

# THE NATIVES OF GUAM.

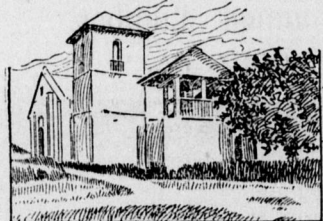
BY ENSIGN C. L. POOR, U. S. N.

WHEN, under the most amusingly opera-bouffe conditions ever experienced in modern warfare, the United States steamship Charleston, on June 20, 1898, captured the beautiful but isolated and sleepy old Spanish island colony of Guam in the western Pacific, the place was governed by a lieutenant-colonel of the Spanish army, Don Juan Marina, supported by a staff of four army and one naval officers, and a garrison of fifty-four Spanish soldiers, with a native militia of fifty-four men, these latter being armed with old Remington rifles, and organized as artillery crews for four old brass field-guns.

Upon the departure of the Charleston the Spanish officers and soldiers were removed, and the island was left nominally in charge of its leading citizens and the native soldiery.

During all this time the native troops have maintained their organization and discipline, keeping their clothes and equipments clean and in order, posting their sentries, and carrying out their routine—all in a most praiseworthy manner. They are a soldierly, intelligent body of men, and will undoubtedly be a valuable auxiliary to the new marine garrison that has arrived on the United States steamship Yosemite. Their best sphere of usefulness would be as a police force and as rural guards in the outlying villages, thus relieving the marines of this isolated and monotonous duty.

The natives of Guam are in pleasing contrast to the Filipinos. Though originally, in great part, from the same stock, they have inherited all of the virtues and few of the vices of these people. There is in the blood of these people a considerable proportion of Spanish, South American, and American stock, the last being due to the whaling-vessels that used to frequent the island in large numbers to obtain fresh water and to recuperate their crews. It is not at all unusual to hear English spoken, even in the interior of the island, and, in fact, it is quite as common as Spanish. In personal appearance the natives resemble the Filipinos, though of a greater stature and more robust, while the hair is not so bristling and porcupine-like, and brown or even blond hair is occasional evidence of the mixture of races. The intelligence, as indicated by their faces, is much more marked than in the natives of the Philippine s.

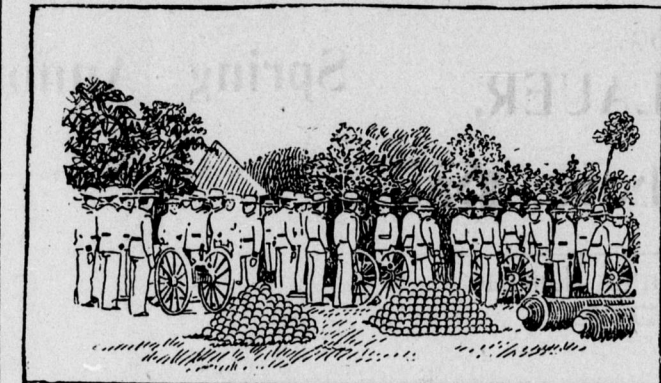


THE CHURCH AND BELFRY AT AGAÑA.

The women, when young, have well-rounded figures and an excellent carriage, which redounds to a great extent their shortness of stature and consequent tendency to dumpyness. In my long walks about Agaña I have noticed many that were very comely and some that were decidedly pretty. As they age they do not become unduly fat, or later on repulsively haggard, as is the case with so many tropical natives.

Their dress is neat and clean, and

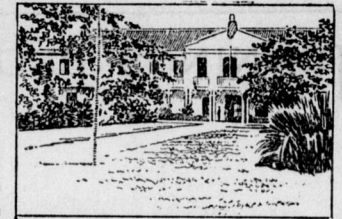
monial occasions it is embroidered around the neck and upon the sleeves, and is sometimes bordered with lace. It fits closely to the stayless figure. Upon occasions of the greatest importance an elaborate jacket of the beautiful and expensive juna cloth, with flowing sleeves and wide collar, is worn over the chemise. With this is worn a skirt of vari-colored calico or cotton stuff, generally of some bright hue. The feet are usually bare, small heelless slippers of colored leather being occasionally seen. The hair is drawn back from the forehead in a knot, and hats are never worn.



THE NATIVE TROOPS OF GUAM.

In church a white cloth is worn as a veil over the head.

The men dress simply and comfortably, generally in suits of white drilling, such as are common all through the East. The Filipino custom of wearing a white shirt with long and flowing tails is in favor among the poorer natives.

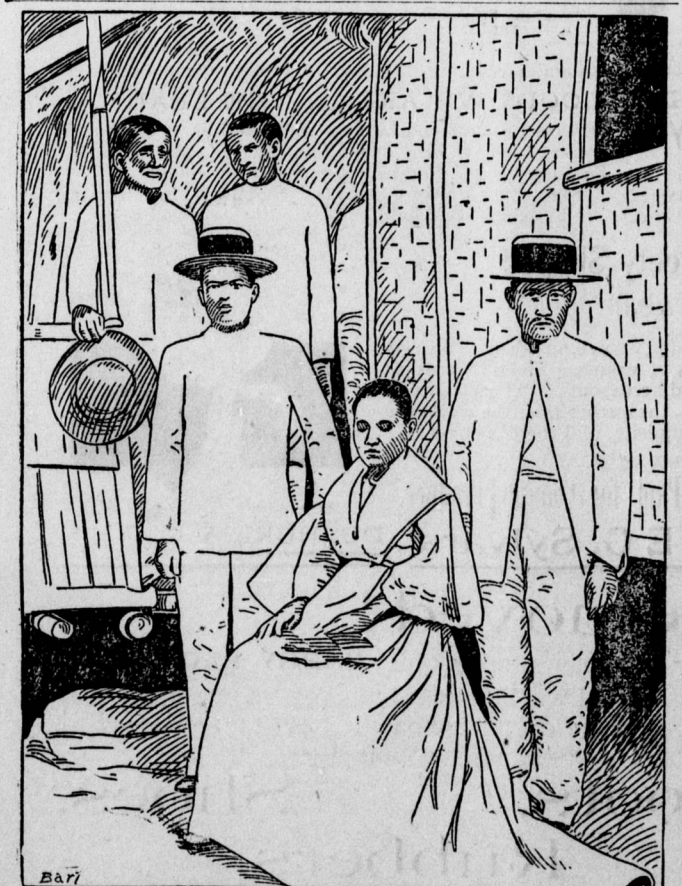


GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, AGAÑA.

One of the first things evident to us is the decided antipathy of the natives for the Filipinos. There are few of them upon the island, and these are not at all regarded with favor. In truth, they seem to be quite as unruly here as they are in their home, and their qualities make them about the only disturbing element in this peaceful, well-disposed people. The only prisoner in the jail of the place was an ugly-looking Filipino, who had murdered a German trader about a year ago, and was sentenced to a long term of confinement.

The population of Guam is about 7000, mostly of the Malay type. The principal town is Agaña, with 5475 inhabitants. There are several Spanish families worth from \$20,000 to \$50,000.

As to the mental and moral characteristics of our new citizens, all that we know so far is of a favorable nature. They are cleanly, intelligent and peaceable. The great majority of them can read and write, and every village has its school for instruction in the elementary branches. They



A FAMILY GROUP AT AGAÑA, GUAM.

in their personal habits they are modest and tidy. For the women the costume is a short chemise, or jacket, with low neck and short sleeves. This is made of white material of varying degrees of fineness. For more cere-

are modest and very courteous in their deportment, and invariably touch their hats to us when we pass them, and are most generous to visitors.

The worst trait, however, of the citizen of Guam is indolence. Nature

is so provident, and so warm and smiling here, that little effort is required to support life and provide sustenance for the family. To pay a native by the day or in advance is a fatal error indeed, for he will work until he has accumulated a few dollars, then buy his wife a new skirt, lay in a supply of canned goods at the store, some tobacco and tuba (cocoanut rum), and then retire to a life of affluent ease for as many months as the money and supplies hold out.

Intoxication is very rare. Men and women alike smoke cigars and pipes, and nearly every one has the unsightly habit of chewing the betel-nut. The native cigar is an object of wonder to the new-comer. It is made from the whole leaf of the native tobacco, which is of most excellent flavor, but very strong and green, rolled into a cylinder about eight inches long, and wound about with threads of fibre to keep it from unwrapping.

With the example of American en-

ergy and industry; with advanced education, and with the influences of progress; with a strong and just government and purified religious example and instruction—there opens before the inhabitant of Guam a most promising future; and before us, whose duty it is to plant here a model colony, there lies a most interesting experience and labor, of the ultimate success of which there can be no possible doubt.

Captain Richard P. Leary, of the United States Navy, the naval Governor of the island, is a Baltimorean and a brother of Captain Peter Leary, Jr., of the Fourth United States Artillery, now at Fort McHenry. Captain Leary has had a long and honorable service in the navy. Several years ago the Legislature of Maryland presented him with a gold medal for his courageous service to the Government during the Samoan dispute. At



CAPTAIN RICHARD P. LEARY, NAVAL GOVERNOR OF GUAM.

that time he was in command of the American man-of-war Adams. Captain Leary conveyed the New Orleans, purchased from Brazil, to this country. This ship was used during the war with Spain as a patrol for the New England coast. Although he did not do much damage to the Spaniards, Captain Leary's vessel had the distinction of being the last American boat to be fired upon.

**Newsboys in New York City.**  
There are now a number of New York newsboys who, instead of walking from point to point, station themselves at some spot, and instead of walking about, hold that spot. A good illustration of this is seen in the City Hall park in the selling of afternoon papers to people going home to Brooklyn over the bridge, or uptown in Manhattan or the Bronx by way of the elevated railroad from the City Hall station. Many of these boys have regular customers who buy from them regularly.

Perhaps the latest development of specialization in selling newspapers in the street is at the doors of big wholesale houses down town. This is not new, but is done more than before. The boy takes his station outside the door, and if he succeeds he comes to have regular customers, who buy as they leave on their way home. The boy knows their paper and whips it out as they come along, and he may do better concentrating his attention on this stream, so to speak, than he would fishing for a chance fish to be taken between corners pre-empted by vendors making it their business to stand day after day on the same spot.

**The Worst of All.**  
Willie—"Just see my new hobby-automobile."  
Jack—"That's nothing! Look at this bladeless knife and triggerless rifle."  
Alice—"But you should see my pointless story-book. What have you got, papa?"  
Papa—"A penniless purse."—*Life.*

## THE IRISH JOAN OF ARC.

Miss Maude Gonne Lecturing to Work Up a Boer Sentiment.

The Boer war is affecting Ireland socially, as many of the bravest of officers who are prominent figures in that unfortunate campaign are members of Irish families, or else very well known



MISS MAUDE GONNE. (The Irish Joan of Arc.)

in Ireland. Colonel Pilcher, the hero of the raid on Douglas, married into an Anglo-Irish family, and perhaps it will be some indication of how people are divided, even in their family relationship, on this war, that his wife is the sister of Miss Maude Gonne—one of the most vehement opponents of the war.

I do not know what Mrs. Pilcher is like, but if she bear any resemblance to her sister she must be a woman of great attractions, for Miss Maude Gonne is one of the handsomest women in the world. Extremely tall for a woman—she must be at least six feet high—with a fine, beautifully proportioned figure, with regular features, lustrous black eyes and a delicate complexion. Miss Maude Gonne attracts attention wherever she goes.

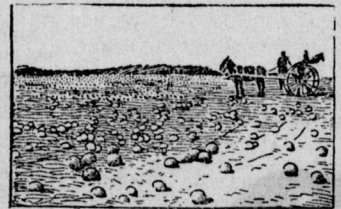
She oscillates between Paris and Dublin, is called in the French capital the Joan of Arc of the Irish Revolution, makes hot and strong speeches in Ireland, is of the same stuff as produced the Madame Rolands of the French Revolution.

At present she is in the United States lecturing in favor of the Boers. In regard to her mission here she said, recently: "I came to America to lecture in behalf of the Boers and to stir up if possible a pro-Boer sentiment among the Americans. At least, such was my idea when I left the other side, for the English papers had led me to believe that America was wholly with the English in the present conflict, but from what I have seen and heard since my arrival, I have come to the conclusion that America is in sympathy with the Boers. The English press has a great habit of suppressing news that they regard as unfavorable to England, and this false report of the public sentiment of America is only another instance of it. The sympathy of Ireland is wholly with the Boers in their present struggle for liberty, and it warms our hearts to know that this little people is so bravely and gallantly struggling for its rights."

No one would ever have predicted from the parentage and surroundings of Miss Gonne in early life that she would fill such a place in the world as she does, or even that her views could possibly be what they are. Her father was an Irish colonel in the British army, classed as an Orangeman, aristocratic and conservative. Her people belonged to the viceregal circle, and from the time of her entering society she was reigning belle at the Dublin court.

**Americans Live Well.**  
An American spends on an average \$50 a year on food, a Frenchman \$48, a German \$45, a Spaniard \$33, an Italian \$24, and a Russian \$40. The American eats 109 pounds of meat a year, the Frenchman eighty-seven pounds, the German sixty-four pounds, the Italian twenty-eight pounds, and the Russian fifty-one pounds. Of bread the American consumes 380 pounds, the Frenchman 540 pounds, the German 560 pounds, the Spaniard 480 pounds, the Italian 400 pounds and the Russian 655 pounds.

**South African Cattle Food.**  
The accompanying photo. shows a field of "karkoeren" on a farm near Bloemfontein, Orange Free State. This fruit is very similar to the ordinary water-melon, but has a very bitter taste. The inside consists of pulp and a large quantity of liquid, and it is this which makes it so much sought after by cattle. The field seen in our photo., about forty-six acres in extent, is carefully inclosed, and when the



FORTY-SIX ACRES OF STRANGE CATTLE FOOD IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE. THE CATTLE BREAK OPEN THE MELONS WITH THEIR HOOPS.

fruit is ripe the cattle are driven in to it for about an hour a day. They break the "karkoeren" with their hoofs, and so manage to get at the juicy interior.

The cemeteries around London cover 2000 acres, and the land they occupy represents a capital of \$100,000,000

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**The Conceited Coins.**  
"I'm just as good as silver!"  
The Nickel proudly cried:  
"The head of Madam Liberty  
Is stamped upon my side,  
I am as white and shining  
As any dime can be—  
He needn't put on any airs,  
I'm twice as thick as he!"

"I'm every bit as good as gold!"  
The Penny blustered loud:  
"That tiny, thin gold dollar—  
He needn't feel so proud;  
For all his airs and graces  
I do not give a fig;  
I'm burnished just as bright as he,  
And half again as big!"

And when the Cent and Nickel  
Went out upon their way,  
Alas! the world still held them cheap,  
Whatever they might say.  
The Double Eagle smiled, "You'll find,"  
He said, "that par is par:  
It doesn't matter how you boast,  
But what you really are!"  
—*Outlook.*

**How Birds Work.**  
Perhaps you fancy the birds don't work. Just watch them next time you have a chance and you'll find they are busy every minute.

During the summer thrushes get up before 3 o'clock in the morning and don't go to bed till after 9 o'clock at night, so they work nearly 19 hours. Think of this next time you feel inclined to grumble when you have something to do for mother.

Blackbirds are not so industrious. They only work 17 hours, but during that time they feed their little ones between 40 and 50 times. Have you ever seen a nest of young birds? If you have, I dare say that you have noticed that their mouth is always open, as though they were ready for a meal. So Mr. and Mrs. Dicky Bird have a pretty busy time.

**He Meant to Be Polite.**

During the visit of the Princess of Wales to the London hospital a little blind boy in one of the wards was sitting on a chair, and the princess spoke to him. The chairman of the hospital, thinking it would be nice for the lad to know who had been speaking to him, said: "That lady who has been speaking to you is the Princess of Wales. Would you like to come up and make your bow to her and speak to her?"

The boy was delighted and jumped off his chair. He was led up to the princess, and she was told of his wish, to which she very readily acceded.

The bow was duly made and then came the speech: "How are you, miss?"—a speech which was hardly expected, but which was answered by the five minutes' conversation, and the boy returned to his chair proud and happy.

**A Chicken Without Wings.**

Children with exploring disposition sometimes come to grief, and such was the fate that befell a young occupant of a South Carolina barnyard. The chick one day found itself on the threshold of the stable. It began its usual round of exploration, and presently scampered into a stall occupied by a mule. This fellow, moved either by hunger or a bad temper, put down his head and bit off the poor little chick's two wings!

Strange to relate, but true, nevertheless this chicken lived to grow up. Of course it was never as other chickens, and it had to be very careful about running too fast. It could tear along in a straight line without trouble, but if it turned a corner on the run, over it went. In losing its wings it had lost its equilibrium.

The poor thing came to a premature end. One night it fell off the roost, and landed exactly on its back. Without its wings it could not right itself, and the next morning it was dead.

**How a Dog Was Sold.**

Here is a true dog story:  
A family down town having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house placed some red paper behind it to give it the effect of fire. One of the coldest days the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate, deliberately walked up to it and lay down before it, curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained for a few moments. Feeling no warmth, he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate. Still feeling no heat, he went across and carefully applied his nose to the grate and smelt it. It was cold as ice.

With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying, "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the party in the room who had watched his actions and laughed so heartily at his misfortunes. That dog had reason as well as instinct.—*Troy Times.*

**Doll Kindergarten.**

Over in Germany there are 5000 children in one district alone who are employed to dress dolls and help in the manufacture of various kinds of toys. All the children who do this work are under 12 years of age. They are taught the art of dressing a doll at the tender age of four. At the same time, according to the compulsory education law, they are obliged to go to kindergarten for at least one year, and that term is devoted to such things as the making of dolls and dressing them, doing everything, in fact, excepting molding the heads, which is done by men expert at it. After that the German children have three or four years of study, when they are allowed to go into the doll and toy factories to add to the family's income to the extent of a few cents a day.

The children who go to the kindergarten have lots of fun making clothes for the dollies, and so fond do they get of some of the little waxen-faced creatures that they are often sore at heart when the matron comes around and collects them all, to be sent abroad, many to America, where more fortunate little girls may buy them and keep them for their own.

**Dogs and Monkeys in the Mirror.**

I saw a performing monkey the other day. He went through many tricks very successfully. Toward the end of the performance he was ordered to put on his cocked hat before a hand mirror—which he did. He was next told to set it straight, and he tried on his general's headgear repeatedly at different angles, causing much laughter. When all was over, and the organ man, his helpers and the two monkeys were preparing to depart, I saw that "the general" had possessed himself of the little mirror and was studying his own countenance with great delight. He had placed the glass on top of the barrel organ, and he bent over it again and again, grimacing energetically. He afterward picked up his mirror and contemplated himself earnestly and contentedly at different angles. His face had been profoundly sad, like the faces of most monkeys I have seen, but now the wrinkles smoothed themselves out and he nearly smiled!

Why is it that dogs hardly ever regard a picture as anything but a flat surface with patches of color dotted over it? In all my large canine acquaintance I know but one dog who sees that portraits are likenesses of people. As for his own reflection in a glass, a dog generally mistakes it for an enemy and "goes for" it. Later, when knocks on the nose and absence of scent have done their part in convincing him of his mistake, a dog will look coldly, not to say spitefully, at the mirror. Sometimes it is as if dogs resented their reflections as caricatures of themselves.—*London News.*

**The Pet Beaver That Broke Jail.**

Professor W. W. McIntyre of Toronto has, or had, a wonderful pet beaver named Buff.

Buff was caught in a trap at Lovesick lake. He was a fine young beaver about eighteen months old.

Buff was soon quite tame, writes Professor McIntyre, so that the trappers could stroke him and he seemed to like it.

When camp was broken up Buff was taken to a farmhouse and put into a closet. About 11 o'clock he went upon an exploring expedition, cutting his way through the door into the kitchen, and thence wandering all over the house. It was easy to trace his trail, as tell-tale signs in the shape of chairs and tables minus a leg, perhaps two, were strewn in every direction. He was shut up again, but cut his way out once more, this time, being beaten with a small switch, he thundered upon the floor with his tail, uttering a pitiful cry.

As it was evident that he could not be kept in the house, a small stone house was built for him.

Buff was quite an attraction to the neighborhood, and numbers of people came to see him, so that he was always sure of a liberal supply of bread. There was a small pond about 200 feet from the house, and the boys used to take him to it daily, first having fastened a small rope around each hind foot. Buff would swim under water till he came to the end of his tether, when he would come to the surface and swim back to the shallow water, where he would sit and wash himself.

A large sugar kettle was sunk in the ground and filled with water for him. He was also given a quantity of poplar wood. He saw what this meant, and set to work, cutting the wood into pieces about two feet long, setting them on end, resting against the upper rim of the kettle. When he had built the framework of quite a large house he took mouthfuls of earth, and with it stopped all holes and cracks, making his house frost-proof. He exhibited a keen interest in everything about the place. Before long the first snow fell, and Buff sought his house, where he spent the winter. When spring returned he seemed possessed by a longing for his old home. It had been his habit to cut wood given to him into lengths of about two feet.

One evening the boys gave him an extra large supply of wood, and he seemed delighted. When all was quiet in the night Buff worked continuously, and, piling his short sticks high enough for him to reach the top of the fence he regained his liberty and returned to his brothers.

**Greeks Gather Ferns.**

"An employment which hundreds of poor Greeks, living in and near New York City find quite profitable at this season of the year is fern gathering," said a fern dealer in New York City. Up to ten years ago this industry was exclusively in the hands of a few Frenchmen, but in the fall of '90 these men happened to engage the services of four or five Greeks to help them collect ferns. Once initiated into the secrets of the trade the Greeks decided to go into the business for themselves, with the result that they and a large number of their countrymen, now monopolize the supply of ferns sent to the New York market.—*Washington Star.*

**Shingles From Stumps.**

A new industry has sprung up in the cut-over lands of Minnesota. A Michigan shingle manufacturer has located east of Sandstone with machinery suitable to transform the thousands of large stumps into shingles. These stumps now stand from two to four feet above ground and are as sound as the day the tree was cut.