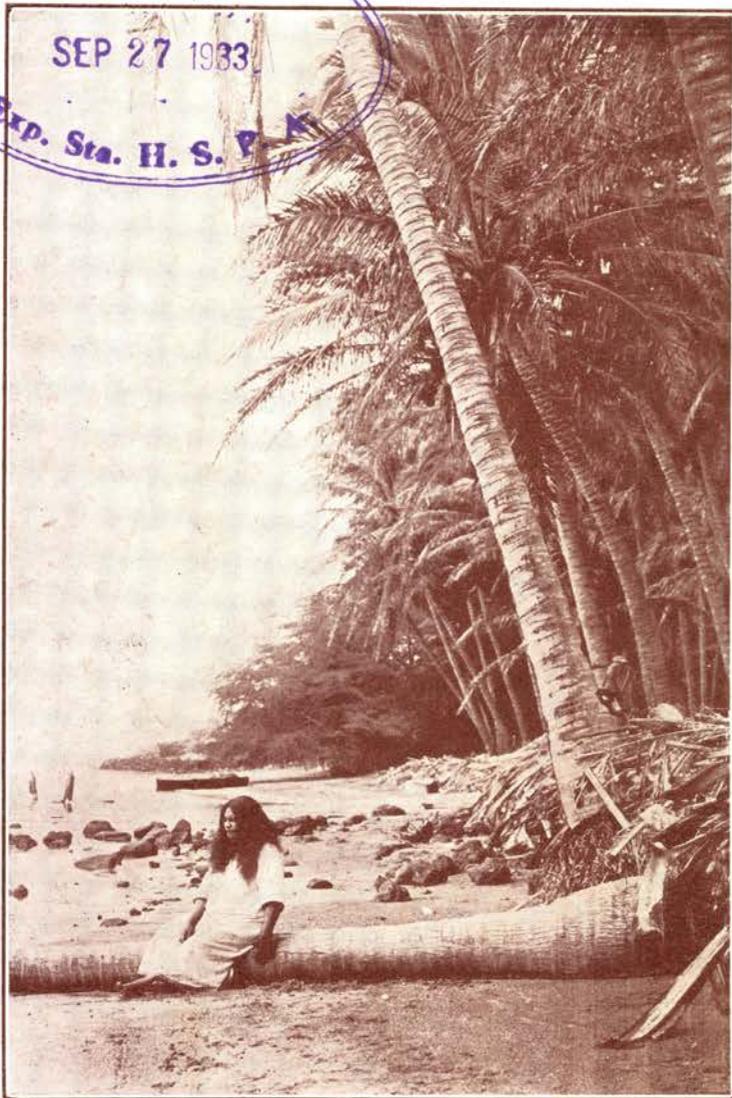


# MID-PACIFIC MAGAZINE

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*A charming tropical scene in old Hawaii.*

# The Mid-Pacific Magazine

CONDUCTED BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD

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## CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1933

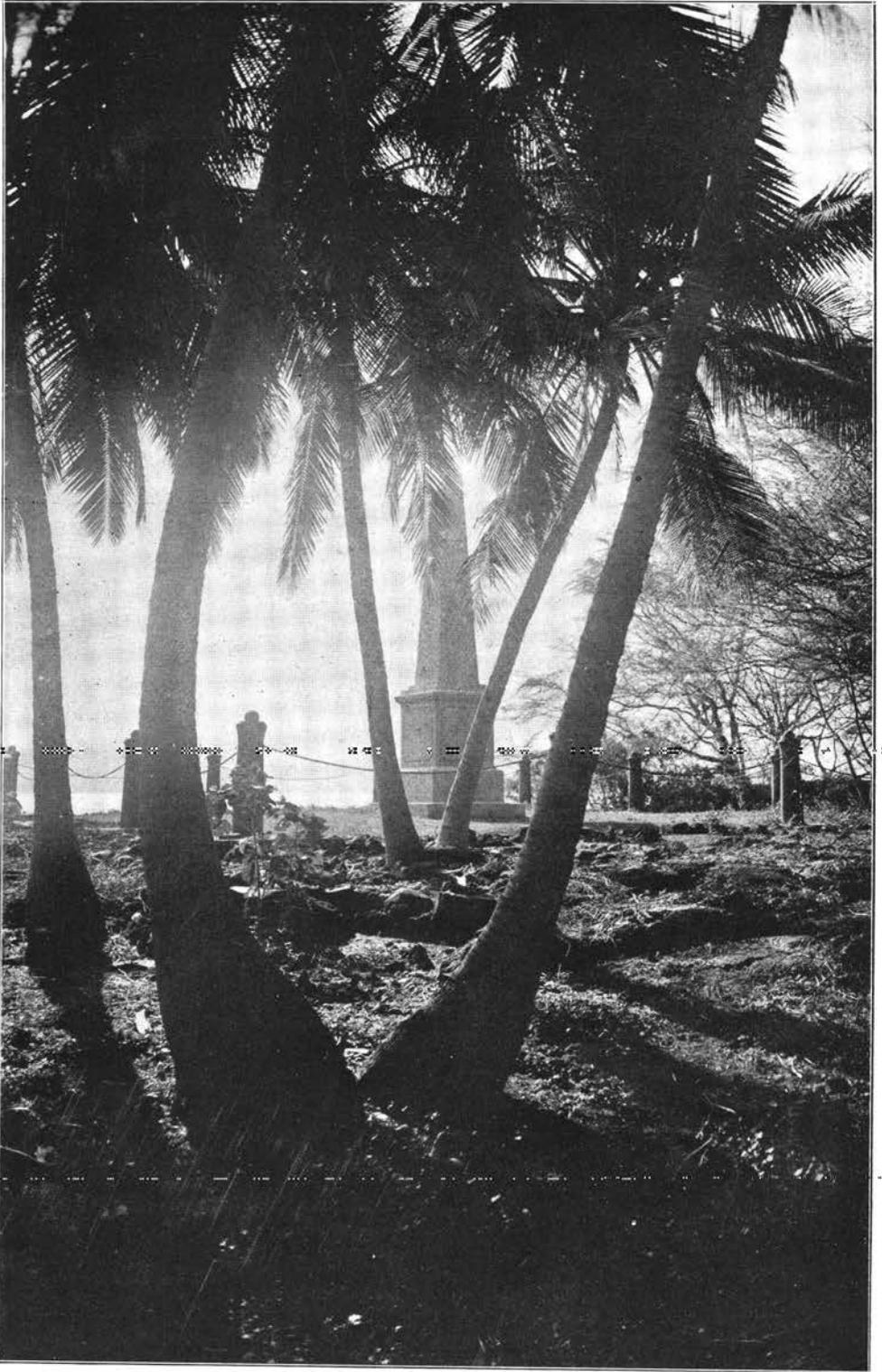
Old Hawaii - - - - -	203
<i>By Earl M. Welty</i>	
Present Trends in American Thought Relating to Pacific Affairs - - - - -	209
<i>By Dr. Kokichi Morimoto</i>	
Tramping in Papua - - - - -	213
<i>By C. Price Conigrave</i>	
Musical Insects of Japan - - - - -	223
<i>By Mock Joya</i>	
China and the Empire - - - - -	227
<i>By Owen M. Green</i>	
Auckland to Rotorua - - - - -	235
<i>By Gordon Thomas</i>	
The Carnival at La Paz, Bolivia - - - - -	239
<i>By Alexander Hume Ford</i>	
Bulletin of the Pan-Pacific Union, New Series, No. 163 -	249

### The Mid-Pacific Magazine

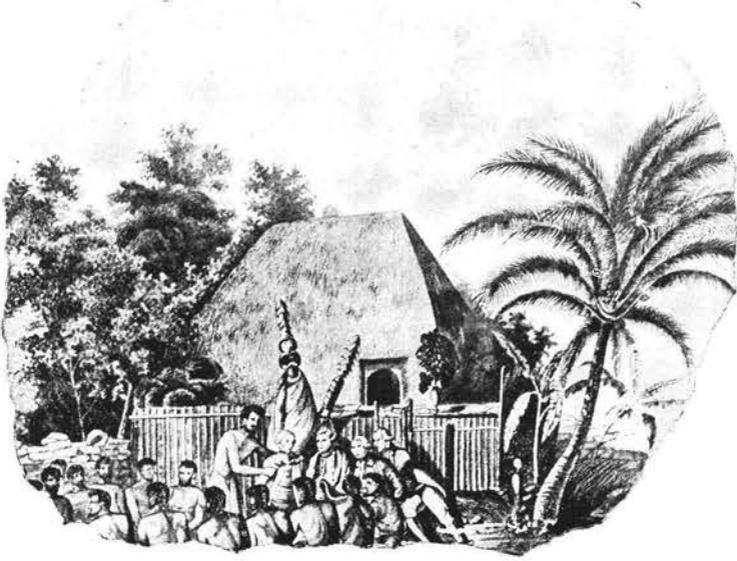
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*The monument to the memory of Captain James Cook, on the Kona coast of Hawaii, on ground owned by the British government. Through the efforts of the late Sir Joseph H. Carruthers, a stone landing jetty has been provided by the Commonwealth of Australia.*



*Captain Cook is received by the Hawaiians in 1779.*

## Old Hawaii

By EARL M. WELTY  
On Staff of Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*

Kona, where the Hawaii of old still lives in gracious hospitality surrounded by the remnants and relics of a pagan religion, will entrance visitors to the island of Hawaii.

The trip to Kealahou Bay, Napoopoo, Kei, and the ancient City of Refuge at Hanaunau, can be made easily in half a day from the Kona Inn. However, the length of time spent at each place depends upon the visitor, who, in order to get the most out of the trip, should allot several days.

Napoopoo, situated on the shores of Kealahou Bay, is a trim little fishing village. Opposite it across the arm of the bay are the famous burial caves, where the bones of former chieftains repose. Across stands the monument erected by British citizens in memory of Capt. James Cook, British discoverer of

the islands. The shaft of stone stands near the spot where the discoverer fell after an altercation with the natives.

As the beach is approached, a stone monument is seen to the right of the road commemorating the life of Henry Opukahaia, the Hawaiian who inspired the first American Board of Missions to Hawaii.

To the right and rear of the Opukahaia tablet stand the ruins of an ancient heiau known as Hikiau. It was in this heiau that Captain Cook was worshipped, during the first days of his stay upon the island, by the natives, who regarded the discoverer as a god. Cook apparently was ignorant of what was being done. Next to the tablet is the monument erected in 1928 to commemorate the burial of William Whatman, one of Cook's seamen. This was the first Chris-

tian service in Hawaii. A smaller heiau, Helehelekalani, stands directly behind the larger structure.

The monument to Captain Cook, erected where the discoverer fell, commemorates a series of events which are of interest. Cook anchored his two ships, the Resolution and the Discovery, in Kealakekua Bay, January 17, 1779. This was Cook's second visit to the islands, he having landed at Waimea, Island of Kauai, January 18, 1778, following his discovery of the islands. Upon landing at Napoopoo, he was worshipped by the natives, who believed him to be a reincarnation of the god Lono. He was immediately led to the heiau of Hikiau and installed as a god amid much ceremony.

Whenever Cook walked among the natives they prostrated themselves at his approach, and gifts were sent to him from every section of the district. On January 24 King Kalaniopuu of the Island of Maui arrived, and presented him with his own valuable feather cloak and helmet, receiving in return a linen shirt and a sword. Following the presentation, the white men went ashore, where a program of sports was held by the natives, Cook's men reciprocating with a display of fireworks. The fireworks caused the natives to be more impressed with the "divine" visitors, taking the displays to be flying spirits.

Either because of carelessness or because they failed to understand the thoughts of the Hawaiians toward them, Cook's men committed many excesses. The islanders soon began to tire of their guests. There were several clashes between the sailors and the Hawaiians, but trouble at first was averted.

One of Cook's seamen died and was buried in the heiau with Christian and pagan ceremonies. This caused the Hawaiians to suspect their immortality, but still no violence was shown. A quarrel ensued, however, when Cook, in search of firewood, tore down part of the sacred fence surrounding the heiau and tossed a wooden idol into the flames. However,

before any serious results, the ships sailed from the bay (February 4).

Rejoicing of the natives over the departure did not last long, for Cook returned February 11 to repair a mast of one of his ships. He again took up his residence in the heiau, and at this time a robbery took place on one of his vessels. The canoe in which the thieves were making their escape was fired on and a ship's boat sent in pursuit. The boat was attacked and the crew had difficulty in getting back to the ship. Cook at once formed a blockade at the bay entrance to keep out intruders.

A canoe attempting to enter the bay without knowledge of the blockade was fired on and a high chief from Keei (a settlement one mile above Napoopoo) was killed. When news of the chief's death reached the shore where Cook was stationed with some of his officers, an angry crowd collected and trouble started.

Cook was stabbed with an iron dagger and fell with his face in the water. His body was taken to a small heiau on the lower slope of the burial cliffs, and disposed of according to ancient Hawaiian custom. In 1874 the monument was erected "by some of his countrymen" and a fund for its maintenance has been provided by Great Britain. The ground upon which the monument stands is owned by the British government. Recently the Commonwealth of Australia provided a handsome landing jetty, the money for which was raised under the solicitation of the late Sir Joseph H. Carruthers, former Premier of New South Wales and a frequent visitor in the Hawaiian Islands.

Keei, a small fishing village one mile south of Napoopoo, is recommended for a visit because of native life that may be seen there. The village is fronted by several juts of coral and lava rock which extend out into the surf, and Hawaiian fishermen with spear or throw-net or cruising in outrigger canoes can generally be seen there. Old stone walls and



*Primitive life along the Kona coast. Native Hawaiians kneading pounded taro into poi.*

coconut palms add to the picturesqueness of the spot. Keeki is reached by following the south road from Napoopoo for three-quarters of a mile and branching off to the right across a field of lava.

Keeki was the locality in which Kamehameha I landed after sailing from Kohala in canoes to engage in his first important battle. Winning the fight from the chiefs of the Hilo, Puna, and Kau districts, Kamehameha became ruler of the districts of Kohala, Hamakua and Kona. The cause of the battle was the desire of the Hilo chiefs to possess Kona.

Three and a half miles south of Napoopoo is the settlement of Honaunau, formerly an ancient city of refuge. It is reached by taking the south road from Napoopoo and continuing over extensive lava formation made up of flows of variable yet prehistoric date.

Leaving Napoopoo for Honaunau, an excellent view of the Kona coffee plan-

tations and villages on the upper slopes presents itself. The road passes through wild keawe growth which has obtained a foothold on the crude lava formation.

Honaunau is the best preserved ruin of pagan Hawaii in the territory. The village at one time was densely populated by natives, an entire city of grass houses being situated on the slopes some distance from the shore.

At present the village contains a few frame huts inhabited by Hawaiians who obtain their living by fishing and taro growing. Native life is seen to advantage, as fishermen are almost always wading and swimming along the reef or mending nets beneath the coco palms, while native children frolic on the beach.

The ruins of the ancient City of Refuge are located on the point and upon entering the settlement a large stone heiau attracts attention near a grove of palms. A path along the sands leads to the great temple composed of



*A few native grass houses are still found in the Kona district of Hawaii, remnants of densely populated towns of such houses in the days of Captain Cook.*



*Remains of an ancient heiau, or Hawaiian temple, originally built of great stones perfectly fitted together.*

enormous stones perfectly fitted together. On the right of the seaward corner of the temple's outer wall a huge stone platform, known as Hale o Keawe, stands, said to have been constructed in memory of Chief Keawe II, and as a resting place for his bones. Keawe ruled Hawaii four generations before Kamehameha I.

Students of Hawaiian history say that the platform was decorated with numerous wooden idols and other sacred symbols. The platform, besides holding the bones of Keawe, also possessed the bones of other great chieftains, as well as more sacred images and symbols.

The space between the platform and the main enclosure was the entrance to the City of Refuge. Here fugitives from justice, a tabu violator, or refugees from battle found an inviolable protection for all time under protection of priests. Grass dwellings were placed in the en-

closure for the comfort of women and children, driven there by warfare.

On the south side of the larger ruin is a stairway, close by which, on the ground, lies an enormous stone known as the Kaahumanu stone.

The story associated with the stone tells of how Kaahumanu, favorite and jealous wife of Kamehameha I, at one time hid beneath it, after swimming from Kailua to Honaunau (17 miles by road). News came to Kaahumanu at Kailua that Kamehameha was visiting another woman who lived near the City of Refuge. Being of a jealous disposition she swam to Kailua with an attendant and hid beneath the stone. In the meantime her absence was noted and a frantic search for her commenced. After many hours of hiding the two women were finally discovered by a dog, and the people so rejoiced at finding the

queen safe that she quite forgot her mission during the welcome.

To the south of the main ruin is an enormous stone checkerboard known to the natives as *papa konane*. Here many ancient games were played by the chiefs.

The entire locality is so full of interest that several hours can be spent profitably studying the ruins. The size of the stones used in the temple construction, the significance of the locality in ancient times, the romantic setting and the apparent engineering ability of the builders in constructing the walls and partitions perfectly, all serve to give the visitor food for thought.

Behind Honaunau are ruins of other heiaus and monuments used by the ancient inhabitants, but these remains are practically covered by the gnarled and

thorny growth which covers the slopes of the mountain at this point.

A road leads from Honaunau two miles to Upper Honaunau village, leaving the lower settlement at the center of its only street. The road penetrates a veritable forest of algaroba, lantana and guava, joining the main Kona highway at the upper village. A turn left is made to the historic Catholic church which overlooks the beach settlements. The structure was one of the first Catholic buildings in Hawaii and an inspection of its interior will prove interesting. On the walls are paintings of scenes from the Bible stories, done in the gaudiest of colors. The paintings were used in connection with the education of the natives after the arrival of the Catholic missionaries (July 7, 1827).





*Viscount T. Inouye, president of the Pan-Pacific Club of Tokyo.*

## Present Trends in American Thought Relating to Pacific Affairs

By DR. KOKICHI MORIMOTO,

Imperial University of Hokkaido and Visiting Professor at the 1932 Summer Session of University of Hawaii. This talk was given before the Pan-Pacific Club of Tokyo, E. W. Frazar presiding.

In the unavoidable absence of our President, Viscount Inouye, of Prince Tokugawa, and, I believe, all the other high officials of this Club, I have been informed that I must preside. I am very happy to do so and to serve the Club in any way that I can, and it is particularly pleasant for me to be able to introduce to you Dr. Kokichi Morimoto, who has just made a round of visits in America almost on my heels. We shall be very glad to know what he has brought back as his impressions. I think as many as can should make excursions into the countries of others. One of the things which was brought home to me by my recent visit is the tremendous amount, I will not say of ignorance because that is a rude word, but of lack of knowledge among

Americans about other nations. They are all busy people and the only news they read is in the headlines of the morning paper. So I am sure you will be pleased to hear from Dr. Morimoto.

*Dr. Morimoto*—I feel it a great privilege to be here today and to be able to tell you something of what I have seen and heard during my recent trip to America. Accepting the invitation of President Crawford, of the University of Hawaii, I went there to conduct a course of lectures on economic relationships between America and Japan. Afterwards I went to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Vancouver, giving lectures as I went.

During my stay in the University of California I was invited to a dinner where

on my right hand was placed Mr. Paul Scharrenberg. We talked together, and whenever the discussion showed signs of getting too heated the wife of the president of the University, a very capable lady, joined in and changed the conversation. But during the course of the dinner I said to Mr. Scharrenberg: "When I was in Tokyo I was often told by both American and Japanese friends that Mr. Scharrenberg was very anti-Japanese, but that since he made a visit to Japan he has somewhat changed his opinion and is now rather pro-Japanese. I wonder if that is true or not." He looked at me, and replied: "I do not know if it is true, but I do know that during my stay in Japan I found I had a number of misunderstandings and misconceptions about Japan and the Japanese people, and now I have a better and more friendly feeling towards them."

I find this sentiment is quite common among intellectual American people. I have made six trips to America, but this time I find there is quite a difference. Formerly they were rather proud—they had the biggest and the largest and the best of everything; they thought no people were the equal of the Americans, that their economic prosperity would always remain, that the center of the world's economy would always be in America. But conditions have changed. I saw many bread lines, many big department stores already in the hands of the receivers, many of the beautiful homes of millionaires broken up. American people are beginning to think.

About four years ago a professor of Johns Hopkins University, a man who used to be my teacher, said that he would like to make a trip to Japan and give lectures on the secret of American prosperity, and asked me to make the necessary arrangements in Japan, which I did, for the presidents of our universities were very much interested to hear the secret of American prosperity. Soon after, however, economic conditions in America began to change, so the plan was dropped.

Nowadays the American people want to know something of Japan. My work is chiefly on the theory of economic consumption, how to use wealth, not how to make it, and I have written many books and articles on this subject. So in America many professors asked me how it is that the Japanese people can live on 100 yen a month, maintaining a pretty good standard of living, where an American must have 200 dollars a month to maintain a similar standard of living. They want to know the secret of Japanese economics, and are making certain investigations on the cost of living and the standard of living in Japan. In that way they are beginning to notice what the Japanese are doing. When I was giving my lectures in the University of Hawaii I had from 170 to 180 students in my course, all anxious to know more of Japan and oriental countries. Everything to do with Japan or China or the Pan-Pacific area and the East was of interest to them. The tendency now is to want to find out the good things in these countries and adapt them to American life, and to get rid of the bad American things and change conditions so as to bring back the former prosperity.

I noticed that one of the text books widely used in America was entitled "Westward toward America." It was a history of civilization, from the ancient history of Egypt, China, India, Greece, Rome, moving westward and staying sometimes in France, sometimes in Germany, sometimes in England, then crossing the Atlantic to the eastern part of America and the New England State, then on to New York, and Chicago, to the western coast. But there in the text books it ends. But now American people are beginning to realize that the center of civilization is shifting, that it must go still further westward, across the Pacific and on to Japan and China. Americans are beginning to think over the future of China, where 400,000,000 people are still sleeping but will wake up one day. At present a Chinese family spends only

about ten yen per month, but if they began to consume the value of fifty yen, which is the average for a family in Japan, the demand would increase five times in China, and production with it. I am sure that is what Mr. Henry Ford is aiming at. His secretary told me that he is looking towards China, that as a stepping stone he opened the plant in Yokohama, and that he plans to sell a car to every Chinese family one day. The car market has reached saturation point in America, and after searching for many years they find the only place left is China. If such a demand should be created, smart business men in America will have to know more about Japan and China, they will begin to realize that America is not the only country in the whole world but that there are many countries with which they must have relationship.

As to the Manchurian question, I asked many American people what they thought about it, and from their replies I concluded that it is a matter of very small importance to them. Ninety per cent of them know almost nothing about Manchuria, and the remaining ten per cent are journalists or politicians, not statesmen. Most people are concerned with their business, or unemployment problems, or such things. Manchuria is so remote, and has no economic interest for America. I watched the American newspapers carefully, and I asked a number of people about the possibility of an American-Japanese war. They said there might be some such trouble in the future, but that the American people would never take the initiative in the matter. They might

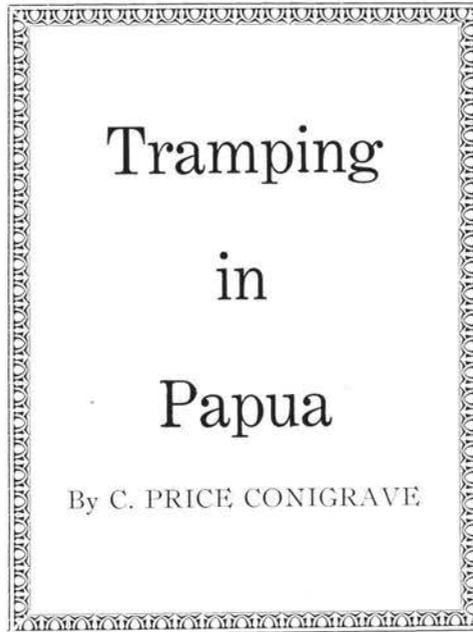
prepare for the possibility of such a war, but if it came it would be started by the Japanese. America would never start it, for she is suffering from economic depression and cannot afford to have another war which would only make conditions worse. But Americans do not know the real situation in Japan; they know that Japan fought with China and conquered, that the same thing happened in the Russo-Japanese war, and that Japan has had no experience of defeat. I saw many battleships at Seattle and in Honolulu, and when Americans see warships they think of war between America and Japan. They seem to me to think the Japanese are warlike, and that there is a possibility that the Japanese government may not be able to control the military power. Because of this they think America must make preparations, although America herself will always be on the defensive and never take the initiative. If this is American opinion, it all depends on what Japan will do, and I am sure Japan will never start a war, so there will be no war between America and Japan.

*Mr. Frazer*—I am sure everyone present will wish me to thank Dr. Morimoto for his interesting and instructive address, which has given us many thoughts to carry away with us. We congratulate him on the frankness with which he has spoken, for frankness is something that we appreciate. The day for pretty speeches has gone by, for we are a practical world now. I hope he will go again to America and give the people there a frank interpretation of Japan.





*While the true Papuan is found only in the mountains, the "salt water men," as the descendants of the immigrants from the South Sea Islands are called, occupy the coastal regions.*



If one goes to Papua with the idea of tramping inland to the big mountains that, like a backbone, lie along the center of the huge, mysterious island of New Guinea, one needs a mosquito-proof skin, a pair of good legs, lungs that will work overtime if necessary, and the memory of a religious training when a youngster. In any case, even when possessing the latter, one may be sure that the native "carry-boys," who manhandle every ounce of food and equipment of the white man when he is on walk-about, will be the direct cause of the air going blue, so to speak, now and again, for of all the temper-provoking fellows I have met in my wanderings I think the prize must be given to the fuzzy-wuzzy Papuan with his huge mop of hair that makes him look like a Fijian native. And after all Papuans and Fijians are something akin to one another. Thousands of years ago, whilst unknown southern seas washed what is now known as Australia, Melane-

sians crossed the heaving ocean in their outrigger canoes and settled on the littoral of New Guinea, and thus it comes about that the true Papuan of indigenous stock is found only in the high mountains far inland from the coast, whilst the "saltwater men" are descendants of immigrants from the palm-fringed islands of the Pacific.

Some people often wonder why it is that the undoubtedly rich country of Papua, which since the year 1902 has been under the control of the Commonwealth, has not made more rapid progress, but after one has visited the country and has come to grips with its innate bitterness, ferocity and cruelty, one is surprised that even so much headway has been made to date in even partly subjugating this wild, untamed land. But Papua demands a price from everyone who would try conclusions with her!

Since November 6th, 1884, when a British protectorate was proclaimed by

Commodore J. E. Erskine over the southern coasts of New Guinea, many men have given challenge to Papua. Some have "got away" with it, and have made good, more or less, by pearling, beach-combing, mining for gold, and the like; malaria, or blackwater fever, or a poisoned arrow thrown by cannibals, have sent others to untimely, unmarked graves here and there throughout this wet, jungle-covered land. There have been tragedies also by the score, and the little cemetery near to Port Moresby, the administrative centre of the Territory of Papua, and other places within sound of the booming Pacific, give one reminders of not a few of the brave, self-reliant men who in the past have paid Papua's price.

Port Moresby, or "Port," as it is called by the local residents, is situated on a fine, land-locked harbor, where arid-looking hills tumble precipitously into the water. "Port" lies, meteorologically, within a comparatively "dry belt," though within thirty miles or so to either east or west the rainfall is forty inches more per year than near to this interesting tropical town. Port Moresby sprawls between two hills, and from the crest of the main street a far-reaching, panoramic view over harbor and open ocean is obtained. Pretty bungalows peep from amid flamboyantly green vegetation. Some of these places of residence facing the broad sweeps of the harbor, and others looking far out over the ocean.

Across Port Moresby harbor, opposite the town, are interesting villages of Huanabada and Elevala, which are typical of many others to be seen along the adjacent coastline. Built on stilt-like piles over the water, the houses are neatly made of palm-wood, thatched over with fronds, some of the villages extending for a quarter of a mile seawards from the beach. Invariably outrigger canoes are anchored close to such native "Venices"; these being a reminder of the ready means of escape the "saltwater" tribes had ready when the hostile mountain tribes came from the misty mountains in the bad old

days to give battle to the coastal inhabitants.

I visited Papua four years ago for the purpose of investigating the arts and crafts of the native peoples living in the great Owen Stanley Range, and in this adventure I was accompanied by an old friend, Dr. Brooke Nicholls, of Melbourne. After a delightful voyage from Sydney aboard the little "Morinda" up inside the Great Barrier Reef, with the picturesque North Queensland coast and palm-clad islands slipping by as in a moving picture, we arrived at Port Moresby, where the finishing touches were put to gear and equipment, and then our adventure really started. Our objective was Yule Island, sixty miles west of Port Moresby, and thither, aboard a small motor launch manned by two nut-brown Papuans as skipper and engineer respectively, we chug-chugged through water that was almost a moving mass of millions of sardine-sized fish, for it was spawning season in the tropic sea. Then as darkness came down over the ocean we heard, away to the west, the moaning of breakers on the outer reefs, and to the east the strange contour of the mysterious, brooding land of Papua loomed black against the twinkling stars.

Rain was pelting down and it was black dark when we landed through the surf on the beach at Kairuku, on Yule Island. A fringe of coconut palms stood sentry on the littoral, and through these we saw a light coming from the doorway of a small bungalow. It proved to be the quarters of the assistant resident magistrate for the central district, and his cheery invitation to "come inside and be at home" sounded welcome, and we were soon clinking a glass and giving news of "Port" and elsewhere from whence we had come. The "outside" officer of the Papuan Public Service, he who is stationed in isolated districts, is of a fine type, just as are his confreres whose duties keep them to Port Moresby or other centres of settlement. The "outside" men, with a huge area of country under their official control, take



*A street in Rabaul, capital of British New Guinea, which joins Papua on the north.*

in their daily stride, so to speak, much adventure and romance; particularly so, when "off station" they go far afield into the gaunt, jungle-clad mountains where they play hide and seek with the little wild men, many of whom are still cannibals.

Yule Island lies three miles off the mainland, being separated from it by Hall Sound. As background, away in the distance, the Owen Stanley Range, with Mount Yule, an unconquered peak, dominating the scene at a height of 11,000 feet above sea level. Yule Island, for over forty years, has been the headquarters in Papua of the Sacred Heart Mission, and is the residence of Bishop Boismenu and a large community, mostly French folk, whose influence has spread into the mountain country, where cannibalism and other horrible customs are gradually giving way before the example of the white man. Personally I shall always be very grateful for the assistance and kindness extended to our expedition by the whole Sacred Heart community of Yule Island, and the good

Fathers, Reverend Mother and Sisters, who also at isolated places in the mountains work for the enlightenment of a dark people, impelled in so doing by a mighty faith.

On Yule Island, as at the villages near Port Moresby, the natives engage in earthen pot making, this being an aboriginal industry that has been in vogue, in all probability, for many centuries prior to the coming of the white man to New Guinea. Clay pits close to the village supply the wherewithal for the potters, who turn out designs, large and small, of various shapes, which are used, of course, for all native cooking purposes. A system of barter based on the pot-making practice has from time immemorial, maybe, been in existence between the natives of the Central Division of Papua and the tribesmen on the coast hundreds of miles to the west. In September of each year a great fleet of lakatois, a queer type of glow-fired canoe, having "crab-claw" sails, and laden with thousands of these pots, sail away to the west, where the pots are ex-

changed for native sago. At the tail-end of the monsoon season the lakatois come back to their "home port." The whole organization of this system of barter, and particularly the navigation and control of the fleet, is hedged about by remarkable native customs of which want of space forbids me now to tell.

Opposite Yule Island, on the mainland, stretches the Mekeo district, a huge area of comparatively flat country extending back forty miles to the wall-like mountains. Many villages are scattered throughout Mekeo, and in order that I might get a sufficient number of "carry-boys" to transport our expedition stores and equipment, I decided to visit many of these whilst Nicholls for the time being remained at Yule Island. Accordingly, I started off from Kairuku aboard a capacious outrigger canoe, which was manned by a crew of twelve natives, and throughout one day we sailed or paddled up a river, which for some miles in from the sea was flanked by high mangroves, this vegetation in turn giving way to a wealth of palms and other tropical growths that bound and lashed the jungle as if with mighty verdantly-green, leafy cables. Here and there in the water, or on the banks, we saw a wily crocodile eyeing us suspiciously!

Securing carriers proved to be difficult for nowadays, what with government expeditions and the like, the natives in the settled areas are completely "fed up" with having to carry loads from the coast into the distant mountains. They prefer the easier times near the sea where, in the villages, the laughter of the pretty, comely native girls just budding into womanhood, is heard all day long, like so many little silver bells making a pretty, musical undertone to the rustling of palms that shadow the shoreline. Yes, "the lads of the village," to use a colloquialism, prefer the sparkling, sunlit beaches, fishing on the reefs, where the breakers curl invitingly, and the lure of the female of their species, to the wet, sombre, gloomy moun-

tains, and I, for one, do not blame their choice.

Accompanied by two native policemen and a few carriers I went on foot from village to village in Mekeo, my week's walk taking me into some queer places. At times we were in jungle where the rattan cane sometimes attains a length of 600 feet, either trailing along the ground or winding round giant trees like so many "monkey ropes." Vivid tree-orchids gave a touch of color to the jungle roof through which the sunlight could barely penetrate, and like a blaze of crimson glory the red bird of paradise flashed on wing before our very eyes. The harsh, raucous call of the hornbill made the jungle clamant, and now and again we caught sight of a cassowary or wild pig, both of which creatures are so characteristic of New Guinea. In this connection, by the way, was it not one of the good Mission fathers at Yule Island said to me, when I asked him whether he thought the white man would ever be able to conquer Papua? "For the wild pig, yes; for the cassowary, yes; but for the white man, no." And there was an expressive shrug of shoulders to accompany the words.

I went to the villages of Inawabui and Bioto, not to mention others, close to which I saw extensive gardens. The Papuan native is by nature a great gardener, and from extensive banana and sugar plantations and groves of mangos or papaws he secured an unfailing supply of luscious fruit. From village to village I went, most of these settlements being about fifteen miles distant from one another, and my cavalcade of recruited "carry-boys" grew in numbers as we proceeded. At night when we pulled up at some village where, perhaps for centuries natives had been in residence, the deep, menacing note of the village drum resounded on the evening air. A carved, cylindrical piece of wood, having a section of dried lizard skin taut across one end was the common type of drum that I saw; a few blobs of wild bees' wax put here and there on the tympan-

num, giving a variation of notes from high treble to deep bass. Nothing seemed to me quite so characteristic of Papua as the booming note of such an instrument when it was throbbled with the fingers of the native musician. All the mystery of native customs, the shrieks of dying and dead warriors when one tribe attacked another as they used to do before the white man subdued their country, seemed to my mind to be suggested by the drum call which bade the young men of the village to come to the communal house, where dark doings in relation to tribal ceremonies were afoot secure from feminine eyes.

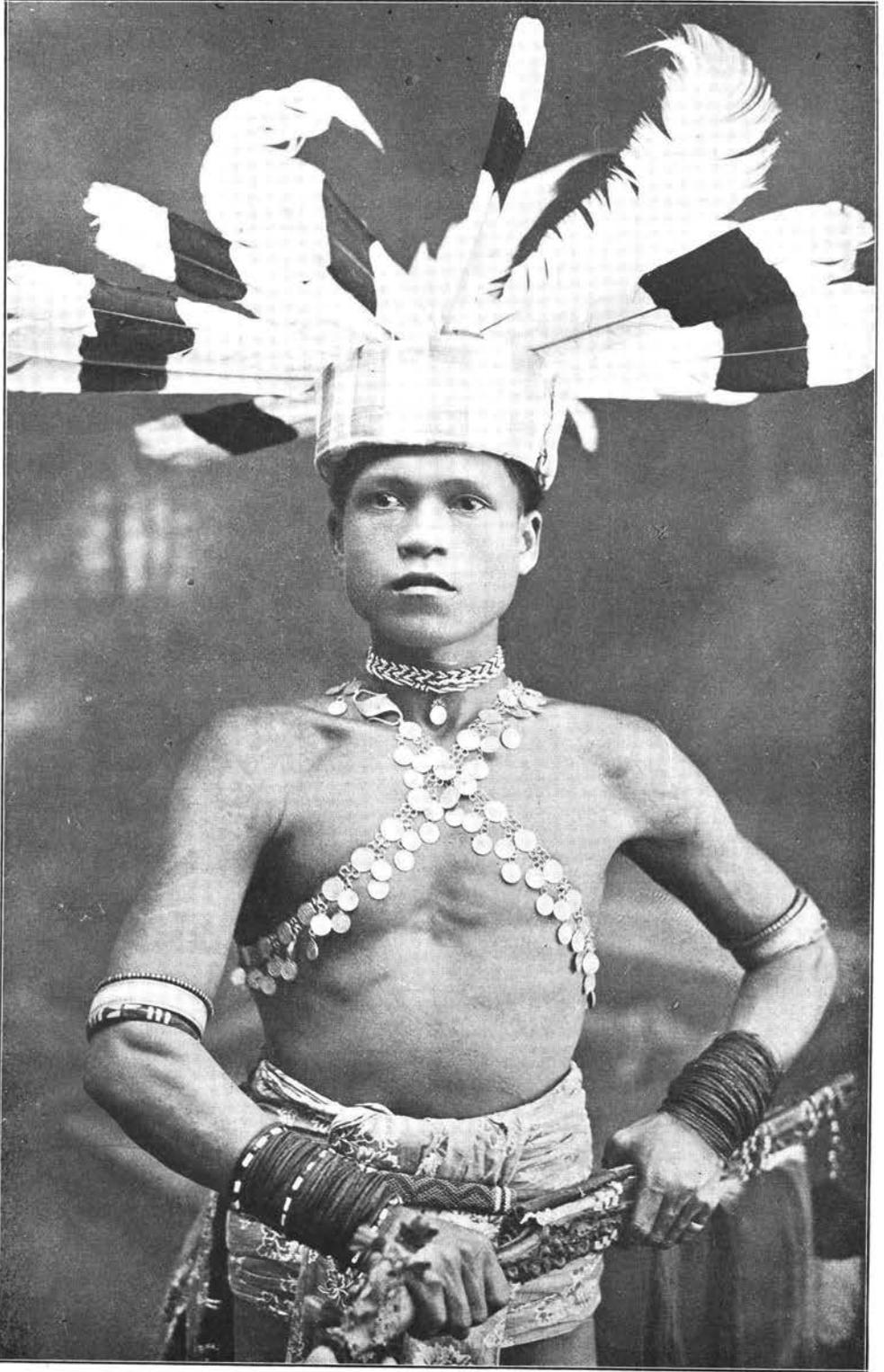
With a company of eighty carry-boys, Nichols and I eventually started from Arapokina, which is a little Government post situated twenty-five miles up the Ethel River. After having gone but a few miles, we were in the foothills of the Main Range, as the Owen Stanley Range is known usually. At six hundred feet above sea level we noted a most remarkable change in the vegetation. Up to that point we had tramped through gum (eucalyptus) forest lands that in general appearance made up an Australian landscape. There were banksias with their flamboyant bottle-brush flowers; whilst the butcher bird, one of the sweetest songsters in Australian scrublands, called to his mate here and there. Within three hundred yards we had walked from what in general likeness was Australia, into another world where great palms and tropical vegetation grew in unbridled confusion. In no other part of the world have I seen such a sharp line of demarcation between two types of vegetation. In other words, an altitude of six hundred feet in Papua marks the limit of "Australian" trees; above that height nothing being seen but true, "wet" jungle, which, as one gains altitude and gradually reaches areas that are many thousands of feet above the level of the distant sea, clothes the mountain sides with an impenetrable green mass that springs to a wonderful

productiveness by 'virtue' of an 'almost' unending rainfall, plus humid, sappy heat that one experiences everywhere in the tropical belt of the globe.

We crossed the Kabuna River by one of the remarkable suspension bridges which, built of rattan cane, have been evolved by the natives of Papua. Lengths of cane are fastened to trees growing on either bank of the stream, and from these main suspension members are built down side pieces which, in turn, hold in place the footway, the latter being constructed of saplings placed lengthways. This type of bridge we saw even high up into the mountains, and in places it would have been extremely difficult to have negotiated some of the mountain torrents had it not been for such native bridges.

At Kabuna we left our mosquito nets behind, for in the high country no mosquitoes or sandflies are found such as make life an earthly hell in the Mekeo district. For upwards of twenty miles the little track that we followed had been cut out of the living jungle. One had no need to wear a hat, for the fierce sun was powerless to pierce the leafy roof above. But though the temperature at times was delightfully cool, the feeling increased as we tramped into that strange jungle and forest world that we had been cut off inviolately from the great, pulsating universe beyond. We had been swallowed up by a wet, shady *something*, from which one could get no outlook either above or to either side of our line of march, where from saddle-backed ridges the country dropped, we knew, thousands of feet to great ravines and gorges, the actual sight of the beds of which were hidden from us by the dense, damp jungle. And so we tramped into the vast silence of the mountains of Papua!

On a mountain side, known to the natives as Djennie, we seemed to be on the very edge of the world. A tiny space had been cleared by the Sacred Heart missionaries years before, and from here



*This remarkable costume and headdress, worn not so many years ago by the fashionable youth of Papua, has given way to clothing more nearly approximating the white man's dress.*

there was an uninterrupted view of a mighty river valley; but even as we looked there was a deep growl of distant thunder and a few vivid flashes of lightning. Within a few minutes battalions of heavy rain clouds swept up the valley. Trees bent before the blast, and festoons of living creepers swayed to and fro as if in the grip of a huge, unseen hand. It was a wild night that we spent at Djennie, a place in name only; the crash of thunder and the sweep of wind through the jungle being interpolated by the muttering of the "carry-boys," who, we gathered, wished they were back in their happy, sunlit villages on the distant coast. Next day Nicholls and I, with the cavalcade, tramped for five hours on our next stage. Traveling, by-the-by, in Papua, which perforce is always afoot, is never reckoned in miles, but in traveling time. For instance, from one point to another is said to take "two little hours" or "two big hours," and so on.

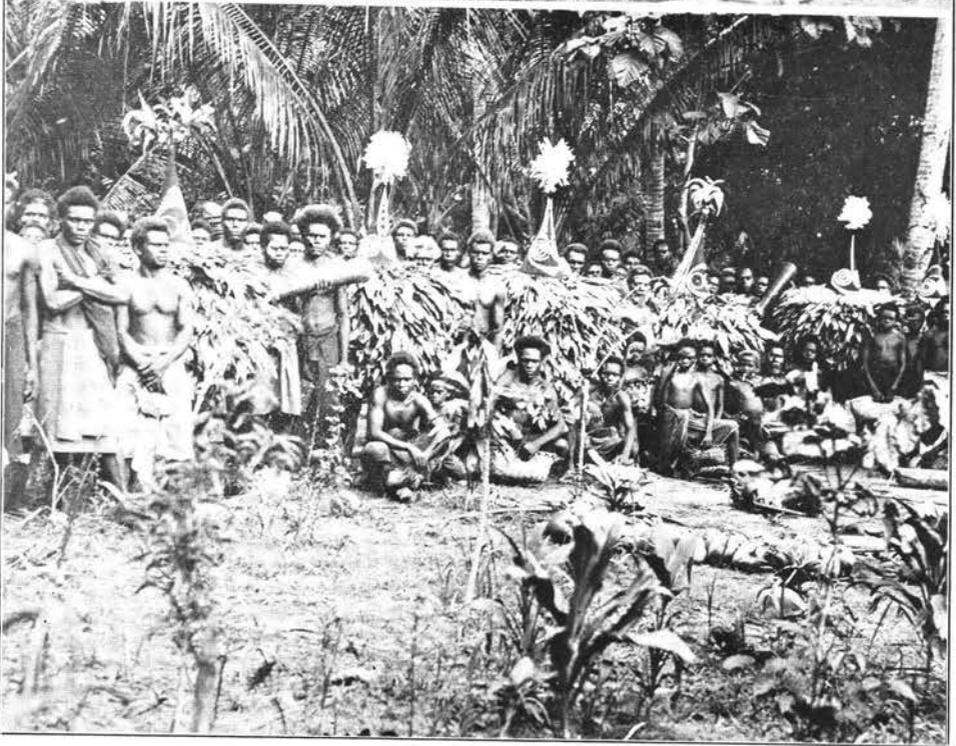
We kicked off from Djennie just at dawn, and it was eerie to see the "carry-boys," like black shadows, going ahead of us with their loads, as we dropped in a series of sharp zig-zags into a great valley, along which for several miles our route lay. As the light strengthened we saw, here and there through the forest, mountains standing silent and immutable as fate. Many acres of the mountain sides, as a result of vast landslides, had slithered thousands of feet into the river valleys below. This fact constitutes one of the very real dangers of traveling in the Papuan mountains. One is never too sure whether the ground over which one is tramping is not suddenly going to slide into space. Bare scars which contrasted sharply with the deep sombre green of the surrounding forest were recognized as being areas from where the jungle, with thousands of tons of debris, had gone hurtling from the heights to the depths far below. These mountains have been water-laden since time began, and waterfalls, by the hun-

dred, leaped from cliff tops on to the green, waving depth far below.

The native tribes inhabiting this mountain country are of true Papuan stock, as being distinct from the Melanesian races of the seafront. Nearly every ridge of the high mountains is crowned with a tiny native village, but in order to reach such a place one has to undertake violent exercise. The native mountaineer does not believe in grading his track, he simply takes the nearest cut to the bottom of a river valley, and does the self-same thing to get up the opposite side. The average grade of the valleys is one in three, and even in such situations the lighter green amid the wild jungle showed the little patches of gardens where the natives were growing their sugar-cane, yams, bananas, and such like.

I climbed to some of these mountain villages—dirty, squalid places they were. A few roughly-thatched palm huts comprised the average village, and a score of pigs snored contently in or about the huts. Pigs and Papua are synonymous, for every village—big or small—is overrun with porkers, which have a strangely contrasted sort of life, for sometimes after being the village pets for months they finish up their career by being slaughtered to make the chief item on the menu of a tribal feast.

The mountaineers do not subscribe to the vogue of over-dressing. In fact, the contrary is the case, and a safe axiom in the high country is that the higher the altitude and the colder and wetter the climate, the less the clothing worn by both men and women; this scanty apology for dressing being brought through the legs so as to cover the loins. On the score of nudity the natives might well appear actually *au naturel*, for in many instances both sexes wear bands that by having become creased by wear are not more than one inch in width. Some of these bands are stained with dyes which the natives prepare from forest growths, in designs that comprise lines and



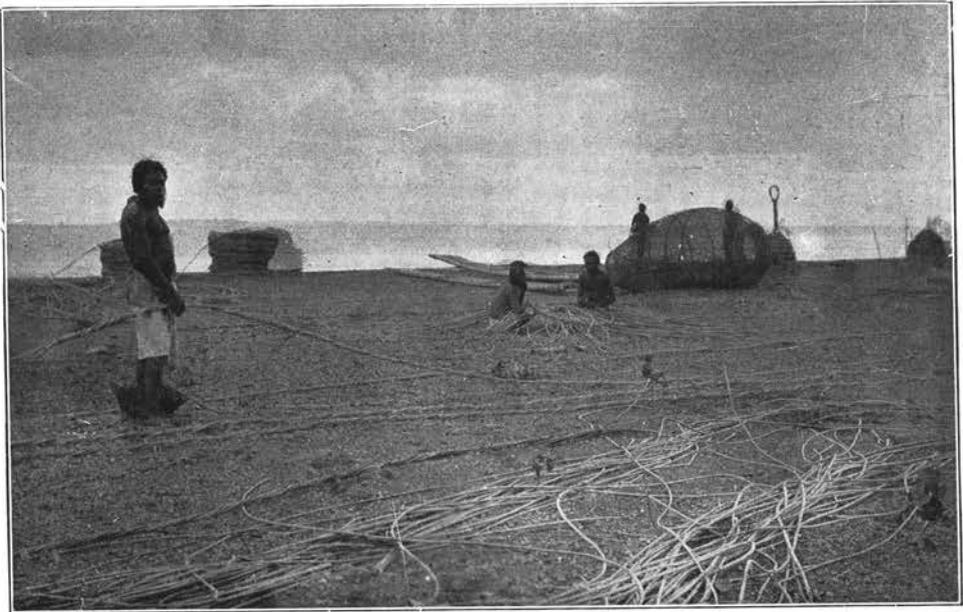
*A scene on the Papuan coast not far from Port Moresby, capital of the Territory, and a group of natives with tubuans or "dancing masks."*

circles; sometimes objects of the chase are depicted thereon, the complete pattern being prettily and tastefully blended with respect to color and design.

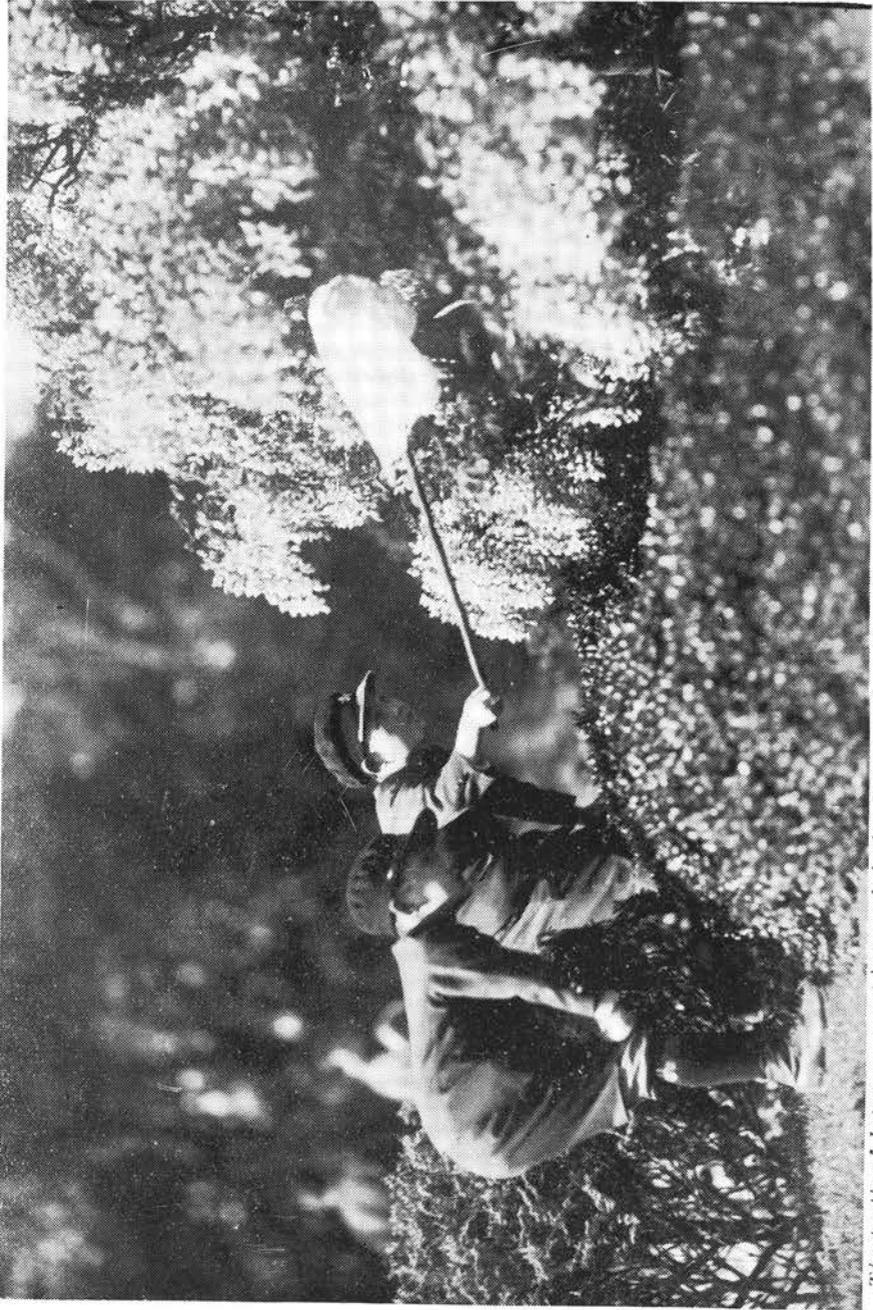
The mountaineers, despite their otherwise crude customs, understand the rudiments of music. They produce a succession of notes from a small flute, this being a section of bamboo about one foot in length. In this two small holes are bored, these being manipulated by the player with his fingers, and thus he goes "up and down the scale" according to his primitive sense of music. At night, when the camp was otherwise very quiet, we were much interested at times in watching an admiring company of the "carry-boys" listening to a mountain flutist as he gave entertainment to his dusky audience.

Space will not permit me to describe the many interesting customs that we saw among these primitive peoples of

Papua, and though, owing to sickness overcoming Dr. Nicholls, we were compelled to shorten the work of our expedition, I have hopes of returning some day and having another "look-see" at Papua. No one can see those immense river gorges, watch "the dawn come up like thunder," or look at oceans of mist floating along vast valleys and gorges without having the urge and inclination to go back again some day. And in that connection my most outstanding impression of that strange, weird land of Papua is that he who has in his mental make-up any love of adventure, trace of romance, or desire to encounter danger, will never rest satisfied until once again the jungle swallows him and he goes tramp-tramping, and thus comes face to face with Nature in some of her sternest and wildest moods. — Commonwealth Bank of Australia "Bank Notes.")



*The Papuans are experts at weaving immense fish nets of the giant rattan.*



*The people of Japan are great lovers of singing insects, and, at the approach of summer, the small boy with a fine net and a bamboo cage seeks the insects among the flowers.*



Musical  
Insects  
of  
Japan

By MOCK JOYA



Now that summer is finally with us, the tiny singing insects of Japan, the lovable musicians of nature, have started giving their nightly concerts under cover of the bushes or along picturesque country lanes.

The Mushi-uri or insect seller is one of the most interesting and welcome features of the summer season in Japan. He carries cages of different singing insects. He does not need to advertise his wares, as his insects give forth a pleasant but sometimes quite noisy chorus of singing.

As the summer season approaches, the Mushi-uri makes his appearance on street corners. He sometimes comes in the daytime, but more often he appears at night, because many of his insects sing only after dusk. The people of Japan are great lovers of the singing insects, and have developed the difficult art of raising these insects. Some varieties require very particular care in raising.

About two hundred and fifty years ago one Chuzo, who had a little greengrocery store in Yedo, one night caught several Suzumushi (*Homocoryllus Japonicus*)

on his way home. He kept these insects at home and fed them daily with cucumbers, egg plants and other vegetables. As they sang beautifully, the neighbors came to listen to their singing every evening. Soon his insects became famous, and people came from distant places to hear his insects sing. Encouraged, Chuzo started to catch more insects and raise them. Finally he dropped the business of greengrocery and became an insect man. He subsequently became the most famous insect man in Yedo, and he studied the method of raising and caring for those tiny singing insects. He was the pioneer insect man, and was soon followed by many others. Thus the profession of insect selling was started in the country.

In Japan, singing insects are called insects of autumn, but that is because, according to the lunar calendar, they sing in autumn. Under the solar calendar, however, they sing in summer, although some varieties sing until late in autumn.

*Kirigirisu* (*Green, Long-horned Grasshopper*)—It was many hundred years ago that an old blind man lived in a moyn-

tain village. He had two daughters, the elder was skilful in weaving cloths, and the younger in sewing. The two daughters served for the blind father, but their happy family did not continue forever. One autumn the old blind father died. The daughters, losing their beloved, although blind, father, experienced a sorrow that could not be expressed. They thought of their father and lamented daily. The grief so impaired their health that about three months later both died from grief and mourning for their father.

The villagers, who were fond of the daughters, buried them tenderly. A year passed, and on the anniversary of their death the friends visited their humble tombs. Before the tomb of the elder daughter they found a tiny insect singing "Gi-chon-gi-chon" continuously, as though it was working a small hand-weaving machine. Before the tomb of the younger daughter sat another insect which was singing "Tsuzuresase-tsuzuresase" (sew brocade cloths). The villagers believed that the two insects must be the two daughters reincarnated, and called the one before the tomb of the elder daughter "Hataori" (weaver) and that before the tomb of the younger daughter "Kirigirisu" (grasshopper).

The two insects seemed to multiply around the tombs and soon, in the neighborhood, they came to be seen everywhere.

Such a delicate and romantic tale is told of "Kirigirisu," but it possesses a strong body and sings rather too forcefully.

While most singing insects sing only at night, the Kirigirisu sings in the daytime. If one struggles along the dusty country road on a summer afternoon he will hear the singing from the bushes near by. To the walker the singing noise would make the summer heat unbearable. It is noisy and hot. But again when it is heard in the deserted temple yard, or in the vast stretches of the field, its music sounds pathetic.

There is nothing romantic and pictur-

esque in the body of Kirigirisu. It is a country insect. Its body is rugged, with short legs, and a fat belly. It waves its long antennae gracefully when it sings, and in this its artistic temperament might be found.

But this unpleasant-looking singer holds concerts while most other insects sing separately. When many of these insects sing together, there is always a leader. The leader sings first in a loud voice, and the tune is repeated by the chorus of others.

Among the singing insects it is regarded a cheap one because of its appearance, and while other insects are placed in luxurious cages, the Kirigirisu is usually put in a rough cheap cage. But it is quite careless of its surroundings, and within this cage it stretches its short and ugly legs and sings vehemently.

*Suzumushi* (*Homocoryllus Japonicus*)—Suzumushi is the violinist of the insect world; it is the most aristocratic and ardent lover of music. It plays its violin even when it is feeble, too weak to play any good music. Music is the life of the insect, the tone of its violin being clear, delicate and soothing.

It has two black gauze wings, which have delicate designs and it flutters when it plays. It sings "Liin-liin-liin," softly and delicately. One that sings "liin" seven times in succession is regarded as the master player and commands a very high price. Its note is rhythmic; the first note is high and short, the second is soft and drawn long, and so on alternately. The last note is specially long, and it ends so low and pianissimo that one will not know when it ends.

As soon as the sun sets it begins to sing, under the starry sky or in the rain, and it will continue singing until day-break.

Its life is short and it sings only ten days or two weeks, but to the last day of its life it sings softly and tenderly.

It is fond of polishing its long antennae. Continuously it is cleaning and wiping its long feelers with its mouth.



*The musical insect vendor is one of the most interesting and welcome features of a Japanese summer.*

*Matsumushi* (*Calyptotryphus Marmoratus*)—*Matsumushi* is so fond of pine trees, and it is on that account named “*matsumushi*” (pine insects). Its soft and delicate music has romance and an appealing tone. Its music may not be so noble and distinguished as that of *Suzumushi*, the violinist, but it has the power to attract attention.

This insect is difficult to raise in a cage, and therefore costs twice as much as the *Suzumushi*. The insect itself is not beautiful with its brownish color and yellow belly.

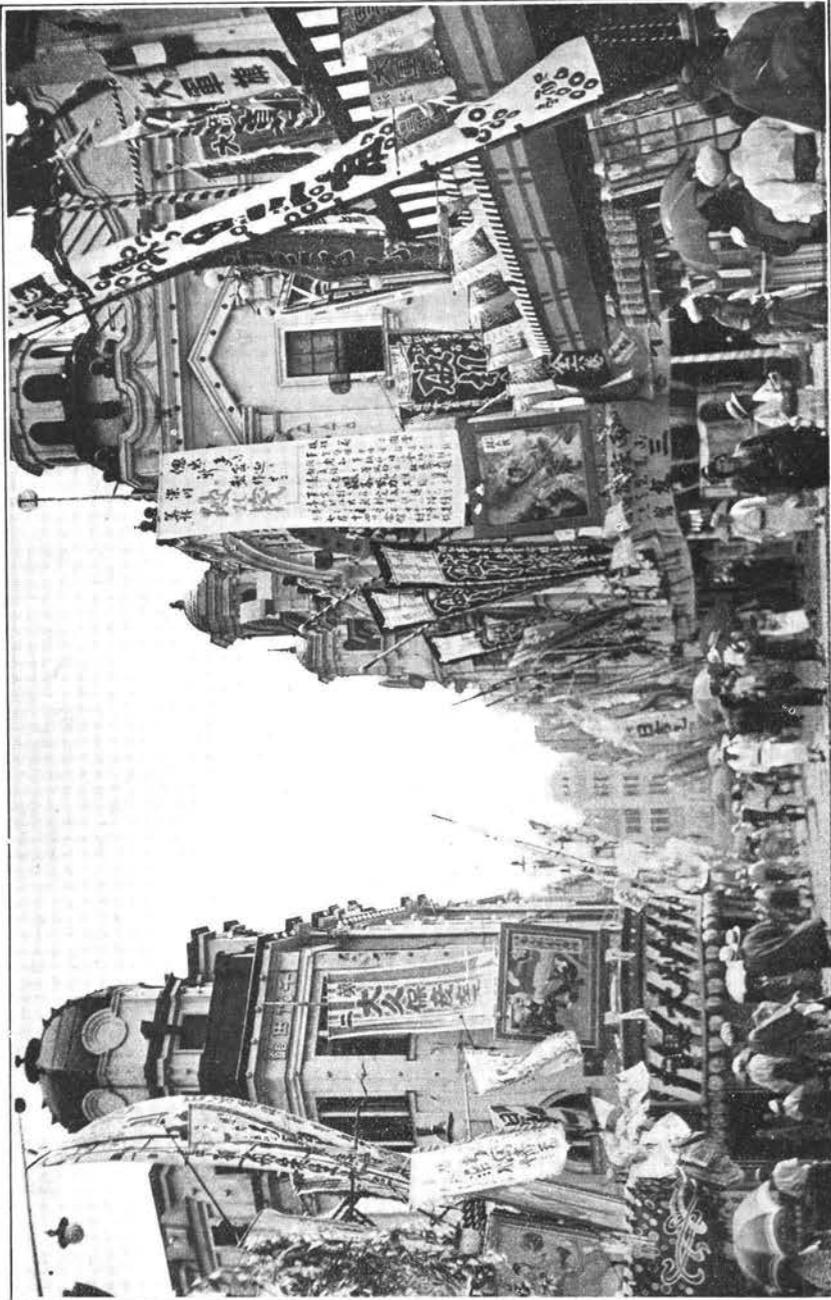
*Korogi* (*Gryllodes Berthellus*)—*Korogi* is the herald of autumn, and in the evening of a hot summer’s day, when one hears his voice, one feels refreshed as one knows that cooler weather is near. It is the most popular and common singing insect, and sings in the wooded hills,

the country fields, gardens, as well as in houses. Its glistening black head and shining eyes are quite lovable.

It sings in the early evening, but the best music it gives is to be heard at 3 or 4 o’clock in the morning, when hundreds and thousands of them sing in chorus. As the eastern sky becomes light they stop.

But the end of the delightful singer is pitiful, for when the singing male meets his female he is instantly consumed by his cruel sweetheart.

Of *Korogi*, the kind called “*Emma-korogi* (*Gryllodes Chinensis*) is the largest, and sings best. All kinds sing differently, the *Emma-korogi* sings “*kooro-koro-koro-koro-koro-koro - koro - koro,*” and *Mitsukado-korogi* (*Loxoblemmus Hoanii*) sing “*Chyu-chyu-chyu*”; and the smaller kind—“*Chiri-ri-chiri-ri.*” — *Japan Times and Advertiser.*



*A busy street in a Chinese port. When the interior of China becomes peaceful and prosperous, the growth of both domestic and foreign trade will be enormous.*



*The Yangtze Kiang Valley, with its marvelous system of water communication, is the key position of China.*

## China and the Empire

By OWEN M. GREEN

Late Editor of the *North China Daily News*

The visit to London last month of Mr. T. V. Soong, the distinguished Chinese Minister of Finance, may well have important results for Imperial trade. Behind the smoke of the Japanese conflict, despite communism and brigandage, things have been happening in China, which, if the fates are kind, may enormously increase her purchasing capacity. For this change Mr. Soong, in conjunction with his remarkable brother-in-law, Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, is chiefly responsible. "T.V.," as everyone calls him, is now 42, of deservedly high repute both personally and for financial ability, and has really

done wonders towards restoring order in China's chaotic finances. Rather shy but of charming address, a Christian (as is General Chiang), a terrific worker, he has but one thought—to revive China's prestige and prosperity.

Excluding Great Britain, the Empire's trade, in imports and exports together, with China amounted in 1930 (the latest complete figures available) to the respectable total of 'Tls.581,245,650 (say £46,499,650), which was about 'Tls.37,000,000 more than in 1929, and 'Tls.38,000,000 more than Japan, which owing to propinquity and cheap labor is the most formid-

able figure in the China market—moreover, Japan's trade dropped some Tls.36,000,000 between 1929 and 1930.

British India's large share of Chinese custom is largely influenced by cotton; Hong Kong is an entrepôt for many nations; Singapore is affected by its huge Chinese colony; Australia and New Zealand, though improving, suffer from high labor costs. The most interesting is, perhaps, Canada's trade with China. It fluctuates considerably, and there was a falling off between 1931 and 1932, from \$4,810,814 in imports to \$3,725,558, and in exports to China from \$9,122,190 to \$5,908,133. But stagnation was common to markets all the world over last year, the U.S.A., for example, Canada's biggest customer, buying only \$235,200,000 worth of goods from her in 1932, against \$351,700,000 the year before. The full effect of the terrible Yangtze Valley floods of 1931 was not felt in China till the next year, for three-quarters of which, moreover, the communists' ravages were disastrous.

As will be shown later, conditions are better now. The totals given above may seem small, but, until recently, China's foreign purchases were of a specialized order, in which Canada could not compete. Now, as China looks more and more across the Pacific, Canada's trade with her, aided by the splendid ships of the C.P.O.S., and, incidentally, by a most energetic and popular Trade Commissioner in Shanghai, Lieut.-Col. L. M. Cosgrave, should surely have a great future. In several of the most important lines, China bought more from Canada in 1932 than in 1931, as the following table shows:

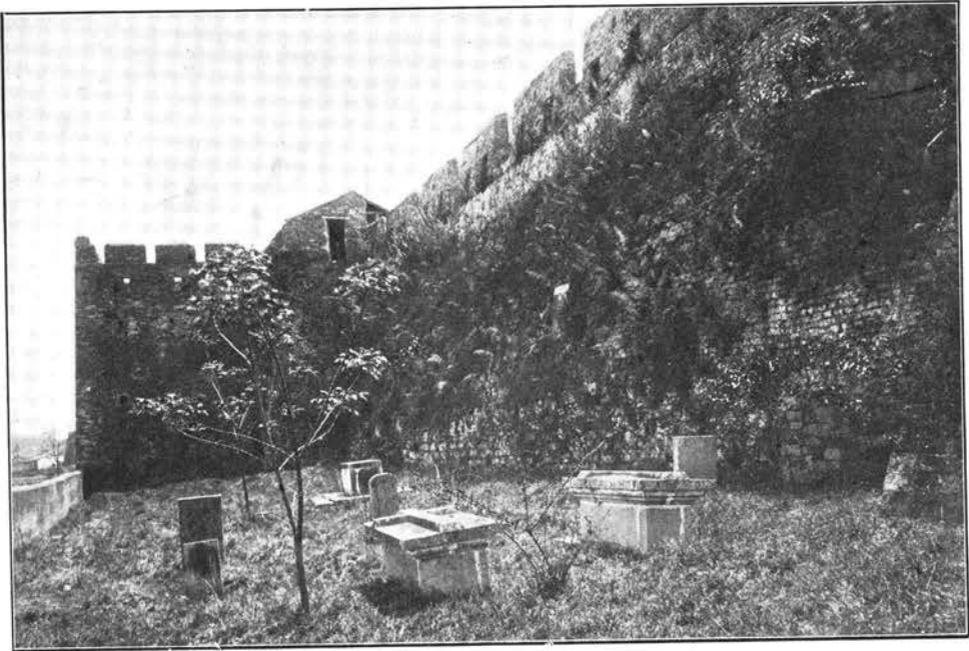
Exports to China.	1931	1932
Rubber tires .....	\$ 6,145	\$ 17,461
Leather, not manufactured .....	14,466	22,569
Piling (wood) lin. ft....	49,518	60,217
Planks .....	605,986	640,990
Paper .....	112,704	320,927
Iron piping .....	22,561	54,271
Aluminium and manufactures .....	102,189	148,280
Alcoholic beverages ....	11,569	28,014

The most serious decline was in wheat, due to America's special loans to China for wheat and cotton purchases. In imports, Canada showed a tendency to transfer her buying from Japan to China, particularly in silk, but this was probably due to the lowness of silver helping China's exports.

It need hardly be said that China's capacity both to buy and sell has been severely obstructed by years of turbulence and civil war. In spite of the Chinese ability to do business under conditions that would be deemed impossible elsewhere, only a small fraction of her imports penetrates beyond the few treaty ports. If the interior were peaceful and prosperous, the growth of her trade must be enormous. Here, then, is the special significance of Mr. Soong's visit, as he certainly would not have left his office if China's affairs had not been more promising than formerly, nor without definite hope of consolidating and developing what has been begun.

A brief retrospect is necessary, in order to make the position clear. In 1928 when the Nationalists overthrew the old northern régime and moved the capital to Nanking, the Kuomintang (the central party of Nationalism, founded by Dr. Sun Yat-sen) made itself the supreme power in the state, above all law, unquestionable. All ministers were subject at every step to its interference, and throughout the provinces its powers were delegated to district councils composed of the rawest youths.

The result was gross abuse of power, incompetence and flagrant dishonesty. Local generals, ruling like petty kings, were by no means inclined to knuckle under. Taxes were collected sometimes for 15 or 20 years ahead. Ruined peasants became bandits by thousands, or joined the communists, who, a year ago, were estimated to control 300,000 square miles of China's best lands. Civil war broke out afresh early in 1929 and continued almost unbroken down to the conflict with Japan in September, 1931.



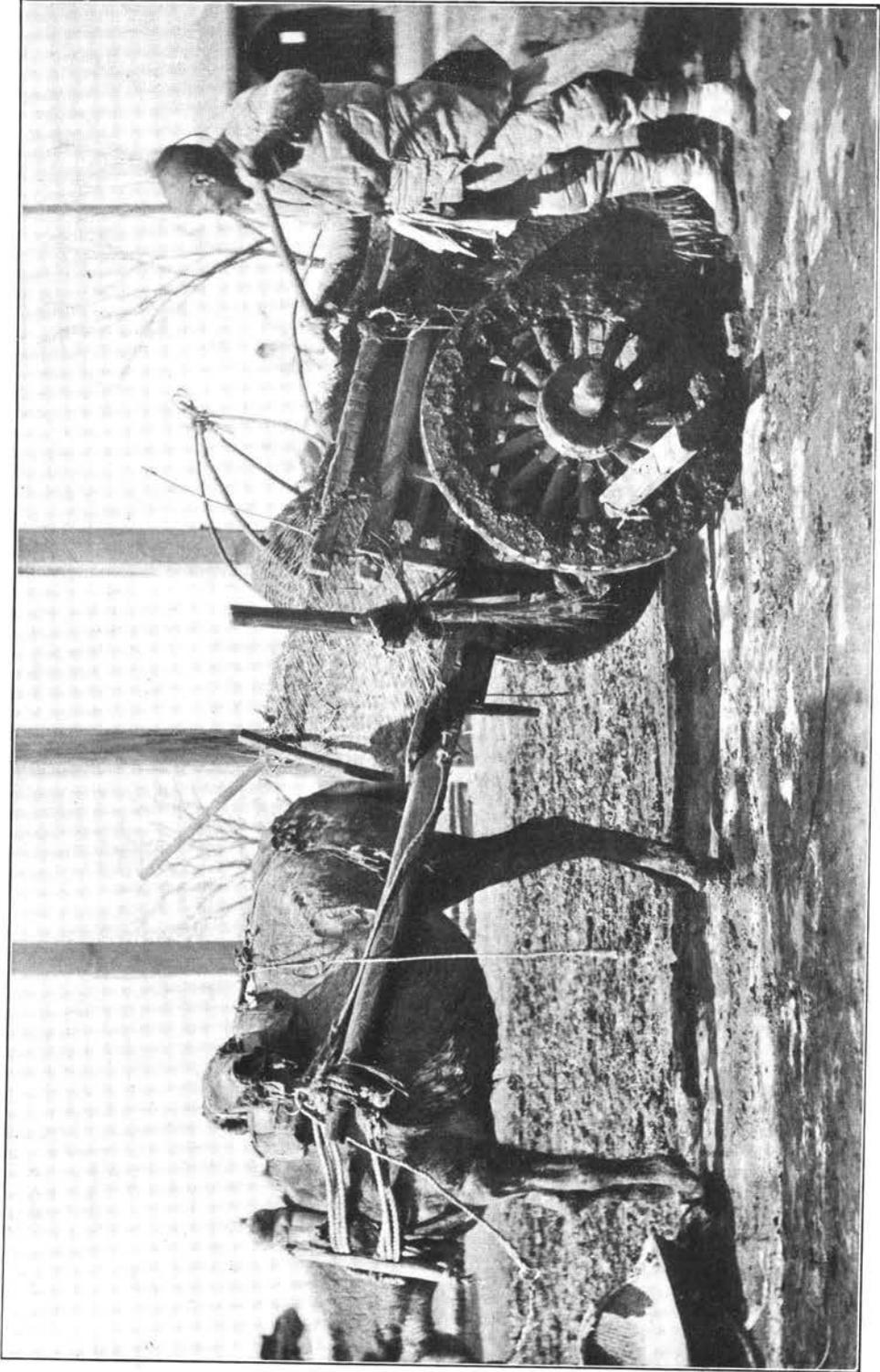
*A bit of old Nanking, the capital of China.*

It did not really cease then. For nearly two years General Chiang Kai-shek had been trying to break the Kuomintang monopoly, and the Cantonese (who are the champions of Kuomintangism) took advantage of the war fever to sweep him out of office, on the plea that he and his associates were pro-Japanese. As a matter of fact, General Chiang has always seen the futility of fighting Japan. Cool, reserved, far-sighted and resolute, General Chiang is in every way a head and shoulders above his opponents. He knows well that China's troubles are at home and he has said plainly that she can never cope with foreign aggression till she has put her house in order. In office, the Cantonese soon found the hopelessness of their jingo denunciations of Japan, and by May of last year most of them had disappeared to the south, leaving the burden of government again to General Chiang and his friends.

Then came a notable departure in policy. Nanking announced that thenceforward it would fight no more civil

wars except against communists; it would concentrate all its efforts on its own sphere, the Yangtze Valley (which is eight or nine times as big as England and Wales); and other areas must temporarily be left to their own devices. The magnitude of this change can, perhaps, hardly be appreciated outside China, where it had been a cardinal point that all provinces must be subjected, at any cost, to Nanking's dictation. But, in spite of provocation, Nanking has hitherto stuck to her decision.

Finances were now put under a commission, presided over by Mr. Soong but mostly composed of solid bankers and merchants. By wholesale conversion of internal loans \$100,000,000 was annually saved; even the army was rationed, with a saving of as much more. By the end of the year the budget for the first time was balanced without borrowing. It is true this applied only to internal expenditure. Though China pays up regularly on her principal foreign loans, she is badly in arrears on railway loans. Still,



*China is eagerly turning to economic development, especially as concerns roads, bridges and railways. As this is gradually accomplished, such seas of mud and transportation units as depicted above will automatically disappear.*



*The Temple of Heaven, Peking.*

it was a notable and promising achievement.

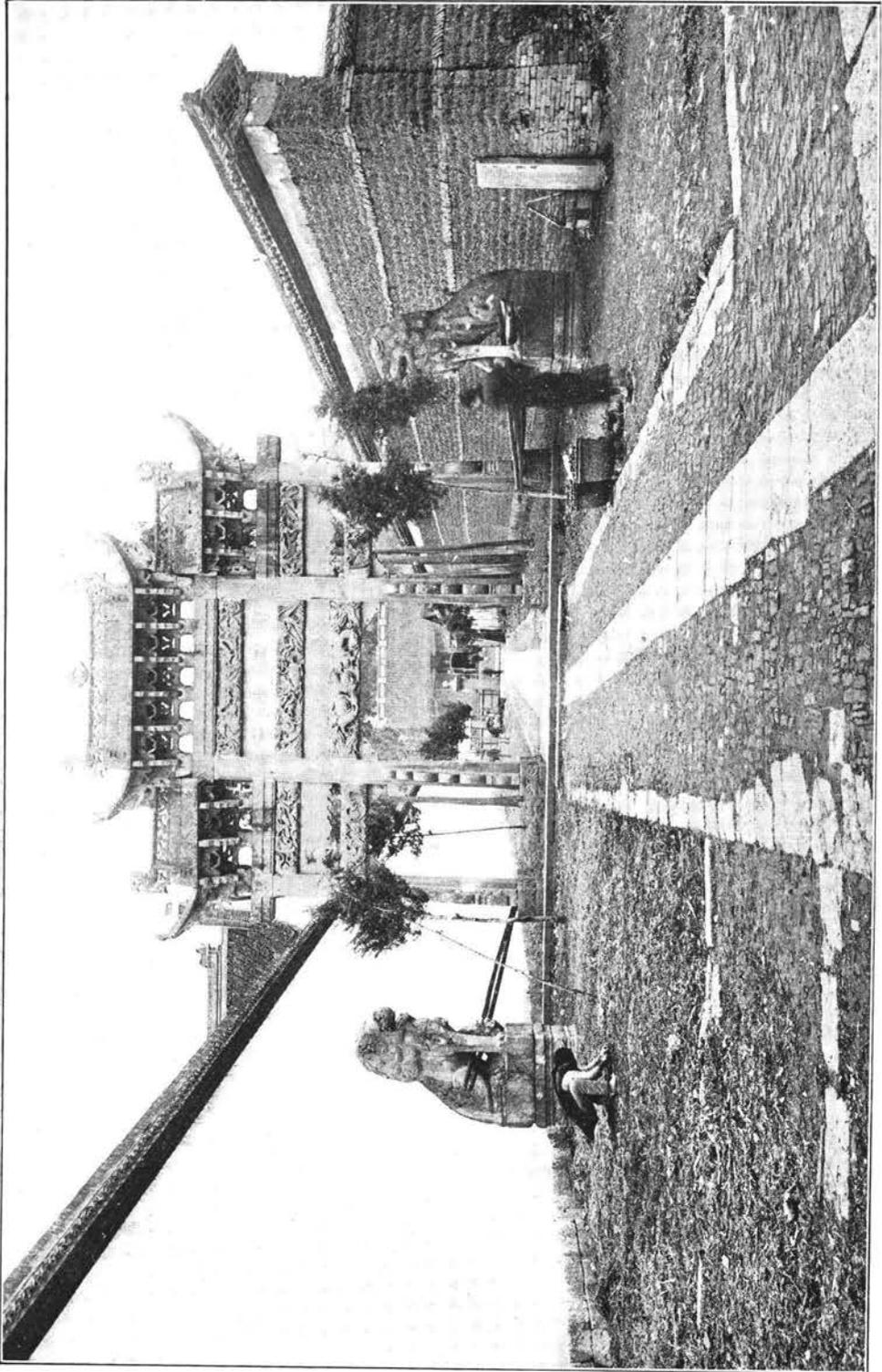
With the elimination of the Cantonese it has been possible to put a salutary check upon the Kuomintang absolutism, at least in Nanking's sphere: and there is an increasing tendency to call in the aid in government work of the business class, famous for its ability and shrewd common sense. Nothing is more notable than the freedom with which the Kuomintang's ineptitude and corruption are now attacked—a thing impossible a year and a half ago.

And now the question is, how far can this hopeful commencement be enlarged and made permanent? The present Nanking government has more solidity and more support in public approval than any government for many years past. But the difficulties before it are very great.

First and foremost, China's enormous size, some 25 times that of Great Britain and embracing the widest varieties of climate, custom, character and language. People of districts 200 miles apart often cannot understand each other; and every province—even every hamlet—has its own peculiar practices founded on the tradition of thousands of years.

Nanking's exclusivist policy obviously tends to accentuate cleavage, and, in fact, China today consists of three principal states (besides outlying portions, Ishmaels to the rest) for all practical purposes independent of each other. These are: Canton, head of the southern federation; Nanking in the center; and the north loosely centering on Peking, but in a fluid state, the ultimate formation of which it is impossible at present to foresee. A monarchical movement, linking up with Manchuria, under the young ex-Emperor Pu Yi, is not an impossibility. General Chiang is not popular in the North, and Canton's inveterate jealousy of Nanking is another disturbing factor. Fortunately, the truce with Japan seems to have been accepted without the explosion that many had feared.

The communists continue to be a most serious menace. Last autumn General Chiang drove them off the Yangtze, but in southern central China they possess a stronghold most difficult to attack, where they have their own ministries, laws and even money. Their propaganda goes everywhere, finding fertile soil in the general poverty; and it is to be feared that, with the renewal of Sino-Russian diplo-



*This solid road to a temple in China of ancient date indicates that the Chinese are quite capable of building lasting roads of a modern type as well.*

matic relations, they will, as happened before, receive abundant evil help from Moscow.

"The problem of communism," General Chiang said not long ago, "is three-tenths military, seven-tenths administrative." Every road and waterway is dotted with illicit tax-bureaux. These must be suppressed if the peasantry, on whom all China rests, are to be enabled to earn a decent living. Yet, to suppress them means uprooting swarms of harpies who, with their perquisites gone, will swell the tide of discontent and intrigue.

Still, the outstanding factor is that a beginning of practical reform has been made, and on the only lines that would seem to promise ultimate success. To reorganize all China simultaneously is beyond any man or group of men. The only course—which is the historical one, adopted by every new dynasty for thousands of years—is, in a selected area, to endeavor to create an effective government which will gradually enlarge its borders as conditions permit. The Yangtze valley is the key position of China, accessible in most parts by a marvelous network of navigable creeks and large streams radiating from the great river, and containing some of the richest lands and 170,000,000 of the most industrious people in the world. What might not such an area do for the nation's economic recovery, besides that its prosperity would inevitably draw other parts of China into its orbit!

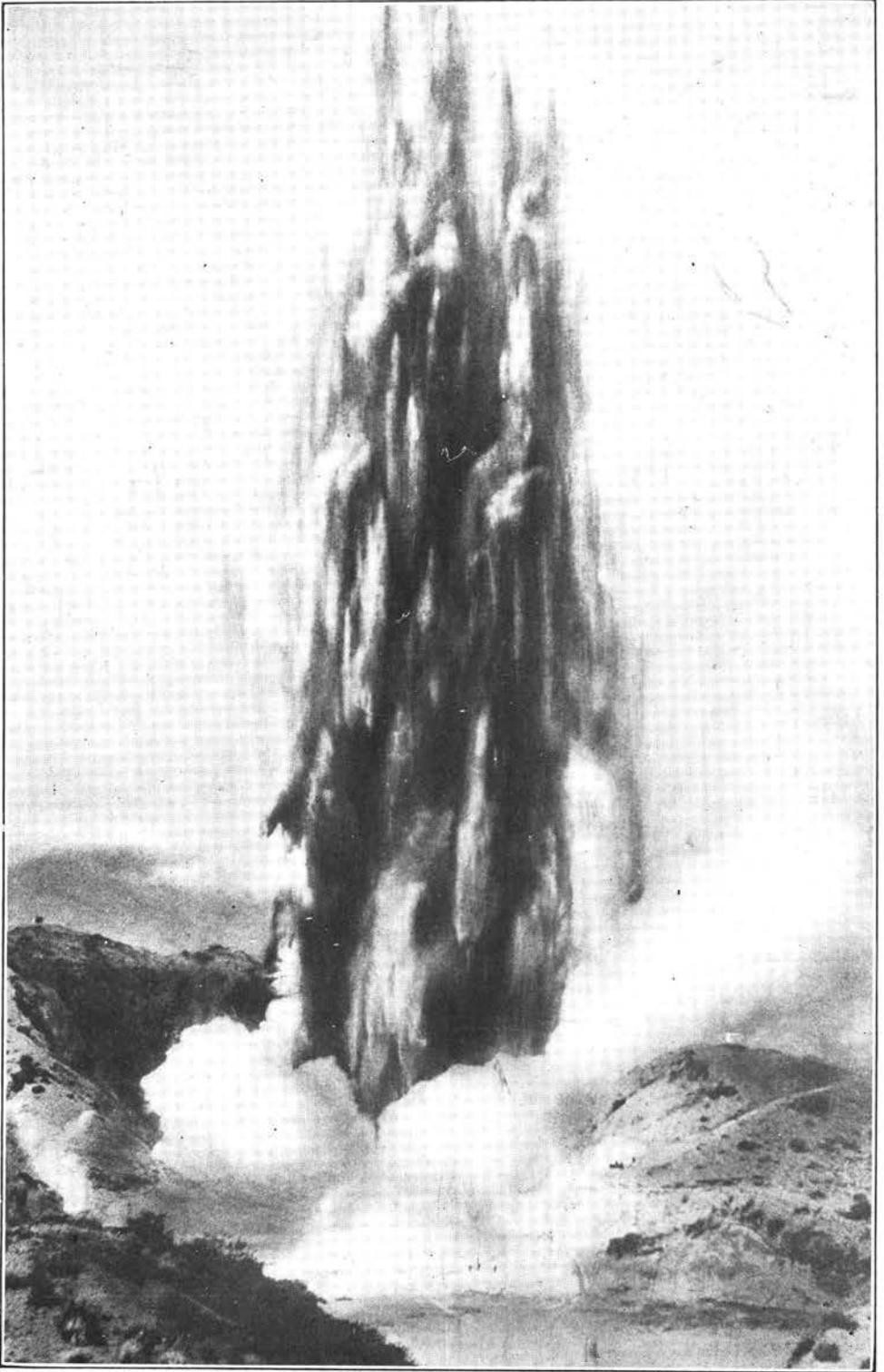
But help from without is almost indispensable. That is the emphatic injunction of the Lytton report: and in the view of those who know China, there is now a golden opportunity before Great Britain to lend that help. Her interests in China are greater than those of any nation: throughout the nineteenth century her's was always the lead; and so, in spite of our rivals' endeavors, it might be again.

The Chinese really understand us better and have more confidence in dealings with us than with any other foreigners.

Unfortunately our policy in China today can only be described as aimless. The program of conciliation by surrender of all our rights, laid down in 1926, has admittedly failed, and for some years our only guide has been to avoid trouble at all costs—which, incidentally, is usually the best way to provoke it. The Chinese see this quite well and it not unnaturally offends and irritates them. Disappointed of help by the League of Nations, thrown back upon themselves, they now hang uncertainly between America, Russia and Japan, and there is little doubt that they would gladly see us taking again the active rôle in the Far East that used to be ours. They are keen that, when Sir Miles Lampson moves on in the autumn, we should send them, not a Minister, but an Ambassador, who should initiate our policy, where it always was and ought to be initiated, in China herself, in the light of facts which cannot be correctly visualized 10,000 miles away. The idea has warm support among those who know the Far East.

It is not so much a question of loans as of assistance in administrative matters, in which China is inexperienced, but which are indispensable for the good organizing of government. More than this, however, China is turning eagerly to economic development, roads and bridges, railways, river conservancy, rebuilding of towns, factories, electricity plants. In all this she needs expert help and abundance of materials and equipment which she cannot produce for herself.

Such are some of the subjects which Mr. Soong must have been discussing during his stay in London. The outcome may have far-reaching benefits for China and for the Empire.—*United Empire*.



*When in action some of the geysers in the thermal region of New Zealand shoot to a height of 1500 feet. The Yellowstone Park in the United States is the only rival of this land of mud volcanoes, gushers and blowholes.*

# Auckland to Rotorua

By GORDON THOMAS

Editor *Rabaul Times*, New Guinea

Every self-respecting tourist to New Zealand visits Rotorua. One might as well visit Paris and miss the Moulin Rouge or London and fail to see Westminster Abbey as to omit the thermal regions lying some hundred and fifty miles southeast from Auckland.

I had naturally heard much of Rotorua; of its eeriness and its natural beauty: Maoris cooking their food in boiling springs and bathing a few yards away in icy cold water is known of in every corner of the earth, so naturally my curiosity was aroused.

From Auckland one may travel either by train or by motor. At 10:30 a.m. the bus was due to leave the depot in Customs Street, and though we moved off 10 minutes behind schedule, we arrived at Hamilton, 75 miles distant, at 1:35 p.m. after traveling through green pastoral country where the good cow pays the household accounts, notwithstanding the fact that cream brings only  $7\frac{1}{2}$ d at the creamery. The green, grassy slopes and symmetrical dividing hedges are reminiscent of Dorset, in England, for one seldom sees along this route the stark grey fences of post and rail or the ungainly barbed wire.

Leaving Hamilton one passes through the old world town of Cambridge and then on past small townships with long Maori names.

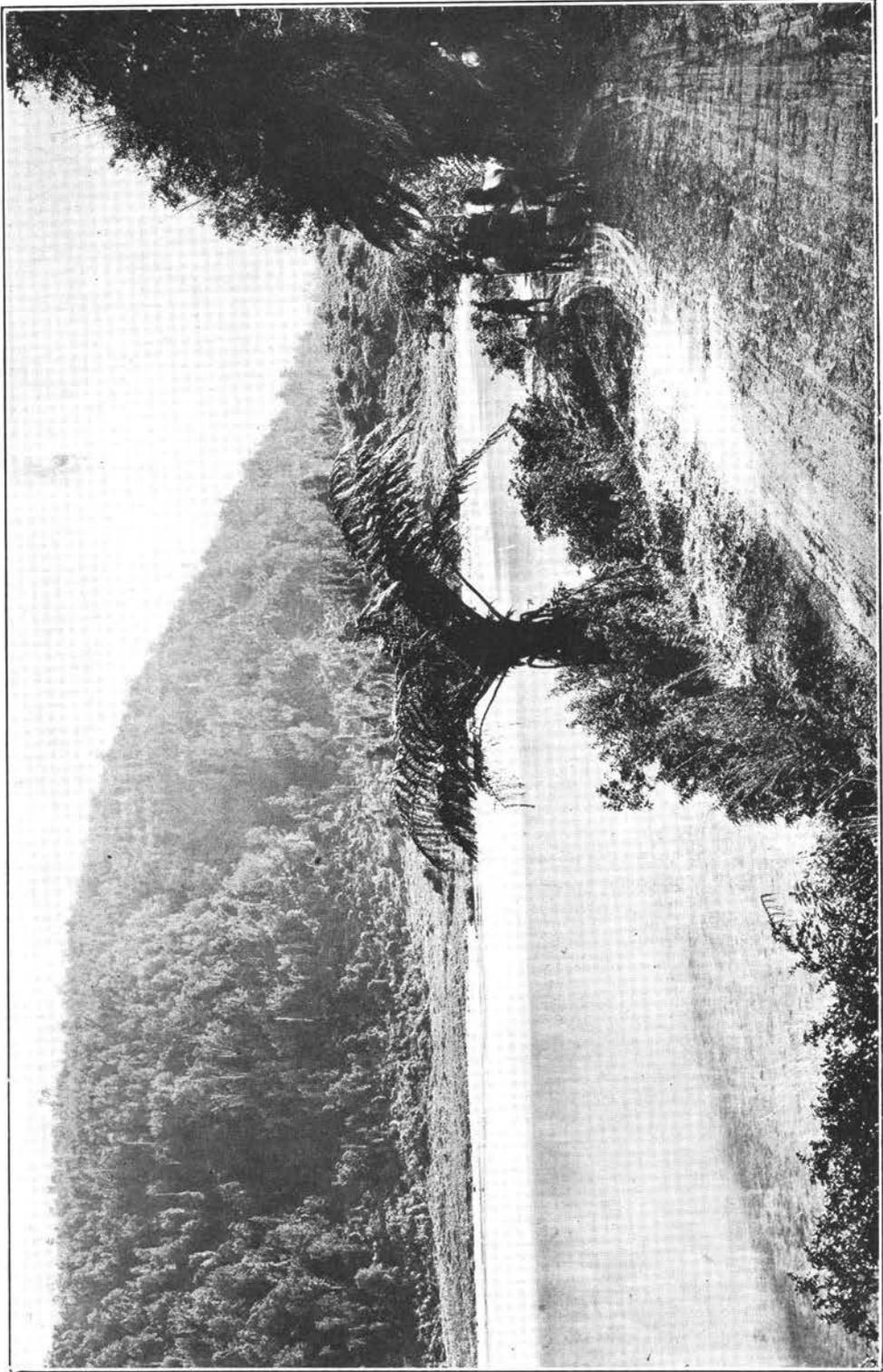
Rotorua is reached about 4:30 p.m. and the car drops you at the hotel of your choice. There are numerous hostleries in the town and I was fortunate in choosing Princes Gate—a private hotel facing the Gardens which are a treat for the eye that appreciates green, well-kept lawns and long rows of multi-colored flowers with green tall firs and pines pointing their

heads towards the blueness of the near-autumn skies. In these gardens there are tennis courts, croquet lawns and bowling greens. Here, too, are the Government baths. The main building stands on a rise and is reminiscent of some many turreted chalet in Switzerland. The new Blue Baths are only in course of erection, while the Ward Baths lie a short distance to the rear of the latter.

In these buildings, which are spacious and well designed, one may have for a nominal fee every description of thermal bath at any temperature from 96 degrees to 105 degrees Fahr. There is the priest bath for a general tonic (which the attendant whimsically explained to me was so called for it washed away your sins. "You see," he added, "there are two for the women and only one for the men, women having more sins!") Needless to add the attendant was a man. And the Rachel bath, which is supposed to have a beneficial effect upon milady's skin, and there are the radium baths which tone up the system and have an invigorating effect. At the Blue Baths mixed bathing is allowed and it is here that the water is exceptionally blue and clear, making a picturesque effect seen through the tall fluted columns of the bathhouse.

People from all over New Zealand suffering from rheumatism, sciatica and nervous complaints congregate here and take the baths. From here, too, the sight-seeing tourist starts on the many car trips that enables him to see the Southern Hemisphere—if not the world.

Adjoining the northern town limits lies Ohinemotu, where stands an old Maori church beautifully decorated with characteristic Maori carving. Near the church lies a native village which is a collection



*On the trip from Rotorua to Wairoa one passes beautiful Blue Lake, shown above, and traverses the country ravaged by the upheaval of Mt. Tarawera some 47 years ago.*

of small native cottages all looking somewhat dilapidated with here and there a house with Maori carving. Here one sees the well-known Maori cooking of potatoes in the boiling water. Here, too, one is besieged by coffee-colored little brats for pennies or threepenny bits. "Make-a-Haka-sing-a-song-a-penny!" The tourist is the source of the Maoris' revenue.

A mile or so out of the town to the south lies the village of Whakarewarewa, and here one may see boiling geysers playing, steam rising from the pathways like some huge brown monster with slothful regularity. Motor buses leave the town for Whaka every 15 minutes. The fare is 8d return. Guides are available if desired and cost 1/- for each person. An extra charge of 1/- is made to enter the Government Reserve at Whaka.

Being somewhat aweary of car traveling and repeated sight-seeing, I confined myself to three hours and on one trip visited Titikere and a beautiful lake called Rotokawau, that looks for all the world like some great sapphire dropped in an emerald basin.

Another trip took me to Wairoa, passing the Blue and Green lakes and traversing the country which suffered so terribly in the great upheaval of Mount Tarawera back in 1886, when many Europeans and Maoris lost their lives and the famous pink and white terraces were obliterated. The scene from the shores of Lake Tarawera, looking across to the volcano of that name is awe-inspiring and somehow there seems to reign over all a feeling pregnant with possible calamity.

By the roadside one sees the rusted iron of a buggy buried 47 years ago, and a short walk into the bush brings you to the sight of an old schoolhouse that was destroyed with the European teacher, his family and the Maori children. Along this same road for miles one sees the great Earthquake Crack—a fissure caused at the time of the '86 eruption with a depth in parts of 30 feet.

Apart from the thermal regions in the Rotorua district the country appears like

hilly grazing land with large tracts of pine trees planted under the Government Afforestation Scheme. In this district alone, some 500,000 acres have been planted with *Pinus Insignis* and other commercial timber.

After seeing the principal sights near Rotorua, I left by car one morning at 8:45 for Napier, a distance of over 100 miles over most excellent roads and passing for some distance through country which has been planted up by the well-known New Zealand Perpetual Forests Company. At Waiotapu we made a slight detour from the main road which at first rather mystified me, but eventually the driver explained that we would await another car and then indulge in the illegitimate pastime of "soaping" a geyser. Descending from the car our party walked a short distance from the road and observed the outlet of a small geyser which bears the name of Lady Knox (a link by the way with Australia). In appearance this dead geyser might have been Lot's wife after having been turned into a pillar of salt, but after our driver had carefully cut up a bar of soap and thrown it into the aperture, there soon commenced a subterranean rumbling noise and within five minutes the geyser was playing, at first rising to only a few feet, but eventually threw out a boiling stream reaching some 20 feet in height.

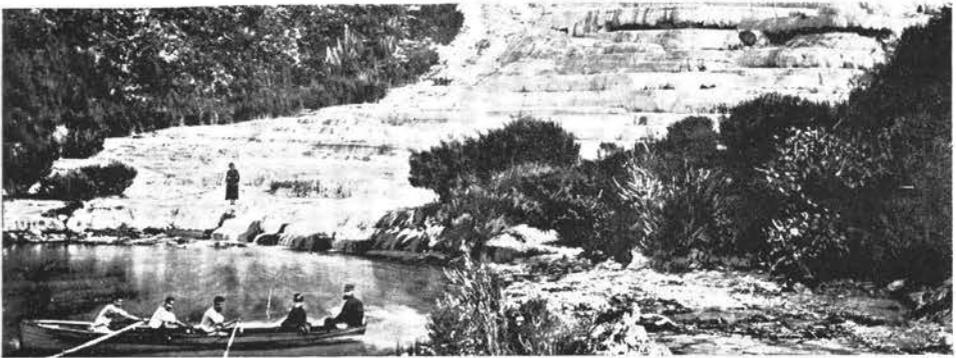
Returning to the main road we arrived at Wairakei, where we changed cars, our new bus being a very powerful eight-cylindereed car in order to negotiate the steep hills of the Kaimanawa and Ruahine mountains which lay between us and our destination at Napier. Our driver was the well-known "Monty," who had more the appearance of a touring English nobleman in search of big game and fishing than the orthodox car driver. I had heard many remarks about the precipitous and torturous road from Taupo to Napier and I was somewhat apprehensive and nervous in making the trip, but the mere sight of "Monty" reassured me and gave me implicit confidence as to

our reaching Napier in ultimate safety; nor was this feeling of confidence misplaced. The manner in which "Monty" maneuvered the car around narrow corners which did not permit two cars passing and with a drop of hundreds of feet on one side and the sheer mountain side on the other was simply marvelous. The slightest error in the turn of his wrist at many times would have meant instant death. This possibility was demonstrated at one particular nasty corner when he laconically nodded his head down a precipice and I saw the remains of a limousine car some hundreds of feet below the road we were traveling on.

Shortly after leaving Wairakei we passed the beautiful Huka Falls, which are formed by a branch of the Waikato river emptying into Lake Taupo. This lake, which is over 2,200 feet above sea level, is one, if not the largest, of the lakes in New Zealand. It is 17 miles long by 14 miles wide. Leaving the lake we passed through the Kaingaroa Plains and stopped at Rangitaiki for lunch. Continuing across the plains until we reached Tarawera, and from there we ascended and descended over some of the most mountainous country it has ever been my privilege to travel over. At one point we rose 1,700 feet in three miles, and it was not until we reached Eskdale that our mountaineering came to an end. From

this place on to Napier we commenced to see signs of the ravages of that stupendous earthquake which razed Napier and the surrounding district. One remarkable feature as a result of the earthquake in this respect is the smallness of the chimneys which have been erected on houses built since the disaster. Small stovepipes protruding from the roofs of large dwellings give the buildings an unfinished appearance, but this precautionary measure is most essential when it is realized that a great deal of the damage has been caused in the past through the falling of large brick chimneys. Close to Napier itself there is a large area of land which, prior to the earthquake, was below sea level. A reclamation company has been formed and was working for years to convert this waste land into arable property when the earthquake came along and Nature did in forty minutes what the company had been endeavoring to do for forty years.

The town of Napier itself is rising phoenix-like from its ashes and already a great number of really excellent buildings have been erected, none, however, more than two stories high. There are still noticeable in certain portions of the town the old ruins which give one some slight conception of the great damage wrought in 1931.



*The lost Pink Terraces near Rotoruahana, destroyed in 1886 by earthquake.*



*An eastern chain of the Andes runs through Bolivia.*

## The Carnival at La Paz, Bolivia

By ALEXANDER HUME FORD  
Director of the Pan-Pacific Union

La Paz, March 13, 1930.

La Paz, the highest capital in the world. It is carnival time and the banks all closed for four days. The express leaves for Buenos Aires Wednesday, banks not open until Thursday, nor is the office of the Argentine consul to visé my passport.

In La Paz Carnival is king. When I arise in the morning and ring for my early coffee I just ring. When it gets late I go out on the street to see if I can get coffee. I cannot. Every place closed. Finally I return to the hotel. I get coffee. Is it hot? Not at this altitude.

It took me but a very little while to learn to avoid the up and down streets. They look so tempting; you walk down one of these, then you have to come up again. It can be done, at the expense of almost utter exhaustion. Time after time I return to the hotel down and out, panting and every muscle aching. I go to bed,

and in five minutes I am up again wondering why I was so tired. I just keep to the level streets now, and when one begins to dip I go back home or find some other way out of the dilemma.

I decide to use what funds I have to go down to Oroya, a six-hour run on the railway toward Buenos Aires and use my letter of credit there. I then learn that this four-day carnival extends over every inch of South America, and is an annual calamity and that's that.

In La Paz it is said to be the greatest and finest fiesta in ten years. I watched the opening pageant on Sunday afternoon. Bolivia is not rich, but the Bolivians, that is, the descendants of the Spanish, turned out full force, with decorated automobiles and floats, and even some of the Cholos, part Indians, participated, but the picturesque Indians in their national dress were conspicuous by their absence, and in the great crowds that

lined and packed the streets for hours, waiting for the carnival parade, the Indian was relegated to the rear. Now, when I spoke of this to a Bolivian he explained that the Indians have their great fiesta, at which much pure alcohol is drunk, and the worship of the true faith, and that of the old Incas, is blended in riotous fury. Well, I am glad they have a good time once in a while.

La Paz is a wonderful and beautiful city, but it has not the romance and solidity of Cuzco. Cuzco is a gem set in an ancient setting. It is the soul of Peru. La Paz is a city of 150,000, more modern and spread out in a deep valley, the precipitous sides of which are twelve to fifteen hundred feet high. You climb the sides in an electric car to a golf course, the highest in the world, for La Paz, like most of this Andean plateau I have inhabited for a week or more, is 12,500 feet above sea level. I have not felt the altitude elsewhere as I do here in La Paz. That is possibly because the slightest exertion brings on difficulty of breathing and it is more strenuous to ascend an acclivity than to climb steps. However, I do not care to do either in La Paz.

The streets, at this carnival time, some of them, are lined for a mile or more with Indian women who have brought fruit, vegetables, flowers and pottery for sale. They usually install themselves and wares on the sidewalk, and you dodge the autos in the roadway as you examine the wares. But who cares, it is carnival time. I am advised to keep indoors tomorrow, for on Tuesday and Wednesday, by law, everyone is permitted to throw water or flour, usually both, on his neighbor. I know what will happen to me. In the streets yesterday I was the target for the exploding bombs of the youngsters, and as I took it good-naturedly and laughed with them I got by, but I don't want to have my only overcoat turned into a mass of wet dough—not at this altitude—and it's three days by rail before I get to an altitude that I can call my own.

Again I have ventured out, keeping to the level streets, but at the end of this street leading from the Plaza I find myself facing the side of the arroyo. The street ends abruptly, and before me is a narrow native trail up the side of the arroyo, a trail leading to unknown wonders, quaint houses clinging to the sides of the arroyo, their entire fronts painted with gaudy landscapes, back yards where the mud bricks, a foot wide and a foot and a half long, are made and set out in the sun to dry. There were mud hovels and picturesque mud-brick houses. I forgot all about the dangers of sorochi, and made for the mountainside trail; at every step it seemed to me that new vistas opened and before I knew it I was high above La Paz, and happy once more. Steep trails led down, difficult to negotiate, therefore interesting. Now I wish no one had told me about sorochi or mountain sickness, describing its horrors. If no one had warned me it would be difficult to breathe at this altitude I might never have found it out. No one told me in Mexico, and I did not find it out. Oh, the power of imagination. (But it is chilly here.)

In meandering back to the hotel I dropped into one of the gorgeous churches. Everywhere life statues of saints in finest array, glittering gold and flaring candles. The ruling classes occupied the front seats, but way back in the rear several Indian men, their humble wares at their feet, knelt in prayer. Their lips moved and they devoutly crossed themselves; they were earnestly talking to the only Friend they had ever had, these poor subjects of the tiny ruling class in this country.

I was out today with an American doctor. We ran across a boy lying unconscious in the street, and stopped to minister to him. The street car had knocked him unconscious but did not stop, for he was only an Indian. If an Indian is run over and killed, the street car goes on its way without notice, but woe betide the

luckless brakeman that runs into one of the ruling class.

Carnival or no carnival, the city of La Paz is under martial law and no one can leave the city without a police permit, so I had to get it, but I can't get my grip from the railway station because there is no one there. The Argentine consul sleeps by day during the carnival as does most of the adult population of the ruling classes. The dances last until 8:00 A.M. I am not attending them, but I do snap the Indian dances on the streets—and now the streets, for miles and miles, are lined with Indian vendors with most gorgeous displays, and garments reminiscent of Joseph's coat of many colors.

How many new kinds of food seeds we found in the Indian markets I do not know. From now on these will trickle into the Pan-Pacific Research Institution with descriptive matter, especially of the new vegetables I have encountered, which should be introduced into Hawaii to add to our variety on the dinner table, already graced by the tomato, the Irish and sweet potatoes, green corn, etc., all born in this region. Now let's get the rest they have to offer. Some of them I find splendid.

I believe the Pan-Pacific Food Conservation Conference in Honolulu in 1931 will be the most unique conference of its kind ever convened, and that it will attract world-wide attention for the things it attempts. I look for a number of delegates from the Pacific Coast of South America.

My second day in La Paz has been busily spent in trying to get out of the city. As it stands now, the American consul will seek to have the railway pass me to Buenos Aires where I will run to the bank, draw some money and pay for my ticket. Other friends will make up a purse against my check on the Bank of Hawaii, if necessary, and it begins to look now as though I will get away Wednesday rather than waiting until Sunday for the next train and missing my boat from Buenos Aires to New York. It's

lots of fun, traveling in strange lands, if you know how. If you don't, there is excitement anyway.

Tons of cactus fruit are sold here. It has no spines. You just light right into it. Might it not be well to try some of that in Hawaii? It is really a very excellent fruit, somewhat larger than ours and but a faint purple through the green.

I trust if these, my random notes of travel in Latin America, are published and read that my readers will remember that they are first impressions, often inaccurate, but subject to that revision, if which carefully made would make them too truthful and tedious for publication, and if they were so published they would quickly find their way to the shelves of libraries to become dust-covered and forgotten.

I have been out again and am beginning to enjoy this carnival. Small boys are investing in glass syringes that shoot water great distances. They are practicing today, but it is not until tomorrow afternoon that they and the flour bags may be used legally. The clowns traversing the streets in groups are acquiring pep and the big-nosed, charcoal-marked bands of musicians are beginning to get a real twang at their guitars.

The miles of Indian women have folded in their blankets all the wares they had for sale, and there will be unwrapped by 9:00 tomorrow morning figs from a valley 5,000 feet below, melons from Chile that cost on the coast ten cents, selling in La Paz at \$2.00 gold. Apples from Oregon, expensive as gold, and bananas from far-off valleys—and the climbing these people do!

The Boy Scouts from the American Institute are on a hike. They made 36 miles the first day, first a climb from 12,500 feet to 16,000 feet, then down on the other side to a 9,500-foot elevation, all in one day. In three days they made 100 miles. My hat off to them. They arrive back in La Paz Sunday. What a welcome I will give them if my train leaves me

behind on Wednesday! Anyway I am leaving them the films I made of Lord Baden-Powell's day in Panama. If we have that Pan-Pacific Boy Scout Jamboree in Honolulu we want this troop that did 100 miles over the Andes in three days.

Well, I have taken a ride in the local suburban train. I thought it was bound down town but in a few moments I was out of town, looking up at snow-clad peaks 22,000 feet high and below colossal canyons rivalling those of our own Colorado. It is these mountains around La Paz that make the city beloved by those that come to live here—not the air, for that evaporates all moisture so quickly that the lips are always parched and the throat dry, almost painfully so. However, Dr. Buck says he has never had a case of bronchial pneumonia at this altitude.

I have in my pocket a piece of baked and moulded charcoal. It just fits under the thumb and is used to nibble on when chewing the coca leaves. It brings out the cocaine. I am sending a small sack of coca leaves and the hunk of charcoal to Honolulu, for trial.

My big pencil pads are in limbo at the railway station until after the carnival is over. An hour ago I priced at the only kiosk open on the plaza the price of a pencil pad and it was put at a bolivar and a half, sixty cents. I return to find the price now two bolivars. If the Americano no can afford 60c surely he can pay eighty. Such is commercial life in gay La Paz.

My hotel is on *the* Plaza, Murillo Plaza, the center and heart of the city. Murillo Plaza is bounded on the north by the capitol building (since having been abandoned as the Bolivian capital). On the east is a municipal building and the Cathedral that has been in course of construction, colonial style, during 200 years. They say it will be beautiful when completed! At present the only use made of it is the front of one nave as a shop for the sale of carnival goods, and

on its unfinished front an advertisement of the national lottery. Murillo Plaza is bounded on the south and west by hotel buildings, some less objectionable as hotels than others. As a rule the food at the Bolivian hotels is more tasty and less cleanly than in American hotels.

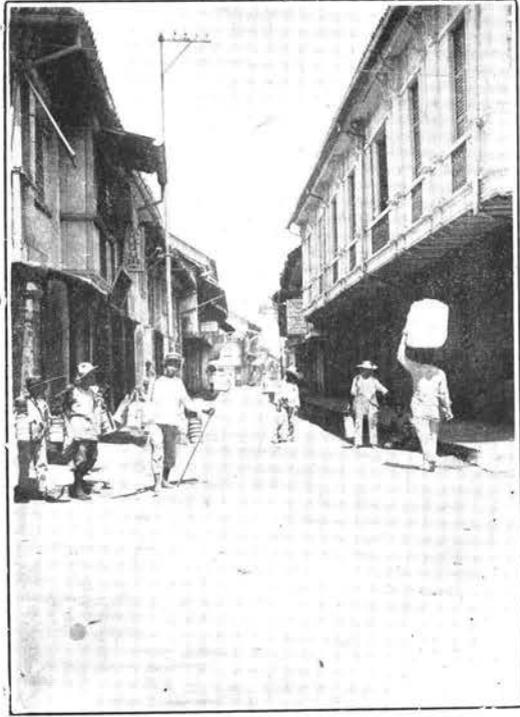
Murillo Plaza is inhabited by regiments of Indian bootblacks. In its center is the inevitable monument, this one to peace, or "the Peace," "La Paz," erected in memory of the victory that drove Spain finally out of America, and the peace that followed. The old Indian name of the city was changed to La Paz, and so remains.

The day is done and I resume my search tomorrow for the Argentine consul and my passport to his country.

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I have been in the midst of one wild, hilarious, joyful, colorful carnival group such as I never expect to see duplicated again in this world.

Suddenly as I turned a street corner in La Paz I was surrounded by a hundred women, each in a score of skirts, each skirt a different color, one and all dancing to the music of reed flutes in the hands of Indian musicians. It was the Aymara Indians participating in the carnival. Nothing so madly spontaneous as this have I ever seen in any land. It was frolic run wild, the one annual event in the lives of these city Indians. All year long their women had been saving up for the purchase of one more crimson or purple skirt, and as they danced these spread way out like a score of folding fans of all colors. The effect of a hundred of these women dancing ring-a-round-a-rosy down a steep street was bewildering. Two score of musicians followed or surrounded them, Indian drums beat and the reed flutes shrilled. It was scene and sound never to be forgotten. A quartet with particularly numerous and flamboyant skirts, a score each, would cart-wheel until their gaudy underskirts glared in the sun like the colored glasses in a kaleidoscope, changing



*Street scene in a Bolivian town.*

in form and color every moment. Gay vivandiers with canteens filled with pure alcohol poured out the cups they carried for all who would drink. The dances became madder and merrier. The crowd of dancers and musicians, now swelled to two hundred, followed their grotesque leader and were led from street to street. It was the sight of the carnival. More Indian dancers gathered here than in all the rest of La Paz. The milkmaid who supplies the American Institute and lives across the street was the patronne. It was her annual affair. Her money paid for the raw alcohol, and she herself carried a glass flagon and a dainty cup, which she filled and filled for the dancers and spectators, all of whom were Indians. Thousands of Aymara Indians now filled the street. They sat on the sidewalks, everywhere, for the street was as steep as an amphitheatre. The milkmaid was happy. What if with the cost of the liquor and the musicians, it

did take in one day her entire year's savings! She was happy, and the rest were getting so. Well, I have seen a bit of real Indian La Paz and Bolivia. That bit compensates for all the hardships endured, and they were not a few.

The day was spent trying to get my luggage out of the custom house and on the train to Buenos Ayres. Did I succeed? Well, not yet, nor have I my passport viséd.

I turned up at the American Legation at noontime, on invitation, looking like a snowball, yet it never snows in La Paz. The members of the Legation understood, however. They "had been there." The cars stop running through the city during the flour-and-water days of the carnival. Cars, humans, and autos are targets for the bags of flour and the buckets of water from every window. I wondered what the two long rows of platforms had been erected for, the length of the main boulevard. I found



*The Aymara Indians are found mostly in northern Bolivia and southern Peru. Although they stage a gay annual carnival in La Paz, they seem an unhappy lot and smiles are seldom seen.*

out. In a sidecar of a motoreycle I was rushed down this avenue and found every platform occupied with proud possessors of flour bags and small bladders filled with water that burst when they hit you, and they hit you everywhere. We put on full speed; so did the delighted audience! We returned another way.

After you have been soaked all day and look like a piece of raw dough, carnivals become monotonous.

If there is a fireplace in La Paz I have not found it. The great majority go barefoot the year round. The "ruling class" dresses á la European; the Cholo, or half-breed, dresses native but wears shoes. The Indian goes barefoot, no matter how gorgeous his headgear and dress.

The usual greeting among strangers here is an Andean cough. They all have it at this altitude, and for the first few weeks (until you become accustomed to it) the constant dryness of the throat is actually painful. I put a bunch of grapes at my bedside and every half-hour, as the intense dryness of the throat wakes me, take one and get a few minutes' ease. They tell me this is the rainy season and there is some dampness in the air, but in the dry season everything evaporates. Well, I think I would; I would like to now.

Poor Job! he was a piker beside these men of the American Institution in La Paz that have had a young lady friend and myself to get off on this afternoon's train for Buenos Ayres. No other train for four days. It has taken them three days, going twelve times to get our trunks examined, and they say this is an everyday occurrence. *They smile.*

I long for the lower strata of air. I had set aside the four days in La Paz for going all over my correspondence, scribbled on flying trains but unlooked at I am leaving it for the American Mission to forward to Hawaii.

Just by the skin of my teeth I have gotten my passport, my grips, and

funds, and that took four days of carnival season. If there is ever another carnival in Honolulu I am going out of town.

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I am glad that I wrote of La Paz as I went along, from day to day, from hour to hour; otherwise I might have just written one long tirade, yet there were purple moments in La Paz. As I left on the train a great horde of Aymara Indian revellers was breaking up. Little groups of purple and green and crimson could be seen on the hilltops above the city, seated, looking down upon La Paz. We could see them far below even when the train had ascended the 1,500 feet to the rim above the Bolivian capital. From earth's highest golf links we looked our last on La Paz. A gigantic figure of Christ from his pedestal on the edge of the vast ravine, with outstretched hands, called a blessing on La Paz—it needed it. La Paz is not a clean city. At the German Hotel, at which I stopped, which is one of the least objectionable in the city, two immense dogs are caged by day in the kitchen and let loose by night. The odor of that kitchen and the pantry, which the dogs use for toilet purposes, is indescribably offensive. In the mornings I would always hurry out to find a place where I could get my coffee in ignorance of how and where it was prepared.

The charge for coffee and bread for breakfast in South America is sixty cents, a sol and a half in Peru, a bolivar and a half in Bolivia. Now, the only place that I recall on the Pacific Coast where a perfect cup of coffee may be secured is at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. That is coffee—you have the bitter taste of the Mocha, the soft, sweet flavor of the Java—it is brought you on a silver salver with an entire silver service, fresh rolls steaming under a napkin, a silver pitcher, a large one, of pure cream, and a great silver pot of coffee—a breakfast for a king—and all for sixty cents with service thrown in



*After three centuries of oppression and one of so-called liberty, the Indian still dwells in ignorance in his wretched hut.*

that is not to be had from one end of Latin America to the other. No heated-over condensed milk there, no brown sugar and essence of coffee. What gets my ire is to see some South American railway put up a low concrete monstrosity, advertise hot running water in every room, charge Broadway prices, then give a service that sends its victims to the Latin hotels for their food.

Well, here I am on the train (four days of it) to Buenos Aires, sunning myself at the window. I spent the last two hours in La Paz sunning myself at the American Hospital, where in a hammock my nose got sunburned and my feet chilled because the upper part of my body only was in the sun. At this altitude you can put your hand in the sun and feel the strong heat, the other in the shade and feel the chill.

We are meandering along, now, across, or along, a great level plain between the Andes and the Cordilleras. When I looked out this morning I thought we were traversing the bottom of a dead sea, and we were, for away off in the distance was a shallow lake into which the waters of Lake Titicaca drain and are evaporated, and that is why Titicaca waters never reach the Pacific. This level plain between the Andes and the Cordilleras is like our Arizona deserts, save that it is some twelve or thirteen thousand feet above sea level, and remains so, for days and days of travel. The sleeping cars on this run are infinitely preferable to the Pullman—the service execrable. In each sleeping box are two berths and a wash stand. There is some privacy, but you cannot have your bed dismantled in the morning and resume your seats. No; you are sent into the first-class car. There is no heat in the cars and, recalling the steaming heat of the Pullman, I am satisfied, for you can warm yourself in the daytime in the sun and at night there are plenty of blankets.

In the bed of the ancient sea is a city,

quite a city. The merchant shops of the railway are here at Uyuni. Nearby is the famous mining country; then comes a ride of desolation, and after that the descent of a gorge at the bottom of which is a stream that sometimes trickles, but more often not. It is an inspiring sight, the gorge is magnificent, and at places are great castles, pinnacles, turrets, and palaces, all the work of erosion.

There has been a landslide; we come to it and find the train from Buenos Ayres awaiting on the other side to exchange passengers. Here on the roof of the world we are to climb over this shifting earth. Already my lungs are burning like fire. I had been warned in La Paz that if I wished to be comfortable that I was to keep quiet—me, keep quiet! When I got from one train to the other I was in a state of collapse and could only put my hand on the window sill and breathe, "Cervasa blanca grande," and even that revived me only sufficiently to lie on my bed. Let others go after this climb to the edge of the world and let their feet hang over—not for me. Let tourists delight in this; they are taken care of and there are no responsibilities, but I have accomplished things in La Paz and Bolivia that may benefit mankind, so should be satisfied.

It is almost dark and the barren waste is changing to hillsides cultivated with the olive; the customs inspector in the natty uniform of the Argentine is passing through the train, so I suppose we are in Argentine now; the train rests at the border for the night, and we are down to ten thousand feet elevation now, and the air seems good to drink. I can get a real lungful and oh, the desire to sleep!

Hip-hip-Hooray! I can breathe! It is morning. I can speak above a whisper! I can shout—my lungs work like a steam engine. Even at ten thousand feet elevation I am myself again. I look out of the window and there is a

tasteful railway station, La Quiaca. We *arc* in the Argentine. Prosperity seems to have come during the night. All yesterday but once did Bolivian Indians in the desert have courage to bring food to the second-class passengers on the train. Toward evening an Indian woman brought a few sour grapes; that was all. Well, each country has its peoples and its problems.

At Lima my friends who lived at Orura climbed by train some 16,000 feet to go back home. They always spoke of it as home, for them to go up the hill.

I spoke of the wonderful spineless cactus fruit in La Paz. I find that it is made spineless by the Indian women who rub them in their blankets one by one until the spines are off. These Indian women early in the afternoon take all their fruit produce home, where it is piled on or under the bed, in any old place, until gathered for the next day's sale. If you try to buy all an Indian woman's produce in the market, she tells you no—that she will have nothing to do for the rest of the day, and 95 per cent of the population is made up of these people, and those who till the soil—oh, so painfully!

I have been out. La Quiaca is just a modern, mid-western town as we know it in North America. One-story concrete buildings, all complete.

The Andes have disappeared. Behind us is a long semicircle of blue hills and

before us the great, sweeping, rolling country of the Argentine. Bolivia and Pacific South America are left behind; they represent an old world and an old civilization, much of which has not begun to change yet. Argentine has changed. The Indian is a mere negligible quantity. Modern methods have driven him to remote parts of the country or have made an Argentinean of him, indistinguishable from others who herd the cattle.

I am glad to be back in the lowlands. As I think over my last two weeks racing about at an average elevation of 13,000 feet, I must say: No; the roof of the world around La Paz is not the place for me, of advancing years, to go prancing around like a young kid because it is carnival-time, or even because they want their luggage, but, all in all, it was a wonderful trip across the Andes to Lima, Cuzco, and La Paz. The day in Cuzco alone would repay for all the discomforts. I shall never forget Cuzco and always La Paz will remain in my memory as the place where I saw the Aymara Indians stage their gorgeous carnival. They were not a happy lot; the copious drafts of raw alcohol merely make them forget their daily miseries; they were less unhappy than usual, that was all. They danced all over the suburbs of La Paz, but I never saw one of them smile. Smiles are not in the life of the governed class in Bolivia.



# BULLETIN of the PAN-PACIFIC UNION and PAN-PACIFIC YOUTH

An unofficial organization, the agent of no government, but with the good will of all in bringing the peoples of the Pacific together into better understanding and cooperative effort for the advancement of the interests common to the Pacific area.

## CONTENTS

New Series No. 163, September, 1933

Aims and Objects of the Pan-Pacific Union.....	2
Pan-Pacific Groups in Orient Name Honolulu as Center of Authority for Activities.....	3
The Pan-Pacific Association of the Philippines.....	6
Director of Pan-Pacific Union Addresses Manila Rotarians.....	8
Chinese Women—Past and Present.....	10
The Japanese Family.....	13
A Cooperative Study Plan.....	14

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### HONOLULU

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1933

# AIMS OF THE PAN-PACIFIC UNION

From year to year the scope of the work before the Pan-Pacific Union has broadened, until today it assumes some of the aspects of a friendly unofficial Pan-Pacific League of Nations, a destiny that both the late Franklin K. Lane and Henry Cabot Lodge predicted for it.

The Pan-Pacific Union has conducted a number of successful conferences; scientific, educational, journalistic, commercial, fisheries, and, most vital of all, that on the conservation of food and food products in the Pacific area, for the Pacific regions from now on must insure the world against the horrors of food shortage and its inevitable conclusion.

The real serious human action of the Pan-Pacific Union begins. It is following up the work of the Pan-Pacific Food Conservation Conference by the establishment of a Pan-Pacific Research Institution where primarily the study and work will be along the lines necessary in solving the problems of food production and conservation in the Pacific Area—land and sea. Added to this will be the study of race and population problems that so vitally affect our vast area of the Pacific, the home of more than half of the peoples who inhabit this planet. The thoughts and actions of these peoples and races toward each other as they are today, and as they should be, for the welfare of all, will be a most important problem before the Union, as well as the problem of feeding in the future those teeming swarms of races, that must be well fed to preserve a peaceful attitude toward each other.

The Pan-Pacific Union is in no way the agency of any Pacific Government, yet having the good will of all, with the Presidents and Premiers of Pacific lands as its honorary heads. Affiliated and working with the Pan-Pacific Union are Chambers of Commerce, educational, scientific and other bodies. It is supported in part by government and private appropriations and subscriptions. Its central office is in Honolulu, because of its location at the ocean's crossroads. Its management is under an international board.

The following are the chief aims and objects of the Pan-Pacific Union:

1. To bring together from time to time, in friendly conference, leaders in all lines of thought and action in the Pacific area, that they may become better acquainted; to assist in pointing them toward coöperative effort for the advancement of those interests that are common to all the peoples.
2. To bring together ethical leaders from every Pacific land who will meet for the study of problems of fair dealings and ways to advance international justice in the Pacific area, that misunderstanding may be cleared.
3. To bring together from time to time scientific and other leaders from Pacific lands who will present the great vital Pan-Pacific scientific problems, including those of race and population, that must be confronted, and, if possible, solved by the present generation of Pacific peoples and those to follow.
4. To follow out the recommendations of the scientific and other leaders in the encouragement of all scientific research work of value to Pacific peoples; in the establishment of a Research Institution where such need seems to exist, or in aiding in the establishment of such institutions.
5. To secure and collate accurate information concerning the material resources of Pacific lands; to study the ideas and opinions that mould public opinion among the peoples of the several Pacific races, and to bring men together who can understandingly discuss these in a spirit of fairness that they may point out a true course of justice in dealing with them internationally.
6. To bring together in round-table discussion in every Pacific land those of all races resident therein who desire to bring about better understanding and coöperative effort among the peoples and races of the Pacific for their common advancement, material and spiritual.
7. To bring all nations and peoples about the Pacific Ocean into closer friendly commercial contact and relationship. To aid and assist those in all Pacific communities to better understand each other, and, through them, spread abroad about the Pacific the friendly spirit of interracial coöperation.

## Pan-Pacific Groups in Orient Name Honolulu As Center of Authority for Activities

By ALEXANDER HUME FORD,  
Director of the Pan-Pacific Union

Manila, P. I., July 27.—The organization of national Pan-Pacific associations in China and the Philippines has definitely fixed Honolulu as the seat of authority. The constitutions of both of these organizations state, "The management of the property, affairs and activities of the association shall be vested in a board of directors appointed by the Pan-Pacific Union."

The director of the Pan-Pacific Union now in the Orient has named these fifteen directors in each country subject to the written approval of the president of the Pan-Pacific Union, Hon. Wallace R. Farrington, ex-governor of Hawaii.

Also the constitutions of both the Chinese and the Filipino associations set forth as one of their chief objects,

"The calling through the Pan-Pacific Union, from time to time, in friendly conference of leaders in all lines of thought and action in the Pacific area, that they may become better acquainted; to assist in pointing them toward cooperative effort for the advancement of those interests that are common to all the peoples."

At this writing I am deep in the affairs of the Pan-Pacific Association of the Philippines, which is being organized and practically sponsored by the legislature of the Philippines, but more of that later after our inaugural lunch on the S. S. *Sherman*.

It costs more to live in Manila than in Honolulu, and here 85° is cold, while in Hawaii that is our maximum of heat. The government has begun a campaign of plant selection and breeding, so that in time Manila will have first-grade alligator pears and fresh vegetables tempting to the palate. Manila is improving every day and newly established steamship lines are making her the central point from which some wonderful cruises in the Orient and

South Seas may be made, but more of that later. It is a wonderful story.

At last I have found a place to eat in Manila. It is two hours' ride out in the country, but that is all right—it is worth it.

My friend Boncan, of the legislature, and Gregorio Nieva, after attending mass Sunday (every Filipino does that), called for me and took me out to Cebul Springs, a hundred kilometers from Manila. We stopped at a tumble-down hotel that sets the best meals I have eaten in the Philippines and at a cost of about sixty cents gold—a real Spanish meal, served in Spanish style. A pile of plates before you, the soup plate on top of course, and you help yourself to soup, real Spanish soup. Then you help yourself again, for the soup tureen is left on the table; no skimping and measuring at a Spanish meal. Then the other courses are brought on, one after another, in great platters and each platter of food is left on the table until the course is through and everyone satisfied. Now, don't confuse in your mind Mexican food with Spanish. Mexican food is all pepper. I have lived in Mexico, while pepper is scarcely known at a Spanish dinner. When I was in Manila in 1914 there were still Spanish hotels in the walled city, but alas these have gone, giving way to the damnable American breeder of indigestion, the cafeteria, or as they call them in Manila, "panceterias," but they are just as deadly.

At our table were three American wives of Filipino leaders and a Mexican lady who had married a Filipino, and how these ladies gave away one of the inside secrets of Filipino life! It seems that the high class Filipino woman prides herself

on her ability to speak pure Spanish and looks on English as a plebeian tongue which they will not speak save under compulsion. So the American wives of Filipinos, who do not speak Spanish, are left out of the conversation and made to feel quite lonely. Even my Spanish lady friend had a grievance. She spoke Spanish, but all her husband's female relatives and friends speak Tagalog and converse in this language, with which she is not familiar. She had her complaints, but her husband remarked, "Well, you know, women will be women." I wonder what he meant. But then, I suppose it's my never-mind, anyway.

The ladies ventured a prediction that ten years after independence there would be no English spoken in the Philippines, stating that there was a movement now to drop the teaching of English in the public schools. Even now, a generation after annexation, Spanish is the language of the legislature, and that with Tagalog is used in the political campaigns.

Well, that's their affair—it's their country. Another of my never-minds.

Just across from the hotel is the municipal bath house. Now, if there is one thing they do better abroad than we at home, it is the construction of municipal buildings, even in the smallest country town—Cebul, we would call a village, yet it has a truly artistic and beautiful public bath house, and a long row of private baths—such baths as some day you will find in the coming hotel that will be built for comfort, not luxury. You pay 25 centavos, 12 cents gold, and are ushered into your bath. Your bath tub is twenty feet long, four feet deep, and four feet wide. At one end is a space four feet by four feet that is dry land, or cement. On this is a chair. You can undress here; I did. The others came over in flowing robes. They discarded as they dived—yes, dived, into their bath tubs of medicated waters, for these springs cure all sorts of diseases. The water flows in one end of the tub and out the other in con-

stant motion—sparkling water, fresh every second. There is space enough for a short swim. Now, in Honolulu, at Waikiki, where you can dig down ten feet and get a flow of artesian water, a simple one-story hotel could be built, with such a bath tub connected with each room, and there are men and women who would prefer this to the gorgeous and expensive luxury of a modern Aladdinlike hotel, with its tiny canary bird bath tub into which you can scarcely squeeze yourself, and oh the cost of it! Now this new hotel will come some day, when people demand comfort before luxury. There could be two rows of rooms, back to back, and the bath tubs between, for these swimming pools are but four feet wide, even if twenty long; and the average room, even in the luxury hotel of today, is often full eight feet wide.

Oh, if my friend, Gordon Osborne, were back we would run up, overnight in stucco, such a one-story hotel in the Waikiki rice field (as an example) put in the tiled bathing pools, turn on the waters, and announce to the world the first hotel ever constructed with a private swimming pool connected with every room.

Now, this seems funny to some, but really there is a germ of common sense in it. I know of places far up Manoa Valley where the mountain stream could be used to create such a hotel, and the cost would be scarcely more than that of the diminutive bath tubs in the luxury hotel. And in the Waikiki flats any site would do, for the water is there.

Of course, we took in the great sight of Cavite, the church with the organ of bamboo, the only one in the world—and it plays. The padre, who gets a salary, I believe, of eight pesos a month, played on this hundred-year-old organ for us, and the notes were clear and beautiful. The organ is used during the church services and as it was Sunday the church was crowded service after service. Our three ladies were most devout Catholics, my Spanish friend even going so far as to lay

her cigarette on the prie dieu while doing her devotions. These women are devout. They may take a puff or two during the most ardent devotions, but that is merely to keep the fires going, and it is done so naturally and unconsciously that it is really not noticeable. Perhaps, it is one of my never-minds, however, so I will say no more.

Many years ago our Bill Harris started an outrigger club at Cavite, across the way from Manila. Now they have quite a resort there and a beach they point to with pride as being more of a beach than Waikiki. It is longer but not so wide, and, alas, the eruption of Taal Volcano, fourteen miles away, filled the bay with black lava cinders during its last eruption in 1911, I think, so that the beach is black cinders mixed with sand.

I have used the term "my never-mind" once or twice in this article. Let me explain:

This is a new phrase for my vocabulary and one I treasure. It so completely expressed my thought on so many embarrassing occasions, when I did not know how to get over to the other fellow politely but forcefully that he was intruding in a sphere where he had no right to be.

In Manchuria among the Russians even the small boy is taught by his elders never to criticize anything done by the Japanese. The White Russians have no consul to protect them and are at the mercy of everyone—they are the Armenians of the Far East.

I was talking with one of the Russian Boy Scouts in Manchuria about the growing everywhere of the poppy and the opening of opium dens in the cities of Manchuria. I tried to get his reaction, and I got it quickly and vigorously. "That is my never-mind," he replied with a tinge of fear in his voice, and I knew then the conditions under which his parents and relatives must live.

Oh, how often when I have been questioned across the table by some meddler who wished to make himself conspicuous

at my expense, I have wished to reply adequately to his impudent query, and ladies being present I could not, now I can say, "That is my never-mind." In other words it is none of my business and none of yours.

I like that crude, convincing Russian expression of fear, "That is my never-mind." Oh, what a rebuke it implies to the over-inquisitive questioner. I often hear it in Manchuria from my Russian friends, and I forgive them and sympathize with them; God bless them. But is their condition entirely *our never-mind*?

I still get letters from my White Russian friends asking me to help their unfortunate youth to get some kind of education, and at present I am helping one young Russian woman to enter a university in Japan, another in Shanghai, and hope to send one Russian youth to the University of Hawaii, and another to the Mainland.

I have also fought a good fight with my Japanese friends in Manchuria in behalf of the White Russians there, and I must say I have always found these Japanese officials sympathetic and eager to help. Our friend Kawasaki is doing much for the unfortunate White Russian exiles in Manchuria. With his confreres he is planning to put many of them in charge of dairy farms along the line of railway, as an example to the Chinese farmers; and the head of the new system of railways tells me that he intends using many White Russians as guards. Already on the dining cars in Manchuria you invariably find one neat charming Russian waitress. Some of my Japanese official friends even go so far as to tell me that if I have any high-class Russian friends in Shanghai who speak English, Chinese, and Japanese, send them along and they will be placed in positions. And it is astonishing how many Russian youngsters in Manchuria and in China speak the three languages besides their own; it is only six-months' job for a Russian to pick up a language. The young lady I am

helping to get to Doshisha (Dr. Harada's old university) speaks English, Russian, Chinese and Japanese. She will return to Manchuria to teach in the schools and the Japanese officials seem to welcome her venture.

Of course, some of the things I try to discuss with the Japanese officials in Manchuria they promptly indicate to me are in the class of my never-mind, but I persevere and often we find a way out, or matters are explained to me so that I see them from the Japanese standpoint even if I cannot agree from my own standpoint, and have to accept it definitely as one of "my never-minds," in Manchuria.

In Manchuria, China, Japan, and the Philippines powerful Pan-Pacific associations are developing with subsidiary Pan-Pacific clubs in the larger cities, all parts of the Pan-Pacific Union and looking to the executive headquarters for their charters and guidance. At last the Pan-Pacific Union directors in Honolulu are to have a great ocean-wide organization of many thousands of thinking men to lead and to plan with for better understanding among our peoples of the Pacific. I hope to live to see the cornerstone laid in Honolulu for the Pan-Pacific Peace Palace—why not? I have not wasted the last two years in the Orient.

## The Pan-Pacific Association of the Philippines

The Pan-Pacific Association of the Philippines will be organized during the coming week as a part of the Pan-Pacific Union, and its first regular meeting will be held aboard the S. S. *General Sherman* at a luncheon meeting next Wednesday, August 2, as guest of the States Steamship company.

About 10 distinguished guests have been invited to this function. The honorable vice-president of the Pan-Pacific Union in the Philippines, Governor General Frank Murphy, if not able to be present, will be represented by Vice-Governor Holliday, who will introduce President Manuel L. Quezon as chairman of the day. Every governor general of the Philippines has been an honorable vice-president of the Pan-Pacific Union since the days of Woodrow Wilson, the first president of the Union and one of its organizers. The honorable heads of the Union are the presidents and premiers of the Pacific lands.

The first board of directors of the Pan-Pacific Association of the Philippines is appointed by the Pan-Pacific Union, and is self-perpetuating by elect-

ing its own members. The following is the first board appointed to serve:

His Excellency, Frank Murphy, governor general of the Philippines, honorary president.

The Honorable Manuel L. Quezon, president, Philippines senate, honorary vice-president.

The Honorable Quintin Paredes, speaker, house of representatives, honorary vice-president.

Honorable Sergio Osmeña, member, Philippine Senate (to be requested).

Hon. Manuel Roxas, member, House of Representatives, (to be requested).

Hon. Rafael Alunan, president, Philippine Sugar association.

Hon. Rafael Palma, president, University of the Philippines.

Hon. Antonio de las Alas, secretary of public works and communications.

Hon. Marcelo T. Boncan, member, house of representatives.

Hon. Juan L. Luna, member, house of representatives.

Hon. José E. Romero, member, house of representatives.

Mr. Arsenio N. Luz, president, Philippine chamber of commerce and director general, Philippine Carnival association.

Former Representative G. Nieva, business man.

Mr. Tomas Confesor, director of commerce and industry.

Dr. Manuel Roxas, director of plant industry.

Mr. Jorge Bocobo, Dean, College of law, University of the Philippines.

Mr. Carlos P. Romulo, editor-in-chief T. V. T. publications.

Mr. Mauro Mendez, managing editor M. H. M. newspapers.

The following have been asked to serve on the board of advisers:

Hon. George A. Malcolm, associate justice, supreme court.

Hon. Atsushi Kimura, Japanese consul general.

Hon. K. L. Kwong, Chinese consul general.

E. D. Hester, Esq., American trade commissioner.

Dr. Luther B. Bewley, director of education.

Dr. W. H. Brown, director of science.

Hon. G. P. Datema, consul for The Netherlands.

Hon. E. C. Ross, consul for Panama.

Hon. H. G. C. Rowley, New Zealand.

Hon. E. A. Perkins, consul for Siam.

M. J. S. Kingsley, American.

H. M. Cavender, general president, American chamber of commerce.

Mr. J. R. Shaw, Canadian.

Mr. R. W. Ring, American.

Mr. Carson Taylor, publisher *Manila Daily Bulletin*.

The following is submitted to the directors as the constitution of the Pan-Pacific Association of the Philippines.

1. Name: This organization shall be known as the Pan-Pacific Association of the Philippines.

2. Purpose: (a) To bring about closer relations between the people of the Philippines and those of the other countries bordering the Pacific Ocean.

(b) To publish and exchange information concerning matters of general interest to these countries.

(c) To encourage trade and travel between the Philippine Islands and other Pacific lands, especially those of the Orient, and facilitate means of communication.

(d) To call in the Philippines through the Pan-Pacific Union, from time to time, gath-

erings of leading men in all lines of thought and action in the Pacific Area for the advancement of the best interests of all the people about this great ocean.

(e) To raise and/or administer funds for the carrying out of the objects of this association.

3. Membership: Membership in the Pan-Pacific association of the Philippines shall be open to any person in sympathy with its objects.

4. Management: The management of the property, affairs and activities of the association shall be vested in a board of directors appointed by the Pan-Pacific Union at its inception.

5. The by-laws of the association shall be proposed and adopted by the board of directors and shall be binding upon the association unless otherwise provided by meeting of members. The constitution and by-laws shall be subject to amendment on a two-thirds vote of directors present at any meeting held in accordance with the by-laws.

Representatives of a score of Pacific races residing in Manila will be present at the inaugural lunch.

The Pan-Pacific Association of the Philippines will probably have soon to prepare to entertain the members of the Pan-Pacific associations in Japan and China contemplating a return visit of the legislative trade commission. There is a desire for permanent trade commissioners in both Japan and China to forward closer trade and travel service between the three great countries of the Orient.

The Pan-Pacific luncheon on the S. S. *General Sherman* will be but preliminary to a number of regular luncheons or dinner gatherings in Manila of those who are interested in the progress of the Philippines and those of all races who have made these islands their home.—(In the *Manila Tribune*.)

## Director of Pan-Pacific Union Addresses Manila Rotarians

(Urging the Philippines to build up her commerce and establish more and more friendly relations with her neighbors in the Pacific, Alexander Hume Ford, director of the Pan-Pacific Union, Thursday noon spoke at the Rotary Club weekly luncheon at the Manila Hotel. He told the local Rotarians the objectives of his visit in the Philippines, and asked their coöperation for a Pan-Pacific Association which he is forming in the islands for the advancement of trade relations with China and Japan, and the rest of the Pacific nations.)

"I consider Manila the most peaceful spot in the Pacific today. You have nothing to bother you except perhaps the more local matters as to whether or not you are to become children of a New Republic, or remain the sons of an older one.

"In either case the building up of your commerce and the establishment of more and more friendly relations with your neighbors in the Pacific must be the life of the land.

"In every city of the Orient I have visited during the last year or so in furthering the work of the Pan-Pacific Union, I have met with peace and harmony, only to read a few days later in the foreign press that I had been present during fierce bombardments, bandit raids, or kidnaping adventures. I presume after leaving the Philippines I will learn that I was present during a revolution.

"I think the peoples of Japan and China paid more attention to the recent visit of your legislative trade commission and goodwill party, than they did to all the horrors reported by the press as transpiring in their countries—I know I did.

"In Japan the commission was received by Prince Tokugawa, president of

the Pan-Pacific Association of Japan, at a Pan-Pacific luncheon in Osaka. In China many of the outstanding men of that republic, including C. T. Wang, Sun Fo and others, entertained the commission at the Shanghai Pan-Pacific club, there being several hundred men and women of all races present to hear Legislators Boncan and Romero tell something of the resources of the Philippines, while Julean Arnold, the U. S. trade commissioner, told of progressive China. At both functions, in Japan and in China, the Filipino legislators announced that they would help promote the organization of a Pan-Pacific Association of the Philippines to coöperate with those of Japan, China and other Pacific lands in bringing about better friendly and commercial contacts. That is why I am here, on invitation, as it were.

"We had a Pan-Pacific organization here as far back as 1914, but it went into politics and that was the end for the time being although every governor-general, including the present incumbent, has been an Honorary Vice-President of the Pan-Pacific Union and has sent Filipino delegations to conferences called by the Union or by its off-spring, the Institute of Pacific Relations. As you know, the Institute does discuss matters of controversy, the Pan-Pacific Union does not and does not intend to. The institute calls its own conferences, the Union conferences for others. I visited Chicago a number of years ago to secure sanction for the calling of the first Pan-Pacific Rotary Conference and took a message of invitation around our ocean. We have called a Pan-Pacific Science Congress, and organized the Pan-Pacific Science Association which is now holding its fifth congress in Victoria, Canada. Then there was the Pan-Pacific Press Congress and the Pan-Pacific Educational

Congress out of which has grown a world organization. Most important perhaps in the eyes of our Filipino friends are the three Pan-Pacific Commercial and Trade Congresses held in Honolulu and the next I hope to be held in Manila under the auspices of a Pan-Pacific Association of the Philippines.

"It was intended to call the next Pan-Pacific Trade Congress in Japan or China. For obvious reasons, that is not at present advisable. Manila is to the Orient what Honolulu has been to the Pacific, the neutral city. We have brought the people of the Pacific half-way across the ocean to Honolulu. Now why not entirely across our ocean to meet the peoples of the Orient on their own ground in their own surroundings?

"Members of the Legislative Trade Commission suggested this both in China and Japan. These suggestions met with enthusiastic response. The Legislative Trade Commission was accompanied by a goodwill visiting party of about forty, the largest party of Filipinos that ever visited China and Japan. I trust the next such party will be a Pan-Pacific group, composed of men of all races doing business here in Manila.

"Shanghai and Osaka are eagerly looking forward to the establishment of Trade Commissioners' headquarters in those cities. There is much commerce the Philippines can increase both with China and Japan. Representatives Boncan, Luna and Romero, and former Representative Nieva and other members of the Legislative Trade Mission and goodwill party, which created so much favorable impression and keen interest both in China and Japan in presenting the trade attitude of the Philippines, paved the way to a better understanding in the near future, and were looked upon as commercial pioneers. Now these countries wish to have in their borders permanent Filipino Trade Commissioners to better commercial relations in the Orient. They will send return trade visitors to you here in Manila. That is the kind of work in

which the Pan-Pacific is greatly interested, and will do all in its power to push forward.

"I arrived here on what seemed to me a private steam yacht, the *General Lee*. I consider this project of the States S. S. company the greatest advancement in friendly relations in the Pacific yet put forth. Here is a private yacht with four score guests who travel super-first class at a rate that puts you in the hold of other Pacific liners as a tourist. The one class liner on the Pacific has been needed for a generation, and at last it has arrived. Millions of Americans have such a superiority complex, the Rotarian idea, you know, that they will never travel second class or tourist class. But give them this Mono Class Yacht and watch the result. I hope the idea will be adopted generally everywhere in the Pacific. On the *General Lee* we had at my table a woman who had taught for forty years in one school in Pennsylvania and another for 20 years at a school in Central China. What a chance for a speaker at a Pan-Pacific club in Manila. Many of the passengers on the *General Lee* were making the round trip, San Francisco or Portland and return, at a less cost than living at home, something like four dollars a day, a comfortable bed, not a berth, a table scarcely surpassed by any on the Pacific—it was ideal.

"Intellectual people tell me that their class seldom have money with which to travel, but that difficulty seems to be solved now. So in calling Pan-Pacific conferences to meet in Manila or Baguio you can now be assured of the attendance of both the intellectual and the wealthy.

"I hope that this matter of making Manila the peace and prosperity center of the Orient will be taken up by a Pan-Pacific Association of the Philippines, and that you will all give the project your hearty backing and help. Remember that more than half the population of the globe live in countries that border the Pacific and most of these, probably, within a thousand-mile radius of Manila.

The commerce of the Pacific is before you. The vast, potential commerce of the Orient, around you. Let us help each other to develop the possibilities of our Ocean, to our common benefit. There is enough room for all and plenty, if we but

work together, and that is the idea of the Pan-Pacific Union—to discover things to our vantage we are all willing to work for, and then get at it.

“Let Manila lead the way in the Orient.”

## Chinese Women—Past and Present

By KING-CHAU MUI,  
Chinese Consul in Hawaii

It is often said that a civilization is no higher than its womanhood. If this statement is true, the significance of my topic is apparent. In other words, an analysis of the status of women in China should reveal in a real sense the nature of Chinese civilization.

It is obvious at once that this subject is vast and cannot be covered adequately in one short talk. What I hope to do tonight is simply to give a skeleton of the progress and development of womanhood in China by surveying the past and present. I shall try also to see what the future holds in store for the women of China.

Before I go any further, I should like to call your attention to a few general observations. In the first place, we find that many problems concerning Chinese women are problems which concern women everywhere. We should never forget that the rights acquired by China's western sisters are not very old. It was after a long struggle that they elevated the status of their sex.

Secondly, in a random discussion of Chinese women references are frequently made to phrases like “degradation” and “centuries of bondage.” The fact is, however, the stunted growth of China's weaker sex owed its origin, as one authority says, “to the psychological suggestion of society, that a virtuous woman should be obedient, quiet, self-effacing, and ignorant, devoting herself only to the service of the family. There is no actual persecution or suppression of feminine

activities. It must be clear that a woman under such hypnotic suggestion really does feel that only by striving after such an ideal can she find her true self.” The point of view expressed by this authority must always be borne in mind, particularly when exaggerated statements are made about “degradation” or “centuries of bondage.”

In the third place, the sweeping changes affecting women in China have been evolutionary rather than revolutionary. Change occurred swiftly because the old psychological suggestion imposed upon women had no religious or legal foundation. Again, the Chinese mind is tolerant and conciliatory. It forces nothing to extremes. Moreover, the people of China are rational and practical. The justice and benefits of emancipated womanhood appeal to the nation. Finally, already a large number of higher-class women have been educated. All these factors combined, then, show that reform for the benefit of women took place through a process suggesting evolution instead of revolution.

It is an undeniable fact that what we call civilization depends in a large measure upon the women of the world. They comprise about one-half of humanity. The nurture and upbringing of the coming generations are in their hands. They are an important link in maintaining the integrity of the family, which is the basis of society and the state.

It is true that there have been amazing

changes in China affecting women in recent years, but this does not mean that they had always been held down or that they had been without influence.

On the contrary, Chinese history records the achievements of many women leaders. In the earliest days, for example, the discovery of the art of rearing silkworms was attributed to the queen of Huang-ti by an ancient historian. The book of Odes informs us that women made garments and shoes and practised the art of dyeing.

The influence of the woman in the home, particularly on the son, is mentioned again and again. The wisdom of the mothers of Confucius and Mencius is a favorite theme of poets, painters and on the stage. China also had its Joans of Arc, women who won fame on the field of battle. A bright example is Moo Lan, whose deeds have been the subject of envy throughout the centuries.

In the affairs of state, too, women have been prominent. Formerly they were as well educated as men. During the Han Dynasty, however, the state became more stable and men's predominance over the opposite sex began to become pronounced. At this time the Book of Propriety, imposing rigid discipline on women, was adopted as the authority on women's behavior.

To make a long story short, we may say in general that from then on the status of women became one emphasizing maternal duty and feminine virtue. This was interpreted to mean absolute obedience to men, contentment in an ignorant and very restricted life, and devotion to the point of self-abandonment in the service of the husband's family.

I have not the time—nor do I think it necessary—to go into details about various unfortunate practices which grew up since the days of the Han Dynasty, practices which prevented the fullest development of women's possibilities.

The last three decades have brought tremendous changes in the life and status

of Chinese women, changes brought about by personal contacts with westerners, by travel, education, war, business and industry, missionaries, and other factors.

In particular, literature from all over the world preaching advanced ideas, such as revolution, sex equality, and individualism—education, and political revolution within the country—all these have liberated women from an unfavorable psychological suggestion as to what comprises their duty and virtue, and opened for them a new and larger intellectual horizon. Recently laws have been devised by the Chinese Government which bestow equal rights in matters of property and inheritance upon women. Today laws recognize no marriage contracts except those consummated by the young folks concerned, and permit wives to sue for divorce.

Today women assume leadership in China in every field of human endeavor. They are vital in shaping the destiny of the nation. They have made big strides in education, entered the professions, taken part in business and asserted their individuality in their family and social relations. Women doctors, teachers, lawyers, nurses, clerks, secretaries and typists are to be seen all over the larger cities of China.

Let us take education as an example. When the government issued an edict in 1910 providing for women's academic training, the entire Empire showed only 12,000 girls in elementary schools. Twelve years later they numbered above 400,000. Statistics reveal that an increasing proportion of girls are entering every type of school.

In institutions of higher learning, the year 1922-23 gave an enrollment of 847 women for all colleges and universities in China. Four years later over 2,100 women attended these schools.

The cry "Educate your daughters," raised in 1924, continues to be heard throughout the land with increasing force.

You will find some of China's outstanding women in the business field. For example, Miss Nyien Sok Woo manages the Women's Commercial and Savings Bank at Shanghai, which is operated entirely by women. The bank was opened in 1924, capitalized at \$200,000, with resources in the first annual statement amounting to half a million dollars. After eight years its resources have increased to \$5,000,000. The bank now occupies its magnificent five-story building on Nanking Road.

There are hundreds of women who are prominent and quite influential in political affairs. The most outstanding, of course, is Madame Sun Yat-sen, widow of the great revolutionary leader. The masses of the nation listen to her, for she alone brings before them Dr. Sun's ideals, principles, and his plans for the reconstruction of the nation and the uplifting of its millions. For the entire country she has become the embodiment of oriental widowhood. Loved and revered by the people, Madame Sun shines forth like a star of hope over a China darkened by internal difficulties and foreign invasion.

Over 200 women are working for the National Government at Nanking. There are policewomen in Canton. We know that Canton women are rated as the ablest seamen. It is said also that should every fisherman and boatman be drowned, the women of Pearl River would surely carry on.

During the Shanghai fighting, Chinese women organized themselves into a "Women's League for National Salvation." They gave support and service to the gallant soldiers of the 19th route army. These women have done heroic work. The executive committee of the National Federation of Chinese Women's Organizations have radioed an appeal to officials of American Women's Organizations to help in the cause of international peace.

We remember the Amazon armies which fought valiantly during the revolutionary days. Canton women have recently proposed that all aviation and military schools be open to women. Women throughout the land collect funds to purchase planes, they make padded coats, act as nurses, and do a hundred other things to make the task of resisting foreign invasion more effective.

With her freedom, education, and social status, the woman of China is presented with the question of what will happen to her in the future. What are her prospects for a full development? No doubt, with the customs, privileges, and rights of her western sisters ever before her, the Chinese woman is bound to confront the problems and responsibilities of western women. Among such problems would be relations with men, maintenance of individuality, competition in the professions with men, the question of marriage and so on.

If Pearl Buck's observation on marriage is an indication of the trend Chinese society will take as a result of the equality of the sexes, the outlook is a happy one, and approaches the ideal. Mrs. Buck recently declared:

"On the whole . . . the marriages of the modern Chinese young men and women are working out very well. Most of them carry on the old traditions and beliefs with respect to the sanctity and seriousness of marriage. The background of China is much too somber to allow them to be anything but conservative."

The ideal, of course, is to have the Chinese woman retain the best in China and supplement it with the best in Europe and America. With a foundation of this sort, there will come a sweet harmony in meeting her threefold duty to self, home, and society.

Let me conclude this address by quoting a famous woman of China, Dr. P. S. Tseng, president of the Girl's College in Hunan:

"For the modern Chinese woman, let her freedom be restricted by self-control, her self-realization be coupled with self-sacrifice, and her individualism be circum-

scribed with family duty. Such is our new ideal of womanhood. . . ."

The great future of the Chinese woman lies in the fulfillment of this program.

## The Japanese Family

That the women of Japan have been seriously thinking of the "emergency" faced by this country since the outbreak of the Manchurian and Shanghai incidents is evidenced by the fact that three of the leading women's associations here have been making plans to reorganize family affairs to meet modern conditions. Instead of waiting for others to point out the flaws in the management of their household affairs, these women plan to bring about drastic changes of their own accord.

The three associations are the All-Japan Women's Federation, the All-Japan Young Girls' Association and the Association for the Improvement of Living. Last year they selected a committee of 25 members to make detailed plans for setting forth their principles to the women of the country. A few days ago the committee members met at the Josuikai building in Kanda and decided to bring up the projected plans for approval by their respective associations. According to reports made public by Madame Aideko Inouye, one of the leading feminist workers in Japan, the members of the above associations plan to reconstruct the family from the very foundation, and do away with various superstitions and superfluous customs still adhered to here even in those of advanced families.

Economy and efficiency seem to be the aim of these feminists who believe that in the final analysis the women of the country will play a vital part in making of the nation. After approval of these plans by their respective associations, the leaders intend to start a country-wide campaign for the new economy drive.

Madame Inouye describes in detail how the family could be improved in Japan. First, she lays great stress on the necessity for the women of the country to have a certain understanding of the national spirit of the Japanese. For this she believes that each individual household must have a spiritual or moral foundation which can be cultivated by a more careful observation of the more important national holidays celebrated in Japan. Visiting shrines and temples of national repute and forgetting of many superstitious beliefs will be a great help in improving the family thought. As to other things which could improve the household, Madame Inouye thinks that a more even distribution of work will tend to mold the family while a more strict observance of the time element will make a great saving in the household. She also believes that a certain amount of amusement and enjoyment by the group will mean a happier family.

The second major division in which the present Japanese family can make a decided saving is in the matter of clothing. Madame Inouye outlines the ways in which economy can be effected in this field. She urges the use of full-width clothes in making apparel, care in preserving clothes, remodelling and repairing old clothes, unifying school uniforms, simplifying elaborate obis of grown-up women, improvement in everyday apparel and working clothes and improving and simplifying infants' apparel.

Coming down to the third field in which improvements can be made in the Japanese family, Madame Inouye stresses the importance of the individual house-

wife using not too well-polished rice. Polishing the rice too much takes away its more important properties, it is claimed. As for supplementary food articles to go with the rice, she urges the use of simpler menus, containing a lot of nourishment. In this she thinks that the women must be educated as to the relative amount of nutritive value in various foods.

As to the next major division in which drastic changes are necessary, Madame Inouye points out the irregularity in the living method of the average Japanese family. She thinks there is plenty of room for improvement in kitchen work, and in the arrangement of the various cupboards. She also urges a separate room for the children as well as a simple and unified form of furniture for the necessary articles. She believes that a thorough understanding of the materials used in construction of the building and the design of the building itself will mean a great help to the housewife. In a word, she urges the construction of the building along scientific principles and to do away with the various superstitions about the direction and design of the house held by the Japanese people. In this respect she believes that the farmers are the worst off.

Coming down to the financial side of the family household, the famous feminist worker declares that the budgetary system of housekeeping is one of the first requisites to a successful housewife. Although increasing the family income with

supplementary work is a hard problem at the present time, Madame Inouye believes that efforts could be made in this direction, such as in producing own vegetables and if possible, keeping domestic fowls. Another important point she sees here is the necessity for a savings-insurance. Other necessary points brought up here are taking advantage of associations, saving in the time element, improvement in the bringing up of children, necessity for a wider knowledge of economic subjects, easier method of evaluating the cost of necessary goods, and improvements in buying.

Along with the above trend to educate the housewives in general, a plan to endorse home products in preference to costly foreign goods has also been projected. The low yen exchange rates have been a hindrance to buying of foreign goods by itself and have tended to popularize the use of domestic products.

In conclusion, Madame Inouye urges the women of the country to more simplicity in formal greetings and to do away with all the different varieties of clothes for formal occasions. She believes that a single dress which will do for all occasions will be the thing for "Emergency" Japan. Madame Inouye is chairman of the improvement committee which drew up the detailed plans for the three women's associations. She is also professor at the Women's University.—(In the *Japan Times and Mail*, April 18, 1933.)

## A Cooperative Study Plan

(An editorial in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, August 22.)

America has seen the rise, vogue and sometimes decadence of a variety of plans for popular education. Aside from the public school, which has been a constant factor, the denominational colleges, the state universities and agricultural schools, and private institutions of

learning of all grades and qualities, there have been spontaneous educational movements supported, if not originated, by the people in general.

The lyceum was in its heyday about 1850, and many a literary man, even Emerson himself, added to his fame and

income by lecturing to the eager-minded groups of that organization. Cooper Union, founded by Peter Cooper in New York City in 1859, still offers its educational classes for ambitious working men and women. The Chautauqua system began in 1874 and became an enormous network of educational activities, until dead indeed was the village that did not have its annual Chautauqua. Other educational devices followed, such as forums, clubs, discussion groups, and latterly certain features of the cinema and radio.

The time would seem to be ripe for another popular educational movement, of a coöperative nature, made feasible by the shorter working week. It may well take form eventually in municipal evening schools, or in endowed institutes such as Cooper Union, furnishing instruction free to working people, but it need not wait for these. It would be better if the movement were of the people themselves and its final form not a gift but an achievement.

Some studies require laboratories and elaborate equipment. Such, for example, are physics and chemistry. Others can be carried on with little in the way of outfitting. Such are English, history, literature, languages, botany, descriptive astronomy and the social studies.

Whoever is interested in any of these and would like to give an evening or two a week to study with a group may be sure there are others also who would welcome the opportunity. Let them foregather. The group should be small, just enough to kindle one another, and not so many but that each would have a chance. Five would be best, perhaps. Let them settle upon their aims and their method and set up agreed-upon goals, which should be not mere counsels of perfection but well within the range of attainment by conscientious effort.

Perhaps the time may come when such study groups are as popular as bridge or golf and every neighborhood is dotted with them. Why not? They would have

their social side, though the groups met primarily on the level of a common intellectual interest. They would furnish the keenest of pleasures, the sense of continuing mental growth.

As for any difficulty the like-minded might have in discovering each other, that could be met simply and effectively and gladly through an educational service by this newspaper.

The above editorial was discussed by the author, Dr. A. W. Slaten, of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, and others, at the Friday evening dinner discussion of the Pan-Pacific Science group, August 25, as follows:

*Dr. Slaten:* The editorial on "A Coöperative Study Plan" grew out of a problem which is troubling me, that is, the extra leisure time for working people through the development of NRA. Hours will be reduced from 48 to 40, and in some cases to 35 hours a week and less. Of course these people will find ways of spending this extra time, and perhaps will spend it quite profitably if they spend it on the beach, go to more movies, or play golf. But the bulk of the people do not belong to any of these classes, and those are the ones I am thinking about. What has been done, or is being done or should or can be done in the way of providing some means of popular education of interest to people who are going to have more time?

In the hope of developing interest in education, I wrote this editorial on a coöperative study plan which has given this discussion group the idea of broaching the subject tonight. There is not time to do what I hoped to do—to mention the plan and assemble the ideas of this thinking group upon what we might call a Cooper Union for Honolulu, or a plan for popular education built around the public library or some other scheme or outline such as the formation of small study clubs, made up of perhaps five persons interested in a particular topic. It seems very possible that the time has arrived for

another popular movement in education like the Lyceums, the Chautauqua and Adult Education movements. Should we dream of an institution or general organization or at least of small study clubs that would not merely occupy the time, but really be developmental for those taking part?

It has been suggested that we may sometime soon have further opportunity to talk together about this. I am not concerned as much about the working men as about the working boys. I am thinking in one case of a Star-Bulletin boy, a linotype operator, who took another position where he works only four days a week. I asked him why he did not study. "What is there to study?" was the answer. "I have learned now all there is to learn about the machine." Now, there are, undoubtedly, many people who have learned all about machines. It seems possible one might find some, not weaklings, but those young men who really have it in them, who might undertake something in the way of self-education if given a chance.

*Chairman (Dr. T. T. Waterman):* We still have more time, and I think this matter is sufficiently important and interesting to deserve a little attention. President Crawford of the University of Hawaii is present, and I hope he will say a few words, quite informally.

*President Crawford:* I think Dr. Slaten has covered the field very well. I agree that this is the opening of a new era, so far as the need for a new kind of education is concerned. What form it will take I think depends on forces in the community, of which the Pan-Pacific Union is one. You will find in the next two or three years that these little desires will assert themselves—not in one way, but in

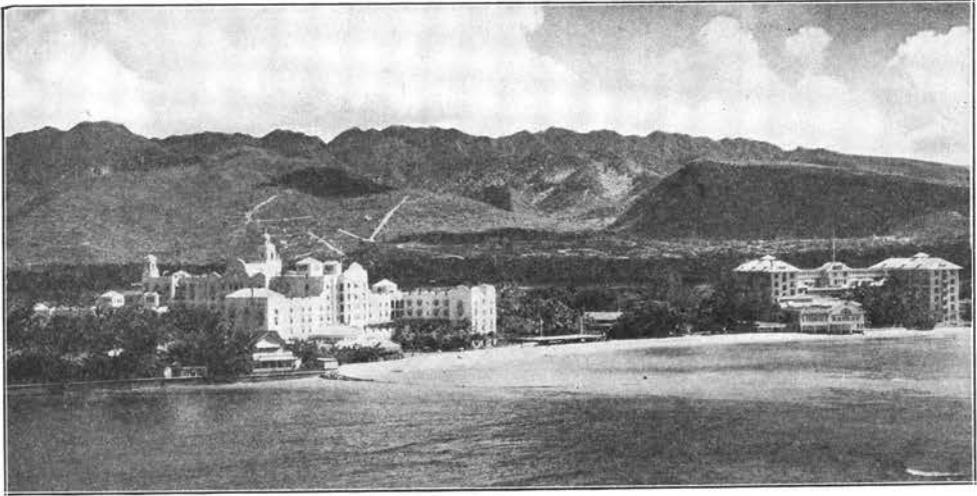
many ways. The University is doing a certain amount of adult education, and I anticipate an increase in that line. Some people will find their outlet there, others not. Some will want Cooper Unions of which Dr. Slaten has talked; others will want still other ways. So far as the University is concerned, we as an institution and as individuals are more than a little interested in coöperating with any group in the Territory to develop anything along this line that is constructive and worth while.

We cannot tonight predict in what lines this work will fall. Human communities have a way of working along in rather unobtrusive quiet ways. We wake up suddenly to find a movement on foot, and wonder how it started. That does not mean that conscious planning has not been done in an effort to set something in motion.

*Dr. Krauss:* It does seem that the Pan-Pacific Union is in a position to make a beginning in this work. I am very happy the matter has come up. It seems to me those days of the late 50's and early 60's in which the Cooper Union had its beginning have not spread as widely as they ought out of that spiritual group of Britishers who sought to be helpful to the coal and dock workers.

*Mr. J. M. Westgate:* The Chinese have a saying, "Tao," the way or method of action or path of power behind the universe that is moving toward some great end. Apparently it knows where it is going even if we do not. If we can line up with the forces that are moving through the universe our age will come nearer registering than if we try to go across them. I am thinking the remarks by Dr. Slaten are along Tao.

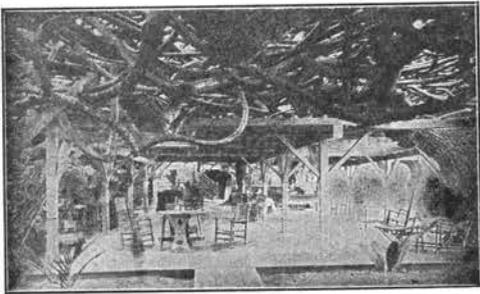
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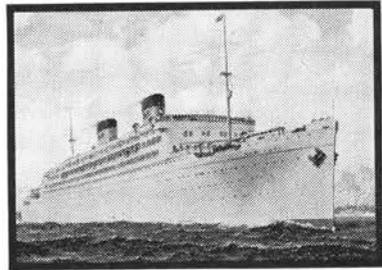
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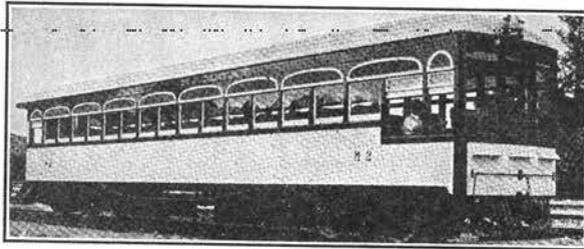


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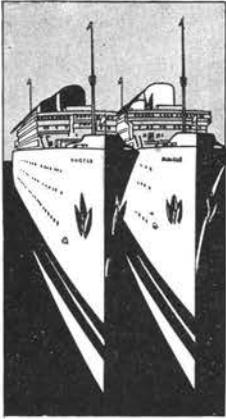
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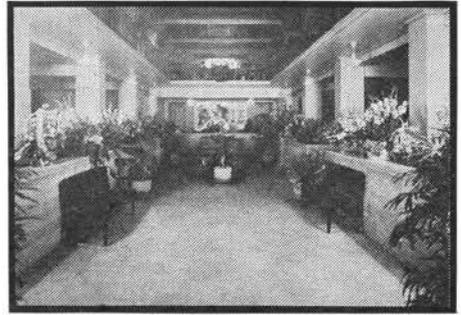
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*Interior View of Bishop Trust Co.*

**The Bishop Trust Co., Limited**, largest Trust Company in Hawaii, is located at the corner of Bishop and King Streets. It offers Honolulu residents as well as mainland visitors the most complete trust service obtainable in the islands today. The Company owns the Guardian Trust Co., Pacific Trust, Waterhouse Trust, and the Bishop Insurance Agency, and is thus able to offer an all-inclusive service embracing the following: Trusts, Wills, Real Estate, Property Management, Home Rental Service, Stocks and Bonds and the Largest Safe Deposit Vaults in Hawaii.

**Honolulu Paper Company**, Honolulu's leading book, stationery and novelty store, is located on the ground floor of the Young Hotel Building in the heart of Honolulu's business district. The company maintains the finest stock of books, bridge supplies, glassware, pewter and novelties to be found in Hawaii. They are also agents for Royal Typewriters, Calculators and Steel Office Equipment and Furniture.

**The Haleakala Ranch Company**, with head offices at Makawao, on the Island of Maui, is as its name indicates, a cattle ranch on the slopes of the great mountain of Haleakala, rising 10,000 feet above the sea. This ranch breeds pure Hereford cattle and is looking to a future when it will supply fine bred cattle to the markets and breeders in Hawaii.

