Kinematograph Among the Cannibals—More Pictures of the Remarkable New Film

This is the second instalment of the kinematograph films taken in the South Pacific Islands by Mr. Martin Johnson and his wife. They travelled 3,000 miles and lived 14 months in touch with savages and actually with cannibals, and their marvellous film, soon to be shown everywhere, is probably the best picture in existence of savage life. It is produced by the Ideal Film Renting Company, and called "Adventures Among the Cannibals."

In this savage tribe every boy blacks his teeth. Some men wear hair like mops. At their cannibal feasts they eat Ki Ki bowls. We saw this one in the Ki Ki ground. Shortly before our visit this ship was blown ashore. Its crew of eight men disappeared. They were eaten by the natives.

We now started on a 100-mile trip down the Langa Langa Lagoon among the Artificial Islands. At times a tribe is forced off the island, and takes refuge on a coral reef. Instead of smoking they eat betel nut, like gin-gar and soap-pooch.

In these hospitals the sick get well or die. They have no medicines. In great astonishment at the sight of white people four little blackbirds sitting in a row.

Mrs. Johnson was by this time as brown as a berry. The little children would come up to us without any fear, though one out of ten of these natives is an albino, born with pink eyes.

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We found only two children under three years old.

Naturally the people live largely on fish. While the men are out the women wait on the beach to divide the catch. The boys amuse themselves greatly by catching starfish. This is the house of the chief Devil Devil Man. We found them jolly fellows. Their food is brought to them, and they want no tailors.

Once a year the natives sit round the idols on the sacred ground blowing conch shells, while girls in full paint are led past the images, which are supposed to indicate those suitable for marriage. The Devil Devil Man interprets. Cocoanuts float in from neighbouring islands, and are distributed by the Devil Devil Man. Maidens chosen by the idols are married, and the images are shut up for another year.

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The music played by the native orchestra is of the thumpety-bump school. No part of the island is kept more scrupulously clean than the cemetery.

The tombstones, being soft and porous, are protected from the weather by matting. On the death of an islander the head of the family must mourn by the grave and not leave for months.

The air was like balm, and we lazed along.

Continued next week.