



A GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE "FITA-FITAS" IN SAMOA.

From left to right the men seated are: Corporal Pita, First Sergeant Poti, Gunnery Sergeant J. F. Cox, U. S. Marine Corps, commanding, who is also drill master and instructor; Sergeant Major Tufele, Sergeant Salatielu, Corporal Afu. Standing is Sergeant Taauili. They belong to an odd branch of Uncle Sam's military service.

"FITA-FITAS" OF TUTUILA.

The Native Militia of the American Samoan Possession.

[From The Tribune Bureau.]
Washington, April 7.—One of the odd branches of the United States governmental military body is that known as the "Fita-Fitas." It serves as a sort of militia guarding American property and persons in the Samoan Islands, and is comparable with the constabulary of the Philippines. The organization is composed of young Samoans who are models of physical endurance and furnish a notable example of military efficiency, discipline and obedience. There are some eighty men in the organization at the headquarters, at the United States naval station, Pago-Pago, serving under a non-commissioned officer of marines, Gunnery Sergeant Cox, of that corps, a drill master and instructor, who is most industrious and indefatigable in his efforts to maintain the merit of the command. The body is, of course, under the naval commandant at Tutuila, and the guard has as a native commander a chief of exalted rank, who wields much influence among his people. In fact, all of the officers of the "Fita-Fitas" are hereditary native chiefs who are fitted physically for the work and who are highly respected among the natives. They are naturally the object of much admiration on the part of their own people as occupying positions of distinction under the United States government.

The rank and file of the "Fita-Fitas" are men who have been thoroughly trained as soldiers; they take much interest and deserved pride in their achievements in the drill and in the care of their arms and equipment. Not only that, they are good marksmen as well, possess much skill in fencing and in manoeuvres generally. Most of the men are enlisted as landsmen, and six of them rate as coxswains in the navy. Their headdress is a sort of turban, and the rest of their uniform consists of what resembles a half-sleeved shirtwaist, the insignia of rank being on the sleeve. A short skirt coming to the knee is also worn. The men are unhampered by

shoes or stockings. They present altogether an appearance of strength, endurance and agility, their clothing being reduced to a minimum and their activity being promoted by all sorts of exercises in the open air.

The incident of organization, equipment and training of the "Fita-Fitas" furnishes an example of what may be done with so-called native troops. In the case of this Samoan militia they promote the peace and security of the islands and fully protect American interests. They are models of personal conduct, and rank high according to any standard of military efficiency.

TREACHEROUS NATIVES.

Pulajanes of Samar from Whom Gov. Curry Had Narrow Escape.

The Pulajanes of Samar, who recently deceived Governor Curry of that island under an agreement to surrender, and attempted to capture him, are not the chief inhabitants of Samar. Like the Moros recently attacked at Mount Dajo by General Wood's troops, they are outlaws possessed by a kind of fanaticism which makes them fearless. They are organized under chiefs, their name meaning "red trousers." This garment is the distinguishing mark of the organization. The ranks of the Pulajanes are recruited from criminals, who prefer this free life among the fastnesses of the jungles on the hillsides to punishment, and those who are forced to join them by physical coercion.

Colored pieces of cloth covered with strange hieroglyphics play a part in their attacks upon the Americans. These having been blessed by their "papas," or "popes," are considered by them to have the same power of resistance to bullets as 10-inch armor on a battleship. Possessing this belief they press forward where any one not an angel would fear to tread. A mere handful of them have been known to charge a company of soldiers. Owing to their superb vitality an ordinary bullet, unless it strikes in a vital spot, fails to stop their wild rushes before

they are close enough to use their long, wicked looking knives.



A TYPICAL PULAJANE OF SAMAR.

That they were treacherous was known before they deceived Governor Curry under the pro-

tenace of surrendering. Two or three years ago, by their friendly attitude, they succeeded in surrounding a company of soldiers while the latter were at breakfast and unarmed, and massacred nearly sixty. On the occasion when Governor Curry escaped only by swimming across a river and hiding in the undergrowth the Pulajano chief had his men lined up before the American Governor and two or three officers besides the constabulary as if he desired to surrender with all the customary etiquette. This was supposed to be an important surrender. The chief suggested that one of the Americans, who had his camera with him, take a photograph of the scene. While the officer was adjusting his camera the chief whistled shrilly, and dragging forth their bolos the outlaws started for the Americans. Governor Curry and his companions were obliged to run, while the constabulary met the attack.

The natives are subject to their treachery also. Any village suspected of being friendly to the Americans is marked by them for vengeance. Some night when the village is sleeping peacefully the Pulajanes slip silently down one of the numerous streams which are the chief highways of the island in their queer outrigger boats and surround the hamlet. Before the sleepers have even dreamed of the approach of an enemy they are awakened with blood curdling yells. The bolos of the Pulajanes do not spare men, women or children and the torch is applied to every one of the inflammable houses of the village.

Hunting the Pulajanes is a difficult task, for they hide in the hilly fastnesses, which are reached only by a few paths, scarcely wide enough for two or three men to march abreast. In places it is necessary for a company to march in Indian file. The paths are bordered on either side by a jungle through which a cat would have difficulty in forcing its way. The Pulajanes, however, appear suddenly in unexpected places and at such close quarters that the possessors of guns have no advantage over the possessor of the bolo.

SHOW VIOLENT EFFORT.

Facial Casts Which Depict Agony of Physical Overstraining.

The strenuous athlete of the college cinder path may well look long and ponder much on a remarkable set of facial casts just completed by Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, physical director of the University of Pennsylvania. With the object of showing how the violent efforts of athletes to cut fractions of seconds from existing records affect the physique, Dr. McKenzie has made a series of models which reveal with lifelike accuracy the effort with which the heroes of the cinder path win their victories. Dr. McKenzie based his facial models on photographic snapshots made at the time various athletic leaders were breaking the tape or surmounting the hurdles at Franklin Field and other athletic centres.

The most remarkable of the models perhaps is that depicting violent effort. Were it not that the camera has depicted again and again the dreadful expression of a trained sprinter or jumper at the moment when he has called to his help every ounce of power in his entire being, in order to do just a little better than his opponent, it would be difficult to believe that the contestant was amusing himself. The face suggests the mesmerized man in Poe's story at the time of the attempted awakening. The lips are drawn tightly back from the teeth. The eyes are closed. The jaws are clenched. The lines of the face are deep. If the athlete were struggling for life the expression of the face could not be more appalling. It is the concentration of agonized effort, the focusing of all the force in every fibre of a trained physique on the winning of an athletic victory. The more one looks at the picture the greater is the temptation to doubt the value of a victory so won.

While not so fierce as violent effort, the marks made on the face by fatigue are bad enough. Gone is the last trace of the blitheness of youth. The face is that of a man tired of the battle of life and ready to welcome relief from the burden of the race. The expression is identical with that familiar to all attendants at big athletic meets when the contestants stumble through the last few yards of a long-distance run. The lids of the eyes are drooping, the mouth open, the cheeks drawn as though in pain and the general expression that of a man who is about to burst into tears. Exhaustion akin to fatigue also shows in a face that is well known to those who have witnessed the last run in at a distance event. The heavy lines of the forehead, the open mouth, the drawn face, suggest despair and call for pity.

MODELS MADE FROM SNAPSHOTS OF ATHLETES' FACES.



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