# Tapa: Made for Tourists

SAMOAN WOMAN IN TAPA WEDDING DRESS

TAPA! Once—and only a few years ago—a large part of the savage and semi-civilized world wore tapa. But styles have changed. Now you might hunt a long time before you found any—except in a museum. You would probably have to journey to the wilds of Africa to find anybody actually wearing tapa. But in Samoa an excellent quality is still manufactured for the use of the tourist trade.

"I shall now describe their way of making Cloth, which in my opinion is the only Curious manufacture they have." So wrote Lieutenant (later Commander) James Cook at Tahiti, Society Islands, Pacific ocean, in the diary he kept during his first voyage around the world made 1768-71, in H. M. Bark Endeavor. He proceeds:

"All their Cloth is, I believe, made from the Bark of Trees; the finest is made from a plant which they Cultivate for no other purpose. Dr. Solander thinks it is the same plant the bark of which the Chinese make paper of. They let this plant grow till it is about 6 or 8 feet high, the Stem is then about as thick as one's Thumb or thicker; after this they cut it down and lay it a Certain time in water. This makes the Bark strip off easy, the outside of which is scraped off with a rough Shell. After this is done it looks like long strips of ragged linnen; these they lay together, by means of a fine paste made of some sort of a root, to the Breadth of a yard more or less and in length 6, 8 or 10 Yards or more according to the use it is for.

"After it is thus put together it is beat out to its proper breadth and fineness, upon a long square piece of wood, with wooden beaters, the Cloth being kept wet all the time. The beaters are made of hard wood with four square sides, are about 3 or 4 inches broad and cut into grooves of different fineness; this makes the Cloth look at first sight as if it was wove with thread, but I believe the principal use of the Grooves is to facilitate the beating it out, in the doing of which they often beat holes in it, or one place thinner than another; but this is easily repaired by pasting on small bits, and this they do in such a manner, that the Cloth is not the least injured.

"The finest sort when bleached is very white and comes nearest to fine Cotton. Thick cloth, especially fine, is made by pasting two or more thickness's of thin cloth, made for that Purpose, together. Coarse thick cloth and ordinary thin cloth is made of the Bark of Bread fruit Trees, and I think I have been told that it is sometimes made from the Bark of other trees. The making of Cloth is wholly the work of the women, in which all ranks are employed. Their common colours are red, brown and yellow, with which they dye some pieces just as their fancy leads them."

On view at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City is a number of fine specimens of bark cloth or tapa. In many localities throughout the tropics of both hemispheres, crude civilizations, lacking both the knowledge and means of weaving, have fashioned cloth from the inner bark of certain trees. The Micronesian, Polynesian and Melanesian Islands, and Africa were all tapa-making countries. The Maoris of New Zealand, too, knew the art. But with them it was only briefly cultivated, due to the scarcity of trees producing the sort of bark needed and the severer climate which soon led to the use of the strong native flax for the manufacture of cloth.

Within the last century tapa has become a rarity in practically all the regions where it was once so abundant. But thanks to the efforts of a few interested people, excellent collections of bark cloth have been brought together. The collections at the American Museum include in addition to examples of tapa from all the regions mentioned, examples of the implements used by various peoples in the manufacture of the cloth.

The implements include shells for cutting the bark, peeling it from the stems and scraping it; the wooden slabs on which the bark was laid for beating; the mallets, square or round according to the locality in which they were used. These mallets are carved into grooves, squares or other patterns of various sizes according to the degree of coarseness or fineness desired for the finished piece of tapa. The African beaters are made of pieces of tusk fastened to bamboo handles and wrapped about with rattan. Hawaiian ruling pens, for making lined designs on the tapa, and stamped bamboo stencils sometimes in the form of a half-cylinder testify to the progress which the Hawaiians had made in the technique of tapa decoration. They seem, also, to have led in variety and beauty of design.

As to the cloth itself, the finer varieties resemble fine cotton in softness, are frail and easily torn, and very cool. In Samoa and the Tonga Islands the cloth was glazed with a sort of varnish which rendered it rain-proof.

In connection with the American Museum of Natural History, it should be noted that this institution and the American people owe much to the late Prof. Albert S. Bickmore, of international reputation, who was for many years the leading spirit of the museum.

PROF. ALBERT S. BICKMORE

## Another "Cloth" Gone.

With the extinction of the American bison or buffalo another savage "cloth" has disappeared—to be found only in museums. The buffalo was clothing and shelter as well as food to the American Indian. He wore the "buffalo robe" and made his tepees of the skin and kept his records on it. The American West followed the Indians' example so far as to use the skin for "cloth." Men of 60 will remember that in their youth the "buffalo robe" was almost as much a part of the family sleigh and the cutter as the bells on the harness. In those days buffalo skin coats were the winter wear of outdoor men all over the country.

James Bridger, one of the giants of the early days of the American fur trade, the discoverer of Salt Lake about 1825 and the builder of Fort Bridger on the Oregon trail in Wyoming, was a born cartographer. It is said he could take a charred stick from the campfire and on a buffalo skin draw a map of any part of the far West. He learned the trick from the Indians.

Waniyetu yawapi wowapi—that is American Indian for the Sioux calendar. It means "winter count writing." The Indians in the old days kept a calendar. The Oglala Sioux (Dakota) Indians ... painted on buffalo skins ... were ... each year by a pictograph ... The ... winter count ... "

These pictographs, drawn on buffalo skins, were kept in serial order, the keeper trusting his memory to recall the details of the events suggested by the pictures so identifying the various years. In other words, each year had a name instead of a mere number and in the official calendar this name was illustrated by a picture. A Dakota born in 1852 would say that his birth occurred in "the year of the deep snow," or, if in 1869, "in the year of the moon's eclipse."

The American Museum of Natural History is fortunate in having been able to obtain one of these chronicles complete and parts of two others.

It is interesting to follow these old Indian records; to trace the history of the Dakota by his own account of hunting parties, tribal wars and massacres, the coming of the white men, dealings with traders, occasional outbreaks, gradual submission to the stronger power of the white man's government and civilization, and the development of the Indian's relations with the United States, with his consequent interest in United States politics. The names of some of the years are for us merely amusing; others are very significant. A few chosen at random will give a fair idea of the old Sioux calendar:

1779-80. Smallpox used them up winter.

1781-82. Saw a white woman winter.

1797. Doves or pigeons come winter.

1799. First ... winter.

1802. Horseshoe ... they say brought home winter. (This commemorates the first horseshoe seen by the Indians. It came on a stolen horse.)

1821-22. Star passed by with loud noise winter.

1830. ... first ... winter.

1831. ... fight ... kill ... winter.

# UNITED TO BANISH GLOOM

**English Business Men Form Association in Which Only Smiling Faces Are Welcome.**

Brighton men who travel to London every day to business have formed a "traveling colony of good cheer." "Some of us grew so tired of traveling with stiff, unsmiling faces," Mr. Johnson, a London merchant, told a reporter, "that we determined to admit to our compartment only those with cheerful faces.

"Smile!

"We have two placards, one for each window of the compartment. On these the traveler reads:

"'Only those who are cheerful travel in this compartment. If you cannot smile you will be out of place.'

"It has been very effective. Glum faces appear, read the notice and, wonder to groan and distracting cheerful company, pass on and enter another carriage. All the cheerful streams come to our compartment and form the jolliest traveling colony ever known."—Continental Edition of London Mail.

## Life in Old Manhattan.

Mrs. Knicker—Have you had a busy week?

Mrs. Bocker—Rather; I've had two husbands, three landlords and four cooks.—Sun and New York Herald.

## BROUGHT SAD MEMORIES.

Mrs. Wells—Yes, siree, the cook refused to drive out in our car when I offered it to her.

Mr. Good—What excuse did she give?

Mrs. Wells—Said she wouldn't ride unless it was a self-starter, as cranking it reminded her so much of a washing machine.

If a man does wrong he thinks he is doing right to keep it a secret.

# Real Optimist

Mark Tapley may have been some pumpkins as an optimist, but he had nothing on a tall Kentuckian, who worked for Tom Dodge in a Kentucky oil district. The men slept in a bunkhouse that was built of green oak and the boards had shrunk and left spaces between them that you could see through.

It was terribly cold one night and the covers were thin and some of the men were complaining about the open spaces in the walls.

"Oh, well," said the big Kentuckian as he rolled over and prepared to pound his ear, "they's one good thing about sleepin' in here. You don't hev to git out of bed to throw the cat out."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Mean Insinuation.

"My husband's portrait, I would have you know, is a nation-wide possession."

"Why, is it in the rogues' gallery?"

# DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

## THE SALAD.

"I am very proud," said the salad, "and when you look at me I think you will understand it," it added.

"Oh, yes, you have a great deal of reason for being proud," said the roses.

"By the way," said the salad, "are you purple roses or what?"

"It's a puzzle to some creatures," said the roses, "and we can understand it, for while there are many of our family—the Rambler family—who wear pink dresses and who wear red dresses—there aren't many like us.

"Yes, most of our family wear either pink or red. You've seen out in the garden the pink rambler roses and you've seen the red ones?"

"Yes," said the salad. "We saw that before we all came in to be made into a salad.

"And we saw a lattice or something of the sort covered by a lot of your family. We're to be for the big supper party tonight which is to follow the dance ... ready ...

"I Hope They Will Like Me."

and there is cake on many of the plates which are covered up and there is cocoa coming to be put into all the cups you see and the cups will stay right on the saucers you see them on.

"Then there will be ice cream, too, which will rejoice the hearts of the people at the party—or rather after the party at the supper. And you are used for decorations. You're lovely, you are really lovely, but you are a strange color. Tell us what you call yourselves?"

"We belong," said the roses, "to the Blue Rambler Rose family. There aren't any of us about. As I said before most of the members of our family wear either pink or red. And they dress very handsomely. I'm fond myself of both red rambler roses and pink rambler roses.

"But we were asked to belong to the Blue Rambler Roses, that is our family were asked this some time ago and so we do the same as we belong to the family."

"But you don't look blue, you look purple," said the salad.

"That's so," the roses answered. "Shall we explain to you?"

"Do," the salad answered.

"You see," the roses answered, "we were asked to belong to the Blue Rambler Rose family as we said.

"It was a funny thing but all of us seemed to care more for purple than for blue. We spoke to Mother Nature about it, and she said it was quite all right to have our dresses more of a purple shade than of a blue shade, so we have them that way. We're all a little fonder of purple than of blue—just this shade which is very like purple and yet has a little of a tinge or shade of blue about it, too."

"I am so glad I understand," said the salad. "Well, you do like me, do you? You see I am supposed to look like a candlestick and candle. I have this fine yellow dressing over me and I'm made in the shape of a big candlestick.

"Then on top of me I have a banana standing up to make it look like a candle and on top of that there is a little red cherry which is supposed to be the light on the top of the candle.

"Hush! I do believe I hear the guests. Oh, I hope they will like me. I have lots of good things in me."

And then they heard the guests admiring the wonderful looking salad and the strange but pretty roses, and the salad whispered: "I'm glad I came to the party. And I'm glad there is so much in me that is good. There is a little touch of onion for flavoring and beets and lettuce and carrots and peas and celery and cucumbers and nuts. I tell you I'm a rich salad!"

But there was no more talking after that, for the salad was being quickly eaten and as it was almost gone the banana candle on the top said: "Oh, it's fine to be a salad and to be a successful one!"

## Depends on Fitness.

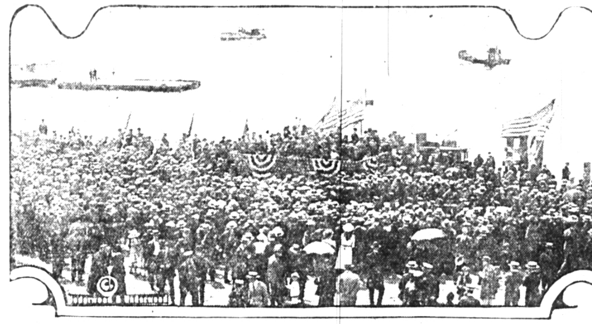
A great deal is made of the fact that more occupations are open to women than formerly, but this is interesting only to the girl who is ready to fit herself for these occupations. The fact that many women are now practicing medicine makes no particular difference to you unless you wish to study medicine. The multiplication of opportunity means little except to the trained worker, or the one who is ready to undergo training.—Girls' Companion.

## Something for Nothing.

The people who expect something for nothing are doomed to disappointment as a rule.

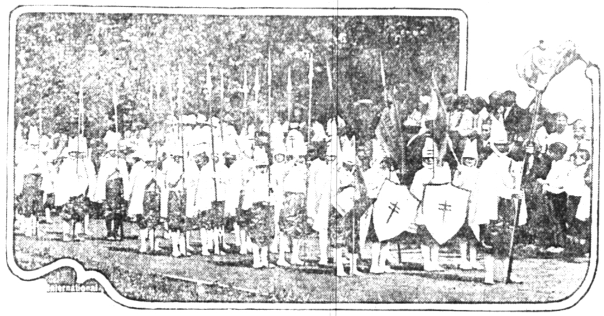
The right sort of friendship is based on the principle of give and take. Some girls have an idea that they can get something for nothing in friendship, that on their side there need be only a receptive attitude while on the other, it is all kindness and service. But no friendship is worth while unless both sides do their full share.—Girls' Companion.

# First Seaplane Landing Station



General view during the ceremony which featured the opening ... of a seaplane landing station by Murray Hulbert, commissioner of docks and ferries, ... pier at the foot of West Eighty-second street, New York city. It is the first such landing place the city has erected.

# Little Health Crusaders Hold Pageant

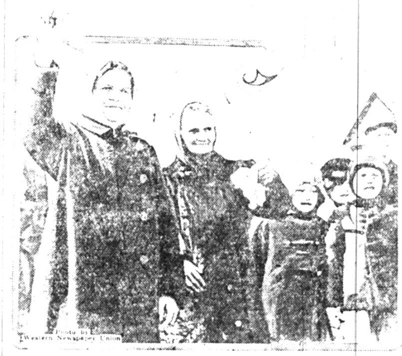


School children ... "Health Crusaders" of Washington, D. C., in costume taking part in the health crusade pageant held in central stadium. Major General ..., surgeon general of the United States army, presented banners to the prize winning squads.

# Italian Airmen in Daring Feat

In the estimation of many the recent feat performed by the Italian airmen Major Turelli and Lieutenant Ferrarin, in their flight from Rome, Italy, across the uncharted wastes of Turkey, India and finally China, was a more frightfully dangerous undertaking than the spanning of the Atlantic ocean. Photograph shows the aviators and their machine shortly after arrival at Shanghai. Left to right: Major Turelli, his wife, and Lieutenant Ferrarin.

# Typical Natives of Livonia



Though more a land of tears than cheers, these happy natives may be seen gayly waving a greeting to the camera man in the newly formed republic of Livonia. This new nation is fighting actively against the bolsheviki. Thousands of destitute Russians are being cared for by the American committee for Russian relief.

## SCRAPS

Syrian garnets are the most esteemed of the varieties of these stones.

A government committee has been named to investigate the question of electrifying the railways of the United Kingdom.

In two years Washington, D. C., consumed 2,212 carloads of potatoes. In the same two years—1918 and 1919—New York consumed 37,000 carloads.

The first cotton manufacturing mill in China is scarcely more than twenty years old, yet the nation has today 1,200,000 spindles and 5,000 power looms, producing annually 250,000,000 pounds of yarn and 60,000,000 yards of cloth.

The ruins of a department store at Altoona, Pa., that was burned twelve years ago, are being cleared away and high-priced chinaware, rings, silverware and other articles of value which withstood the flames, are being recovered.

## MASQUERADES AS MAN

Mrs. Ivy Nasur, 21 years old, of Columbus, O., photographed in prison in New York, where she is being held on the charge of masquerading as a man. She left her husband five months ago and has traveled more than 700 miles with only ten cents in her pocket.

## MAY HEAD THIRD PARTY

Gov. Lynn Frazier of North Dakota, who is being considered by the "Committee of 48," which will hold its national convention in Chicago July 10 with a view to putting a third party in the field, as a possible presidential nominee.

## Child-Heart.

The truly great man is he who does not lose his child-heart.—Mencius.

## Slightly Acrimonious.

"I understand your colleague is highly indignant because he cannot get his speeches printed in full."

"I don't blame him," answered Senator Sorghum. "The only people he could ever get to pay strict attention to them were the compositors and the proofreaders."

## And Even More Difficult.

Not to speak at the wrong moment is better than to be able to speak at the right moment.—Wilmington News-Journal.