Shadows The South

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o der than mankind, waking will and ing and well knowing that the little kn, wn before the whites came.

the naked tribes together under the but his own fame has spread, not as oaks of England. Those great drums to dance in the moonlight.

the jungle to the dark High Place! | doing nothing. Then it was the thunder of the The governor in gala attire was had forgotten to provide the real and I saw one Saturday afternoon, bringing gue and in every eye when, after the man that I want."

diverse in our musical expression. using a dozen or scores of instruments to interpret our subtle emotions, cannot know the primitive savage exultation that surges through the veins when the war-drum beats. To the Marquesans it has ever been a summons to action, an inspiration to daring and bloody deeds, the call of the war-gods, the frenzy of the dance. Born of the thunder, speaking with the voice of the storm and the cataract, it rouses in man the beast with quivering nostrils and lashing tail who was part of the forest and the night.

Music is ever an expression of the moods and morals of its time. The bugle and the fife share with the drum the rousing of martial spirit in our armies today, but to our savage ancestors the drum was supreme. Primitive man expressed his harmony with nature by imitating its sounds. He struck his own body or a hollow log covered with skin. Uncivilized peoples crack their fingers, snap their thighs, or strike the ground with their feet to furnish music for impromptu dancing. In Tonga they crack their fingers; in Tahiti they pound the earth with the soles of their feet; here in Atuona they clap hands. The Marquesans have, too, bamboo drums, long sections of the hollow reed, slit, and beaten with sticks. For calling boats and for signaling they use the conch-shell, the same that sounded when "the Tritons blew their wreathed horn." They also have the jew's-harp, an instrument common to all Polynesia; sometimes a strip of bark held between the teeth, sometimes a bow of

Civilization is a process of making life more complex and subtle. We have the piano, the violin, the orchestra. Yet we also have ragtime, which is a reaction from the nervous tension of American commercial life, a swinging back to the old days when man though a brute, was free. There is release and exhiliration in the barbaric, syncopated songs and in the animal-like motions of the jazz dances with their wild and passionate attitudes, their unrestrained rhythms and their direct appeal to sex. These rag-time melodies, coming straight Hasbunai and Song of the Nightin- praises of the governor and the brimafrom the jungles of Africa through Sale again evoked the trumming beat ming glasses once more offered by the negro, call to impulses in man of the great drums, and the dance the diligent Haabunai and Song, aidthat are stifled in big cities, in factory and slum and the nerve-wearing struggle of business.

wood strung with gut.

So in the dance my Marquesan neighbors returned to the old ways and expressed emotions dying under the rule of an alien people. With the making light of their reverenced tapus, the proving that their gods were powerless, and the ending of their tribal life, the dance degraded. They did not care to dance now that their joy in life was gone. But the new and jolly governor, craving amusement, sought to revive it for his pleasure. So the drums were beating on the palace lawn, and afternoon found the trails gay with pareus and brilliant shawls as the natives came down from their paspace pass the surf line, and then the and women the men, challenging to the seat of government.

Chief Kekela Avaua, adopted sor of the old Kekela, and head man of the Paamau district, called for me He was a dignified and important man of forty-five years, with handsome patterns in tattoing on his legs, and Dundreary whiskers. He was quite modishly dressed in brown linen, beneath which showed his bare. prehensile-toed feet.

Kirio Patuhamane, a marvelous specimen of scrolled ink-marks from head to foot, who sported Burnside whiskers, an English cricket cap, and a scarlet loin cloth, accompanied us down the road.

A hundred natives were squatting in the garden of the palace, and rum and wine were being handed out when we arrived. Haabunai and Song of the Nightingale, the man under sentence for making palm brandy, were once more the distributors, and took a glass often. The people had thawed since the dance at the governor's inauguration. As Kirio Patusevere, dispensing no rum save for wife who despised them.

ed keenly white women's airs of su- sank deeper and deeper, and in an- in almost a spiral, and her arms periority, and many were the cold other moment the boatsmen were akimbo accentuating and balancing glances cast by Malicious Gossip, flung into the ocean. There they her lascivious mobility. Apporo, and Flower at the stiffly struggled with the great seas; they The governor and the commisgowned Madame Bapp, who sat on swam; they regained the cance they sionaire, Ah Yu and Apporo, Monthe veranda drinking absinthe. They righted it, climbed into it. The storm | sieur Bapp with Song of the Nightscorned her, because she beat her subsided, the seas went down. bushand if he but looked at one of Again the women rested, their arms tremble while the thrum of the great forehead. I met twenty men and iselle N—, with perhaps a few hunddesired their custom. Poor Madame
Bapp! She thought her little man
very attractive, and she lived in
misery because of the openly displayed charms of his customers. She
loved him and she is a memory of the old gaiety now

The chart of the men was quieter now, expressing that when his sentence expired he loved him and when large and she is a memory of the old gaiety now

The chart of the men was quieter now, expressing the marked, as I spied the rag about his

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The chart of the men was quieter now, expressing the marked at last they lay panting the time they had remained immobile from the world was on the boards. Song was telling me their brows. Watercress, the canut-grove, stood to the Island peoton their brows. Watercress, the canut-grove, stood to the Island peoton their brows. Watercress, the canut-grove, stood to the Island peoton their brows. Watercress, the coanut-grove, stood to the Island peoton their brows. Watercress, the coanut-grove, stood to the Island peoton their brows. Watercress, the coanut-grove, stood to the Island peoton their brows. Watercress, the coanut-grove, stood to the Island peoton their brows. Watercress, the coanut-grove, stood to the Island peoton their brows. Watercress, the coanut-grove, stood to the Island peoton their brows. Watercress, the coanut-grove, stood to the Island peoton their brows. Watercress, the coanut-grove, stood to the Island peoton their brows. Watercress, the coanut-grove stood to the Island peoton their brows. Watercress, the coanut-grove stood to the Island peoton their brows. The chart of the mount of the mo

Drums were beating all the morn- flee. It was useless; she had looked ing, thrilling the valley and moun- to doors and windows, and he must tain-sides with their barbaric boom | take a painful punishment, the while boom. The savage beat of them quick | the crockery smashed and all Atuona ened the blood, stirring memories Valley listened on its paepaes, laugh-

primitive instincts. Tobo's eyes glea- man had given no cause of jealousy. med and her toes curled and uncurl- She greeted me with cold politeed like those of a cat, while she told ness when I mounted to the veranda. me that the afternoon would see an and the governor dispensed glasses old dance, a drama of the sea, of war, of "Dr. Funk", a drink known to all and feasting such as the islands had | the South Seas. Its secret is merely the mixing of a stiff drink of absin-The air thrummed with the reson- the with lemonade or limeade. The ance of the drums. All the morning learned man who added this death-I sat alone on my paepae, hearing dealing potion to the pleasure of the them beat. The sound carried one thirsty was Stevenson's friend, and back to the cays when men first tied attended him in his last illness. I do the skins of animals about hollow not know whether Dr. Funk ever tree trunks and thumped them to call | mixed his favorite drink for R. L. S.

The governor and the commisbeaten by the hands of Haabunal and | a healer, but as a dram-decocter. Song of the Nightingale made one from Samoa to Tahiti. "Dr. Funk!" want to be a savage, to throw a spear | one hears in every club and bar. Its particular merits are claimed by ex-Erase thirty years, and hear it in perts to be a stiffening of the spine Atuona when the "long pig that when one is all in; an imparting of speaks" was being carried through courage to live to men worn out by

heavens, the voice of the old gods again the urban host, assisted by sacred ti. In despair at the last on my paepae Apporo, Flower, Wat- Pere Victorien to Atuona. hungry for the flesh of their enemies. Andre Bauda, now his close friend moment he had raided and utterly er, and Chief Kekela Avaua asleep. News of his coming brought all the

VIII—How The Marquesans Dance The Wild Native Dance That Still Holds Sway in Time of Festival

the seas among these islands.

Its oarsmen rejoiced, they danced a and wreathed the ti leaves in their

an anguished glance at the assembled spectators, he dashed around the corner of the house, to reappear in an instant with his hands full or "Mon dieu!" cried the governor.

"Mon salade! Mon salade!" Haabunai, busied with his duties.

priests and preachers. Yet it was | er-me." Apporo, overcome by the | means that it is a bad thing. full of suggestion of days gone by rum and the dance was lying among "Hana paopao," he said sadly. "It and the people who had once sailed the rose bushes. Many others were is disagreeable to work. One likes flung on the sward, and more rose to forget many things." Again the dancers raised their again to the dance, singing and shout There was bitterneses and sorrow arms, and the canoe sailed over sun- ing and demanding more rum. The in his tone. His father was a warny waters. At length it touched at an girls came forward to be kissed as rior, the god of the chiefs, and led isle, it was carried through the break | was the custom, and Madame Bapp | many a victorious foray when Water-

At this moment Haabunai, master the veranda while Song and Flag haughty, he was one of a half a dozof ceremonies, gave a cry of dismay lugged away the drums and drove en who were working out taxes by and ceased to beat his drum. With the excited mob out of the garden repairing the roads, and he was one and across the bridge.

of Atuona under the new regime. After a quiet bath in the pool beneath my cabin I got my own dinner. unassisted by Exploding Eggs, and long, curving craft manned by twelve went early to bed to forestall visitors. | carsmen, came like a white bird over The crash of a falling cocoanut the blue waters of the Bay of Traitor

ers to a resting place on the sand. drove them away with sharp words. cress was a child. The son remem-Soon the hullabaloo became too bers the old days and feels deeply the dance of thanksgiving to their gods, great for the dignity of the governor. degredation and ruin brought by the He gave orders to clear the grounds, whites upon the people. A distinand Bauda issued commands from guished-looking man, dignified and of the few who worked steadily, say-All in all, this Sunday was typical ing little and seldom smiling.

Mademoiselle N .-

The Jeanne d'Arc, a beautiful,

and delicately charming face. Her | love grows ardent, he wears a red features were exquisite, her eyes lus- rose or hibisuces. But if he tires, he trous black pools of passion, her puts some green thing in their place mouth a scarlet line of pride and dis- Bon dieu! That is the depth of is dain. A large leghorn hat of fine uominy for the woman scorned. black straw, with chiffon, was on her There was in her manner a melan graceful head, and her tiny feet were | choly and a longing. in silk stockings ar i patent leather. "Tahitians wear flowers all the She held a gold and ivory prayerbook | day," I said. They are gay, and life in gloved hands, and a jeweled watch is pleasant upon their island. There hung upon her breast.

of French father and a savage moth- ning, and many Europeans and Ameer, had all the airs and graces of a ricans. With money you could have ballroom belle. Where had she everything." gained these fashions and desires of "It is not singing and dancing I

mass, she passed down the lane res- Her Marquesan blood was speake pectfully widened for her in the ing in that cry of the heart, unrethrong on the steps and with a black- strained and passionate. garbed sister at her side, walked to We were about to cross the stream the nuns' house.

her soul and happiness."

Vainly the nuns and priests had breath on my cheek. tried during the dozen years of her | "Write to me when you are in Taher body, to know that she sought I am dying here." her joy on earth.

ed pettitoat, she vaulted into the quesan beaches, so that you can have man's saddle without more ado, and a little fun. This fellow have a very took the heavy reins in her small tremendous life. He is an old sailor, gloved hands.

gallop, despite wretched trail and der; in a word, an interesting type. tripping bushes. Down we went With the aid of several glasses of through the jungle, walled in by a wine I have put him in the mood to hundred kinds of trees and ferns talk delightfully." and vines. I said to Mile. N- that A low-browed man was Lemoal, the beauty of the islands was like sapped and ruthless, but certainly he that of a fantastic dream, an Arabian | had adventured. Night's tale.

horses made a sucking sound on the be careful. One time I baked bread oozy ground. "I am half white," she in Taada. My oven was near this horses' hoofs struck the rocky trail the woods and take off her dress. again, she whipped up her mount and | She had a mirror to see her back, and we galloped up the slope.

would not want to live in such a big | threw away the glass he had drunk country, she said, but Tahiti seemed from. And yet-was it idle curiosity. to combine comfort with the atmos- or was it fear of being shut away in phere of her birthplace. Perhaps she the valley outside Papeite by the might go to Tahito to live.

separating the lepers in Tahiti and gation of lepers? confining them outside Papeite in a Lihi-Liha had spent thirty years kind of prison. Is that so?"

think it wise to segregate them?" She did not reply, and I rode away. A week later I met her one evening at Otupoto, that dividing place he-

tween the valleys of Taaoa and Ataona, where Kahuiti and his fellow warriors had trapped the human meat. I had walked there to sit on the edge of the precipies and watch the sun set in the sea. She came on horseback from her home toward the village to spend Sunday with the nuns. She got off her horse with she saw me, and lit a cigarette. "What do you do here all alone?"

was trying to imagine myself there fifty years earlier, when the meddlesome white sang very low in the concert of the island powers. "The people were happier then, I suppose," she said meditatively. 'But

it does not attract me. I would like to see the world I read of." She sat beside me on the rock, her delicately-modeled chin on her pink

palm, and gazed at the colors fading from vivid gold and rose to yellow and mauve on the sky and sea. The quietness of the scene, the gathering, twilight, perhaps, too, something in the fact that I was a white man and a stranger, broke down her reserve.

"But with whom can I see the world?" she said with sudden passion. "Money-I have it. I don't ly health. Every headache, every want it. I want to be loved. I want gasp for breath that follows the a man. What shall I do? I cannot slightest exertion by the anaemic marry a native, for they do not think girl, every pain she suffers in her as I do. I-I dread to marry a back and limbs are reproaches if you Frenchman. You know le droit du have not taken the best steps to give

tiful than any of the developed coun- the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. tries," I said. "There are many thie- New, rich, red blood is infused into of the men reproduced the sound of figure at which to marvel. A very was no need to disturb them, for it and when they poured into the mis-"and I am not afraid; I am afraid of springs good health, an increased apnothing. I want to know a different petite, new energy, high spirits and life than here. I will at least go to perfect womanly development. Give Tahiti. I am tired of the convent. your daughter Dr. Williams' Pink

At the Gospel she came in walking "It is love I want," she said. Love liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. slowly down the aisle and taking her and freedom. We women are used place as though unaware of the hun- to having our own way. I know the Next morning all Atuona had a dred covert glances that followed her. | nuns would be horrified, but I shall

women with this sign of repentance red thousand dollars in cash and co- slowly on the sea, and the world was

"You know what that signifies? If and afford She wore a black lace gown, cling- a man seeks a woman, he wears a Toronto.

are automobiles by the score, cine This dainty, fetching heiress, born mas, singing, and dancing every ever

the women of cities, or Europe? | desire!" she exclaimed. "Pas de tout!" Her father had spent thirty years I must know more people, and not on Hiva-oa, laboring to wring a for- people like priests and these copre tune from the toil of the natives, and dealers. I have read in novels of men dying, he had left it all to this daugh- who are like gods, who are bold and ter, who with her laces and jewels, strong, but who make their women her elegant, slim form and haughty happy. Do you know an officer of manner, was in this wild abode of Zelee, with hair like a ripe banana! barefooted half-naked people like a He is tall and plays the banjo, I saw pearl in a gutter. She was free now to him one time long ago when the wardo what she liked with herself and ships were here. He was on the Govher fortune. What would she do? | ernor's veranda. Oh, that was long It was the question on every ton- ago, but such a young man would be

by my cabin, and I mounted the horse "If only she had a religious voca- behind her to save a wetting. She tion," sighed Sister Serapoline. 'That | turned impulsively and looked at me, would solve all difficulties, and save her lovely face close to mine, her dark eyes burning, and her hot

tutelage in their hands to direct her hiti, and tell me if you think I would aspirations toward this goal, but one be happy there," she said imploringhad only to look into her burning ly. "I have no friends here except eyes or see the supple movement of the nuns. I need so much to go away.

Coming up my trail a few days Mademoiselle walked daintily down later, I found on my paepae a shabthe road, where her horse was tied, bily dressed little bag-of-bones of a and I was presented to her. She gave white man with a dirty gray beard me her hand with the air of a prin- and a harsh voice like that of Baucess, her scarlet lips quivering into a fre. He had a note to me from La faint smile and her smouldering, un- Brunnec, introducing M. Lemoal, satisfied eyes sweeping my face. With born in Brest, a naturalized Ameria conciliating, yet imperious, air, she can. The note was sealed, and I put suggested that I 1 e over the hills it carefully away before turning to my visitor. It read:

Picking up her lace skirt and frill- "I send you a specimen of the Marprivate, gold-miner, Chinese-hanger, Over the hills she led the way at a thief, robber, honest-man baker, tra-

"I saw you with that daughter of "Yes?" she said, with a note of Liha-Liha," he said, using the native weariness and irony. The feet of the name of the dead millionaire. "You said, after a moment, and as the plantation. I saw that girl come into I looked, and the sun shone bright. I had to describe America to Mile. What she saw, I saw—a patch of N-, and the inventions and social white. She is a leper, that rich girl,"

customs of which she had read. She The man was like a snake to me. I quarantine officers, that made her "I have been told that they are ask me that question about the segre-

making money. He had coined the "Not a prison," I replied. "The sweat and blood and lives of a thougovernment has built cottages for sand Marquesans into a golden forthem in a little valley. Don't you | tune, and he had left behind him that fortune, a marble tomb and Mile. N-

ANAEMIA

New Health Can Be Obtained by Enriching the Blood Supply.

When a girl in her teens becomes peevish, listless and dull, when nothing seems to interest her and dainties do not tempt her appetite you may be certain that she needs more she asked in French. I replied that I good blood than her system is provided with. Before long her pailed cheeks, frequent headaches and breathlessness and heart palpitation will confirm that she is anaemic. Many mothers as the result of their own girlhood experience can promptly detect the early signs of anaemia and the wise mother does not wait for the trouble to develop further, but at once gives her daughter course with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. which renew the blood supply and banish anaemia before it has obtained a hold on the system.

Out of their experience thousands of mothers know that anaemia is the sure road to worse ills. They know the difference that good red blood makes in the development of womanmari? A French wife has no freedom. your weak girl new blood, and the "Your islands here are more beau- only sure way to do so is through

"I have read that," she answered, pills. From this new rich blood The nuns talk always of religion, and Pills, and take them yourself and I am young, and I am half French. We note how promptly their influence is die young, most of us, and I have had felt in better health.

You can get these pills through I saw her black eyes, as she puffed any dealer in medicine or by mail her cigarette, shining with her vis- postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Wil-

> The product of many yarn spinners never gets into cloth. Gossipers never fail to make use





The haka, the Marque san national dance.

than the governor. Both these offi- vided the precious leaves among the cials were truly hospitable, embar- dancers, and with wilting lettuce enrassingly so, considering my inability wreathed in their tresses the oarsto keep up with them in their toasts. | men launched the canoe once more in

been emptied into the glasses pass- isle ,praising the gods. began. This was a tragedy of the ed by the gendarme. sea, a pantomime of danger and con- A gruesome cannibal chant folflict and celebration. For centuries lowed, accompanied by the booming

past the ancestors of these dancers of the drums, and then, warmed by had played it on the Forbidden the liquor that fired their brains, the Height. Even the language in which dancers began the kaka, the sexual they chanted was archaic to this gen- dance. Inflamed by the rum, they eration, its words and their meanings flung themselves into it with such

a row, and first, in dumb show, they seen Caroline, Miri, and Mamoe, most lifted and carried from its house to skilled dancers of the Hawaiian Isthe beach a long canoe. The strain- lands. With the continued passing of ing muscles, of their arms, the sway the cup, the hurahura soon became of their bodies, imitated the raising general. The men and women who of the great boat, and the walking had begun dancing in rows, in an with its weight, the launching, the organized way, now broke ranks and waiting for the breakers and the un- danced freely all over the lawn. Men dertow that would enable them to sought out the women they liked. paddling in rough water.

Meantime at a distance the men exposition of the ancient ways. chanted in chorus, giving rhythmic The ceaseless booming of the time to the motions of the dancers drums added incitement to the and telling in the long-disused words frenzy; the grounds of the governor's the story of the drama. And the palace were a chaos of twisting

resounded far up the valley. ly through the water the women rest- clapping hands and thumping feet. ed. It seemed to me that the low con- Here and there dancers fell exhausttinued chant of the men expressed a ed, until by elimination the dance relonging for freedom, for a return to solved itself into a duet, all yielding nature, and a melancholy comment | the turf to Many Daughters, the liton the days of power and liberty gone | tie, lovely leper, and Kekela Avaua, forever. Though no person present, chief of Paumau. These left the lawn understood the ancient language of | and advanced to the veranda, where the song, there was no need of words so contagious had become the entnuto interpret the exact meaning of the siasm that the governor was doing

would have clearly told the tale.

been in the island only a few months, tuce bed, the sole provision for saladand knew no more Marquesan speech | making in Atuona. He hastily di-Soon the demijohn of rum had the waves and returned to their own

ing from hand to hand in the garden; All relaxed now, to receive the

abandon as I have never seen, and I The women sat upon the grass in saw a kamaaina in Hawaii and have each other in frenzied and startling

drums beat till their rolling thunder brown bodies and agitated pareus, while from all sides rose cries, shouts After the cance was moving swift- hysterical laughter, and the sound of dance. Though no word had been the hurahura opposite Bauda, and Ah uttered, the motions of the women Yu danced with Apporo, while Song,

waves beating on the cance, and the big man, perhaps six feet four inches is the good and honored custom of sion the few rude benches were well . whistling of the wind. The cance in height, and all muscle, his contor- these hospitable islands to vicep filled. I found a chair in the rear, was tossed high by the pounding sea, tions and the frenzied movements of wherever slumber overtakes one. next to that of Baufre, the shaggy it slid dizzily down into the troughs his muscles exceeded all anatomical The night was fine, the stars looked drunkard, and as the chanting beof waves and rocked as the oarsmen laws. Many daughters, her big eyes fought to hold it steady. The squall shining, her red lips parted, followed his own selfish gain, and having a had grown a gale, roaring upon them and matched his every emotion. Her while they tried to hold it steady. entire trunk seemed to resolve on the My tawny feminine friends resent- The cance began to fill with water, it pivot of her waist, her lips twisting

ingale and Flag, made the palace

played charms of his customers. She loved him, and when jealous she sought the absinthe bottle and soon was only with whip and broom on the miserable Bapp, who sought to the miserable Bapp, who sought to the men was quieter now, expressing a tuberose over my would remain at the palace as cook. Ah Yu. in broken English, sang a different in carriage and costume from the girls about his from her birthplace, she was very different in carriage and costume from the girls about her.

"Not too much, but a great deal," the men was quieter now, expressing a tuberose over my different in carriage and costume from the girls about her.

"You know what that signifies? If the men was quieter now, expressing a tuberose over my different in carriage and costume from the girls about her.

"You know what that signifies? If the men was quieter now, expressing that when his sentence expired he marked, as I spied the rag about his different in carriage and costume from the girls about her.

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"You know what that signifies? If the men was quieter now, expressing the marked, as I spied the rag about his different in carriage and costume from the girls about her."

"You know here a black lace gown, cling the marked, as I spied the rag about his



and Temetiu, the giant mountain. was dark and handsome in the blue and gold sky. Two sleepers were huddled together by my trail wind- noticing the direction of my glance. ow, the horses were laying down in the brush, and a nightingale lilted | Marquesas." a gay love song in the cocoanutpalms above the House of the Gold-

the prisoner, and Flag, the gerdarme the railing, and was in his pareu, his The banana-shaded road and the When they began again, the sea madly emulated the star performers. pictured legs showing, while the roots of the old Banian were crowded grew more agitated. Now the wail Kekela, who led the rout, was a others were naked on my mats. There with worshippers in all their finery, down through the breadfruit trees, gan, I observed an empty prie-dieu, pecially prepaied and placed for some person of importance.

"Mademoiselle N-" said Baufre "She is the richest woman in all the