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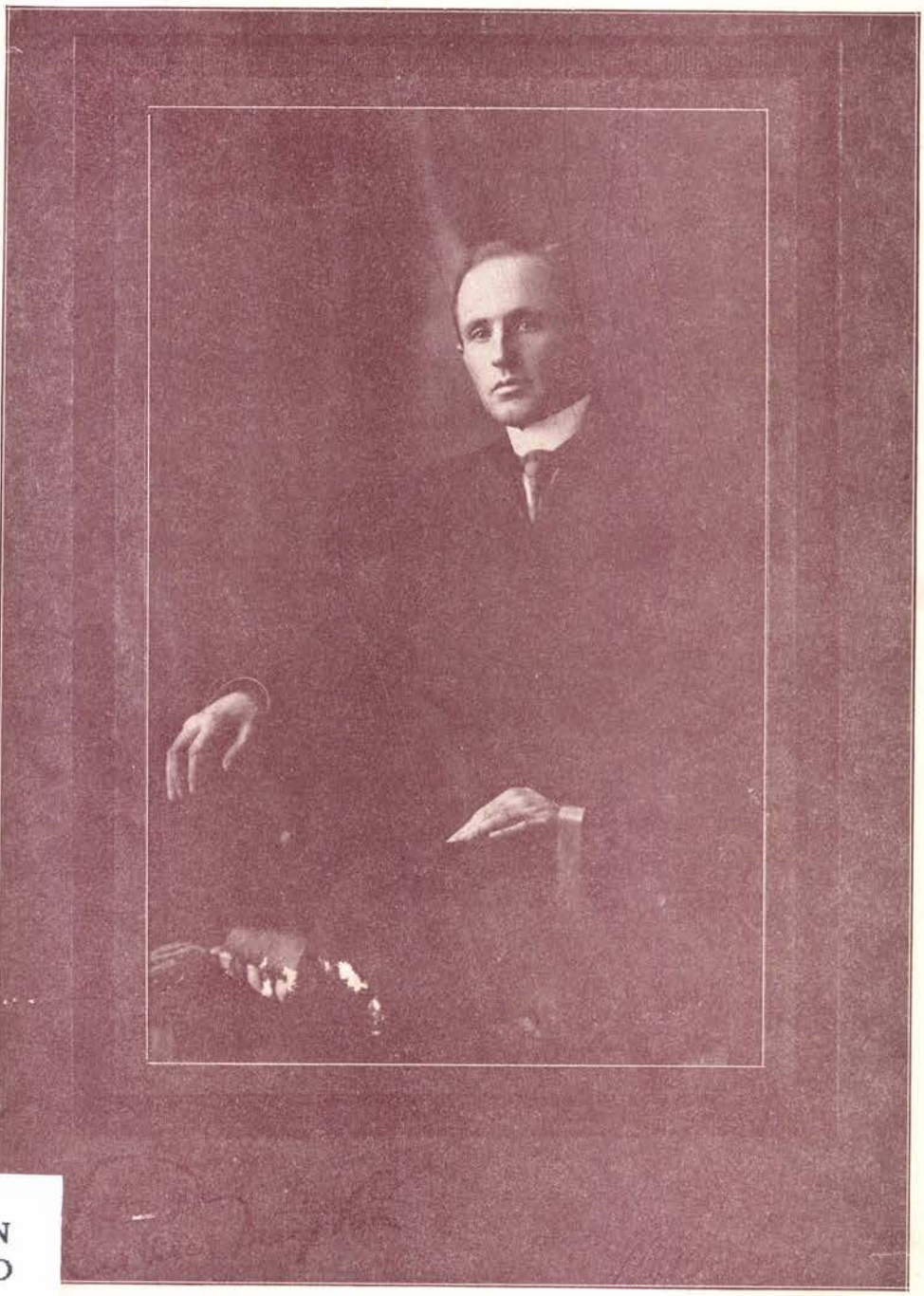
The MID-PACIFIC MAGAZINE

and the

BULLETIN OF THE PAN-PACIFIC UNION



Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, Premier of Canada and Honorary President of the Pan-Pacific Union.

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The Pan-Pacific Union

Central Offices, Honolulu, Hawaii, at the Ocean's Crossroads.
PRESIDENT, HON. C. J. McCARTHY, Governor of Hawaii.
ALEXANDER HUME FORD, Honolulu, Secretary-Director.

The Pan-Pacific Union, representing the lands about the greatest of oceans, is supported by appropriations from Pacific governments. It works chiefly through the calling of conferences, for the greater advancement of, and cooperation among, all the races and peoples of the Pacific.

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The Pan-Pacific Union is incorporated with an International Board of Trustees, representing every race and nation of the Pacific.

The trustees may be added to or replaced by appointed representatives of the different countries cooperating in the Pan-Pacific Union. The following are the main objects set forth in the charter of the Pan-Pacific Union:

1. To call in conference delegates from all Pacific peoples for the purpose of discussing and furthering the interests common to Pacific nations.

2. To maintain in Hawaii and other Pacific lands bureaus of information and education concerning matters of interest to the people of the Pacific, and to disseminate to the world information of every kind of progress and opportunity in Pacific lands, and to promote the comfort and interests of all visitors.

3. To aid and assist those in all Pacific communities to better understand each other, and to work together for the furtherance of the best interests of the land of their adoption, and, through them, to spread abroad about the Pacific the friendly spirit of interracial cooperation.

4. To assist and to aid the different races in lands of the Pacific to cooperate in local affairs, to raise produce, and to create home manufactured goods.

5. To own real estate, erect buildings needed for housing exhibits; provided and maintained by the respective local committees.

6. To maintain a Pan-Pacific Commercial Museum, and Art Gallery.

7. To create dioramas, gather exhibits, books and other Pan-Pacific material of educational or instructive value.

8. To promote and conduct a Pan-Pacific Exposition of the handicrafts of the Pacific peoples, of their works of art, and scenic dioramas of the most beautiful bits of Pacific lands, or illustrating great Pacific industries.

9. To establish and maintain a permanent college and "clearing house" of information (printed and otherwise) concerning the lands, commerce, peoples, and trade opportunities in countries of the Pacific, creating libraries of commercial knowledge, and training men in this commercial knowledge of Pacific lands.

10. To secure the cooperation and support of Federal and State governments, chambers of commerce, city governments, and of individuals.

11. To enlist for this work of publicity in behalf of Alaska, the Territory of Hawaii, and the Philippines, Federal aid and financial support, as well as similar cooperation and support from all Pacific governments.

12. To bring all nations and peoples about the Pacific Ocean into closer friendly and commercial contact and relationship.

The Mid-Pacific Magazine

CONDUCTED BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD

Vol. XXI. No. 5.

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The Mid-Pacific Magazine

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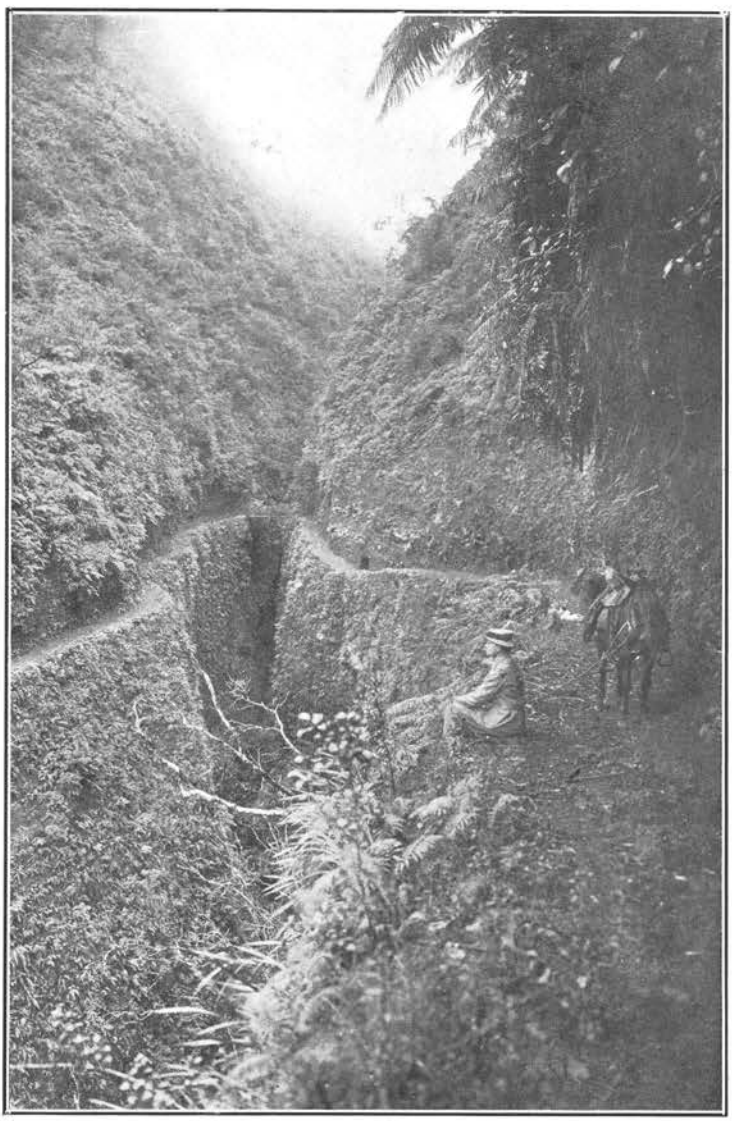
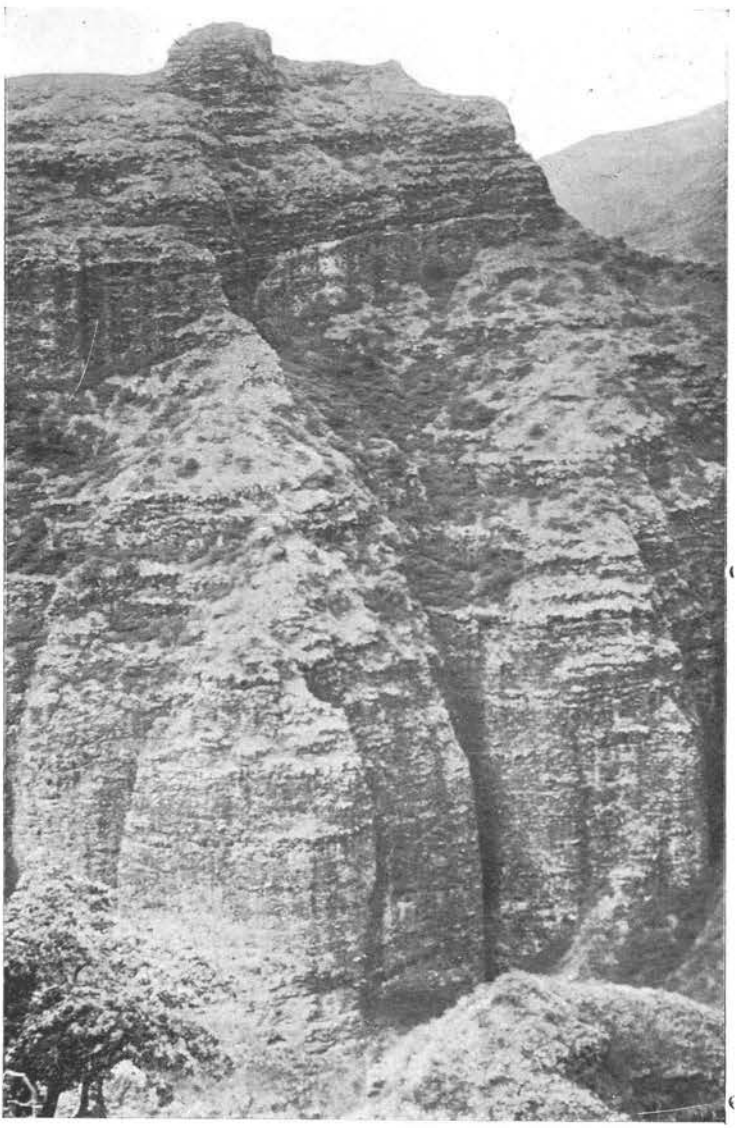
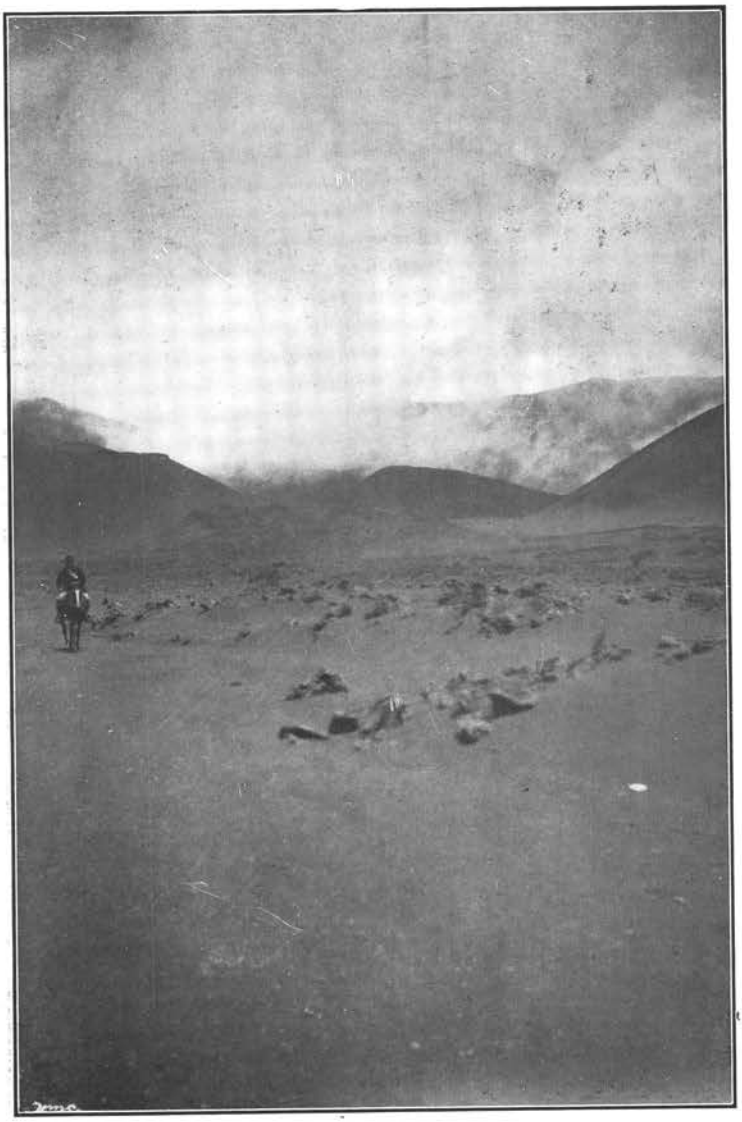
There are half a hundred varieties of banana growing wild in Hawaii. These are on the island of Maui near the famous "ditch trail." They grow from sea level far up into the mountains.



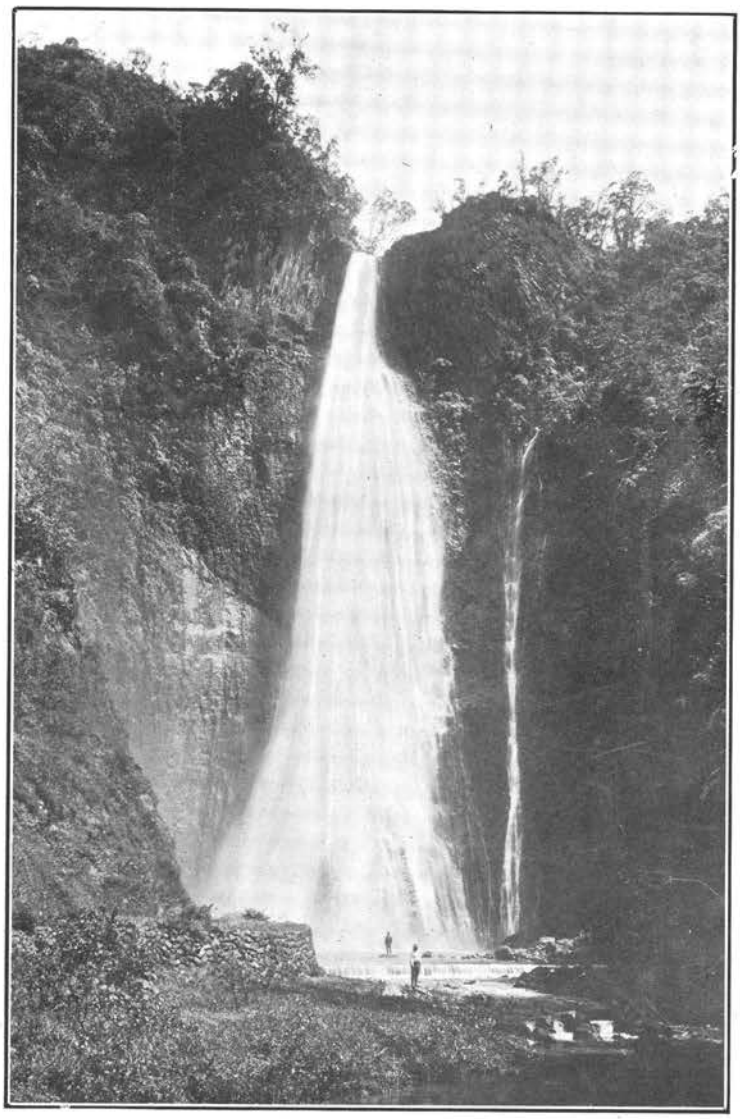
Jack London has written glowingly of the ditch trail of Maui that skirts the side of Haleakala, a mountain ten thousand feet in height and containing earth's greatest quiescent crater.



There are canyons on the island of Kauai that are unexcelled for beauty, color and grandeur by any in the world. Auto roads now lead to the tops of these canyons.



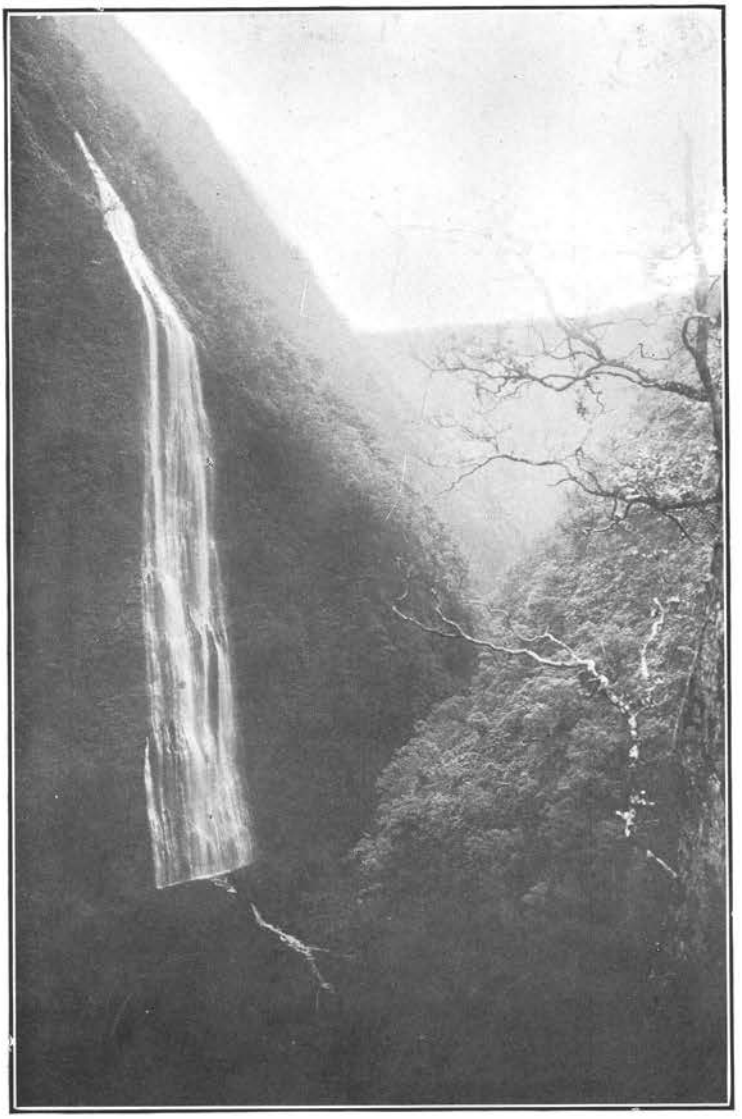
It is a day's ride through Haleakala, the largest crater in the world. There are hills 700 feet in height in this crater, the walls of which are half a mile high.



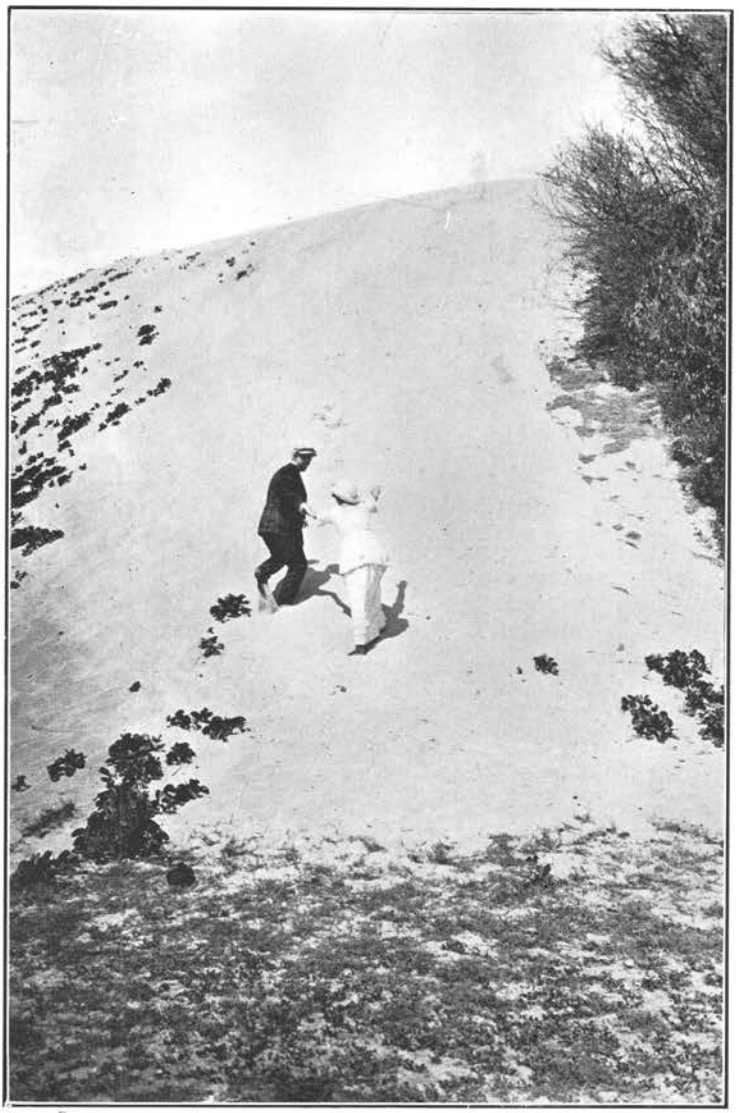
On Kauai and Maui both are many waterfalls. To the Hawaiians the small cascade is famous in legend, while to the tourist the large fall is the great attraction.

This is a coconut grove on the island of Maui near the ancient native capital, Lahaina. This part of the island is now given over to sugar plantations.

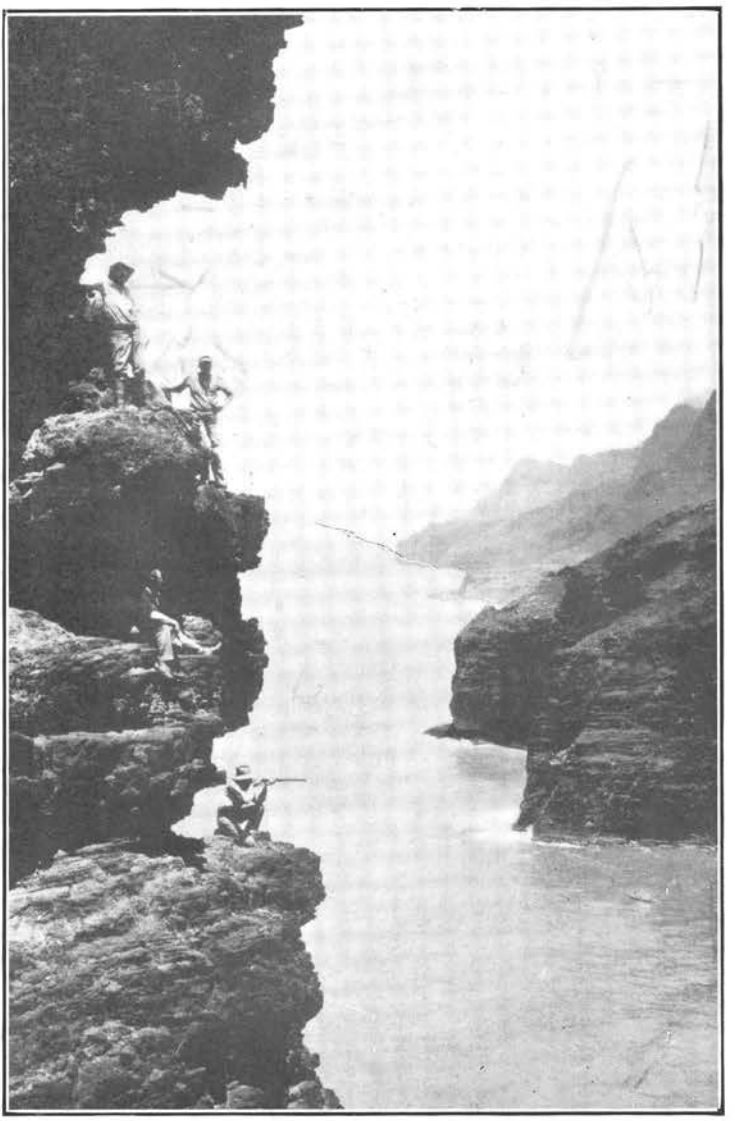
One of the sights on Kauai is the blow-hole that sends up a geyser a hundred feet in the air. The sea rushes in under the coral and escapes through a vent hole.



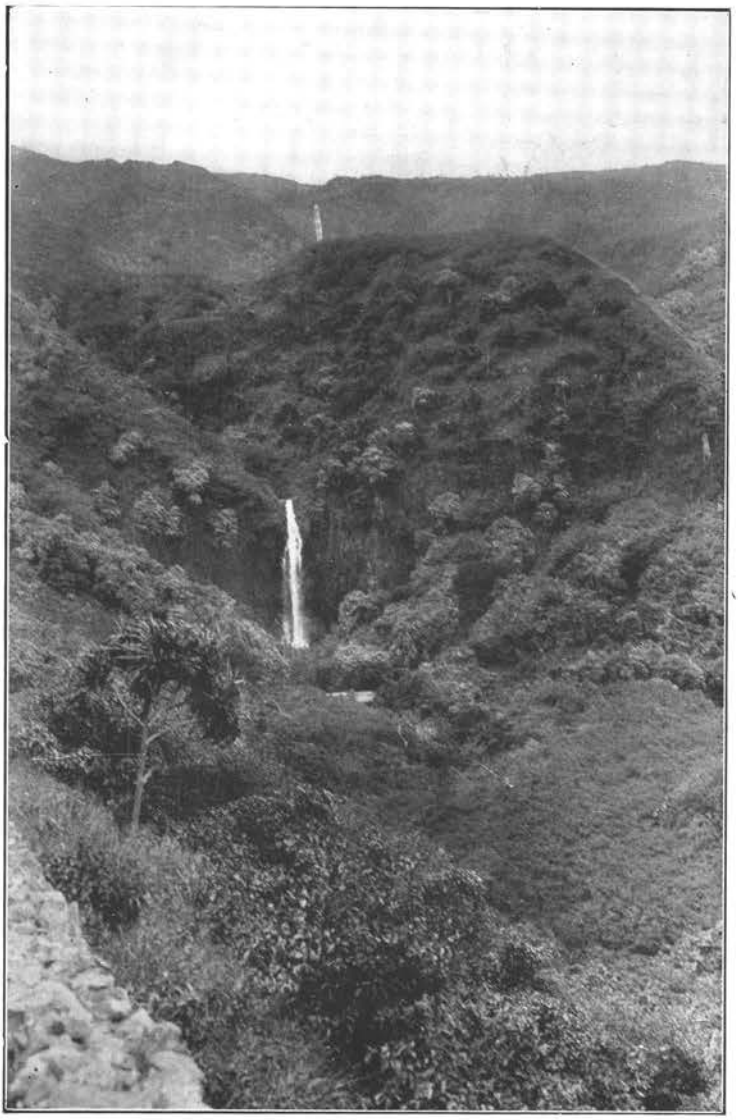
In Hawaii the waterfalls are seen everywhere when it rains. One valley is named Wailau, which in Hawaiian means four hundred waterfalls.



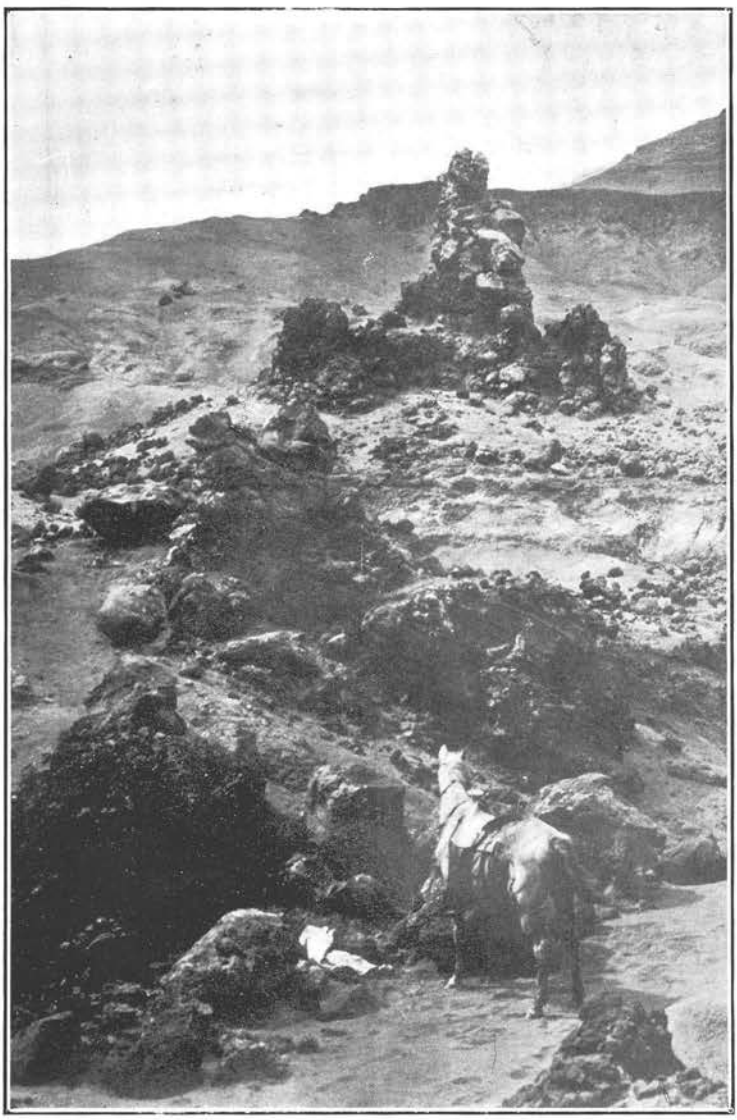
On the island of Kauai are the famous barking sands. They emit a sound like that of a growling dog when trodden upon or rubbed with the hands.



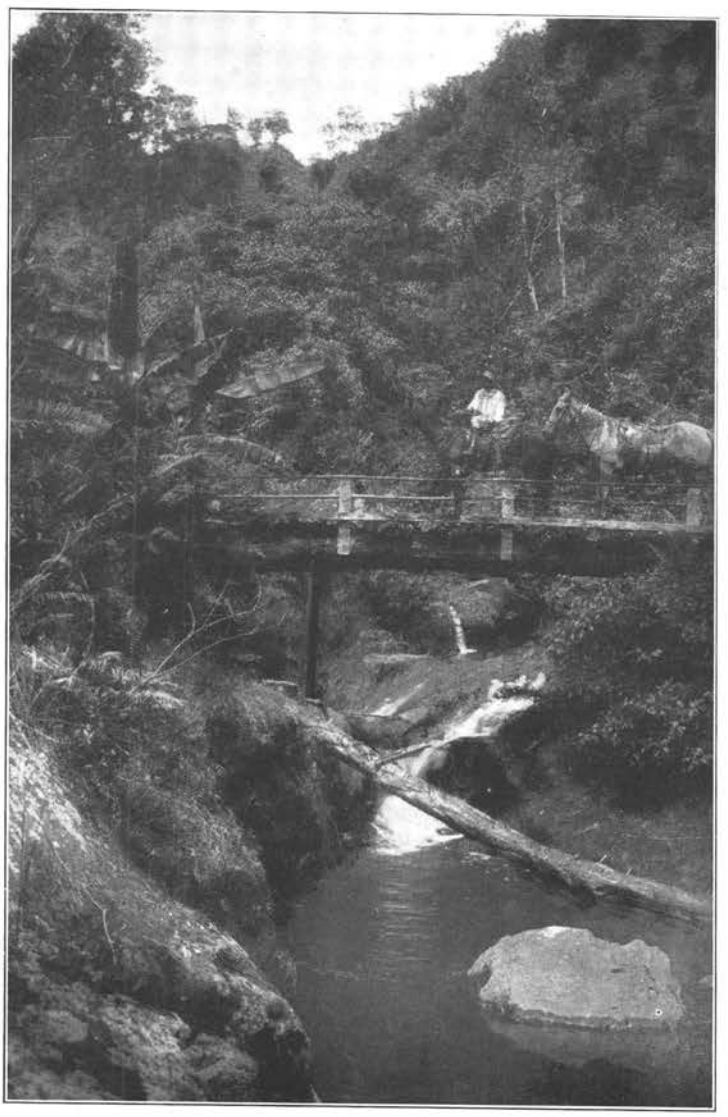
On Kauai and on Maui there is excellent goat hunting and the sportsmen take long chances when only the water is below them, an easy resting place in case of a fall.



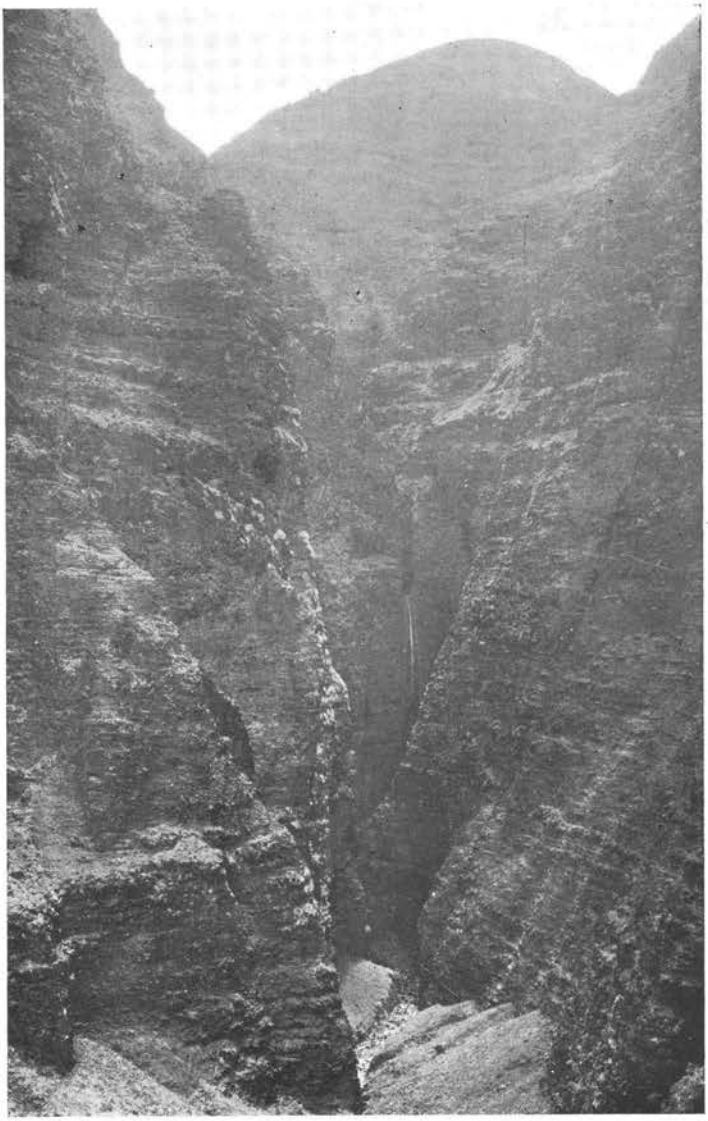
This is an illustration of the value of forestry in Hawaii. The slopes of Haleakala, clothed with natural forest, supply water for irrigating lands that thus become as fertile as any in the world.



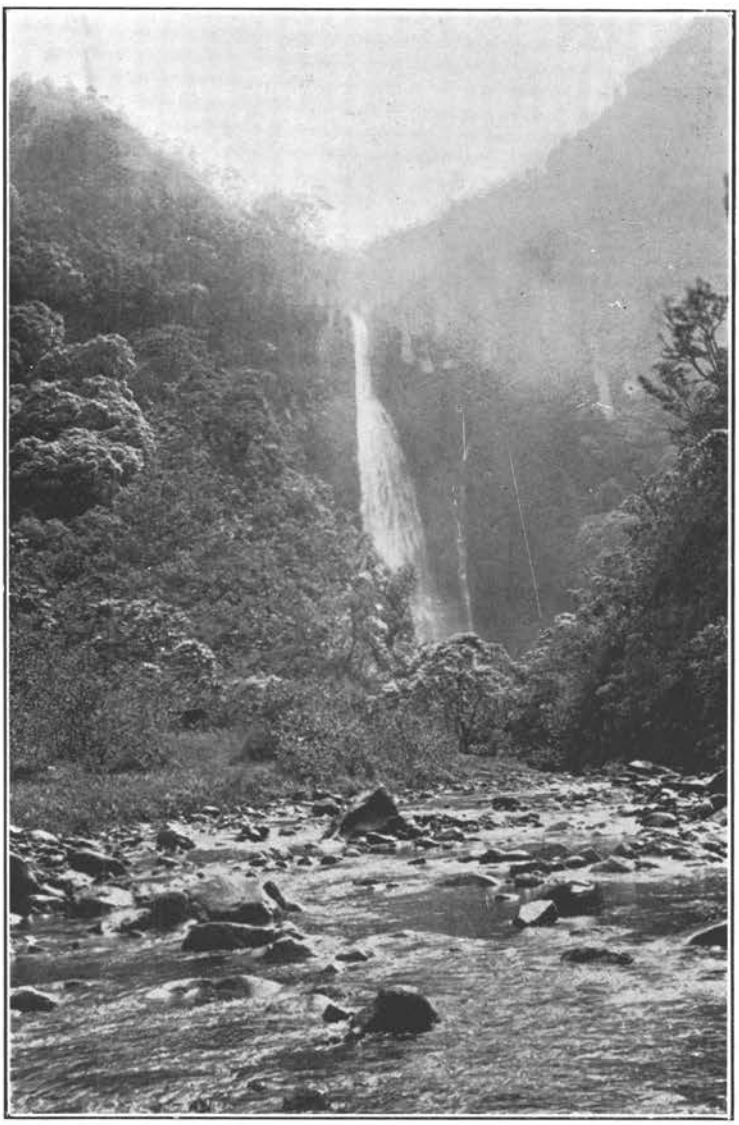
On the island of Lanai, a few miles from Maui, is a bit of country as remarkable as that of the Gorden of the Gods. The winds have exposed strata soil of every conceivable color.



One of the bridges on the ditch trail of Maui. There are thirty miles of horse trail across ravines and carved on the walls of beetling precipices. It is a ride never to be forgotten.



A gulch in the Waimea Canyon region of Kauai. The tiny white thread in the center is a waterfalls hundreds of feet in drop. This is one of the seven scenic wonders of Hawaii.



The waterfalls come down out of the mists on the islands of Kauai and Maui. With every fleeting cloud the coloring of the landscape changes. Hawaii is the Paradise of the lover of nature.

Edited by Alexander Hume Ford.

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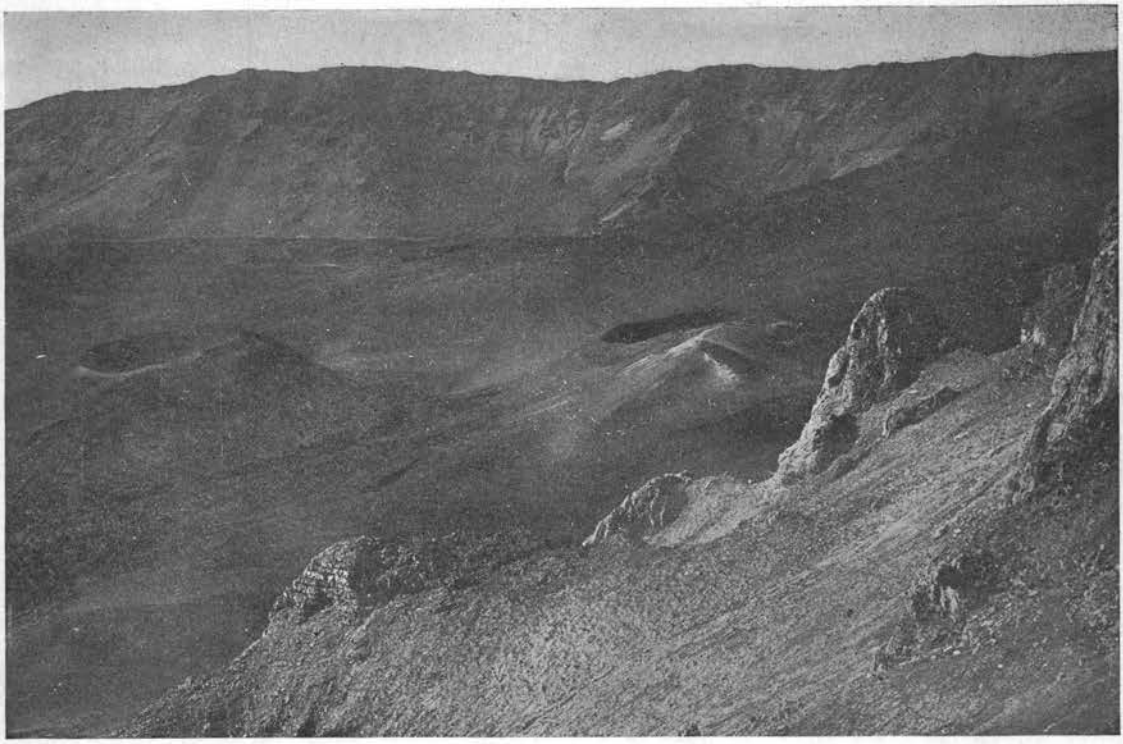


Haleakala Crater on the island of Maui—the largest extinct crater in the world, seven miles across.

A Questionnaire on the Islands of Maui and Kauai

Where and What Are Maui and Kauai?

Maui is the island seventy miles south of Honolulu, on which is situated earth's largest quiescent crater—Haleakala.

Kauai, the "Garden Island," is the most northerly of the larger Hawaiian islands, ninety miles from Honolulu. Here is the famous Waimea Canyon, second to none in the world in grandeur, coloring and beauty.

A bit of plantation life on the island of Kauai, the most northerly of the Hawaiian group.

Are These the Only Attractions on These Islands?

No. On Maui is the wonderful Iao Valley—Yosemite of Hawaii—and there is the famous Ditch Trail, written of by Jack London as one of the world's wonder trips.

On Kauai is Hanalei Bay, the most beautiful in Hawaii; the Spouting Horn—a geyser of sea water that shoots up through an opening in the roof of a cave a hundred feet with each wave; gulches, valleys, and mountains that are delectable in their beauty; and a perfect system of auto roads.

How Do You Get to These Islands?

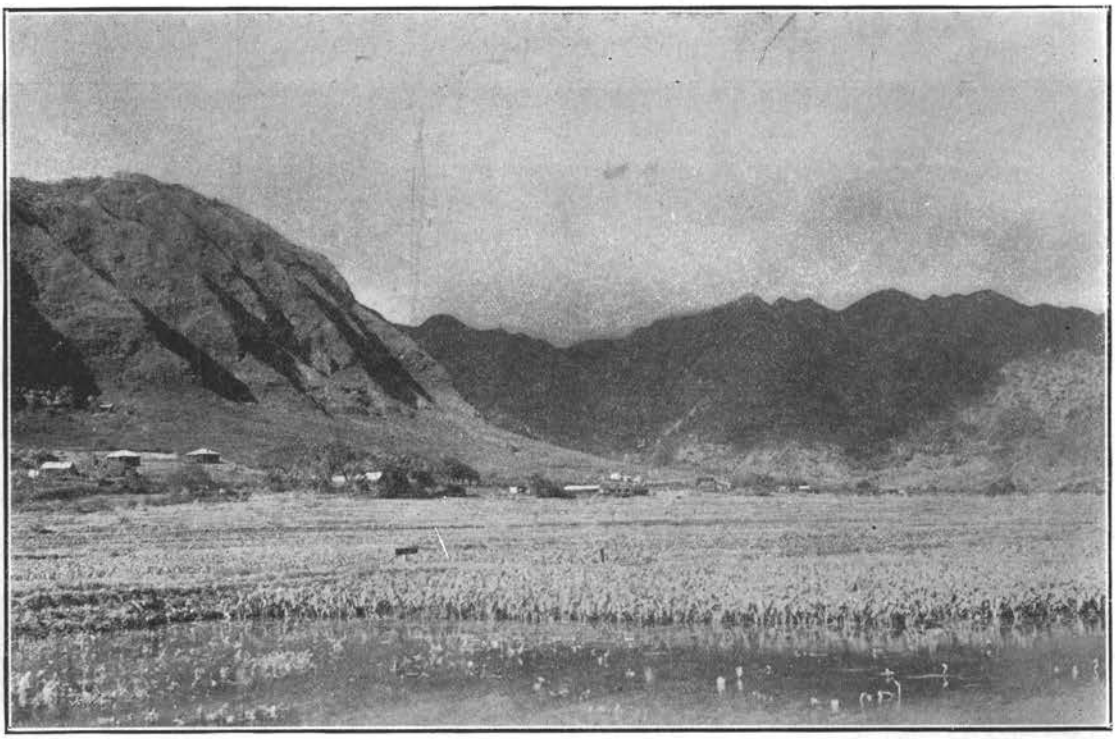
To Maui, almost daily from Honolulu, by Matson or Inter-Island steamer; to Kauai, twice a week by Inter-Island steamers, leaving either port at 5:00 in the afternoon and arriving early the next morning. The trip to Maui twice a week is by direct steamer to Hilo (Wednesday and Saturday), landing passengers at Lahaina—this Wednesday trip being by daylight. Twice a week a smaller steamer sails for Kahului, on the other side of the island from Lahaina.

Are Lahaina and Kahului Cities?

Not exactly. Lahaina was the ancient capital and whaling port. It is now a plantation and fishermen's village. There are remnants of its once magnificent avenues of bread-fruit trees and cocoanut palms. The hotel is at the steamboat landing. Kahului is the port of Wailuku.

What Is Wailuku?

Wailuku is the county seat of Maui, three miles by rail or auto from its port, Kahului. It is a quaint town at



The cane fields, Wailuku, the metropolis of the island of Maui, and the West Hawaii Mountains, five thousand feet high.

the mouth of Iao Valley, with wonderful cane fields all about it.

Is Wailuku the "Tourist" Center of Maui?

Yes. There are three hotels in the town, and here arrangements are made for the trip up Haleakala, or this trip may be made from Paia with the Walker brothers as guides.

What Are the Arrangements for the Ascent?

Usually a check for $25 if there is but one in the party. This pays for the automobile to Olinda, 4000 feet up the mountain side, where a guide and horses are ready for the eight-mile ride to the edge of the crater, 10,000 feet above the sea. The night is spent in the rest house, to be ready for the sunrise.

Why the Sunrise?

Sunrise on Haleakala is often one of the wonder sights of the world. The clouds roll in through a gap from the sea, fill the crater, and roll down over the sides.

How Deep and Wide Is the Crater?

Half a mile deep and seven miles wide. "Haleakala" means, "House of the Sun."

Can the Tourist Descend into the Crater?

Yes. The first night is spent at the concrete rest house on the summit. There is a trail down into the crater. It is a day's ride; the second night after the ride through the crater is spent at Olinda, on the slopes of Haleakala.

How Long Does the Haleakala Trip Take?

Twenty-two hours, leaving Wailuku

A bit of scenery on the ditch trail of Maui, made famous by Jack London in his writings.

by auto after lunch on one day, and returning to Wailuku in time for lunch the next day—unless the ride is made through the crater.

What Is There to See at Haleakala Crater?

There is the view; the acres of black diamonds, blown up at an eruption and scattered about a mile from the rest house, where they may be gathered. There is wild goat shooting, and even wild dog hunting. There are caves in the crater-bed to visit, and many freaks of Nature to wonder at.

What Is Beyond the Crater?

On the other side from the rest house on the summit is Kaupo Gap. This is a wonderful scenic gulch with walls thousands of feet high, down which pour numerous ribbon-like waterfalls. It is possible to ride through the crater down Kaupo Gap to the sea and around the island by the Ditch Trail.

Is This Advisable, and What Does It Cost in Time and Money?

It is advisable if you are a hardened rider and have five days in which to make the trip. The cost is about $7.00 a day per person.

Why Does It Take So Long?

It is a hard ride, and wears out the horses. The first day is through the crater—sand. The second is a 7,500-foot rocky descent to the sea; the third, riding up and down, along narrow trails, over high ridges; the fourth day is over the first half of the Ditch Trail, and the fifth completes the journey back to Wailuku.

What Is the Ditch Trail?

This is a trail cut far up on the side of the mountains beside a great ditch

A scene at the precipitous end of Kauai island where the mountains come down to the sea and one must travel by boat.

that gathers the waters and delivers them to the cane fields below. For nearly fifty miles the ride is through the wildest scenery and along the faces of precipices, cataracts, leaping over the trail from great heights above.

Can the Ditch Trail Be Made on Foot?

It often is. A rest house is located in Keanae Valley, into which the trail descends, this being about half way between Pogue's and Nahiku, where usually auto is taken from Wailuku to Pogue's, then the two-day hike to Nahiku, where the steamer calls. The return to Wailuku may be made by steamer. It is possible to travel by rail from Wailuku to Haiku, about nine miles from Pogue's, and begin the hike at Haiku.

Is It Advisable to Travel by Train?

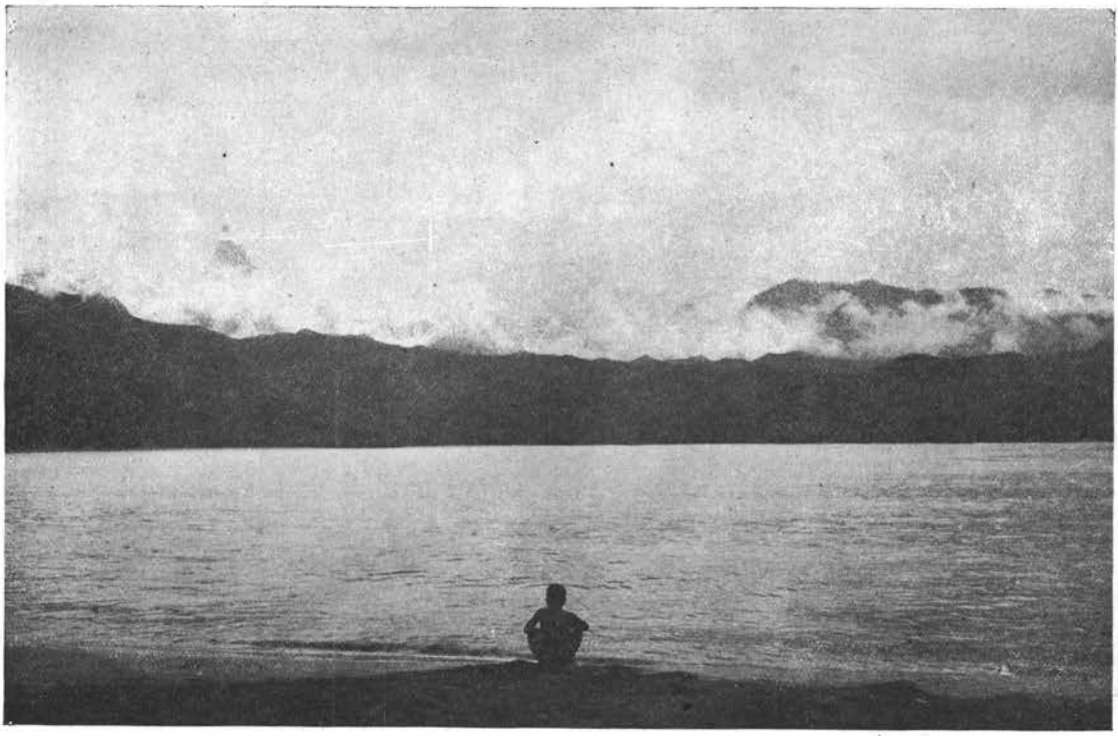
Yes, for at the railway terminus at Haiku is the homesteading settlement, and the ride on the railway is one of unique interest.

What of Autoing on Maui?

Splendid. From Lahaina to Wailuku —twenty-four miles—is another Amalfi Drive, and may be made for $2.00. However, it is better to rent a machine by the day, as there are many auto trips on Maui.

What Are Some of the Best?

That is hard to answer. There is the ride to Pogue's through the cane fields, and by the largest sugar mills in the world, returning along the sea front. There is the ride to the Kula district, 2,000 feet above the cane fields; there is the ride to West Maui and its sea beaches and numerous others.



A scene on Hanalei Bay, Kauai. This is one of the views that artists delight in Hawaii to place on canvas.

What of West Maui?

West Maui is an almost circular peninsula, the center of which is 5,000 feet above the sea. From Wailuku there are auto roads to within a few miles of the circuit. Then comes the region of old Hawaiian grass houses and native life—well worth a visit.

Can the 'Round West Maui Trip Be Made in a Day?

Yes, by having horses meet the auto at one end of the highroad, and an auto again at the other.

Where Is Iao Valley? Is It Accessible by Auto?

Iao Valley is reached by auto road as far as the "Needle," about five miles from Wailuku.

What Is the Needle?

A straight peak that rises in the center of Iao Valley, 500 feet sheer from the road. It has been ascended by but a few daring members of the Trail and Mountain Club, and is surrounded by practically insurmountable walls, thousands of feet in sheerness.

Have These Never Been Scaled?

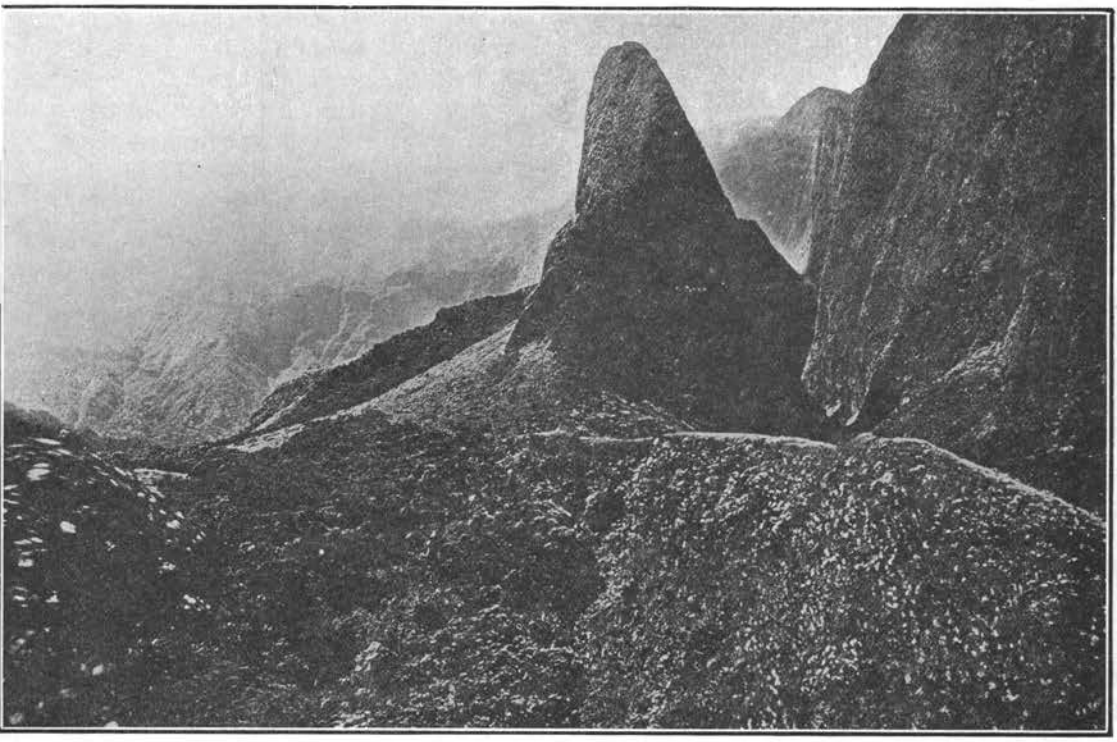
Yes, twice in a hundred years. Before that there was a native trail by way of Iao Valley over the green walls to Lahaina. The Trail and Mountain Club is re-locating the old trail and hopes to make it once more passable.

What Else Is There on Maui?

Sugar cane. Here was the old Spreckels plantation. Every available acre of lower ground is either planted in sugar or in pineapples, the mountain of Haleakala being a cattle ranch.

Is This True Also of Kauai?

Not quite. The sugar plantations lie



he needle in Iao Valley, the Yosemite of the island of Maui. The needle is sheer five hundred feet.

at the base of the mountains that rise from the center of the island, and there is much rice culture and even coconut groves.

Are There Hotels on Kauai?

Yes. At Lihue within a mile of Nawiliwili landing (the first stop), at Hanalei, at one end of the island, and at Waimea, at the base of the great canyon. The steamer calls at all of these ports, landing being effected in small boats.

Is It Worth While to Make the Trip Around the island by Boat?

Yes, for Kauai is wonderfully beautiful from the sea. The central mountains are more than 5,000 feet high, and many of the canyons come down to the sea. There are several "near" rivers on this island.

What Is Usually the First Day's Outing?

From Lihue, of which Nawiliwili is the port, there are numerous interesting scenic walks. An auto may be engaged, however, and any part of the island visited in a morning. The first day might be spent at Hanalei.

What Is There to See at Hanalei?

This is one of the most picturesque spots in the Hawaiian Islands. The valley is flanked by high mountains, and here the Hawaiian is seen in his primitive grass house. Nearby are the caves that may be entered by boat, and the famous Napali.

What Is Napali?

"Napali" means the precipice. Here beyond Hanalei is a stretch of precipices rising sheer from the sea; only the most

daring can negotiate the distance between Hanalei and Waimea on the other side of the precipices. The trip is usually made by water in an outrigger canoe. There is a splendid auto road from Hanalei to Waimea, a ride of three-fourths the distance around the island, until you face the other side of Napali.

What of the Auto Trip to Waimea?

This auto run of three or four hours is through small farms, cane fields, pineapple plantations, and across picturesque rivers. On the way the Spouting Horn may be visited, and beyond Waimea are the barking sands.

What Are the Barking Sands?

The "barking sands," found in a hill blown up by the sea. In dry weather when trod upon or rubbed in the hands, they emit a sound something like the growling of a dog—hence the name.

What Else Is There at Waimea?

The old stone fort, built by the Russians a century ago when they contemplated annexing the islands, and the famous canyons—Waimea and Olokele.

Are the Canyons Easily Accessible?

Olokele is. A careful driver may take a machine far up this wonderful gulch, one of the wildest and most beautiful bits of island scenery in the world.

And Waimea Canyon?

Upper Waimea Canyon has been reached by a small auto, but horseback is advisable. The Trail and Mountain Club is seeking to have this region declared a National Park or monument and has a site on which it is building a rest house.

What Is the Best Point From Which to See Waimea Canyon?

From Puu-ka-Pele ("Hill of the Goddess Pele") eight miles from Waimea, and about 4,000 feet above the sea, giving a view up and down the canyon and up some of its gulches, down which tumble falls and cascades. This point may now be reached by auto.

What Are Its Prominent Scenic Features?

Wildness, tropical verdure, barren multicolored ruggedness, high waterfalls, towering mountain—and a glimpse of the sea.

Is Waimea Canyon Vast?

Not in actual area, but the mists and the sunlight both affect the air so that there is everywhere the effect of great distance. The entire coloring of the canyon changes hourly with the light, and seems never twice the same.

What Else Is There on Kauai?

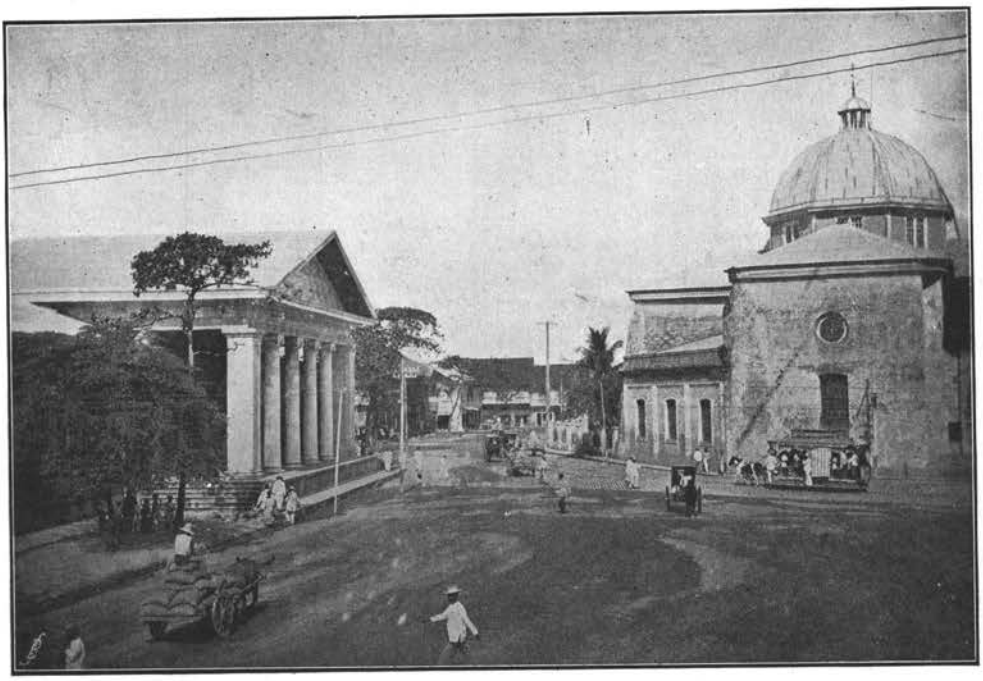
Trips of many sorts; visits to beautiful waterfalls, wonderful parks, and unparalleled mountain tramps.

Is It Expensive?

No. The round trip fare from Honolulu to any part of Kauai is $14.00 and there are auto stages between the settlements, charging a moderate rate. The hotel rates are about $5.00 a day.

How Can I Get Future Information?

Write the Hawaiian Tourist Bureau, Honolulu or San Francisco, subscribe to the "Mid-Pacific Magazine," published at the Crossroads of the Pacific, or write to the Pan-Pacific Publicity Council, Honolulu. This latter will supply you with information concerning any Pacific land.



A bit of old Manila.

Pearl of the Orient

By E. B. CANNON.

JUST off the China coast, in a sapphire and turquoise sea, under a sky by day a multicolored opal and by night lapis lazuli set with diamonds, there lies shimmering the Pearl of the Orient: Manila, metropolis of the Philippines.

No Oriental tour is complete without a visit to Manila. Why, three hundred years ago the Pearl of the Orient was recognized as worth seeing! In 1603 a Spanish traveler, Dr. Antonio de Morga, wrote that Manila "was one of the towns most praised by strangers who flock to it of any in the world."

A unique tourist mecca is the Manila of today—because the Pearl of the Orient is a city at once American and, at the same time, European and Asiatic, in combination irresistibly fascinating and refreshingly "different."

Like a bit of "the States" transplanted in Asia is Americanized Manila. The moment his steamer docks the American feels at home in Manila. Not only do the piers have a familiar look, but upon them there is a complete (and welcome!) absence of those jinrickishas that meet liners at other Far Eastern ports. In Manila street cars come right down to the docks, a proceeding remarkable in the Orient. What is even more remarkable, the cars are so clean no American hesitates to patronize them. As the

system transfers all over the city for a twelve-centavo (six-cent) car fare, there is no necessity in the Pearl of the Orient for the human beasts of burden that trot between 'rickisha shafts and furnish the only adequate means of transportation in cities elsewhere across the world.

Street car or automobile—there are hundreds of all makes of automobiles in Manila—carries a newcomer direct to a modern habitation. The immense Manila hotel, a replica of the better class hostelries in the States, is the finest in the Orient. The several other hotels, though smaller and not so elegant, are quite comfortable. Pleasant boarding places are a feature of Manila, as are apartment houses with all wanted appointments. Attractive cottages and bungalows in charming grounds are to let in all districts. If a man chooses to live at a club, he can ask for nothing finer than the facilities afforded at the Army and Navy Clubs, the Elks' Club, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the small places.

Up-to-the-minute are the public buildings of Manila. The exterior of a building may look Spanish, but the interior is very much like the interior of a building devoted to similar purposes in the United States. Offices have the latest business devices. Department stores have cash registers, adding machines, and such labor savers. The Public Library has a card catalogue system for the thousands of books. Public and private schools are furnished in the approved manner. The Philippine General Hospital has the most up-to-date equipment of any hospital in the Far East.

Notwithstanding all its Americanization, Manila retains quaint purely Oriental districts; American as the business houses along the Escolta are, around the corner is Asia.

Chinese and Japanese, as well as Filipinos, live in Tondo and other districts just off the Escolta (which once constituted the kingdom of a petty Rajah, very much opposed to the Rajah who ruled the territory across the river). Rosario is the principal Chinese business street. Narrow, winding Rosario is made up of the little stalls, each like the other, each consisting of a stock of piece goods which seems, at first glance, to consist principally of bolts and packs of red calico. Each stall is presided over by a Chinaman in white knit undershirt and black cotton trousers—or, if the day is excessively hot, in trousers only. Across the way are a few hardware shops showing a bewildering variety of tools and odd-looking brass locks. Beyond are the bird stores, where yellow canaries and red parrots are displayed in bamboo cages, and fluffy "chow" dogs lie panting in bamboo coops. Further down Rosario are rattan and bamboo furniture factories and salesrooms.

Over an arching stone bridge is San Fernando. Here are bazaars with native textiles and delicate hand embroideries; with women's undergarments and infants' christening robes of vivid crimson or verdant green silk festooned with yards of cheap white cotton lace; with chests hand-cut from camphor or commoner woods; with lithographed portraits of saints ranged alongside a miscellany of toilet articles, perfumes and glassy, brassy jewelry; with Chinese earthenware pots, Japanese porcelain plates, American water glasses and granite pans in a riot of pink and purple hues; with enormous bamboo baskets of the small, wafer-like shells that, squared and inserted in lattices, form the windows of Philippine buildings.

Bright spots against old adobe walls are the flower stands. A few centavos will buy blossoms of every tint—roses,

cosmos, "black-eyed susans," a variety of myrtle that is made to cleverly simulate the purple violet—all odorless, and mostly all in stiffly wired bouquets. Long tendrils of delicate pink and white "chain of love" are offered for dinner table decoration. Hempen threads strung with the typical Philippine flower, the lily-white and heavenly-sweet sampaguita (jasmine), are offered at two or three centavos. These necklaces are worn along with rosaries by church-going Filipinos.

The Spanish influence is noticeable in the Catholic churches in Tondo and other districts of Manila. As the Philippines is the only Christian country in the Orient, its very old and very beautiful churches are among the chief objects of interest. Some are richly decorated and contain paintings and museum pieces of great price. One cathedral, San Sebastian of the many spires, is built of steel plates.

Also reminiscent of Spanish occupation are the little grassy, palm-shaded plazas scattered throughout the downtown and residence districts. Often a plaza is centered with a monument to a distinguished Spaniard. Manila is full of handsome monuments.

The old wall of Manila and Intramuros, the city within, are the most striking reminders that little more than a score of years ago the Philippines was a colony of the King of Spain. Commendably, the American government has left standing much of the three-mile circuit of stonework, nine feet high and from eight to sixteen feet thick, built from funds raised by taxing merchandise that included playing-cards. A street car whizzes through one of the five gates formerly guarded by Spanish sentries with swords and muskets. What was once Puerta Real bastion is now an aquarium with eerie seahorses, giant turtles, and gorgeously tinted fish that rival the finny marvels of the aquariums at Naples, New York, and Honolulu. The moat, through the mud of which Americans in 1898 struggled to capture the two forts held by the Spaniards, has been filled in and leveled and turfed to form municipal golf links.

Intramuros — Manila's walled city within a city—dates back to 1571, and is but little changed from the stirring times when it offered the Spaniards protection from hostile Filipinos, marauding Chinese pirates, Britishers bent on conquest, and, lastly, Americans bent on reform. Intramuros now has clean streets, street cars, electric lights, sanitary conveniences, and garages; otherwise it is very much like the original Spanish Manila.

Native life is best studied by loitering in the Walled City. Here are the stores that cater to the Filipinos; abacerias that deal in rice and bananas and betel nuts and such staples; clothing stores and tailor shops that turn out five-dollar white drill suits; zapaterias that cobble as well as sell chinelas—the Philippine sandals with soles of native leather, with or without heels, and with vamps of blood red or bilious yellow plush. It is in the Walled City that the hatmaker plies his or her trade of weaving men's headgear, that cannot be told from the finest "Panamas," or plaiting strands of colored hemp into women's hats that may be blocked to suit the most fastidious Americans. (Filipinos are like the other Oriental women in that they wear no hats.)

Everywhere, behind the barred windows of big Spanish-style plastered houses built to last for generations, as well as behind openings in the thatched walls of fragile nipa huts—everywhere in the quarter glimpses may be caught of slim, brown fingers continually embroidering or stitching upon the Philippine hand-made garments that have become such an important export.

The streets are never empty of private automobiles and victorias, public cabs known as calesas and carromatas, small vehicles called carratelas, clumsy two-wheeled drays drawn by clumsier carabaos (water buffaloes), motor trucks and motorcycles. Almost no bicycles are in evidence. And this is odd, because bicycles are eminently suitable for use in the narrow, congested thoroughfares of a hilless city like Manila.

Of all the points of interest in the Pearl of the Orient, it is the never-ending procession of peoples in the streets that gives Manila a charm all her own.

One by one, in pairs, in groups, pass the Filipinos—all slender, all straight, all walking with the erectness peculiar to a race which through generations has borne heavy burdens atop the head. Babies are the only burdens (though the affectionate, prolific Filipina never thinks of children as "burdens"), which are not carried on the head, but ride astride the mother's or older sister's hips. The women move with graceful, rhythmic swing of the whole body and odd, but not awkward, suffle that keeps bare feet in treacherous chinelas.

No matter whether rich or poor, old or young, all Filipinas wear at all times the picturesque, sensible and pretty national costumes, consisting of diaphanous camisa (bodice), with panuelo (neckerchief like a fichu), and saya suelta (trained skirt of heavy material, looped up to show petticoats of white embroidery). To this the women of the Tagalog tribe—predominant in and about Manila—add an attractive black apron-overskirt called a tapis.

A withered old crone in a dress of yellow sinimay with vermilion figures flaps along in worn straw chinelas. With one hand she plies a large palm leaf; with the other she holds up, parasol wise, a big bamboo salakot (coolie hat). Accompanying her is a laboring woman bearing on her head four folds of heavy grass matting. From under the matting billows the smoke of a fat, long, black cigar.

Herding three goats is a youngster whose thin brown legs and round brown tummy are with the utmost nonchalance displayed by his single garment, so stiff with rice water that it stands out like the skirt of a ballet dancer. Older boys appear in white knee pants, starched white camisas chino (coat-shirts) and wide straw hats. Sons of better class families are frequently togged out in white canvas low shoes, long white duck trousers, blue serge coats with brass buttons, blouses and straw hats of the American-boy type. Little Filipinas dress not unlike American girls, in gingham or lawn pinafores and big ribbon bows.

An old man passes in broad-brimmed black felt hat, black cotton pants, white shirt with negligee collar and black boots with elastic sides. The "Panama" hat and white drill two-piece suit affected by Europeans in the Philippine Islands are worn by almost all Filipino business men. The apparel of the lower class Filipino is much the same as that of the Chinaman in the Islands; balbriggan undershirt, white or colored pants, over which the Chinaman may hang a collarless coat-shirt of thin white stuff, though the Filipino will choose pina or jusi or some such native textile of bright color interwoven with raised floral patterns.

Here and there in the concourse a gay touch is given by military men in khaki, whose red stripings proclaim them as members of the 5,000, or more, native constabulary. Strolling along under the arching acacia trees are pretty girl nurses in the cap and uniform of the hospital in Jolo, Sulu Archipelago. Automobiles give glimpses of nuns in

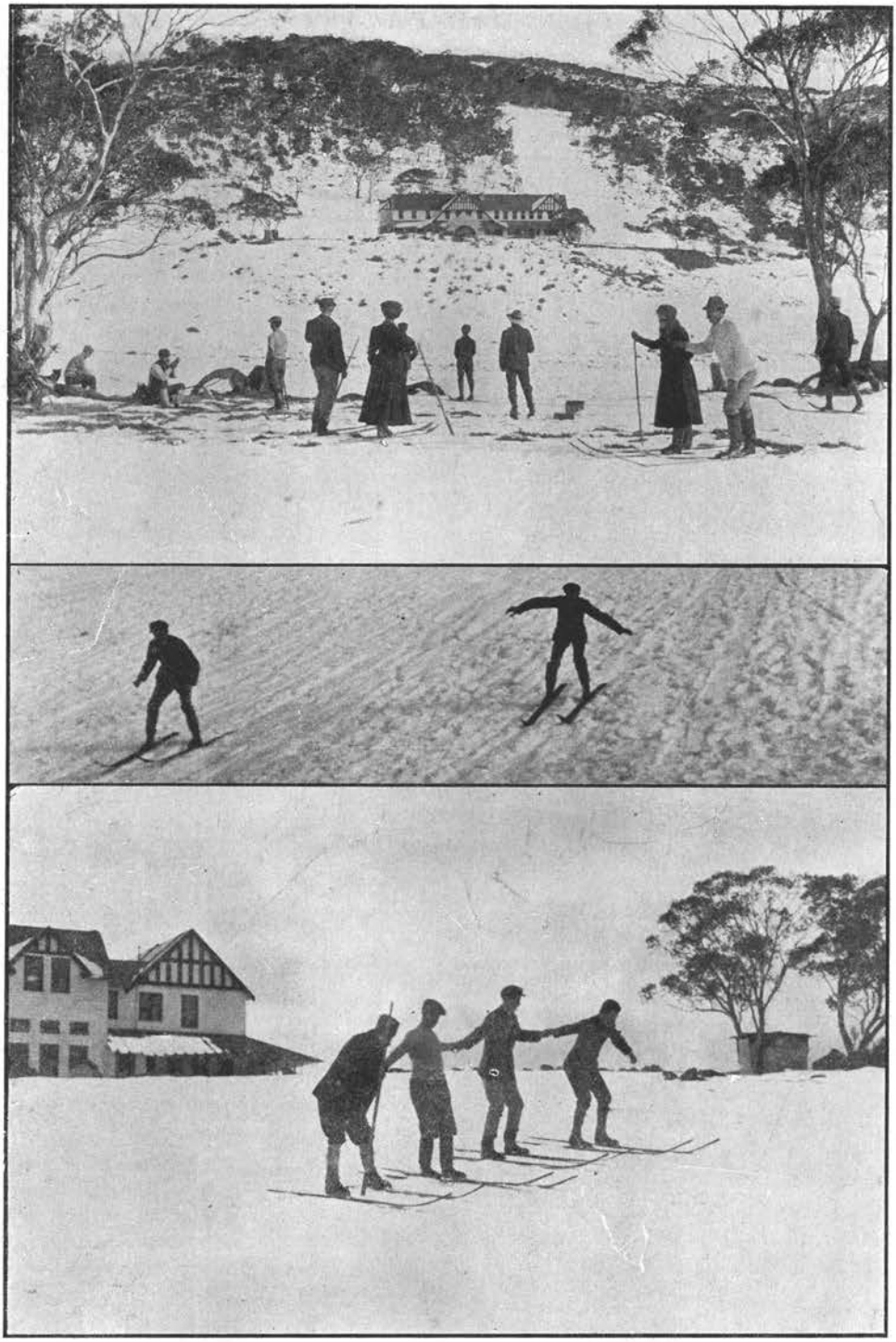
flaring headdresses, or cigarette-smoking, bearded priests in low "derbies," flowing white or dark robes festooned with beads, and bare feet in wooden sandals.

Infrequently a turbaned East Indian appears; not infrequently, an Ethiopian. Kimono clad Japanese are in the throng. Trousered Chinese amahas (maids or nurses) follow discreetly in the wake of romping children or decorous young Spanish girls. Many of the Spanish or mestizo (half Filipino) maidens are beauties, with skin of matchless creamy tint, eyes big and black as velvet, feet like Cinderella's, and forms that rival Venus. Though they go hatless, the Spanish women dress very much the same as Americans—no fringed skirts, no boleros, no mantillas.

White women on dress parade in the tropics are worth going miles to see. Despite the torrid climate, they are always gotten up smartly. English women may be told from Americans because the frocks of the former are noticeably the shorter. White men wear white duck in the daytime and dinner coats of duck or conventional black broadcloth at night. American civilians may be distinguished from Englishmen, because the English always carry canes!

Colorful, cosmopolitan Manila! Yes, decidedly the Pearl of the Orient is American and yet Asiatic; familiar and yet strange. Manila is the States—the old pre-war tax, pre-prohibition, pre-H. C. L. States—in Asia.

"See Naples—and die!" should give way to "See Manila—and live!"



Skiing at Mt. Kosciusko in New South Wales, Australia.

Ski-ing Grounds of Mount Kosciusko

(Australia's Highest Peak)

By PERCY HUNTER.

EACH season makes it more apparent that within easy reach of the hotel the snowfields at Kosciusko provide vast playing grounds for ski-runners in congenial surroundings. Every one who has been on ski at Kosciusko knows the road from the hotel to Dainer's Gap, and most novices have made the short run north from the Gap to Church Hill and the Plains of Heaven. It is the more experienced ski-er who has approached the Plains direct from the hotel, via the Grand Slam and the Alexander Ford Glissade. These grounds are all well known, and south from Dainer's Gap, also, past Moon Rock to Pretty Point, and back over Boggy Plain, by Rennix's Gap, or wheeling round Moon Rock across to the top reservoir, shooting down the pipe-line to the golf links. These routes will recall recollections of many a jolly picnic party to club members. They are runs well within the capacity of ordinary ski-ers, while at the same time they present a diversity of country and conditions which makes them interesting to all.

Still without going far afield, there are other wonderful expanses of snow lying on lightly timbered hills and treeless flats

in between Church Hill and the Snowy, along the valley of Piper's Creek and its lateral tributaries. Across a low gap, which closes the prospect just west of Church Hill, a magnificent vista of hill and dale is opened up. This low saddle has been named the Doris Pitt Portal, in honor of the club's thrice-champion woman ski-er. The glen below, stretching away in undulating folds to the Snowy is called Happy Valley, and a commanding knoll of granite high on the spur to the right is the Richmond Scott lookout. From this lookout a superb view of the snow-clad ranges of the main divide is obtainable on a fine day, and the icy slope of the topmost ridge sparkles and glistens in the sunlight like a thing alive. A few miles west, and towering in the foreground is the giant form of the back Perisher, apparently so close as to appear just beyond the immediate hills.

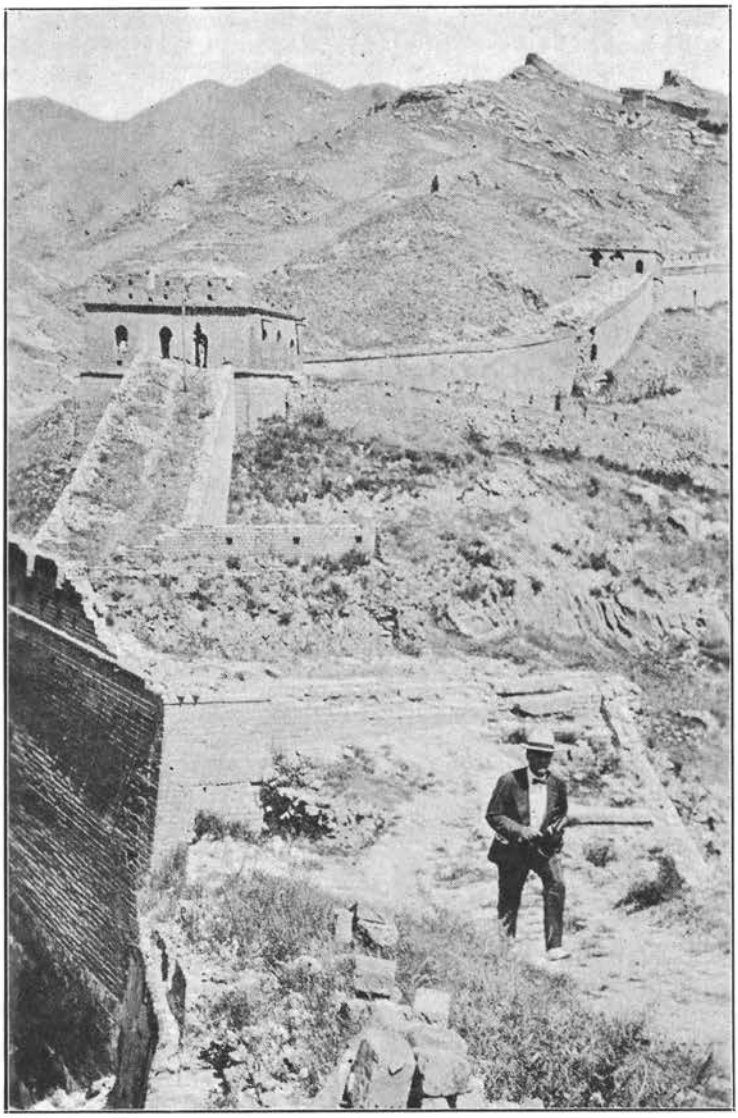
This bit of country is full of interest, and very well adapted for short tours. It is within easy distance of the hotel, and there are dozens of good spots for comfortable lunching grounds dotted about the hills. It carries the snow splendidly, and abounds in good glissades and exciting runs through timber. A trip right to the Snowy River down this valley will leave ample time for a comfortable return to the hotel for afternoon tea. The journey back may be made either via the Gates of Heaven and the Alexander Ford Glissade, or Dainer's Gap, and the road. Although the snow hereabouts is very good all through the early part of the season, towards the end of July a succession of rising temperatures at midday may take the crunch out of it, and members will be glad to go farther afield. In August the good conditions are usually renewed in Happy Valley, and close to the hotel.

During the partial thaw on the lower slopes, runs to Piper's Gap became popular. It is astonishing what a fine run this journey makes, and what a lot of interesting country there is on both sides of the great hill which Piper's Gap straddles. Formerly we had been at Piper's only on our way through to Betts's or the top, and had only time to thank our lucky stars we were over that thrice-accursed pull, take a short rest, and perhaps a photograph on the wind-swept flat on top (which photographs generally represented only so many wasted films) and plug on down the long avenue to the Perisher. But a run to Piper's, with a bite of lunch at the creek, where it crosses the road, is a different thing altogether. The way thither passes like a flash. The pull up Dainer's doesn't seem so long, and the glissade down to the creek is a joy. It is always a merry bit across the creek, of which nothing is ever visible at this point, and along the sidling to the point where Piper's Creek makes a sharp turn to the left on on its way to the Snowy. It is a singular thing that on this turn the creek is rarely covered with snow. Then begins the long pull up to the Gap. It is one

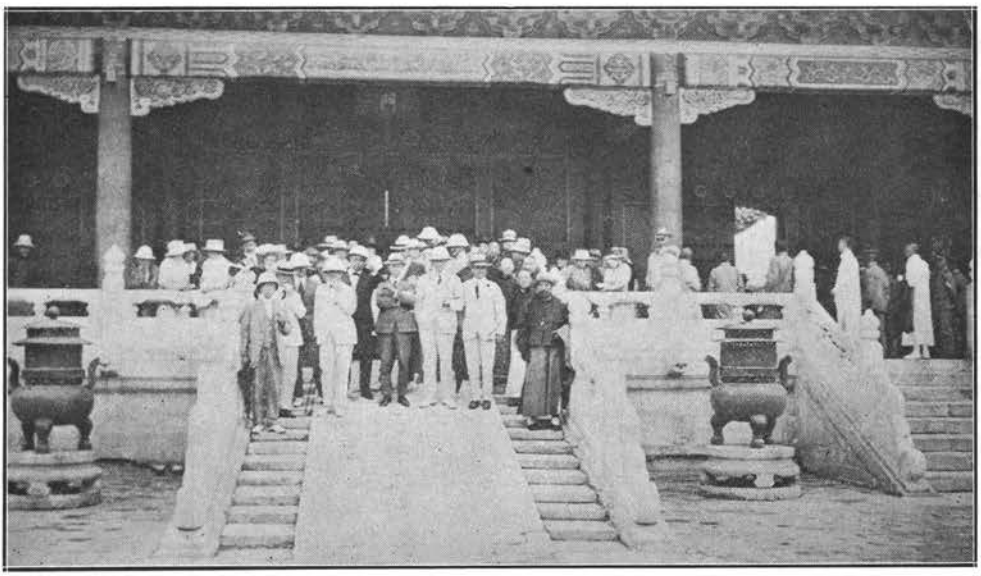
of the longest stretches on the mountain. But if you are not going beyond Piper's it seems an easy run. Piper's Gap itself, on the eastern side, is a most interesting hill. It may be ascended and descended on either the north or south side of the road. The best track is undoubtedly on the south side, particularly if one is in a hurry. The best plan is, perhaps, to make a long leg south up the first ridge of the hill proper, until a good elevation is reached, and then, with a short zigzag or two strike out along the steep sidling straight for the top of the Gap. On the home track a glorious run may be obtained by keeping west of the timber on the south side of the ridge for about three hundred yards, and a swing eastward round the timber will bring the runner on to a splendid series of long glissades, which will take him safely at darting speed right to the foot of the main hill. An alternative let in all districts. If a man chooses to descent is a preparatory zigzag across the road from the Gap coming out on the southern side with a long run about half way down, and finishing between the trees in the same spot as the run just described.

The Alexander Ford Glissade, when completed, will greatly improve the home ski-ing runs. At the back of the hotel are Mts. Vernon and Sunrise. The Grand Slam and the Kerry are on opposite sides of Mt. Vernon, and, singularly enough, the Kerry is on a natural wide. There were never trees on it as long as I remember the hill. On the west side of the Kerry, Mount Sunrise towers to a peak high above Dainer's Gap, and the road to the summit sidles this hill as far as the gap. From Mount Sunrise, a high ridge continues north by east, forming the west wall of the gorge through which Digger's Creek flows to the Snowy, below the hotel. On a saddle just below Mount Sunrise is situated the Gates of Heaven. The Alexander Ford Glissade will open up a connection between the tops of the Kerry, and the Grand Slam and the Gates of Heaven, and incidentally provide some splendid runs among the timber on the rise.

The newest experiment for ice at Kosciusko is the concreting of the main courtyard of the hotel. The area is over 60 feet long by 40 feet wide, and it is hoped that the tank, which is provided by a 6-inch wall round the concrete, will produce a good skating surface. It is proposed to get rid of the snow by flooding the gutter outside the rink, and allowing the water to carry it through the drain pipes, which pass under the hotel and the Grand Slam to the creek near the fish hatchery. A four-inch delivery, with a good nozzle, should certainly make short work of the snow, and as there will be no ice to go through, the water can be used with proper effect. Then, again, on a concrete bed there will be no difficulty about filling the tank for freezing. The move seems to be on the right lines, and there should be good skating during June, July, and August.



Congressman H. S. Hersman of California was the first of the Congressional party to clamber up the Great Wall of China. He is headed on a fifteen hundred mile walk toward the end of the wall.



The Congressional Party in the Forbidden City.

With the Congressional Party in Peking

By THE EDITOR.

AUGUST in Peking is not a bad month for the august, and we of the Congressional party were of the august and placed in the hands of the august for the week we spent in the Chinese capital.

From the moment when, under the shadow of the great towering city wall, we stepped off the modern railway cars to be received by the great dignitaries of China, to the hour we departed, a week later, we were the guests of honor for whom a round of official entertainment was prepared and carried out.

Our first official duty was the call on the American minister, Mr. Charles R. Crane, followed by the delightful reception at the minister's residence, which included the ladies of the party. Then the Chinese government received us and took us to their hearts and feasts.

Here is the official program, a copy of which we each received on our arrival at the Hotel Peking and which was carried out to the letter.

Saturday, August 14th:
Forenoon—Arrival.
Afternoon—Calls.
5:30 p. m.—Reception at Minister's residence. All Americans invited.
7:30 p. m.—Illumination and buffet supper offered by the American College Club of North China.

Sunday, August 15th:
Trip to Great Wall.

Monday, August 16th:
Forenoon—9:30 a. m.: Review and inspection at American Marine Glacis, American Legation.
Afternoon—Central Park: Entertainment by the Members of Parliament at 5:30. The ladies of the party are not invited.
Evening—Foreign office dinner.

Tuesday, August 17th:
Forenoon—Sightseeing, Bahai, Coal Hill, Confucian Temple, Llama Temple.
Afternoon—Presidential audience and garden party.
Evening—Chinese dinner and theater party given by Dr. W. W. Yen, Mr. Chow Tzu-chi, Admiral Tsai Ting-kan, Dr. Wang Chung-hui, Admiral Sah Chen-ping.

Wednesday, August 18th:
Lunch—At the Summer Palace, followed by a reception at Tsing Hua College.
Dinner—8:30 Roof Garden, Peking Hotel. This dinner is offered by the American Community.

There must have been thousands of students at the supper given to us in Central Park in Peking. Nearly all of these Chinese speak English. The addresses were in English and the conversations were in English, and in fact I learned in Peking that at the universities English is the Lingua Franca, for there are thirty-six dialects spoken in China and as so many of the students in the universities go to American colleges, most of them study the English language and in this language they are best understood by the students from every part of China who speak their own dialects.

While the matter of a Pan Pacific University at the Ocean's Crossroads had been discussed in Shanghai, it was in Peking that the matter was most actively taken up. A Pan Pacific Union gathering was held in the Peking Hotel and delegates of the many races represented in Peking attended the gathering, and at this it was suggested that there be established a Pan Pacific University at the Ocean's Crossroads where the students might work their way through college, a most excellent thing for China, as it would bring hundreds or perhaps thousands of her young men together not above the dignity of labor; they, after remaining in Hawaii for several years to study practical road building, engineering, sanitation, agriculture and railroad work in the daytime on the plantations with two or three hours at night in college courses, might return to China as foremen of railway construction gangs, road building groups and as leaders in bringing about modern agricultural methods in China and in instilling knowledge of modern sanitary methods.

In this one matter of education delegates from North and South China seemed to be able to agree, while even Japan voiced a willingness to help in any way that will uplift the masses of China to a higher standard of living, as this would spell more prosperity for Japan. It would also mean that every country of the Pacific would benefit. For a China raised to the standard of living in Japan would mean that billions would have to be invested in America and throughout the Pacific to supply the demands of progressive China, while the standard of living in China raised to the standard in America would mean that the rest of the world would be kept busy for a century supplying China with the necessary resources in manufactured goods she would demand in the period of transition.

It was pointed out in both Peking and Shanghai by those who attended the Pan Pacific gatherings that a Pan Pacific University at the Ocean's Crossroads would afford a meeting place for the future leaders in thought and commerce of Pacific lands who in the years to come, having a personal acquaintance with each other, would bind the countries of the Pacific to each other in unity of interest and advancement.

There was one break and vacation in our entertainment at Peking, and that was the trip to the Great Wall on Sunday, August 15. The wonderful boudoir car of the late Dowager Empress was attached to the special train and the trip to the wall was a voyage de luxe. It was a trip that opened the eyes of many of the party to a China far different from that they had so far seen. The railroad follows the pass through the mountains

and along the route over which the Mongolian hordes poured into China to overwhelm the capital. At the key to the pass the train stopped and everyone got out to be carried on donkeys or on great litters to the Great Wall of China, less than a mile distant. Of this wonderful engineering feat the guide book says: "The Great Wall of China, that wonderful achievement of human labour, built as a defense against the incursions of the northern tribes, is still standing, while similar structures built by the Romans at a much later date, notably by Hadrian, in Britain, about 119 A. D., have crumpled to the ground. It was in 214 B. C. that Shis Hwang-ti determined to erect a grand barrier along the north of his vast empire. The wall commences at the Shanghai Pass (40 N. Lat., 119° 50′ East long.) where it may be seen scaling the precipices and topping the craggy hills of the country. From the Shanghai Pass it travels westward till it terminates at the Chiayu barrier gate, the road through which leads to the western regions. Its length in a straight line would be 1,255 miles, but if measured along its sinuosities, this distance must be increased to 1,500 miles. It is formed by two strong retaining walls of brick-work rising from granite foundations, the space between being filled up with stones and earth. The breadth at its base is about 25 feet and at the top 15 feet. The surface at the top was covered with bricks and is now overgrown with grass."

I presume it is all true. I know that we wandered along the Great Wall and some of us picked violets and flowering weeds which we pressed and sent to our friends, for everywhere in the crevices grew weeds that blossomed. The view from the towers of the wall is one of wonder. The mountains of far-off Mongolia are spread out before the eyes. Far away is a great central plain and beyond that the barrier of mountains from behind which the Mongolians and Manchurians were wont to pour into China to accomplish its conquest. All we had heard of the Great Wall seemed true and we wondered how any army without modern weapons could ever scale these walls. It was night-time when we reached Peking again, and the next day was given to the review of the American marines and the reception by the members of Parliament. Then in the evening came the dinner of the Foreign Office, which was a magnificent function.

The next day was given to sightseeing and it would take a volume to describe what was seen by the members of the Congressional Party, and this story I leave to one of the Congressmen to tell in a later number of the *Mid* PACIFIC MAGAZINE. In the afternoon we were to take tea with the President of China, Hsu Shih-chang, who is, by the way, an honorary president of the Pan Pacific Union, toward the expenses of which he contributed the sum of $1,000.00, and is greatly interested in the idea of a Pan Pacific University.

Orders had come in the morning that we were to all dress in black for the reception by the President. I joined the Congressmen at the hotel in the prescribed color and found the entire party in white, for word had been sent at the last moment that the orders were changed and all must appear in white. Each of us had brought one white suit for just such an occasion but on the order that we were to appear in black I had allowed my white suit to go to the laundry and here I was in a quandary. It was necessary to do some quick thinking. No Congressman had an extra white suit but I spied one man in white about my size, too, in the lobby of the hotel, and he was not a Congressman. A small boy was talking to him, but I called the youngster over and asked him

if he would like to visit the President of China. He replied quickly enough there was nothing he would rather do; I asked him if he knew the gentleman in white, and he said he did, as it was his father. So I sent him back with an offer that if he would change his white suit for my dark suit I would take the youngster to see the President. In a few moments the change was made and the youngster had me by the hand, but the master of ceremonies was suspicious. He came up, bowed courteously but reminded me that the reception of the President was only for members of the Congressional party and their immediate families. I had promised the youngster that he should be taken to see the President, so I promptly said, "Of course," and the master of ceremonies said, "Is that your son?" and I said "Yes," and the master of ceremonies was too polite to contradict, so we went to see the President. Now Johnny had lived in Peking long enough to pick up the language, so when we were presented to the President and the youngster did a little translating for me, the President's party was greatly astonished that a son of mine should speak Chinese. However, we were each presented with one of the Chinese flags from the big cake, and a few moments later when I returned to get another they were all gone, but Johnny said, "It's all right, Dad; I have some in my blouse!" So there is more than one little Chinese flag decorating the rooms of the Pan Pacific Union in Honolulu.

The trip to the President's palace was one that the members of the party will never forget. We were taken by automobile to the great gate by the Forbidden City and then we entered the wonderful palace yards, one after another, palace after palace, garden after garden, and then we were taken for long distances riding in 'rickshaws, and at last we continued our journey by barge across a lake that was covered with lotus, and on an island in the lake we found the reception palace of the President of China, where he was formally awaiting us. Congressman Stephen G. Porter, who was unwell but made the journey, turned to his guide, Lingoh Wang of the Department of Foreign Affairs, and said, "Wang, when you come to Washington I am going to take you to see the President, but I am going to take you over to Baltimore then back around the suburbs of Washington before leading you to the White House, and I hope you will be as sick as I am when I take you." There was a roar of laughter and the joke went the rounds of Peking.

As though an audience and afternoon tea with the President of China were not enough for one day, in the evening we were given a Chinese dinner and theater party by Dr. W. W. Yen, Mr. Chow Tzuchi, Admiral Tsai Ting-kan, Dr. Wang Chung-hui and Admiral Chen-ping. It was a wonderful dinner. The ladies were given silver souvenirs and the menu was printed on fans that were kept by everyone. The menu was selected to suit the palate of the visitors. It was printed in Chinese and English, for there were a hundred Americans and a hundred Chinese present. I give the menu as it was printed in English:

White Fungus Soup
Fried Fish
Shark's Fin
Duck's Liver
Filet of Chicken with White Sauce
Lotus Seed in Minced Duck
Duck with Chinese Sauce
Mashed Yam and Cream
Pastries
Fruits

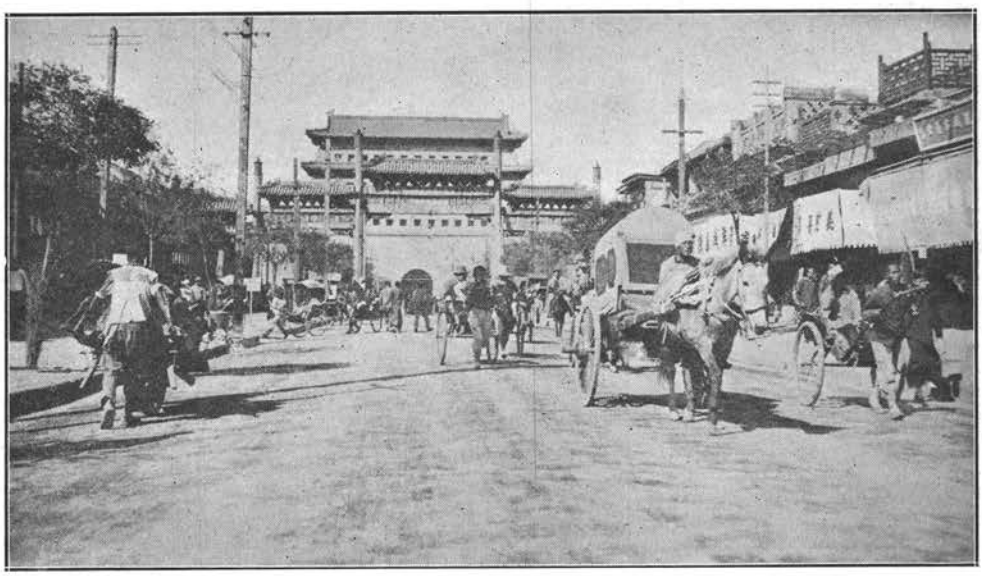
After we had dined in the palace of the Minister of Foreign Affairs we were conducted to an open-air theater connected with the home of one of the ministers and there we were present at a Chinese play acted by the very best tal-

ent in China. The leading man was a Chinese actor, Mei Lau Fang, the greatest actor in China, who never plays for less than $500.00 a night. As he is on the stage for less than a hour, he is evidently the Charlie Chaplin and Harry Lauder of the Orient. His acting was more wonderful than we could appreciate and his singing a high falsetto rather beyond our comprehension, perhaps, but it was a wonderful performance and each of us sat beside a translator who told us about the play.

Our afternoon visit to the Summer Palace was brief but enjoyable. It was taken by automobile, a ride through the great shopping district of Peking, then through dusty villages to the wonderful lake, on the islands and about the shores of which are the buildings of the Summer Palace. Nothing seems to be done toward the up-keep of this sixty-million-dollar pleasure investment. Beggar boys greet you at the entrance of the outer grounds and coolies paddle the great barges across the lake to the pavilion on the island and back again to the once summer residence of the late Dowager Empress on the side of the hill, for this and the great marble barge nearby are the sights of the Summer Palace.

The Summer Palace is some twelve miles outside of the City of Peking, the present structure having been built by the order of the late Empress Dowager to replace those on the same site destroyed in 1860 by British troops under orders from Lord Elgin. This was a punitive measure taken to punish the Chinese Imperial authorities for having seized and imprisoned a British diplomatic mission headed by Sir Henry Parkes, whose errand to Peking had been to conclude a peace treaty between the Chinese and the Franco-British forces. The Summer Palace was never accessible to the public until 1914, when the wonderfully beautiful place was thrown open by the officials of the Republic.

Perhaps the adventure that appealed most to the Congressional Party was the unexpected invitation of the President to visit the Forbidden City and the wonderful museum of Chinese antiquities that some of the palaces house. It was an

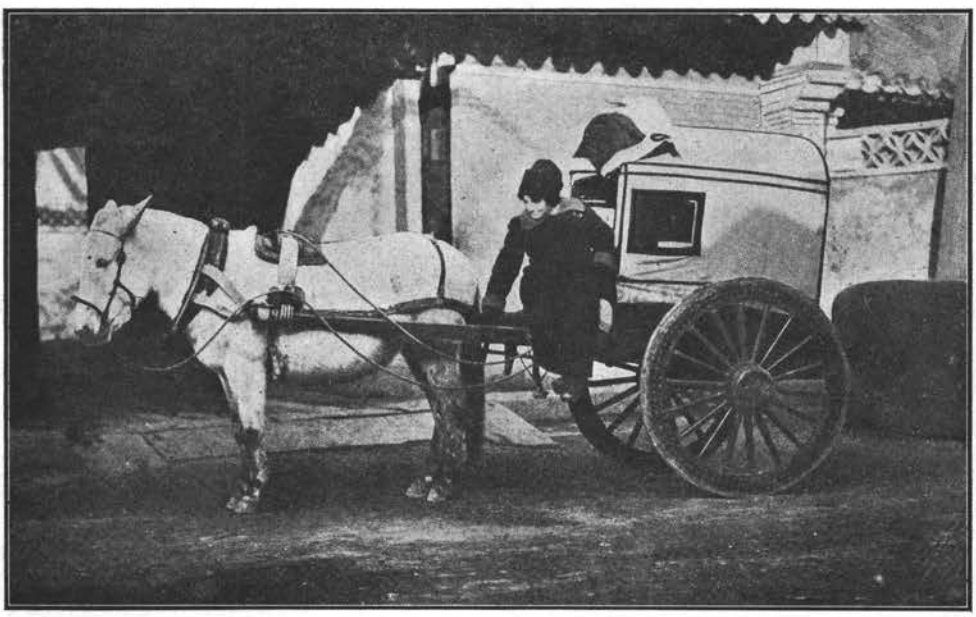


A bit of the chief business thoroughfare of Peking.

afternoon of delight and information, for we were taken through this wonderful Forbidden City by men who had helped to make history of the Empire and of the Republic. Up to the innermost portion of the Forbidden City where the Manchu Emperor still reigns in his court, the doors were thrown open for us. We saw the great thrones in the majestic coronation hall, and we wandered through the palaces filled with relics of the past. Save for the small portion of the Forbidden City in which the Manchu Emperor holds court, the place is deserted and grass grows between the cobblestones. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world is there an equal area of marble and tiled palaces to be found. We bid adieu to the Forbidden City with regret. I should like to have lived there.

The educational institutions in Peking were a source of considerable surprise to most of us. There was the Rockefeller Foundation Medical School building in Chinese style at a cost of seven million dollars. There was the Tsing-Hua College with its thousand Chinese students who are to become the teachers and business men of New China.

A week was all too short a time to see the capital city. After a night on the train we spent a day at Peitaiho, the famous seaside resort of China. Peitaiho is almost like an American settlement. In fact there are many American missionaries and Y. M. C. A. workers who summer there. On the hills back of the seashore the wealthy Chinese make their summer homes. On one of these hill gardens the ex-Minister of the Interior, Chu Chi Chuen, gave an afternoon tea, and then led the way to the heights above that those who wished might enjoy the wonderful view of the ocean and the mountains. It is near here that the Great Wall of China, beginning at the sea-shore, extends for 1500 miles across northern China. After a delightful day at Peitaiho, the Congressional party boarded the sleeping cars and was taken on to the ancient Manchu capital, Moukden.



The old way of travel in China.

Haleiwa, the House Beautiful, and the River at Waialua.

Waialua—The Land of Two Waters

By ALEXANDER HUME FORD.

THE Associated Outing Clubs of Hawaii have selected Haleiwa—Waialua—as the location for the first of their rest houses. With the tourist and the week-ender the region on the other end of Oahu from Honolulu is familiar only as Haleiwa, or House Beautiful, on account of the one tropical hotel which is truly an outdoor caravansary.

To the dabblers in sugar stock Haleiwa means nothing and Waialua everything, for Waialua is Hawaiian for "two waters," and the length of the streams of Oahu that pour down from the mountains to the sea at Waialua spells millions of dividends, for there is never a drought at Waialua. To the kamaiana Haleiwa is Waialua. He loves both. Waialua dividends make Haleiwa weekends possible to him.

Haleiwa or the House Beautiful is a part of Waialua, a bit of gay city life transplanted to nestle somewhere at the base of a sugar plantation that extends for nearly a score of miles along the ocean front and climbs nearly half as far back up into the mountains. You

can motor from Haleiwa in 20 minutes on a perfectly straight road to an elevation of 2,000 feet above the sea and find yourself in the very heart of Oahu's most wonderful mountain scenery. You leap into it at a turn in the road. A sudden thrill grips you as startling as that experienced at the first glimpse of the Pali when your machine dashes up to the summit point from Honolulu. Here, too, you look down upon a wonderful vision of valleys and torrents with the sea far away in the distance and the mountains towering all about you. Haleiwa and Waialua are one in the imagination of the person who has seen both.

It is needless to say that all this region is owned in fee simple by the Bishop Estate. A part of it is leased to the Oahu Railway & Land Co., which includes Haleiwa, and the rest of this wonderful region is leased to the Waialua Sugar Company.. The Bishop Estate keeps a watchful eye open and sees to it that not an acre of tillable land is left unused, for in addition to its rent the Bishop Estate gets a percentage. The Waialua plantation has planted square miles of forest, the largest forests of usable timber in the islands. You may drive in your machine for miles up above the sugar cane fields in forests of eucalyptus and find it hard to believe that you are not somewhere in the bush in Australia.

True, the Bishop Estate would like to see this land in pineapples or sugar, but the eucalyptus and other Australian trees in these forests supplies the thousands of plantation laborers with their firewood the year around, even then leaving timber that can be sold for telegraph poles and for cross ties. Moreover, these forests preserve the moisture. One thing that the visitor does bless the Bishop Estate for is the fact that no native trees, such as the koa and the kukui that grow abundantly in the gulches can be touched or cut, nor are the native forests in the mountains to be in any way denuded for the planting of the Australian trees that seem to grow so well on the great table lands where no other trees will take root.

It is needless to state that the ground on which the Haleiwa hotel stands and its golf links is really Bishop Estate land, but the Haleiwa hotel is a far-sighted corporation. It maintains its golf links for nearly a mile along the seashore, and any one may become a member of the Haleiwa golf club, or any guest of the hotel may use the links. There are beautiful cocoanut groves, lauhala groves and shady hau tree nooks by the sea, and beyond the hotel toward the mountains are the duck ponds and mullet ponds that supply food for the guests, and taro fields and bits of old Hawaii that have not yet been destroyed.

Nestling in among the cocoanut trees and groves of breadfruit is the old coral mansion of the Emerson family, and this bit of old historic Hawaii has been turned over by the Haleiwa hotel to the outing clubs of Hawaii as their camping place by the sea. There is no rental other than a dollar a year and an assurance that the house and grounds will be kept in order. Few who drive by the native church, a hundred yards from the hotel, realize that within a short distance of this church, hidden behind the foliage is a group of old historic buildings made of coral that the natives carried on their shoulders nearly a century ago from the reef to the banks of the river, for the Emerson homestead is directly on the banks of the Anahula river, which flows by Haleiwa and empties into the ocean under the railway bridge.

Of the old mansion there is left a wing of the building. It contains two large rooms and a garret. One is tempted to believe that the shingling is

the original covering of nearly a century ago, but the workmen of the outing clubs will soon have this in order. A Hawaiian lanai will be constructed entirely around the building, and those who are members of the different outing clubs may have the use of this building for the week-end camping parties, or even for spending a number of weeks by the sea and river.

Near the old mansion is a quaint outhouse with coral walls a foot thick. This may well serve for a kitchen; and by the banks of the river there is a wonderful swimming tank built of coral and cement. Into this tank surges a spring of crystal water, which leaps from the ground fresh and pure and keeps the swimming tank ever filled to the brim, the overflow falling in a cascade to the river not a yard away. There are great heavy buttressed walls by the swimming tank, evidently foundations of the original dairy in Hawaii. These are to be repaired and made to serve as dressing rooms for the campers who wish to swim in the tank. The river nearby not only proves a splendid wading place, but there is also boating—a mile of ever-changing scenery from the flat-bottomed bateau, and at the head of navigation there are rapids among the rocks where the Hawaiians net the opae with which they go fishing in the ocean a few hundred yards away.

Across the river from the old Emerson mansion are the four walls of the old schoolhouse for girls, over which the Gulicks presided. Nothing is left now but the walls, and these are almost hidden at those seasons when the sugar cane has attained its full growth.

The outing clubs will maintain a fleet of canvas canoes on the river, and under the great spreading monkey-pod adjacent to the house will be the natural garage, for several of the outing clubs that are members of the federation are composed of men who do their family outings with the assistance of the automobile.

There are some wonderful auto rides from Haleiwa and from the old Emerson mansion. There is the straightaway road uphill at an unvarying five per cent grade through the cane fields to Opaeula, nearly 2,000 feet above the sea on the edge of a great canyon, in the bottom of which is a well ordered rest house half hidden in a grove of trees beside a great pool that Nature has formed here, and in which there is some wonderful swimming. From this point there are the well-cut ditch trails of the plantation that lead in several directions into the very heart of the mountains. Far away one may see the gateway of the range—a low place on the top of the ridge through which at dawn the wild pigs and other game find their way into Kahana valley, and here the sportsman makes his camp and silently waits, rifle in hand, for the early morning denizens of the forest in search of food.

There is another ride from Haleiwa along good roads which in 20 minutes brings the machine to the edge of upper Waimea canyon. There is a rest house here which may be used by the members of the outing clubs. A walk of a few hundred yards brings the autoist to a little knoll that stands like an island in the air. He looks down in every direction at the valleys and gulches far below and stands beside a donkey engine that hauls up the dead timber that is cut by the Japanese in these gulches for firewood. He may descend far, far down the mountainside on an inclined railway, the cars of which are used for hauling the firewood to the mountain summit to send it down by wagon road to Haleiwa. He may descend into this valley and wander down to Waimea beach, or in the other direction, and he may wander far up into the mountains and even

cross over windward Oahu into the neighborhood of Hauula and the Sacred Falls. This is one of the most beautiful and least known of the tramping areas on the island of Oahu.

One might spend a month at Haleiwa and not exhaust the possibility of visiting new scenes and experiencing strange sensations. There is the auto ride to Waimea beach, but six miles away; the rides through the plantation for many, many miles; the ascent to the pineapple fields and Leilehua; the visit to the sugar mill in operation; the ride to Mokuleia, and from thence an easy horseback ride almost to the top of Kaala, the highest mountain peak on Oahu. Recently the Trail and Mountain Club has completed a trail on which it has placed sign posts that lead from Haleiwa across Kaala at a height of over 4,000 feet, and down to Leilehua.

To those who love adventure there is the power sampan fishing for ulua that weigh up to 100 pounds. To those who enjoy less thrilling sport there is rod and reel fishing from the rocks, or there is net fishing in the surf. At night time those who wish may enjoy the sensation of spearing fish upon the reef by torchlight, and often in the daytime both Hawaiians and Japanese may be seen with their great seine nets bringing in loads of fish to the beach, and who doesn't enjoy the native hookelau?

For those who enjoy the wonders of Nature there is the fleet of glass bottomed boats that explore the bay in front of Haleiwa, and allow the occupants of the boat to gaze down through the glass bottom at the wonders and marvels of the coral reef beneath. As in a moving panorama may be seen caravans of coral of purple and blue and red, and fish of every rainbow hue darting hither and thither in and out among the branches of coral, and as they cross broad white belts of sand on which no coral grows, it is as though there were an electric display upon the ocean's bed.

There is still some native life existent at Haleiwa. Nightly the voice of the Hawaiian is heard and the sound of his ukulele. At the hotel during the week-end dinners full-blooded Hawaiians sing and play to the delectation of the guests, who between courses dance in the big dining hall and on the lanai. Life is ideal at Haleiwa, and one begins there to almost believe the old traditions of the passing native. One cannot help believing some of the seemingly most miraculous of their tales told by night of bygone days. There is the story of the spirits of the drowned fishermen that wander with their lights on the beach beyond Mokuleia, and if you do not believe it go down to Haleiwa any night in the dark of the moon and be convinced. Walk from the Haleiwa hotel across the beach in front of Silva's and look toward Mokulaeia. Some nights you will see two glowing lights that for a time stand perfectly still, then advance toward each other, and part again. Other nights you will see a myriad of lights that pass back and forth, meet each other, retire, and come forward again. These are lights as bright as beacons. Visitors to Haleiwa have been so deceived that, believing there was a fishing party or a festival on the beach miles away, they have ridden in their machines to investigate, but have found nothing. The natives will tell you the story of the drowned fishermen who were devoured by sharks, and how for more than a century their relatives, long dead in spirit land, have been seeking with spirit torches for the remains of those who have gone before. Scientists will tell you that by a peculiar formation of the reef at this point at certain tides the water flowing through causes a phosphorescent gleam, but whoever is telling the truth, it is a sight that no one should miss who visits Haleiwa. It is one of the marvels and mysteries of the Hawaiian Islands.

Fuji Yama, the sacred mountain of Japan.

Fuji in the Summer Time

By J. A. Staff.

EVERY year, from the first of July until the first of September, Fuji pilgrim parties made up of from two to two hundred members are common sights in the city streets, on country roads, in trains and waiting in the railway stations. Some of these pilgrims have made long journeys, have visited many famous shrines, and will bring home to their village audiences many a strange story of adventures encountered and queer sights seen. Other pilgrims are simply "Fuji pilgrims," who make the trip to the shrine on the top of the sacred mountain and return home within two or three days.

Many of the pilgrims one meets on the slopes of Fuji are members of pious associations, called ko or kofu. All members contribute each a couple of sen or so a month, and when the proper time of the year arrives, certain ones are chosen by lot to make the pilgrimage and represent the entire membership at the shrine, all the expenses of the journey being met by the common fund. Often one member who has made the trip before will act as guide to the others. Either men or women can be sent as representatives.

Certain inns will be patronized by certain groups, the name of the pilgrim

association being hung up over the entrance on a wooden tag. Some inns at Gotemba and other places from which the climbers leave for the mountain have their entire fronts covered with these tags.

Not only is this the best time of the year to make the ascent because of the favorable weather conditions usually prevailing now, but also this is the slack time of the summer for the farmer. His rice paddies are lush with the fast growing plants and he can take a week or so off for religion and sightseeing.

The religious part of the pilgrimage is certainly an important phase to many of the pilgrims, who are recruited largely from the peasant and artisan classes, yet it is by no means all. A deal of fun and sociability is mixed in. The best of good humor and camaradeire prevails among the climbers as they toil toward the summit.

They chant as they climb a musical invocation which Chamberlain translates by, "May our six senses be pure, and the weather on the honorable mountain be fair." Fuji pilgrims are also distinguished from pilgrims to other shrines by their white clothes and their broad and sloping straw hats. Each pilgrim wears on his back a piece of straw matting, both as a protection against the hot rays of the sun and against sudden rain.

Many pilgrims wear rosaries of heavy beads about their necks and a white band around their heads. Each one carries a stout wooden stick that is of more assistance in the slide down the mountain side in the loose pumice and cinders than in aiding the ascent. At each of the "ten stations" of the ascent a priest or attendant is stationed, who for a couple of sen will heat an iron stamp and burn the seal of the place in the stick. Seals using red ink are used to stamp the white clothes of the pilgrims in the same way. A record is thus kept of the stations passed and proof of accomplishment can thus be taken home, in addition to the vicarious benefit that may result from the sanctity of the stamp.

Many others than members of pilgrim associations climb the mountain. School boys and girls in groups, never mixed, led by an elder, clerks on holidays, school teachers, merchants, in fact, every class of Japanese life can be found on the mountain or near it at this time of the year. A never-failing fruitful source of conversation with a new-found Japanese acquaintance is to ask, "Have you climbed Fuji?"

There are five different trails to the summit. The most popular, because it is nearest to the train, but not necessarily the easiest route, starts from Gotemba. There used to be a horse car line that ran from here to Subashiri, about seven miles, but last year the company declared its first dividend by taking up the rails and selling them and going out of business. Horses can be had at Gotemba that will take the traveler as far as the eighth station, about 9,000 feet altitude and eleven miles from Gotemba. The scenery along this trail is, of course, good in fine weather, but is not as good as from some of the other trails.

The most beautiful, because it leads through a most interesting forest during the first part, but the most difficult trail, is the one which starts at Omiya. The main line station for this route is Fuji, whence a narrow gauge runs to Omiya. This is the shortest climb, but the steepest.

Another popular way is from Yoshida. This is on the opposite side of the mountain from the other two routes, and is not reached by the Tokaido Railway, but by the Kofu line. A horse car line runs from Otsuki, the railway station, to Yoshida. This is also a very beau-

tiful trail, shorter than from Gotemba and not so steep as the Omiya trail.

Along all these trails are stone huts, called stations, where pilgrims can find a resting place and refreshments. These huts are of utmost importance in times of storms, when the wind rages with such force that mere man is not able to stand against it. Three persons were blown from the Omiya trail on July 24 of this year, and were not found again. All precautions possible are taken by the police and by the weather bureau, which sends out storm warnings to all the stations, yet each year the sudden and terrific wind, rain and snow storms that battle around the solitary summit take their toll of life.

Fuji is 12,365 feet high, a number that is easy to remember if we think of twelve months in the year and 365 days. Japanese tradition tells us that Fuji-yama first appeared in 300 B. C., when the mountain arose one night during an eruption and at the same time the depression now forming Lake Biwa, near Kyoto, was caused. Geologists, while they tell us that Fuji is a young volcano, which accounts for its uniform shape, do not attempt to fix an exact date for its appearance.

The last great eruption occurred in 1707, when this mountain, in addition to all the other roles it plays in the life of the Japanese people, entered the field of politics. Brinkley says:

"The destructive earthquake of 1703 was followed, in 1707, by an eruption of Fuji, with the result that in the three provinces of Musashi, Sagami, and Suruga considerable districts were buried in ashes to the depth of ten feet, so that three years and a heavy expenditure of money were required to restore normal conditions. Thenceforth the state of the Bakufu treasury went from bad to worse."

Although it has been more than two hundred years since the last great eruption, Fuji has not given up all signs of life. There are places on its sides and in the crater where spurts of steam issue with a subdued roaring sound that seems to say, "I, the mighty one, am complacent now, but if ever I have cause to become angry it were best to beware!" There are poems written in the early days of Japan when the poets compared the ardor of their love to the fires which lit up Fuji's top with a ruddy glare.

Today, however, it is quite possible to descend to the floor of the crater, where there is scarcely a hint of hidden danger. The summit at this time of the year is a fairly populous village, with a postoffice, a souvenir shop, a number of rest houses, and the Kusushi Shrine, before which each climber bows his head. As evidence of the widespread popularity of Fuji-climbing, the Hochi newspaper of Tokyo maintains an office at the summit during the weeks of the season.

Further proof of the wonderful popularity of Fuji in the eyes of the Japanese, in addition to its sacred character, is to be found in the frequency with which it is met in Japanese art and design. Artists have continued to give us pictures of Fuji from the time art first broke away from the tradition of purely religious subjects until the present day. They never tire of representing its perfect symmetry, and each artist tries for a different mood. "The old man, mad with painting," the famous Hokusai, painted his "One Hundred Views of Fuji" when he was 76 years old. It is one of his best books of pictures.

Fuji-San is an equally favorite target for camera fiends. Amateurs, as a rule, have very little success in catching an image of the mountain, especially when the top is covered with snow, which is the case about nine months out of the year. "Fine views" of Fuji have been snapped only to result, when the picture

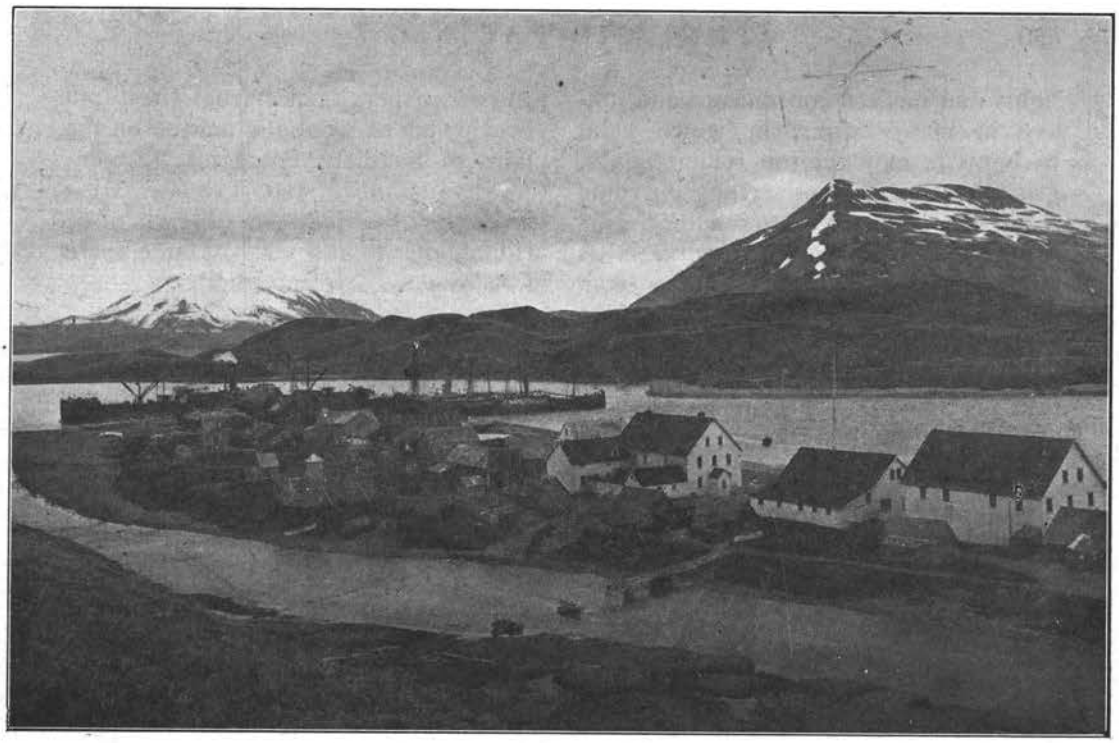
is developed, into a bit of foreground and a wide expanse of clear sky. The distance is too great to allow the mountain top to be caught by an ordinary camera. Herbert G. Pointing has taken the best pictures of Fuji that have been done with the camera. But it required a deal of patience. As he says:

"It was not until three years after I first saw it, and I had tramped the fourteen miles to Nakano-kura-toge and back more than a dozen times, and waited many a patient hour, that I was able to get the picture of 'Fuji and the Kaia Grass.' Sometimes, when the mountain was clear, there would be too much wind, and the grass waved so violently as to render the making of the desired picture impossible. Then, again, the grass would be still, but Fuji obscured by clouds. At last, however, the moment I had so long waited for came. The mountain was clear; for a few brief seconds the grass was still, and during them I secured the coveted picture."

The Japanese have certain words which refer to certain phases of the mountain scenery. For instances, "Kagami-Fuji" means the reflection of Fuji in Lake Hakone, the "Mirror-Fuji," "Kage-Fuji" is the great mountain shadow that falls over mists and clouds below at sunrise, seen from the top. "Fuji-kasa," or Fuji's umbrella, stands for the peculiar cloud formation that sometimes is seen hanging over the top of the mountain. Fuji seen from the village of Nango is called "Hidari-Fuji," or "left-handed Fuji," because it is from this village that, owing to a sharp twist in the road, Fuji is seen on the left hand side of the traveler along the Tokaido to Kyoto.

About 300,000 people climb Fuji each year during the short season, but this year that number will probably be greatly exceeded, since this is "Koshin" year, a year of the Japanese almanac that has peculiar reference to Fuji. It is the Monkey year of the Eighth Celestial Sign, a year which comes only once in every sixty years. In former times it was in this year only that any woman was allowed to ascend to the summit of the mountain. The origin of this custom is wreathed in denser mists than the summit of Fuji in storm. Lady Parkes, the wife of the British Minister, was the first foreign woman to set foot on the top of the mountain. This was in October, 1867. At that time there was not one mile of railroad in Japan.

Written descriptions of the beauty of Fuji are as numerous in Japanese and in English as are the pictures of it. Japanese and English versions are frequent in guide books and advertisements. Chamberlain selected the following: "Whenever we visit the place the first pleasure to be longed for is the view of Fuji Mountain, and its summit is covered with permanent undissolving snow, and its regular configuration hanging down the sky like an opened white fan, may be looked long at equal shape from several regions surrounding it. Every one who saw it ever has nothing but applause. It casts the shadow in a contrary direction on the still, glassy face of lake."



Punta Arenas, visited by Magellan just four hundred years ago.

Punta Arenas: A Picturesque Outpost of Commerce

By EDWARD ALBES of Pan-American Union.

THIS is a sketch of an out-of-the way place on the map of the sub-Antarctic region of South America which for years was an indispensable "port of call" and coaling station for ocean navigation and is now taking on new importance as an outlet for a rapidly developing commerce of its own. The town is Punta Arenas, and it is situated on the mainland side of the Strait of Magellan, within a day's sail of "The Horn," 1,600 miles closer to the South Pole than is Cape Town, the southernmost point of Africa. The fact that it is the principal outlet of the wool and mutton of the vast southern reaches of Patagonia indicates its remoteness from Northern civilization. Punta Arenas furnishes proof that the old element of human interest in the seaborne commerce of the wide oceans and distant corners of the earth has not disappeared, for here we have a cosmopolitan city of 17,000 people, well-to-do, with good stores, churches, theaters, electric

lights and modern convenience and luxury in many forms, in which calm harbor you may see, on summer days, great steel steamships, calling en route from one hemisphere to another, surrounded by primitive dugouts that swarm with nearly naked savages from the forests of Tierra del Fuego, in sight across the Strait—savages described as the most abject in the world. Nowhere else, probably, do the extremes of modern civilization and the absence of it come so sharply into contrast.

Up to the time of the opening of the Panama Canal, the principal service of Punta Arenas to world-commerce was a coaling station on the ocean route from Europe to the West Coast of South America and New Zealand. The Canal will still leave an opportunity for a considerable traffic around the end of the continent to the South, and the town will be certain of the presence of frequent ships. Voyaging "around the Horn" and through the Strait of Magellan was once regarded as involved with some hazard, particularly at stormy seasons of the year. The trip for steamships through the Strait has been made safe since the Government of Chile with a shrewd appreciation of the advantage of having a trade-route and a port of call on her coast, surveyed and charted the passage and provided it with lights and buoys. The fairway is 360 miles long, varying from a few thousand yards to twenty miles across mountainous or low coast, with islands for diversion here and there. At certain places there are rapid cross-currents. The peril in former times existed for navigators attempting the passage without expert knowledge of the safe channels. Since it has been scientifically charted and lighted, the Strait is safe.

The coaling port business of Punta Arenas will probably continue, but the chief element of present and future prosperity there comes from the rapid development of wool and mutton on the plains of Southern Patagonia. Argentina has planned extensive irrigation works for the purpose of reclaiming arid regions to the north, where there is also heavy development in the sheep industry. To the far south, the natural irrigation alone provides what is described as almost ideal conditions for mutton. Punta Arenas is situated in latitude 52 south of the equator, which is as far south as the lower part of Alaska is north, but ocean currents greatly modify the climate, so that the winters (in July and August) are not colder than the corresponding seasons in Philadelphia or New York. The grazing regions are milder, even, the grass of the lowlands remains green the year round, and the flocks only on rare occasions need wintering attention. Chile and Argentina divide Southern Patagonia between them. Punta Arenas is the outlet of a very extensive territory on the maps of both nationalities.

As a Latin-American city in geographical situation and political circumstances, Punta Arenas is distinctly "different." It is cosmopolitan with an overwhelming majority of Northern people. There are Scotch, English, Anzacs, French, Germans and Russians, and English is spoken in the streets more than is Spanish. It is significant of English predominance in the town's business activities that, everywhere over the world, sailormen call the place by the English equivalent of the Spanish name invariably appearing on the maps. They refer to it as "Sandy Point."

Chile founded the town away back in 1840 as a penal settlement to which offenders were sent by sea. The convenience of the site, and the presence there of men available at short notice for coal passing, led to the establishment there of coal pockets for steam vessels,

some decades later. Then came the beginnings of the pastoral settlement in the open country back of the town, when Scotchmen from the Falkland Islands (a few hundred miles off the mainland in the Atlantic, and an ancient whaling and sheep colony of Great Britain) found the splendid pasture and began grazing flocks upon them.

The Chilean Government awoke to the importance of developing the wild territory in this neighborhood. Thousands of Chileans had migrated from the northern part of the country and were settling in the valleys of the Southern Andes in both Chilean and Argentina territory, with practical expatriation in either case, since there was no government organization or exercise of authority in the region. A definite policy of settlement was adopted. The Territory of Magellanes, together with the Territories of Llanquihue and Chiloe, were thrown open for preemption. It cost practically nothing to obtain moderate holdings, while concessions to individuals and companies of extensive tracts were made on liberal terms. Punta Arenas was made a city, the capital of Magellanes, and designated a free port. It was not till 1912 that the boon of free imports and exports was withdrawn, and a custom house was located at Punta Arenas.

To appreciate as a whole the activity of the State in the matter of colonization, it will be sufficient to quote particulars of lands which have been surveyed and measured up to the present and the manner in which they have been distributed. In six of the most southerly states of Chile, including Magellanes, 1,080,000 acres have been devoted to colonization, 6,772,500 acres have been sold, and 50,000,000 acres have been conceded chiefly to private undertakings in the three provinces of Llanquihue, Chiloe and Magellanes. In addition, 650,000 acres have been set aside for natives. The price of much of this land was the revenue stamp on the deed and the promise to settle and erect buildings.

By this arrangement settlers took up in large holdings practically all available land suitable for sheep-raising. The English and Scotch are in the majority among the sheep raisers. They were followed by experienced sheep men from Australia and New Zealand. The early comers took up large holdings from the Government and began importing sheep to stock their lands. The grass stays green the year around and this obviates the necessity of any other food. It has been found profitable to furnish no housings of any description for the sheep. It is true that some few sheep are lost in the occasional blizzards, but the climates is so temperate as a rule that the loss of sheep from cold is said to be so small as to make the policy of leaving them shelterless pay in the wide average. The sheep raisers were spared the large item of feeding and sheltering the sheep, and they were able to get all their supplies and ship all of their products free of duty. The growth of the industry was marked by the formation of large companies which bought up great tracts of available sheep country, so that today the land is owned by a comparatively small number of large land owners. Thus it happens that in Punta Arenas there are thirty-five men each of whom owns or controls from 25,000 to 2,500,000 acres of land. Each has tens of thousands of sheep and the yearly wool clip of some of these sheep farmers is worth a large sum of money. The management of these large sheep farms is interesting. Large holdings are divided into flocks of 2,000 each, and each flock has a pasture of about three miles square, under the charge of a veteran shepherd with his corps of trained

Scotch collies. It is estimated that one acre will support from two to three sheep the year round.

With the rise in the demand for mutton and the increased facilities for shipping it, the frozen-meat industry of Punta Arenas has assumed large proportions. There are four large frozen-meat plants in the city which have never failed to declare large dividends, the profits having reached as high as 100 per cent on the investment for the year ending June, 1916. During this year about 35,000,000 pounds of frozen meat, worth nearly $4,000,000, were exported to Great Britain alone. Some 8,000,000 pounds of sheep skins, worth approximately $2,000,000, were shipped also.

A fish-canning factory has been established and has met with increasing success. The waters in and around the Strait abound in the same kinds of fish that are found in Alaska. Fishing on a large scale and canning for exportation are beginning with a success which will secure its future as one of the major industries of the province of Magellanes. Whaling was an industry of considerable importance for some time, but is gradually decreasing because of scarcity of the whales. The only remaining whaling company sold its ships about two years ago and went out of business, obtaining, however, large prices for its ships on account of the present shortage of tonnage, so that its closure was by no means considered a failure. Private owners of small crafts generally equip their boats with harpoons and engage in whaling on a small scale during certain months of the year.

Punta Arenas grew up like a Western boom-town in the United States. The town was literally cut out of the forest that fringes the Strait. For years after the first up-rush, when log cabins and buildings of imported corrugated iron were the materials of rapid structure, the stumps of the trees remained in the unpaved streets. There was not alone the sheep-raising and free farms to attract. Punta Arenas had its gold boom, which brought thousands from Europe, Asia, and other parts of the two Americas.

The early "boom" growth of Punta Arenas having solidified into steady prosperity, the city has outgrown its pioneer aspect. The shanties and corrugated iron sheds have given way to structures of concrete and brick of imposing presence. The streets are paved. The city is parked. There are three comfortable hotels, two theaters, four banks, a hospital, four newspapers, several clubs, and ample school accommodations. A typical South American feature of the town is the fact that its clubs are nearly all volunteer fire companies.

With the exception of the one small railway, which is not a general transporter, and a growing use of gasoline vehicles over interior roads, communications with the interior and with the outside world are all by water. Even the great grazing properties have for most part their river or Strait landings, sometimes reached by overland roads of several miles, but, with boat connection down to Punta Arenas, the best way of getting to market. Numberless small boats reach the islands of Tierra del Fuego.

Java's Lesson to the World

By DR. J. McMILLAN BROWN

WHY does Java, the smallest of the three large Malaysian islands, surpass Sumatra and Borneo by far in history, population, and wealth?

The question is partially answered by a run through it from east to west. There are lofty mountains, most of them cone-shaped, an occasional range or ridge, and here and there a plateau. But these are so disposed as to give the maximum of plain and valley and cultivable slope possible in a mountainous country. Two-thirds of the journey from Sourabaya westward reveals the aptness of the name for Java, "the garden of the East." Fields of sugarcane, tapioca, and maize succeed each other in all stages of culture, from ploughing to reaping, without a break, except the still more frequent rice-fields and terraces. And these gladen and rest the eye everywhere with their rich green and the artistic curves of the banks that divide them and retain the irrigating waters. At the western end we rise into masses of tumbled mountains, still towards their tops showing the primeval jungle, broken at intervals by new clearings in preparation for culture. Here we pass through great tea and coffee estates, and at times cinchona or rubber plantations. The villages are as a rule hidden in groves of palms, mingled with the hibiscus, with its red cup, the teak with its immense leaves, and the tamarind with its feathery foliage and golden blooms. But one can see the bamboo-mat walls right from roof to ground, unlike those of Celebes and the other eastern islands; for these, like the New Guinea houses, are on high stilts. The breadfruit tree, with its great staghorn leaves, is to be

seen, but it is the seeding variety, that is useless for food. The sago-palm, the sugar-palm, the nipa-palm, are there; but they take a subordinate place beside the betel-nut palm and the cocoa-nut palm. The plantations of this last seem to take the place next to rice in native culture, and copra one sees drying everywhere in the sun, near mat sheds that replace the open bamboo platforms when it rains.

One can easily believe, after making this journey, the statement that only one-fifth of the surface of Java is uncultivated; and it is clear that that fifth is being rapidly prepared for cultivation. We usually think of Japan when Oriental close cultivation is spoken of; but only one-twelfth of the surface of that archipelago is in fields; the rest is in bamboo-grass, unfit for either man or beast to feed on. There is a similar useless grass in Java, the **alang-alang,** but it has been almost completely cleared off the land. It is not surprising that the island has more than 30 million inhabitants; although it has only one-fifteenth of the area of the whole archipelago, it has above 80 per cent of its inhabitants; it is not much more than four times the size of Holland, yet it has six times the population of that country; it has a larger number of inhabitants to the square mile than Belgium, the most thickly populated country in Europe. But the most striking thing about it is that only a small proportion belongs to the towns —probably not more than 10 per cent. —whilst there are only four towns that reach the hundred thousand mark.

It is the casual connection of these two facts that carries the moral for us Occidentals. Urbanization always sterilizes a race. Those who flock into towns soon join in the chase after leisure and pleasure, and the curse of the luxurious falls upon them, however narrow their means; their race soon dies out, whether they will or not. Our industrial era, with its marvelous evolution of talent and inventive faculty, has also brought the doom of the white race. Not alone on the gilded palaces and hotels of the plutocrats, as in all ages, is written the legend, "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting"; it is as boldly written now on the gin palaces of the worker. As a town-dweller he has deliberately adopted as his social ideal and political platform the passion for leisure and pleasure which is the surest ruin of races and species. Dispersal of cities, deurbanization, return to the land—that is the only remedy, so the story of Java teaches. With its almost entirely agricultural population, it has increased tenfold in a century that has not much more than doubled the population of Holland, with all its industry and industrialism. And even from my swift and merely telescopic survey of the people, I would undertake to say that there is far more real prosperity, far less misery, here than in the great flat land that has drawn so many millions sterling from it.

But we have not yet fully understood why Java, which has only about one-fifteenth of the land area of the archipelago, has 80 per cent. of its population. The other islands have rich soil and abundant rains; but their forests have never been cleared off as they have been in Java. Some, especially those in the southern series, stretching from Bali to Timor, have never had jungle to clear; they are parklike, as so much of Australia is; for they have Australian climatic conditions, with but a limited rainfall, owing to their proximity to the superheated plains of the center of that great continent. But none of them except Bali and Lombok can be said to be well populated or prosperous, and none of them but these has ever had a history. The excessive

vulcanism of Java will not help us far, though it is the most volcanic island, if not region, in the world; it has 125 volcanoes from east to west, about a score of which are still, or have recently, been active, most with disastrous results. It is the main escape valve of the volcanic fissure that margins the depths of the Indian Ocean, and its volcanoes belong to human times, beginning to break forth in solitary cones or groups not long after there was bred the apelike man whose calvarium and thighbone were found some 20 years ago at Trinil. It is their ejecta that have enriched the island, and continue to enrich it. The people never need to manure their rice fields; their irrigation channels are perpetually manuring them with the humus of the great cones. But Sumatra and Borneo have similar enrichment, though not so often renewed. Yet their forests have remained uncleared, and their mountaineers, though brave in their wild patriotism, are but thinly scattered over the great areas. There have been civilizations in Sumatra; Hindu, and pre-Hindu in the mountains, Hindu, Arab, and Malay on the coasts; but they have been sporadic and ephemeral. There is something in the conditions of Java that has always made it an island of thickly-peopled empires and recurrent civilizations. From east to west its plains, slopes, and plateaux are strewn with the ruins of varied types of architecture. Most of them are Hindu of a fairly definite historical date, ranging from the sixth to the fourteenth century of our era, when the Arab traders and missionaries destroyed the empire of Mojopahit, near Sourabaya. But there seem to me, even in the Buddhist and Brahmin architecture, indications of an earlier civilization.

It is the position of Java in the archipelago that makes it the center of all its civilizations and the goal of its migrations. It stretches east and west, just south of the equator, in the eye of all the regular winds of the Pacific Ocean and the Indian Ocean. The southeast trades blow three-fourths of the year up from Polynesia, Melanesia, and New Guinea; the northeast monsoon blows on to its shores out of the China Seas without bringing its typhoons; the northwest monsoon carries straight from the east coast of India and Ceylon; the southwest monsoon blows up to it from Madagascar and the coast of Africa. There is no route of commerce or migration to the south or east of Asia but Java lies across it. Sumatra is nearer the Malay Peninsula and India, and shows sporadic immigrations from both; but the Straits of Malacca are difficult to navigate by sail. All the sailing routes of the two great adjacent oceans have their natural termini in Java. And throughout the ages here have concentrated the various migratory influences of the region, commercial, missionary, or Imperial. The Chinese have come here from early in our era. A proto-Caucasian people spread thither from India or further India. Mongoloids came in before and after this people, and crossed with the aboriginal negrito to make the Malay; Hindu traders and migrants doubtless came from various parts of India and Ceylon even before our era; yet, in spite of the Hindu empires in this island, there is not much evidence in the physique or physiognomy of the Javanese of large Hindu inter-mixture. Last of all came the Arabs in the thirteenth century, followed by the Portuguese in the fifteenth and the Dutch in the sixteenth. But if we are to trust the indications of language, one of the earliest, as well as most continued migrations, was from Polynesia, Melanesia, and Papuasia, before the southeast trades. That none of those influences or migrations brought large num-

bers is evident in the physiognomy and stature of the natives of Java; both show the Malay cross between the mongoloid and the negrito; the tall stature of the Polynesian or of the Polynesianized Papuan is rare in Java.

But the concentration of all these alien influences accounts for the history and development of the island. The Malayan is, by his tropical nature, a man of leisured pursuits, and a few weeks' work would give him all he wanted for the round of the year. What was it that made him in Java, Bali, and Lombok, so steady in his agricultural industry? You have only to look into the eyes of the Javanese and see the everlasting "dodok," or servile squat on the heels before the white man, to get the answer. There are thousands of years of servitude revealed in the appealing gaze and pathetic upward glance, as there is, too, in the patient, though somewhat futile, industry that differentiates him from his kin throughout the archipelago, and makes him the most prosperous, the most civilized, and most prolific man of the East. He was taught by his Hindu conqueror to terrace and irrigate the slopes of his hills and valleys with patient, skillful and artistic engineering. And needing, as this rice culture does, constant attention, it saved him from the fate of the idle and luxurious—slow but certain degeneracy and ultimate annihilation. You have only to visit the Eastern Islands and the New Guinea coasts to see what the sago-palm does for the Papuan. By a few days' work cutting down this palm and washing its pith he has food for a whole year; the other 360 days he can loaf as he pleases; and so, though he has intelligence far beyond the Malayan, he has never progressed, and but a few scattered tribes possess the country. The tropical is the only zone in which the ideal of the maximum of play and the minimum of work can be put into practice with impunity; and then it is not with impunity to the race; the sterility of all idleness is upon it, and it will be enslaved, or else die out. Take the fear of starvation from the man of the temperate zone, where nature has no forcing-house for food, and you get the surest form of race suicide. The only other alternative is enslavement by a conqueror, and the application of the lash, as the stimulus to work. Java has become "the garden of the world," the most populous and yet the most prosperous region on earth, because some master, the Hindu, the Arab, the Portuguese, the Dutchman, has never allowed its people to idle, and that in a zone that incites idleness. The last has been the best guardian of their interests. He has not allowed their land to pass into the hands of large monopolists; he has compelled them to work; but he has also safeguarded them against famine; he has developed their country and taught them how best to work.

The result is that their numbers have risen from two millions in the end of the seventeenth century to thirty in the beginning of the twentieth.

The Whence of the Maori

By PERCY SMITH.

FROM about 700 A. D. the period Emã (Maori Hema) commences Maori history. From his sons descend lines of ancestors to people now living in New Zealand, whilst other lines come down to people living both in Rarotonga and Hawaii, and probably in Samoa also. But it will be necessary to go back for a couple of generations and show in what this importance consists, and consider the Polynesians as navigators.

At about forty-eight generations ago, or about the year 650, there flourished a man named Ui-te-rangiora, who was a contemporary of Emã's father. It was in Ui-te-rangiora's time that the voyages of discovery emanating from Fiji first began, and many islands were discovered and settled by the people. The following account is condensed from two different narratives in the Native History which differ somewhat, but the main facts are the same, and by carefully considering them and abstracting the marvelous, we shall find a residue of truth that is real history. At this period the headquarters of the people was in Fiji, with colonies in the Tonga and Samoa groups, and as appears probable, some of their branches were still living in Indonesia; indeed, the precise statement is made that they did not cease communication with Avaiki-te-varinga until the time of Tangiia, or in 1250, when the voyages thither finally ended forever through causes which will be referred to later on.

Ui-te-rangiora decided on building a pãi, or great canoe, and e ivi tangata te

rakau i taua pāi ("men's bones were the wood of that canoe,") the keel of which was named Te ivi o Atea ("Atea's bones")—a name which the canoe appears also to have borne. I am inclined to think that the interpretation of this curious statement is that bones of their enemies were used in part of the construction of the vessel, in the same manner as men's bones (enemies) are used in making spears, fishhooks, etc. This was done by way of insult, and for fear of this occurring the bones of great chiefs were always hidden away most carefully by persons specially selected, and who could be relied on to keep the secret. To complete this celebrated vessel, a sacred tree called Te Tamoko-o-te-Rangi was felled, and part of it made into drums tapa-beating logs, and boards. This sacrilege led to a war between Ui-te-rangiora and the owners of the tree, the descendants of Taakura and Ari mentioned before, and a determination on the part of many to emigrate to other parts. Hence resulted a final severance of some of the people from the main stock, who settled on many other islands to the east.

This was the commencement of the great voyages of the Rarotongans and Maoris, during the continuance of which they—in the words of the history—"visited every place on earth," and they became "a people accomplished in navigating vessels." Of course we must read "every place on earth" as the world known to the Polynesians of that age, which embraced a very large portion of the Pacific. I do not suppose that Ui-te-rangiora visited or discovered all the islands named, but it is clear from references in other accounts that he discovered a large number of them. The statement is made that when a canoe rotted, others were built, so it would seem that the voyages extended over very many years.

These voyages extended from New Zealand to the Hawaii Islands, some 4,000 miles, and from (probably) the New Hebrides to Easter Island, about 5,000 miles, besides voyages back to Avaiki in Indonesia, a far greater distance. The islands mentioned in the Hawaiian Group are Vaii (Hawaii, Vaihi being its Tahitian name, and Waihi its Maori name), Tavaî, which is Kauai (spelled Tauai until early in this century), Ngangai, which I have shown to be Lanai, and Maro-ai, which I take to be Molokai, but neither Maui nor Oahu are mentioned. An-taria-nui and Au-taria-iti I do not recognize, but they are islands apparently in the Western Pacific, which the Rarotongans were in the habit of visiting so late as the thirteenth century. Mareva is one of the islands mentioned in the Marquesan traditions as one of the stopping places on their migration from the west, but which island it is now impossible to say.

The period at which the Hawaiian Islands were first settled was deduced from Fornander's data to be the year 650. According to Rarotonga history this is the exact date at which the voyages under Ui-te-rangiora commenced. The traditions of the two branches of the race therefore confirm one another in a remarkable manner, for it is shown above that Hawaii was one of the group visited or discovered at this time. It follows from this that the Hawaiians are a branch of these Maori-Rarotongans.

New Zealand is mentioned in the list of places visited, and the question arises, Did any of the visitors remain there? It is now well known that this country had a considerable population before the arrival of the fleet in 1350, who were divided into tribes, the names alone of which are retained, the people having been absorbed to a large extent by the newcomers. But the geneaological tables of these New Zealand tangata whenua (or aborigines) are not at all

satisfactory, from want of means of checking them. Toi-kai-rakau can be shown to have lived, by the means of a large number of tables, at twenty-eight generations ago, or about 1150. From him, back to the earliest known ancestor of the tangata whenua who lived in this country, the most reliable tables give twelve generations, or forty in all from the year 1850. In other words, they carry us back to the year 850 about, at which time Ti-wakawaka was visited by a voyager named Maku, who came to New Zealand from Mata-ora. This is 200 years after the period of Ui-te-rangiora, when the epoch of long voyages set in, and it would seem probable that during this 200 years the first immigrants settled themselves in New Zealand.

Of the other islands of the Pacific which were first settled at this time, we have so little information as to their histories that nothing can be stated with certainty. It is probable that Easter Island was colonized about this period, and that the Marquesas received accessions to the population, if they were not for the first time then occupied, which I think is most probable. We have seen that forty generations ago (or in 850) the Tahitian groups had people living on them, and most likely they were colonized at about the period of Ui-te-rangiora's voyages, or in 650.

All of the voyages indicated above, and others to be referred to later on, may cause surprise at their extent, but they were made in the tropical regions of the world, with numerous islands on the way at which voyagers could rest and replenish their stores. But I now come to one made by this daring navigator, Ui-te-rangiora, in his celebrated canoe Te-Ivi-o-Atea, which outshines all the others, and shows him to have been a man worthy of taking his place amongst many of our own most fearless navigaters of ages long subsequent to the seventh century. In the history of Te Aru-tanga-nuku, who in his time was also a great voyager, we find the following: "The desire of the ariki Te Arutanga-nuku and all his people on the completion of the canoe, was to behold all the wonderful things seen by those of the vessel Te Ivi-o-Atea in former times. These were those wonderful things: the rocks that grow out of the sea, in the space beyond Rapa; the monstrous seas; the female that dwells in those mountainous waves, whose tresses wave about in the waters and on the surface of the sea; and the frozen sea of pia, with the deceitful animal of that sea who dives to great depths—a foggy, misty, and dark place not seen by the sun. Other things are like rocks, whose summits pierce the skies, they are completely bare and without any vegetation on them." The above is as literal a translation as I can make, and the meaning is quite clear; that the bare rocks that grow out of the frozen sea are the icebergs of the Antarctic; the tresses that float on the monstrous waves are the long leaves of the bull kelp—often 50 feet long—quite a new feature to a people who dwelt in the tropics, where there is nothing of the kind; the deceitful animal that dives so deep, is the walrus or the sea lion or sea elephant. The frozen ocean is expressed by the term *Te tai-uka-a-pia,* in which *tai* is the sea, *uka* (Maori *huka*), is ice, *a pia* means—a, as, like, after the manner of; *pia,* the arrowroot, which when scraped is exactly like snow, to which this simple people compared it as the only or best simile known to them. Now, the Antarctic ice is to be found south of Rapa, in about latitude 50° in the summer time, and consequently both Ui-te-rangiora and Te Arutanga-nuku at different times (250 years apart) must have gone to those high latitudes, as the story says, "to see the wonders of the ocean."

Who, after this, will deny to the Polynesians the honor that is their due as skillful and daring navigators! Here we find them boldly pushing out into the great unknown ocean in their frail canoes, actuated by the same love of adventure and discovery that characterizes our own race. Long before our ancestors had learned to venture out of sight of land, these bold sailors had explored the Antarctic seas, and traversed the Pacific Ocean from end to end. Considering the means at their command —their lightly-built canoes (sewn together with sinnet), the difficulty of provisioning the crew, the absence of any instruments to guide them—I feel justified in claiming for these bold navigators as high a place in the honor roll as many of our own distinguished Arctic and Antarctic explorers.

From the times of Ui-te-rangiora (*circa* 650) to those of the last settlement on Rarotonga in 1250, the history is full of references to voyages to all parts of the Central Pacific and Hawaii. There was constant movement to and fro, showing the truth of the native historian when he says, "they became able navigators." But it would appear that it was not until towards the close of this period that the voyagers ceased to visit Fiji and the neighboring groups, as well as Indonesia, and the cause for this is, I suggest, the growing importance of the Melanesian element in the Fijian Group. But we are anticipating, and must now return to the period of Emā and his descendants (*circa* 700).

We have now followed the Rarotongan histories down to a point when Maori and Moriori traditions begin to shed their light on the course of events, for this is their "Heroic Period," when flourished so many of their heroes whose deeds are embodied in tradition and song, and which form the classics of their branch of the race. Full as the accounts of this period are of the marvelous, the historical parts may easily be sifted out. Such as they are, they are probably not more full of the supernatural or wonderful than the old world classics of the Greeks and others. They carry us back to much the same culture level depicted in the Iliad, and other works of that and succeeding ages, where the gods took part in the affairs of man.

By both Maori and Rarotonga histories Emā (Hema) was the father of the two brothers Karii (Karihi) and Taaki (Tawhaki). Rarotonga lines of ancestors come down through Karii, whilst the Maori lines descend from Tawhaki. In accordance with this, the Rarotonga traditions make Karii the eldest son, and most important **arika of the** two; it is just the contrary with the Maoris, with whom Tawhaki is the elder brother, and the **arika,** a piece of national pride on the part of both branches of the race. Apparently, the Rarotongas trace no descent from Tawhaki, though many Maoris do. Rarotonga history makes Taaki to have flourished forty-six generations ago, whilst the Maori table 40, makes him to have lived forty-eight generations ago, by taking the date of Turi as twenty generations ago. We may therefore fix the date of Tawhaki as about the year 700.

In considering the many versions of this story of Tawhaki as preserved by the Maoris, and more especially in one collected by the late John White, wherein are mentioned the names of Savāi'i, Upôlu, and Tutuila, and the wars in which Tawhaki engaged there, it has always been my idea that this marvelous ascent into heaven after his father's bones, was in prosaic reality, merely the climbing up a mountain cliff by means of a rope amongst an alien people, who had killed his father. I would suggest that it was to one of the

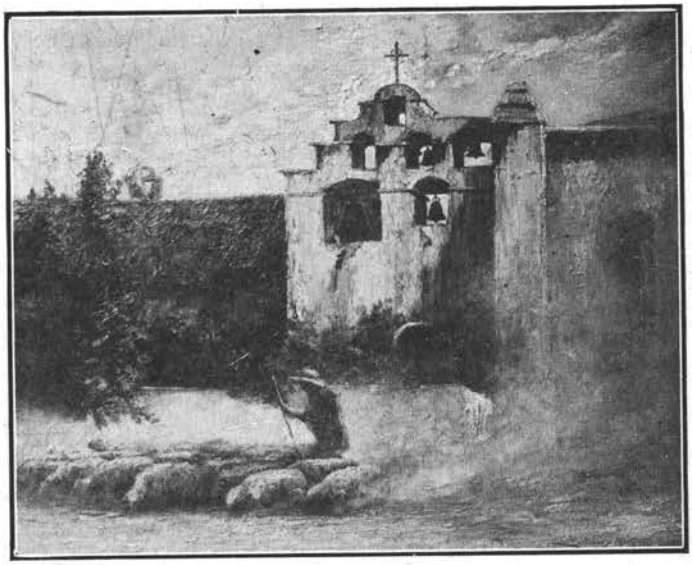
Fijian islands that Tawhaki went, either when residing in Fiji or in Samoa, and that the *atuas* and *raine taae* here are merely the Melanesians, who at this period must have been in parts of the group. Taaki, by both Rarotonga and Maori story, was a very handsome man; hence the *vaine taae* (Melanesian women?) desired him.

In connection with this mountain—if it was such—where the gods lived, reference should be made to Mr. Basil Thompson's account of the first occupation of Fiji by the Melanesians, and his description of Nakauvandra mountain in Viti-levu as the home of Fijian gods, and especially of Ndengei, a name which is supposed to be the Fijian equivalent of Tangaroa in whose keeping (see above) were the bones of Taaki's father.

The Maori stories relating to Tawhaki, from whatever part of New Zealand they are collected, are extremely persistent in stating that his son was Wahie-roa, and his grandson Rātā. The first of these names does not appear in the Rarotongan Native History; indeed, no descendants of Tawhiki are given, and the incidents connected with Rātā's miraculous canoe are assigned to 250 years after the former flourished, when the name of Rātā is first mentioned. The persistency of these Maori stories, confirmed as they are by Hawaiian traditions, makes it clear that these people were one family—descending from father to son—and I am inclined to think this was the age (the years 700 to 775) in which they lived. To me, the whole series of stories the Maoris have preserved—and they are very numerous—about these heroes, point to the contact with another race, which can be no other than the Melanesian. From what has been said before, it was Fiji and Samoa in which they lived; and one of the Maori stories says that Tawhaki ascended a mountain called Whiti-haua, in which Whiti is the Maori pronunciation of Rarotongan Iti—Fiji. Connected with these heroes are the names Whiti, Matuku and Peka, all given, at different times, as the names of fierce semi-human monsters. In them I see the names of islands, used metaphorically for the people of those islands. Peka is the Tongan name for Bengga, of the Fiji Group, and Matuku is also a well-known name of one of the Fiji islands. In one of the same series of stories is mentioned a place called Muri-wai-o-ata, and this is the name of a stream on the south coast of Upolu, as I quite accidentally learned when fording it with Mr. Churchill and our **tula-fale,** who gave me the name.

It has been shown previously that several places in Samoa are connected with the name of Rata. Dr. Turner says, "Near the place where Fa'atoafe lived (on the south side of Savāi'i) there are two hills, which are said to be the petrified double canoe of Lata. Lata came of old from Fiji, was wrecked there, went on shore, and lived on the land still called by his name in the neighborhood of the settlement of Salai-lua. He visited Upôlu and built two large canoes at Fangaloa, but died before the deck to unite them had been completed. To Lata is traced the introduction of the large double canoes united with a deck, and which of old were in use in Samoa. *Seu-i-le-va'a-o-Lata* (or 'steersman in the canoe of Lata') is a name not yet extinct in Samoa."

In the quiet shady cloisters of Latin America from California to Chile developed the religious romance of the new world. Little remains in North America, save the ruins and the memories of the old Missions.



A Tale of Santa Barbara Mission

By EMMA M. NEWTON.

A MONK glided like a brown shadow along the antique corridor which forms a picturesque portal to the Santa Barbara Mission. He paused at the foot of a square stone tower, and taking a bunch of keys from the rope knotted about his waist, thrust the largest in a lock, and turned a heavy bolt. The ponderous door rolled back on its hinges, disclosing a crude flight of steep and uneven steps, which the friar began to climb.

For a moment there was a brooding expectancy in the air, and then the worn throats of the bells rang out the angelus.

To Father Franscisco, their century-old voices seemed to unroll the scroll of the past, and he murmured:

"It is more than a century since the holy cross was raised on this site; and yearly, ever since, the fourth of December, 1786, has the Church celebrated the founding of the Mission of the Lady of the Seven Dolors."

In a retrospective reverie, Father Francisco fell to contrasting the rich present with the rude past; and in fancy he saw a handful of soldiers issue from the modest old-time presidio, which a century since had occupied the site of the city. With Father Fermin de Lasuen and Governor Pedro Fages as leaders, the soldiers toiled up the hill above the presidio, in order to plant a wooden cross on the summit to mark the feast of Santa Barbara. Eleven days later they built a booth of the branches of trees, in which the first mass was celebrated on the site of the present Mission. It was, in fact, the founding of the Mission, and there was a pathos

about the primitive service that appealed strongly to Father Francisco's imagination. It was easy to picture the Spanish padre standing in the early sylvan temple, with the sunshine filtering down through the leaves to fall in arborescent patches on the altar of fragrant boughs, overspread by a linen cloth.

The rude surroundings were oddly at variance with the costly robes of the priest, which had been brought over from Spain to dazzle the eyes of the heathen he desired to convert. These aborigines had been drawn thither by curiosity, and stood in a species of wondering awe, watching the man of gorgeous raiment, surrounded by his protecting guard of military.

In the course of the service the Padre addressed the Indians in Latin, exhorting them as follows:

"O ye Gentiles, come ye, come ye, come ye to the Holy Church!"

The repeated exhortation was translated by means of the sign language, and the strange ceremonies had such a mysterious fascination for the dusky spectators that they were induced to abandon their coverts in the rocks and the free life of the wilderness to become adjuncts of civilization and be suborned as agricultural slaves.

Whether these **gente sin razon** (people without reason), as the Spaniards contemptuously designated their simple converts, were benefited by the Christianity thus insituted is a vexed question, which even Father Francisco confessed did not admit of a satisfactory answer. He did not countenance the barbarous methods used to increase the membership of the church. Yet the friar ruminated a trifle enviously on the royal period when the padres, on the Pacific Coast, held an absolute monarchy over a mammoth empire of gardens, which were cultivated by thousands of slaves of the rosary.

The bush arbor in the wilderness had swiftly given place to a substantial chapel and a dwelling for the priests. To be sure, it was only a rude little chapel, made of mud bricks dried in the sun, and roofed with poles, covered by a thatch of mud and straw; but the church, reared from the ground on which it stood, grew so rapidly that within two years it became necessary nearly to double the length of the first chapel and to increase the number and size of the dwelling apartments, besides adding granaries, and store houses, to hold the princely revenue which began to flow in from vast fields of wheat, maize, and **frijoles.**

Nor did this long suffice, for in less than seven years from the time the first building was begun, a large adobe church, containing six chapels, was erected; and new squares, new courtyards, and new gardens were marked out, round which rose wall after wall of stone houses for lumber, wool, and hides, as well as for grain; for the mammoth herds of the padres already grazed on a hundred hills, and their monstrous ranchos stretched away in thousands of acres of grain fields and vineyards, which were unwillingly tilled by the red serfs whom they had captured rather than converted, and whom they prevented from returning to a state of savagery by a mounted guard of police.

"No doubt it was a barbarous form of Christianity and civilization; but it was an improvement on the beastly life which the Indians led when left to themselves," soliloquized Father Francisco, with a shrug of the shoulders, as his thoughts strayed away to the holes in the ground, the homes of the Diggers.

From these coverts, resembling the lairs of wild beasts, his mind came back to the Mission, and he followed its growth, step by step, from its era of mud bricks and homely thatch, down to the cubes of cut sandstone and tiled

roofing which had superseded the early architecture.

The new Mission had been commenced in 1815, and it was finished and blessed upon the very day that Father Francisco was born. That was a long time ago, to be sure, but the friar's strongest youthful recollection was the standing by yonder ornamental stone fountain basin, with Carmelita Vallejo, and gazing up at the statue of Santa Barbara, which embellished a niche between the towers.

He and Carmelita had been inseparable as children, and their regard for each other had in no wise diminished as they grew older. Therefore it was natural that to her he first confided his intention of taking holy orders.

It was a proud day for them both when he was permitted to appear in public in the modest robe of a neophyte. Through all the service her eyes glistened with delight; and she told him afterwards that he looked fairer than the paintings of the saints on the walls. His tongue twitched to say, in return, that she was more beautiful than Santa Barbara, or even than the blessed Madonna; but he feared to express such thoughts, lest they might savor of heresy.

And now, just as that mystery of human existence called Love was commencing to bud, they began to draw apart. Carmelita no longer treated him with the same freedom as formerly, for she regarded him as a sacred vessel, set apart for worship only. Francisco did not notice the change in her manner at once; but by and by it dawned upon him that he was no longer a part of her life, and he felt vaguely saddened by the knowledge. However, he did not waste much time on reflective regrets, for the exigent demands of lessons and devotions prevented his giving serious thought to the subject. It was not, indeed, until he was on the point of entering the monastery that the situation in its full misery flashed upon him.

He had called to say farewell to the playmate of his childhood, and found her chatting merrily with Pedro Estevan. The heart is a strange puzzle, and a sudden jealousy flamed through Francisco's being at the sight.

She sought to set him more at ease by treating him with more than ordinary friendliness; and was so far successful that, after Pedro left, he recovered himself sufficiently to tell her of his errand. In token of farewell he gave her a delicate sprig of evergreen, which he had plucked in the Monastery garden.

"It is called 'breath of heaven,' because of its faint, delicious fragrance," he said.

Carmelita listened to him with an abstracted air, and sat listlessly toying with the evergreen sprig Francisco had brought her, until he rallied her upon her indifference.

Indifferent! She raised her lovely dark eyes to his with a sudden reproachful glance, that conveyed into his startled soul an unexpected meaning. Then, as if by mutual consent, both rose, and a moment later he stood alone on the rose wreathed piazza; but as she passed away there was borne back to him the faint ordor of the sprig crushed in her hand; and although well towards fifty years had elapsed since that bitter day, he never inhaled the fragrance of the shrub called "breath of heaven," without being reminded of a parting sigh that thereafter had ever surged through his heart.

How he had striven to divorce it from his thoughts: how he had fasted and scourged himself, to kill the passion that had thrilled into sudden life! Those monotonous monastic years had been a maddening, internal warfare; and pen-

ance, vigil, and fast, had never succeeded in eliminating the pure, pensive face that had always floated distractingly between him and the sculptured figure to which he prayed.

And what had he gained by abnegation and seclusion? Had he made any human being happier, or his own life richer, by this death in life to which he had devoted himself?

Father Francisco asked himself the question just as the angelus quavered out its final cadence; and rousing himself from his reverie he moved meekly down the stairs, and made his way to the chapel, where the monks were already gathering for early mass.

While the friar knelt in prayer, the steamer Pomona came into port. Among the passengers making ready to debark were Senora Estevan and her pretty granddaughter Ysabel.

Not since Carmelita Vallejo wedded Pedro Estevan, and moved to Mexico, had she visited her birthplace until now, and her eyes roved eagerly shoreward, noting the changes time had made.

"Blessed Virgin of the Seven Dolors, I should never have known the place!" was her involuntary exclamation, as the city grew radiant in the growing light. She shaded her eyes with her withered hand, and looked at it, letting the black Mexican shawl slip from her head in amazed forgetfulness.

Senora Estevan viewed with dismay the crowded wharf and unfamiliar architecture, which to her inexperienced eyes looked like leviathans cast up by the sea. She had intended giving her brother a delightful surprise, and had arrived without sending any word to herald her visit; but she doubted the wisdom of her course when she landed on a foreign wharf, and learned that time had changed the language as well as the aspect of the country.

The Senora was appalled to be greeted by a strange jargon, instead of her native Spanish, as she picked her uncertain way through the throng swarming about the quay; for even the new pier was an innovation. There was nothing indeed, that she recognized, and the old landmarks were so far obliterated that she began to fear lest she might not be able to find the Vallejo residence, which had once been so distinctly prominent.

"I ought to have sent word to Antonio to meet us," she murmured, looking helplessly about.

"Have a cab, ma'am?" inquired a sharp-eyed driver.

The Senora did not understand the words with which he accosted her; but his insinuating form of address, and the carriage door held open, plainly indicated his meaning.

"Can you take me to the house of Senor Vallejo?" she inquired in her native tongue.

The man nodded, and briskly bundled the ladies into his vehicle.

Before it occurred to Senora Estevan to wonder if the cab driver really comprehended where she wished to go, they had whirled away from the dock, and turning up another street were clattering over a bituminous-rock driveway that led through the heart of Santa Barbara; but not the drowsy Spanish Santa Barbara of fifty years ago.

The low-browed white adobes, with their red-tiled roofs, had vanished unaccountably; and the great patches of artichokes and frijoles had been cut up into town lots, on which stood imposing brick blocks, or ornate American cottages. Only an occasional crumbling old-time house remained to testify of the Spanish occupation. They were rare reminders of the past, which tourists gape at curiously, and chatter over with

the crass unsentimentality of the modern traveler. Yet they form one of the chief attractions to sightseers; and that is why Jones, the cabby, so readily divined where the Senora wished to be driven. He had no more understood her language that she had his; but the name "Vallejo" had caught his quick ears. He had taken scores of tourists to the quaint, antique mansion, and his horses drew up, almost of their own accord, at the door of an adobe that looked as if making a pathetic effort to keep its aristocratic skirts clear from the bustle of commercial strife.

Braced against one of the pillars of the veranda stood an elderly man, courting the warmth of the morning sunshine. His attitude was one of haughty repose, and it required no keenness of perception to discern that he was not pleased at the prospect of being disturbed by early visitors.

Senor Vallejo had become accustomed to hear strangers ask to look at his house, and he always treated the request with arrogant courtesy; but he hated the curious invaders, and he felt that the present visitors had chosen an unseemly hour to intrude. Consequently he remained immovable while the elder lady alighted from the carriage.

To his surprise she was habited in a Spanish costume, with a black shawl flung over her head, after the manner of Mexican women. No American ever dressed in that fashion; and relenting towards one of his own countrywomen, Senor Vallejo stepped graciously forward just as a young girl sprang from the coach, who was the very picture of his sister when last seen.

"Carmelita!" dropped from his lips in an astonished voice.

"Antonio!" cried the elder dame, delighted because she supposed herself recognized.

The Spaniard turned towards her with a bewildered expression crossing his countenance. One of the strangers had his sister's face, and the other her voice; and while he stood dubiously revolving the matter in his mind, the elder one flung herself in his arms, saying, "My brother, I know thee, spite of the years that have whitened thy hair and seamed thy brow."

"And I, forgetting the years that have flown, mistook thy daughter, who is the image of thy former self, for thee," he said with a glance towards Ysabel.

The Senora laughed, saying: "Not my daughter, but my granddaughter, Antonio."

There was more than one surprise in store for the Senora. "Everything is different," she murmured a trifle mournfully, for the Senora was partial to anti-progression, and preferred the lethargical repose of the past to the moving activity of the present.

"Yes, everything is different except the monastery on the hill, which remains firmly unchanged, despite the new-fangled innovations that have crept into Santa Barbara since the American conquest," responded Senor Vallejo.

"The monastery! I should like to see it again," said the Senora in wistful tones.

Thither went the Senor and his sister on the following afternoon, accompanied by the pretty Ysabel, who was secretly enraptured by the new order of things. For her part, she admired the monstrous hotels, instinct with life, light, and music. She enjoyed walks astir, and drives whirling with carriages; and she infinitely preferred a ride on one of those open cars, which glided mysteriously up and down the main avenue, to the cumbrous, jolting carts used in the dull Mexican village where she dwelt.

She wondered why her grandmother

and great-uncle were continually finding fault with the customs of the fair-faced Americans, as she fastened a sprig in her belt which a fellow passenger had given her in return for a winter rose.

The slumberous quietude, the antique archways and the aspect of everything about the Mission, were exactly as the Senora remembered them, and she was enchanted to find the place so unchanged. For half a century time appeared to have stood still, and the ravages of progress had been so far resisted that neither bell-wire nor electric button had been permitted to replace the rough hempen rope which dangled, as of yore, above the entrance. The interior was almost as unaltered, and the Franciscan who conducted them through the portions of the buildings open to tourists, said unctuously:

"It is the best preserved Mission in all California."

He opened the door leading up the belfry stairs as he spoke, and intimated that a view of the monks' garden, which no woman was permitted to enter, might be obtained from the tower above.

Ysabel eagerly seized the opportunity to gratify curiosity, but the Senora pleaded fatigue, and waited in the corridor, while the others mounted the steep and irregular flight of steps leading thither.

Upon reaching the top a captivating view burst upon the vision. Lovely Santa Barbara, embowered in avenues of pepper trees, which undulated upward into ever vernal slopes, and dipped down towards a bay of dreamiest blue, that melted in the summer-like horizon of midwinter. Never did a sweeter nor more engaging picture present itself. But it was neither the mountains, the city, nor the sea, that Ysabel had come hither to gaze at; and oblivious to all sights save one, she cast her eyes towards the garden, concealed in the central court of the monastery.

Walled in on all sides, the sequestered spot instinctively struck the beholder as a place designed for converse with Nature. Even the songs of the birds seemed muffled by the clustering foliage into a hushed twitter; and so still and holy seemed the place, that gay little Ysabel felt like holding her breath, for fear of disturbing God's peace. It was abloom with the choicest plants; but only a single human being sat enjoying the privilege of its refreshing repose, and he looked as austere and rigid as if chiseled out of brown marble.

As Ysabel stood with eyes bent curiously upon him a wayward wind loosened the sprig of evergreen from her belt, and the tiny bit of fragrance fluttered like a flake of snow downward. After curvetting daintily in midair for a moment, it dropped with a little wavering hesitation between the fans of a date palm, and thence fell softly upon the parchment page of a time-worn volume in the hands of the monk below.

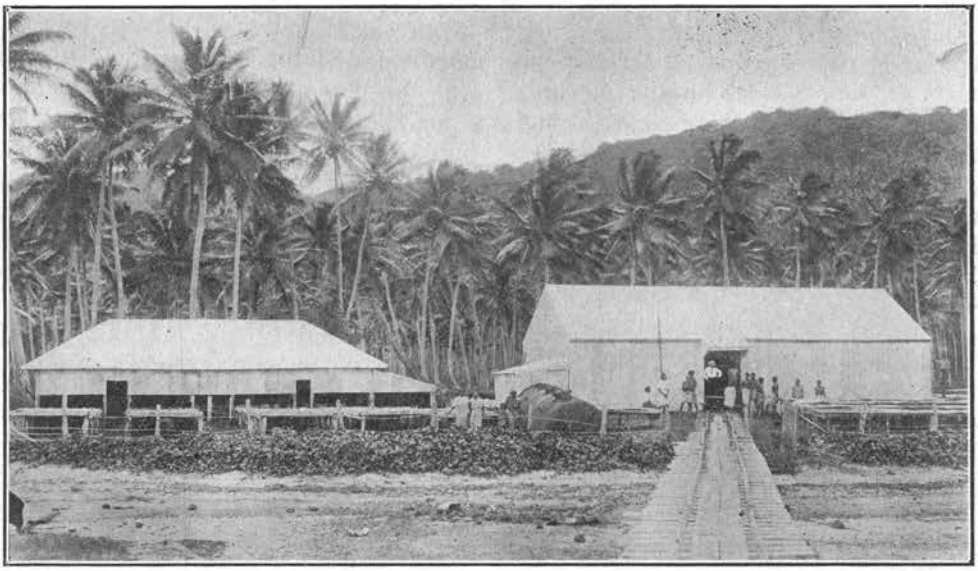
Father Francisco gave an involuntary glance upward, and saw framed in one of the grim stone archways the face of his lost love, looking as young and fair as when he had parted from her.

His heart thrilled at the sight; for is blood ever so old or sluggish that it fails to quicken under the electric force of affection? But swiftly recalling the lapse of years, he felt assured that his senses must be playing him some trick.

"It is a mental hallucination sent by the Evil One to tempt me," he groaned, making the sign of the cross, and diverting his eyes towards the book that lay in his lap.

They fell on a vernal sprig lying fresh and fragrant on its moldy pages, and his austere features relaxed, as he sighed:

"It is a 'breath of heaven.'"



Copra sheds on a cocoanut plantation.

On a Fijian Cocoanut Plantation

By RALPH STOCK.

I AWOKE to the staccato call of the lali (Fijian drum), and through the mosquito curtains of my mat-strewn bed and the square of open window, looked out on a world of moon-bathed cocoa-palms.

The gentle rustling of their leaves had lulled me to sleep the previous night, and now, at four o'clock in the morning, when by all the laws of a well-regulated "island" household I should have been on my way to the shower, I was again succumbing to their influence. The boss's voice saved the situation.

The lali's chant had ceased, and as though a curtain had been rung up on the day's proceedings, the homestead was already astir. Dogs—five of them, and three fluffy puppies—barked; cocks crew; the tinkle of pot and pan sounded faintly from the coolie "lines"; Fijian house boys wandered hither and thither in their own leisurely way; blue wood smoke curled upward and hovered among the palm tops; some one in the overseers' quarters across the compound "wondered who was kissing her now" in light baritone—albeit an unusual conjecture at four o'clock in the morning—while over all this desecration of her peace the moon still spread her silver mantle.

"It's sheer cruelty to animals," observed the boss, sympathetically watching my stifled yawns over his teacup, "but you brought it on yourself by ask-

ing for 'a day' on this estate; our day starts at four o'clock in the morning, and ends when the labor gets through its task of two hundredweight two quarters of copra per man. We find we get more and better work done between daylight and nine o'clock a. m. than the whole of the rest of the day. You've finished? Good, but the shave will still have to wait, or you'll miss the start."

Over the sea the sky was just brightening as we mounted and rode towards the "lines," a long row of ugly but clean wooden rooms, whose doors opened on another parallel line of ugly but clean kitchens. The "labor" was streaming out to work, a motley gathering of thin-shanked, narrow-chested Indians whose faces seemed to reflect every shade of human expression. Here were the sullen, the cunning, the murderous, the fawning, the banal; and it struck me then, as it often has since, what insight, tact and courage must be necessary to successfully manage such a crew, culled from the dregs of Central India.

I said as much to the boss.

"There's only one way," he answered, "strict impartiality; a fair deal to every man until he turns dog, and then—well, if we had to run things exactly on Government ordinance lines, we might as well shut up shop. What do I mean by that? I mean the stick. Oh, yes, we lick 'em; they know that if they do their task set down for them by a grandmotherly Government, everything will go smoothly, and if they don't they'll get a licking that isn't grandmotherly."

"The average coolie translates kindness into weakness, and with native cunning takes advantage of it. You see those tickets hanging around each man's neck; well, they supply the case in point. One of my overseers has seen fit to trust a coolie's word. Three times one of his gang has deserted and lived in hiding on the fat of the island—prawns, shell fish, bread fruit, bananas and cocoanuts —and three times this overseer has let him off after exacting a promise that the offense would not be repeated. Needless to say, the man has disappeared again, and ten Fijians are now scouring the island for him. These tickets are a kind of passport for the rest in case one of them is grabbed by mistake. I had to pay sixteen pounds to the Government immigration department for the introduction of that deserter, not to mention extras and a five-pound reward for his capture, and unless he's run to earth and made to work out his indenture I might as well have thrown the money in the gutter. Gaol's not a particle of good; they revel in it—come back rolling fat, and advise the others to go there if they want a really soft thing. What are we to do? Coming from a laborers' paradise like Australia, you may think us harsh, but we shall have to chain that man to his work. I should like some of your 'Wowsers' to come over here and oversee coolie labor for a few months——

"The islanders? Oh, they don't have to work. The Fijian is an aristocrat, a property owner, and probably worth a good many more shekels than you and I. A few Solomon Islanders get into the collar, and splendid workers they are, but one has to handle them in a very different way to the coolie. They have a sense, and a high sense, of honor; with them caustic ridicule takes the place of the stick. If you find a Solomon Islander slacking, you laugh pityingly at his incompetency, say that you had taken him for a man fitted to do a man's work in the world, but since you find him to be a woman—or a fair imitation of one—why—and he'll buckle to in a perfect frenzy of offended dignity."

We were now fairly on the beach road,

a sea of inconceivable colors stretching away to the white line of the barrier reef, dotted on our right, with punts awaiting their load of copra, while endless vistas of cocoanut palms, planted in uniform rows, stretched up the hillside to our left. Here and there a column of smoke marked the spot where copra-cutters were scooping out the kernels of the fallen nuts they had collected, and burning the husks to form potash fertilizer.

Among the palms, cattle were grazing on the short, green grass, that carpeted the earth with a natural velvet pile, happily unconscious of their dual service in growing into beef and keeping down weeds that would otherwise hide the fallen nuts.

An overseer cantered towards us, a splash of vivid white against the restful shade of the cocoanut groves. He had to report that the missing coolie had been run to earth in a cave on the opposite side of the island, and even as we listened to further details Fijian whoops of triumph floated down to us from the hillside. We waited, and presently a quaint procession evolved itself from the maze of palm trunks, and came to a halt on the beach road. Ten Fijians, armed with sticks and weeding knives, their already copper-colored visages daubed with charcoal, to indicate that they really were terrible persons out for blood, squatted on their hams in a grisly semi-circle about an emaciated coolie, who lay huddled on the ground, protesting, with clasped hands, puckered forehead and wildly staring eyes that the boss was his father, mother, brother and sister, and might do with him as he willed.

To a disinterested spectator the scene was painfully abject, but the boss's not unkindly mouth was set in a firm, straight line.

"Chain him to the flagstaff in the compound," he said shortly; then, turning to me, "How about some breakfast?"

There are four meals on a plantation in Fiji—"cup of tea," "breakfast," "afternoon tea," and "dinner"—the first usually partaken of in pajamas, and the last in evening dress. It was during the third of these that the copra punts crept down the coast, poled by naked and shouting coolies, to be beached opposite the drying yard. Here followed a procession of thin, staggering legs, under impossible looking loads as the bags were carried ashore, weighed and emptied on to the "vatas" or drying tables, where, in the course of a few days, the sun transforms the snow-white cocoanut kernel into the soiled, oily and evil-smelling commodity so eagerly sought after.

Today was pay and ration day, it appeared, and the last copra sack had hardly been weighed and emptied than the little store, which forms such an important adjunct to every plantation homestead, was besieged by chattering, gesticulating coolies. A word from the overseer, behind the counter, and the clamor subsided into awed silence.

"Bipat!"

A long, lean coolie, with a hare-lip and an air of profound melancholy, stepped forward to receive his week's wage—one shilling per day, minus fourpence per day for rations. I was assured that to the coolie this was dazzling wealth, but I failed to discern a suggestion of it in this man's expression. His rations were then served out with painstaking exactitude by a Fijian assistant:

Rice or flour, or rice and flour	22 oz.
Dāl (lentils)	4 oz.
Ghi (butter made of rancid buffalo's milk)	1 oz.
Curry powder	1-3 oz.
Sugar (unrefined)	2 oz.
Salt	1 oz.

—the main ingredients of which are imported from India.

He had turned to go, when an idea seemed to strike him, that had the surprising effect of imbuing his mask-like countenance with some animation. A long altercation ensued with the Fijian assistant, ending in the purchase of several yards of the calico with which Indian women swathe themselves. The mystery was expounded to me by the overseer. It appears that the immigration regulations for Fiji allow only one woman to every three men, and that competition among the latter is brisk in consequence. The plantation owner sometimes utilizes this deficiency as a spur to industry by apportioning the woman to the man who does the biggest task, and our friend Bipat had on this occasion earned a wife for the ensuing week; hence the brightened countenance and the calico.

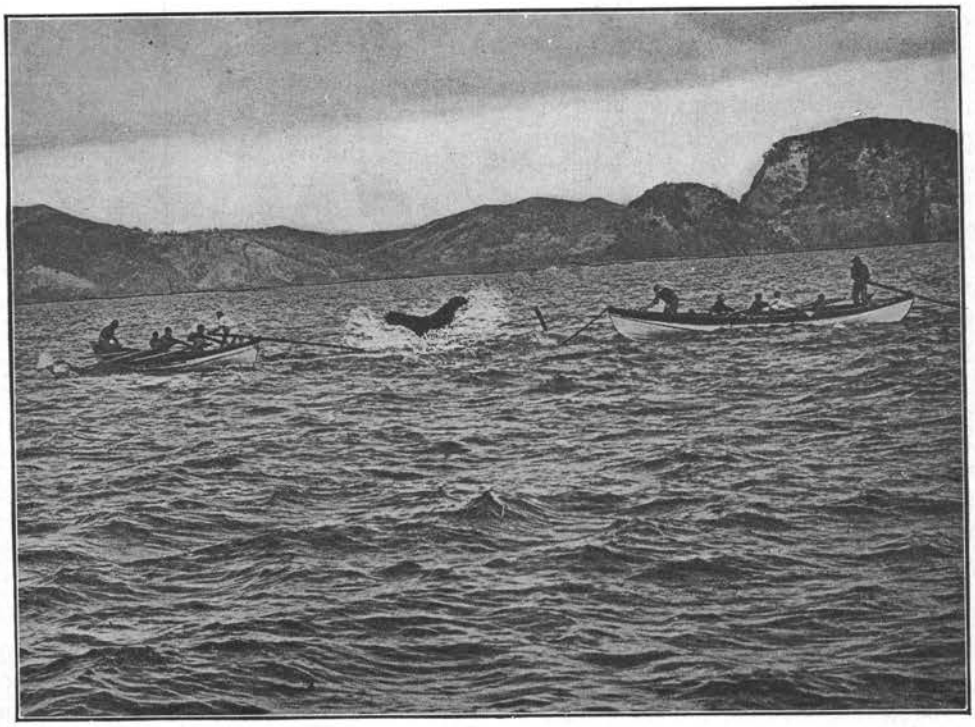
The adage of Cherchez la femme applies with as much aptness to the trials and joys of the coolie in Fiji as to those of the rest of mankind; in fact, it is safe to say that 90 per cent of his crimes are traceable to this world-old incentive to virtue and vice.

Rations had been served and wages paid, when a coolie who could almost be termed fat detached himself from the line that was streaming out into the compound, and advanced to the counter with a captivating smile. He pointed to his left foot, and danced upon it with every indication of enjoyment, while the overseer regarded him with the set frown peculiar to his kind. The coolie talked, and continued to talk, interlarding his remarks with dramatic gestures, until the overseer terminated the interview with the one word, "jhou."

"Which being interpreted?" I suggested, meekly.

"Means that I have worked a miracle," explained the overseer with becoming modesty. "It was raining yesterday morning, and coolies don't like rain. This man said he had a 'broken foot,' and I cured it in one night. How? By plastering his stomach with mustard."

There was a meke (Fijian dance) that night on the wide verandah facing the sea. We sprawled at ease in planters' chairs, while a tropical moon made day of night, and the Fijian manhunters celebrated the day's achievement, and reviewed their warlike past in song and dance.



Whaling in the Pacific.

Steam Whaling off British Columbia

By ALFRED HUSTWICK.

VERY little was known of the whale in Jonah's day. Witness the fact that the Biblical scribe called it a fish, whereas science has long since established that the whale is as much a mammal as a horse or cow, and that it was formerly an amphibian, as the tiny hind legs which still grow inside its body seem to prove conclusively.

Centuries after man had witnessed, and assisted, the extinction of the dinosaurus, the mastodon, and their abhorrent contemporaries of prehistoric times, he still balked at combat with the mightiest of the sea's denizens. But eventually Time brought such conquests to the hairy descendant of the ape that engendered in his breast a supreme contempt for all else living. Then, armed with primitive spear and harpoon, he set forth in his tiny boats to do battle with the leviathan. The Norwegians were expert at this perilous business a thousand years ago, but it was not until the eighteenth century that the war on the whale assumed really interesting proportions, and not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the great whaling fleets of Scotland, Norway and the United States came into being.

Then, from Dundee, in Scotland, and from Bedford and San Francisco in this country, stout square-riggers used to set out on cruises lasting from two to five years, and covering many thousands of miles, in search of the sperm and right whales. The former is the most valuable and easiest to take of the whales frequenting temperate waters, while the right, or bowhead, is the rarest of his species, and is found only in Arctic seas. In their methods these whalers had improved but little on those of early days, the whales being taken from small boats with hand harpoons and lines, and lanced to death whenever the opportunity offered. Great danger attended the hunting, and the catches varied from one to twenty whales a year. Each vessel carried a boiling plant, the blubber being taken from the whale, for oil, and the huge carcass then abandoned to the shark and the gull, scavengers of the ocean.

In 1864 a Norwegian whaleman, Swend Foyn, invented a harpoon gun which completely revolutionized the industry of whaling. Steamers were fitted with these weapons to engage in shore-whaling, and stations built to treat every type of leviathan taken. The war on the whale was turned into a massacre and the off-shore fleets dwindled away to almost nothing. Except for the few sailing vessels which yearly seek the right whale in Arctic waters, where steam whaling has not yet been successfully inaugurated, the whaler of today is a throbbing, machine-filled thing of steam and iron, working within a fifty-mile radius of her station.

Steam-whaling, first tried in Norway, spread eventually to Newfoundland, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and to Japan. Six years ago the Pacific Whaling Company, of Victoria, commenced operations off the Pacific coast of Canada. A year later a Seattle concern established a station at Admiralty Inlet, in Alaska, and not so long ago the first steam-whaling station in the United States was opened at Gray's Harbor, Washington.

During a recent summer the whim of circumstances threw me into the company of whales and whalers at the Naden Harbor station, a lonely place in the extreme north of the Queen Charlotte Islands, off the British Columbia coast, where I had an excellent opportunity to study the condition of the whaling industry in the North Pacific. In company with a Canadian Government engineer, I secured passage in one of the whalers, witnessed the taking of a whale, and obtained photographs.

When the engineer and I reached Naden—on a freighter bringing coal and supplies to the station—we were determined to see a whale captured. Fortune favored us. The two whalers had been unable to hunt for three days previous to arrival, on account of heavy weather, but as our captain reported the wind and sea outside the bar to be lessening, the gunners decided to try their luck on the following day. We lost no time in approaching one of the gunners with our request, and having evidently convinced him that we were not "greenhorns," received a cordial invitation to be his guest.

"Glad to have you come," he said, as he shook hands with us before retiring, "if you think whaling interesting enough to take a chance on seasickness. Every passenger I have so far taken out has been miserably sick during the whole day—and we haven't very comfortable quarters aboard the whalers for sick people."

It was just half-past three on the following morning when the night watchman of our own steamer gave us a promised call, and we tumbled out of

our bunks with such alacrity that we found ourselves aboard the whaler before any of the crew, except the second engineer, were astir. It was not yet daylight, and the harbor lay cold and silent under the waning stars as we stamped and shivered about the decks. Presently a sleepy Norwegian deckhand came up from the fo's'cle rubbing his eyes with a grimy knuckle and greeted us with a grunt of surprise. "You bane go out?" he enquired, and, being answered in the affirmative, grinned at us sheepishly as he set about casting off the lines. Plainly, he could not understand why anybody should go whaling for the mere fun of the thing.

We followed him to the roomy bridge where, with one hand at the engine-room telegraph and one at the wheel, he started the whaler on her cruise. Soon after we left the pilot, a clean-cut young Norwegian joined us on the bridge, and after sniffing the air, announced that prospects for a good day at sea were excellent. The engineer and I found the bridge a splendid place on which to lose what remnants of slothfulness our early rising had left in us. The whaler was running, at a speed of ten miles an hour, into a chilly nor'east wind which tore over her bows, sang in the ratlines of her stumpy foremast, and stung our cheeks until they glowed red with the reaction of the blood. We noted with satisfaction the coming of an ochre tint beyond the eastern hills which heralded the sun's rising.

Less than an hour from port the little steamer was across the bar and beginning to feel the force of the ocean swell. She pitched and rolled her way over the waves in a manner that occasioned us some misgivings. Remembering the gunner's warning, we wondered if even our experienced stomachs would stand the strain of being tossed about in this fashion.

However, when the sun, which had been struggling behind a faint belt of haze, finally beat down the veil of vapor and showed full-orbed and flaming over the dancing whitecaps, we lost our apprehension in our enjoyment of the bracing wind and genial warmth. The last cobweb of sleep was swept from our eyes and our hearts filled with an eagerness for adventure that was as welcome to our blase souls as it was unexpected. So when the gunner came up we wished him early luck in his hunting.

In the first flush of the dawn we had an opportunity to examine our vessel. Like all modern whalers, she was a handful of a craft. The design of every steam whaler follows the experience of the Norwegians in what constitutes a safe, speedy and handy vessel, one that will weather all seas and can move as quickly as the whale himself under ordinary conditions. Her bows are high and "flaring"; that is, they curve outward, so that they break the force of the waves into which they plunge. Over the flares is the gun platform, at the front of which, almost exactly on the stem of the steamer, sits the harpoon-gun. A short mast, to which clings the "lookout" barrel, stands midway between the bows and the housework, and behind this mast sits the mighty winch on which the harpoon lines are wound in with their monster catches. The bridge is larger and well protected, and the gear which controls the steamer is so arranged that one man can manage her with ease. From stem to stern the vessel is so designed that every inch of space is utilized. The engine room is a mere steel box in which a small, but powerful, set of triple-expansion engines throb unceasingly, driving the whaler at a speed of about nine and a half knots an hour. The coal bunkers, crew's quarters and mess rooms are arranged in a

manner that would surprise even the architect of a California apartment house.

Except with the sea on her quarter, when the engine-room is too much exposed, the whaler is as fine a sea boat as anything afloat. Her flaring bows keep her forward deck (where the work of whaling is mainly done) free from water even in a heavy seaway. The after-deck is, however, very low and has no bulwarks. It is intended to offer no impediment to the force of the waves, which break over it even in moderate weather. Tested under all conditions, the steam whaler has proved herself a veritable water witch. Ten of the twelve whalers in use off the British Columbia coast came out from Norway under their own steam, their hulls almost completely submerged with the weight of the extra coal supplies which they were forced to carry on deck. Yet in the face of a heavy gale off the South American coast the little steamers averaged seven knots an hour, and all reached Victoria without mishap!

The whaling gun especially interested us. It is a heavy weapon about four and a half feet long, with a bore of five inches. The charge used is a powerful black powder, which is exploded by means of a lanyard and a percussion chamber attached to the heavy wooden handle by which the gun is manipulated. For such an apparently unwieldy weapon the gun is surprisingly easy to swing on its swivel, and can be aimed with great speed and accuracy. The harpoon used is a steel bar five feet long, having a slit running through it for the greater part of its length, this slit permitting it to be placed in the gun without taking in the harpoon line. Large barbs, hinged and held in place by springs, are set about twelve inches from the head. These barbs are tied down with twine before the gun is fired, and upon entering the whale's body free themselves from the binding and open out, effectually preventing the harpoon from withdrawing. By far the most fiendish feature of the harpoon, however, is the "bomb," a cast-iron point which is charged with powder and exploded in the body of the whale by means of a time fuse which ignites as the harpoon leaves the gun. The scattering of the iron in the whale's interior inflicts terrible, and fatal, injuries.

Three hours from Naden harbor all hands were electrified by a shout of "Thare she bane!" from the lookout man. Over the starboard bow, not more than two hundred yards away, a big sulphur-bottom had come up to breathe, and his condensing breath showed in a feathery "spout" fully twelve feet high. The gunner, who was talking with the engineer and me on the bridge, ran down the ladder and made his way forward with all speed. Meanwhile the man at the wheel headed the whaler toward her quarry, and I made all haste to open a little camera which I had brought with me in the hope of getting some pictures. It was too early to hope for good results, as there was a little haze over the sea and the sun was not yet very strong, but I took a snapshot of the gunner as he stood, alert and watchful, on the platform.

For a few seconds the whaler ran at full speed toward the sulphur-bottom, and there seemed every prospect that she would get near enough for a shot. Just as she was slowed, within 150 feet of the whale, and while the gunner was taking aim, the huge leviathan became "gallied," or frightened, and sounded. We pursued him for fifteen minutes longer, during which time he came up twice, but could not get within striking

distance, and the gunner came back to the bridge and set a course to the westward, a sign that he had abandoned the chase.

Noticing the expression of disappointment on the engineer's face, the gunner laughed heartily. "Don't despair," he said, "we'll get a whale later. That fellow was 'gallied' and it would have been wasting time to follow him any longer. A 'gallied' sulphur is the hardest thing in the world to get near to. Not only is the sulphur the biggest whale of all, but he's the fastest and the most cunning.

"There's a large element of luck in this business," he continued, "more luck than good management. Sometimes we see only one whale in a day—and get it. Another day we chase twenty and don't get a shot at any; sometimes we get four or five in a few hours, and at other times we don't even see one from daylight to dark. I think we'll have luck today, however, so we'll fill up with breakfast ready for the fun."

We went down to the poky saloon, a triangular compartment right in the stern of the steamer, and sat down to a heavy meal of ham and eggs, fried almost to a cinder, with doughy bread and vile coffee. Whaling cooks are renowned for their inability to cook, and ours was no exception. Yet the engineer and I found the steaming food most acceptable after our long vigil on the bridge. All fears of seasickness had disappeared, and we were more interested in appeasing our own enormous appetites than those of the fishes.

Scarcely had we returned to the bridge after our repast than the cry of "Thare she bane!" again told us that a whale was in sight. Away on the port side a big sulphur-bottom was proceeding leisurely along, taking short dives and blowing three or four times each time he came to the surface. We went after him at once, and the gunner showed every sign of eagerness. "He's over eighty feet long," said that worthy, after inspecting the whale through his binoculars. "That's the kind of whale I like to take into the station." Thinking I might get a picture of the harpoon gun being fired, I took my camera and went forward with the gunner, but found that the spray which burst over the platform prevented me from taking up an advantageous position. Returning to the bridge, I climbed a big life-preserver box, and holding on by the ridge ropes, waited for the drama of the leviathan's capture. The whaler was running at full speed, and we were rapidly gaining on the whale, when the latter must have heard the beat of the propellers. He flung up his huge tail and sounded in a bath of foam. Immediately we headed in the direction he seemed to be taking. The gunner, standing at the gun, directed the control of the whaler by signals to the man at the wheel. Not a word was spoken by the crew, except when one of them caught sight of the whale's spout before the lookout man discovered it.

We would slow down at a spot where the gunner judged the whale would reappear, and after a wait lasting from five seconds to five minutes our intended victim would come up from three hundred yards to half a mile away from us. The way that whale dodged us was laughable. He led us for an hour in a wide circle, constantly changing his course under water, and never staying up more than half a minute. Finally, after we had been drifting about for nearly two minutes awaiting his twentieth reappearance, he turned beneath us and came up astern, rolling his great bulk in the trough of the sea and spouting continuously. The gunner took a good look at the sulphur as the whaler

was swinging around and suddenly grasped my arm.

"The son of a gun," he said, pointing to the wary whale, "he's got one of our harpoons in him already. You see that scar on his back? That's where I shot him two weeks ago. He carried away the line after we had played him for an hour." The gunner turned to the compass. "Nor'east by nor', half east," he said to the man at the wheel. Then, to us, "It isn't any use trying to get that fellow. Carrying around that harpoon as a reminder makes him pretty cautious."

As the afternoon wore on the gunner's enthusiasm began to wane. He constantly scanned the sea with his glasses between the spells of fog, and on several occasions swore softly. "The whales are out there," he finally announced, pointing to the westward, "but it is too foggy for us to go after them. I just saw the other steamer running in before the fog from North Island, and she hadn't got anything alongside. Looks as if neither of us will get a whale today."

Hardly had he spoken before half a dozen cries of "Thare she bane!" drew our attention to three whales spouting in the distance over the port quarter. "Starboard," said the gunner to the man at the wheel, "and ring down for more speed." The whaler turned and headed after the trio of whales, which were fully a mile away, and every man aboard began to exhibit his first sign of excitement. Four days in port that week had caused the crew, from gunner down to cook, to chafe and fret. As they are not paid wages, but "lay money," that is, so much to each man for each whale taken, they were anxious to take at least one whale back with them, and the three which had so suddenly revealed themselves to us seemed to offer the last opportunity for a shot that day.

Scarcely were we well away on our chase after the distant mammals when a light blanket of fog dropped on us. Almost simultaneously the lookout man sighted two whales, quite close to our starboard bow, which offered a still better opportunity than the ones we had first sighted. We swung after them immediately, and the gunner, before leaving the bridge, announced that they were finbacks. "We're almost sure to get one of 'em," he told us. "One is a cow whale and the other is her calf, although it's nearly as big as its mother."

In less time than it takes to tell, the swift whaler had lessened the distance between her and the whales so much that we could see almost every detail of their big bodies. They were rolling lazily over the waves, the calf playing about his mother in great glee. The gunner was at his place, holding the handle of the gun and bracing himself with widespread legs against the roll of the vessel. I saw his right arm shoot up and heard the clang of the engine-room bells as the signal to stop rang down. Then as he swung the gun and I poised my camera the cow became "gallied" and sounded. "Damn," said the pilot, who had come on the bridge unobserved, "the calf will dive, too."

But, contrary to our expectations, the calf did not sound. The sudden disappearance of his mother had alarmed him, and instead of following her below he took a very short dive and came up with his head pointed at the whaler's bows. I saw him turn his white belly upward as he swam along towards us only a few feet below the surface, and it showed through the water in a streak of light green. "Full astern," roared the gunner; "he's going to hit us." The bells clanged, the wheel spun hard over through the helmsman's fingers and the whaler began to quiver as she reduced

her way. It was an anxious moment for all on board. If the whale struck the steamer he would surely sink her. Her light plates would not stand the force of the collision. I caught a picture of the gunner and the crew peering anxiously over the bows at the approaching whale, and was just winding the film of my camera when a cry from the look-out told us that the calf had swerved across the bows and missed us by a few feet. He came up a little way off to port, blowing a feathery spray of vapor. Like a madman, the gunner sprang to his gun, and just as the swinging bows of the whaler struck the finback the roar of the heavy weapon drowned the shouts of the seamen.

I pressed the camera bulb as the shot was fired, while I clung to the ridge-ropes of the bridge and trusted to fortune for the result. Swinging on my precarious perch, amid the excitement that prevailed I had little opportunity for careful photography. Looking up from the view-finder, I saw the whale racing ahead of us at a terrific speed, the harpoon buried in his back and the two-inch line hissing out from the rope-pan like lightning. The bomb had gone clean through his body and had burst in the water beyond him, so that he was but little hurt and tremendously flurried. The cow had come up a cable's length ahead, and towards her the calf was running.

"Full ahead," waved the gunner, and we took up the chase. But long before we had gathered way the two hundred feet of line on the rope-pan was paid out, and it was necessary to slack the brakes of the winch and give the finback more line. Fully four hundred feet of line flew over the bows before we dared to "take a strain" on it.

Then, the whale run being over, we went slowly astern and the winch began to rumble. The cow whale was fussing about its offspring in an agony of parental alarm, her great flukes lashing the water as she vainly endeavored to get him below, and now that the first thrill of excitement had passed, the engineer and I began to view the sanguinary conflict with mingled feelings. Between the whaler and her quarry a wide streak of foam and blood showed where the poor calf had dashed away to his mother. We could not help feeling a little sorry for the wounded animal and its perturbed parent even at this stage of the capture, when much remained to be done.

"Haul in," sang the gunner. The winch gathered in the line and the finback began to move toward us, resisting the pull of the rope with all his great strength as he rolled and spouted in the trough of the waves. The gun was reloaded and a plain harpoon, having no barbs to prevent its withdrawal, was hastily fitted with another bomb. Having failed to kill the whale, the gunner intended to take a second shot at it. Foot by foot the calf neared us and the cow lagged further and further behind. Frequently cow whales will follow their young right up to the bow of the whaler and themselves fall victim to the gun, but as this calf was about full grown the cow did not display the same maternal solicitude as she would have done for an unweaned baby.

When the calf was within a hundred feet of us the whaler went slowly ahead, taking in the line as she moved, and a second shot was fired. Like the first, this was unsuccessful, the harpoon glancing harmlessly off the whale's back and the bomb bursting in the air. "Haul in, haul in, and bring the lance!" shouted the gunner, angrily. Inch by inch the struggling leviathan was drawn to the vessel, until it was under the bows,

when the gunner leaned over the gun platform and lanced it again and again with a long spear through the lungs—or the "life," as the whalemen term it.

The whale, now mortally wounded, rose and fell on the waves in his death agony, and from his blow-hole flung blood and small pieces of flesh in his last few dying spouts. The engineer and I were not sorry when his game struggle was ended and he rolled over, "fin up," and dead. The water about the bows was red with his blood and flecked with the foam which his struggling had churned up.

It was the work of only a few moments for the crew to cast a weighted bight of line about his head, to draw this line around his "small," as the junction of the tail and body is called, and to finally secure the carcass with a strong chain. Then the steamer moved slowly ahead until the big tail was on a level with the deck, and a seaman hacked at the tips of the flukes with a keen-edged spade. This removal of the tips is necessary to allow of the tail being well clewed up for towing, and as the portions cut away are not valuable, the operation does not lessen the value of the catch. While the gun was reloaded, on the off-chance that we might happen on still another whale, the steamer was headed at full speed for the station, which we reckoned to reach just after dark. Meanwhile the crew had brought out a wire-wrapped coil of rubber tubing and had attached one end to an air pump in the engine-room.

A spear-headed nozzle, with perforations in its sides, was screwed on the other end and then thrust into the whale's body. Rapidly, as the air inflated it, the carcass grew in size until it became a huge, shapeless bulk, which danced over the waves like a toy balloon. The nozzle was withdrawn, the hole it had made was filled with oakum, and the day's work was over. Frequently the whalers take several whales in a few hours, each whale being inflated and set adrift with a buoy to mark it while the whaler chases another. As the afternoon was already spent, however, and the fog was threatening us, we headed for the station, which we reached at nine o'clock. On the way back the engineer and I heard many stories of adventure concerning the west coast whalers. The gunner, having taken his first whale for several days, was in a most congenial frame of mind, and handing over the navigation of the whaler to the pilot, he sat aft with us and swapped stories of adventure ashore and afloat. We ate supper by the light of an oil lamp, the whaler not carrying a dynamo, and whiled away the four hours which were required to make the station and fasten the whale to the slip. Then, worn out with our eighteen hours of hunting, my companion and I thanked our host and slipped away to our bunks, where, despite the pandemonium of working cargo, we slept soundly. In the morning we again rose early to watch the transformation of our whale into oil and fertilizer.

BULLETIN OF THE PAN-PACIFIC UNION

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HONOLULU
Published by the Union
1921.

The Pan-Pacific Union

Central Offices, Honolulu, Hawaii, at the Ocean's Crossroads.
PRESIDENT, HON. C. J. McCARTHY, Governor of Hawaii.
ALEXANDER HUME FORD, Honolulu, Secretary-Director.

The Pan-Pacific Union, representing the lands about the greatest of oceans, is supported by appropriations from Pacific governments. It works chiefly through the calling of conferences, for the greater advancement of, and cooperation among, all the races and peoples of the Pacific.

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Yeh Kung Cho ..... Minister of Communications, China
Frances Burton Harrison ..... The Governor-General of the Philippines
The Premiers of Australian States and of British Columbia.
The Governor-General of Java.
The Governor of Alaska.

The Pan-Pacific Union is incorporated with an International Board of Trustees, representing every race and nation of the Pacific.

The trustees may be added to or replaced by appointed representatives of the different countries cooperating in the Pan-Pacific Union. The following are the main objects set forth in the charter of the Pan-Pacific Union:

1. To call in conference delegates from all Pacific peoples for the purpose of discussing and furthering the interests common to Pacific nations.

2. To maintain in Hawaii and other Pacific lands bureaus of information and education concerning matters of interest to the people of the Pacific, and to disseminate to the world information of every kind of progress and opportunity in Pacific lands, and to promote the comfort and interests of all visitors.

3. To aid and assist those in all Pacific communities to better understand each other, and to work together for the furtherance of the best interests of the land of their adoption, and, through them, to spread abroad about the Pacific the friendly spirit of interracial cooperation.

4. To assist and to aid the different races in lands of the Pacific to cooperate in local affairs, to raise produce, and to create home manufactured goods.

5. To own real estate, erect buildings needed for housing exhibits; provided and maintained by the respective local committees.

6. To maintain a Pan-Pacific Commercial Museum, and Art Gallery.

7. To create dioramas, gather exhibits, books and other Pan-Pacific material of educational or instructive value.

8. To promote and conduct a Pan-Pacific Exposition of the handicrafts of the Pacific peoples, of their works of art, and scenic dioramas of the most beautiful bits of Pacific lands, or illustrating great Pacific industries.

9. To establish and maintain a permanent college and "clearing house" of information (printed and otherwise) concerning the lands, commerce, peoples, and trade opportunities in countries of the Pacific, creating libraries of commercial knowledge, and training men in this commercial knowledge of Pacific lands.

10. To secure the cooperation and support of Federal and State governments, chambers of commerce, city governments, and of individuals.

11. To enlist for this work of publicity in behalf of Alaska, the Territory of Hawaii, and the Philippines, Federal aid and financial support, as well as similar cooperation and support from all Pacific governments.

12. To bring all nations and peoples about the Pacific Ocean into closer friendly and commercial contact and relationship.

Pan-Pacific News

Pan Pacific Conferences.

SEVERAL of the Pan-Pacific conferences are well under way and will be held in Honolulu, at the Ocean's Crossroads, during 1921-1922. The first of these is the Pan-Pacific Educational Conference, August 11 to 21. The next is the Pan-Pacific Press Conference, a part of the Press Congress of the World, to be held in Honolulu October 4 to 14, and probably a Pan-Pacific financial conference in November, immediately following the visit of about two hundred Pacific Coast bankers to Honolulu. In 1922 the Pan-Pacific Commercial Conference will be held, with ex-Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane as Chairman, and called in all probability by Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, who has given assurance of his support to the work of the Pan-Pacific Union.

A Pan-Pacific Branch in Korea.

The Korean branch of the Pan-Pacific Association of Japan is now organized. Its Secretary, Mr. S. Niwa, writes as follows to the Pan-Pacific Union:

"I am very glad to tell you that we formally organized a branch of the Tokio Pan-Pacific Association here in Seoul. The sixteen councillors of the International Friendly Association became charter members of the society. At present Mr. T. Minobe, President of the Bank of Chosen, is the President. Messrs. T. Hoshino and J. Imamura and myself are secretaries of the society, I being the General Secretary. Hereafter I shall write to you about the further progress of the movement."

The International Friendly Association entertained the Congressional party on its visit to Seoul and asked permission then to organize a branch of the Pan-Pacific Union.

New Zealand Wants Next Scientific Conference.

Both Australia and New Zealand are desirous that the Second Pan-Pacific Scientific Conference be held in Wellington, New Zealand, early in 1923, and welcome the idea of an honorary chairman from Japan. The Pan-Pacific Union will give every cooperation if, as is expected, the Government of New Zealand issues the invitations to the Second Pan-Pacific Scientific Conference and desires it to be held at Wellington. Honolulu, at the Ocean's Crossroads, is always ready and willing to welcome conferences of scientists or other leaders in Pacific thought, and will always cooperate with other countries of the Pacific in any Pan-Pacific Conference that they may officially call.

Members of the Pan-Pacific Scientific Council in Honolulu have suggested a series of popular illustrated scientific talks to interest people of all races at the Ocean's Crossroads in the scientific problems of the Pacific, and with the Pan-Pacific Visual Education Council and the Pan-Pacific Publicity Council steps are now being taken to arrange for this series of talks by scientists, and these lectures will be taken down in shorthand and distributed throughout the Pacific.

The Scientific Hold-Over Committee

The hold-over committee of the First Pan Pacific Scientific Conference is composed of Dr. Herbert E. Gregory, Dr. E. C. Andrews, Dr. C. M. Frazier, Dr. F. Omori, Dr. C. F. Chilton, and Dr. T. W. Vaughan. These gentlemen have been requested individually to serve on the Pan Pacific Scientific Council. It is probable that the next Pan Pacific Scientific Conference will be held in New Zealand with the hearty cooperation of the Pan Pacific Union.

COPY OF INVITATION SENT TO LEADING EDUCATIONAL MEN OF THE PACIFI

PAN-PACIFIC UNION

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WILLIAM M. HUGHES,
PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA

W. F MASSEY,
PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND

HSU-SHIH-CHANG,
PRESIDENT OF CHINA

TAKASHI HARA,
PRIME MINISTER OF JAPAN

ARTHUR MEIGHEN
PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

OFFICIAL INVITATION

TO THE PAN-PACIFIC

EDUCATIONAL

CONFERENCE

HONOLULU, AUGUST 11 TO 21, 1921

Following the invitation of the Secretary of State of the United States to the Governments of the Pacific lands to participate in the First Pan-Pacific Educational Conference.

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT

FRANKLIN K. LANE,
EX-SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, U

DR. L. S. ROWE,
DIRECTOR-GENERAL PAN-AMERICAN

YEH KUNG CHO,
MINISTER OF COMMUNICATION, CHI

PRINCE J. K. KALANIANAOLE,
DELEGATE TO CONGRESS FROM HA

FRANCIS BURTON HARRISON,
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPI

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF JAVA.

THE PREMIERS OF AUSTRALIAN STA

THE PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMB

THE GOVERNOR OF ALASKA

THE PRESIDENT AND TRUSTEES
OF THE
PAN-PACIFIC UNION

HEREBY EXTEND A CORDIAL INVITATION TO

.....

.....

TO ATTEND THE FIRST PAN-PACIFIC EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE AT HONOLULU, AUGUST ELEVENTH TO TWENTY-FIRST, NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE, AND TO PARTICIPATE IN ITS DELIBERATIONS.

Governor of Hawaii, President Pan-Pacific Union.

Secretary-Director, Pan-Pacific Union.

The First Pan-Pacific Educational Conference

Is Called to Meet in Honolulu, August 11 to 21, 1921

(From the Commercial Advertiser.)

FOR the first time in the history of Hawaii the United States Govment is officially inviting delegates to an international conference to be held in the city of Honolulu. The Nile today brought to the Pan-Pacific Union a copy of the letter sent out by the Department of State inviting the countries of the Pacific to participate in the Pan-Pacific Educational Conference, which will be held here next August. The letter from the State Department, Washington, February 19, follows:

"To the Diplomatic Officers of the United States accredited to Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Japan, China and Siam:

"Gentlemen: A Pan-Pacific Congress on Education will meet at Honolulu, Hawaii, from August 11 to August 21, 1921, under the auspices and patronage of the Pan-Pacific Union.

Scope of Program.

"A presentation of educational conditions in each country.

"A presentation and discussion of the possibilities and needs of education in the several countries, viewed from the standpoint of their civilization, their form of government, their productive activity and natural resources.

"A discussion of the forms of organization of schools and other educational agencies to meet these conditions and minister to these needs.

"A discussion of support of education, including sources and methods of taxation.

Asks Full Representation.

"It is the desire of the Union that each of the states and self-governing colonies bordering on the Pacific should be represented at the forthcoming Congress, either by delegates actually engaged in the elementary, secondary, higher, and professional and technical education of that country, or by those competent to speak of such work.

"At the request of the directors of the Union, the United States Commissioner of Education will undertake the direction of the Congress; and the Secretary of the Interior, under whose administration the Bureau of Education falls, has requested the Department of State, on behalf of the Union, to transmit an invitation to the governments of the states and self-governing colonies bordering on the Pacific to appoint delegates of the character mentioned to the Congress.

Will Ask for Experts.

"You are accordingly instructed to communicate, on behalf of the Pan-Pacific Union, to the governments to which you are respectively accredited, an invitation in the sense above indicated. You will add that while the Congress will not be under the auspices and patronage of the Government of the United States, this Government will be glad to learn that the Government to which you are accredited will regard the Congress of sufficient interest and importance to warrant its participation therein by expert delegates.

"Detailed information concerning the Congress will be later furnished by the United States Bureau of Education and by the Pan-Pacific Union.

"I am, gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"For the Secretary of State,

"ALVEY A. ADEE,

"Second Assistant Secretary."

Together with the copy of the invitation from the Department of State a letter was received from Dr. F. F.

Bunker, the right hand man to the Commissioner of Education at Washington, and it will be seen by this how closely the Government is cooperating with the work of the Pan-Pacific Union.

Dr. Bunker says:

"I cabled you Saturday to the effect that the invitations had been signed by the Secretary of State and had gone forward, also that I would send you a copy of the same.

"The copy I am enclosing. You will observe from its heading that the invitation has been extended to Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Japan, China and Siam, through the diplomatic officers of the United States accredited to these several countries. In the case of Canada, the invitation has been extended through the British Embassy here in Washington. In the case of British Asiatic colonies, the invitation has gone forward through the British Colonial Office in London. In the case of Cochin China, it was extended through the French Government. Inasmuch as Mexico and Siberia are not officially recognized by the United States, no communication has been sent to either. We shall have to reach Mexico unofficially, and I presume by writing to the Minister of Education, Mexico City, Mexico. Inasmuch as the Philippine Islands are a part of the United States, administered by the War Department, no invitation was extended by the Secretary of State. However, the Bureau of Education will take the matter up with the War Department, and I suggest that you get in touch with the head of the Educational Department in the Philippine Islands relative to this matter also. In the case of the Dutch East Indies the invitation went forward through the Netherlands Government. I believe this checks up the list of countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean, which list I sent you on a previous occasion.

"You will note in the last paragraph of the invitation as formulated by the Secretary of State that further details concerning the Congress are to be supplied by the Bureau of Education and also by the Pan-Pacific Union. In line with this, and also in line with a former cable to you, I suggest that you forward as early as possible any statements concerning the Congress which your committee thinks desirable. The Bureau of Education will do the same.

"The Bureau of Education will also prepare a letter to the local representatives here in Washington of these countries, notifying them of the action of the Secretary of State in calling this Congress and requesting these representatives to do whatever it is possible for them to do to enlist the active interest and cooperation of their respective governments. This communication to be sent by the Bureau of Education will be transmitted to the local representatives through the Department of State.

"The Commissioner of Education is now in the field, but will return shortly, whereupon I shall take up with him the matter of the selecting of delegates from this country to officially represent the United States at the forthcoming Congress. We shall seek to send persons of outstanding national reputation in education. There are a number of other details concerning the Congress which I shall take up with Commissioner for decision, whereupon I will write you at length."

This means that the local committee here will at once begin active work of preparation. Already invitations have been sent out to the universities and boards of education in Australasia, the Orient and Latin America, and as soon as the names of those that the United States Bureau of Education wishes invited reach Honolulu invitations will be sent from here by the Pan-Pacific Union, backing up the invitations sent by the Bureau of Education.

The Press Congress of the World

Honolulu, October 4 to 14, 1921

Editors and publishers in Hawaii, recognizing the signal honor paid Honolulu in selecting that city for the seat of the Congress sessions in 1921, are determined that everything that can be done will be done for the greatest accommodation and fullest enjoyment of the Press Congress delegates and visitors. This is the assurance given by Alexander Hume Ford, Secretary of the Pan-Pacific Union and editor of The Mid-Pacific, in a cablegram to President Williams. The cablegram advised the President regarding immediate preparations being made in anticipation of the Congress meeting in October.

Fifty editors met in Honolulu February 5, according to the cablegram. Preliminary arrangements were discussed at the meeting and action necessary at the present time to insure the success of the Congress was taken.

At the meeting of the local editors in Hawaii with the committee of three underwriting the expenses of the Press Congress of the World, L. A. Thurston, proprietor of the Commercial-Advertiser; W. R. Farrington, business manager of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin; Alexander Hume Ford, Secretary of the Pan-Pacific Union, W. R. Farrington was elected Chairman; L. A. Thurston, Vice Chairman; L. M. de V. Norton, Secretary; A. H. Ford, Chairman Publicity Committee: these, with the chairmen of the local committees, to form the executive committee.

The following is the list of local committees in Honolulu:

Publicity Committee.

A. H. Ford, Chairman; Geo. A. Cool, D. H. Case, A. P. Taylor, J. Gray, W. F. Sabin, K. C. Hopper, Y. Soga, Ed Towse, C. W. Ashford, H. C. Eller, Thornton Hardy, G. T. Armitage, H. H. Yost, G. K. Bassett, Geo. H. Mellen, Lionel Walden, D. Howard Hitchcock, Gordon Usborn.

Aloha Committee.

(To Welcome the Guests.)

Mrs. W. F. Frear, Chairman; Mrs. J. T. Warren, Mrs. H. P. Agee, Mrs. L. C. MacMillan, Mrs. E. Seymour, Miss Grace Warriner, Princess Kawananakoa, Mrs. F. M. Swanzy.

Reception Committee.

Gov. C. J. McCarthy, Chairman; Mayor J. H. Wilson, G. P. Wilder, R. C. Brown, J. M. Westgate, All Foreign Consuls, Y. Soga, Dai Yen Chan, Fong Inn, Tom Sedgwick, H. E. Stafford, Sam Trissel, G. F. Nellist, L. T. Peck.

Local Transportation Committee.

H. G. Dillingham, Chairman; C. P. Morse, J. Stickney, J. T. Warren, Mrs. J. F Dexter, C. C. von Hamm.

Trans-Pacific Transportation Committee.

C. A. Drew, Chairman; C. R. Frazier, H. E. Vernon, R. B. Booth, S. W. Good, Earle G. Hedemark, Henry M. Whitney.

Finance Committee.

W. F. Dillingham, Chairman; F. E. Blake, W. R. Farrington, Chuck Hoy, T. Ische, M. M. Johnson, Emil Berndt, W. H. McInerney, J. L. Cockburn, J. R. Galt, Treasurer.

Entertainment Committee.

L. A. Thurston, Chairman; T. A. Jaggar, Jr., L. de Vis-Norton, W. C. Aiken, J. M. Lydgate, Dr. Milton Rice, H. Rice, V. MacCaughey, L. H. Daingerfield, Dad Center, Stanley MacKenzie, G. P. Denison, J. Cohen, Walter Doyle, C. Doyle, J. F. Ness, Fred Waldron, C. C. Graves, F. J. Cody, G. H. Vicars.

Hotel Committee.

R. H. Trent, Chairman; A. Pedersen, E. Duisenberg, J. F. Child, P. Poirier, J. M. Wakefield.

Dr. Walter Williams, President of the Press Congress of the World, looks to the members of the Press in Pacific lands as the backbone of the Congress. He will join the Pan-Pacific Union and the Governor of Hawaii in a special invitation to the Press of the Pacific to send delegates who will take actual part in the Pan-Pacific Press Conference section of the Congress.

Dr. Williams says:

Any gathering of distinguished journalists from the four corners of the earth, such as will assemble at Honolulu October 4 to 14, may be looked to for the accomplishment of something worthy of their profession and of notable benefit to mankind. Meeting as they will, actuated by high purpose and influenced by lofty ideas, we may confidently expect the Press Congress of the World to count for much in the history of nations and of journalism.

Aside from the purely journalistic advances that must accompany the close association of the Press Congress members, another benefit of inevitable sequence should be noted.

Pacific Ocean countries for the most part are included in the New World, or as a consequence of peculiar circumstances have otherwise left undeveloped many of their natural or commercial resources. At the present time these resources in many cases are being rapidly developed. The situation thus created presents a need for world acquaintance with the new problems of the Pacific and the problems that are to be.

The Press Congress meetings in Honolulu, the "cross-roads of the Pacific," offer a splendid opportunity for journalists who are the eyes of the country to inquire first-hand into conditions in Hawaii and other Pacific Ocean lands.

A general outline for the Honolulu sessions has been agreed on, however, based on the plans worked out for the meetings which were to have been held at Sydney.

The program as it stands now consists of two general divisions. This is with reference to the joint sessions of all classes of journalists who attend the meeting and to the departmental conferences to be held, in all likelihood, every day. Under this arrangement the Congress will be divided a part of the time into groups according to the connection of each member with the profession of journalism. In the conferences will be discussed the problems applying to the group concerned. The rest of the time all the journalists will meet in a single body for addresses on, and discussions of, those great fundamental questions affecting every department of the profession.

Division of the Congress into conferences has been made so as to divide the journalists into the following designated groups: Newspaper press, sub-divided to meet the requirements of the editorial, commercial management, and advertising departments; provincial and rural press; periodicals and magazines; authors and writers; art as applied to the press; trade and technical press; journalistic education; mechanical workers and trade suppliers.

Separate programs are being arranged for each of these groups. Each will have a chairman, who will preside over its meetings. Speakers whose addresses will be of particular interest to the members of the group will appear before them. The plan is to give every delegate and visitor the utmost opportunity to help himself along the lines his own work requires.

Mr. John R. Morris, Columbia, Missouri, has been appointed by the Executive Committee of the Press Congress of the World as its Secretary. He may be addressed care of President Walter Williams, University of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE PAN-PACIFIC UNION

WHAT is the Pan-Pacific Union? It is an organization directed by men of every nation about the Pacific for the purpose of bringing the lands and peoples of the great ocean into close and more friendly relationship and understanding. This, in brief, tells the aims and objects of the Pan-Pacific Union.

What was the beginning of the Pan-Pacific Union?

The beginning of the Pan-Pacific Union was a gathering of delegates from different Pacific countries called to meet in Hawaii about a dozen years ago by the then Governor, Walter F. Frear. About this time the Bureau of American Republics was being organized into the Pan-American Union at Washington, D. C.

At the first Pan-Pacific conference in Honolulu the formation of a kindred organization for Pacific countries was discussed and approved. Immediately after the conference a Hands-Around-the-Pacific Club was organized in Honolulu. On the return of the Australian delegate, Percy Hunter, to Sydney, a Hands-Around-the-Pacific Club was organized there. Later both the Australian and New Zealand governments officially got behind a movement to organize Hands-Around-the-Pacific Clubs affiliated with the central organization in Honolulu.

Then began the period of gestation of the Pan-Pacific Union. Bearing official credentials from the governor of Hawaii, Alexander Hume Ford made a circuit of the Pacific, founding branches of the work in Australasia and the Orient, including the Philippines.

As the years passed not only the premiers of Australia and New Zealand, but also the heads of other Pacific governments began to take an interest in the work of the Pan-Pacific Union. Franklin K. Lane was sent by President Wilson to visit Hawaii in 1917, when the Pan-Pacific Union was formally organized and received its charter from the Territory of Hawaii as an international organization. On the day that Governor McCarthy was inaugurated as the Chief Executive of Hawaii, he became the first President of the real Pan-Pacific Union, with Franklin K. Lane as Vice-President and Woodrow Wilson elected as honorary President. Several thousand men and women of all Pacific races took part in the inaugural and presented Mr. Lane with flags of every Pacific country to be taken to the President of the United States, with the request that he serve as the first honorary President of the Pan-Pacific Union. Secretary of the Interior Lane presented these flags to Mr. Wilson at a cabinet meeting, and Mr. Wilson accepted the honorary presidency of the Pan-Pacific Union, remaining its staunch friend and supporter. It was the motion film of this wonderful Pan-Pacific inaugural ceremony in Hawaii that was the first bit of entertainment Mr. Wilson asked for in his sick chamber.

Other heads of Pacific governments not only accepted honorary presidencies of the Pan-Pacific Union, but gave pledges of their own cooperation and that of their countries. When the Legislature of Hawaii appropriated $10,000 for the calling of the Pan-Pacific Commercial and Educational Congress, of which the Pan-Pacific Scientific Conference was a section, a rider was attached that the money would be available only when three other Pacific countries had made appropriations. The premiers of Australia and New Zealand immediately cabled that their governments were making appropriations to the Pan-Pacific Union, and in Washington Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Stephen G. Porter of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, pledged that the United States would also make her appropriation, which she did for the amount asked, $9000.

Later on, when the President of China accepted the honorary presidency in the Pan-Pacific Union, he sent his check for $1000 as an evidence of China's intention to cooperate. One after another the succeeding Prime Ministers of Canada have accepted office with the Pan-Pacific Union and have given their moral support. Prime Minister Hara of Japan has recently accepted honorary presidency for his country, and in Tokio the Pan-Pacific Association numbers hundreds of members, including nearly all of the members of the House of Peers and of the Diet, Prince I. Tokugawa, the second man in the empire, being President of the Association in Japan.

In China the movement has grown with startling rapidity. The Shanghai Pan-Pacific Association has thousands of members and has launched a good roads campaign that is sweeping over China.

In Washington, D. C., the Pan-American Union has acted as the big brother to the Pan-Pacific Union, giving it office room in the magnificent marble palace built by Carnegie as its home, and aiding the Pan-Pacific Union in securing appropriations, the two organizations coming side by side in the consular appropriations bills. John Barrett, for a decade Director General of the Pan-American Union, was an honorary vice president of the Pan-Pacific Union and a loyal worker for its cause. He has been succeeded by Dr. L. S. Rowe, who is an equal enthusiast for the Pan-Pacific Union. The Pan-American Union is doing everything in its power to have the Pacific coast Latin-American states send delegates to the Pan-Pacific Educational Conference in August.

Several times lately on the floor of the House and in the Senate words have been spoken commendatory of the splendid vision and faith of the men who are the Trustees of the Pan-Pacific Union. These men, while residents in Honolulu, represent all races of the Pacific, for the consuls of the different Pacific countries are members of the directorate, representing their countries on the Board of Trustees. The President of the Pan-Pacific Union is Hon. C. J. McCarthy, Governor of Hawaii. The Vice Presidents are Hon. Walter F. Frear, ex-Governor of Hawaii; the Hon. W. R. Castle, Frank C. Atherton and Chung K. Ai, the leader among the Chinese in Hawaii. Frank E. Blake, manager of the Hawaiian Electric Co., is Treasurer, and Alexander Hume Ford, editor of the Mid-Pacific Magazine, is the Secretary Director. The Mayor of Honolulu, J. H. Wilson, is one of the Trustees, as is George P. Denison, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Vaughan MacCaughey, Superintendent of Public Instruction; Dr. A. F. Jackson, K. Yamamoto, G. N. Wilcox, John Guild, Dr. Iga Mori, Richard A. Cooke, J. M. Young, John C. Lane, F. F. Baldwin, D. H. Hitchcock, Dr. W. T. Brigham, F. J. Lowrey, R. H. Trent, C. Yada, Consul General from Japan, and the Consuls in Hawaii from all Pacific lands.

Honolulu having been selected by the delegates from the Pacific countries on account of its central position as the headquarters of the Pan-Pacific Union, these men serve, wits the approval of the premiers of the different Pacific countries, the cause to which they have pledged themselves. Every year the Pan-Pacific Union approaches nearer to its position as the official body of the governments of the Pacific, but it is the desire of the premiers and presidents of Pacific lands that the conferences be called semi-officially at first and gradually pave the way for the governments of the Pacific to officially take over the Pan-Pacific Union, not perhaps just as the Pan-American Union has been taken over by the Republics of North and South America; for in the Pan-Pacific Union America dominates. In the Pan-Pacific Union all countries are equal, in honor prefer-

ring one another and uniting only in those efforts which all can agree are for the benefit and advancement of the whole Pacific.

It would take a volume to tell of the work of the Pan-Pacific Union and its various committees and conferences it has held or is calling. Perhaps the following excerpt from its charter will best set forth the aims and objects of the Union:

1. To call in conference delegates from all Pacific peoples for the purpose of discussing and furthering the interests common to Pacific nations.

2. To maintain in Hawaii and other Pacific lands bureaus of information and education concerning matters of interest to the people of the Pacific, and to disseminate to the world information of every kind of progress and opportunity in Pacific lands, and to promote the comfort and interests of all visitors.

3. To aid and assist those in all Pacific communities to better understand each other, and to work together for the furtherance of the best interests of the land of their adoption, and, through them, to spread abroad about the Pacific the friendly spirit of interracial cooperation.

4. To assist and to aid all the different races in lands of the Pacific to cooperate in local affairs, to raise produce, and to create home manufactured goods.

5. To own real estate, erect buildings needed for housing exhibits; provided and maintained by the respective local committees.

6. To maintain a Pan-Pacific Commercial museum and art gallery.

7. To create dioramas, gather exhibits, books and other Pan-Pacific material of educational or instructive value.

8. To promote and conduct a Pan-Pacific exposition of the handicrafts of the Pacific peoples, of their works of art, and scenic dioramas of the most beautiful bits of Pacific lands, or illustrating great Pacific industries.

9. To establish and maintain a permanent college and "clearing house" of information (printed and otherwise) concerning the lands, commerce, peoples and trade opportunities in countries of the Pacific, creating libraries of commercial knowledge, and training men in this commercial knowledge of Pacific lands.

10. To secure the cooperation and support of federal and state governments, chambers of commerce, city governments and of individuals.

11. To enlist for this work of publicity in behalf of Alaska, the Territory of Hawaii, and the Philippines, federal aid and financial support, as well as similar support from all Pacific governments.

In bringing all races and peoples of the Pacific together in harmony and cooperation, the Pan-Pacific Union is conducting a series of conferences of the leading men of Pacific nations in science, education, commerce, art, literature, medicine, law and welfare work. These leaders meet each other at the ocean's crossroads, learn to work together, and return to their homes with an acquaintance that extends entirely around the Pacific. They act as leaders, each in his native land, and at the next conference bring back assurances of increased desire for cooperation and coordination. Thus the nations begin to have common causes of interest to work out and the binding together progresses.

A Pan-Pacific University

(Editorial From Commercial Advertiser.)

IT is interesting to note that the leading educationalists of Japan, China, and the Philippines, as well as those of other Pacific countries, are certain that a high grade of intellectual youth who are not ashamed to labor with their hands might be recruited and sent to such a university as it is proposed to establish in Hawaii, and recently incorporated under the name Pan-Pacific University. Here such young men as are not afraid to work while they are gaining an education, would meet and mingle with other young intellectuals not too proud to labor.

The beneficial effect may be well understood of such groups of young men returning to their home countries to become foremen on railways, to direct men under them, or as foremen in road building, and even as foremen of men who are to be taught modern methods of agriculture—this, of course, at the beginning of their careers, until they have trained others to take their places while they advance.

It is proposed to experiment with this working university in the vicinity of labor camps on the sugar plantations. It is well to try out the experiment there. It might serve to induce the sons of laborers on the plantations to remain with the expectation that if other labor is introduced they will be moved up to higher and more responsible positions. While a Pan-Pacific University would not interest itself in labor nor in the labor situation, its needs and uses cannot be disputed. It would be a good thing for Hawaii, and a good thing for the whole Pacific.

The Filipinos and Japanese are constantly returning to their native lands. Their places might well be filled by men who visit us primarily to learn American methods and the psychology and methods of other Pacific peoples, returning in time to their own countries to carry with them the message of our civilization and what is best to be learned of the business methods of other Pacific peoples. Hawaii might be made to prove herself the civilizing and radiating force that will intellectually and successfully combat the wave of Bolshevism that has threatened to sweep over the Pacific world.

Not only would such a university for the working men receive the support of Pacific governments, but it should also—and probably would—attract the attention of the world's philanthropists.

Hawaii is a Territory of the United States, situated in the Pacific, and, in fact, is the real experimental station for the United States. The United States Government could well afford to permit a number of young men from every country of the Pacific, young men who are not ashamed of labor, and willing to work their way through an educational institution, to spend a few years in Hawaii gaining knowledge that will be useful to the lands of their origin, while at the same time they are trained to realize by practical experience the dignity and honor of labor.

The idea of a Pan-Pacific University is a good one, and it should receive local as well as Pan-Pacific support.

Pan-Pacific University Which Will Teach Dignity of Labor is Chartered

A CHARTER of incorporation was approved by Attorney-General Harry Irwin and Governor McCarthy and plans are well under way to establish a Pan-Pacific University in Hawaii at the ocean's crossroads. It will be a university, sets forth its charter, that will teach the dignity of labor. Far different in scope and purpose from any university now in operation, the Pan-Pacific institution, instead of asking students to come to its courses, will go to them.

According to its incorporators, the Pan-Pacific University will have its central executive office in Honolulu, and perhaps a course of study there, but the real work of the university will be in the plantation camps on all the islands, where buildings will be erected and evening courses conducted. First the sons of laborers will be induced to remain on the plantations and secure there several years of education. The first year, perhaps, only English will be taught—real English. The motion film and the phonograph will both be brought into play to familiarize the students with the vocal and written English language.

For the first two years it is expected that the teachers in the Pan-Pacific University may be secured for Oahu island at least from among the higher students in the University of Hawaii. In fact, the Pan-Pacific University will work for scholarships for Chinese and Japanese boys in the University of Hawaii, and an opportunity will be given to assist in the evening classes of the Pan-Pacific University.

The Pan-Pacific will be a laboring man's university and will be an experiment that can best be tried out in Hawaii.

More than a year ago in Washington, D. C., the project was broached at some of the Pan-Pacific lunches in that city. Such men as Dr. Paul Reinsch, former Minister to China; Franklin Adams, counsel for the Pan-American Union; members of Congress as well as some of America's leading educators, were present at these meetings and the idea grew and assumed shape.

The real birth of the Pan-Pacific University idea, however, was at a luncheon given by Dr. Wu Ting Fang in Shanghai to discuss this subject. His guests were Tong Shao Yi, former Premier of China and President of the Shanghai Pan-Pacific Association; Dr. Sun Yat Sen, first President of China; Senator William Harris, and Hon. Stephen G. Porter, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, and A. H. Ford, Secretary of the Pan-Pacific Union.

The project was approved. It served to bring Dr. Sun Yat Sen and Hon. Hsu Shih Chang, the present President of China, together on a committee to put the project through. Later, in Peking, the project was again approved by a gathering of several Pacific races there, and in Japan the highest officials promised their support on the ground that while such a university would probably have more students of Chinese than of any other nationality, they would return, not as officeseekers, but as actual workers and teachers of manual labor and advanced agriculture. They reasoned that this would greatly advance China's standard of learning and Japan would benefit by the enlightenment of China.

Details Being Worked Out.

Distinguished educators of China, Japan and America are now at work on

the details of the establishment of the courses for the university and studying the possible timber for the faculty of this new experiment. College men who have been actual laborers and have worked their way through college will be the ones most likely to be selected to form the faculty.

Vocational training will figure largely in the university work. Instruction in sanitation, road building, and railroad methods will form the most important part of the work. All of these can be taught in Hawaii, and especially on the plantations, to the benefit of the entire islands as well as to the benefit of the countries from which the students come and to which they return.

Committees are already at work in some of the Pacific countries, while others are being appointed and cooperating with the Pan-Pacific University to assist in making its efforts successful.

A PAN PACIFIC UNIVERSITY.

(Honolulu Star-Bulletin)

Those men of Hawaii who are promoting and undertaking to incorporate a Pan-American University, to be located here, might appear at first glance to be taking a very revolutionary step in a new direction.

There is no reason, however, why such an experiment should not prove successful. The idea seems to have the approval of some of the leading educators of America as well as those of the Orient. It is but natural that the crossroads of the Pacific should be selected for the carrying out of the initial experiment in establishing such a university.

The suggestion that there be established in Honolulu a great international university, for the promotion of education, and, incidentally, racial amity in Pacific lands, has repeatedly been made by The Star-Bulletin. Honolulu is so located that it can hardly escape becoming the cultural, as it is the geographical, center of the Pacific. The marked success of the Pan-Pacific Scientific Congress, held here a few months ago, demonstrated conclusively what can be accomplished along this line.

These islands have become recognized as a Pan-Pacific interracial experiment station.

The idea of taking ambitious young men and educating them first to the dignity of daily manual labor, and this hand in hand with the dignity of higher education, is a startling one. It is understood, however, that there are well educated young men in every province of China, and even in Japan and other Pacific countries who would eagerly grasp at such an opportunity to gain a modern higher education.

The experiment of a Pan-Pacific University is one well worth trying and should have the cooperation of Hawaii, as it will have the watchful attention of several of the countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean.

The Pan-Pacific Scientific Council

NEW ZEALAND will ask for the Second Pan Pacific Scientific Conference. In Honolulu the scientists are suggesting how they may help the work of the Pan Pacific Union, and how the Union may help science in its investigations in the Pacific. A series of lectures by local scientists is being prepared, and it is hoped that this may be done in other Pacific lands.

Some of the problems that may come up before the scientists for discussion are interesting even to the layman.

For instance, the population problem in Pacific lands might well come up for study and suggestions for its solution. America does not at present seemingly desire further Oriental immigration, yet may be driven to import millions of temporary Oriental laborers. Japan does not wish Chinese immigrants in large numbers. China discourages immigration from Korea. Australia picks her own immigrants. All seem fearful of being overpopulated, yet Java in a century has increased her population from six millions to over thirty millions and is still short of field labor.

The scientists from Java may point out to Japan, perhaps, how the area of her tillable land may be added to, the American scientists how her cultivated lands may be made more productive. Chinese scientists might even approve birth control for some lands; others would decry it for any, pointing out how sparcely populated areas in Pacific lands may be made to support teeming throngs of workers. An Australian scientist may perhaps point out some method of raising the standard of living in China so that her half billion population would well keep the population of her nearest neighbor, Japan, busy for a century to come, even with a doubled population, at work in factories and machine shops to supply a new China's increasing needs. Who knows? For the scientists are already pointing out a way by which we may make the Pacific provide the world with canned fish, enough, they say, to feed every one and even leave a surplus. They even suggest that they may yet be able to tell us how we can raise the cattle supply needed by the world. Perhaps they will demonstrate to us that the point of over-population has not yet been arrived at by any Pacific country. At least, let us ask their opinions on this subject.

Around the Pacific lives half the population of the globe; here the oldest and the newest civilizations meet; we are now and ever will be from now on the theater of the world's commerce. Let us know each other around our ocean.

The Association may well promote in Japan the plan of the Pan-Pacific Union to send around the ocean a dozen of the foremost legislators from each Pacific country who speak English fluently, that they may be intelligently in each other's company as they visit each other's lands and peoples. The Pan Pacific Union suggested to Congress that some of its members visit the Orient; they have done so; now let us all unite and pick out the great leaders from each Pacific land who speak English to send them as our representatives to travel together and seek those things we can meet on common ground and promote for the advancement of the Pacific ideals and achievements; let us set ourselves to do this thing and begin the creation of a real patriotism of the Pacific in which we can all take part. That is what the Pan-Pacific Union stands for.

THE WORLD PRESS CONGRESS

By LORRIN A. THURSTON.

THE "World Press Congress," an international organization consisting of leading journalists of 40 nations, will hold a convention lasting two weeks at Honolulu next October.

Mauna Loa is two and a half miles high and it stands in an ocean four miles deep. If it could be lifted to its height above the sea and then dropped back into place again, it would make a splash that would send out a wave that would swamp San Francisco, inundate the streets of Yokohama and "throw a scare" into Sydney.

The World Congress Convention in Honolulu will "make a splash" that will double discount the hypothetical Mauna Loa performance, for the wave of destruction resulting from the latter would end with the boundaries of the Pacific, but the wave of enlightenment radiating from the former will roll around the world, penetrating the remotest village of the most distant country.

The scope of influence of this convention will be limited only by the boundaries of the world, and by October next wireless telegraphy with a radium spark may break the news to Mars, Venus and Jupiter that Hawaii is not only the geographic, but the scientific, educational and intellectual convention center of the world—the radiating point from whence vibrates outward "peace on earth, good will toward men!"

Just think of it! The mere meeting together of the representatives of 40 nations is almost an unprecedented event!

The international conference which partitioned Europe and exiled Napoleon a hundred years ago was composed of delegates from only the nations of Europe, with the exception of Turkey, and the Versailles meeting, which settled the Great War, represented by 28 nations, and here we are to have the pick of the journalists of the five continents and the seven seas—500 of them, more or less—as our guests for two weeks or more!

As a result of this convention we will have 500 living encyclopedias of Hawaiian lore—500 walking delegates sounding the praises of our climate, our sea-bathing, our scenery, precipices, waterfalls and volcanoes, our fern forests, our flowering shrubs and trees, our schools and roads, our get-together spirit and our hospitality, and lastly, our spirit of interracial cooperation and good will.

Talk about publicity! Why for the rest of their lives every one of these journalistic delegates will be reminiscing by pen and tongue about "what I saw in Hawaii!"

Every time he hears music his memory will conjure up strains of the melodies he heard in Honolulu—and it is up to us to let him hear our best, with the jazz cut out!

Every time he sees a mountain or a precipice he will be subconsciously comparing it with the Pali, the precipices of windward Molokai, the great Iao gorge and Haleakala on Maui and the bluffs and waterfalls of Waipio and Hilo.

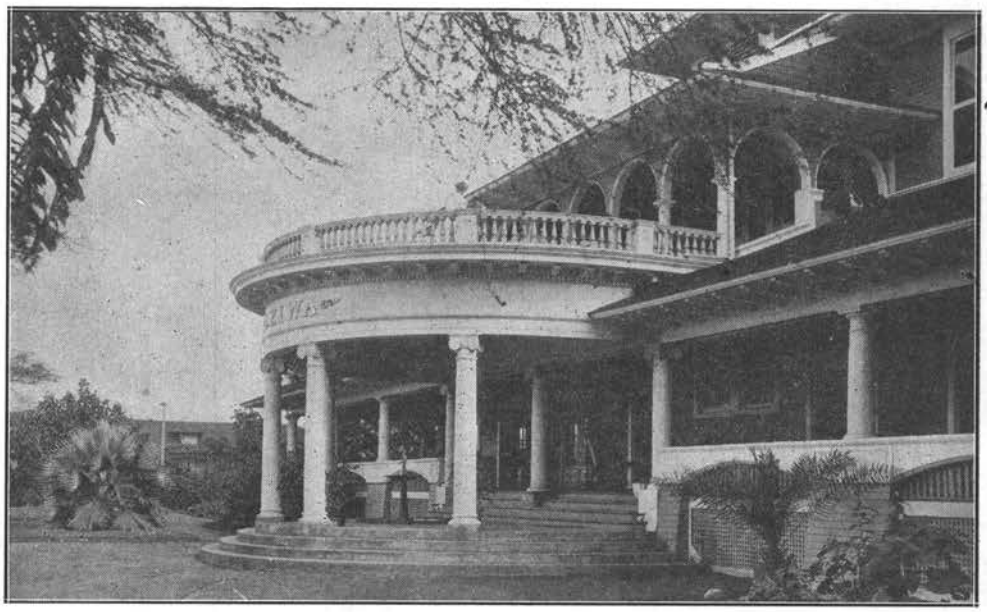
Every time he sees the surf he will again feel himself tobogganing down the face of a breaker at Waikiki, while the very name "volcano" will bring back the smell of sulphur and the thrill of Kilauea.

The experiences of the few weeks which the delegates spend with us will fill a reservoir of memories which will flow out through newspapers and magazines for generations to come.

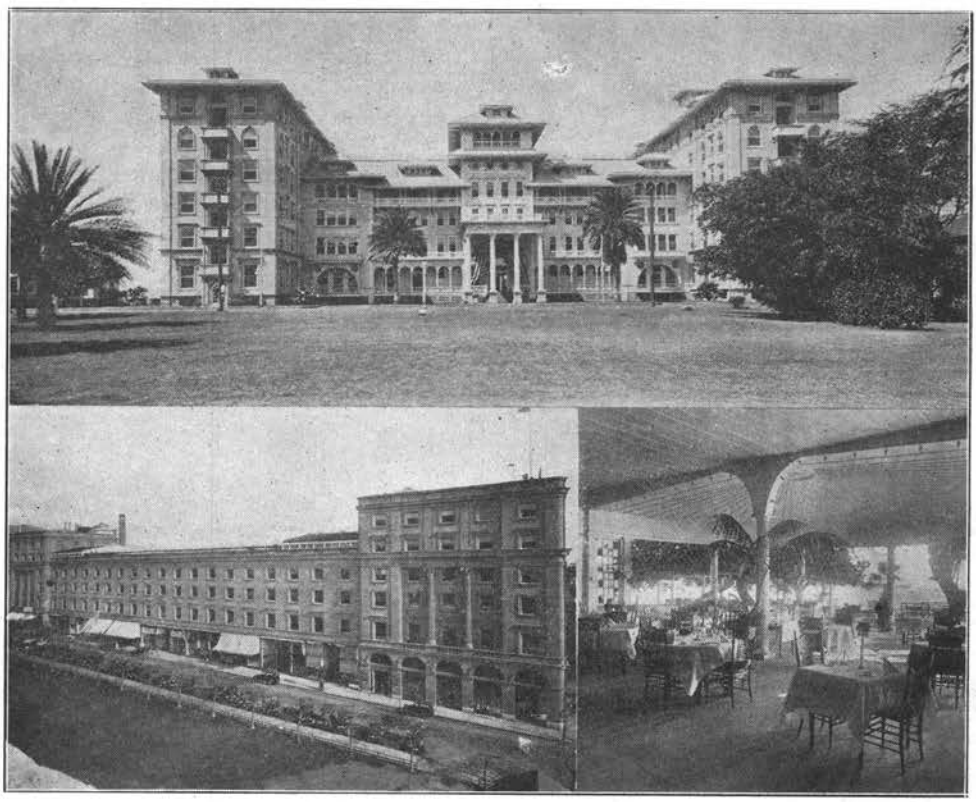
It is our task and will be our pleasure to make certain and sure that those memories are among the pleasantest that our guests have ever had.

We can do it, and we will do it! And we will all have a mighty good time while we are doing it!

Advertising Section

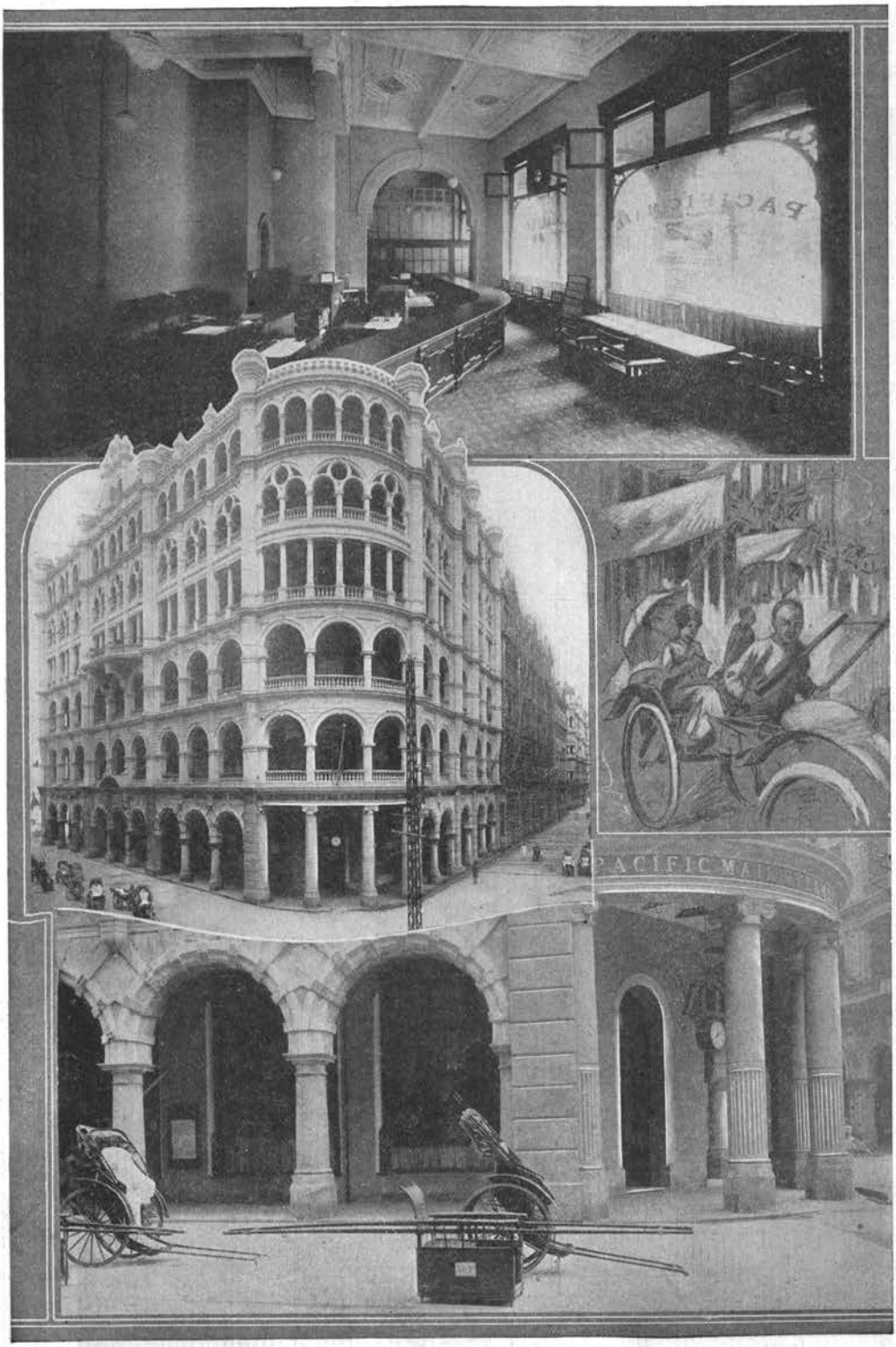


Haleiwa, "The House Beautiful," at Waialua, 30 miles by auto from Honolulu and on a line of the Oahu Railway. The most ideal hotel in Hawaii.



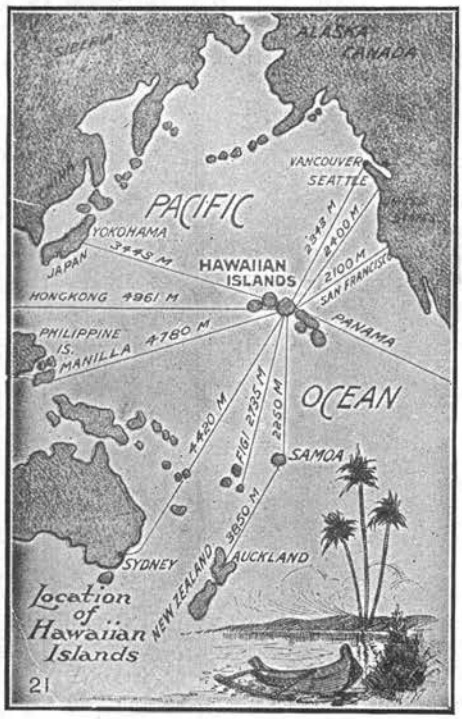
The Moana Hotel, Waikiki. The Alexander Young Hotel, Honolulu. The Seaside Hotel, Waikiki, under one management.

THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY



Consistent with its policy of super-service, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company provides shore facilities to tourists and shippers no less attractive than are found on its modernized steamers. When in Hongkong, accept the Company's welcome at its headquarters shown above.

The Island of Kauai



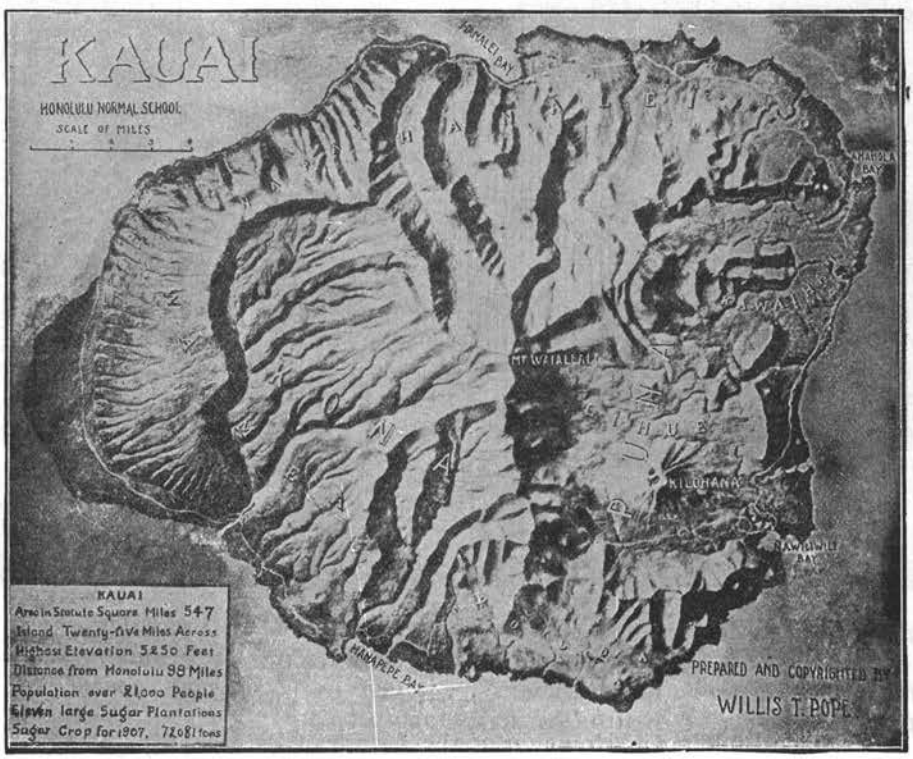
Maps by courtesy of Castle & Cooke, Ltd.

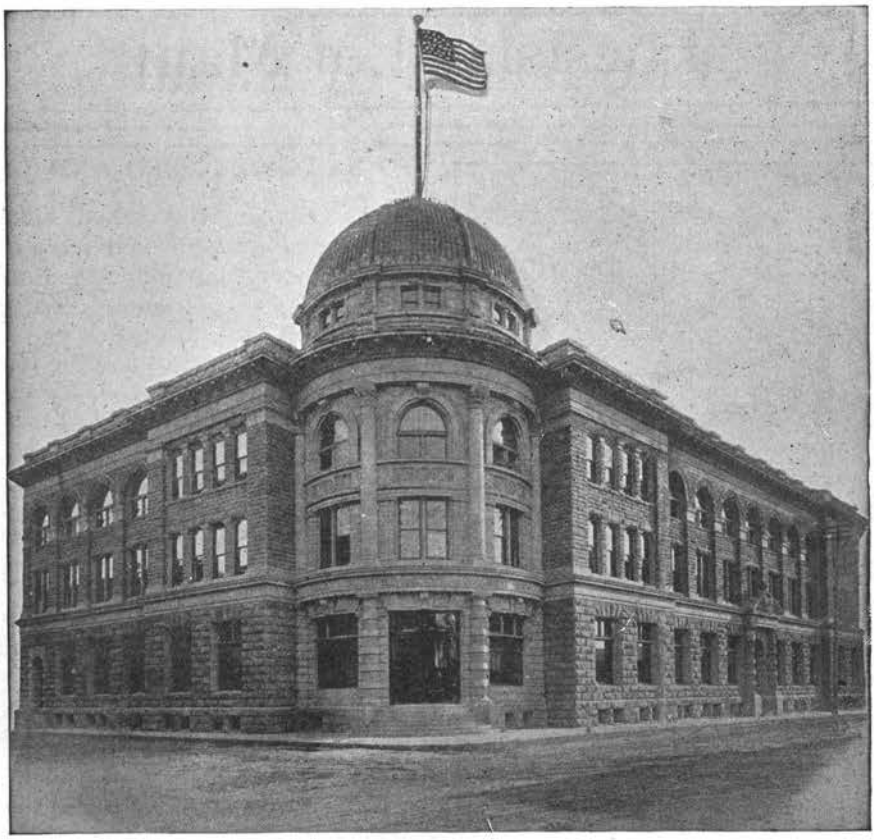
TO SAN FRANCISCO AND JAPAN.

The Matson Navigation Company, maintaining the premier ferry service between Honolulu and San Francisco, and the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, maintaining palatial ocean greyhound service between San Francisco and the Far East via Honolulu, have their Hawaiian agencies with Castle & Cooke, Ltd.

This, one of the oldest firms in Honolulu, occupies a spacious building at the corner of Fort and Merchants streets, Honolulu. The ground floor is used as local passenger and freight offices of the Matson Navigation Company. The adjoining offices are used by the firm for their business as sugar factors and insurance agents; Phone 1251.

Castle & Cooke, Ltd., act as agents for many of the plantations throughout Hawaii, and here may be secured much varied information. Here also the tourist may secure in the folder racks, booklets and pamphlets descriptive of almost every part of the great ocean.



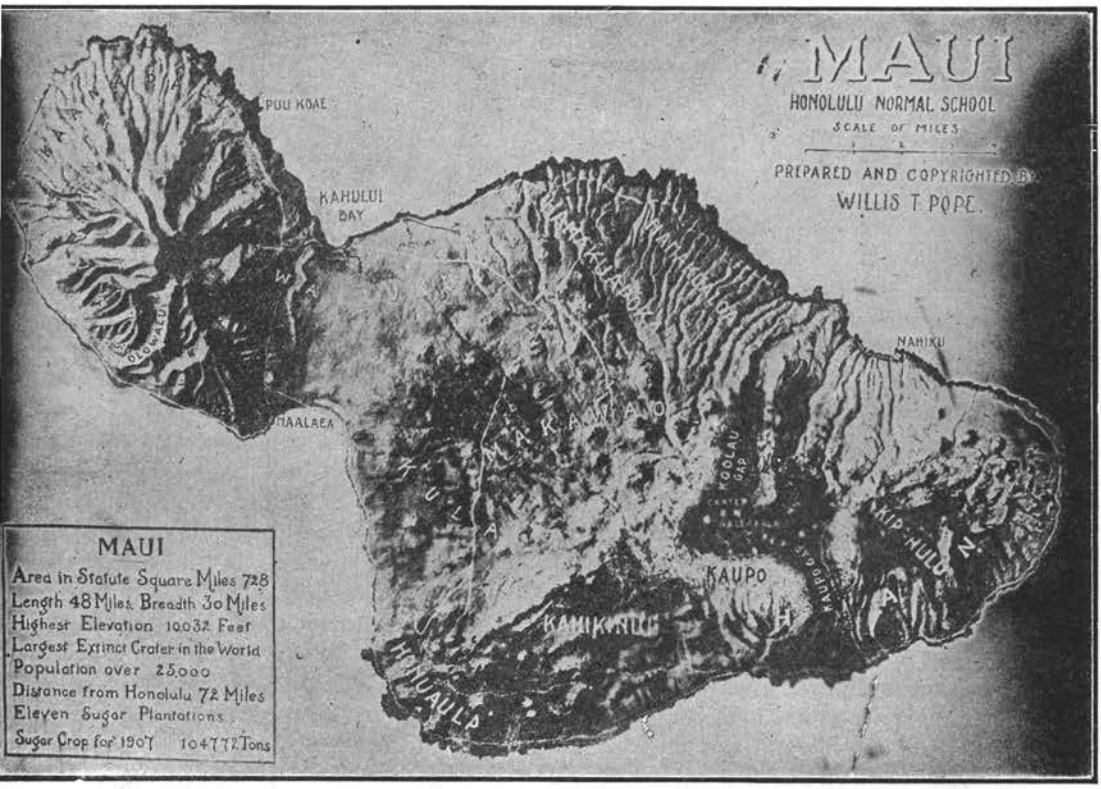


Exterior.

Interior.

The Home Building in Honolulu of the **American Factors, Ltd.,** Plantation Agents and Wholesale Merchants.

The Island of Maui



Map by courtesy of Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd.

The firm of **Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd.**, (known by everyone as "A. & B."), is looked upon as one of the most progressive American corporations in Hawaii.

Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd., are agents for the largest sugar plantation of the Hawaiian Islands and second largest in the world, namely, the Hawaiian Commercial & Sugar Company at Puunene, Maui. They are also agents for many other plantations and concerns of the Islands, among which are the Haiku Sugar Company, Paia Plantation, Maui Agricultural Company, Hawaiian Sugar Company, McBryde Sugar Company Ltd., Kahului Railroad Company, Kauai Railroad Company, Ltd., and Honolua Ranch.

This firm ships a larger proportion of the total sugar crop of the Hawaiian Islands than any other agency.

In addition to their extensive sugar plantations, they are also agents for the following well-known and strong insurance companies: Springfield Fire & Marine Ins. Co., American Central Insurance Co., The Home Insurance Co. of New York, The New Zealand Insurance Co., General A. F. & L. Assurance Corporation, Switzerland Marine Insurance Co., Ltd.

The officers of this large and progressive firm, all of whom are staunch supporters of the Pan-Pacific and other movements which are for the good of Hawaii, are as follows:

W. M. Alexander, President; H. A. Baldwin, First Vice-President; J. Waterhouse, Second Vice-President and Manager; W. O. Smith, Third Vice President; John Guild, Secretary; C. R. Hemenway, Treasurer; F. F. Baldwin, Director; C. H. Atherton, Director; W. R. Castle, Director.

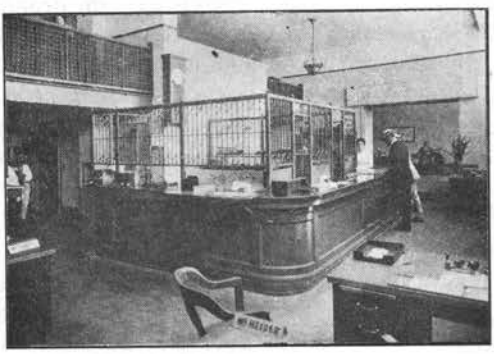
Besides the home office in the Stangenwald Building, Honolulu, Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd., maintain extensive offices in Seattle, in the Melhorn Building; in New York at 82 Wall Street, and in the Alaska Commercial Building, San Francisco.

The Trust Company in Hawaii

In Hawaii the functions of a Trust Company embrace a business of a very wide scope. **The Waterhouse Trust Company** has made a specialty of real estate and has developed some of the most prominent sections of Honolulu, many of which it still manages, so that the Tourist finds it of great assistance, when arriving in Honolulu, to get in touch with its real estate department, where he will receive expert, prompt and courteous advice and service.

Another prominent qualification of this company is its stock and bond department. It is not only particularly qualified to advise its clients as to local securities, but, by means of correspondents in the principal mainland cities is in close touch with foreign markets and world conditions.

It has been slower to arrive in Hawaii, perhaps, than elsewhere in the United States, but, it is a noticeable fact that the day of the individual as Executor and Trustee is fast waning, and thinking men, men of brains and ability, are naming Trust Companies in their wills to handle their estates. This is due to the perpetual character of a Trust Company, its experience in every line of business, and the practical assurance that the estate will not be wasted or dissipated. The Waterhouse Trust Company handles some of the largest estates in the Territory and it particularly qualifies for these duties.



LOCATED in Fort Street, 916-920, the principal business throughfare of Honolulu, the **Trent Trust Company, Ltd.**, has recently doubled its office space by taking over the adjoining premises. During its fourteen years of existence, it has won to a remarkably high place in the confidence of the community. Its success in handling estates has been especially notable. Its organization includes the trust department, stocks and bonds, investments, real estate, rentals, general insurance and safe deposit.

According to the latest report filed, the Trent Trust Co., Ltd., shows a capitalization of $100,000; undivided profits and surplus $253,300.72, and gross assets $953,004.10.

The Trent Trust Company, Ltd., uses the banyan tree as its symbol, with the inscription Serving—Protecting—Enduring.

Banking in Honolulu

The First National Bank of Hawaii at the corner of Fort and King streets, Honolulu. This bank is the depository in Hawaii of the United States Government.

The Bank of Bishop & Company, Ltd., popularly known as the "Bank of Superior Service", and the largest bank in the Islands, was organized in 1858 and until its incorporation in 1919, was known as The Banking House of Bishop & Co. It has a Paid up Capital of One Million Dollars and a Surplus Fund of $1,501,178.52.

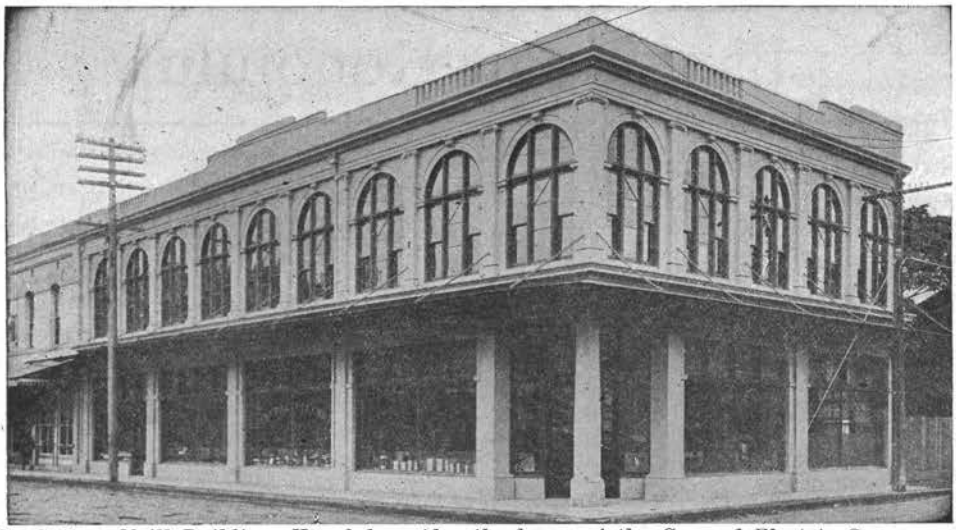
The operations of the Bank began with the encouragement of the whaling business, at that time one of the leading industries of the Islands, and has ever been a power for Commercial and Industrial Progress.

The institution has correspondents in all the principal cities of the world, and through its connections can handle any foreign or domestic business entrusted to it.

Visitors are expected to use the Bank Service in any way suited to their needs.

The **Yokohama Specie Bank, Limited,** a branch of the famous Japanese institution, with a subscribed capital of yen 100,000,000, or about $50,000,000, and a reserve fund of yen 50,000,000, occupies its magnificent building at the corner of Merchant and Bethel streets, opposite the postoffice and Bishop & Co. It is the most up-to-date fire-proof building in Hawaii, the interior being finished in bronze marble.

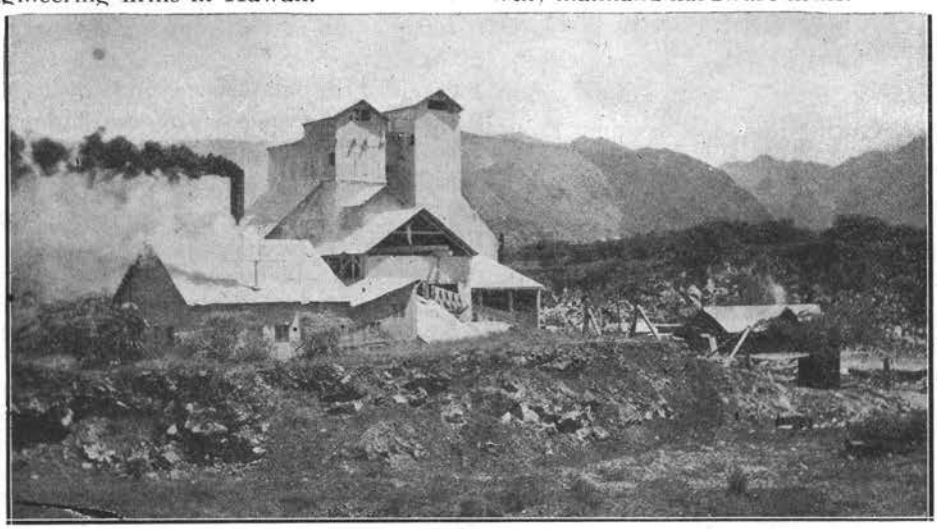
The Guardian Trust Company, Ltd., is the most recently incorporated Trust Company in Honolulu. Its stockholders are closely identified with the largest business interests in the Territory. Its directors and officers are men of ability, integrity and high standing in the community. The Company was incorporated in June of 1911 with a capital of $100,000 fully paid. Its rapid growth necessitated doubling this capital. On June 30, 1917, the capital of the Company was $200,000; surplus $10,000, and undivided profits $53,306.75. It conducts a trust company business in all its various lines with offices in the Stangenwald Building, Merchant Street, adjoining the Bank of Hawaii.



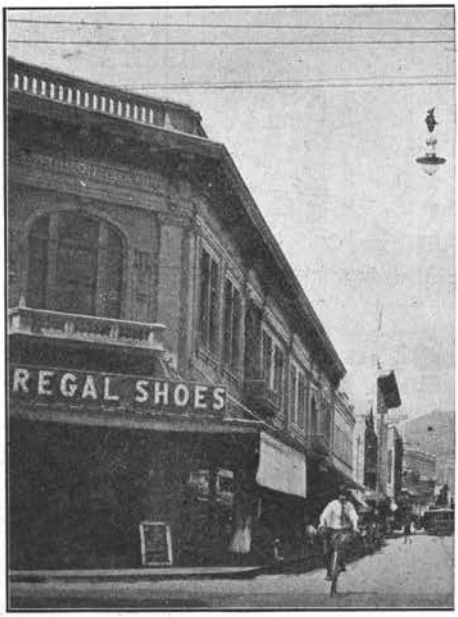
The Catton, Neill Building, Honolulu. Also the home of the General Electric Company in Hawaii.

Honolulu is known around the world for the manufacture of sugar mill machinery. Much of this is made by **Catton, Neill & Co., Ltd.,** Engineers, who build and erect sugar mill machinery. The works are on South street, Honolulu, while the offices and salesrooms are located in a new concrete building on Alakea and Queen streets, erected recently for this purpose. Here are seen the displays of the General Electric Co., of which Catton, Neill & Co., Ltd., are Hawaiian agents, as well as for the leading gas engines, water wheels, steam plows, pumps, condensers and tools manufactured in the United States. This is one of the oldest engineering firms in Hawaii.

Half a century is an age in the life of Honolulu. The first frame building is not one hundred years old, and the first hardware store, that of **E. O. Hall & Son, Ltd.,** was not founded until the year 1850, but since then, on the commanding corner of Fort and King streets, it has remained the premier hardware concern in Hawaii. The entire three-story building is taken up with extensive displays of every kind of hardware. One floor, however, is given over to crockery and kitchen utensils, while in the basement even a ship might be fitted out with its hardware, cordage, and roping needs. This company is also agent for the Sherwin-Williams house paints and represents many mainland hardware firms.



The Honolulu Construction & Draying Co., Ltd., owns more than one hundred and fifty vehicles ranging from Ford trucks and small wagons to five cubic yards dump trucks and drays, and trucks capable of hauling up to twenty-five tons. The company does a large percentage of the freight hauling, baggage, furniture and piano moving and storage business. Its quarries supply most of the crushed rock used in the construction of roads and large buildings on the Island of Oahu. It also manufactures concrete brick and pipe. The offices of the company are at 65 to 71 South Queen Street.



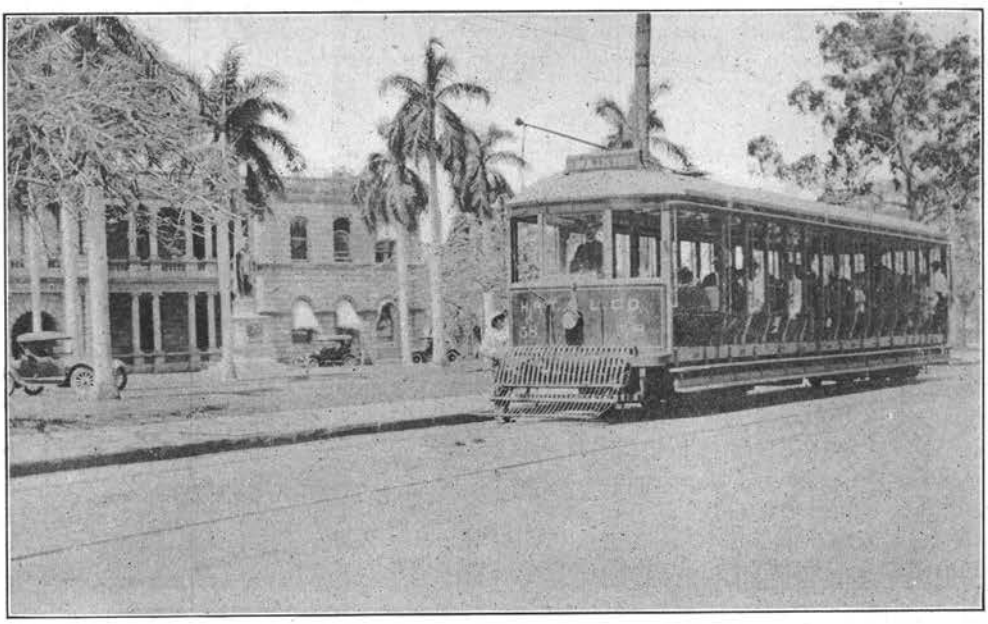
THE REGAL.

Occupying one of the most prominent places in the shopping district of Honolulu the **Regal Shoe Store,** on Fort street, is a distinct credit to the American progress in these islands. The stock in this store has been carefully selected.

THE HAWAIIAN NEWS CO. AND THRUM'S LTD.

The largest of the very fashionable shops in the Alexander Young Building, occupying the very central portion, is that of the **Hawaiian News Company and Thrum's Ltd.** Here the ultra-fashionable stationery of the latest designis kept in stock. Every kind of paper, wholesale or retail, is supplied, as well as printers' and binders' supplies. There are musical instruments of every kind in stock, even to organs and pianos, and the Angelus Player Piano, and this concern is constantly adding new features and new stock. The business man will find his every need in the office supplied by the Hawaiian News Company merely on a call over the phone, and this is true also of the fashionable society leader, whether her needs are for a bridge party, a dance, or just plain stationery. The exhibit rooms of the Hawaiian News Company are interesting

Honolulu from the Trolley Car



The Trolley Car at the Judiciary Building and Statue of Kamehameha "the Great."

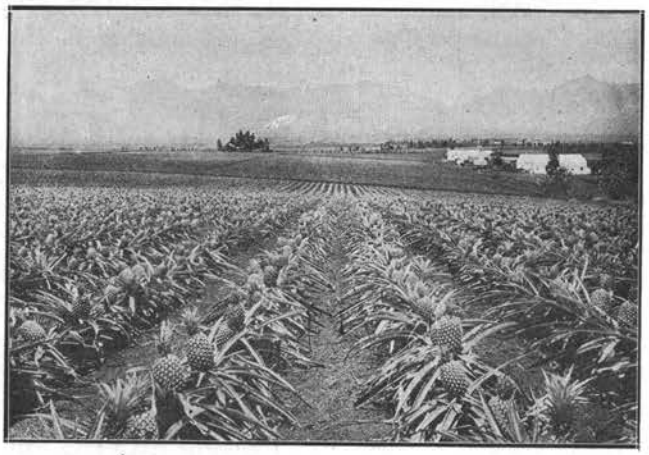
FERTILIZING THE SOIL.

Millions of dollars are spent in Hawaii fertilizing the cane and pineapple fields.

The **Pacific Guano and Fertilizer Company,** with large works and warehouses in Honolulu, imports from every part of the Globe the many ship loads of ammonia, nitrates, potash, sulphur and guano that go to make the special fertilizers needed for the varied soils and conditions of the islands. Its chemists test the soils and then give the recipe for the particular blend of fertilizer that is needed.

This great industry is one of the results of successful sugar planting in Hawaii, and without fertilizing, sugar growing in the Hawaiian Islands could not be successful.

This company began operations in Midway Islands years ago, finally exhausting its guano beds, but securing others.



The world's largest and most luscious pineapples at home on the uplands of Hawaii

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"PICKED ripe and canned right" is more than a slogan. Strictly adhered to by the Hawaiian Pineapple Packers' Association—ten corporations engaged in the growing and canning of pineapples in the Hawaiian Islands—it has won the palate of the world to what is perhaps the most delicious product of any land. Each morning sees the golden ripe fruit in the field and within a few hours that same fragrant fruit is perfectly preserved in shining tin.

There are fifty odd thousand acres of pineapples grown annually in Hawaii and the acreage increases yearly. This season's pack amounts to approximately six million cases, the major portion of which is handled during the Summer months. There are twelve canneries, some of them turning out 35,000 cases a day.

THE BUILDERS OF HONOLULU.

Honolulu still relies for building material on the mainland. For many years the firm of **Lewers & Cooke** maintained its own line of clipper schooners that brought down lumber from Puget Sound with which to "build Hawaii." Today the firm occupies its own spacious block on King Street, where every necessity needed for building the home is supplied. In fact, often it is this firm that guarantees the contractor, and also assures the owner that his house will be well built and completed on time. Things are done on a large scale in Hawaii; so it is that one firm undertakes to supply material from the breaking of ground until the last coat of paint is put on the completed building. A spacious and splendidly equipped hardware department is one of the features of Lewers & Cooke's establishment.

The Von Hamm-Young Co., Importers, Machinery Merchants, and leading automobile dealers, have their offices and store in the Alexander Young Building, at the corner of King and Bishop streets, and their magnificent automobile salesroom and garage just in the rear, facing on Alakea Street. Here one may find almost anything. Phone No. 4901.

The Pacific Engineering Company, Ltd., with spacious quarters in the Yokohama Specie Bank Building, Honolulu, are engineers and constructors of buildings of every kind, from the smallest private residences to the large and imposing business blocks. Being made up of some of the most prominent men in the Islands it is not surprising that it secures some of the large and important contracts. The Y. M. C. A. building in Honolulu was the work of this firm.

With the wood that is used for building in Hawaii, **Allen & Robinson** on Queen Street, Phone 2105, have for generations supplied the people of Honolulu and those on the other islands; also their buildings and paints. Their office is on Queen Street, near the Inter-Island S. N. Company Building, and their lumber yards extend right back to the harbor front, where every kind of hard and soft wood grown on the coast is landed by the schooners that ply from Puget Sound.

The city's great furniture store, that of **J. Hopp & Co.,** occupies a large portion of the Lewers & Cooke Block on King Street. Here the latest styles in home and office furniture arriving constantly from San Francisco are displayed on several spacious floors. Phone No. 2111.

The Land of the Lanai.

The Halekulani, Hotel and Bungalows, 2199 Kalia Road, "on the Beach at Waikiki." Famous hau tree lanai along the ocean front. Rates, from $3.00 per day to $75.00 per month and up, American plan. Clifford Kimball.

Child's Blaisdell Hotel and Restaurant, Fort Street and Chaplain Lane, Honolulu, occupies a modern concrete building, the cleanest, coolest hotel in Honolulu—within two blocks of the center of the shopping, business and amusement district. In the restaurant, cleanliness, service and reasonable prices are the main endeavor in this department. We strive to give the maximum in food and service at a minimum cost, and that we are doing so is attested to by our constantly increasing patronage.

The Pan-Pacific Gardens, on Kuakini street, near Nuuanu Avenue, constitute one of the finest Japanese Tea Gardens immaginable. Here some wonderful Japanese dinners are served, and visitors are welcomed to the gardens at all times. Adjoining these gardens are the wonderful Liliuokalani gardens and the series of waterfalls. Phone 5611.

The Quality Inn on Hotel Street, near Fort, is aptly named, not quite a restaurant, it serves dainty lunches and afternoon teas as well as light breakfasts. Its candies and soft drinks are the best, and dealing directly with Rawley's Dairy, its ice cream, eggs and milks are pure and fresh almost hourly. For the shopper there is no more enticing cafe in Honolulu than the Quality Inn.

The leading music store in Hawaii is on King and Fort Streets—the **Bergstrom Music Company.** No home is complete in Honolulu without an ukulele, a piano and a Victor talking machine. The Bergstrom Music Company, with its big store on Fort Street, will provide you with these—a Chickering, a Weber, a Kroeger for your mansion, or a tiny upright Boudoir for your cottage; and if you are a transient it will rent you a piano. The Bergstrom Music Company, phone 2331.

The best thing on ice in Honolulu is soda water. The **Consolidated Soda Water Works Co., Ltd.,** 601 Fort Street, are the largest manufacturers of delightful soda beverages in the Territory. Aerated waters cost from 35 cents a dozen bottles up. The Consolidated Co. are agents for Hires Root Beer and put up a Kola Mint aerated water that is delicious, besides a score of other flavors. Phone 2171 for a case, or try a bottle at any store.

Love's Bakery at 1134 Nuuanu Street, Phone 1431, is the bakery of Honolulu. Its auto wagons deliver each morning fresh from the oven, the delicious baker's bread and rolls consumed in Honolulu, while all the grocery stores carry Love's Bakery crisp, fresh crackers and biscuits that come from the oven daily. Love's Bakery has the most complete and up to date machinery and equipment in the Territory.

The Sweet Shop, on Hotel Street, opdate machinery and equipment in the Terposite the Alexander Young, is the one reasonably priced tourist restaurant. Here there is a quartette of Hawaiian singers and players, and here at every hour may be enjoyed at very reasonable prices the delicacies of the season.

Progressive Honolulu

THE LIBERTY HOUSE.

The Liberty House succeeds the firm of B. F. Ehlers & Co., which was established in Honolulu as far back at 1852, growing from small beginnings to become the largest dry goods store in Hawaii. After an honored career under the old name it bore for sixty-five years, on July 4th, 1918, the name was changed to The Liberty House, and under this title in future will be known Hawaii's pioneer dry goods house.

The Liberty House is in fact a department of the American Factors Co., Ltd. It conducts the retail dry goods business of this concern and being backed by one of the greatest financial powers in Hawaii, it can afford to carry the largest stock and variety of dry goods in the territory.

Recently The Liberty House has been reconstructed; its spacious windows on Fort Street, really extensive stages, are used not only for remarkable displays of dry goods and fashions, but also for patriotic displays, dioramas of the war's progress, or realistic settings illustrating the actual work of the Red Cross nurses on the field. War Posters sent from the Pan-American to the Pan-Pacific Union are displayed here as are exhibits from the Pan-Pacific Commercial Museum, so that everyone stops at The Liberty House.

The people of Hawaii know The Liberty House through all its various floors and departments, it is the first place to attract visitors. This firm makes a specialty of ladies' apparel and of bringing the latest fashions to Hawaii.

The year round silk and woolen suits, skirts, waists and all the wearing apparel of women are rushed through at frequent intervals from New York by Wells Fargo Express, being only twelve to fourteen days in transit, so that the fashions on Fort Street are only a few days behind those of Broadway.

The oldest established Dry Goods House in Honolulu is **"Sachs',"** situated on Hotel Street near Fort. For over a quarter of a century this store has held an enviable reputation for high-class merchandise. The beautiful court dresses worn at the receptions and balls in the days of the Hawaiian Monarchy were made by this firm. Then, as now, Sachs' was the rendezvous for ladies who desired the very best in Silks and Dress Fabrics, Tapestries, Draperies, Linens, Laces and Millinery.

Stevedoring in Honolulu is attended to by the firm of **McCabe, Hamilton and Renny Co., Ltd.,** 20 South Queen Street. Men of almost every Pacific race are employed by this firm, and the men of each race seem fitted for some particular part of the work, so that quick and efficient is the loading and unloading of vessels in Honolulu.

A monument to the pluck and energy of Mr. C. K. Ai and his associates is the **City Mill Company,** of which he is treasurer and manager. This plant at Queen and Kekaulike streets is one of Honolulu's leading enterprises, doing a flourishing lumber and mill business.

Honolulu is so healthy that people don't usually die there, but when they do they phone in advance to **Henry H. Williams,** 1374 Nuuanu St., phone number 1408, and he arranges the after details. If you are a tourist and wish to be interred in your own plot on the mainland, Williams will embalm you; or he will arrange all details for interment in Honolulu. Don't leave the Paradise of the Pacific for any other, but if you must, let your friends talk it over with Williams.

South Australia and Tasmania

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

From San Francisco, Vancouver and from Honolulu there are two lines of fast steamships to Sydney, Australia.

From Sydney to Adelaide, South Australia, there is a direct railway line on which concession fares are granted tourists arriving from overseas, and no visitor to the Australian Commonwealth can afford to neglect visiting the southern central state of Australia; for South Australia is the state of superb climate and unrivalled resources. Adelaide, the "Garden City of the South," is the Capital, and there is a Government Intelligence and Tourist Bureau, where the tourist, investor, or settler is given accurate information, guaranteed by the government, and free to all. From Adelaide this Bureau conducts rail, river and motor excursions to almost every part of the state. Tourists are sent or conducted through the magnificent mountain and pastoral scenery of South Australia. The government makes travel easy by a system of coupon tickets and facilities for caring for the comfort of the tourist. Excursions are arranged to the holiday resorts; individuals or parties are made familiar with the industrial resources, and the American as well as the Britisher is made welcome if he cares to make South Australia his home.

The South Australian Intelligence and Tourist Bureau has its headquarters on King William Street, Adelaide, and the government has printed many illustrated books and pamphlets describing the scenic and industrial resources of the state. A postal card or letter to the Intelligence and Tourist Bureau in Adelaide will secure the books and information you may desire.

TASMANIA.

Tasmania is one of the finest tourist resorts in the southern hemisphere, but ten hours' run from the Australian mainland. Between Launceston and Melbourne the fastest turbine steamer in Australia runs thrice weekly and there is a regular service from Sydney to Hobart.

The island is a prolific orchard country and has some of the finest fruit growing tracts in the world. The climate is cooler than the rest of Australia.

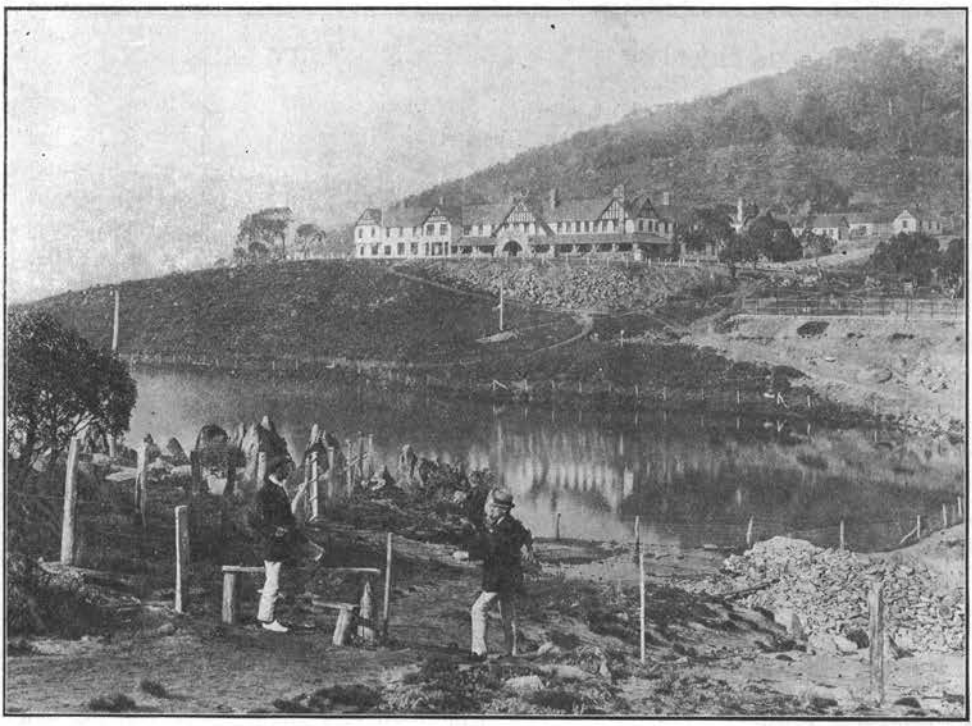
The lakes and rivers are nearly all stocked with imported trout, which grow to weights not reached in other parts of Australia.

The Tasmanian Government deals directly with the tourist. Hobart, the capital—one of the most beautiful cities in the world—is the headquarters of the Tasmanian Government Tourist Department; and the bureau will arrange for transport of the visitor to any part of the island. A shilling trip to a local resort is not too small for the Government Bureau to handle, neither is a tour of the whole island too big. There is a branch office in Launceston performing the same functions.

The Tasmanian Government has an up-to-date office in Melbourne, at 59 William Street, next door to the New Zealand Government office, where guidebooks, tickets, and information can be procured. The address of the Sydney office is 262 George Street, and Tasmania also has its own offices in Brisbane and Perth.

For detailed information regarding Tasmania, either as to travel or settlement, enquirers should write to Mr. E. T. Emmett, the Director of the Tasmanian Government Tourist Dept., Hobart, Tasmania.

New South Wales



Mt. Kosciusko in January.

Australia's Holiday State.

A warm Australian welcome awaits the tourist in Sunny New South Wales. He is offered a wide and wonderful choice of scenic attractions.

From Sydney or from New Castle, the two chief ports of the State the tourist from overseas may reach within a few hours at most, of rail travel, such widely divergent scenic wonders as National Parks, the Blue Mountains, the Seashore Resorts, the Trout Streams, the Snowfields, the Limestone Caves, the Hawkesbury, the Illawarra, the Northern Rivers, the Southern Highlands, the Lakes District, the Tablelands, besides many places of historic interest.

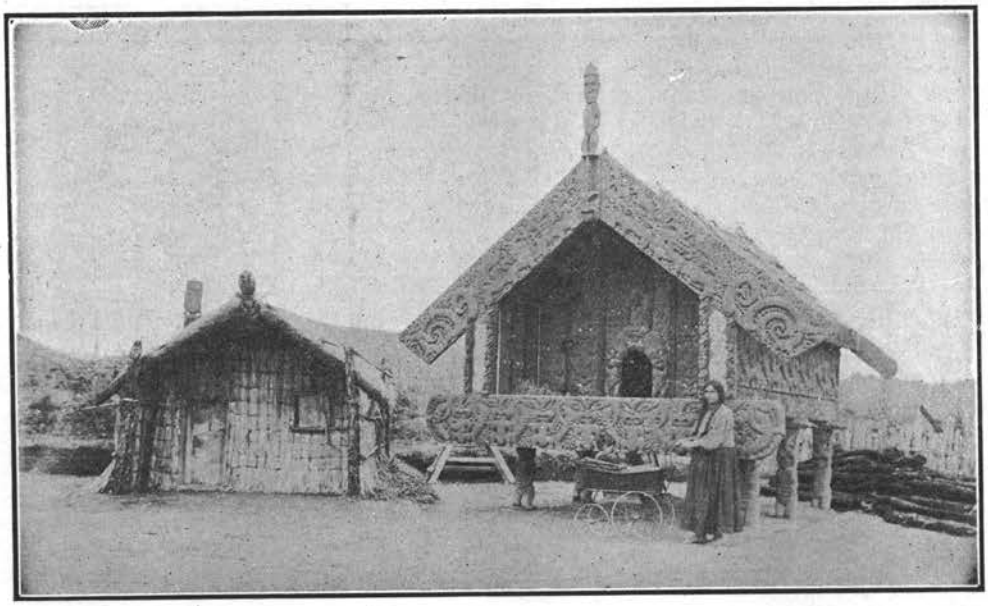
No other country in the world has greater charm and attraction for the tourist, or provides such opportunities for pleasurable and diversified holiday.

New South Wales is a Paradise for those in search of Health, Rest and Recreation.

The Government Tourist Bureau is doing everything within its power to promote tourist travel within the State and make it more attractive.

Your holiday arrangements can be made convenient and satisfying by the staff of the Bureau who will be glad to furnish illustrated booklets, and provide detailed information as to fares, accommodation, transport, etc. They are public servants and their expert services are yours for the asking. E. H. PALMER, Director, New South Wales Government Tourist Bureau and Resorts, Challis House (Opp. G.P.O.), Sydney.

Wonderful New Zealand



Native New Zealanders at Rotorua.

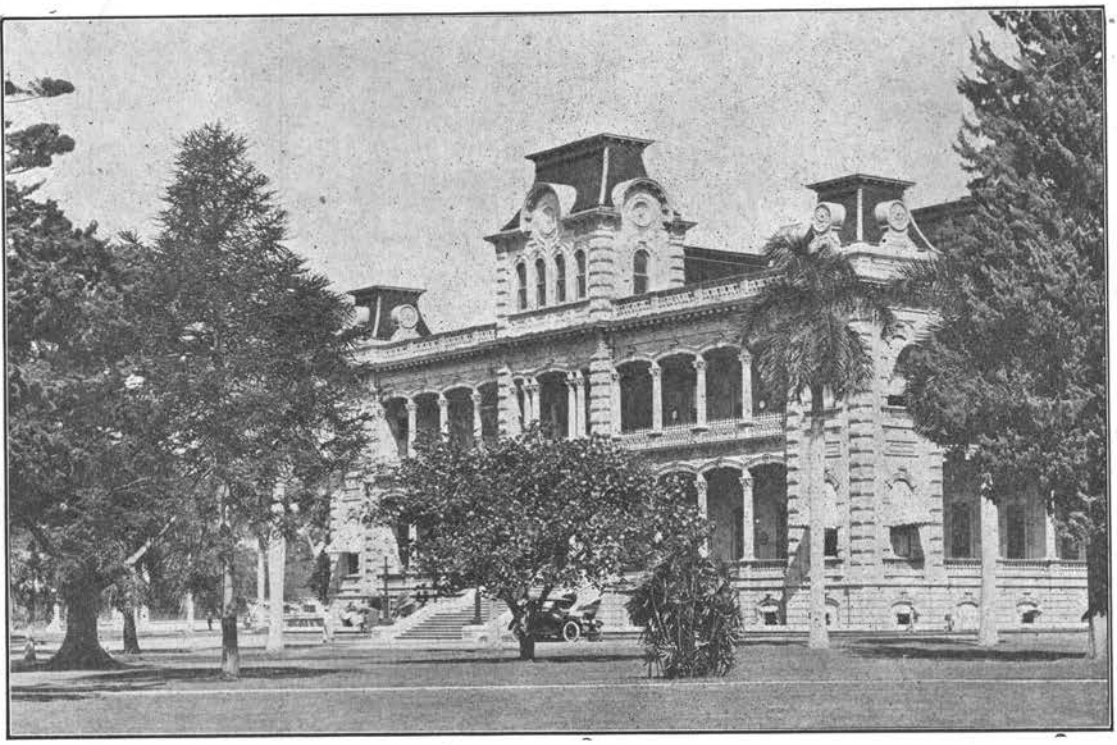
Scenically New Zealand is the world's wonderland. There is no other place in the world that offers such an aggregation of stupendous scenic wonders. The West Coast Sounds of New Zealand are in every way more magnificent and awe-inspiring than are the fjords of Norway. Its chief river, the Wanganui, is a scenic panorama of unrivalled beauty from end to end. Its hot springs and geysers in the Rotorua district on the North Island have no equal anywhere. In this district the native Maoris still keep up their ancient dances or *haka haka,* and here may be seen the wonderfully carved houses of the aboriginal New Zealanders. There are no more beautiful lakes anywhere in the world than are the Cold Lakes of the South Island, nestling as they do among mountains that rise sheer ten thousand feet. Among these mountains are some of the largest and most scenic glaciers in the world. In these Southern Alps is Mt. Cook, more than twelve thousand feet high. On its slopes the Government has built a hotel to which there is a motor car service.

New Zealand was the first country to perfect the government tourist bureau. She has built hotels and rest houses throughout the Dominion for the benefit of the tourist, for whom she has also built splendid roads and wonderful mountain tracks. New Zealand is splendidly served by the Government Railways, which sell the tourist for a very low rate, a ticket that entitles him to travel on any of the railways for from one to two months. In the lifetime of a single man (Sir James Mills of Dunedin, New Zealand) a New Zealand steamship company has been built up that is today the fourth largest steamship company under the British flag, and larger than any steamship company owned in America, with her 100,000,000 population, or in Japan with her 50,000,000 population. New Zealand is a land of wonders, and may be reached from America by the Union Steamship Company boats from Vancouver, San Francisco or Honolulu. The Oceanic Steamship Company also transfers passengers from Sydney. The Government Tourist Bureau has commodious offices in Auckland and Wellington as well as the other larger cities of New Zealand. Direct information and pamphlets may be secured by writing to the New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau. Wellington, New Zealand.

The Press Congress of the World

HONOLULU, OCTOBER 4TH TO 14TH, 1921.

The Press Congress of the World will convene in Honolulu, October 4th to 14th, 1921. There will be delegates from nearly every country of the globe. Several hundred writers, editors and publishers representing the world's leading magazines and newspapers will gather at the Ocean's Cross-roads. Efforts will be made to induce those who attend this Congress in Hawaii to visit other Pacific lands. The Pan-Pacific Union will be glad to receive and distribute among the delegates pamphlets and books from Pacific lands. There will be a Pan-Pacific Section of the Press Congress of the World.

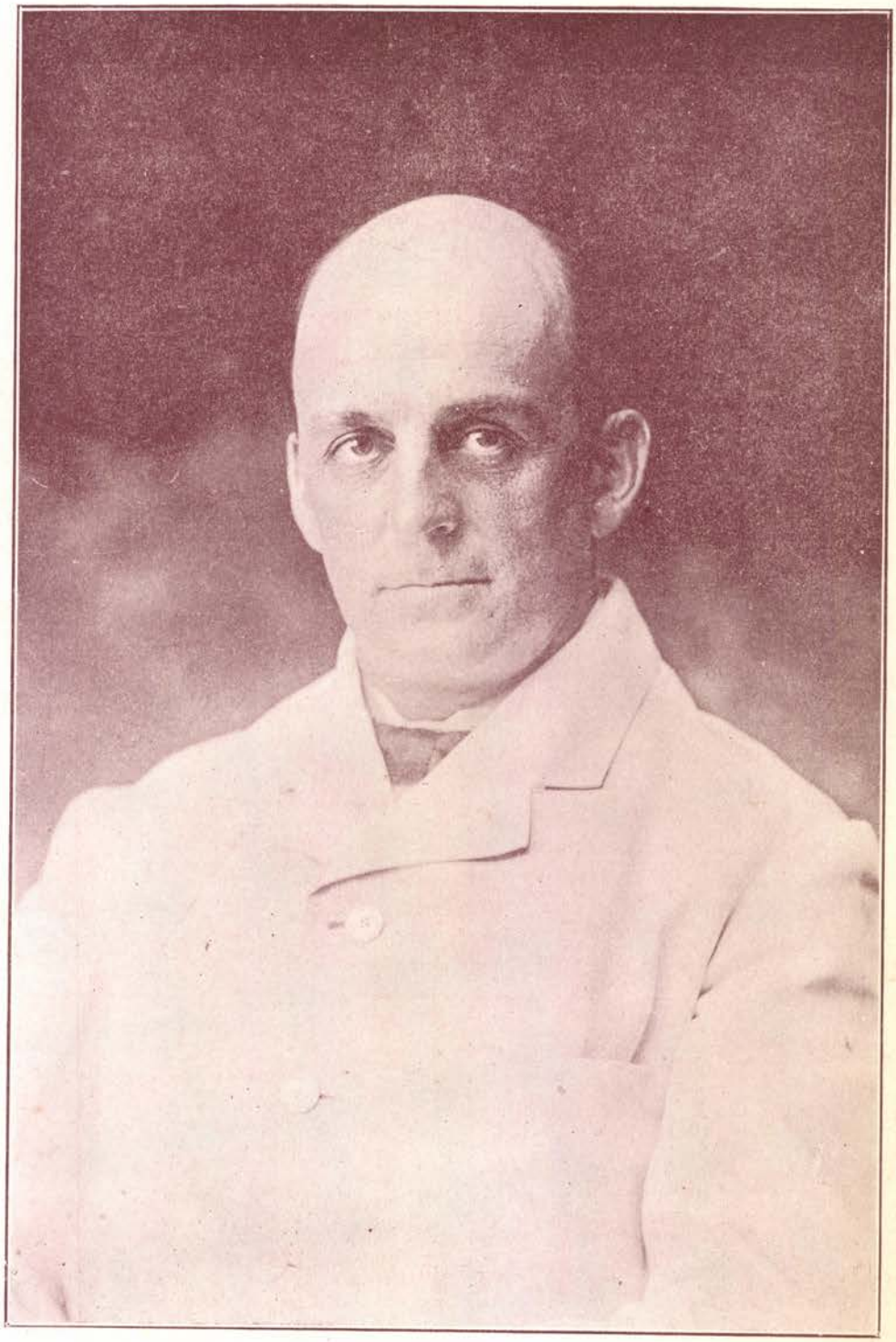


The Iolani Palace, now the Executive Building in Honolulu, in the old throne room of which will be held the sessions of the World's Press Congress, and those of the Pan-Pacific Educational Conference during the present year.

Pan-Pacific Educational Conference

HONOLULU, AUGUST 11TH TO 21ST, 1921.

The Pan-Pacific Educational Congress will hold its session in Honolulu from August 11th to 21st, 1921. The U. S. Bureau of Public Instruction in Washington, D. C. is cooperating with the Department of State and the Department of the Interior in calling this Conference. It is expected that the leaders in educational work from every Pacific land will be present at the conference to take part in its deliberations and plans for future cooperation of educational efforts in the Pacific.



Hon. W. Cameron Forbes, early Governor-General of the Philippines and one of the first Honorary Vice-Presidents of the Pan-Pacific Union, now on his way to the Philippines on a mission from the President of the United States.