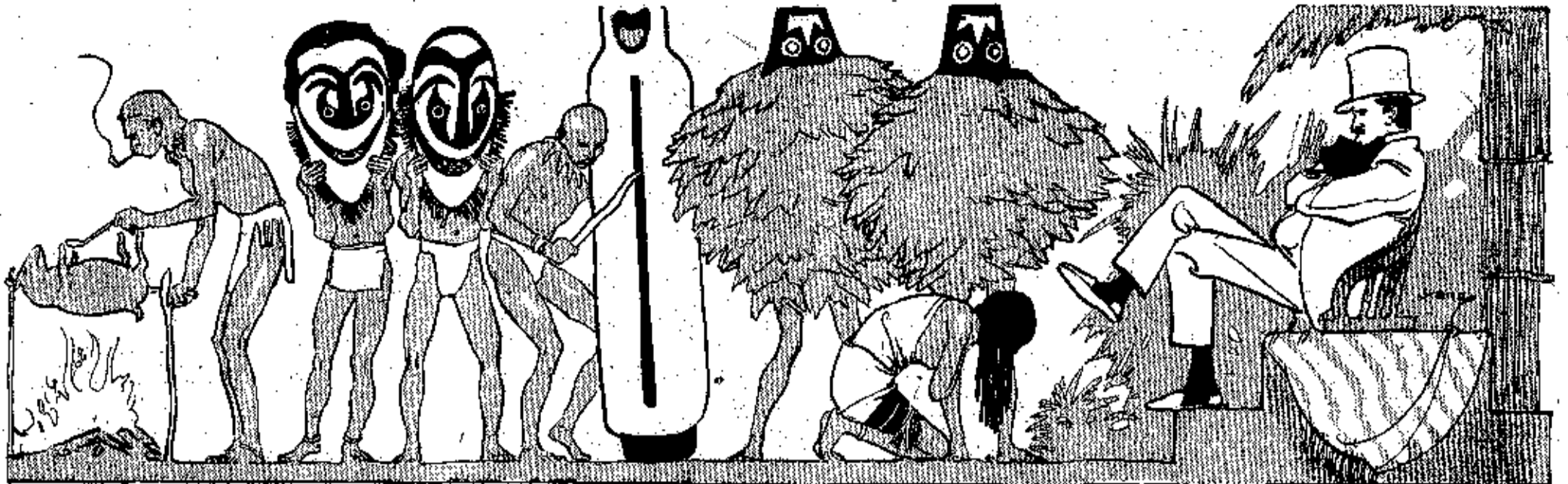


"Here I sit on my Throne, waited on by my faithful wives, honored by the medicine men, magicians and sooth sayers, and served by the best cook in the island who prepares for me the finest chickens and lobsters and a plump dog which is especially esteemed by these simple people."



My Home Life as a Cannibal Island King



"The duk-duk picks out a few of the richest and meanest citizens for punishment."

domestic affection. My darling Arawai, the only daughter of the late King Rovaka, has always remained my permanent and most beloved wife. She was the old king's favorite daughter, and when I married her he named me his successor on the throne.

She presides over my household with perfect grace and modesty, never doing anything to disturb my peace and comfort, or that of my newer wives.

My wives are recruited from daughters of neighboring kings and leading chiefs of this island, and even from daughters of poor fishermen, who by their pleasing manners and appearance, may gain a place in my household. They are happy, simple, unaffected little creatures, whose only object in life is to minister to my pleasure and win my approval.

ARCHIBALD C. EVERETT, a former Wall Street stock broker, man-about-town, Beau Brummel and boulevardier of two continents, has become king of Aorai in the South Sea Islands.

The news of his accession to the throne has just been published in San Francisco, New York and Paris.

Mr. Everett was as well known in Paris as in New York. He lived on lobster, champagne and hundreds of rich food. The news of his accession had a novel effect on the Parisians. Suddenly a shadow fell over the state of health. The king had become a drudge where he had once been a prince, he borrowed a thousand dollars, packed up several trunks of good clothes and started out to wander through the world.

At last he came to Aorai, in the Gilbert Islands. It is the midst of the stupendous maze of islands scattered through the Southern Pacific. It is 1,500 miles from Samoa, the nearest place where there are extensive evidences of western civilization.

Mr. Everett fascinated old King Rovaka of Aorai. His handsome appearance, his smart clothes, his easy, genial familiar manner, cultivated in Wall Street and the Gay White Way, captivated the venerable monarch. He begged Mr. Everett to consider everything on the island and give him his favorite and handsomest daughter in marriage and named him heir to the throne.

Within two years the venerable ruler was gathered to his fathers and Mr. Everett ascended the throne. He has ruled with great wisdom, moderation and success. He is liked by nature and training for his high post. Devotees of charming circus girls, or, rather, dancing girls, exert all their art to please him, and ask no greater recompense than a smile and a kind word from him. They catch salted lobsters in the inexhaustible ocean and cook them for him. Mr. Everett here gives a little sketch of his life on the happy island.

take a fresh bride, but I have no rule against admitting larger numbers to my household. Sometimes it happens that I receive as many as a dozen at a time. Families are as large and rapidly growing in these islands. Whenever a father has a marriageable daughter he does not know what to do with her, he presents her to me as a mark of his loyalty. It is an ancient custom, and I cannot but respect it.

The ceremony is always an occasion for a joyful gathering of the people of this and neighboring islands. Then they display their picturesque native customs. Wreathed in hibiscus flowers and smiles, men, women and children dance and sing and pledge my health in coconut wine for three whole days and nights.

You must not suppose that this frequent acquisition and exchange of wives is destructive of permanent

"Home, Sweet Home"
By ARCHIBALD C. EVERETT.

DOMESTIC life here is entirely free from the worries that accompany it in the United States and most European countries.

Here I find that a girl not only considers it an honor to marry me, but costs me nothing and contributes to my support as far as lies in her modest power.

During the six years I have been king of this island I have never refused to marry a girl, old or young, rich or poor. This, I believe, is the chief secret of my hold on my warm-hearted people.

At least once to each month I

"Arawai, the Only Daughter of the Late King Rovaka Has Always Remained My Most Beloved Wife."



"The sacred fetish is the emblem of my royal power on this island."

"My chief of police is a black bushy-haired fellow, with odd ideas of facial decoration."

My wives wreath themselves in flowers and sing and dance for me. They live for me. My life is one long round of perfect domestic harmony. No wife ever quarrels with me or talks back at me. They would sooner be stricken deaf, dumb and blind than do that.

They would never dare quarrel among themselves unless I gave them permission, and then they would tear one another to pieces. But I never give them permission.

I do not keep all my wives. By a simple but affecting ceremony I transfer those I feel that I can spare to some other chief with whom I honor. Last Christmas I gave one to my old and esteemed friend and acquaintance, Chief Rubbari. She was a little lame in the foot and unable to walk on her own, and, therefore, of no special value to me. But the old chief received this token of my affection with tears in his eyes.

In spite of my occasional liberality I have an abundant household, consisting at present two hundred odd wives.

Our time is spent in feasting, singing, fishing and resting beneath the shady palm trees. No one works unless he has a mind to.

Our life is enlivened by pleasant social intercourse and swimming parties. Our neighbors come to see us in their big canoes from as great a distance as five hundred miles, and when they come they stay for a month or two. During their visit there is continuous feasting.

My old friend, King Ruba, of Orrawai, an island two hundred miles from here, drops in to see me quite frequently in his royal canoe, with a dozen of his youngest wives. He is a delightful old gentleman, full of humor and character. Dressed in a naval officer's coat, a small pair of bathing drawers, a necklace of

Ex-Wall Street Stock Broker, Now a King, Tells How It Feels to Have Numberless Adoring Wives and Rule Over a Race of Hearty Eaters



"My old friend King Ruba of Orrawai presents a decidedly picturesque appearance."

offended against the gods and thus brought misfortunes on the land. He looks out two or three of the richest and meanest citizens for punishment, and they are carried away for a course of treatment by the priests. The cleaner is made to part with all his superfluous wealth, and then everybody is happy again.

The "duk-duk" is a familiar figure in many of the South Sea Islands. His distinguishing feature is a bag



"I preside at the Pow-Wow, wearing the terrible triple-faced death mask."

sharks' teeth and a Panama hat, he presents a decidedly picturesque appearance, and yet, within, he is every inch a king.

The old monarch's memory runs back to stirring times and events. I suspect that he is not entirely a stranger to "long pig" himself. However, he would never refer to this subject in my presence, for he is quite a gentleman. I feel perfectly safe with him. Whatever his weaknesses may be, I am sure he never ate a man with whom he had previously dined.

Here I may say that I feel it to be my sacred duty to respect the religion, the customs, and even the ancient prejudices of these people. If I did not they would not let me stay here. They are happy, prosperous and free from care, under their system of government and morals, and one cannot blame them if they do not care to have that system changed for one suited to an entirely different race of people.

My subjects occasionally go on a war party in their canoes. Before they go on their journey, there is a great pow-wow of the warriors, and I preside, wearing the terrible triple-faced death mask. I do not go away with the fighters, for my royal duties require my presence here. When the warriors return there is a fresh supply of strong meat on the island.

I am particularly careful to respect their religious customs, many of which are very curious, not to say startling. They maintain a large class of priests, or "medicine men," who live in idleness and luxury. It has been one of the first principles of my government to treat these gentlemen generously and never to interfere with their plans in any way.

At certain seasons, when there is a lack of full or rain or some other public misfortune, a solemn gathering of the people is held under the direction of the priests. I merely occupy a position of dignified inactivity at these meetings.

A supposedly supernatural creature called "the duk-duk" makes his appearance and smelt over the people until he has found out who have

The chief of police, who keeps the crooks away from me, is a black bushy-haired fellow, with odd ideas of facial decoration.

As I never question the right of any people to cherish their ancient customs, so they never expect me to share in those that are repugnant to me. It is possibly the fact that I am different from them that makes me such a successful and satisfactory king.

My prestige among these simple people has also been greatly augmented by the white flannel trousers, made by one of the best tailors in New York, which I wear on state occasions. When I lived in more conventional lands, I had a great fondness for well-made white flannels and so I happened to land among these islands with a trunkful of them.

I suppose it is the contrast between my white-clad limbs and their own unwashed brown ones that makes them feel that I came from another world, and have been sent from heaven to rule over them.

A good supply of negligee shirts, an old high hat, some colored silk socks and varicolored pajamas help me to make a royal impression here. I sit on my throne, waited on by my faithful wives, honored by the medicine men, magicians and soothsayers, and served by the best cook in the island who prepares for me the finest chickens and lobsters, and even a plump dog which is especially esteemed by these simple people. I am as happy as a man can ever expect to be.

Cleo de Merode Learning a Trade

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

world. She obtained a brief engagement in America at an enormous salary.

Now the King is mouldering in his grave and the fame which he gave her is fading away. It will not carry her through the years that will kill beauty and stiffen the limbs. Therefore she has turned to sculpture.

Strange to say, a statue had much to do with her early fame. Soon after King Lapoid discovered her the eminent sculptor, Kalmiera, exhibited at the Salon a completely undraped figure, called "A Dancer." The head was plainly that of Cleo de Merode. But the figure had a slender face and the opinion of the sculptured figure astounded everybody. Bold journalists inquired if the figure was really her. She evaded the question. It has always been wrapped in mystery and the majority.