house and waited. The chief of the village was informed by the first homebody who saw the *melaga* enter, and soon hastened to the scene of festivity, accompanied by his *tulafale*, or talking man, and followed by the *taupo* and her train. The *taupo* is always under the watchful eyes of old women. A young man or

two are of her escort, and they brought with them the sacred *kava* bowl and *ipu* or coconut cups.

The chief took his seat on the mats with his back against a certain pillar of the fifteen or twenty of the guest house, and in a particular relation to each of the *melaga* visitors, who were in order of their rank. The chief nodded, and the *taupo* entered. Slowly and with state she settled herself on the mats near the coping of the house, in the center of one side. A lesser chief of the village produced a handful of *kava*, and the *tulafale*, speaking for the chief, welcomed the visitors. The *tulafale* said that his village had hardly anything to offer such distinguished people, but could afford a bowl of *kava*. The dried roots, much like licorice roots in appearance, and really the buried section of a bush allied to the pepper family, were handed to the *taupo*, who pounded them into powder or grated them, and put them in the bowl. In the Marquesas, and formerly in Samoa, the *kava* was chewed by young girls and expectorated into the *tanoa*, but after years of observance that whites were repelled by this method of preparation, the teeth have been omitted.



Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures

Another Kind of Dance

Samoan "stars" exhibiting their skill at the Pago-Pago celebration in honor of the anniversary of the raising of the American flag

The *taupo* poured water upon the *kava* root and constantly clarified or strained the liquid with a fiber which from time to time she tossed over her shoulder to a youth who caught it deftly and with a quick motion removed the particles and returned it to her. Finally she bowed and announced that the *kava* was ready. Her every movement and word was ordained hundreds of years ago; her fame rested upon her precision and grace, her exact following of the ritual of the ceremony.

With the *kava* made, the orator began to call the order of the toasts. He selected the highest chief present, or, as in my case, the man the chief wished to distinguish.

"Give the *kava* to *Tusitala!*" the *tulafale* shouted, if I were present. *Tusitala* means teller of tales, and so I was known in Samoa, and never as O'Brien. The *taupo* dipped the shell into the *kava* bowl, and then, rising, advanced slowly. With a curious crouching gesture she swept up the cup into my hand. I took it, and pouring a few drops over my right shoulder to propitiate fate—their invariable custom—I raised it high, and said loudly:

"*Manuia!* Greeting!"

"*Soi fua!*" replied every one present, as we would say, "Drink hearty!"

Then I emptied the shell in a gulp or two, and spun it over the mats to the *taupo*.

Thus all were served in turn, as nominated by the orator.

In former days many factional fights and some wars were caused by heartburnings and slights in the *kava* rite. Once the bowl was empty, the *taupo* withdrew, presents of food were handed to the *melaga* group, and the chief and the homebodies left them to their cooking and eating.

Often when the moon shone we gathered on the *malae* or village green and danced or told stories until morning. Without any instruments we made music by singing and clapping hands, striking our bodies or the ground, and in pantomime and chant passed delicious hours. The sea was a minute's walk away. The coconuts swayed in the breeze. The old folk reclined or regarded with pride our pleasures. We with laughter and overflowing spirits became as close to nature as our bodies allowed. We did not have any intoxicants. The Samoans do not drink alcohol, and *kava* there has no effect. Nor did we need any. We were in harmony with ourselves and our environment, and we were consequently happy.

Many times before seeking my own mat for sleep, after such happy hours, I let my thoughts hark to the people of cities, to my friends in America, my fellow workers in offices, and I pitied them. I knew that deprived as these Samoans were of much that had been theirs before the whites came, hedged in as they were by the laws brought them and their own changed ambitions, and with hardly any of our luxuries or even necessities, they were better off than we. If God were their need, they had Christian churches and preachers in every village. But they had what Christianity had not been able to give or keep for us, the simplicity of wants and tastes, the magnificence of body and

strength, which were our inheritance as theirs, but which had been traded for a mess of machine-made pottage. Not the Gospel had failed, but men had slighted it for material things, which, after all, slew them, body and soul. *Talofa* and *tofa!*



Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures

Village Dancers in Samoa



Frederick O'Brien South Seas Pictures

The Upa-Upa

Tahitians performing their national dance, which differs greatly from that of other islanders

THE SOUTH SEAS

AS SEEN BY AUTHORS AND ARTISTS



Frederick O'Brien's South Seas Pictures

SAMOAN GIRL AND HER NATURAL MIRROR

She has completed her toilet and is surveying herself in her mirror—a pool in the sand by the lagoon, where the trees come down to the water

THE MEN THAT FOUND THE SOUTH SEAS

THE STORY OF AUTHORS AND ARTISTS WHO RESPONDED TO THE SOUTH SEAS' CALL, AND HOW THEY DISCOVERED, DESCRIBED AND PICTURED THE ISLANDS OF DELIGHT

BALBOA, the European whose name is linked for all time with the discovery of the mighty western ocean, first saw the Pacific in 1513 from a peak in Darien. Magellan was the first to cross it, making the journey in 1520 to meet a fighting death in the Philippines. These and other venturers of the sixteenth century not only opened up new continents, but brought within the range of European knowledge a wealth of wonderful islands that studded the bosom of the Pacific like stars in the firmament. The day of the explorer passed. In his place went out the trader seeking new fields for the pursuit of gain, and the missionary to carry his message. The trader and the missionary remained and builded. Occasionally a traveler passed, and took back to his more highly civilized homeland tales that were received with smiling incredulity or open scoffing. Three hundred years after Balboa and Magellan the real discoverers arrived—the authors and artists. They possessed the sensibility

to feel the enchantment of the South Seas, and gave it expression in glowing words and gorgeous pictures.

The first of them was the American, Herman Melville and one of the most romantic writers of all. His "Typee,"

"Moby Dick," and "Omoo"—books that have delighted American boys of half a dozen generations—were literally born of the mystery and lure of South Sea islands.

In 1841 Melville, then twenty-two years of age, after a trip round Cape Horn on a whaler, where life was cruel and rough, deserted the ship with a companion, and found the Marquesas Islands. In Nuka-hiva he was captured by the Typees, a warlike tribe, and for four months he was held in friendly captivity. He was fed, amused, and even lionized by savages who were accustomed to lick their lips over the roasted thighs of their enemies. Then, one day, an Australian whaler, touching at Nuka-hiva, learned of Melville's detention, and the prisoner was rescued after a bloody battle. Though

later, as a sailor in the United States navy, Melville touched at the Marquesas, he never again set foot in the valley of Typee. But it had been his lot, and his alone among literary discoverers, to know the Typees in

their uncorrupted glory—strong, wicked, laughter-loving, and clean. In the forties of the last century the oceans were not elaborately charted. In the vast Pacific there were islands to be discovered, and islands to be annexed. The



HERMAN MELVILLE

Friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose books first acquainted Americans with the South Seas. He is yearly gaining recognition as one of the foremost literary men America has produced



Photo by Dr. Malcolm Douglas

THE LAGOON AT SAVAII, SAMOA

The building with the corrugated iron roof is the coral church and the building nearby the pastor's home



Frederick O'Brien's South Seas Pictures

ON THE ROAD TO SAFUNE, ISLAND OF SAVAI, SAMOA

Typical island highway through a grove of coconut trees twisted by the winds. In mountainous Tahiti the torrential rains swell the rivers into floods in a few hours and wash out the roadway, a condition that makes traveling far from comfortable

originality of Melville's experience is reflected in the fact that when his brother offered the manuscript of "Typee" for publication in England, it was accepted, not as fiction, but as ethnology, and was brought out as "Melville's Marquesas," only after Melville had vouched for its entire veracity.

In later life Melville became an intimate friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne. "If ever, my dear Hawthorne," he wrote to the author of "The Scarlet Letter" in 1851, "we shall sit down in Paradise in some little shady corner by ourselves; and if we shall then cross our celestial legs in the celestial grass that is ever tropical, and strike our glasses and our heads together till both ring musically in concert, O my dear fellow mortal, how shall we pleasantly discourse of all the things manifold that now so distress us." At that time Melville was only thirty-two years of age. Yet in that brief span of life he had crowded an amazing

experience. Penniless he had gone forth as a common sailor to view the watery world. His youth and early manhood had been spent in the forecables of a merchantman, several whaling ships, and a man-of-war. Living as the prisoner of cannibals, he had fallen under the dream spell of those magic islands. Returning home, he had passed the spell on to countless others in books that were read and acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic. Years later, Stevenson declared that "Moby Dick," "Typee," and "Omoo" were the best books ever written about the South Seas. Of "Moby Dick," John Masefield, the English poet, has written: "In that wild, beautiful romance Melville seems to have spoken the very secret of the sea, and to have drawn into his tale all the magic, all the sadness, all the wild joy of many waters." Melville's recent biographer, Raymond M. Weaver, calls him "a gentlemanly adventurer in the barbarous outposts of human experience."

It was when Melville was still roaming the South Seas that Charles Warren Stoddard, who was to be the next to interpret and portray the magic islands in literature, was being ushered into the world. Stoddard, born in 1843, made his first Pacific journey in 1864. He visited Hawaii, and subsequently lived in various islands for long periods. To his task of singing the joys of the island wonder-life he brought a vivid imagination and a style of luxurious richness. His "South Sea Idylls" was published in 1873. William Dean Howells, the dean of American letters, called the "South Sea Idylls" "the lightest, sweetest, freshest things ever written about the life of that summer ocean." After that came another Stoddard book in 1904, "The Island of Tranquil Delights," equally fragrant of the South Seas.

A very popular and widely read novel of two or three years ago was Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence," which narrated the story of an eccentric painter who shook from his feet the dust of civilization for the dreamy, half-clothed life of the South Sea Island natives.



Photo by Dr. Malcolm Douglas

A LITTLE BROWN PLAYMATE OF O'BRIEN'S
IN SAFUNE



Frederick O'Brien's South Sea Pictures

SAFUNE, A TYPICAL SAMOAN VILLAGE

The houses are built close together around a common on which most of the public life of the village is lived

Maugham's model was at once recognized. The original of Strickland was obviously Paul Gauguin, (pronounced *go-gan*) strangest of the many strange figures of the modern school of French impressionistic painting. In "Noa Noa," a native word meaning "fragrant," Gauguin told his own story of his flight and his existence among the natives of Tahiti. In it he described how he first sojourned with the Europeans; then in that part of the island where Europeans rarely appeared; and finally, how he went alone into the wilderness and there took a native wife, the chaste Tehura, who had never before seen a white man.

Gauguin's was one of the strangest of lives. He was ever the spirit and incarnation of revolt. It was in his blood. The first sounds that fell upon his ears were of cannon booming in nearby Paris streets. That was during the revolution that shook Europe in 1848. As a child of three he was taken to Peru, and there absorbed a love for the tropics. At eight, again in France, he was placed in a seminary at Orleans, where he remained until he was seventeen, hating his studies, becoming more and more rebellious. He was always dreaming of the sea and of islands with waving palms. Innominiouly failing to pass the examination for a naval cadetship, he entered the merchant marine. After two years of traveling



Frederick O'Brien's South Seas Pictures

A LAGOON IN THE MARQUESAS

At the mouth of one of the tree-choked valleys is a village facing a lagoon. The canoe shown in the picture is the same as was used when the whites first came—a hollowed-out log with an outrigger to prevent it from turning over

between France and South America, he enlisted in the French navy as a common sailor, remaining in the service until after the disastrous war of 1870. Then, just like the Strickland of the Maugham story, he became a prosperous stockbroker. His first dabbling in art was merely by way of distraction. He bought brushes and colors and began painting on Sundays and holidays. Then he made the decision of his life: "Henceforth I will paint every day." It meant the loss of wife, family, and the material comforts of life. He plunged into Bohemia with its privations and its futile dreams. "I have known," he wrote in a small note book dedicated to his daughter Aline, "extreme misery, that is hunger and everything that follows upon hunger."

The years passed; years of heartbreaking disappointment, of ambitions unfulfilled or incompletely fulfilled. One day the weary struggler, sick of the husks of civilization, listened to a lecture on Tahiti which pictured the land as a terrestrial paradise, where money was unknown, where life means "singing and making love," and where "under a sky without winter, upon an earth of marvellous fertility, the Tahitian has only to lift his hands to gather in his food." Gauguin, his imagination on fire, resolved that he would be the first painter of the tropics. To Tahiti he went;

returned to France; and then went back to the South Seas to remain until the end, seeking savagery in its most primitive form, making himself more native than the natives of the islands.

The period covering Gauguin's adoption of savagery, or rather his return to the savagery that was always within him, was from 1891 to his death in 1903. In the islands he had been preceded by another eminent wielder of the brush. John Lafarge, one of America's foremost mural painters and decorative designers, spent a year wandering about among the Pacific isles, and left an illuminating record of his impressions in his "Reminiscences of the South Seas." Lafarge left San Francisco in 1890, and traveled to Honolulu, Hawaii, Samoa, Tahiti, and the Fiji Islands. The story of that fascinating journey was not only told in charming text, but was illustrated by many water colors of native life and scenes. So much for the men of the brush. The dominant, magnetic pen-figure of the South Seas is Robert Louis Stevenson. Vailima,



Frederick O'Brien's South Seas Pictures

ANOTHER CRAFT

With a Leaf for a Sail



Frederick O'Brien's South Seas Pictures

A TAUPU, OR VILLAGE MAID

thought he was a kind of a crank; but he is a plain, sensible man that knows what he is talking about just as well as I do." Then the *Casco's* destination had to be determined. A long voyage, to the Galapagos and Marquesas, was Stevenson's wish. If it were to mean health, the warm sea would be the strongest factor; if, on the other hand, it were to mean death, he wished it to be so far away from land that burial at sea should be certain. So it was that, at dawn, June 28, 1888, Stevenson, with his household, sailed away beyond the sunset.

A letter from Stevenson to the American novelist, Marion Crawford, postmarked Sydney, New South Wales, April 15, 1890, and discovered long after Stevenson's death, read in part: "I sail in some forty hours back among the islands which are now more home-like in my eyes than the world

where he lived and which has lately become the Governor's Mansion, is one of the world's great literary shrines. Yet, while his body lies upon the hilltop where the Samoan chiefs have forbidden the use of firearms in order that the birds may live there undisturbed and raise about the grave of the beloved "Tusitala"—the Teller of Tales—the songs that he loved so well, Stevenson's lifetime wanderings covered great stretches of the South Seas. Samoa was only a part of the story—that romantic, pathetic, inspiring story of the years from 1888 to 1894. Though he knew it not at the beginning, he had put all of Europe forever behind him. After a visit, for health, to Saranac, in the Adirondacks, he chartered a yacht in San Francisco for a cruise in warmer climes—the *Casco*, a top-sail schooner ninety-five feet long and of seventy tons burden. The owner was Dr. Merritt, an eccentric California millionaire, who first agreed, and then repudiated the bargain on the ground that he had heard that Stevenson was "one of those cranks who wrote books"; adding that "there is no telling what would become of the yacht if he went out in it." When Stevenson and Dr. Merritt met, the latter's fears were dispelled. He then explained: "I'd read things in the papers about Stevenson, and



Frederick O'Brien's South Seas Pictures

ISU—A DISTINGUISHED VILLAGE MAID

This Village Maid is the official entertainer of distinguished guests of the village. She leads in the dancing and serves the *kava*. Isu's costume is the ceremonial dance costume, and the gardenia in her hair indicates that she is dressed for an official occasion

in which I once lived." That was the effect of twenty-two months of the lure of the South Seas. For nearly three years after the departure from San Francisco, Stevenson journeyed up and down the face of the Pacific. At the beginning, the *Casco* steered to the southwest a course of three thousand miles across the open sea, until, in his Diary for July 28, 1888, a month to a day from the Golden Gate, Stevenson

recorded his impressions of a new found world: "The first experience can never be repeated. The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea island, are memories apart and touched a virginity of sense. . . . Slowly they took shape in the attenuating darkness. Uahuna, piling up to a truncated summit, appeared the first upon the starboard bow; almost abeam arose our destination, Nuka-hiva, whelmed in cloud; and betwixt, and to the southward, the first rays of the sun displayed the needles of Uapu. These pricked about the lines of the horizon, like the pinnacles of some ornate and monstrous church; they stood there, in the sparkling brightness of the morning, the fit sign of a world of wonders."

Stevenson's journeyings in the South Seas were a criss-cross of routes. The Marquesas, the Society Islands, and Honolulu were visited. Stevenson made trips to Hawaii, and to the island of Molokai, the leper settlement and the scene of the labors of Father Damien. The Gilbert Islands and Samoa came next in turn. At first Samoa did not particularly attract him.

Yet he took a step there that was to prove decisive. Two and a half miles behind Apia, and six hundred feet above the town's level, he bought four hundred acres in the bush. There the ground was to be cleared and a cottage erected. What did more than anything else to influence Stevenson's choice was the convenience of the mails. The steamers that frequently stopped at Apia insured him easy communication with

his publishers.

Stevenson left behind directions for the work of clearing and construction, and sailed for Sydney. It was there that he read in a religious paper Dr. Hyde's attack on the memory of Father Damien. Hot with anger, he sat down and wrote the famous letter, which was published in pamphlet form in Sydney, and subsequently in Edinburgh, in the *Scot's Observer*. It was a letter that required courage, for he realized the risks he was running. "I knew I was writing a libel: I thought he would bring an

action; I made sure I would be ruined; I asked leave of my gallant family, and the sense that I was signing away all I possessed kept me up to high-water mark, and made me feel every insult heroic."

There is much more to be said of Stevenson's South Sea wanderings. But even more romantic, even more in keeping with the color and glamor of the magic isles, was the settled life at Vailima. Men, in imagination, have made themselves kings. Some have even tried to convert the dream into reality. Stevenson, or "Tusitala," as he



Frederick O'Brien's South Seas Pictures

THE SIVA-SIVA, A SAMOAN DANCE

The man is Frederick O'Brien's cook and the girls, big and little, residents of Pago-Pago, American Samoa. They obligingly costumed themselves and posed to show O'Brien the ancient dance

GAUGUIN, PAINTER OF THE SOUTH SEAS



PAUL GAUGUIN—By Himself



NAVE NAVE MAHANA—Happy Days



RED FLOWERS



TAHITIANS



METUA RAHI NO TEHAMANA—
The Forefathers of Tehamana

“*OUI*, I have seen him with a bottle of absinthe in him, and still he would paint. Early in the morning he was at work at his easel in the studio or under the trees and every day he painted until the light was gone. He would shoot that cursed morphine into him when the pain was too bad, and he would drink wine and talk and paint.” Thus did a shaggy and drink-shaken Frenchman in the Marquesas Islands describe the last days of Paul Gauguin to Frederick O'Brien, as told in O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas." O'Brien visited the ruins of the house that had been home and studio to the man that did more to acquaint Europe with the splendor of the South Seas than any other. Gauguin fled from the commercial civilization of today. He lived with the Tahitians in native fashion, returning to Europe with paintings that stirred Europe. Orthodox art critics condemned his work bitterly, and, disgusted, the painter returned to his beloved South Seas, this time to the Marquesas where life was less tainted with civilization than in Tahiti. Slowly dying from a chronic disease, he painted assiduously and completed work that today is either extravagantly praised or extravagantly condemned. He was called a savage, an epithet that to him was a compliment, for he wrote in his last letter: "I am on the ground but not beaten. The Indian who smiles while he is being tortured, is not conquered. You are mistaken if you mean that I am wrong in calling myself a savage. I *am* a savage, and the civilized feel this, for there is nothing in my work which would produce bewilderment save this savage strain in me, for which I am not myself responsible."



A PRINCESS OF TAHITI

Tekau, daughter of the former Queen, who lives with her mother at Papeete, and is accomplished in European and native ways

soon came to be called, had, at Vailima, something of the position of an uncrowned king. Stevenson's step-son, Lloyd Osbourne, has described this aspect of the life. "He was consulted upon every imaginable subject. . . . Government chiefs and rebels consulted him with regard to policy; political letters were brought to him to read and criticise; his native following was so divided in party that he was often kept better informed on current events than any one person in the country. Old gentlemen would arrive in stately procession with squealing pigs for the 'chief house of wisdom,' and would beg advice on the capitation tax or some other such subject of the hour; an armed party would come across the island with gifts, and a request that Tusitala would take charge of the village funds; parties would come to hear the

latest news of the disarming of the country, or to arrange a private audience with one of the officials; and poor, war-worn chieftains whose only anxiety was to join the winning side, and who wished to consult Tusitala as to which that might be."

There was a constant stream of visitors. To go and see Stevenson was at once a habit and something of a ceremony. All white residents who chose to appear were welcome. The American Chief Justice and his family; the Consuls, the Land Commissioners, especially Stevenson's friend, Bazzett Haggard, a brother of Rider Haggard; the Independent and Wesleyan missionaries; the French Bishop; the priests and sisters; the doctor; the magistrate; the surveyor; the postmaster; the managers of firms and their employees; and traders from all parts of the island. In addition, there were passing visitors, the Countess of Jersey, John Lafarge, and Henry Adams, the historian.

Then, on the third of December, 1894, in the forty-fifth year of his age, Stevenson died, and the great Union Jack that flew over the house was hauled down and laid over his body. In procession, the Samoans passed beside his bed, kneeling and kissing his hand, each in turn, before taking their places for the long night watch beside him. The next day forty men were sent with knives and axes to cut a path up the steep mountain, and Lloyd Osbourne led another party to the summit—men chosen from the immediate family—to dig the grave on a spot where it was Stevenson's wish that he



Frederick O'Brien's South Seas Pictures

A BIT OF SAMOAN FAMILY LIFE



© Underwood

NATIVES OF TAHITI CELEBRATING BASTILLE DAY (JULY 14) WITH HURA-HURA DANCES

For this ceremony European clothes took the place of the simple native loincloths

should lie. And there, on Vaea's lonely top, thirteen hundred feet above the sea, he rests, and every November 13, the anniversary of his birth, the Samoans weed the ascending path, and carry up wreaths and flowers with which to bedeck the tomb, while chanting the song that calls to the spirit of "Tusitala" to come to them again.

When Jack London was a very small boy he chanced on Herman Melville's "Typee" and promptly thirsted for Marquesan exploration. Years later, after one trip to sea, he tried to ship as cabin boy on a sailing vessel bound for the South Sea islands. He did not secure the berth, for the reason, he always maintained, that the captain had seen desertion in his eye. But eventually the morning came—it was in December, 1907—when he awoke in the fairyland of which he had so long dreamed. The *Snark* rested in a placid harbor that nestled in a vast amphitheatre, the towering vineclad walls of which seemed to rise directly from the water. Far up, to the east, he glimpsed a thin line of a trail, visible in one place,

where it scoured across the face of the wall, and he cried: "The path by which Toby escaped from Typee!"

There have been few literary pilgrimages so widely exploited as the voyage of the *Snark*. Captain Joshua Slocum had, in three years, circumnavigated the globe in his thirty-seven foot *Spray*. Fired by the example, Jack London planned a somewhat larger and more commodious vessel and a seven years trip. Just how the seven years were to be spent was to be left largely to chance. "Only one thing is definite," wrote London, "and that is that our first port of call will be Honolulu. Beyond a few general ideas, we have no thought of our next port after Hawaii. We shall make up our minds as we get nearer. In a general way we know that we shall wander through the South Seas, take in Samoa, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, New Guinea, Borneo, and Sumatra, and go on up through the Philippines to Japan. Then will come Korea, China, India, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean."



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Who, as *Tusitola* (Teller of Tales) was a loved resident of Samoa during his last days

Jack London and his wife had failed to count on illness and mischance. The building of the ship was delayed by the great earthquake that shook San Francisco on April 18, 1906. Then, as Mrs. London has written in "The Log of the *Snark*," "everybody and everything went mad; and it was nearly a year after the delayed laying of her doughty keel that the yacht, unfinished, unclean, her seventy horse-power engine a heap of scrap iron from the ignorant tinkering that had been done to it, sailed from California to Hawaii, manned, or unmanned, by a more or less discouraged crew, whose original adventurous spirits and efficiency had been sorely dampened by the weary postponement of departure dates." The projected seven years proved to be less than two. But in them Jack London was able to explore the enchanted islands and to realize at least the dreams of his boyhood.

"It is all a piece of wonder, the sea, to such as we: still magic of calms, where one's boat lies with motionless grace upon a



JACK LONDON

Another of the writing men that loved the South Seas



Frederick O'Brien's South Seas Pictures

PAGO-PAGO, (pronounced *pango-pango*) CAPITAL OF AMERICAN SAMOA
One of the finest harbors in the world



Frederick O'Brien's South Seas Pictures

WHERE STEVENSON LIVED AND DIED

Vailima, or Five Streams, the former estate of the great writer. His body lies on the hill in the rear



STEVENSON'S LAST RESTING PLACE

Upon his death in 1894 his body was carried by Samoan chiefs to this spot—1,300 feet above Vailima. The tomb was also built by them. The inscriptions are in English and Samoan



THE ROAD TO STEVENSON'S TOMB

On the anniversary of the writer's death, the Samoans clear the road of undergrowth that has blocked it. The grave is then covered with flowers. Stevenson's widow's ashes were interred beside him in 1914

shadow-flecked expanse of mirror; or braces to the Pacific rollers bowling upon the surface of the eternal unagitated depths; or scans the configuration of coasts from inadequate charts; or steers tense, breathless, through the gateways of but half-known reefs, into enchanted coral-rings below 'the lap of the Line'; or looks into the eyes of man-eating human beings; or is received

ashore on scented Polynesian 'fragments of Paradise' aplume with waving palms, with brown embraces, into the 'high seat of abundance.' It is all wonder and deep delight, this 'smoke of life'; and often and often we surprised ourselves thinking of voicing our pity for the 'vain people of landsmen' who have no care for such joys as ours."

A SOUTH SEAS PAINTER OF TODAY

SINCE Gauguin other artists have been drawn to the South Seas, lured by tropic form and color; but none has brought back more satisfactory work than Jerome Blum, one of the younger American artists, who painted the two pictures reproduced on this page.

"Of all of them, you know us best," said an old noblewoman of Papeete, when Blum had finished sketching her. And knowing the circumstances of Blum's art life one can readily understand his success in painting Polynesians. As a child, sensitive to beauty of color and line, he grew up in Chicago, reaching always for something he could not find in the bustling and uncolorful life around him. A term at a private art school led to a trip to Paris and enrollment in the Academie des Beaux Arts, where his insistence in painting things as directly as he could and in such colors as he saw them brought him into collision with his instructors, who held that there was an accepted way of painting—and none other. Puzzled, but undismayed, he went ahead in his own fashion until a friend took him away to the country for a vacation. There the



TWO PORTRAITS FROM TAHITI

A village headwoman of the Island of Morea (upper), and Poma, a Papeete girl of noble blood, two of Jerome Blum's South Seas paintings



green of trees, the blue of skies—all the colors of Nature's Spring palette—burst upon the city-bred youth as so many explosions. He went back to Paris for canvas and color, then retreated to a quiet village and set about painting. He covered many canvasses before he produced one that he thought worth saving, but in the end he was painting with facility and power.

With the artist's growth as a craftsman came the realization that ease, poise, and the fulfillment of life he sought to express in his painting, did not exist in the industrialized civilization of Europe and America.

This discovery sent him searching for the serene peoples of the earth. He painted in southern France, Italy, Tunis, Algeria, California, and the Islands of the Caribbean. In China he found serenity and poise, but only as the fruits of an ancient civilization. A chance encounter with Frederick O'Brien started him South Seaward, and in Tahiti he found the life he sought.

He lived a year in the Island, making his life conform as much as possible to that of his neighbors. During that year he painted pictures that are attracting widespread interest.

FREDERICK O'BRIEN, WANDERER

NO WANDERER from the South Seas has brought back a more vivid picture of that romantic region than Frederick O'Brien, whose books "White Shadows in the South Seas" and "Mystic Isles of the South Seas" have stirred the dreams of readers by the tens of thousands.

Herman Melville, the first of the literary discoverers of the South Seas, was an adventurer astonishing to his age. O'Brien, the latest, has been summed up as "tramp, sailor, lawyer, sandwich man, barkeeper, kitchen helper, beach comber, editor, dreamer, adventurer, man of mystery and of many moods." Truly, the twentieth century yields nothing in romance to the early part of the nineteenth.

Fiction, following the lines of O'Brien's life, would seem extravagant. Born in Baltimore, taught in a Jesuit school, at eighteen he shipped before the mast. From Rio Janeiro he tramped over Brazil as a day laborer. He visited Venezuela and the island of Trinidad, where he worked at the asphalt lake. Storm, stress, and the menace of shipwreck were the everyday events of these years. Then he thought to settle down, and for a time was content to read law in his father's office. But the spirit of unrest was too strong. He went to New York, and that night was "bedding down" cattle on a Liverpool-bound ship. For a week he carried a sandwich advertising a kind of pill in the East End of London. After roaming about the Continent he returned to New York peeling potatoes on a freighter. The West called. He tramped with tramps, raked hay, "babbitted" threshing machines, tended bar in a Mississippi levee camp, and drifted down the great river to New Orleans. In Coxe's Army he was a general, and walked on the grass of the Capitol lawn at Washington. Then he

became a wandering journalist, first as the crime reporter on Warren G. Harding's *Marion Star*, later in Columbus, Chicago, New York, California, Honolulu, the Philippines, and China, where he was a writer on the Japanese-Russian war. Then he found the South Seas, and there, in the Society, the Paumotu, and the Marquesan Islands, he lived the life of a beach comber.

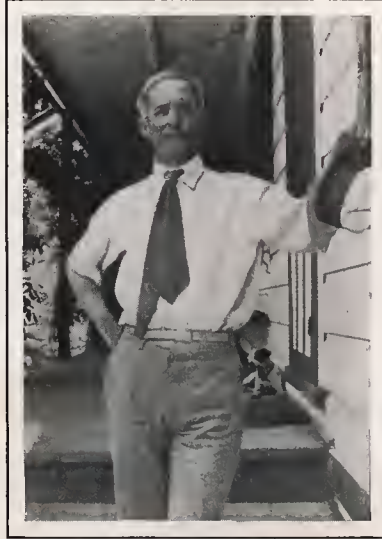
"White Shadows in the South Seas" was O'Brien's first book. He never knew that he could write a book, though his stories, as told by himself, had won the applause of odd audiences in various parts of the globe.

The first draft of the book was written during a year among the islands. Then it was merely a matter of jotting down at night the things he had seen and heard during the day. Rewritten in California, the manuscript was laid aside in the war years, when the author was acting as Director of Education for the Food Administration of California, and as an assistant

to Herbert Hoover in Washington. It was in China, after the signing of the armistice, that in a bookstore he saw his first copy of "White Shadows," and back in Manila he read again the almost forgotten chapters.

O'Brien now makes his home in Sausalito, California, a village clinging to a cliff overlooking San Francisco Bay. In his library is a remarkable collection of South Seas literature, books, pamphlets and papers picked up in years of wandering in the Pacific—which, conveniently, is but a turn of the road from his house.

From his veranda he can see the South Seas schooners come in through the Golden Gate, and from it, when the desire seizes him, he can board a Papeete-bound steamer within the hour.



In the Valley of the Moon

Frederick O'Brien photographed at the late Jack London's famous California ranch home

CASTING GUILLOTINED HEADS HER JOB

SHE was a young Swiss girl—a gifted sculptor. Her name was Marie Groszholz. During the bloody riot of the French Revolution, Terrorists assigned her the task of casting heads that still dripped from the blow of the guillotine. Some of the faces she cast were those of her best friends.

She was not yet twenty when she entered the studio of her uncle, and embarked on the most sensational career a woman artist ever had. Her models were nearly all persons of high standing, who figured afterward, against their will, in ghastly episodes of the Revolution. In later years, the very blades that severed the heads of her patrons helped to earn a fortune for her as the celebrated showwoman of London, Madame Tussaud.

The uncle of the future Madame Tussaud was a physician of Berne, Switzerland. Dr. Curtius made a practice of modeling parts of the human body to aid him in the study of anatomy. Then he discovered that he had talent for faces. He acquired considerable local fame. One day a cousin of the French king appeared at his door. Prince de Conti was much impressed by the work of the doctor-sculptor. He urged him to move to Paris, and promised him plenty of commissions.

So Christopher Curtius took a step that brought him and his family quite unwittingly into the center of events that were to stir the

world. He set up a studio in the French capital—then a lively, carefree capital indeed, and before long he had an order to do a portrait bust of the queen herself.



Marie Groszholz (afterward Madame Tussaud) at the age of 20
Portrait bust modeled by her
grandson, John Tussaud

Benjamin Franklin, in Paris at the time on business for the Colonies, went frequently to the studio, attracted by the clever Swiss artist and his clever pretty niece, and he carried back to America several miniatures of himself, and a collection of colored wax portraits of prominent Frenchmen.

Other celebrated patrons were Voltaire, the philosopher; Necker, Minister of Finance; and the Duke of Orleans, royal champion of the people.

So many likenesses of famous, and infamous, men and women were turned out that a public exhibit was finally opened. The figures

were usually shown singly, dressed in the mode of the day. But the ingenious pair also modeled groups, historic and social, which

attracted curious crowds. It became the fashion to visit the *Theatre Curtius*. A Chamber of Horrors, peopled by the wax images of notorious thieves and assassins, was a popular feature. Little did spectators guess that these amusing waxworks would one day share in scenes more gruesome by far than imitation horrors of crime and bloodshed.



Madame Tussaud

From a portrait painted when she was 90 years old, with her celebrated London waxworks exhibition in the background

From the beginning of her career, Marie had been a favorite with royal visitors. She was invited to their homes, to dance and (Continued on page 36)



A Lamp That Can Never Be Made Again

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architect and interior decorator. He designed the first Victory Lamp as a gift for his wife, a noted sculptress. For its shade he went to a fellow artist, an eminent painter, Franklin Booth, who designed a wonderful picture-poem to carry out the thought of peace healing the scars of war.

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Casting Guillotined Heads Her Job—Continued



Head of Marie Antoinette
As it looked just after she was
decapitated by the guillotine

Marie Antoinette, who gave permission for a wax group to be made of herself and her children. For some time this group was kept on exhibition in a little house in the park at Versailles of which the queen was especially fond.

Deaf to the rising clamor in her kingdom, the frivolous queen could not have imagined the grim task that was soon to be put upon the young artist who modeled the royal features.

As the revolt grew, and there were outspoken threats against government heads, it was thought hazardous for Marie to remain longer at the palace. She was scarcely back under her uncle's roof when a mob invaded the waxworks, seized the busts of the idolized Necker and Duke of Orleans, and carried them in procession through the city, compelling all to doff their hats. In a mix-up with soldiers, the bust of Necker was cut in two, and a guardsman was killed defending the effigy of the duke.

Figures fashioned by the doctor and his niece caused the first bloodshed of the French Revolution.

During weeks that followed, wagons with strange contents arrived at Marie's door.

dine with them. Becoming friendly with Madame Elizabeth, sister to Louis XVI, she was honored by being summoned to Versailles as her companion. She taught Madame Elizabeth sculpture, and was counted one of the family. She was in daily contact with Queen

Direct from the scaffold came the heads of Marie Antoinette, King Louis, Danton, Robespierre, Carrier, and other victims of the Reign of Terror. Curtius was away. The business of reproducing the faces fell to the hands of the delicately bred Swiss girl.

Even as an old woman, she could never speak of the experience with composure—tell how with icy fingers she molded for exhibition in the crowded museum the faces of loved companions. When Marat was done to death in his bath by Charlotte Corday, it was Marie who was sent to his house, with the tools of her craft. "The cadaverous aspect of the fiend made me feel desperately ill," she wrote, "but they stood over me and forced me to perform the task." Marat's head was put on view in the museum, and, a little

later, the mask of Charlotte Corday, who had promptly paid the penalty. Robespierre, exultant, visited the display; not long after, his own image had a prominent place there. Marie had often sat at table with him.

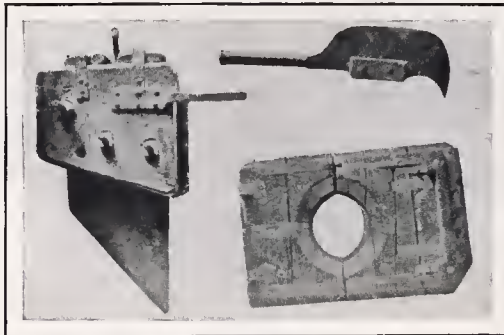
Alone one day in her workshop, she withdrew the cover from the executioner's basket to find his head lying

there, a scant hour after it had rolled from the scaffold. In 1795, Marie Grosholz married

François Tussaud. Shortly after she packed up the astonishing exhibits of the waxworks show and shipped them to London.

There, until she was ninety, Madame Tussaud presided over the gallery that continues to bear her name.

Camille Doré.



In "Madame Tussaud's," London

Knife, Lunette, and Chopper

Of the guillotine that beheaded Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, Charlotte Corday, and other famous victims



Robespierre's Head
As it looked one hour after it fell
into the executioner's basket

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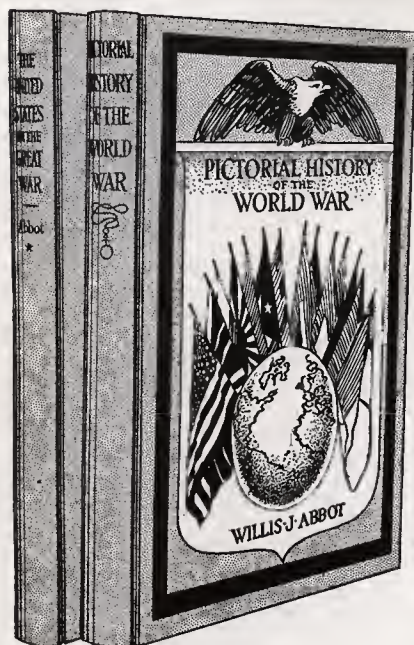
But besides these many intimate scenes there are pictures that will thrill you—fill you with pride—make you realize what we owe, what Europe owes, what the world owes to those who went from America to take our part in the colossal world struggle. Courageous photographers, amid exploding shells, rain of fire, and spatter of bullets, steadily and constantly faced annihilation to secure the most stirring, close-range battle scenes ever taken by a lens.

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FRANS HALS, PAINTER OF LAUGHTER

MILLIONS of American dollars have been spent for European masterpieces in the past few months. It is predicted that many of the world's most valuable paintings will come to the United States this year.

John McCormack, the tenor, recently paid \$150,000 for a portrait by that most excellent Dutch artist Frans Hals. Hals stands high on the list of Dutch and Flemish portrait painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He lived in the period glorified by the art of Rembrandt, Rubens, and Van Dyck. He was born of Dutch parents in Antwerp, Belgium, but lived most of his life in Holland.

His pictures were like his own nature, strong beneath a merry surface. He painted convivial types and homely joys. The titles of some of his best-known pictures are significant: *The Fool*, *Jolly Toper*, *Buffoon*, *Merry Tippler*, *Topers—Male and Female*. Of *Laughing Girls* and *Singing Boys* he painted many. The most familiar of his pictures, through reproduction, is "*The Laughing Cavalier*."

In Haarlem, Holland, where he had his studio, he frequented ale and game house, alley and workshop, roystering, drinking, seeking new faces to paint. He used to tell jokes to make people laugh, and then record their expressions. He had a special gift for seizing and sketching a fleeting glance, no matter how subtle. His models always look as though he had interrupted for a moment a speech, thought, or jocund mood. One of his favorites was a fishwife, Hille Bobbe, a rowdy wit, sometimes called "*The Witch of Haarlem*."

There is a story that Van Dyck, painter and aristocrat, wanting to meet his contemporary, called several times at Hals' house, but never could find him in. So the celebrated Fleming sent a message begging that

Hals would grant a hasty sitting to a stranger. The portrait was finished in two hours. Then Van Dyck, charmed by the likeness, and by the facility of the easy-going Dutchman, returned the compliment by making a sketch of his host. When Hals saw it, he embraced the stranger, declaring, "You are none other than Van Dyck."

Another time, when he was living in Amsterdam, Hals had a caller, not then famous, but destined to be—the young Rembrandt. Rembrandt had hoped to study with Hals, but when he found the master hilariously in his cups he went away. Ribald habits cost Hals the honor of becoming Rembrandt's teacher. Drunken and idle as he often was, bluff Frans Hals painted portraits so frank and true to life that, for pure painting, he can scarcely be matched in the long gallery of Dutch art.

The famous Hals "Portrait" in the National

Gallery, London, shows us a woman who we feel sure must have looked in the flesh exactly as Hals represented her on canvas—as sure "as though we had looked over her shoulder, and watched her grow into shape beneath his brush. It is a real woman that we face, one of stout and wholesome stock. This portrait," says an observer, "is more than a record of a woman who actually lived: it is a type of the race to which she belonged. It is a type, too, of the whole school of Dutch painting—so straightforward, intimate, and sincere. Moreover, a marvel of painting!"

When Hals died at the age of 82, he was buried with honors at the expense of the city fathers of Haarlem. To the world he seemed a shiftless fellow. But the breadth and power of his portraits indicate the artist's true mind. He saw with keen eyes, and with his brush told the truth about his sitters in an original way that seems to grow greater as the centuries pass.

Gene Berton.



The Laughing Cavalier
By Frans Hals (1580-1666)



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THE FAMOUS FOSSIL HOAX

THE hoax of the Wurzburg fossils, a far-reaching piece of foolery perpetrated two hundred years ago by German university students, ranks in ingenuity with the "Balloon Hoax," the *New York Sun* "Moon Hoax," and other celebrated practical jokes of history.

The butt of the fossil joke was a serious-minded old professor, Johann Beringer, who held an honorable position as a Doctor of Philosophy and Medicine in Wurzburg University. The doctor, highly respected for his learning and studious habits, was appointed private physician to the reigning Prince Bishop of the old university town. He was distinguished as a scholar and writer in the fields of zoology, botany, and medicine.

Of all the problems then engaging scientific minds, none had caused more contention than the origin and meaning of fossils. It was claimed by some that the creation of fossils was due to an unknown influence of the stars. Another theory explained fossils as the remains of oceanic animals and

plants stranded on the land by the Flood. It was not until about 1800 that it was determined that fossils were relics of animal and vegetable life that existed in prehistoric times, and had become entombed in rock, in frozen mud, in the beds of rivers,

even in the soft gum of cone-bearing trees.

The science of *paleontology*, or the knowledge of fossils, attracted Professor Beringer. He advanced an original theory that fossils were merely a capricious fabrication of the Creator, placed in the earth to test human faith. He was so keen about this pet notion that some of his pupils at the university could not forbear playing a trick on the old professor.

With the connivance of some of his own colleagues, the students frankly fashioned "fossils" out of clay, and hid them among the rocks of a hillside where they knew Beringer used to roam around on geological exploration. It was not long before the venerable professor chanced upon the fictitious deposits during one of his walks. Completely deceived,

overjoyed at his discovery, Beringer hurried back to the university and exhibited the organisms he had found.

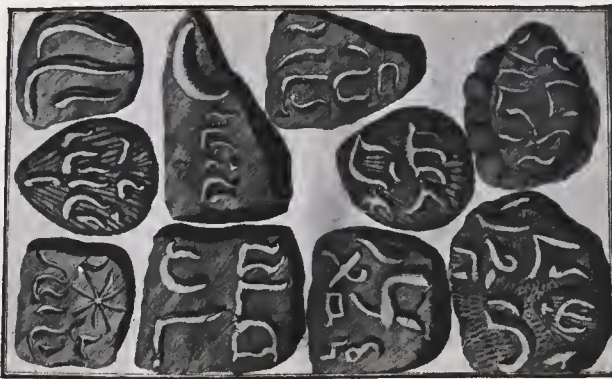
The jokers, perceiving with glee the success of their jest, now went further and buried the most fantastic figures

their imaginations could suggest. Not content with these, they even buried inscriptions, worked out on "fossil" shells, one of them being the name of God himself, in Hebrew!

Professor Beringer's (Continued on page 42)



"Fossil" Birds and Insects



The Climax of the Hoaxers' Craft

Hebrew inscriptions, with various signs and symbols intended to mystify

WATCH YOUR ENGLISH!

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The Famous Fossil Hoax—Continued

elation upon the discovery of these latter forms knew no bounds. He was now completely convinced of the soundness of his doctrine, and made ready to publish the results.

The semi-religious fervor of the honest old scholar swept all before it. Despite the advice of level-headed friends, he hurried his ponderous work to completion.

And now for the strangest part of the story.

The jesters came forward and confessed. They exposed all they had done. To their confusion, Beringer refused to listen. The hoaxers reiterated their statements that the whole thing was a colossal joke. Beringer could not be convinced. He conceived this as a base trick of his adversaries. He suspected them of trying to rob him of the glory of proclaiming his discoveries and establishing the truth of his theory. He hurried into print. His *magnum opus* appeared!

The entry of the volume into the world of learned literature was heralded by a shout of laughter! The author's name became a byword in the universities of Europe. Some declared his book

was only an attempt to fool the scientific world, others set it down as the product of a mind diseased.

Copies of the weighty volume, printed in Latin, bore the title, "The Figured Stones of Wurzburg," and was illustrated with "marvelous likenesses of two hundred figures, or, rather, insectiform stones." It was published in Wurzburg in 1726. The pompous dedication, full nine pages long, is to Christopher Francis, Prince Bishop of Wurzburg. After the dedication and the preface, comes the body of the work, descriptive of Beringer's

discovery of the fossils, the manner of their exhumation and examination, the account of the attempt of his colleagues to dissuade him from the work, and the description and significance of the "fossils" themselves. At the end of the volume are plates; some of the most striking illustrate this article. They were photographed from an original edition of the book.

For a time there was question as to whether

or not Beringer's book was of value in some parts of the scholastic world, a condition which spurred the deceived scientist to greater efforts in his own defense.

But, as the truth became generally established, Beringer himself was finally undeceived. The blow staggered him; he was overwhelmed.

From the pinnacle of learned dictatorship, which he had formerly occupied so securely, he beheld himself tumbled headlong, almost in a night.

In a frenzy he attempted to buy up all copies of his book that had been issued. His most assiduous efforts were futile, however. Finally he desisted and surrendered to despair. His life's work was treasured and exhibited

by many as an object of ridicule.

The broken-hearted scientist fell ill under the strain, and died shortly afterward with the laughter of the scientific world ringing in his ears.

Even after Beringer's death there was no end to the tragic joke. A bookseller, one Hobbard of Hamburg, seeing an opportunity to make capital out of Beringer's misfortunes, bought up all available copies, and not only reissued them, but compiled a *second edition* which achieved a large circulation!

Leon Augustus Hausman.



Fake Fossils of Marine Monsters
Buried by Students



From the original etching by Earl Horter

Suppose LINCOLN lived today!

SUPPOSE Abraham Lincoln were still living in Washington. And suppose that one eventful day you and I set out together to pay him a friendly little visit.

We enter the White House—our names are announced—and presently we are ushered into the President's office.

A tall, gaunt, awkward man rises from his chair in kindly greeting. Somehow the quaint simplicity of his manner makes us feel at ease. And we sit down, you and I, and we talk to this great man.

The shadow of a smile lights up that homely face as he tells some little anecdote or story. We marvel at the kindness in those eyes—the strength of that familiar mouth. We begin to understand his power over men.

As he talks we can picture the scene of his humble birthplace in Kentucky—his reverence for his mother—his boyhood hopes and disappointments—his never-ending struggle for success.

And we can see him walking forty miles to borrow a book; we can see him reading it by the light of that warm log fire. We can almost hear the taunts of his fellows as they tell him that he is wasting his time “readin’ and learnin’.”

And then Lincoln's calm, almost prophetic, answer —“I will study and get ready and some day my chance will come.”

We see all this and more. And finally we rise to say good-bye to Abraham Lincoln.

But as we pass out the door—and for days afterward at our work—those simple words come back to us—

“I will study and get ready and some day my chance will come.”

And ambition thrills our souls—we resolve that Opportunity is not dead—that there is still a chance for us if we, too, will but study and get ready.

Perhaps it is not written in the stars that you will become another Lincoln. Yet one never knows! Few men saw the making of a great president in the humble rail-splitter. But Lincoln looked ahead. He made each day count.

You, too, can make something of yourself if you will but dedicate a little of your time to preparation for the future.

You *can* have the position you want in the work you like best. You *can* have a salary that will make possible a happy prosperous home, and for your family the comfort and little luxuries of life. All you need is preparation to do some one thing well—the kind of training you can get in an hour a day of easy, fascinating study at home.

For 30 years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men in just your circumstances along the uproad to success. They will help you, too, if you will only make the start.

This is all we ask: Without obligation, or a penny of cost, simply mark and mail this coupon and find out what the I. C. S. can do for you.

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Name.....Address.....

Occupation.....

A FISH THAT BUILDS ITS HOUSE

EVERYONE knows that bears take to caves and hollow logs when the first cold winds blow, and sleep away the winter. But one hardly expects a fish to hibernate. Yet there is such a fish, and he goes the bear one better; he not only goes into seclusion during his off season, but builds himself a sleeping place.

The fish that builds a house is the African lung-fish; or, to give him the name by which naturalists know him, *Protopterus annectens*. He lives in the lakes and streams of Africa, chiefly along the banks and in marshy places. He is a singular-looking creature, with two pairs of limbs—more like legs than fins—and a powerful tail. He has lungs as well as gills, and is able to breathe as well out of water as in it.

During the rainy season, Mr. Protopterus disports himself in the water as gayly as any fish of regular habits. But when the rains cease, and the long dry season from August to December nears, he sets to work on a house. While the streams and ponds are vanishing—literally drying up—he digs a hole about eighteen inches deep in the soft mud. He curls himself up neatly in the bottom of this, somewhat in the shape of a fish hook. Then he exudes a slime which fills the hole and protects him from the mud, which bakes hard in the summer heat. He leaves a hole through which to breathe.

Until the revivifying winter rains fall Protopterus is in a torpor. He lives upon his fat. When the streams fill and his dwelling is dissolved he emerges thin and hungry. This is not true hibernation, because it is a summer

and not a winter sleep; it is properly called aestivation.

In spite of Protopterus' ingenuity in protecting himself against the dry season, he does not always survive. His very cunning is often the cause of his undoing, for the natives are very fond of him, and, knowing his habits, chop him out, home and all, to be stored until needed—a sort of naturally canned live fish.

At various times these blocks of mud have been shipped to England and America. Upon arrival they are put into a tank of warm water and the fish soon appears, quite undisturbed by his long journey.

Protopterus is so hungry when he emerges from his sleep that he often turns cannibal. If several lung-fish are left together they will likely snap off one another's legs. But this is not so hard on them as it sounds, for they are able to grow new ones. When not eating one another they live chiefly on frogs and snails.

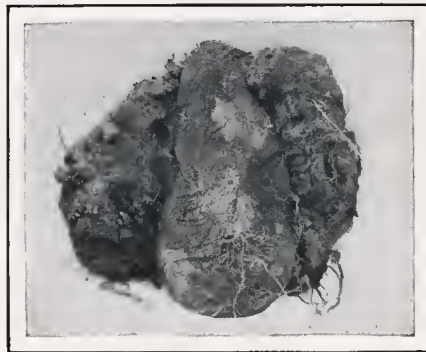
Protopterus has other peculiar habits. In the breeding season a nest is built in a secluded spot, in which the eggs are laid. But it is not Mrs. Protopterus that cares for the young; on the contrary, she acts in a most unmotherly fashion, which makes her mate as fiercely suspicious of her as he is toward other fish that dine on small fry. As soon as the little fish are hatched she disappears, leaving Mr. Protopterus to care for them. Nor is she to be blamed altogether; the little lung-fish are in the larval stage when

she leaves them, and resemble her not at all. They pass through a transformation similar to that which turns a tadpole into a frog.



The Lung-Fish at Home

The drawing shows how this queer creature adjusts itself for sleep during the long dry season



Courtesy, American Museum of Natural History

Cocoon of African Lung-Fish Exposed in Clod of Earth

The years that the locust hath eaten—



A SOLEMN SOUNDING line it is, full of sad significance.

The years when there were no crops, because they were destroyed by the enemies of crops. The years when men worked and made no progress; when the end of the year found them a little poorer than its beginning, because a part of their little span of life was gone and had produced no increase.

In almost every life there are some fruitless years; but the tragedies occur, when year after year, men go along feeding their lives to the locust of indecision, or the locust of laziness, or the locust of too great concentration on a petty task.

In every week of every year the Alexander Hamilton Institute is brought into contact with such tragedies.

"I wish I had acted earlier"

"MY experience with the Alexander Hamilton Institute leaves me only with the regret that I did not make contact with it at an earlier time," says one man.

For that regret there is no healing. The years when one might have acted, and did not; these are the years that the locust hath eaten.

"If I had read your Course before getting mixed up in my mining proposition, it would have kept me out of trouble," another writes.

He might have read it before; the opportunity was offered to him time after time, in advertisements such as this, but he did not act. And Fate exacted payment for those wasted opportunities, the years that the locust hath eaten.

"If I had enrolled with you a year or two ago, I should be better able

IN a very old book named Joel, after the man who wrote it, you will find this line "The Years that the Locust Hath Eaten"

to handle the problems put up to me every day," another says.

He is making progress now, rapid progress. But the progress might just as well have started two years earlier.

The punishment of wasted years

THIS happened just the other day: A man wrote asking that someone call on him who could give him detailed information as to just how the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped thousands of men to greater success.

The representative found a man past fifty years of age, occupying a modest position in a great corporation. He sat down to explain the Institute's plan and method. And as he talked, naming one and another who now occupy high positions, he looked across at the gray-haired man who was plainly disturbed by emotion.

The representative of the Institute turned away his eyes; he knew what that man was thinking. His thoughts were turned back over the fields of wasted opportunity; he was plagued by the thought of the years that the locust hath eaten.

Today you may start forward with thousands of others

THIS can hardly be called an advertisement about the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The facts about its Modern Busi-

ness Course and Service have been printed so many times that few men need to have them repeated.

The average man knows that thousands of men, in every state and city of this country are proof of its strength and standing; he knows that business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Advisory Council

THIS Advisory Council consists of Frank A. Vanderlip, the financier; General Coleman duPont, the well-known business executive; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist; and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

TO all men of earnest purpose who seek to avoid these wasted years, the Alexander Hamilton Institute comes now, asking for only one moment of firm decision—one moment in which to take the first step that can begin to turn ordinary years into great years of progress.

A book has been published for you entitled "Forging Ahead in Business."

It is not a book for drifters; but to men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be ten years from now?" it is offered freely and gladly without the slightest obligation.

Send for your copy today.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

373 Astor Place, New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.



Name..... *Print here*

Business.....

Address.....

Business.....

Position.....

Canadian Address, C. P. R. Building, Toronto; Australian Address, 42 Hunter Street, Sydney

EIGHTEEN DAYS BEFORE LINCOLN DIED



Courtesy, The Chicago Historical Society

"The Peacemakers"

Portrait Group of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Porter by G. P. A. Healy

RECENTLY there turned up in Chicago a rare Lincoln picture with a remarkable history. For fifty years this portrait study has lain unnoticed in a family storeroom. It is now a treasured possession of the Chicago Historical Society.

G. P. A. Healy, an artist well known in Civil War times as a painter of portraits and historical scenes, put on canvas a picture of Lincoln listening to General Sherman's recital of his march, which, just the day before, had terminated at Goldsboro, N. C.

This is believed to be the last picture ever made of Lincoln. It shows him as he looked seventeen days before he was shot.

When Lincoln got the word that Sherman had completed his march to the sea, he left Washington post-haste, and met Sherman, Grant, and Admiral Porter on the *River Queen*, then anchored in the James River. In his "Memoirs," Sherman mentions this meeting and refers to Lincoln's boyish eager-

ness to hear the details of "our march." "When I left him," wrote Sherman, "I was more than ever impressed by his kindly nature, his deep sympathy with the afflictions of the whole people, resulting from the war. In the language of his second inaugural address, he seemed to have 'charity for all, malice toward none,' and, above all, an absolute faith in the courage, manliness, and integrity of the armies in the field.

"When listening, his face was care-worn and haggard; but the moment he began to talk his face lightened up, his tall form, as it were, unfolded, and he was the very impersonation of good humor and fellowship. The last words I recall were that he would feel better when I was back at Goldsboro. We parted about noon of March 28th, and I never saw him again. Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other."

Effective Work Demands Modern Equipment

*Success is for those
who take advantage
of every opportunity.
Notice how frequently
the man of affairs
uses*

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T H E O P E N L E T T E R

THE birthday of The Mentor falls in the month of February, and this is our tenth anniversary—not of The Mentor publication, for the first number was published in February, 1913, but of The Mentor Idea. In February, 1912—on the 24th of the month, to be exact—The Mentor Idea was born. I have been asked so often how The Mentor came to be that I take the opportunity to tell about it now, on its decennial anniversary.

The Mentor began as a *Personality*. The idea and plan came out of a personal talk between a broad-minded business man and several of his associates. No one of us that was present will ever forget that conversation. We were not simply discussing the publication of "another magazine." The Mentor Idea was something special—an idea of *personal* service in a broad effort for self-education and self-improvement. "We all want to know the things we ought to know. We want to be well informed, not only in matters that are practical but in matters that are cultural, so that we may not only live well and rightly but may understand, appreciate, and enjoy the finer things of life." That was the fundamental proposition—and The Mentor was established, sincerely and earnestly, for the purpose of encouraging and developing a popular interest in all the things that make for self-improvement.

It took time to build up a plan that would be simple, intelligent, consistent, and systematic. Many of the leading educators of the country were consulted. The president of one of our greatest universities said, after he had considered our plan: "I believe it is the obligation of anyone who has had the advantages of education to do all he can to spread knowledge through a popular plan like this." Another prominent educator said to us: "Let your matter be authoritative in information, simple in language, interesting in style, and well illustrated, and you will establish a popular institution that should include everybody in the world that wants to grow in intelligence and personal value."

★ ★ ★

The Mentor was founded on the assumption that the majority of people want to improve themselves. Was that assumption well founded? Early in the life of The Mentor I was seated at a public dinner next to the editor of a New York evening newspaper of

large circulation. I had noticed brief articles of an educational kind on his editorial page, so I asked him if he had found a large public hungry for worth-while information. "I have," he answered, "and I feed it daily. We sell hundreds of *back copies* of our evening paper every day to readers who want to get and keep those popular educational articles. And we, in a daily paper, are simply scratching the surface of things. You have the greater opportunity in The Mentor."

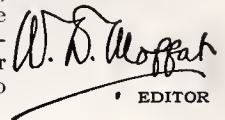
★ ★ ★

During the year 1912 The Mentor Idea grew in our minds until, when the first number was published in February, 1913, we had shaped a plan and program of useful service that extended for years ahead. During these years, The Mentor has led its readers through the varied fields of knowledge—Art, History, Travel, Literature, Science, and Nature—by paths that have been made attractive with interesting facts and beautiful pictures. And in these years, we have built up an association of Mentor readers that runs into hundreds of thousands—and it grows fast and steadily. Moreover, the enduring interest and value of The Mentor has been made clear in the course of these years, for the demand for all back numbers is constant and growing, the sales of these now running into the millions.

Just what The Mentor has come to mean to so many has been well expressed by one of its distinguished readers, Judge Elbert H. Gary, head of the United States Steel Corporation, who wrote: "The Mentor affords the pleasantest and most profitable way of spending a leisure half-hour that I know."

★ ★ ★

I have said that The Mentor began with *personality*. Its fundamental idea has always been, and is to-day, one of *personal service*. An important part of this service is the personal assistance that we give to Mentor members in the way of advice, suggestion, and special information. You want to be guided in courses of reading, and know how to get books and pictures; you want to know facts about men, women, and things in history, literature, travel, and art—countless matters covered by The Mentor. Our service includes that. Mentor members have only to ask for it.


• EDITOR



An Aristocracy of Labor

The watch maker who makes the delicate adjustments on a full-jeweled watch, the artificer who cuts and sets precious stones, the lens expert who must work as near perfection as $1/30,000$ of an inch, constitute in themselves an aristocracy of skilled labor.

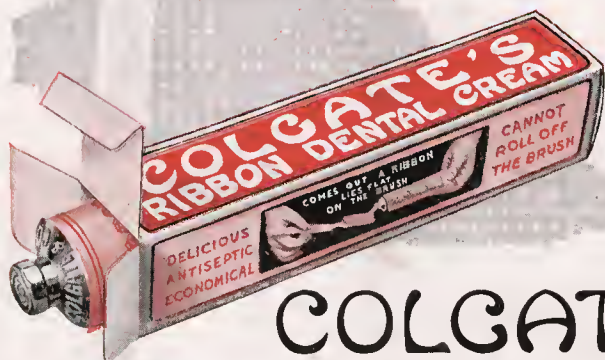
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