

**The MID-PACIFIC MAGAZINE**  
*official organ of the*  
**PAN-PACIFIC  
UNION**

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Edited by ALEXANDER HUME FORD



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# *The Mid-Pacific Magazine*

*And the Pan-Pacific Publications About the Great Ocean*

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## **WE BELIEVE IN ADVERTISING**

The Mid-Pacific Magazine believes in advertising. It believes that the better known the lands of the Pacific become to the world at large, the better for the Mid-Pacific Magazine, and the more easy of accomplishment become the objects of Pan-Pacific Union.

While the Mid-Pacific Magazine is the oldest of Pan-Pacific publications, with a decade of active effort to its credit, within the past ten years in many of the large cities of the Pacific, there have sprung up other splendidly illustrated magazines that have for their aim the setting forth of the opportunities and advantages offered by some particular portions of the Pacific. These are doing splendid work, and their number is increasing.

In any campaign of advertising on the part of the Mid-Pacific Magazine or the Pan-Pacific Union it is proposed to call attention to these excellent publications. Each covers a sphere of its own, and all are working toward one end, bringing before the world the fact that the future theatre of commerce is the Pacific Ocean, about the shores of which dwell more than half the population of the globe. From now on Pacific lands must produce the surplus food that will be needed to feed the rest of the world. Pacific nations are becoming manufacturing nations. The magazines of the Pacific tell stories of hitherto unheard of opportunities. Read them.

On the next column is a sample advertisement the Mid-Pacific Magazine is now carrying in some of its sister publications.

## **THE MID-PACIFIC MAGAZINE.**

The official organ of the Pan-Pacific Union is the Mid-Pacific Magazine; a 120 page illustrated monthly, published at Honolulu, Hawaii, the cross-roads of the Pacific. A Review of Pacific Reviews, as it were, with illustrated articles monthly on almost every land of the great Ocean. Read the Mid-Pacific Magazine for general information on Pacific lands, and the work of the Pan-Pacific Union. Subscriptions \$2.50 a year, including membership in the Pan-Pacific Association.

The Pan-Pacific Union believes that you should begin to know the great theatre of the world's life and commerce by reading the Mid-Pacific Magazine, published at the Ocean cross-roads; then "Asia," published in New York; "Pacific Ports," published in Seattle; "Pan-Pacific" and "Japan," both published in San Francisco; "Trans-Pacific," and "The Japan Magazine" published in Tokyo; "The Far Eastern Review," published in Shanghai; "Stead's Review," published in Melbourne; and "The Bulletin of the Pan-American Union," published in Washington, D. C. The Mid-Pacific Magazine tells you from time to time about these splendid illustrated publications that are working for a great Pan-Pacific union of interests; it also tells about and pictures events of general interest in Pacific lands.

Generalize by subscribing for the Mid-Pacific Magazine, then specialize on the countries you are mostly interested in, and add other Pacific magazines to your list.

For general information write either to the Mid-Pacific Magazine, or the Pan-Pacific Union, Honolulu, T. H.

# The Mid-Pacific Magazine

CONDUCTED BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD

Vol. XVIII.

No. 3.

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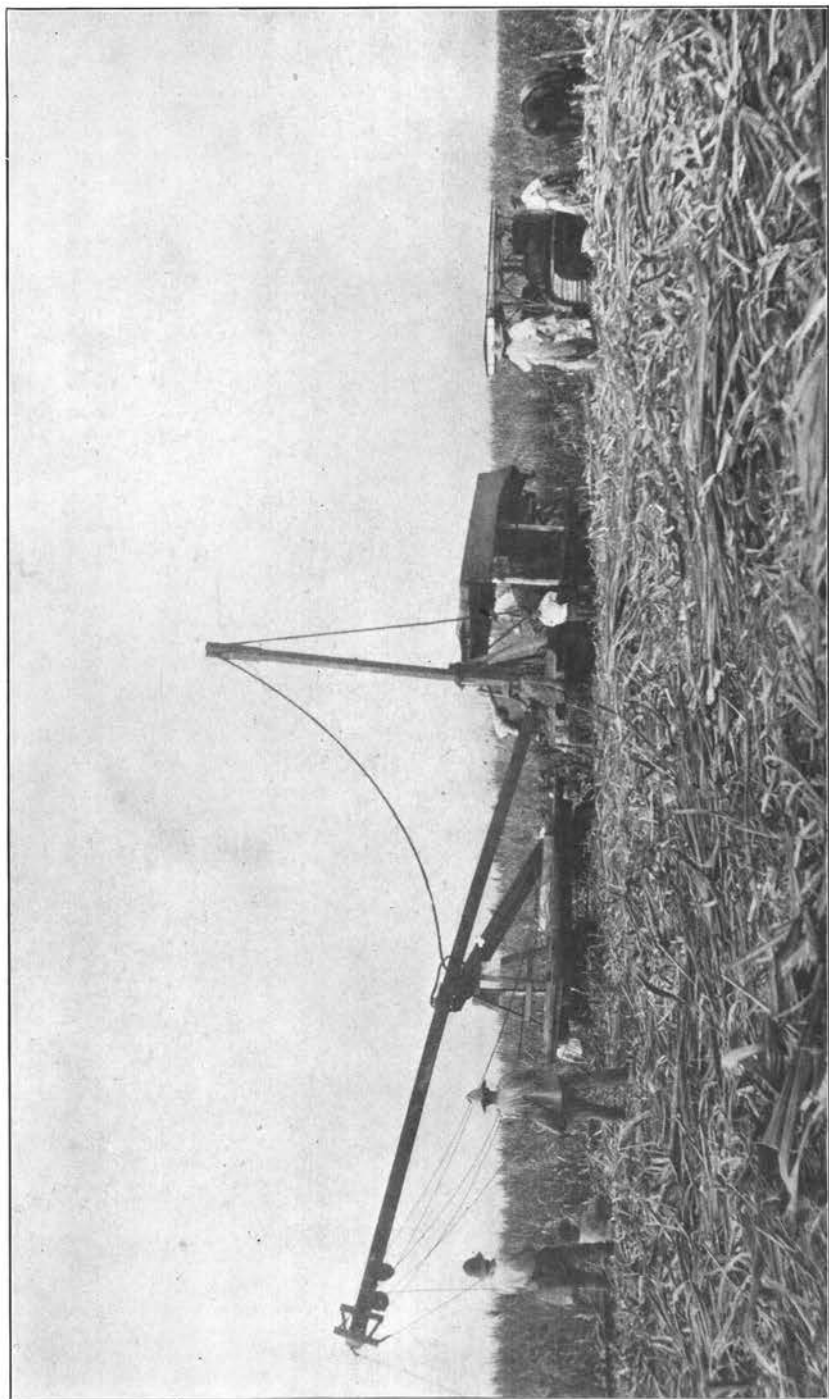
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## The Mid-Pacific Magazine

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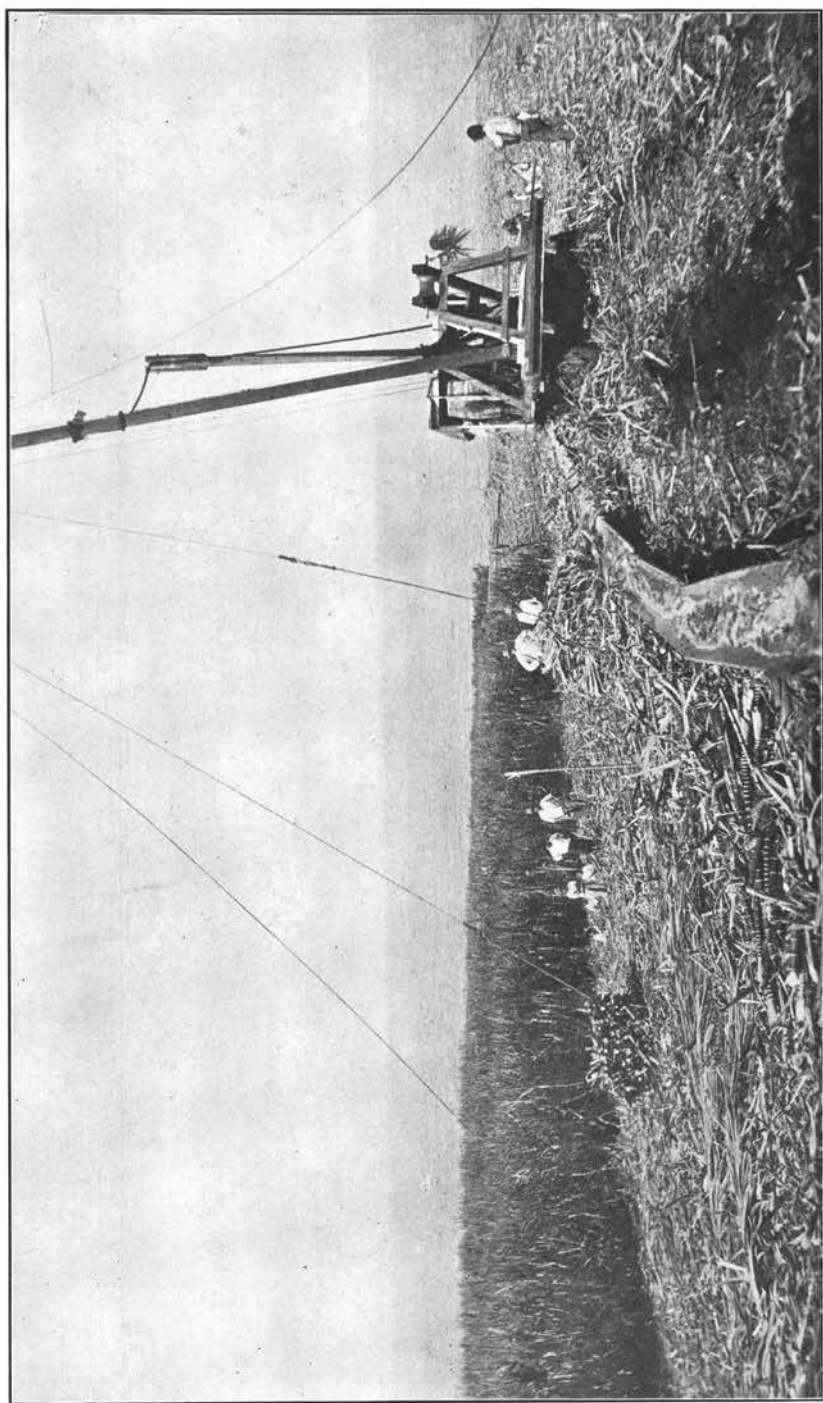
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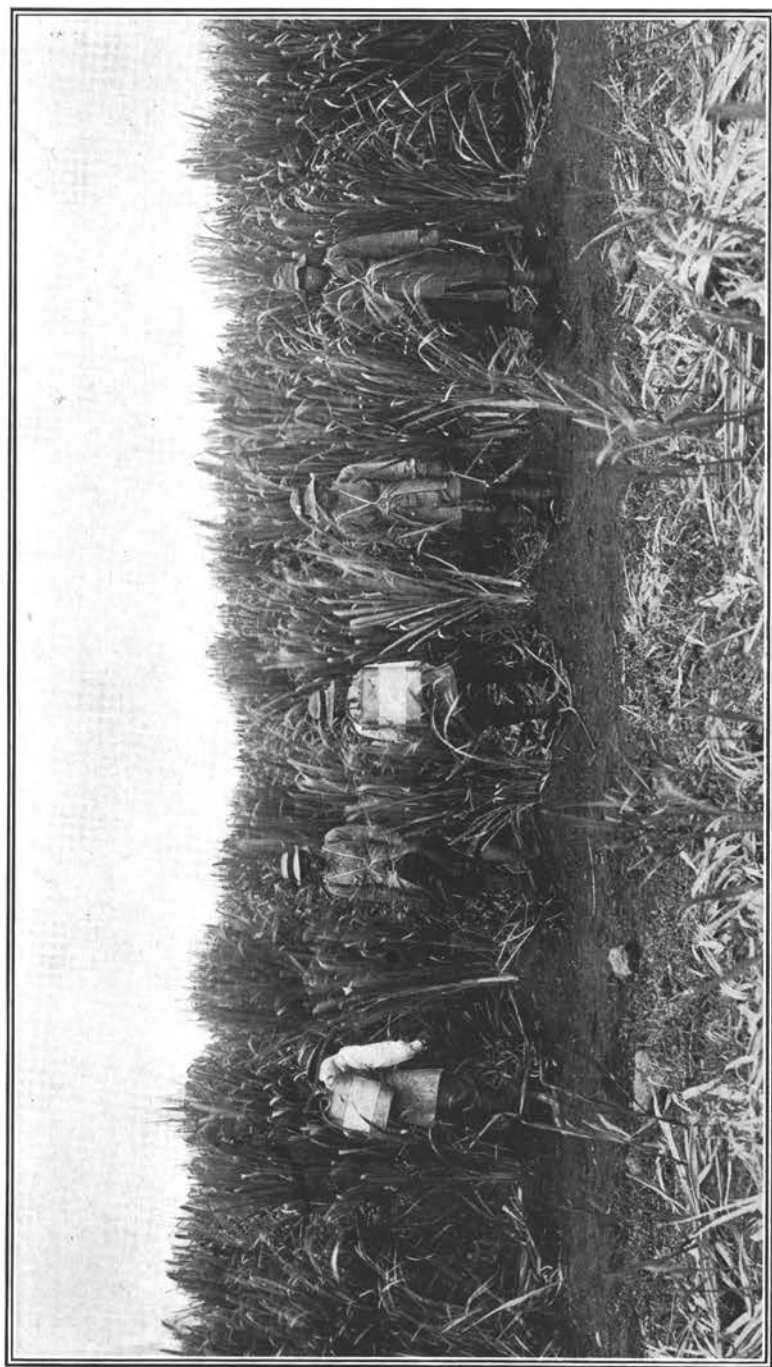


*In Hawaii, where three tons of sugar are raised to every inhabitant, labor-saving devices hold a prominent place. Even the loading of the cut cane is done by machinery.*



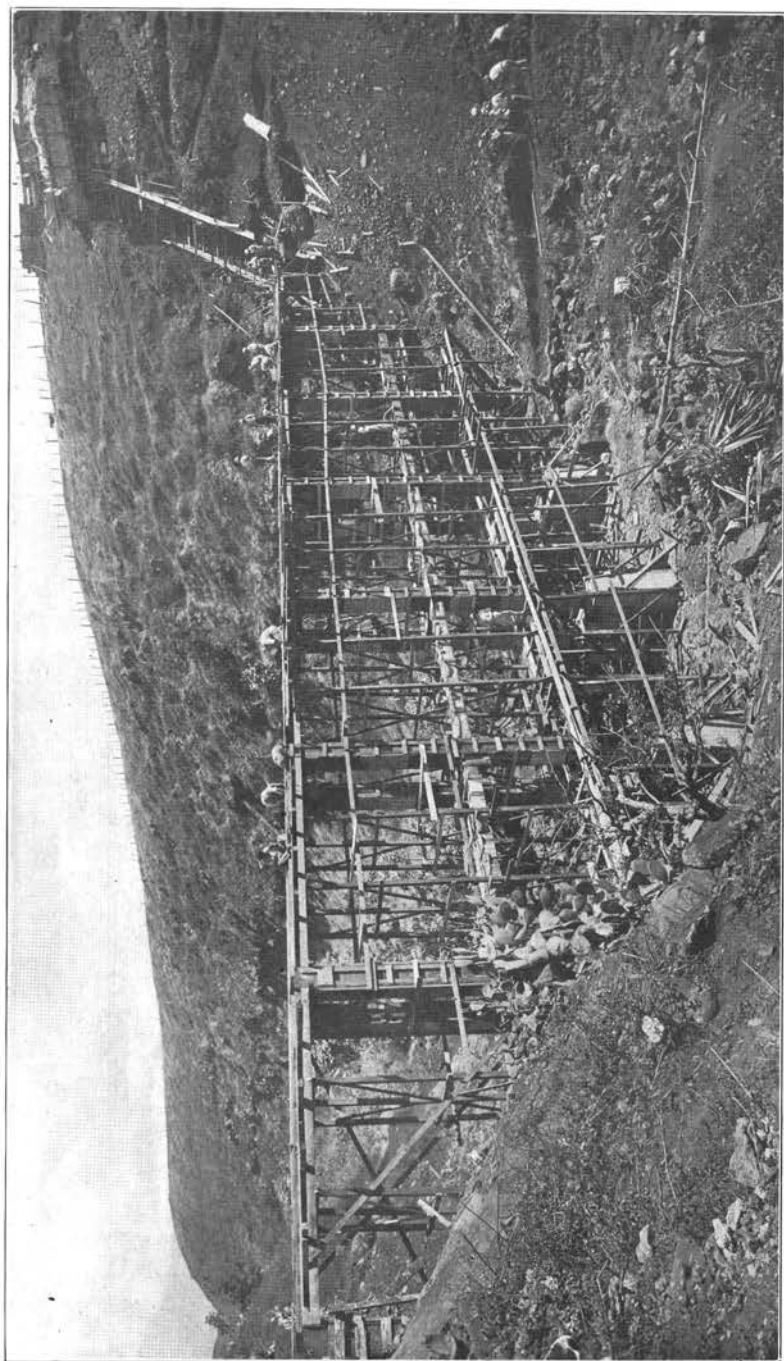


*The water from the artesian wells in Hawaii irrigate the cane, then turned into flumes float it to the mill. Machinery is used to feed the cut cane to the flume.*

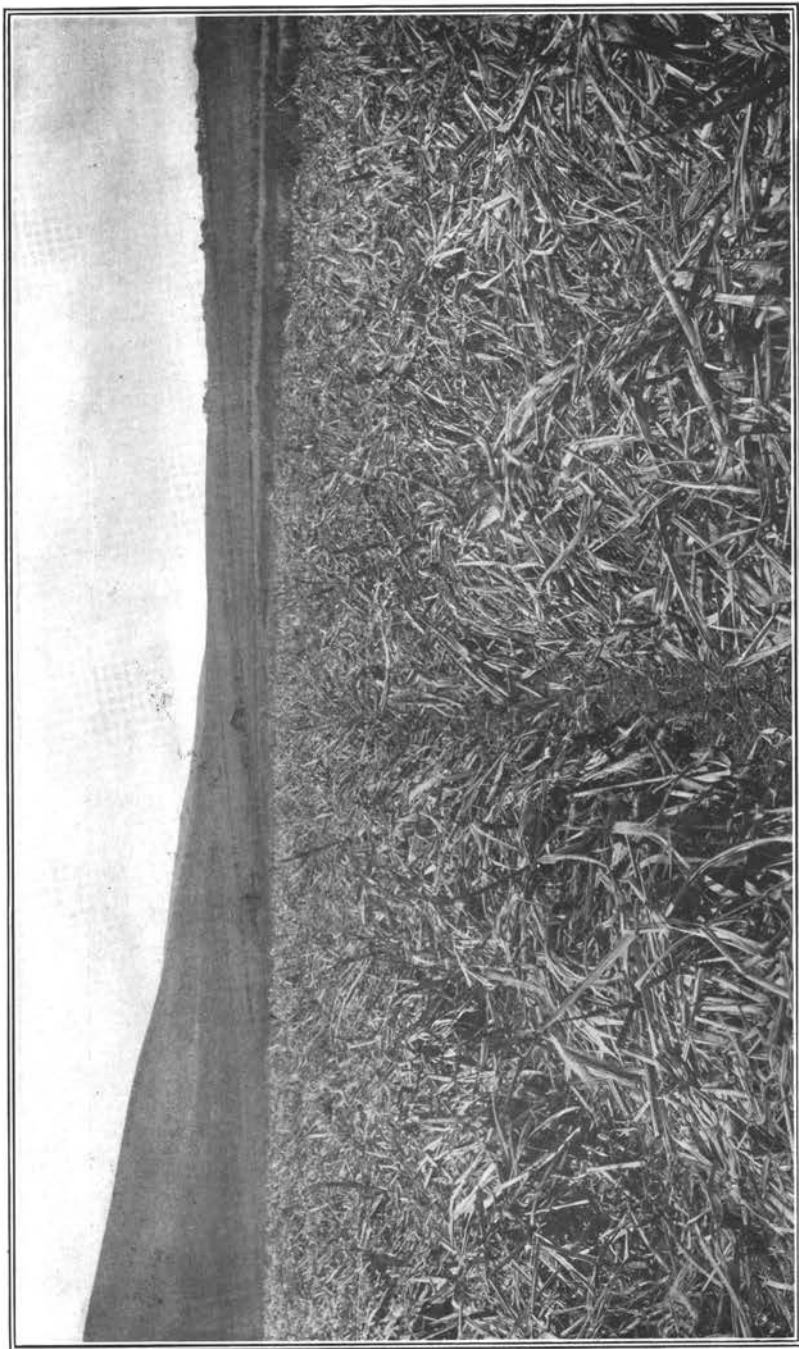


*Sugar cane in Hawaii grows above the heads of the laborers, who but for the straight rows of cane that run sometimes for miles, might easily be lost.*





*For irrigation purposes in Hawaii great flumes are built across the gulches on the sugar cane fields, to carry the water for irrigation.*



*To save hand labor cane fields are burned in Hawaii. On some plantations, however, the leaves are stripped and the cane cut, then the trash burned to provide fertilizing ash.*





*Planting sugar cane joints in long trenches. From the eyes of these grow the new cane crops.*



*Preparing the sugar cane field for the new crop. The seed cane, or joints, being scattered.*

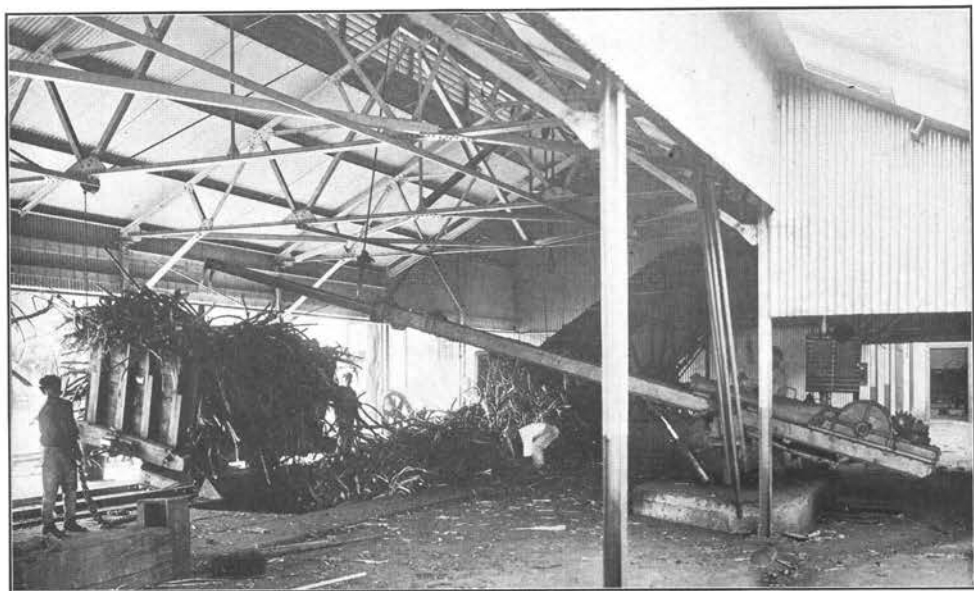


*Miles of portable track are laid on the plantation where the cane is cut and so the cane is taken to the grinding mill.*



*Many plantations burn their cane fields, as the leaves are quickly consumed while the juicy cane is uninjured.*





*Arriving at the mill the cane is dumped on endless chains that convey it to the crushers.*



*When the cane begins to grow the laborers see to it that there is plenty of water turned into the fields.*

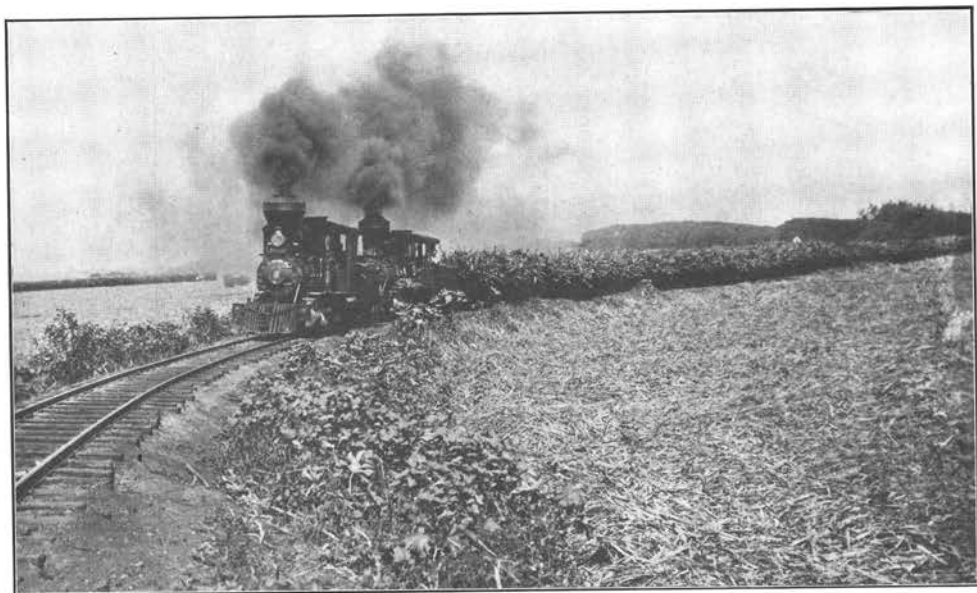


*How the plowing is done. A stationery engine draws the big plow toward it by means of a wire cable.*



*When the cane is 18 months old comes the cutting and the stripping of the leaves from the cane.*

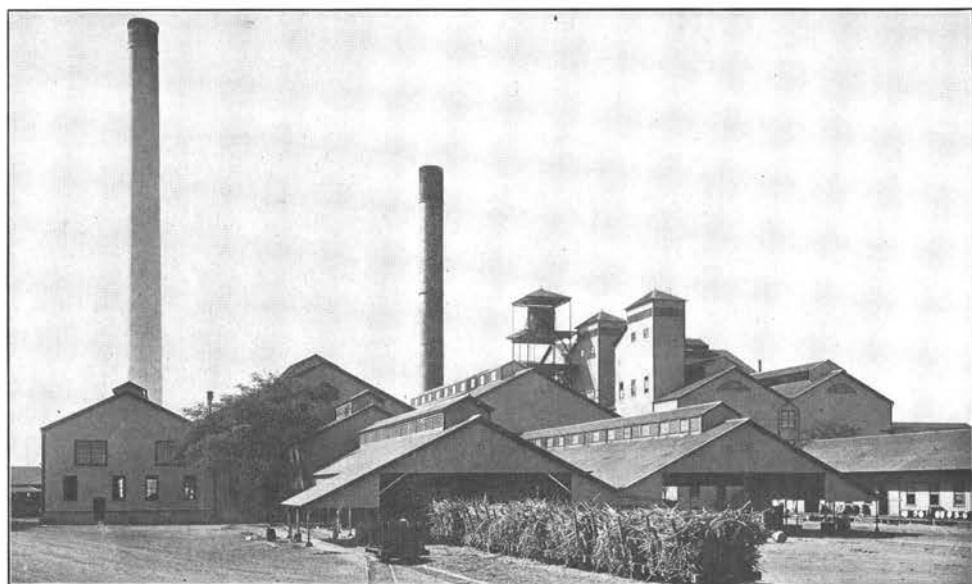




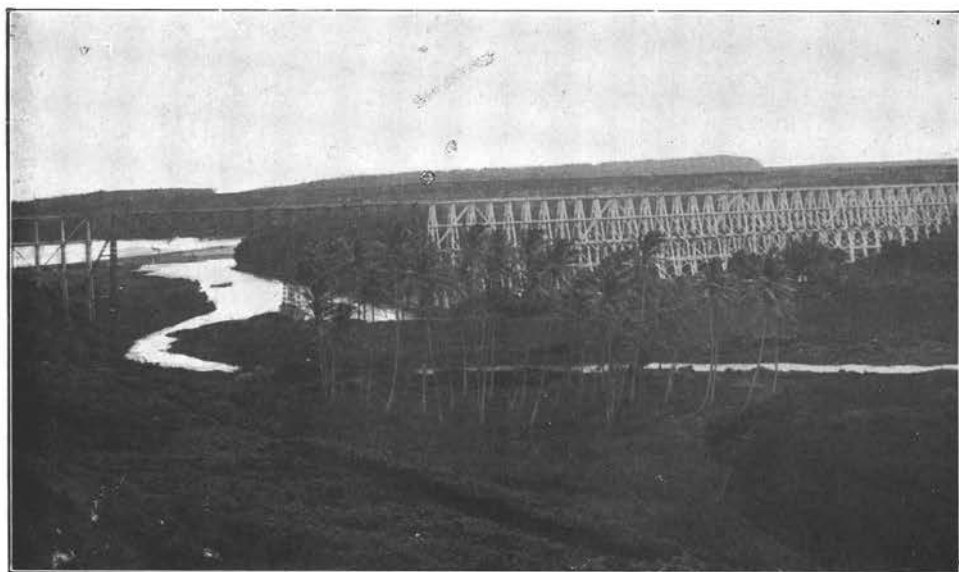
*Often it takes two locomotives to haul the mile long train of cars laden with ripe sugar cane to the plantation mill.*



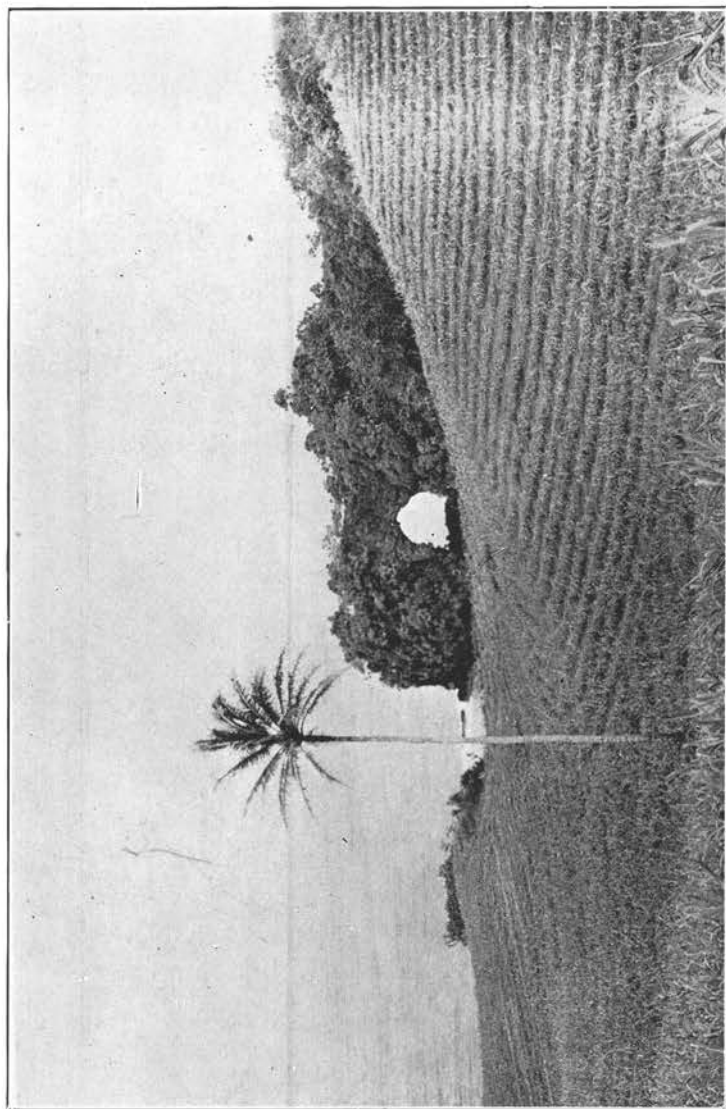
*Where the land slopes the flumes are made to float the crop of cane to the sugar mill, perhaps miles distant.*



*The cane arrives at the mill in cars sometimes from parts of the plantation miles away.*

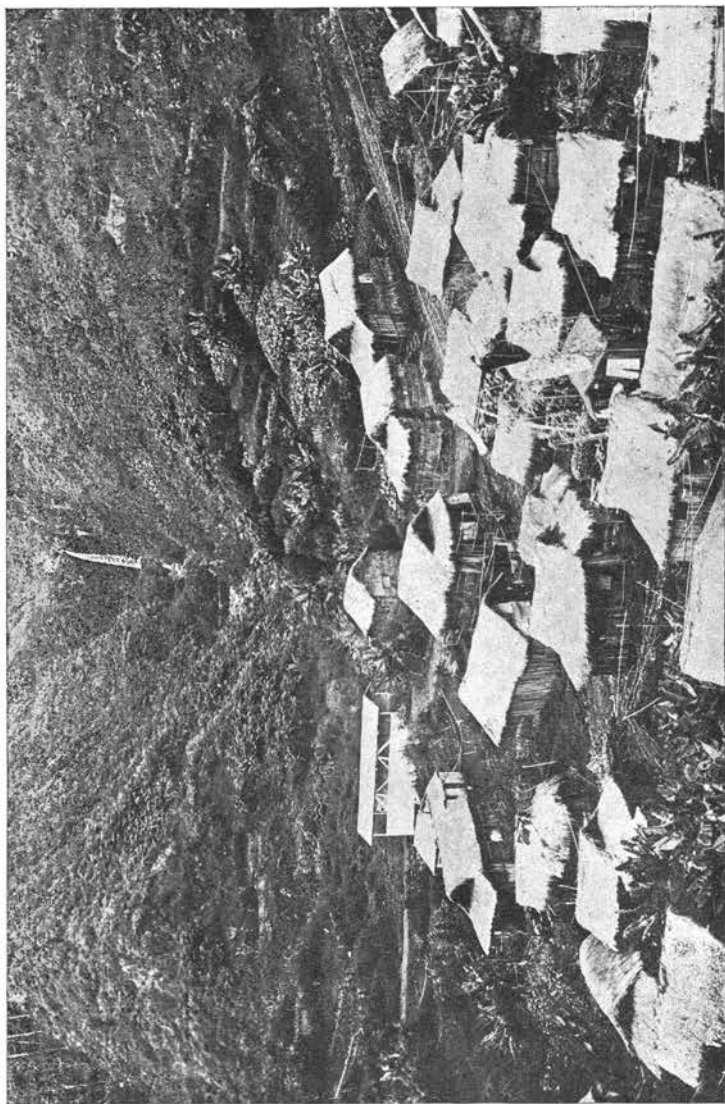


*There are many miles of trestling on the plantations to carry water from the mountains to the fields.*



*The sugar plantations of Hawaii are invariably situated in the midst of areas of marvelous scenic beauty. In this picture we see a natural arch that is the scenic treasure of Onomea plantation on the Island of Hawaii.*

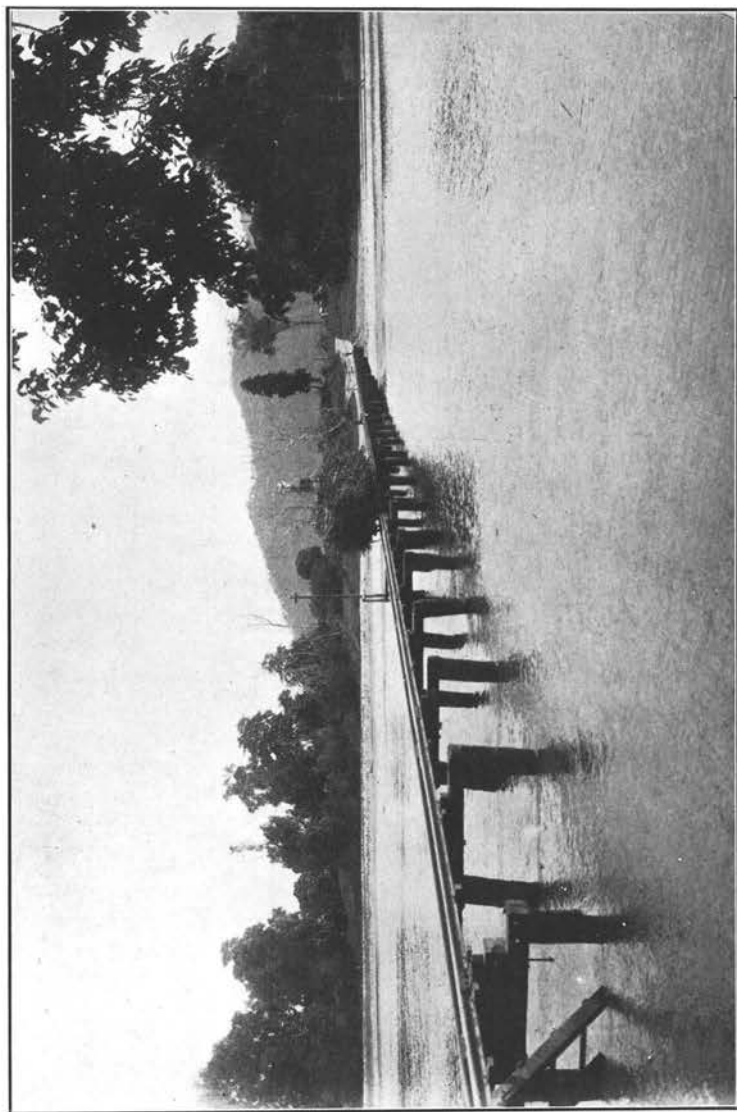




*This might be a Japanese laborers' village on the cane fields of Formosa; however, it is the first camp of some Japanese laborers on the Island of Hawaii.*



*Sugar cane is grown in almost every Pacific land. In Java the natives own their small fields and sell the cane to the government-owned grinding mills.*



*In Australia the white man works the sugar cane fields of Queensland. Narrow gauge railways are built to transport the cane to the mills for grinding.*

# The Mid-Pacific Magazine

CONDUCTED BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD

Volume XVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1919.

No. 3.

## Hands Across the Sea

By H. B. CAMPBELL,

*Pres. Pan-Pacific Foreign Trade Club.*

*(An address delivered before the Pan-Pacific Foreign Trade Club by its first President, who is establishing branches of the Pan-Pacific Union with the expressed approval of Washington and Peking.)*

WHILE I was in the East (by the East I mean New York), I had opportunity to come in contact with people who are in touch with general affairs. I knew that my friends in Pacific lands would ask me what the general prospects are for business in the next few years, and I can say the universal reply to my question was that for at least two, and probably three years, America is going to have an almost unprecedented period of prosperity, and thus will reflect around the Pacific. Most of the large manufacturers are overloaded with orders and the demand seems to be almost everywhere bigger than the supply. Of course they all anticipate labor trouble, but they anticipate being able to satisfy labor. Prices are going to be very high, higher still than they are now.

After a period of two or three years,—then nobody knows what is going to follow, but all are figuring on a two-and possibly three-year period during which time we are going to have greater prosperity than ever before known. We have already started in on this period of prosperity. The large manufacturers, the

large houses, are in many towns more than ever becoming interested in foreign business. The very large concerns are establishing export departments or companies of their own, all boats going through from Seattle and San Francisco to the Orient are loaded, and have been for a long time past, with business men going to the Orient. The same conditions exist regarding South America, and to a certain extent we are getting ready for business in Europe. The export business in America is going to grow very rapidly; indeed it is beginning right away.

While in the East, of course, in connection with the Pan-Pacific Union, I found opportunity to go to Washington. The first one I called upon was our good friend Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane. I first made an appointment by mail through his secretary, and when I got there I had to wait a very little while before meeting him and had a fine talk of about forty-five minutes. We talk about Pan-Pacific work in which he is enthusiastically interested. He remembered his trip to Honolulu with great pleasure, and hopes to get back as soon



as he can. I asked if he were coming back this year. He said it would be impossible; that he was going to Alaska if he could get away. He hopes next year to come to Honolulu, I hope, for the opening of the Pan-Pacific Congress. He says Honolulu is the best place he had ever been to. I do not know that these were his exact words, but that was what he meant.

In connection with Pan-Pacific Union work, he said anything Mr. Ford wanted of him he could probably get if he simply asked for it. Secretary Lane is very, very enthusiastic over the good this work of ours can do. I told him I was going to tell Mr. Ford, and that he could anticipate being asked for something all the time. I told him also that I was going to the Orient, and that I wanted to do all the good I could out there for the Pan-Pacific Union, and that I needed letters giving me a semi-official standing. He said he would be glad to give me any letters he could, but that it wasnt in the range of his department to help me very much, that Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce was the man I ought to see. So he wrote a note saying that I was a good friend of Mr. Ford, the organizer of the Pan-Pacific Union, then called up Mr. Redfield and made an appointment for me. I went to see Secretary Redfield, and he received me with open arms also. I had a splendid talk with him. Secretary Lane had talked with him about the Pan-Pacific Union. He remembered the flags the Pan-Pacific Union sent over with Secretary Lane to be presented to President Wilson, and knew all about me when I got there. He was very much interested in the work the Pan-Pacific Union could do all around the Pacific, and particularly in what I want to do in the Orient. He said he would help all he could. I then told him I wanted a letter, so he wrote a letter as follows,

showing that the Government is interested in this work:

*"To Whom It May Concern:*

"The bearer of this open letter, Mr. H. B. Campbell, is interested in promoting the ideals and perfecting the organization in the Orient of the Pan-Pacific Union. The Pan-Pacific Union is an organization with which this Government is in fullest sympathy, and I personally recommend anything Mr. Campbell may have to say on this subject be given serious consideration.

"Very truly yours,

"WILLIAM C. REDFIELD,

"Secretary of Commerce."

Secretary Redfield told me this is almost the only open letter the Department has ever given. It is addressed to "Whom it may concern." They very often give circular letters to commercial attaches or consuls, etc. He also gave me some letters to other people. Here is a letter to Mr. Abbott, American Commercial Attache at Tokyo, in which he says:

"Mr. Campbell has a public interest in the Pan-Pacific Union, of which President Wilson is one of the Honorary Presidents, and Secretary Lane is one of the Honorary Vice-Presidents. No doubt you know of the splendid objects this Union has in mind, and are sympathetic with them."

He also mentions my other commercial work out there. I have several of these letters. Both Secretaries Lane and Redfield know a good deal about our Pan-Pacific work and our ideals, and are willing to co-operate with us more or less actively. From what Mr. Lane says, I think President Wilson knows a good deal about it also. He presented the Pan-Pacific flags with a sort of ceremony after one of the cabinet meetings and talked with President Wilson about the Pan-Pacific Union.

When I get to the Orient I am going to do what I can to employ somebody to boost things out there. I won't have time myself to do all the active work needed for the Union, but think I shall be able to pay a man a salary to get behind the movement. I am sure, with the assistance we are getting from Washington, that the the Pan-Pacific Union in the Orient will have a good chance of getting a real start and of co-operating very thoroughly with all countries around the Pacific.

The most important thing for us to do is to get as much help from the people of Hawaii as possible in attempting to get a branch of the Pan-Pacific Union in the Orient in practicable shape. Fortunately for that phase of my interests, I am going to be able to travel through the Orient very extensively from now on and will come in contact with a great many big men of different countries in connection with my work with the DuPont Company. Together with the backing I have had from Secretaries Lane and Redfield, this will enable me to present the Pan-Pacific idea quite strongly. I would like very much to have letters of introduction to people in China, Japan, and other countries of the Orient from any people in Honolulu who would like to have them used for the purpose of promoting the Pan-Pacific Union. The idea of the Pan-Pacific was born here in Honolulu, and a large number of our most prominent people are very much interested in it to the extent of contributing financially. I think around the Pacific, the interest is awakening. I have heard from different sources as I have traveled lately that the Pan-Pacific movement is arousing interest in different countries of the Pacific.

One very good way to make the movement definite is to have a Commercial Museum in Honolulu. Definite plans for this are now in shape.

I am sure I will have no trouble in get-

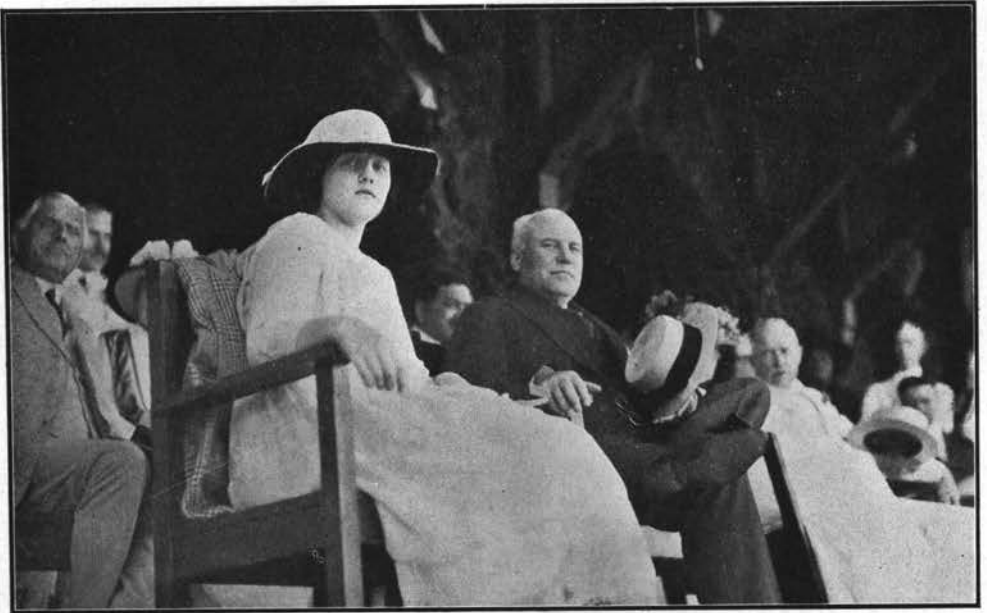
ting a great many exhibits sent to Honolulu. The Pan-Pacific Club has already got a good many in shape from different countries of the Pacific, and some have gone to rack and ruin simply because there has been no place to keep them properly.

Large business houses in the East are branching out now into the export business and giving a great deal of attention to the Orient and all Pacific lands. I know of several large corporations that have not had export departments, at least not active, which are now establishing them to handle exports from their foreign branches. Secretary Redfield, when I was talking to him, said it was almost unbelievable how much interest is being shown in the Pacific and the Orient at present. Their far eastern bureau is overtaxed with work supplying information and gathering data necessary to answer inquiries. Moreover, things during and since the war have been done on a very large scale, and I do not think we should hesitate in starting out here to establish a Pan-Pacific Commercial Museum, and go after funds in the hundreds of thousands rather than in thousands. I think also that if we start out with an ideal proposition to offer to people in the East they will help financially. We couldn't raise a half million in Hawaii, but we could raise part. I feel that large concerns in the East interested in American business relations in the Orient would contribute very handsomely to such a museum here. It would be right along with the line of the general work of the Department of Commerce to have a museum here. Secretary Redfield I am sure would be interested. He told me in connection with the Pan-Pacific that anything he could do he would be glad to do to help it along, that we must feel free to call on him, and that he would use what little influence he had in Congress in getting appropriations, getting letters, and helping

in every way to get such an institution started. The intimations are that large business interests would boost a Pan-Pacific Commercial Union. I talked with the head of the National City Bank of New York for about an hour. He was very much interested in the Pan-Pacific Union, knew about it already and wanted to know more. I had Mid-Pacific magazines sent to him, and he is going to issue one of the bank circulars on the subject as soon as it fits in.

Not only the southern part of the Orient, but also Siberia deserves consid-

eration. Their finances are getting in good shape, the government is in good control, and in the next few months they expect in New York that business between America and Siberia will grow by leaps and bounds. Quite a number of large Russian organizations have established banking relations in New York. Probably steamship lines between Vladivostok and the west coast will be established. There is no reason at all why Siberian interests should not be directed to Honolulu as the center of the Pacific.



*Miss Lane, Secretary of Interior Franklin K. Lane and Governor of Hawaii C. J. McCarthy, at Mid-Pacific Institute, inaugurating the Pan-Pacific Union.*

# PRELIMINARY PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## PAN-PACIFIC CONGRESS

Honolulu Territory of Hawaii

(Subject to Change)

THE Pan-Pacific Congress is a series of conferences to be held in Honolulu, Hawaii, at the "Cross Roads of the Pacific," commencing in November, 1920, and continuing for several months. There will be conferences of various organizations and on various subjects, governmental, educational, social, scientific, commercial, etc. Each conference will be held for a specified period, from a few days to several weeks. Conferences on allied subjects will be scheduled on contiguous dates so that persons interested in more than one can attend several within the minimum period. The Congress will be under the direction and control of The Pan-Pacific Union.

### *The Pan-Pacific Union*

The Pan-Pacific Union is a voluntary league of nations in, or bordering upon, the Pacific Ocean. It maintains permanent headquarters in Honolulu, Hawaii, the "Cross Roads of the Pacific", where are the General Offices, the Statistical Department, the Publicity Department, the Pan-Pacific Library, the Pan-Pacific Commercial Museum and the headquarters of the Pan-Pacific Tourist Bureau. A beginning of a Pan-Pacific Art Gallery and Museum is another activity. Affiliated organizations include a Pan-Pacific Commerce College, and various co-operating institutions in Honolulu and throughout the Pacific lands.

Honorary presidents of the Union include the heads of Pacific governments. For administrative purposes the Union is incorporated under the laws of Hawaii and has a board of directors representing the various Pacific races, living in Hawaii, presided over by His Excellency, the Governor of Hawaii. The control and policy of the Union is, however, strictly international. The active executives of the Union are a Director and Executive Secretary, under whom is an office force.

The general plan and purposes of the Pan-Pacific Union resemble those of the well-known Pan-American Union. It exists to bring about a better understanding between the nations and peoples of Pacific lands; to promote governmental harmony and remove the causes for racial prejudices and misunderstandings without the submerging of national identities or rights; to gather and publish useful statistics and information of all descriptions; to promote study and knowledge of Pacific peoples, lands and problems; to develop the commerce of the Pacific and facilitate its conduct; to foster the interchange of knowledge, ideas and leaders; to maintain statistical records, libraries, museums and similar activities.

### *Scope of the Congress*

The Pan-Pacific Congress is composed of constituent conferences which are grouped, for administrative and other



purposes into groups. Each conference is sub-divided into sections when it comprises many subjects. The following outline while not in detail in its first few divisions, will give a clear idea of the scheme:

Pan-Pacific Congress:

1. *Governmental* (group)
  - a. Official government. (Conference)
  - b. Parliamentary. (Conference).
    - (1) National (section)
    - (2) State or Province (section)
  - c. Legal and judicial.
  - d. Public utilities commissions.
  - e. Port commissioners.
  - f. Miscellaneous.
2. *Commercial*: (group)
  - a. Chambers of Commerce.
  - b. Foreign Trade Clubs.
  - c. Tourist Bureaux.
  - d. Traffic and Transportation.
  - d. Newspapers, Magazines, Publicity.
  - f. Finance.
  - g. Agriculture, Sugar, etc.
  - h. Fisheries, etc.
3. *Educational, Social, Religious, Philanthropic*: (group)
  - a. Educational.
  - b. Social Science, Penology, Charities.
  - c. Labor.
  - d. Religious.
  - e. Y. M. C. A.
4. *Scientific, Engineering*: (group)
  - a. Scientific.
    - (1) Geology.
    - (2) Volcanology.
    - (3) Fisheries.
    - (4) Medical.
  - b. Engineering.
 

Various branches.
5. *Miscellaneous*: (group)
 

Various bodies and organizations.

*Organization of Congress*

The responsibility for calling, arranging for and managing the Congress lies

directly with the Pan-Pacific Union, a responsible, incorporated body. General matters will be handled by an executive committee, on which will be members of the directorate of the Union, and chairmen of the five group committees. The Director and Executive Secretary of the Union will head the active Secretarial staff of the Congress.

Group committees will be formed at Honolulu for planning and handling the groups and likewise there will be conference and section committees. Arrangements, entertainment and the like will be handled by the local Honolulu committee.

Organization of each unit of the Congress will be effected at its opening unless the conference or section is an already organized body. The local committees will assist to the limit of their power in the procurement of secretaries, stenographers or other attaches needed.

*Meeting Place of Congress*

The sessions of the Congress units will be held in Honolulu, Hawaii, but special sessions may be held at other places in Hawaii, such as Volcanologists at the Volcano of Kilauea, etc.

Adequate halls, rooms, offices, etc., will be provided for each unit. The Pan-Pacific Union building will be general headquarters.

*Printed Reports of Congress*

Printed reports of the proceedings of each unit with digests of the principal papers and addresses are to be issued, their magnitude and completeness depending in part on the demand for them and the financial support which can be secured. Arrangements will probably be made by which mimeographed copies of special papers may be obtained at a reasonable cost.

Advanced copies of scheduled papers and addresses are to be secured by the Congress for the purpose of prompt preparation of the Congress proceedings.

*Excursions and Entertainment*

The climate of Hawaii, always delightful, will be at its best during the months of the Congress sessions. Excursions to various points of interest throughout the archipelago will be organized and specially conducted. Special low rates will be in force. The wonderful active volcano of Kilauea on the Island of Hawaii, 126 miles from Honolulu, is a prime attraction. Here the titanic forces of the Underworld may be seen in action with perfect safety.

For the mountain climber, tramps and rides up Mauna Kea, 13,825 feet high, the loftiest mountain in the Pacific; Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet, the greatest active volcano, both on the Island of Hawaii, will be arranged. Another climb is up the marvelous Haleakala, Maui, 10,000 feet high, and containing the world's greatest extinct crater. Nearer at hand are the beautiful mountains of Oahu, where one may climb 3,100 feet within a few miles of Honolulu. The Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club will be in charge of these activities.

For other attractions there are wonderful beaches, surfing, canoeing and sea bathing, vast canyons festooned with tropic verdure; craggy, surf-beaten shores, lofty cliffs, entrancing valleys, leaping cascades, and all the tropic verdure that imagination can paint.

Splendid automobile roads skirt each island and reach each point of interest.

Sugar, pineapple and coffee plantations, the largest military post in the United States are attractions. The cosmopolitan population is always fascinating. Points of historic, scenic and scientific interest abound.

Entertainment in variety will be provided under the direction of the local committee, and the universally known hospitality of Hawaii guarantees its quality.

*Transportation*

Hawaii is reached from North America by the Canadian-Australian Royal Mail Line from Vancouver and Victoria; by the Pacific Mail, Oceanic, China Mail, Toyo Kisen Kaisha and Matson Lines from San Francisco; from Oceania and Australasia by the Canadian-Australian Royal Mail Line and the Oceanic Line; from the Orient by the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, China Mail and Pacific Mail Lines. Steamers in plenty are promised by the time of the conferences and new lines are in contemplation. Special rates will prevail.

Local transportation in the Hawaiian group is handled by the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company, Ltd., and the Matson Line and by various railroad and automobile companies. Honolulu is served by a splendid electric street railway system and taxi service.

*Accommodation*

Honolulu has splendid hotels, from huge modern hostelries to small boarding houses. Bulletins detailing the hotel accommodations, rates, etc., will be issued later and ample precautions against overcharges will be made by the Union.

Resort hotels throughout the group are excellent and complete lists of these, with rates, will be issued in a later bulletin.

*Participation in Congress*

It is recognized that the conferences making up the Congress are to be of two general types (1) Those held by specific organizations, already existing, or parts of organizations, or combinations of organizations. Examples of such are the Y. M. C. A. and various scientific bodies, etc. (2) Conferences on various subjects where the conferees are as yet unorganized.

It is the plan of the Pan-Pacific Union, through its Congress committees, to com-

municate with organizations likely to be interested in holding conferences as part of the Pan-Pacific Congress, but as the number of these organizations is legion, interested bodies are invited to communicate with the Union for the arrangement of conferences.

Conferences of unorganized nature will be arranged for in their entirety by the Congress committees of the Union.

Organizations of all kinds are invited to hold their conventions in Honolulu in 1920-21. The Congress committees of the Pan-Pacific Union will arrange for dates and give assistance to such bodies, co-operating locally with the Hawaii Tourist Bureau and the Chamber of Commerce of Honolulu.

#### *Rules for Congress*

Rules and regulations for the Congress and its subdivisions will be published at a later date and furnished to the various participating bodies.

#### *Information*

For the information of all interested, bulletins outlining plans for the Congress and the progress of arrangements will be issued from time to time and mailed on application.

Bulletins will be issued frequently to the press.

The Mid-Pacific Magazine, issued monthly, will contain much information of importance regarding the Congress.

The Director and Executive Secretary of the Pan-Pacific Union plan tours of many Pacific lands, visiting Pan-Pacific Clubs and other organizations in the interest of the Congress.

Information may be obtained by addressing:

THE PAN-PACIFIC UNION,  
Honolulu,  
Pan-Pacific Congress, Territory of  
Hawaii.



*Beginning of the Pan-Pacific Commercial Museum in Honolulu, 1914.*

# The Far Eastern Review of Shanghai, China



W. H. Donald, Editor, *Far Eastern Review*.

The Far Eastern Review is an independent monthly paper, designed to deal with all economic matters—particularly engineering, industrial, financial and commercial—in China, Japan, Korea, Siberia, the Philippine Islands, Hongkong, Indo-China, Siam, Straits Settlements, Federated Malay States, Dutch East Indies (Java, Sumatra, etc.), and Malasia.

Its special sphere is China, Japan, Korea, Siberia and the Philippines, and particular attention is devoted to the publication of the fullest available details regarding the vast and little known natural resources of China, the great potentialities of the country and the progress of development work in all spheres of constructive effort.

The Far Eastern Review is lavishly illustrated and specialises in providing authentic *illustrated* information—statistics, and data of all kinds—economic and political, of direct interest and use to the engineering trade, the merchant, the financier, and the educationalist; information which at the same time is of permanent value to everyone desiring knowledge of China in particular and the Far East in general.

Detailed descriptions of the country, of public works, of engineering enterprises—railways, waterworks, electric installations, etc.—of industrial concerns, of Chinese methods of manufacture, agriculture, etc., with articles on commercial and industrial and mining



possibilities, and the potentialities of different Provinces and sections thereof, are regularly published.

Agreements and documents of international interest relating to financial, industrial, engineering and other undertakings and activities in China are published in full when available, and in the past the Far Eastern Review has been the exclusive means of giving to the world many valuable documents bearing on economic and political concessions in China.

Maps and plans of railways and engineering works, etc., are a special feature, and with its innumerable photographic illustrations the Far Eastern Review constitutes an important lasting record of conditions and development from year to year in China and the Far East.

The Far Eastern Review is devoted specially to the advocacy of constructive endeavor in China and the East. It unceasingly works for the establishment of a stable progressive government in China for the complete opening of China to trade and commerce, and the expansion of opportunities for investment of foreign capital under proper conditions. It must be remembered that China is opened to trade and residence in but a few ports.

A constant campaign is carried on for the extension of means of communication to facilitate trade and commerce and render potential markets in the interior accessible. It is the only paper which unceasingly campaigns for the improvement of ports, the construction of roads, the restoration and improvement of waterways and the extension of railways so that trade may develop.

The development of mines, the reform of the mining laws to enable foreign capital to be employed on terms acceptable to financiers, and the abolition of ob-

structive mining regulations and legislation are measures incessantly advocated, while every possible influence is employed to convince the Chinese of the necessity and advisability of reforming the currency and removing harassing, aggravation of American methods and malikins tax and other internal embargoes.

No opportunity is missed by the Far Eastern Review to espouse the vating restrictions to trade such as the chinery; the employment by China of foreign experts; and the wisdom of legislating for the right of foreign financiers to participate in the development of resources, and to control and manage concerns in the interior in which they are financially interested. Above all the Far Eastern Review is a staunch champion of the Open Door Policy and the Square Deal—to China as well as others—and in this connection is fearless and outspoken.

It is the only illustrated, well-established chronicle of material development in China produced, and furnishes more definite, practical information about China than any other periodical placed on the market.

Its pages are replete with important, reliable material, much of it not obtainable elsewhere, and the proof of the value of its contributions may be gauged by the fact that scarcely a modern book has been written on the country—on economic or political subjects—which has not drawn upon the Far Eastern Review for information. The copious photographs, maps and diagrams published to illustrate articles relating to China and the Far East are of great instructive and educational value.

The Far Eastern Review was established by Mr. G. Bronson Rea some fifteen years ago to support American interests in the Far East, and to provide more information of an economic and engineering character about

the countries of the Far East than was otherwise available. There was then, as there is now, a decided call for an independent journal published in the Far East pledged to the advocacy of a square deal for those requiring it; and unquestionably American interests, particularly in recent years, have required a strong and fearless advocate.

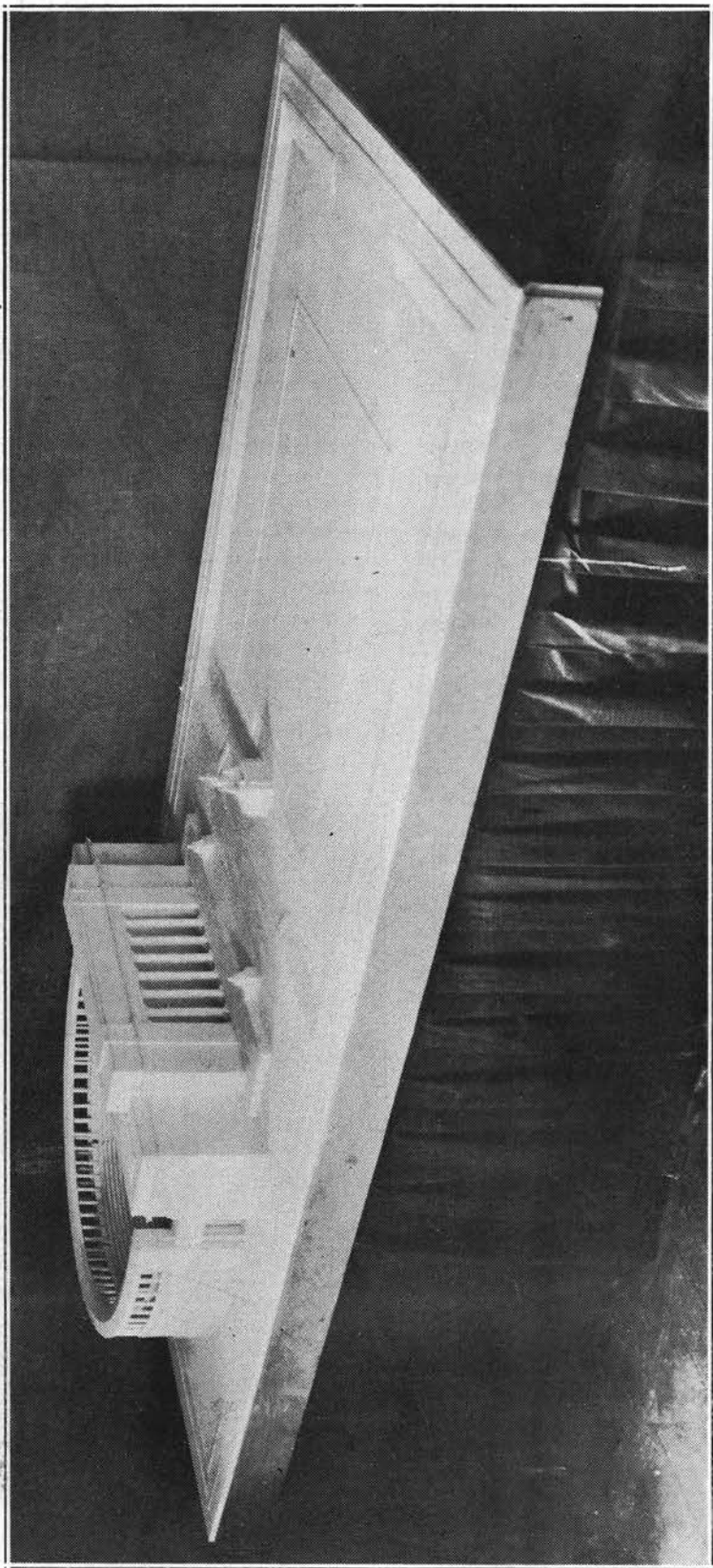
The FAR EASTERN REVIEW began its career in Manila, where it was published for some years. As American interests began to expand and find an enlarged field in China, Mr. Rea decided that he could better accomplish the task which he had set himself by moving the publication office to Shanghai. With this important international commercial city as headquarters he felt he would be better able to keep touch upon the pulse of the whole East, and take a deeper and livelier interest in transactions proceeding in China, which is the largest potential market in the world for the employment of capital and the consumption of machinery and merchandise of foreign manufacture.

As an engineering journal the REVIEW thus found for itself a great field, and to Mr. Rea's energy and activity must be ascribed the betterment of many conditions which originally militated against American trade in China. He fought single-handed several important battles against established mercantile customs in China which tended to preclude American manufacturers from free competition in the market that existed for railway materials and other supplies required in the establishment of the railways and the upbuilding of public utilities and industries in China. To him the American manufacturers and capitalists owe a deep debt of gratitude which they should not forget or ignore. As a pioneer in the field, the Review blazed the trail for American Engineering in China and secured advantages for

American manufacturers, some of which they otherwise would not have obtained for many years if at all. Mr. Rea found it necessary to divide his responsibilities on the Review and in 1912 took Mr. W. H. Donald into partnership. Mr. Donald brought a first hand knowledge of China's affairs to the paper and this was backed by close confidential relations with all Chinese officials which enabled him to secure inside knowledge concerning international affairs and Chinese domestic politics which has proved of material assistance in conducting a paper which set out, above all things, to be accurate in the facts it carried. Writing in the "Saturday Evening Post" of April 28th, 1917, Samuel Blythe referred to Mr. W. H. Donald as "as influential a white man in Chinese affairs as there is in China or elsewhere, energetic, astute and trusted by the Chinese."



*G. Bronson Rea, Publisher, Far Eastern Review.*



*This is a picture from the Honolulu Commercial Advertiser of the model of the proposed Pan-Pacific Peace Palace to be erected at the Cross Roads of the Pacific as a home for the activities of the Pan-Pacific Union. The Auditorium, or Open Air Theatre, will seat 5,000. There will be space in the building for Convention Halls, Auditoriums, Art Gallery and Commercial Museum. A site on the Civic Center has been offered for the building.*



# Pan-Pacific Press Comment

(From the Honolulu Commercial Advertiser).

At the Pan-Pacific Foreign Trade luncheon, President H. B. Campbell delivered messages from the secretaries of the interior and of commerce to the workers in the Pan-Pacific Union, assuring them of the hearty cooperation and support of the federal government. Campbell will take charge of the Pan-Pacific Luncheon Club in Shanghai, his future home, and act, with the backing of Washington, as the official representative in the Far East of the Pan-Pacific Union.

Secretary Lane received Mr. Campbell most cordially in Washington and discussed with him for nearly an hour the work of the Pan-Pacific Union. Then he called Secretary Redfield to the phone, and asked him to take up the matter further with Mr. Campbell. This Mr. Redfield did, giving Mr. Campbell letters of general introduction to officials in the Far East saying the government was in hearty sympathy with the objects of the Pan-Pacific Union and alluding to the fact that Mr. Wilson was an Honorary President and Mr. Lane an Honorary Vice-President.

Mr. Redfield expressed keen interest in the work of the union and plans will be laid to induce the secretary of commerce to visit Hawaii and open the Pan-Pacific Commercial conference here in November, 1920, or at a date which he may set as more convenient.

The following open letter given to Mr. Campbell by the secretary of commerce, the first of its kind ever issued, he assured Mr. Campbell will indicate the interest Washington feels in the Pan-Pacific Union.

"To Whom It May Concern:

"The bearer of this open letter, Mr. Harry Bartlett Campbell, is interested in promoting the ideals and perfecting the organization in the Orient of the Pan-Pacific Union.

"The Pan-Pacific Union is an organization with which this government is in fullest sympathy, and I, personally, recommend that anything Mr. Campbell may have to say on this subject be given serious consideration.

"W. C. REDFIELD."

## Lane Would Return

Secretary Lane sent word that he hoped to revisit Hawaii in 1920 or 1921. He and Secretary Redfield it is hoped will be present to take part in the deliberations of the Pan-Pacific Congress.

One of Mr. Campbell's first bits of service to the Pan-Pacific Union in China will be the collection of exhibits for the Commercial Museum here. Japan, Mexico, Canada and Java have promised to send exhibits, while Australia and New Zealand have already shipped parts of theirs, valued at several thousand dollars. The University of Hawaii will cooperate with the Pan-Pacific Union in the management of the Commercial Museum. A site near the business center has already been secured and a committee is being appointed to see to the erection of a building that will house the exhibits already promised by the different lands of the Pacific, as well as those showing the industries of Hawaii.

Mr. A. Moritzson of the Otago Ex-



pansion League promised that New Zealand would send an up-to-date exhibit for the Commercial Museum.

### **Auditorium Needed**

L. A. Thurston told of the need in Honolulu of an auditorium which could be used to make Hawaii the musical center of the Pacific. He instanced the fact that because of the lack of a suitable place that the competitive singing of the Hawaiian choirs had been abandoned. He wished a stock company organized that would keep the best Hawaiian singers at home and, with them as a nucleus, build up a great choral organization. His remarks, taken down stenographically, will be placed before a special committee of the Pan-Pacific Union, and the architects will so design the proposed new building that it will be able to house any choral societies which may be organized.

### **Pan-Pacific Week**

A committee will be appointed from the Pan-Pacific Foreign Trade Club to take charge of the Pan-Pacific week activities this year. Requests have been sent to every large Pacific city to hold a Pan-Pacific luncheon or banquet on Balboa Day, September 17, and be prepared to exchange cablegrams with each other. This was done on a small scale last year. Campbell will see to it that Balboa Day banquets are held in Peking and Shanghai at least. Another feature of the day will be the explaining in the schools, not only in Hawaii, but in other Pacific lands, of the significance of Balboa Day, how it was originated here by Queen Liliuokalani and something about the objects of the Pan-Pacific Union.

Dr. G. F. Pigott, director of the Riverside College Observatory in Sydney and inventor of some of the most delicate seismographical instruments for de-

tecting earthquake temblors, was a guest at the Pan-Pacific Club. The distinguished volcanologist was met at the club by Lawrence H. Daingerfield of the United States Weather Bureau, J. M. Westgate of the Federal Experiment Station and Professor Gregory of the Bishop Museum.

The Kilauea canvas of the big dioramas was put in position and the lights were turned on in honor of the visitor. A conference was held in the crater as the circular canvas was studied.

Doctor Pigott expressed hope that a conference of Pacific volcanologists might be brought about during the session of the Pan-Pacific Congress, while Professor Gregory hoped that it might be a scientific congress with a conference of museum workers as a part of it. It developed that Dangerfield already had assisted the Pan-Pacific Union in sending literature to the weather bureau heads in America and about the Pacific, suggesting to them a conference here in 1920.

With Doctor Pigott was Thomas T. Alkin of Melbourne, Australia, who came with letters of introduction from Premier Holman of New South Wales, who officially requested the Pan-Pacific Union to give him letters to mainland officials interested in civic uplift work.

Alkin stated that Australian cities were being aroused to a desire to do for themselves rather than wait for the government to do for them. A number of local city planning conferences have been held in Australia and Alkin expressed hope that this would be one feature of the Pan-Pacific conferences. He will tour America, studying the methods of the cities toward self-improvement and report to his government.

A conference of city planners, attended by American architects and engineers, Alkin thought, would bring delegates from many Australian cities.

# The Pan-Pacific Commercial Museum

*Address of D. L. Crawford Before the Pan-Pacific Foreign Trade Club*

Last year we started out on a program of a course on international commerce. We were brought into it by a peculiar combination of circumstances not necessary to mention. We have rather definite, concrete plans for the immediate and ultimate future of expanding into rather large plans for training young men, not in ordinary commercial lines of book-keeping and stenography, but in more international trade, that is, attempting to train, as some universities on the mainland are doing, for positions in shipping concerns who send agents to China, Japan, Australia, etc., these men having already acquired familiarity with business methods and customs of those countries. Instead of sending totally green men, they send men with a working knowledge of the language, business customs, and ethics of trade laws.

This is the plan of the College of Hawaii (which is to be the University of Hawaii), for a college of Commerce. In connection with that, it is perfectly obvious that one of the most essential things at the outset is a collection of certain materials which are dealt with in commerce. You can readily see that it is very desirable that students of Pacific trade should be able to see and handle not only the finished products of trade in the local territory and countries across the Pacific, but also should know the process of manufacture and the raw state from which they come. That being the case, and inasmuch as I was shoved into taking charge of this

work when we embarked on it last year, I immediately set to work to accumulate what was available of such articles. It is necessary that a college of Commerce should have very readily available, large working collections of materials. That is the attitude toward this larger idea in the college itself. Simply from the standpoint of the college we want for our work, regardless of any other larger project, a sufficiently varied museum of articles of trade from as many other countries as possible, so that students can learn here as much as possible about the articles of trade of other countries.

This idea fits in very well with this larger program which Mr. Ford and others have been thinking about for some time, but I can't say that it fits in entirely without a hitch. The college of course would want to have very easily available, in fact, right at hand, a great deal of this stuff. We should not want to have to come down town when we think of showing something, but there is this larger scheme which we see along with this other, the desirable and very practicable importance of having what I choose to call a permanent international exposition, perhaps tried on a rather small scale: that is, to have centered in this city, as the center of the Pacific, a Pan-Pacific Exposition, inviting each country to put in as extensive an exhibit of their commerce and industries and social life as they felt inclined to do. The more some countries put in, the more others would put in,

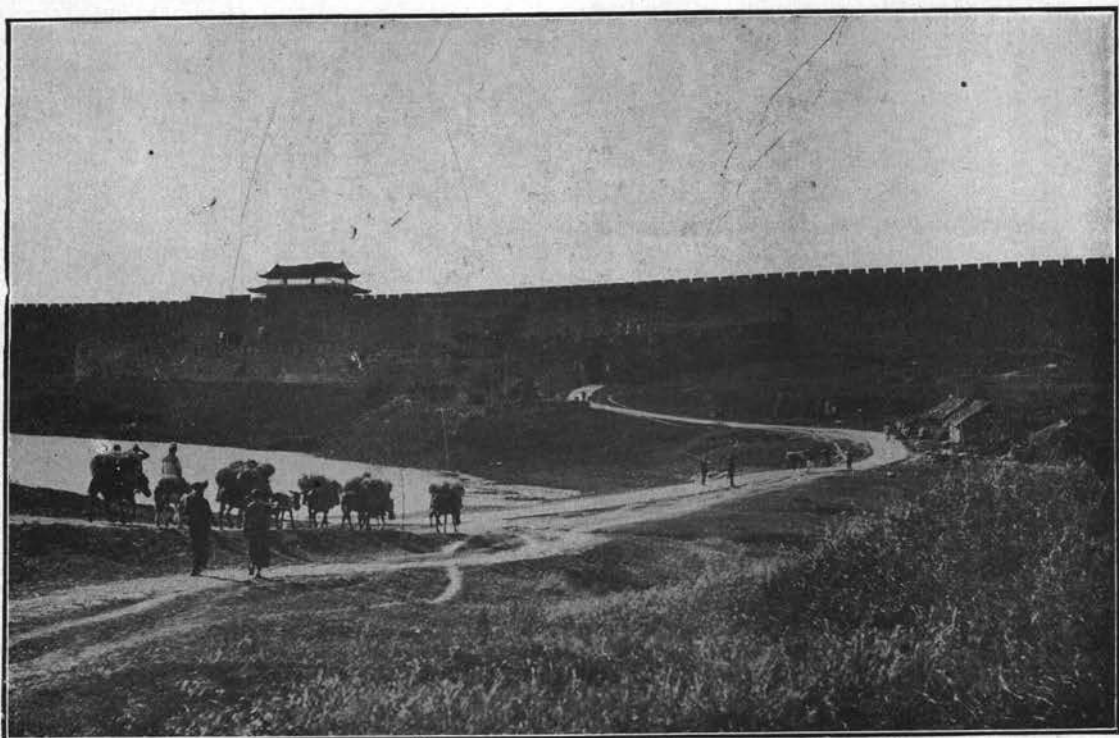
and so it would grow into international importance.

The idea appeals to me, and I have given it a great deal of thought. I have been interested in this line of work and have been interested in Pan-American workers, though not connecting them. These two ideas are and perhaps should be both connected, and yet in a certain way distinct. I can see the very great importance of having a large international museum if you want to call it so, or a permanent exposition, established in this city. From the standpoint of the work of the College of Commerce, it will also be necessary that they have at hand certain materials readily available to the students. That would be a very much smaller thing. Perhaps there has been some misapprehension as to what the College now has. We haven't anything that would make very much of a showing in a large project for down town. What I have been accumulating from Pacific lands here and there has been rather limited in amount, and so far I have managed to put the collection away in a few drawers. The stuff is very valuable for showing certain things to the students. That is the line we want to build up. We do not have any line of New Zealand materials,

for instance, showing their industries, but we do need certain of their most important materials to learn what are the chief lines of trade from New Zealand. That will be one of the things the students of commerce will learn. It isn't so important that we have a large exhibit of everything, but it is important that students know the main things and also that they know the processes that certain materials go through. Take cotton, for example. It would not be necessary to have complete exhibits from each country. If we had one general exhibit without any country connected, it would answer their purpose.

In my mind this matter of a commercial museum takes the form of two projects. The College will take care of its own, and it wants the co-operation of the Pan-Pacific Union and easy access to the larger collection. I think it will be a tremendous asset to have the larger collection, and very frequently we will bring students down to study it. So far as I am concerned, and the President of the College I believe also, the Pan-Pacific Union can count on the utmost co-operation of the College in building up from time to time a project of this kind.





*Caravan approaching the Walled City of Peking.*

# The Walled City

*By* CARL CROW

Peking is a city of gates and walls, as befits a place of privilege and mystery and ancient precedents. Outside, on the great dusty plain, one can see nothing of the city but the huge grey walls and the pagoda-like towers which surmount the gates. There is no hint of the golden-tiled

temples, the palaces of barbaric splendor, and the rainbow of shop fronts to be found within, all made beautiful by the centuries of stores of an art which was old before the first picture of a Christian saint was put on canvas. There is in a visit to this great grey city, something of



the pleasure one finds in opening a curious box packed with strange things from a far-off land, and it is a pleasure which never ends, for, no matter how long you may remain, many gates will still be closed to you and you can only wonder what undiscovered bits of golden beauty are hidden behind.

Gates and walls! Red and grey, like the red and grey of a brick and wood house which has sheltered many generations and grown old and faded. They are baffling, mystifying and enchanting. You cannot leave a temple without the feeling that your generosity has failed to unlock some gate behind which is concealed a more interesting Buddha or more wonderful tapestries than those the priests have shown. The shopkeeper lays before you a wealth of furs and silks, which might have loaded the caravan of an Arabian Nights prince going with a tribute to his sovereign. You linger for a last wondering survey, when another door is opened, or an ancient chest unlocked and the wonders then brought out make the first ones cheap and tawdry. You leave with the certainty that the richest of all have not been shown you, and so do you leave the city of Peking.

Of the many walls, the one which surrounds the Tartar City is the most important. It overlooks the few three-story houses in this city of a million and is so wide that half a dozen motor cars might race abreast on its brick-paved summit. This wall, which is the successor of several others, was half a century old when Columbus set out for America, and, in fear of invasion, has been kept in such good state of repair that it appears no older than that today. For two centuries after it was built the wall withstood all attacks, and with full granaries, Peking might have braved the armies of the world. But it was not proof against treachery, and when a conspiring eunuch opened a gate, the invaders entered the

city and the great Ming Dynasty came to an end.

Only once since then has this great wall been successfully attacked—that in 1900 when the allied troops raised the siege of the Legations by the Boxers, bringing relief to the foreigners and sanity to China. Even then the troops first crept into the city through an unguarded water gate. At that time the American forces took possession of a portion of the wall overlooking the Legation compounds, and there the American troops still patrol as a guarantee that the Boxer madness will not be repeated.

Inside the Tartar City is another wall, guarded and well supplied with strong gates, enclosing the Imperial City, for centuries the place of residence for those who wore the brocaded robes of high official life. Again within this city are the red and grey walls and the deep moat surrounding the Forbidden City, home of the Emperor and princes, eunuchs and concubines, beggars and priests. The Forbidden City, with its extravagances, its intrigues and its vices, was one of the causes, if not the chief cause, of the overthrow of the monarchy in China and the establishment of the Republic. But even a new and very ambitious Republic does not lightly shatter precedents so old as those which exist in China, and the Forbidden City remains a monarchy, the smallest in the world, for it consists of only half a square mile. And its nominal ruler is the little Emperor of China who a few years ago counted his possessions as more than one-fifth of the area of the world and numbered his subjects by the hundreds of millions. Now his domain amounts to 320 acres—not a good-sized horse pasture for a Texas ranchman—and it is bounded on the north, south, east and west by the Republic of China. Prospect Hill, a part of the royal possessions, is the highest point in Peking, and one is forcibly reminded of the ship-

wrecked mariner clinging to a small island which is threatened by the rising tide.

The Forbidden City is not so entirely forbidden as tradition credits. Many who try fail to get inside. But I heard of an American lady whose husband had a good deal to say about the election of a United States Senator for whom the gates were opened, and I met a French lawyer who was admitted because a German Prince got in and the French Minister insisted that a similar privilege be accorded to a few private citizens of France, in order to maintain that nice balance of privilege so dear to the heart of the Peking diplomat.

But one can see plenty of imperial splendor outside these exclusive walls. Leave the Tartar City by the gate in the center of the South Wall and you are in Chien Men street, the principal thoroughfare of the Chinese City. Like the streets in the Tartar City, this one starts and ends with a wall, though the enclosure about the Chinese City is neither so high, so thick, nor so well preserved as that which surrounded the ruling Tartars. Indeed the whole arrangement of walls in Peking is designed to show the relative importance of its many inhabitants. An invading army would first fall on the walls of the Chinese City as the easiest of attack. Next would come the great Tartar City walls, and when they fell the humbler Manchu retainers would be at the mercy of the invaders. The walls of the Imperial City would offer protection to the officials against further advance, and, once scaled or battered down, the wide, deep moat and the double walls of the Forbidden City remained as protection to those who wore the royal yellow girdle. But none of these availed against the Boxer Allies and none availed against the spread of Republicanism eleven years later.

But we were on Chien Men Road when interrupted by the walls as one so often is in Peking. Chien Men Road is a place where one who is in a hurry to reach his destination should keep his eyes resolutely to the front, for in the brilliant shop fronts there is much to distract on the right and left. We will follow that plan and soon come to a point where the shops on either side cease and the greatly widened street is here lined by pinkish walls very much like those which surround the Forbidden City. Enter the gate on the left and you are within the grounds of the most beautiful and most sacred spot in all China—the Temple of Heaven. The sacred spot itself is not at once disclosed to view, for the Chinese builders had an ideal in common with those architect-friars who built churches in such fashion that the communicant must, in long walks through dimly lighted corridors, somewhat cleanse his soul of the sin without before coming to the place of worship itself. So, inside the outer enclosure of the Temple of Heaven one sees a beautiful park, beautiful as only a park can be when all the trees are so old and weather worn that each has a character of its own. The joys and sorrows of centuries have left some of the trees gnarled and broken—and many others lift their old heads as proud as the spirit of China.

This sacred place was not one where any Wong, Chang or Ching might worship. He might come here, just as we are doing, and look at the grand paraphernalia of a religious service in which only he who stood most high, the Emperor of Ten Thousand Years, could take part. Others in China might worship whom they pleased, Buddha, Mohammed or the God of the Christians, but here the Emperor of China, himself the Son of Heaven, worshipped heaven itself and prayed direct to the firmaments for guid-

ance in his rule and for the prosperity of his people.

A long and pleasant walk through the trees is necessary before one comes to the place of worship, a giant open altar, built entirely of beautiful white marble. Inside a marble paved circle, two hundred and ten feet in diameter, rises a marble balustrade on a raised platform, and inside that another and a third, which encloses a marble circle, ninety feet across. Each platform is reached by a set of steps, nine in each set, and the top platform is composed of nine concentric rings, surrounding the small circular piece in the center, where Emperors for centuries, have knelt in worship.

Even an Emperor could not come to this sacred duty direct from the wicked world without. The procession to the temple set out from the Forbidden City the day before that decided on by the astrologers for the service. Borne in his yellow sedan chair, he was accompanied by his near kinsmen and the high officials, all clad in their richest robes of state. They in turn were accompanied by subordinate officials, by soldiers and servants to such a number that ten thousand were often included in the royal pageant which none was allowed to watch. Long before the procession started, all the gates along the route were closed and the occupants of the houses and shops banished to the courtyards behind. The richest of royal pageants always marched as through a deserted city.

Arriving at the grounds, the Emperor spent the night in meditating and fasting, proceeding before dawn from the Imperial Lodge to the altar. Here the Emperor mounted to the top for his devotions. As he knelt he could see nothing but the sky, the horizon marked by the marble balustrade. Only the heavens could look down on the kneeling monarch who was here alone with his soul. Not until the sun arose above the marble hori-

zon was the ceremony of prayer ended and then the gorgeous caravan returned as before, through deserted streets to the Forbidden City.

Near the Altar of Heaven is the Temple of Heaven, a beautiful gold-crowned building with a still more beautiful interior. The sections of the Pagoda like roof are covered with colored tiles richer than any it is now possible to make. Inside, the high dome and the great supporting pillars are painted to represent the heavens—but it is a glorified firmament of green and gold and so cunningly designed that from the interior the structure appears much higher than it really is, and the mural wealth is softened by the twilight which fills it even at mid-day. What a splendid audacity this great but forgotten architect possessed! First he glorified the Heaven in the magnificent open altar, then he glorified his art by counterfeiting Heaven.

Having seen the Temple of Heaven one may wander at will along Chien Men street, and it is a street where one would always wander and never hurry, for with every loitering moment, new treasures are revealed. For centuries Peking has been the store-house of China's richest products. The finest work of the silk-weaver, the best porcelain from the Imperial kilns, the richest furs caught by the Mongolian trapper, all found their way to the forbidden City as tribute to the Emperor. A dozen Emperors, each with a dozen spendthrift and capricious concubines, could not have consumed the steady flow of beautiful things sent as gifts to royalty. Many of them find their way to these interesting Chien Men shops—great rolls of silk that appear to be heavily inlaid with gold and yet are so fine that they might be passed through a baby's finger ring; and beautiful Mandarin coats, embroidered outside with many colors, and lined with the white of



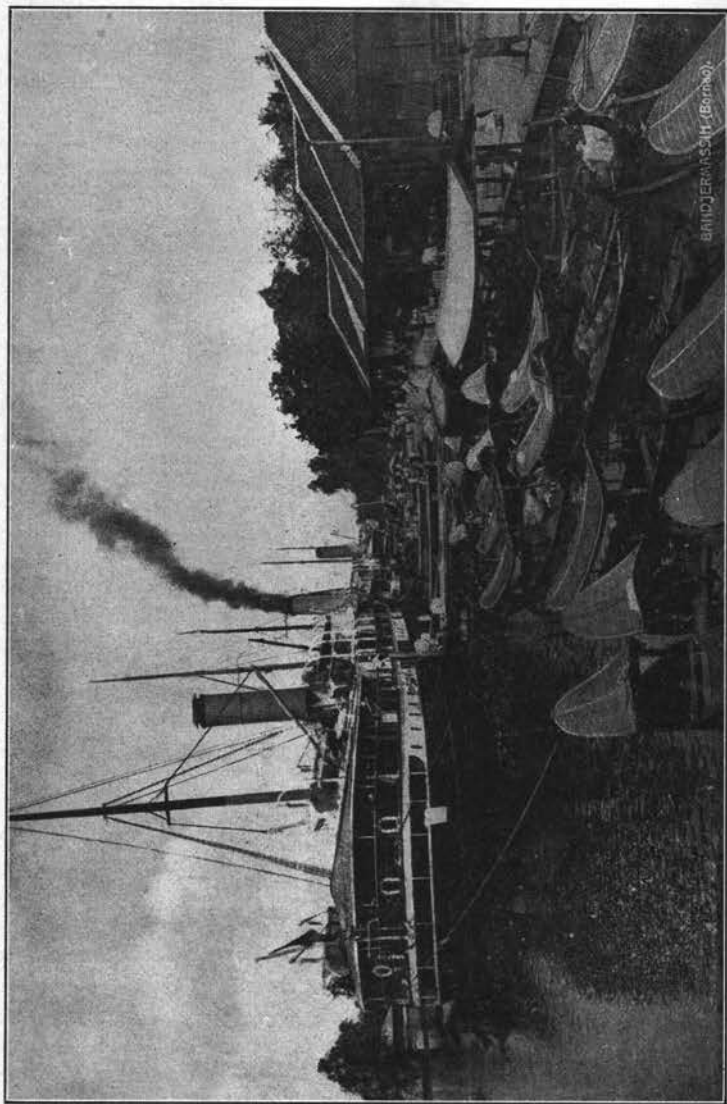
ermine. There are rugs of molten gold brought on the backs of camels a six months' journey from Urga, pieces of porcelain that would look rich in a Fifth Avenue jeweler's window. There are jewels, too, ropes of pearls and great heaps of amethyst, coral and lapis lazuli carved in fantastic shapes or in rough blocks which will be carved to suit the purchaser. The best workman will spend a month of twelve-hour days, with no Sundays, carving and mounting a piece for you and charge less than twenty dollars for his labor, for labor is the cheapest thing you can buy in this land where only the frugal donkey can compete with man as a draft animal. But the traveler should be wary. More than one have carried away bargains from Peking only to be told by a London furrier that the coat bought as ermine was really made of white rat skins—and even the United States customs authorities would not charge duty on the cleverly colored glass and porcelain imitations of jewelry some rascally sons of Han sell here.

The streets of Peking are quite unlike the streets of any other city in China and equally unlike the streets of any other city in the world. The narrow alleys of Canton are quite wide enough for the commercial Cantonese, but royalty needs a wide passage-way that its movements may be accomplished with the proper circumstances of pomp. So the Mongols and the Mings built wide streets in Peking and when the Manchus came they rebuilt the capital to model it after their ancient seat of Mukden, but left the great walls and wide thoroughfares. Two great royal streets run North and South and two East and West through the Tartar City, while through the Chinese City they built one wide street for the passage of the Emperor to the Temple of Heaven. When one comes to Peking from other Chinese cities,

his first thought must be of the prodigality with which these streets have been laid out; a startling prodigality, considering the parsimony with which the streets of other Chinese cities are allotted space in the municipal scheme.

In the morning these streets are deserted, for Peking is the most leisurely city in the world. It breakfasts at eleven and is rarely ready for business before noon. It is one place where the lazy traveler may feel virtuously industrious, for he will be very lazy indeed if he fails to come out on the streets before they are astir with the motley pageantry that throngs them in the afternoons. It is then that the long strings of Mongolian camels, loaded with black brick tea for making of soup in Mongolia and Siberia, set out on their long journey through Nankow Pass and Kalgan, to Urga or Irkutsk. Then the Peking carts come out by hundreds and jolt their way through the streets. Peking would be unique and famous if it had no claim for distinction and fame other than that of these carts. Only here can such carts be found, which is fortunate for the comfort of the rest of the world. Two wheels are mounted on a wooden axle which projects like a murderous hatpin for a foot or more on either side. Directly on this axle is laid the chassis and over it built the body, which is always covered with blue cloth. The whole vehicle is constructed with such a nicety of exaction as to detail that all are exactly alike and have been exactly alike for several centuries. There is one exception; when the owner of a carriage arrives at a certain period of prosperity, he announces the fact to the world by replacing with shining brass the iron trappings on the carriage and harness. Then he adds eclat to the equipage by a pair of outriders in front and behind.





*The Pasig River, flowing through Manila, is always crowded with bankas; native river barges, and inter-island steamers that ply to every part of the Philippines. It is from this point that the Pan-Philippines cruise begins.*



# A Pan Philippines Excursion

By CARL H. VAN HOVEN



The inter-island excursion undertaken by the Manila Merchants' Association had for its objects not merely "Seeing the Philippines First," but the creation of closer business relations between the widely separated commercial centers of the Islands, and particularly the awakening of interest in the unlimited and practically untouched natural resources of the southern islands of the Philippine group.

Owing to the present unprecedented prosperity of the Philippine Islands and the fact that many of the important men connected with the large business houses were absent on war duty, it was difficult to impress upon businessmen in general the idea that they could safely leave their business for even a short time, to embark upon what apparently was a pleasure trip. The moving spirit and organizer of the excursion was the president of the Manila Merchants' Association, Mr. C. Nesbitt Duffy.

THE steamer "J. Baustamante" was secured from the Philippine Government for our inter-island excursion. She was formerly one of the crack commercial boats engaged in the inter-island trade, but is now owned by the Philippine Government and used as a cable ship. Her cabin accommodations and spacious decks made her ideally adapted for the purpose in view.

Saturday afternoon was the time set for the departure of the excursion, and

at seven o'clock the ship cast loose from the Maria Cristina dock and swung slowly out into the Pasig and headed out toward Manila Bay bound for Iloilo, the first port of call, three hundred and forty miles to the south.

As the ship passed the breakwater the dinner bell sounded and twenty-six hungry mariners sought the upper deck, where two long tables had been set under the awning, and proceeded to do justice to the good things provided.

At ten o'clock Corregidor, the grim guardian of the entrance of Manila Bay, was passed, its dark bulk looming up against a cloudless sky and surmounted by a glittering diadem of electric lights from the miniature city on its summit.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear with smooth seas. The "Bustamante" was plowing her way southward through the strait between the islands of Tablas and Mindoro. The green mountains of Mindoro to the right, and Tablas to the left, reared their forest-clad slopes out of a turquoise sea. We occasionally passed a sheltered cove with its stretch of coral beach, glistening white in the sunlight, fringed with waving coconut palms, with here and there a wisp of curling blue smoke showing against the green background to indicate the existence of little hamlets hidden among the trees. Schools of porpoises were passed, and they too indicated by their antics their enjoyment of the sunshine and calm seas. We also passed through schools of flying fish and they seemed to delight in showing us how cleverly they could keep out of the way of the bow of the ship.

The next morning, Monday, found us skirting the rocky coasts of Panay Island, and at ten o'clock our steamer pulled up alongside of the wharf near the custom house at Iloilo. The business and social communities of the city were out in force with an excellent brass band.

The striking feature of this bustling city, which was at once apparent to us while approaching the dock, was the substantial character of the buildings of the business section along the waterfront, as evidenced by modern concrete warehouses and offices, prominent among which was the splendid customs building. On going ashore and motoring about the city in autos furnished by the reception committee, signs of progress were noticeable everywhere, and as we

sped along the fine streets and roads through the business and residential sections, our particular attention was attracted to such buildings as the Visayas Club, Chinese Chamber of Commerce, St. Paul's Hospital, Constabulary Headquarters and Barracks, as well as the numerous substantial and handsome residences.

Iloilo is the principal sugar port of the Philippines, being most favorably situated as a shipping and distributing point for the islands of Panay and Negros. The largest steamers plying in the Pacific are able to tie up at her wharves and load sugar for distant parts of the world.

The Chinese Chamber of Commerce held open house in their palatial quarters and served a buffet lunch with liquid refreshments, which were taken advantage of and appreciated by the visitors.

At 12:30 p.m. the Iloilo Board of Trade was the host at a luncheon in honor of the excursionists, at the Panay Club, at which 150 covers were laid. Mr. C. Nesbitt Duffy, president of the Manila Merchants' Association, after thanking the community of Iloilo on behalf of the excursionists for the warm welcome accorded them, outlined in his usual clear and concise manner the objects of our trip, the advantages to be obtained from a closer association of the commercial interests of the various parts of the Islands, and the desirability of the formation of an entity to be known as "The Philippine Associated Chambers of Commerce," to be composed of all the chambers of commerce of the Islands, none of which were to lose their identity through such an amalgamation, the object being to have a central authorized organization to treat of matters concerning commercial interests of the Islands as a whole, without encroaching upon the special spheres of activity of any of the individual associations. The idea

appealed to all present and received much favorable comment.

In the afternoon the visitors were taken in autos for a ride out into the country, their final destination being the golf links, which are beautifully situated on high rolling ground about a half-hour's drive from the city. Here our party enjoyed the cool breezes sweeping down from the mountains, some availing themselves of the opportunity for a game. In the evening, when the sun had gone down sufficiently to make the drive delightfully cool, the return trip was made to the city.

At nine p.m. a ball was given at the Visayas Club in honor of the visitors, which was a grand affair, a very enjoyable time being had by all who attended. Dancing was kept up until the small hours of the morning, and some of the younger members of our party needed the warning blast from the "Bustamante" to get them back on board.

A reddish tinge was just beginning to appear in the eastern skies announcing the arrival of another day when the "Bustamante," with a long farewell blast, swung slowly out into the strait and headed southward for Zamboanga. Iloilo had been kind to us—so kind, in fact, that many of our party immediately sought cots in shady spots and were soon revisiting it in their dreams.

After leaving Iloilo and passing along the southwest coast of Negros Island, the first real stretch of open sea was encountered and it became a little rough. While none of the party confessed to being seasick, yet there were several vacant chairs at the lunch hour.

The next morning, Wednesday, found us off the coast of Mindanao, the second largest island of the Philippine group, but in natural resources the richest by far. The dark green mountain slopes, covered with virgin forests up to their very summits, spoke convincingly of the wonderful fertility of its soil, and as we

sailed along the coast toward Zamboanga we could see plantation after plantation of coconuts and hemp, their luxuriant growth spelling prosperity for their owners.

Three more hours of sailing brought us into the harbor of Zamboanga, the "Biggest Little City" in the Orient, placed on the map by our own General "Jack" Pershing, and kept there by the present Governor, Frank W. Carpenter.

Zamboanga, the principal city of Mindanao, has an excellent harbor, being situated on the Basilan Strait, and has a large new concrete dock in sufficient water to accommodate the largest ships. It is the headquarters of the lumber industry of the island and the principal shipping port for its hemp and copra. On pulling up to the dock, the attention of the visitor is at once attracted by the stately Government building with its beautiful grounds. Zamboanga is easily the beauty spot of the southern islands, the touch of a master hand being apparent everywhere in the classic architecture of its buildings, its handsome parks, clean, wide streets, its splendid water system, every advantage being taken of nature's lavishness in the way of tropical flowers and plants.

On disembarking at the dock, at 7:30 a.m., we were met by a large delegation of prominent citizens in business and official circles, headed by Governor Carpenter. Automobiles were placed at our disposal, and under the guidance of the reception committee, we were taken for a drive to the sightseers' mecca, San Ramon Peñal Colony. After riding some eight miles along a splendid road, following the coast, through endless stately coconut groves, showing occasional vistas of the sea through the shady avenues, we brought up at the portals of San Ramon. This penal colony, which was founded by the Spanish government, contains several thousand acres of land, extending along



the beach for a couple of miles and running back into the interior as far as the tops of the mountains which follow the coastline.

Under the management of Mr. J. B. Cooley, the present superintendent, the colony has been brought to a wonderful stage of productivity, and is more than self-supporting in an agricultural way. The "honor system" of dealing with prisoners has been adopted, and it is not uncommon for "trusties" to be granted furloughs for the purpose of visiting their homes and families in distant parts of the island. The prisoners have also a system of self-government for internal administration, with their own court for the trial of offenders, which imposes penalties for infractions of rules and similar misdemeanors, consisting, generally, of losses of privileges. So keenly do the inmates feel the stigma brought upon them by offenders that it is often necessary for the superintendent to intervene and lessen the severity of the punishments imposed by the prisoners' court. There are no fences around the colony except where found necessary for the protection of crops from stray cattle, and the prisoners often work individually or

in groups, without guards, in distant parts of the colony.

The superintendent's residence, probably the finest in Mindanao, if not in the Philippine Islands, was built with prison labor, of concrete and the finest of Philippine hardwoods, and with its imposing architecture, its cool, wide verandas and attractive surrounding garden, made some of us almost regret that we were not "regular boarders" of the colony.

Upon returning to Zamboanga, lunch was served to the visitors and members of the Zamboanga Chamber of Commerce at the Zamboanga Club. Judge P. J. Moore officiated as toastmaster, introducing prominent citizens of Zamboanga as speakers, and also calling upon various members of the visiting party for responses. Don Enrique Barrera, a director of the Bank of the Philippines, responded in Spanish, on behalf of the visitors, to the various addresses of welcome. Governor Carpenter made a forceful and eloquent plea for the introduction of capital for the development of the resources of his Department, setting forth in convincing language the opportunities which awaited the capitalist in Mindanao and Sulu.





*Two dusky maids of Tahiti.*

# Tahaitan Days

By H. W. Patton

In Tahiti the native women despise a man with a beard and will not kiss one so adorned, hence the beard is also a badge of virtue. It is said the wives of the missionaries had a good deal to do with encouraging the fashion.

The first thing I had to do upon landing at Papeete was to provide myself with an ample supply of white clothes. Down here the white coat marks the line between the classes. All gentlemen wear white coats, buttoned closely up under the chin; under them they wear no shirts. The white clothes must be spotless and a man should change three times a day.

But laundry charges are very reasonable and the absence of shirts makes the wash bills lighter. The most sensible man I saw was Mr. Barberel, manager of the Donald Company, who wore clothes of the same weight as the white ones but gray in color.

## Have Frame Houses

In olden days the natives lived in picturesque houses with cane walls and thatched roofs. Now each family has a neat frame residence with a galvanized iron roof. The walls are tight and exclude the fresh air, while the metal roofs

attract the ardent rays of the sun. The houses are nicely furnished, with spring beds, stoves, etc., and visitors are welcomed and proudly entertained—but the family sleeps on mats out in a hut made of palm leaves and cooks over an open fire, as in the good old days before the blessed white man came.

At breakfast time, which is 11:30 a. m., we reached old Fort Taravao, erected by the French in early days as a protection against the natives. It is strategically located on the isthmus and commands both ends of the island. It is now the headquarters of the gendarmes of the district, two noble soldiers being quartered therein. Near the fort, M. Butcher, a half caste, born on the island, keeps a very good hotel, where I was hospitably entertained. For breakfast I had oysters, fish and crabs from Phaeton bay, near by; then young wild chicken, shot in the guava bushes; breadfruit, which is delicious, and a lot of other native dishes. The only thing Butcher had to buy was the flour of which the crusty French bread is made. In this connection I may say that the sainted name of Hoover is unknown in the islands. One firm has more than a hundred tons of flour in its warehouse and it is a drug on the market. These are the last people on earth to cheat their stomachs.

### Rats Give Ball

Mine host Butcher quartered me at the house of his daughter, about 500 yards from the hotel, and here I spent three happy days, making short excursions into the surrounding country and observing the native ways. My room was airy and pleasant, but it had a tin roof, and the rats of the neighborhood gave a grand ball there one night during my stay. I didn't mind the noise so much, as I am fond of dance music, but three of the revelers came down into my room

and walked off with my cigarettes, which vexed me not a little.

The natives are always singing, and all through the night bands of young people strolled by the house, giving voice to their native melodies. They also sang "Tipperary" and "Over There," with Tahitian words. They sang very sweetly and in perfect tune, but I did not enthuse over their national musical instrument, which is the old accordion of German origin.

Theft is unknown in the country districts of the islands, where there are only natives and Chinamen. People go away from their homes, leaving their doors wide open as an invitation to the passersby to walk in and make themselves at home. All the natives are most hospitable and are never so happy as when giving you something or doing some favor for you.

There are numbers of caves on this side of the island and one Sunday, while motoring along the road, we took refuge from the rain in a charming cave and ate our lunch on the banks of a subterranean lake. In fact, there is no part of the islands where interesting things may not be found. One might spend six months on Tahiti and at the end of the time find he had not exhausted the beauty spots of the island.

After returning from Taravao I took a seat in the mail carrier's Ford and came out to this spot, which is the place where Capt. James Amos Cook observed the transit of Venus in 1769. Cook planted a tamarind tree on the spot and also erected a monument or foundation of coral and volcanic rock upon which he set his instruments. Some vandal cut down the tree and the monument fell into a crumbling mass, but the Royal Geographical Society of London has restored the monument and it is viewed with great interest by such tourists as stray to these distant shores. Here there is also a good



lighthouse, erected in 1868, during the reign of King Pomare IV.

I went a half dozen miles beyond here, where the road ends at a wide river which is now being bridged. The river is pretty deep, but a party of natives forded it without difficulty. I also passed the leper colony, where there are some fifteen cases, coming from the different islands. One man was as white as snow. This is the most common and most dreaded disease in the islands, yet the proportion of cases to population is very small.

When the native wore his loin cloth and rubbed his body with cocoanut oil he enjoyed good health and lived to an advanced age. But the whites made him wear clothes and now when he gets wet and lets the sun dry his clothing it puts a fever into his bones which often proves fatal. There can be no doubt that civilization is advancing over the dead bodies of countless natives and soon there will be no more of the original population left.

The climate here is delightful at all seasons. It is warm in the sun, but always there is a breeze and one who remains in the shade has no more cause for complaint than if he were in heaven. The pleasantest season is the winter months of June, July and August. Rain is very frequent. But there is no use in trying to describe the climate; it can't be done. The only way is to come down and try it. After one taste you will want more. I know that is the way it affects me, and I am a crank on climate. As said before, disease does not attack the white man and there are some of them on the islands who are more than 100 years old and whose native wives are still presenting them with children at regular intervals.

The spread of education has been marked. There is a law which compels every child to attend school until the age of 14 years. In addition to the public

schools, many other institutions of learning are maintained by the three religious denominations. It is possible for a youth to acquire the higher degrees of education here.

### Germans Shell Papeete

When we entered the harbor of Papeete I noticed several bare spots amid the verdure of the surrounding hills. I inquired as to the cause, and was told that when a German cruiser shelled the town the inhabitants tore up the earth in their efforts to escape to the hills, and that nature had not yet reasserted herself and covered bare spots.

Papeete had a more real taste of the war than any other place in the Pacific. It was in September, 1914, that a fleet of German war vessels sailed into the harbor with the intention of taking over the French possessions in Oceania. The Huns reckoned without their host. There was a French gunboat in the harbor, and some very efficient guns concealed in the adjacent hills. The Germans threw shells into the town and set many buildings on fire, but only killed two persons, a native and a China boy. One big shell passed through the upper story of the Cercle Bougainville, or French club, and exploded in a large brick block across the street, completely destroying the building.

The French gunboat was sunk, but not before it had inflicted considerable damage on the German boats and had put a shell or two into the German steamer Walkure, which afterward sank. This is the vessel which was bought and saved by Sudden & Christensen of San Francisco, renamed the Republic and sold to the Guggenheims at a profit of over \$1,000,000. The masked batteries of the French opened fire on the Germans, inflicting some loss of life, after which the Huns put to sea.



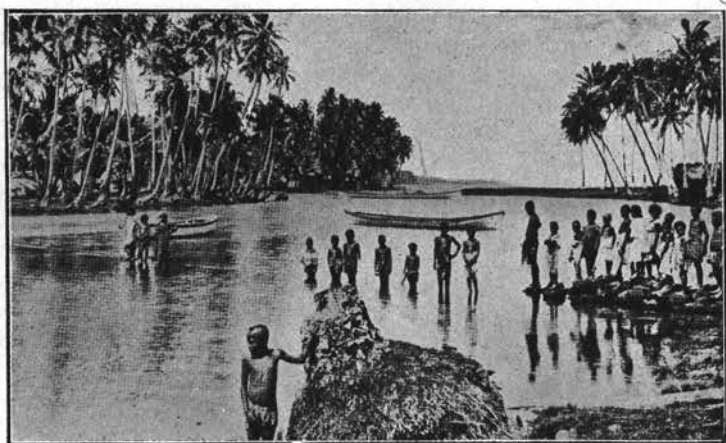
### Secures Souvenir

The German raider *Seeadler* (Sea Eagle) also operated in these waters, and when she went on a reef off Mopiha, some 200 miles west of here, Capt. Joe Winchester sailed from Papeete in one of the Donald boats and brought back the prisoners who had escaped from the wreck and sought refuge on Mopiha. I am now the proud possessor of a pair of gold-plated compasses, formerly the property of Count Felix von Luckner, commander of the *Seeadler*. They were presented to me by Capt. Winchester. I also have the barometer of the *Antonin*, a French ship looted and sunk by the raider. It has the name of the sunken ship on its face. Adding a fragment of the Hun shell which did the most damage in Papeete, I have three worth-while souvenirs.

There is a wireless station here powerful enough to talk with San Francisco. War news is received at noon each day and posted in the form of bulletins, the

people gathering around and reading them with much interest. No newspaper is printed in the French possessions. Formerly there was one here, but it got a little yellow, and Gov. Julian suppressed it. The Chamber of Commerce issues a quarterly bulletin on the state of trade, and the government gets out an annual which is full of information.

I was tempted to remain in Tahiti until the steamer sailing in October, but I signed on to make the whole voyage on the *Fred J. Wood*, and I am no quitter. If the Lord is good to me, I shall come back here next June and spend four months. I should like to have Hon. Albert Johnson, ranking member of the committee on territories in congress, accompany me. He could tell his fellow members how important it is that we keep an eye on these islands. We do all the trade, but we know little about them. There is not a San Francisco newspaper taken in the islands, but several from New Zealand and Australia.





*The Silver Sword of Haleakala.*

# Through Haleakala

By. E. G. BARTLETT.

(Continued.)

**A** PEN-AND-INK sketch illustrating "The Angels" in costume, finished our contribution to the Rest House Guest-Book, and we departed along the trail for "Red Hill."

Picking our way carefully over lava rocks, we came finally to the Quarry, a deposit of flinty stone adapted admirably for the making of spear-heads in the prehistoric days. Here it was that we threw off our packs (for this was the day we had assumed our full loads), and rested at length while luncheon was prepared on this historic battleground, where Kamehameha I fought and killed the King of Maui and took possession of the Island. It was shortly before this that we hunted for and

found plenty of black carbon crystals which shone like diamonds in the sun—veritable "black diamonds" they were!

## The "Bubble" Cave.

From there we started down the trail, over the "sliding sands," into the crater, continuing with that kind of walking during a drop of 2800 feet onto the floor of the crater, where the going was comparative level for several miles, winding in and about the cones, alongside the "a-a" lava flow, until finally a tall cone was rounded and we came upon "The Bubble," a cave in the floor of the crater, apparently just what its name indicated—a bubble in the lava, with a small opening to one side of the top-centre. There had been for-

mer occupants of a careless habit, and we had to clean out tin cans, remains of a camp fire, and bury the feet and hides of several goats, left strewn about, before it has habitable. Huge armfuls of ferns strewn on the floor made a soft bed, and gave sweet perfume to the "room." The ceiling was just high enough to bump one's head with the most telling effect, when on bended knee. But I'm not telling what was said when that happened!

In spite of having worn our red bandanas across our faces for protection from glare and wind and sand-reflected heat, we were somewhat burned about the nose and mouth. The girls had carefully "made up" with No. 5 Grease Paint,—"Pink Juvenile,"—and looked just like a bunch of female bandits from the sixth episode of "Little Red Riding Hood." Doctor had to stop, to let Dodo bandage up his blistered "tootsies,"—and even that was photographed by our staff artist.

Arriving at "The Bubble" at 2 o'clock, some of the party went to the Spring, on the side of the mountain, for water. Then a party started for the Bottomless Pit, to hunt silver-sword, and to explore this mammoth region. The day was perfect. The great enclosing-wall circled and rose about us; the varicolored sands, in cones or the level and rolling surfaces stretched about us, broken here and there by lava rock, the silver-swords, patches of ferns, and a few berry bushes. The silver-sword plant found on the crater of Haleakala is known to grow only in one other place in the world—namely, the Himalaya Mountains. We photographed some fine specimens in blossom, which we found growing quite close to the Bubble.

How good was that meal of corned beef hash, sausage, rice, hardtack and coffee! And at night how good was

that hind-quarter of wild goat which we obtained from a "kanaka" hunter, at the spring. Cut thin and fried for supper, and then stewed and warmed up for breakfast, it made a welcome addition to our fare.

In almost a moment, darkness descended upon us, and we spent a cheerful evening about our campfire until the mists made us hie to our "bedroom" under ground, where Dodo attempted to write up her diary by aid of flashlights, until Danny conceived the brilliant idea of putting a piece of rope wick in the bottle of kerosene, and we had an effectual, if smelly, torch. Our guide apportioned us each a spot in the cave where we were to bunk on the floor, in a row, with heads towards the opening in the roof. Our blankets were spread, and we slipped into them, shoes removed, and soon we were all located for the night,—but not to sleep! No, indeed.

But the rain descends on the just and the unjust, and Doc. got his, before morning. The gentle showers persisted, and finally there was a slow, steady trickle, trickle, as the water seeped through the cracks in the roof and found Doc's nose—and Dodo's hose—and then gradually others found they too were in the drip, and dry spots in the cave were at a premium. But by this time morning had come, and E. G. and "Freddy" got up and made breakfast, while others went to the spring, in the mist and rain, for water. At 10 o'clock we decided to abandon the cave and get out through Kaupoo gap that day.

In spite of the fact that it was raining outside, Betty and Freddy decided to put on their "make-up" of grease paint and powder before venturing on the trip; and not content with doing their own toilets, they had to "doll up" Danny and E. G., who proved to be quite tractable in their hands. Doc adroitly dodged the mauling, and the

fates were with him, in supplying a rainy day. The remarks of Dan and E. G., while undergoing this excruciating brand of torture, were very much enjoyed by "all present." During the absence of the others, at the spring, Dan and Lillian took a last final look, and succeeded in murdering several captives!

At 10:30 A. M. we were under way, and while it didn't pour, still it was wet until 12 M. Our walk for three miles was through the crater. We passed by Crystal Cave and Paliku Forest, a very wet and pretty place with innumerable waterfalls. At noon we reached Kaupo gap, where we stopped for luncheon. We had crossed the crater floor at the Bubble, and had gone out by the left wall, whereas the day before we had kept near the right wall of the crater. The Gap, where we lunched, was narrow but very pretty, with a glimpse of the sea. It was the other side of the crater wall from the Paliku Forest and was dry and sunshiny, while the other side had been so wet. This was a good lesson in geography. We made a decided step out of rain into sunshine. We took pictures there, and rested after eating; then proceeded on our way.

From there on, we commenced our drop of 7000 feet. The way was down, down, down, all the rest of the day. This made it necessary to keep the knees bent most of the time, and hold the body back. The trail was filled with loose rolling stones, so we had to be careful in placing our feet.

After several thousand feet of this descent, it inspired our Brilliant Bard to burst forth:

#### The Descent.

"In the mist we began the descent,  
With gayness and laughter, we went;  
But six thousand feet down,

Killed all jokes, with a frown,  
Till we finished, with knees and backs  
bent."

On the way down, as we walked along the ridge, the strong wind carried Doc's hat off down the side of the mountain, landing it in a dense growth of brush. Off came packs, and down Doc scrambled in search of the hat in this maze of vegetation. Dodo, in sympathy, possibly, let her's blow off, too, just to guide Doc as to which way the wind was blowing. They say two heads are better than one,—but Doc says that don't apply to bare heads!

But all gayety gradually left Doc, as he descended nearer and nearer to Mr. Vierra's, where we were to spend the night, and when some one asked Doc if he were tired, he said: "I'm so tired I wouldn't stoop down to pick up a dollar bill; no, sir, I'd kick it under the bed until morning."

Luck was with us, and we found Mr. Vierra a splendid man, awaiting our arrival. His wife being away from home, he stepped out and placed his home at our disposal, while he stayed with some neighbors. How the girls did rave over that spotless kitchen, with its aluminum equipment, and everything that made cooking and serving of meals a pleasure. How "Freddy," our domestic science expert, did excel herself! Papaia, honey, boiled rice with raisins, and MORE boiled rice, with raisins, and cream and honey! (And, may it be whispered, some even passed over for a third helping of this "Angel Food").

Dodo was the only one to avail herself of this hospitality of the beds; the rest chose the spot in the grass outside in the shelter of the stone fence, that best suited their fancy. There, in blanket and "wings" they stretched themselves out and gazed up at the stars,



and a perfect moon; or out upon a peaceful ocean, with that brilliant path of light across it, leading straight to the moon. What a beautiful picture! Shall we ever forget the effect of the rising moon, seen through the waving palms, streaking the ocean with a pathway of light! And to sleep in this sweet, peaceful spot, free from care or fear! But the fates had destined that Danny should be doomed to another search—the final one, although he had taken all precautions of a careful search of his clothing and blanket, and had had a refreshing bath in a real tub—the first since leaving home!

The chaump, chaump, chaump of a grazing cow made Doc jump a foot

high, about three A. M., and made him make a safety-first clutch at his right ear, as he opened his eyes and found a surprised cow casting loving glances at his red bandana. He says he surreptitiously slipped that offending rag down the back of his neck, while he whispered sweet nothings to Bossy, in an effort to have her look elsewhere for cud material, and he says that henceforth his motto shall be: "Diplomacy pays." We have not learned exactly what he meant, but no doubt his intentions were all right, in what he said to the cow. She at least took him at his word—and he still appears in the best society with his two original ears intact.



*Camping in Haleakala Crater.*



*A Fijian War Dance.*

## Some Problems of the Pacific

By PROF. R. F. IRVINE, M.A.  
University of Sydney

I have sketched the history of the Pacific, but before we can understand our position today and the grave responsibilities cast upon us, it is necessary to realize in some measure the magnitude of the existing forces which are likely to shape the future in the Pacific.

First of all, considering the mass of population, it is true this is but a rough index of power and influence. These depend not only on the numbers of a people, but on their culture, the inner spirit of their civilization, and the natural resources they control. Nevertheless, numbers, and particularly density of population can never be safely neglected. The figures for the Pacific can hardly fail to startle even the dullest imagination, and to shake the self-cen-

tredness which has hitherto characterized the people of Australia.

The opening of the Panama Canal has given the Eastern countries of South America some claim to be considered Pacific as well as Atlantic powers. Including all South America, with its population of 54 millions, we have the astounding fact that in and around the Pacific there dwell today upwards of nine hundred millions of human beings, out of a total world population of seventeen hundred millions. Two-thirds of the whole human race are thus assembled in lands in or adjoining the Pacific. In the areas included there are enormous variations in density. Clearly we in Australia with our population of five millions are but a drop in that vast ocean of human be-

ings. But it is only when we look at the varying density of population that the gravity of the situation becomes apparent. Just as inequalities in atmospheric pressure produce winds, so inequalities in density of population tend, unless there are powerful counteracting forces, to produce migrations of people. If there were no climatic or geographical barriers, the densely peopled areas would naturally and inevitably seek to empty some of their superabundant population into the areas of less density. Such ethnic movements took place either through peaceful infiltration, which was facilitated by modern means of transportation, or, as so often in the past, they might be carried out by force of arms. The low pressure areas might try to protect themselves by means of immigration restrictions; but that policy, especially where it was enforced in ways that were offensive to the pride of other people, was always provocative of resentment and was always in danger of being challenged. It could be maintained only by adequate force or by a wisdom in diplomacy never realized in the past.

They are now in a better position to discuss some of the many and grave problems which arose out of those conditions and the historical evolution.

It must never be forgotten that an unbroken Germany had still to be reckoned with. Even if her power were broken, over-weening ambition would die slowly and would certainly seek to reassert itself through all the arts of intrigue, of alliances and of the unscrupulous trade penetration of which so much has been heard. Germany's return to the Pacific would be a disaster not only for Australia but for all the Pacific countries.

What, then, let it be asked again, was our position in the Pacific? Con-

sidering mass and density of population, and present economic power, Australia taken alone could not hope, it would seem, to be more than a small factor in the Pacific. Her population by comparison was infinitesimal; it grew slowly; the attitude of many of her people was not friendly even to the immigration of Europeans and was uncompromisingly hostile to the admission of Oriental races. Our huge territory, rich in resources of all kinds, could not, by any process of mental juggling, be said to be effectively occupied and used. Nor was our civilization marked by any special superiorities likely to counterbalance those weaknesses; however well endowed we in Australia might be we were not yet the complete supermen, for which we might thank Heaven. It might be doubted, indeed, whether we had the energy, and enterprise, and capacity for co-operation of the Americans, or whether we had in the mass the single-hearted patriotism and the swift adaptiveness of the Japanese, or the untiring industry and the steady persistence of the Chinese. I might tell a little story of a man who came to see me shortly before the war broke out; he was a sociologist who had been studying life in the western states of America and he came from there to Australia; he came to me to ask some questions, and he said, "My feeling when I landed in Australia was that I had come from a region of life and energy to a region where people seemed dead—a decaying civilization almost." Then he wanted to know why it was, although we had been in existence here as a community for over one hundred years, yet our population was so small compared with that of Western America. We had not only a small population but fewer cities, and they were inferior in type to many

of the cities of Western America. I gave him some reason why I could not answer his questions. That man seemed to think there was a sort of blight in Australia—that was the conclusion he went away with.

Our self-confidence was based on the assumption that we would be let alone to develop on lines of our own choosing. But in this world of unequal civilizations, could we count on being let alone? Could we be sure that every nation in the future would be content with the simple "will to live" and the altruistic will to "let live"? Could we be sure that no other people would drift into that insane exaltation and superman vanity which had led Germany to declare war on the world? Were we even sure that that spirit was entirely absent from our own civilization? Insofar as our society was built upon greed, hate, intolerance, bigotry, exclusiveness and race boastfulness; insofar as classes within it aimed only at the exploitation of other classes, or at their own aggrandisement; insofar as those things were so, they would be fertile breeding grounds for the international hates of the future. The mental attitude of many of us to other peoples did not give promise of that mutual respect and understanding upon which alone peaceful intercourse could be based.

So, on the other hand, if our people adopted theories of life which enervated or subsided their spirit or sapped their energy of body and mind or weakened the strength of their social cohesion, they would but invite destruction at the hands of some stronger and less sophisticated race. Nature had never spared the people who had been pacifist in the sense of denying the will to live and to resist aggression.

As we could not count on being let

alone, and as the situation in the Pacific was as described, did it not follow that our basic policy of a "White Australia" could not be maintained by Australia unaided, Nor could a similar policy be maintained by Canada unaided. The fact that we had been let alone so long had given us a sense of security and independence which facts did not justify. Clearly, it was impossible for Australia, and probably for any country, to stand alone in these days. If it were possible, the resolution to do so would be opposed to our highest interests and the interests of the community of nations.

Even as part of a Commonwealth of great free nations, Australia would probably have to reconsider some of the principles on which her exclusionist policy was based. Personally I believe in the maintenance of the "White Australia" policy; I believe that every nation is within its rights in seeking to determine the character of its own civilization and hence of the constituent elements of its own population. Absolutely free migration was incompatible with that ideal. The Asiatic people had an entirely different social heritage from ours. It was not necessarily inferior—in many respects it was obviously finer, but it was so different as to make the attempt at assimilation at least hazardous. A mixing of races meant not only a mixing of blood, but a mixing of social, political and ethical ideals, and no one could predict what the final result would be. Such experience as we had had of miscegenation in modern times was not reassuring.

I believe also that the great Asiatic people did not desire their own distinctive civilizations to be diluted by the free migration of the white races to Asiatic countries. Japanese and Chinese might borrow our scientific equip-



ment, and our business organization, but in essentials they wished to remain Japanese and Chinese. In that respect the white and yellow races were in practical agreement. The Orientals did not desire an influx of Europeans and Americans into their countries. Australians and Americans did not desire an influx of Orientals into Australia and America. It was noteworthy that American opinion was now hardening against an increase of the Russian element in the States, and on the ground that the forces of social disintegration which had destroyed Russia would be a danger to the stability of any other country. For a similar reason it was not unlikely that the democracies of the world might feel themselves obliged, for some time to come, to discriminate against Germans, who carried an even more dangerous taint, and had proved themselves intriguers against the peace and safety of all countries in which they had been allowed to effect lodgment.

Our policy of a "White Australia," and the Oriental policy of "Asia for the Asiatics," must rest on this accepted principle—that each organized community has a right to determine for itself what racial and cultural elements it shall incorporate. It was a principle that could not give just cause for offense because it was not based on an assumption of superiority by one side or the other. It was simply a frank acceptance of the fact that civilizations were different. That principle, however, was not in any way absolute and did not destroy the ultimate hope of a world community in which intercourse should be freed from many restrictions that now appeared essential.

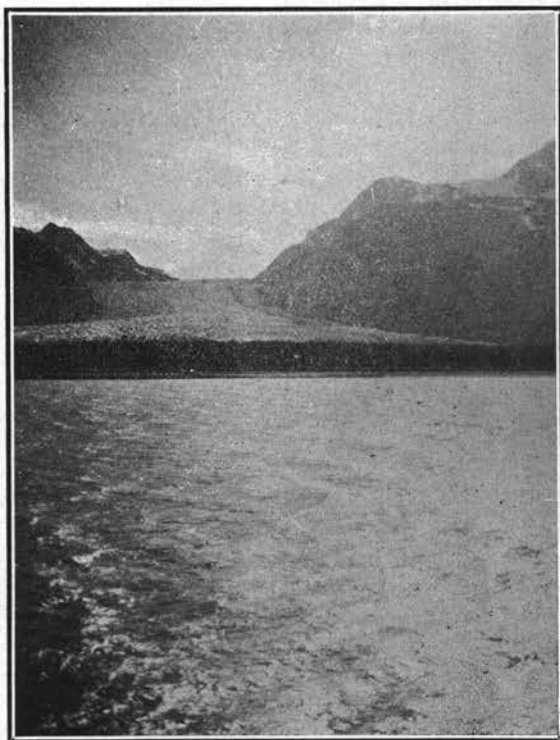
But there was one qualification—commercial intercourse—which no one

wished to terminate and would make rigid exclusion impossible. As a matter of fact, it could not be terminated unless we decided to produce no supplies for sale abroad. Concessions must be made to traders and the concessions must be reciprocal. We had no right to apply restrictions to the peoples of India, China and Japan, the like of which we were not prepared to accept at their hands. Further, social intercourse, the movement of travellers and students should not be impeded for the hope of future understanding lay in the dissipation of mutual ignorance. I attach more importance to the latter than to purely trade intercourse, which had often led to jealousy and resentment, and would continue to do so until a securer basis had been devised for international amity than was furnished by individual commercial interest. The pushing, aggressive and often ignorant "drummer" was the very worst representative of a nation abroad, especially among peoples who had a totally different outlook upon life. The subtler things which condition goodwill among peoples were, as a rule, too little appreciated even by the shrewdest business bargainer. I recollect reading some time ago an article in an American book about China and Japan; the writer referred to the fact that he went to the best hotel in Shanghai, where he found a great crowd of his countrymen—all drummers. He went and stood among them and came to the conclusion that if one wanted to meet the most intense ignorance of China one could not meet it any better than in that room. Those people knew nothing about Central China—all they knew about it was connected with their own little trade; but of real China and the spirit of China they knew absolutely nothing.

# My Summer in Yakutat, Alaska

By LEILA V.  
DUNCAN.

(Part II)



There's gold and its haunting and haunting;

It's luring me on as of old,

Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting

So much as just finding the gold.

It's the great big, broad land way up yonder;

It's the forests where Silence holds lease;

It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder;

It's the stillness that fills me with peace.

—Robert W. Service

**P**ROSPECTING proved to be a dismal failure, so all hands turned their attention to beguiling the finny denizens from their deep-sea home, which, while a pleasant diversion, could not appease our mutual disappointment. In a land where one could take a gold-pan, dip up sand from the tent floor and wash out "flour-gold" it would seem that further diligent effort should be correspondingly rewarded, but the contrary proved to be the case. One old Dutch-

man who washed sand persistently by means of a rocker on Kantag Island the entire season summed up the situation in these curt words: "Vell, I vashed over dere all summer and made from nottin to four-bits a day." After each high surf the shore would be covered with beautiful ruby sand which is supposed always to carry gold, but after washing tons of it we decided it was a forlorn hope. To return to fishing:

This was an entirely different process from what we had seen adopted by the enthusiastic followers of Isaac Walton at home—instead of a dainty split bamboo rod, paraphined silk line adorned with an enticing "brownhackle" or "coachman" we must use a heavy line, a hawser by comparison, 750 feet in length and carrying 75 hooks. An anchor line was placed at each end and a long rope tied

to a float enabled us to locate the snare—for that was what it really was. This line was cleaned twice a day—a task I never failed to assist in. There would be something on every hook from a deep-sea clam to a 125-pound halibut and skates (which are diamond shaped), which measured five and six feet across. A dory was generally used for these trips, but sometimes only a dug-out canoe, a canoe made by means of burning and scraping out a log to the proper lines.

Then came a day when the line was found to be in an almost hopeless tangle; evidently some foreign monster had played sad havoc with the paraphernalia. After patiently cleaning about one-third of the line, we rowed to the other end and cleaned as much. Then we gathered together the two ends, with the mystery fast in the middle, and began to row for shore. This proved to be a veritable tug-of-war, for this same unknown foe was very much alive and at times he towed us rather than we towing him, and proved much more of a battle than we had bargained for. Being so full of curiosity as to what it might be, no one would cut the line, but on the contrary, signalled to the camp for assistance, and a couple of strong hands in a lifeboat soon joined us. Some natives assisted in pulling the prize high and dry on the beach. It was, as we had surmised by this time, a mud-shark and a large one, weighing about 500 pounds, the tail fin measuring 34 inches across. While this is not our idea of sportmanship—still it was some sport. Another Alaskan method consisted in placing gill nets across a channel at right angles to the incoming tide. These entrap the giant King salmon, as they poke their heads through the mesh and “gill” themselves, fastened as securely as a mouse in a trap. Some of these weighed as much as 40 pounds, and there is no need to explain to the initiated their delicate flavor. Then for

pastime on summer evenings we amused ourselves with a shore seine. This is quite exciting, as all who have experienced it can testify. We literally “Fished” to death, and could well appreciate the feelings of one of Rex Beach’s heroes when he planned his first meal upon arriving in Seattle. He decided to order a lot of fish prepared in divers ways—a huge platter of beans and then a seven-course dinner for himself. To the fish and beans he would snort: “Now, sit up there, d— you, and watch me eat real grub.”

Just behind our tent rose a gigantic hill and on the long, dreamy summer afternoons I never wearied of climbing to the top to gaze out on the panorama stretching out before me. The surf breaking on ocean cape, a point dreaded by mariners—Kantag Island with its native graveyard, the numerous graves closer by with their queer little totem tombstones, the little white church, the neat cottage of the missionary, the tepee of the still sanguine prospector, the Indian (Thlinket) youth in his canoe, drifting and paddling by turns, singing snatches of the latest ragtime craze—all these, together with the splendor of the mountain range for a background, made a lasting impression. No matter how tedious or monotonous the day might seem to some, to me it was well worth the living just to view a glorious sunset behind Mt. St. Elias—its indescribable waters of Yukutat Bay. There were beauty enhanced in its reflection in the many ravens around and sea gulls making their endless circles over the bay—a graceful head of a seal, a mere speck from this distance, and wild geese, which I have counted by many thousands, flying to the wheat fields of California.

Another recreation was to jump into a canoe and paddle about a mile to “Ophir” creek and bring back a keg of the most delicious drinking water—for no matter

how sincerely we might sympathize with Omar Khayam and long for his "jug of wine," water was the only available beverage here. In taking this trip, it was not unusual to row for a mile through water thick with herring—not in schools—but almost so solid one could walk on them. If a porpoise rolled too near our frail craft we at once gave him a wide berth without any argument. When game was scarce, bacon went on a strike so to speak, and fish hung too heavy on our hands, we boarded the inevitable canoe and seated in the bottom, paddle Siwash fashion to the nearby clam beds. These edible bivalves afforded a pleasant change in the camp menu. Occasionally there would be a horse-clam so large that one could make a meal—this is no "horse-story," but a clam reality. Letters written home assumed the proportions of diaries, for only three boats came into port each month, and we wrote whenever the spirit moved us. The coming of a boat was an event—something looked forward to constantly. So, one's eyes were trained to see and one's olfactory to scent smoke on the horizon absolutely imperceptible to a tenderfoot. But the natives and their dogs could outdo us in this respect to a marvelous degree. When a boat whistle blew, no matter what hour of day or night, all the malamutes would line up on the beach, point their noses towards the sky and give vent to the most unearthly howls. Whether this was indicative of joy, sorrow or fear, we were never quite able to fathom.

On Sunday we attended church, partly, I am free to confess, as a good example to the natives, but mainly because this was the only public gathering of the tribes. There would be a very distinctive odor of fish and seal-oil in evidence, but one soon grew accustomed to this. The missionary was a Norwegian, sincere and devout—but the most entertaining feature of the service was

the Indian interpreter, the natives giving testimony; and we enjoyed their singing, for, like many dark-skinned races, they are possessed with an excellent ear for music, and there were some excellent voices among them. When they all joined in "Onward, Christian Soldiers" it seemed the roof must give way, so great was the volume of sound in the small room. The balance of the Sabbath day for us would generally be spent in some exploring expedition.

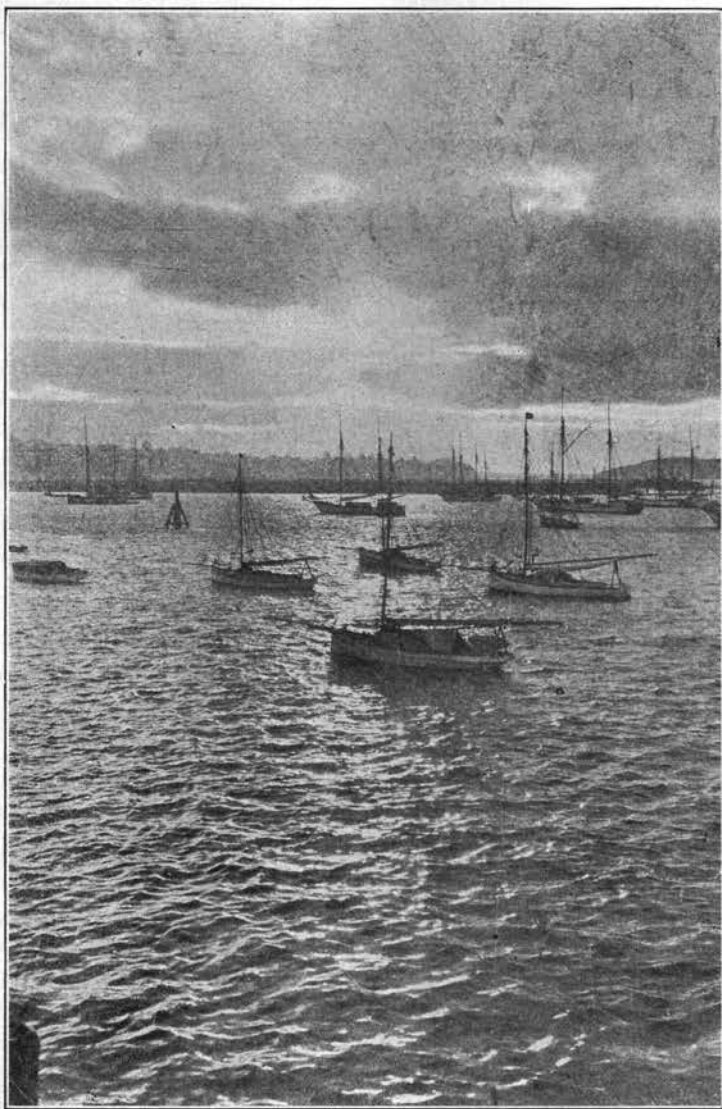
One day we went to Hat Island, a distance of 13 miles. There were many pretty shells found, but the most remarkable thing was the immense strawberries that grew down to the very water's edge, and it seemed such a paradox to gather these while big green icebergs floated slowly by. These latter are a beautiful sight, particularly when the sun shines deep emerald hue of a *creme de menthe* on them—they vary in shades from the above to pure white, and when one remembers that only one-eighth of an iceberg is visible above water, they are huge indeed.

The homeward journey was made in the evening—and a sunset in Alaska is something to dream about—no two of which are ever alike, and the coloring is so much deeper and more vivid than those we had seen elsewhere. No mere words can do justice to an Alaskan sunset, so we'll let it go at that.

The canoe had to be portaged at one place in the homeward journey owing to low tide, but you accepted the fact with all the stoicism of the Siwash. Upon nearing the beach where our camp was pitched and singing "Home, Sweet Home," some one shouted "Look out," but it was too late, and the tiny frail craft was hung up on a rock. Luckily, we escaped being dumped into the cold water—which made us feel very fortunate and at peace with the world.

(To Be Concluded.)





*Auckland Harbor affords one of the finest sailing courses in the world for pleasure yachts. A cruise of the harbor also gives an excellent idea of the beauties surrounding Auckland.*



*A bit of Fair Auckland.*

# Round About Auckland

*By R. FARNALL.*

THE site upon which stands the City of Auckland seems to have been specially fashioned by the hand of Nature for the seat of a vast commercial metropolis. All the requisites and adjuncts which are essential to the building up of a great emporium are here present in profuse abundance. In fact, Nature has been so beneficent and so prodigal of her gifts that little is left for the art of man to contrive.

At the very narrowest portion of this Dominion, Auckland sits enthroned amid her volcanic hills, verdant meadows, and bright, sub-tropical gardens, with an arm resting on either coast. Her right arm dips into the Waitemata, land-locked and capacious enough to carry on its surface the navy of the Empire. Her left arm extends to the Manukau harbor, one of the largest havens on the West Coast. Between these two ports—the Waite-

mata on the East Coast and the Manukau on the West—Auckland is seated, like a young queen with the diadem of empire on her brow.

The only other city in the world that occupies a position of such magnificent advantage is Corinth; and Auckland has been aptly named the "Corinth of the South."

But Corinth in her palmyest days never had the glorious potentialities of expansion and development that destiny foreshadows for Auckland. She looks out upon the amplest expanse of water upon the surface of the globe, and is on the direct line of commerce between the continents of America on the one hand and Australia on the other. Away to the northward, with a lateral sweep to both east and west, lie in brilliant clusters those summer isles of Eden, which glitter like diamonds upon the

bosom of the Eastern Pacific. From the Fijis on the west to the distant Paumotu on the east, all their treasures and bountiful productions, which are only just in the infancy of exploitation, must pour into the lap of Auckland for distribution to the ends of the earth.

Auckland is built along the southern shore of the Waitemata Harbor, which forms the western extremity of the island-spangled Hauraki Gulf. The site of the city, flanked by suburbs, rises in a long and gradual slope to the base of Mount Eden, from whose easily scaled summit one obtains a splendid panoramic view of the entire isthmus.

Auckland is unquestionably the most beautiful of New Zealand cities, and, from a residential point of view, admits of no possible rivalry. Rudyard Kipling, in his poetic tribute to the distinctive cities of Britain's vast Colonial Empire, paid it no idle compliment when, at the end of his enumeration, he spoke of it as "last, loneliest, loveliest." Nature has lavishly endowed it with her choicest gifts. Its situation on a narrow neck of land indented by bays, pierced by estuaries, interspersed with volcanic hills and mounts, and the gulf outside its portals fringed and dappled over with sunny islands, is a dream of delight. Droughts and floods are things unknown. From the sea on either coast the cooling breeze is ever present to temper the ardor of the sun. The climate, therefore, is mild and equable, and the situation of the city is salubrious.

The temptations to recreation and open-air enjoyment are so alluring, and the means for gratifying one's love of wholesome pleasure are so affluent, that it would be strange indeed were the people of Auckland insensible to their opportunities for relaxation. But they are not. Every form of outdoor sport is carried on with zest and zeal; yacht-

ing, boating, horse-racing, lawn tennis, cricket, golf, polo, bowls, cycling—all have their votaries, while in winter the game of football figures largely in the public eye and mind.

One trip that should not be missed is that to the top of Mount Eden. This is easily reached by 'bus to the foot of the mount, thence walking to the top; or by carriage, there being a good road right to the summit.

The view on a clear day has probably no parallel, as spread out before him the visitor sees a panorama stretching thirty or forty miles in every way, embracing the city, suburbs, two harbors, and countless islands, hills, and settlements, the whole forming a series of lovely scenes, justifying the name of "Nature's picture gallery." The visitor, on leaving the mountain, can continue through the pretty suburbs of Epsom, Green Lane, and Remuera, and return to the city via Parnell or the Domain.

In addition to the drive referred to in connection with the trip to the summit of Mount Eden, a pleasant drive around Auckland suburbs and outlying country can be taken from the city to Onehunga and Mangere, returning via Otahuhu and Remuera.

#### *The Titirangi Ranges and Nihotapu Falls*

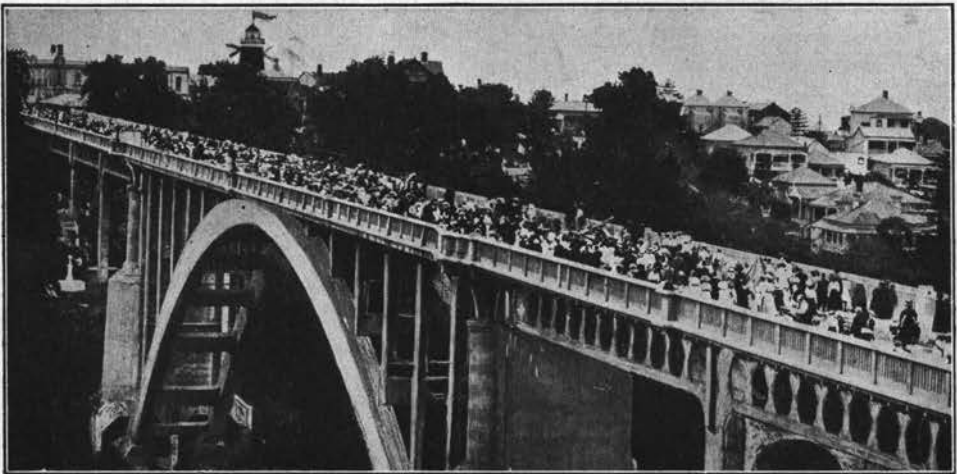
This is a long but most interesting drive; it is the nearest point at which any large *kauri* trees may be seen. The Falls are grand, and the river glen most beautiful. No visitor should leave Auckland without making this trip, as the *kauri* tree is not to be seen further south. The West Coast also may be visited from Swanson.

A day can be very pleasantly spent in visiting these pretty marine suburbs, and the trip is one of the most popular of these minor excursions. Steamers run

to Devonport every half-hour. The Calliope Dock, on the foreshore, is well worth a visit, and the view of the harbor from Flagstaff Hill should not be missed. From the wharf, at intervals of about an hour, a coach leaves for Lake Takapuna, a pleasant drive of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles. There is a good hotel on the shores of the lake, where lunch can be had, and the view from the balconies of the house is most extensive.

#### *Fishing.*

The only fishing to be had within easy distance of Auckland is sea-fishing. The waters of the harbor and gulf teem with all sorts of fish, some of which afford splendid sport. Schnapper is perhaps the most plentiful, but kingfish, kahawai, and, for excitement, shark fishing can be indulged in—all within landlocked waters. It is a common occurrence to have a catch of fifty schnapper as the result of three or four hours' fishing.



*The Great Concrete Bridge.*





*The Japanese now constitute nearly half the population of Hawaii, and are increasing rapidly. Their children fill both the Public and Japanese schools, for the Japanese child in Hawaii has a full day's schooling.*



# The Racial Elements in Hawaii's Schools

And Hawaii's Part in Solving a Paramount American Problem

By VAUGHAN MAC CAUGHEY  
*Superintendent of Public Instruction, Hawaii*

THE public schools of the Hawaiian Islands are noteworthy in two ways—the diversity of their racial elements, and the dominance of Asiatics. The Territory of Hawaii has been for nearly twenty years an integral part of the United States. The racial problems of Hawaii, as exemplified in her schools, are hence of real concern to the United States as a whole. Quantitatively Hawaii presents the remarkable picture of a thin veneer of white Americans overlaying and controlling a dark-skinned population preponderantly alien, Asiatic, male, landless, homeless, non-Christian, non-English-speaking, and il-

literate. Such an antithesis obviously suggests genuine social, economic and educational problems.

During a residence of over a decade in the Hawaiian Islands the writer has been intimately associated with the work of the public schools; has traveled extensively throughout the archipelago, and has gathered much first-hand material relating to the local educational situation. It is the purpose of this article to discuss somewhat in detail the present ethnic status of Hawaii's polyglot and polychrome school population. The problem of immigration in the United States is a vast one. It tends to increase

rather than to diminish. For a long time to come it will be one of the paramount problems of American public education. Hawaii may help in the solution.

It is unnecessary to sketch the general topography, history and economic development of Hawaii. These factors have profoundly influenced Hawaii's educational evolution. They are fully chronicled in many standard works upon Hawaii and are readily accessible. Three outstanding phenomena in Hawaii's educational history are: First, the rapid decadence of the native Hawaiians, under the influence of "civilization"; second, the agricultural development of the islands by enterprising Europeans and Americans; third, the insistent demand of the plantations for cheap labor.

The desire for cheap labor on the sugar plantations led the Hawaiian planters to search the entire world for suitable men. The Hawaiian government entered more and more into the details of immigration, and finally became practically a recruiting agency for cheap labor. It sought labor in all parts of the world, notably from China, Japan and Polynesia, Portugal, Spain, Germany, Norway, Porto Rico; and later from Russia and the Philippines. In all nearly 200,000 immigrants have been brought to the Hawaiian Islands since 1852, at a total cost of nearly \$10,000,000, or about \$50 each. Of the total number imported, probably half have gone home, and others have died or left the plantations and gone into various industries.

The school population may be considered in the following ethnic groups:

1. Hawaiians—the native Polynesians.
2. Part-Hawaiians—mixtures of the first group with the various immigrant stock.
3. Asiatics—Japanese, Chinese and Koreans.
4. Latin Europeans—Portuguese and Spanish.

5. Porto Ricans and Filipinos.
6. Russians and Germans.
7. British.
8. Americans.

Three stocks, conspicuous in many mainland school populations, are represented very sparingly in Hawaii, either as adults or children, namely, Irish, Jews and negroes.

#### *Hawaiians*

The native Hawaiians, two centuries ago, were the sole possessors of the islands which bear their name. The primitive population probably numbered 250,000 to 350,000. It was as great or greater than the total population of the islands today. At present the so-called "pure Hawaiian" stock numbers about 23,000. Eight years ago it was 26,000. There are about 1,000 Hawaiians at work on the sugar plantations. In 1900 there were 5,000 Hawaiian school children; today there are 3,700. This is a decrease of 70 per year during the past 17 years, or over five a month. At this rate in a few decades the pure Hawaiian stock will wholly disappear from the schools. At present Hawaiian children comprise only 9% of the total school enrollment. Thirty per cent of the total decrease in the public school enrollment during 1916-17 was Hawaiian. Six hundred Hawaiian school children were born in 1917. There are 600 Hawaiians in private schools. Attending the College of Hawaii are seven Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian students. There are 90 Hawaiian teachers in the public schools, and 10 in private schools.

#### *Part-Hawaiians*

In 1917 there were in the schools about 5,000 children of part-Hawaiian parentage. The term "part-Hawaiian" is decidedly vague, as it refers to the Hawaiian mother; the father may be American, European, Chinese, or almost any other nationality.

The great majority of the "part-Hawaiians," however, are Caucasian-Hawaiians or Chinese-Hawaiians. In 1900 there were 2,600 part-Hawaiian children in the schools. The increase in 17 years is about 2,300, or nearly 100%. As the pure Hawaiian type diminishes the mixed type becomes prominent. At present part-Hawaiian children comprise nearly 13% of the total school enrollment. There are 1,400 in private schools. Nine hundred part-Hawaiian children were born last year. The total part-Hawaiian population is about 16,000. There are over 200 part-Hawaiian teachers in the public schools, and about 25 in the private schools.

#### *Japanese*

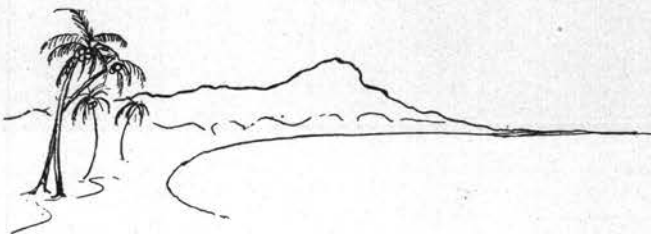
Nearly half the population of Hawaii is foreign-born. Of the 100,000 population that is foreign-born, about 68% are Japanese, about 16% Chinese, and 5% are Koreans. Asiatics thus comprise about five-sixths of the total foreign-born population.

The Japanese are dominant in Hawaii's schools today, and will so continue for many decades. They constitute nearly 40% of the total school enrollment. There are now 15,000 Japanese children in the schools. In 1900 there were only 1,300. This phenomenal increase has been at the rate of 800 per year. In other words, for every day in

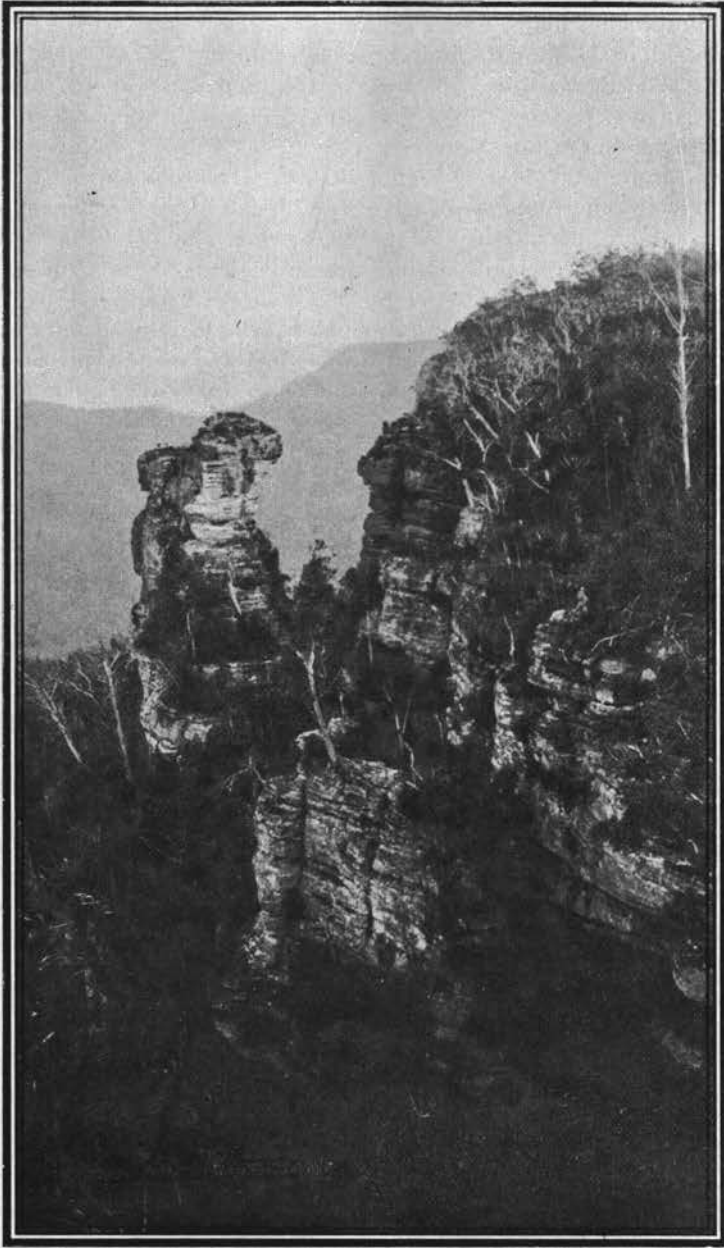
their year there are two more Japanese children added to Hawaii's school enrollment. The public school increase (Japanese) during 1916-17 amounted to 52% of the total increase for that year. The total school enrollment, all races, for 1890, was 15,537; at present it is about 40,000. This is an increase of 125% in 17 years. Over 1,000 Japanese pupils are in private schools. There are 15 Japanese students at the College of Hawaii. There are 20 Japanese teachers in the public schools, and at least several hundred in the Japanese private schools.

The Japanese population numbers 103,000, or nearly one-half the total population. It consists largely of alien males. The Japanese have been the backbone of Hawaii's sugar industry. There are now about 26,000 at work on the sugar plantations. Most of the Japanese were imported, before annexation, to supply the demand for cheap labor. Immigration began about 1886, and since that date there has been a large and steady stream of alien laborers coming into Hawaii from Japan. Extensive immigration is taking place at the present time, in the form of "picture brides," who rapidly become mothers of prospective "American citizens." The Japanese have increased 23,000 in seven years, both by birth and immigration.

(To be Continued.)







*The Blue Mountains of Australia, within short motor or rail ride of Sydney, form a vast table land from which visitors and residents look down upon the scenery.*



# The Blue Mountains of Australia

By MARGARITE WATSON.

THE famous Blue Mountains lie less than 70 miles by rail, and probably no more than 60 miles in a direct line due west from Sydney. The chief center is Katoomba, a fashionable and much-frequented resort, where many Sydney residents have their country homes.

In approaching the mountains by train or road the rise to the first steps of the range comes almost suddenly after the Nepean-Hawkesbury River is crossed beyond Penrith. Glenbrook, which is only six miles from Penrith, is 600 feet above sea level, and the traveller sees in the opening panorama over the plains below that he was mounted on to the slopes of the range already. The country here is charming, and there are many private residences and houses of accommodation in picturesque positions to invite the city dweller to spend some spare days or weeks away from the bustle. Through

Blaxland (42 miles) Valley Heights and Springwood (47 miles) the route climbs rapidly, rail and road following the same line, the last-named being over 1200 feet above sea level, and having a peculiarly beautiful climate, free alike from the enervating moisture of the coastal plains and from the extreme rigors and occasional droughts of the higher altitudes.

Wentworth Falls station (61 miles from Sydney) is the point from which the most noted falls of the district may be best visited. Here we have risen to 2900 feet. The King's Tableland, about three miles south of the line, as a remarkable elevated plateau, dropping suddenly to the Jamieson Valley. The road from the Falls Station is excellent, and there are good pathways made to give easy access to all the best points for viewing the falls and the mountain panoramas. The falls commence with some minor cascades, after which comes the "Weeping

Rock," then the "Queen's Cascade," "Golden Sands," and "Prince Regent's Glen" Fall. In the valley there are also the "Water Nymphs Dell" and the "Valley of the Waters," and many other places to see, and the look-outs from the plateau are innumerable and the views exceedingly beautiful.

Leura is another charming center, with the special attraction of the Leura Falls. These are to the south of the railway line, at a distance of little over a mile. Then, on the north side, are the lovely Minni-ha-ha Falls and several other cascades and streamside scenes. There are also numerous points from which grand and extensive views of hill and plain can be seen.

Katoomba, 66 miles from Sydney, stands at a level of 3350 feet, and is, as before said, the center of the whole district. From thence most of the places already mentioned may readily be reached by road, though there are sufficient points special to Katoomba and only properly accessible therefrom to occupy the visitor any reasonable length of time in inspecting without going further afield.

The Katoomba Falls are little more than a mile on the south of the railway. The main fall plunges over a cliff fully 200 feet high. On each side of the gulf the rocks rise to 1000 feet, the face being impossible to scale. There are paths by which lower falls may be reached, the charming Fern Gully being met on the way to the bottom. Here "The Witch's Leap" is one of the most entrancing sights. "The Orphan Rock" is a detached pillar of grey stone, towering alone to a great height, and the "Three Sisters," a trio of similar rocky spires, also tower above the gorge of the Jamieson river. The "Meeting of the Waters," "Echo Point," and the old coal mine are spots on the Jamieson Valley to be seen and to be remembered.

"Nellie's Glen" is away to the west of Katoomba about two miles, and is on the valley of the Megalong Creek. "Pulpit Hill" and the "Explorer's Tree" are close to the glen, and must not be missed. Here also is the old cemetery. Northward from the line are the Minni-ha-ha Falls, already mentioned, which involve a climb down no less than 740 feet from Katoomba Station. A good deal of the descent is made by way of ladders.

"Govett's Leap" is the chief feature of the neighborhood. The place was named after Surveyor Govett, and not as local legend has it after a mythical bushranger. The "Leap" is a fall, where a stream leaps over a cliff more than 500 feet high. The precipitous form of the valley sides here give startling views, the valley being almost sheer down nearly 2000 feet. "Perry's Look-Down" is a place to visit. "Docker's Ladder," a steep track leading the venturesome visitor down 2150 feet into the valley below. From Look-Out Hill, on the Bathurst road, Sydney can be clearly seen in fine weather with a glass.

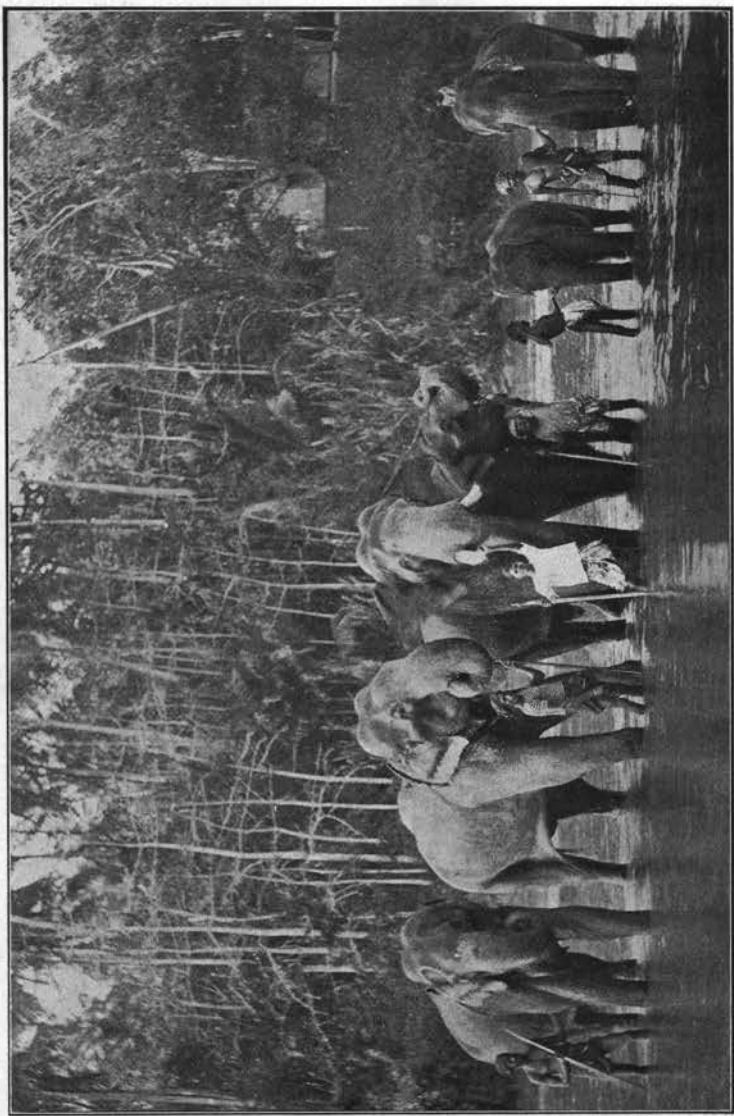
Mount Victoria, 77 miles from Sydney, is one of the most important tourist centers in the mountains, and is the last station on this line of general note in the tourist scheme. From here the regular service runs to the famous Jenolan Caves. From Mount Victoria it is 36 miles. The road is at first the old Bathurst road, passing over the Cox river. From here there is a rise until we cross the Dividing Range, at a height of 4360 feet. Six or seven miles before reaching the caves the road begins a long descent, and a view of the buildings is obtained from 1700 feet above, several miles away. The "Grand Arch" is passed through before coming to the Cave House. It is as well to remember that the Jenolan Caves of today are the same as were known long past as the Fish River Caves. They were known as long ago as 1838, and probably much earlier. Camp Creek and Mc-

Keown's Creek both emerge from the mountain side through archways or tunnels naturally formed, and close to the mouths of the caves are innumerable fossil shells and other signs of marine life in the far back ages. All the caves have been so thoroughly "done" that the list of chambers, corridors and caverns named and minutely explored is a very long one. Sometimes the naming is happy and in keeping with the beauty and dignity of the places; in other cases the triviality of the titles—adopted, no doubt, in compliment to worthy personages, mostly ladies, detracts from the visitor's first impression of the scenes. The "Lucas Cave" includes many minor caves of great interest and beauty; and the "Nettle and Arch Caves" have also numerous subdivisions that merit time to view them. The "Devil's Coach House" is nearly 300 feet high. Then there are the "Carlotta Arch," "Elder Cave," "Mammoth Cave," "New Cave," "Imper-

ial Cave," and many others. Needless to say, it requires several days to see all the caves open to the public; but as many visitors are limited as to time, the guides arrange trips that give a good general idea of the whole without occupying more than a few hours. The caves are under Government control, and a fee is charged for each inspection. There are portions of the underground passages which can only be viewed by those who have previously obtained an order which covers a medical guarantee that the holders are not subject to fainting or vertigo. The train leaving Sydney at 5:25 a. m. allows of a night at Mount Victoria and an early start for the caves, where we arrive at 3 p. m.. A first inspection may be made the same afternoon. The majority of visitors will elect to put in several days seeing the caves at leisure. The trip is not an expensive one, and the local accommodation is good.







*From Singapore, at the Gateway of the Pacific, to Africa, the elephant is found. From Sumatra great herds look towards Pacific waters, but save in Siam, the elephant is not an inhabitant of Pacific lands.*

# Malay and Beyond

By F. J. HALTON.



THE steamers of the British India Company leave Singapore every Thursday, arriving at Penang on Friday morning, where you can spend the time the steamer is in port seeing the sights. One of the most interesting is to visit a tin mine, as two-thirds of the world's tin comes from Penang.

Leaving Penang in the evening you reach Rangoon on the following Tuesday. I should recommend the Minto Mansions as the best place to stay in Rangoon; it is very nicely situated near the Gymphana Club (the center of social life) and is clean and quiet.

The Shwe Dagon pagoda is the principal object of interest, and is claimed to be the most celebrated shrine of the entire Buddhist world on account of the great sanctity of its relics. It is said to have been founded 588 B. C. You must visit the tak wood yards to see the elephants at work. They are almost human.

I do not think the trip up the river to Mandalay worth the effort or the time for the average tourist, and if it were not for Kipling's "On the Road to Mandalay" do not think it would scarcely ever be heard of. Leaving Rangoon on Thursday you will arrive at Calcutta on the following Friday.

You will find Calcutta a city of great

interest. Some of the finest buildings are surrounding the Maidan, an enormous open space of many acres extent. Fort William is located on the Maidan and was built about 1770. The site of the old fort is where the post office now stands and it was here that the famous Black Hole of Calcutta was located. There is a tablet and monument to mark this, which was built in 1902. The Eden Gardens on the banks are worth visiting, as also are the Zoological Gardens. The famous duel between Sir Warren Hastings and Sir Philip Francis was fought where is now the west entrance to the Gardens. A visit can be made to many of the jute mills which lie further up the Hoogly—one of the best being that at Kankinarry. If you desire to make the trip to Darjeeling you will need to take plenty of warm clothes. The trip is very interesting and the best views are obtained in daylight by taking the evening train from Sealdah station, Calcutta.

From Darjeeling you can see what seems to be the whole world—India on the one side and China on the other and Mount Everest looks as if you could climb it in a few hours. Darjeeling has sometimes been called the greatest "Grand Stand" God ever created. Returning to Calcutta you take train for

Bombay, from the Howrath Station. Your boy will fix your bed before you get to the station, which you leave about nine o'clock P. M., and you will be fairly comfortable. The trains have electric fans and bath (among other *inconveniences*.)

By the way, I should have mentioned that you will have to buy your own bedding for the train, as the railway companies do not provide it.

The first stop will be Benares, changing trains at Moghul Sirah. Early morning is the best time to see the life on the Ganges. For this purpose you will take one of the little boats which have a roof on which you sit and you will be rowed up and down the river and will see the sun worshippers, the bathers, and lower down the burning of the dead—this last not so repulsive as you would imagine. The whole city is teeming with humanity—all there to *pray* and *prey* and the fakirs are as interesting as the religionists.

You leave Benares the day after arrival about 10 A. M. and arrive at Lucknow, the heart of the Mutiny District. Of course you will have read a history of the Mutiny, so that the Residency will be more or less familiar.

If you have not already done so I would recommend you to read Flora Anna Steel's book "On the Face of the Waters," as the story of the Mutiny is historically correct and is told in a very interesting manner in the form of a novel. The story of the siege of the Residency is one of profound interest, and to go over the ground one can recall all the horrors which the garrison must have suffered. The train leaves Lucknow in the morning and in a few hours reaches Cawnpore, where are situated Wheeler's Entrenchments, sometimes called Wheeler's Folly". Also the Memorial Well, wherein Nanan, the Rebel, threw the bodies of the women and children hor-

ribly mutilated and some of them yet alive.

This well is now covered with a beautiful marble figure representing an angel of peace. Unfortunately the artist has depicted the angel with a large palm in her hand as an emblem of peace and forgiveness and the native comment is "all the same as sweeper." You will not be in India long before you discover that the "sweeper" is the lowest caste of Indian and he invariably carries a palm broom, as he can make one most uncomfortable with that if you do not "Back-sheesh" (tip) him by slashing his broom and filling your lungs with dust. Reverting to Wheeler's Entrenchments: General Wheeler had been very severely criticized because he stayed at Cawnpore to dig trenches instead of pushing on to the relief of Lucknow, and they tell a story of an alleged message said to have been sent by Sir John Lawrence, in command at Lucknow, to Wheeler, reading ironically, "Clubs are trumps, not spades."

You will get an excellent lunch at the refreshment room in the Cawnpore railway station, after which you will entrain for Agra, changing cars at Tundla Junction and arriving at Agra Fort.

Agra has been described primarily the city of the Taj Mahal, that dream in marble which, for its exquisite symmetry and grace, and the marvelous richness and beauty of its materials, is not equaled by any similar structure in the world. You will want to make many visits to the Taj Mahal to see it in all possible lights and shades and if possible by moonlight. The Fort, with its marble palaces, inlaid like the Taj, and its Pearl Mosque are intensely interesting. You must also visit the ruined city of Fotepur Sikri by motor car, a distance of about twenty miles from Agra. This is one of the many cities built by Akbar, the Great Mogul, and is full of surprises in the way of architecture and carvings.

From Agra you proceed to Delhi,



where you will find the Hotel Cecil (under the same management as the Cecil at Agra) very comfortable. The present city is called Shahjehanabad and dates only from the seventeenth century, but the surrounding country for 45 square miles is full of historical ruins of former Delhi. The Audience Halls in the Fort are fine examples of the splendor the old Moguls maintained, though they were badly looted after the Mutiny. The famous Peacock throne was located in the private audience hall and was originally made of solid gold and was covered with gems—the Koh-i-nor was one of the decorations of this throne, but they have all been taken as souvenirs (to use a polite phrase). They had rather broad ideas in those days of meum and tuum, and yet over the beautifully carved marble gate at the end of the hall is inlaid a representation of the scales of Justice. The Cashmere Gate holds my interest as one of the principal scenes of the heroism of the Mutiny in 1857. This incident you will find well described in the book of Mrs. Steel's above referred to.

The Jumna Musjid or Mosque is worth a visit, particularly on a Friday when the worshippers are at prayer. You will be shown here a hair of the beard of the Prophet Mahomet.

There are many tombs which must be visited, as each is indicative of the art of the period, and the Kutab Minar must not be missed. This is an eleven-mile drive from Delhi and is surrounded by the ruins of the original city. The real history of Kutab is involved in great obscurity, it being a popular legend that the Hindoo Rajah, Pithora, commenced a pillar on the site of the present Minar at the request of his daughter, who was desirous of seeing the River Jumna every day, and from its summit behold the rising sun. Whether the Hindoo Rajah did commence the building can never be

satisfactorily determined, but the glory of its completion undoubtedly rests with the Mohammedans.

Near the Kutab Minar is an iron pillar about 50 feet high, of which 27 feet are below the ground. It is supposed to date from 319 A.D., at a time when it was not supposed man knew how to cast iron or mix metals.

The next point of interest after leaving Delhi is Jeypore. The present Rajah of Rajputana has his capital here and has built a city of wide rectangular blocks, (supposed to be American), all pink stucco work. A visit to his palace is interesting, but the principal object in staying off is to visit Amber City. This is some miles from Jeypore and the last stage of the journey is made by elephants. Amber City is beautifully situated on the top of a hill surrounded by high walls, and the view from the top is very fine. One day will be sufficient in Jeypore. Stop at the Jeypore Hotel. Ahmadabad is reached the day after leaving Jeypore, and is a very interesting city as the headquarters of the Jain Sect. There is a very fine example of Jain architecture here and some fine tombs. One day is sufficient for Ahmadabad. Your next stop will be Bombay.

Bombay is a city of very fine buildings and has wide streets in the European section of the town. The native quarters are worth a visit, and you will find them fairly clean. From here you may make the trip to the Ellora caves, which takes nearly three days, but if a sample of these caves will content you, a trip to the Elaphanta Caves, about six miles in Bombay Harbor, will be found more convenient.

The Elaphanta Caves are supposed to be 1000 to 1200 years old. The great Cave is the most important and is a low chamber cut out of the solid rock and supported by six rows of columns with fine mushroom capitals, with carvings of



the usual deities. When I was there in 1910, it was being restored, but I expect by now it is in much better condition.

You must take a drive up the Malabar Hill, where are all the residences of the Europeans, although most of them are being bought out by rich Parsees. The Governor General's residence is on Malabar Hill, as also the Towers of Silence. The Parsee rites connected with death have remained most individual and striking. As is well known, they expose the bodies of their dead on the Tower of Silence to be devoured by vultures. Scrupulous care is taken to preserve the elements, earth, fire and water from defilement, especially from dead matter. At the base of the Tower there is an opening on the ground level through which the corpse bearers are the only persons allowed to enter the towers, but there is an excellent model on the grounds that is generally shown to visitors. The inner portion of the tower has a circular masonry platform with three deep grooves; the bodies of young children are laid in the center circle, females in the second and the men in the outer. The walls and neighboring trees are thronged with the sleepy looking vultures waiting patiently for the approach of the funeral, and they are capable of distinguishing a funeral procession more than a mile away, and a single cloy from one of these vultures always brings an enormous number of others to wait with eager eyes for the body to arrive. When the body is placed inside and the doors closed there is a mighty whirr of wings and in a moment thousands are fighting in keen competition over the body, which is completely stripped of its flesh in 30 minutes, when the loathsome birds resume their watch from the edge of the tower for the next body.

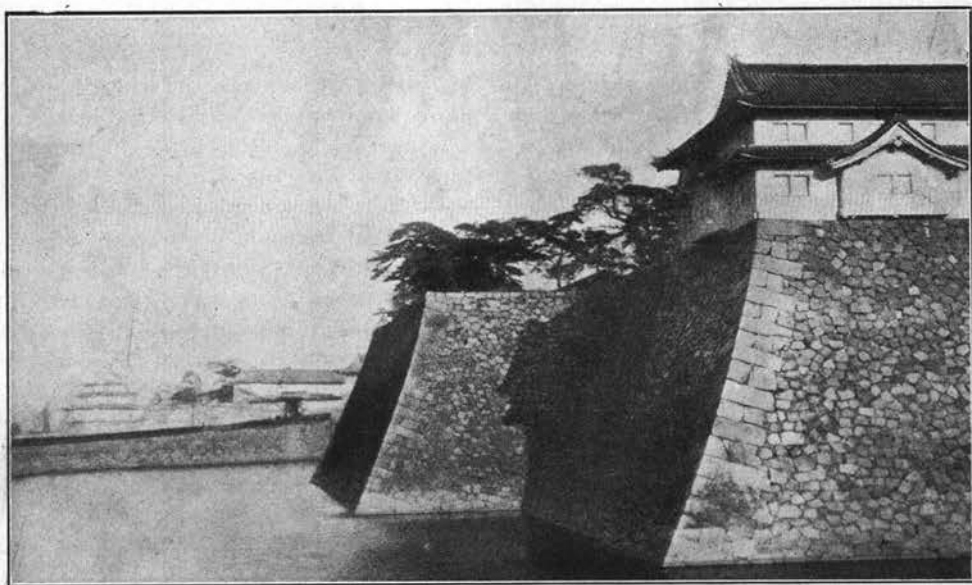
Leaving Bombay at night from the magnificent Victoria railway station, you

will arrive at Madras on the second day in the early morning.

Leaving in the evening, you will arrive next morning at Tanjore. At Tanjore you will see one of the finest Shiva Temples which abounds in Southern India, with the Sacred Bull. A couple of hours in Tanjore will be sufficient, when you can get the next train for Trichinopoly. The Temple on the Rock of Trichinopoly is well worth a visit—in fact it is what you will go for—the view of the surrounding country is very fine and there are some very fine carvings in the several temples on the way up. Your next stopping place will be Madura and you will be reduced to staying at a Dak bungalow. This is not so fearsome as would appear, as the man in charge will cook your meals for you and you will think you are on a picnic. Madura is the most important place in your itinerary through Southern India, as the temples there are in full working order (was going to write "blast"—which perhaps is the better word). At no other place did I see the life as at Madura, and while there are lots of legends that are interesting, I will refrain from relating them, as the length of these jottings will have already taxed your patience.

Tuicorin, in my experience, is merely a jumping off place, as when I was there plague was very prevalent, and it was not safe to go into the native district. You will be examined here by the Ceylon doctor, and to prevent annoying experiences with your servant it would be well to dispense with his services here. You will have to pay his transportation back to Calcutta, which is one-sixth of the first-class fare.

With a sigh of relief of having been freed from the sound of the word "Sahib, Sahib," you board the steamer and recede from the great continent of India, so often referred to as the brightest jewel in England's crown.



*The walls of Osaka, the industrial capital of Japan.*

## Ancient Capitals of Japan

By J. W. ALLEN.

**F**ROM Osaka, the industrial, we go to Nara, the religious center, where temples abound and where the most unique park imaginable is open for our visit.

The park of Nara is an expanse of many miles in circumference and within it, hundreds of sacred deer roam among the visitors. The deer are the sacred animals of the Japanese and must not be injured. They are so tame that they readily eat from one's hand and follow when called by the "koko-koko-koko-koko," which they have learned means something to eat. The great bell of Nara is suspended in a tower and one may ring it with a huge swinging timber on the payment of one cent to the priest. The temples are gorgeous and true creations of art. Their exterior decorations

and countless carved figures, highly colored, imbedded in the frescoed cornices that droop low around the eaves of the sloping tile roofs, are worth hours of examination. The entrance to each temple is marked by a gate, the top of which curves upward at each end to keep out the evil spirits. This is called the "torii"; and wherever you see a large gate made with two round and heavy uprights about ten to twenty feet high and topped with a peculiar carved timber that curves upward at the ends, you are sure to find a temple or shrine just beyond.

Here in the Diabutsu Temple is one of the largest statues of Buddha in the Orient,—a figure of bronze that towers to a height of fifty feet, the breadth being about twenty. He is in a seated posture with his robes flowing beside him

and the face carries a calm serenity of repose that seems to breathe the languor, philosophy, optimism, and fatalistic beliefs of the East. We realize in looking at him that this is the God of the Orient who has, with his teachings, ruled the vast East Indies, China, Burma, Siam, Java, Sumatra, Borneo and a portion of the Philippines for centuries of darkness. He has millions of worshippers and his following constitutes the majority of all of the peoples of the earth.

The temples abound in curiosities of all descriptions. We find temples of medicine and healing here as we did in China. Places to worship for all sorts of human desires and for all varieties of repentance! At some of the shrines it is a custom for the worshippers to tie a small piece of ribbon paper to the lattice, which paper bears his name, so that when the god of that shrine checks up the visitors he will find that loyal Togo did not neglect him on that day. The park is famous as well for its many splendid pagodas, and to have seen and heard the silvery bells of a peaked pagoda calling straw-sandalled devotees to worship 'neath the bowers of cherry blossoms in the calm of a spring evening is worth spanning the broad expanse of oceans to experience.

At Kyoto we find the ancient and modern of the Island Empire closely intermingled and entwined. The city is in the heart of the agricultural district, and on our journey we have passed acres of tea lands closely and thoroughly cultivated. Weird dances are held in Kyoto with frequency, and seldom the day passes that some old-fashioned festival is not in progress. Beautiful temples are seen on all sides, and shrines to Buddha everywhere. We journey up a steep hillside (nicknamed "Tea-Pot Hill" by the Americans who have gone before, by reason of the countless little chinaware stores that line the route on either hand,

and arrive at the summit, where we find more interesting shrines and places of worship, finally ending by having our fortunes told by Japan's most celebrated soothsayer who performed the operation after much religious ceremony and the payment of one yen (fifty cents). All sorts of good things are predicted for us and we are to suffer no ills—if the Japanese gods are correct. I think, to tell the truth, that the Japanese priest was too courteous to tell us anything but good, anyway, and am quite as satisfied.

Our next trip takes us overland, a full day's ride, to Tokyo, the celebrated Capital of Japan. We see the imperial residences, the ancient castles and moats, beautiful public parks, many more temples and shrines, and religious festivities and parades, for the season of worship in springtime is in full swing. A very interesting visit is to the Tombs of the Forty-seven Ronins, where thousands of Japanese journey daily to pay worship and homage.

The Forty-seven Ronins represent to the Nipponese the acme of loyalty and devotion to be found on earth. They were in life the forty-seven servants of a feudal lord, by name "Asano," who ruled his little provincial district in the days of the mighty "Shoguns," the ancient tribal rulers of Japan. Asano was one day to be presented to the Shogun of his tribe, and as this was to be a state occasion, at which he must be well versed in the manners and customs of the court, Asano employed a neighboring lord to teach him the manners required at the ceremony. This lord, by name "Kira," was a court attache and well versed in the arts of court etiquette; but nursing a secret grudge against Asano, he taught him incorrectly, and traitorously planned to humiliate the trusting neighbor. When Asano was presented, his manners were so faulty as to cause great derision in the palace, and the rascally Kira, taking



full advantage of his discomfiture, heaped scorn and abuse upon him. This so enraged the god Asano that he drew his sword and then and there in the courtroom of his chief did severely wound the abusive and deceitful Kira. This act of violence was an offense of court, for which Asano was convicted and put to death, though the traitor Kira was not mortally wounded and recovered completely in due course. The warriors and servants of Asano with the exception of the faithful Forty-seven soon deserted his lands and went into the service of other feudal masters. The Forty-seven, with their chieftain and leader, Oishi, alone remained true to the memory of their dead lord and master. Under their leader they disbanded and employed themselves at various work in different parts of the Empire, always keeping in close communication with their leader, all the while plotting revenge for the death of their beloved master, Asano, who was sent to an untimely end by the traitor Kira.

As time went on, Kira gradually lost his fear of their revenge and lived in mental safety and comfort in his palatial home in Kyoto. Oishi, the leader of the Ronins, also lived in Kyoto—but in order to completely deceive his enemies plunged into dissipation and ostensibly became a reckless good-for-nothing. All the while, as the Japanese say, his heart was bleeding and while he was frequenting the tea houses and being entertained by the festive Geisha Girls, drinking "Saki," the Japanese favorite alcoholic beverage, and seemingly leading a life of recklessness and forgetfulness, his heart was nevertheless with his dead lord and master, and in secret meetings with his followers from time to time he was plotting the rascally Kira's downfall. Kira took a trip to Tokyo one winter day, and that night, while the ground was blanketed with snow and a wintry storm was rag-

ing, the Forty-seven Ronins met in the storm-swept streets of the Capital and proceeded to Kira's Tokyo mansion. Despite the efforts of the many guards, they effected an entrance and killed Kira, consummating the act which they had planned in their hearts for years.

Their beloved master now avenged, they were only the peace-loving men that they were before and having no other motives, surrendered themselves to the authorities. As their crime was punishable by death and as they convicted themselves on their own testimony, they received the maximum penalty. So overcome were the court and the people at their sacrifice on the altar of love that they did not wish to carry out their sentence legally, and it was recommended that the Ronins be given the opportunity of death by honor, that is Hari-Kari (suicide). The Forty-seven Ronins and their chieftain were led to the hillside where they now rest, and all, in the presence of a weeping multitude, disemboweled themselves on their own swords, with which they had recently effected the revenge of their dead master. Unwilling to allow such an exalting example of love and devotion to perish in their memory, the Japanese people set up monuments to the Lord Osano, to Oishi the Chieftain of the Ronins, and to all of the band, and they were laid to rest on the hillside where they fell. To this Mecca, the Nipponese come in great numbers, and always, day and night, keep the fires of incense burning as a token of their love of the devotion and sacrifice for which the Ronins perished. They worship the Ronins as men good and true who should be an example to all mankind of the love and devotion we should hold for one another, and maintain that we should not hesitate to give our lives and our all, if necessary, in order that crimes against the principles of justice and humanity should not be perpetrated.



*"Oh, Fair Japan! Oh, Rare Japan!  
Thou land of ancient trees,  
Where lotus blossoms fringe thy paths  
And perfume every breeze.*

*Where lilies bend their fragrant heads  
To kiss thy splashing streams,  
And dark-skinned Muses, almond-eyed,  
Wake long-forgotten dreams.*

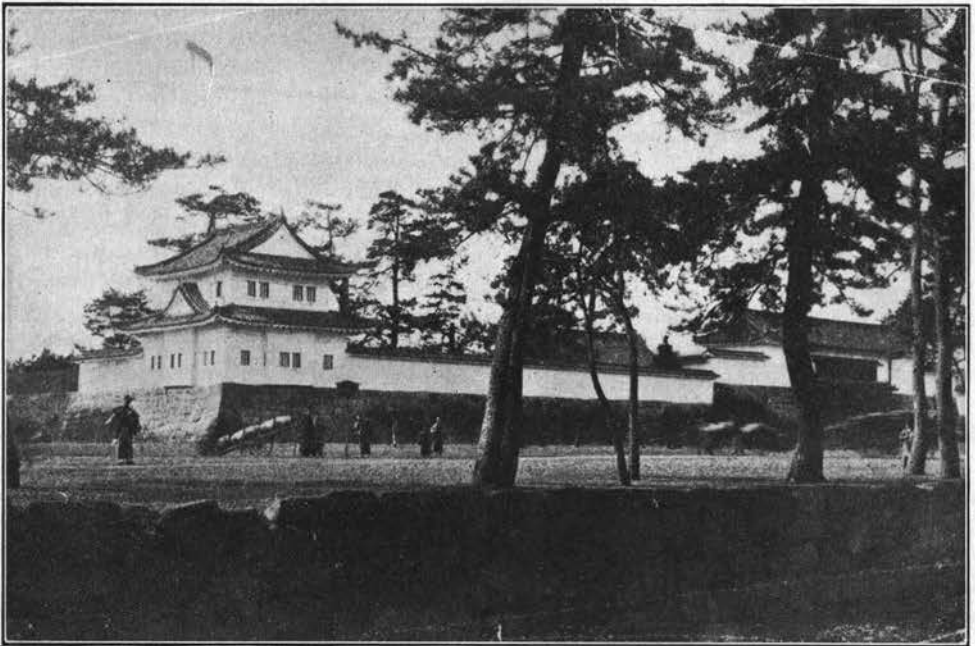
*Thy hills, crown-capped with sacred  
groves,  
Inclose thy gilded shrines;  
In grotoes where the iris blooms  
Droop sweet wistaria vines.*

*Mysterious languor seems to hang  
O'er mountain, plain, and rill;  
An unreality of life  
Does all the senses fill.*

*Thine ancient shrines to Budda blest,  
Glinted with golden fire,  
Proclaim a soul sustaining rest,  
And ecstasy inspire.*

*Oh, Sweet it is to dwell with thee,  
'Land of the Rising Sun',  
Where beauty, age, and mystery,  
Combine themselves in one."*

Our trip to the Far East has been amply repaid with a wealth of knowledge of new people and new things, and we are soon leaving for the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave" with a feeling of gratitude that we were permitted to have enjoyed it all in the best of health throughout.



*The ancient capital, Nara.*



# Hawaii Fifty Years Ago

By EDWARD WILSON

In the year 1858 my father was called by business to the Hawaiian Islands, then called the Sandwich Islands. Hoping the long voyage and change of climate would benefit my health, then quite poor, he brought me with him, and put me in the school to which most of the foreigners sent their children.

The life on these islands is one of the pleasantest of my early memories. I was fifteen years old, completely recov-

ered in health by the long sea voyage, and I made friends with the island boys and entered into all their sports. With my chum, Jack, I often went swimming at a place not far from the school, where the cocoanut trees fringed the shore. Together we would race our horses along the shore up the valley roads; for horseback riding was one of our favorite amusements. Our Saturdays were often spent in climbing the moun-

tains, far up into the most enchanting scenery, and searching for land shells, and we made a collection of acatinellae that a naturalist might envy. These lovely shells, still found living on the leaves and bark of trees, are of many colors and spiral in shape.

After I had been in the school a few months a grand eruption occurred near the summit of Mauna Loa, on the Island of Hawaii. Even at the distance, over two hundred miles, where we were, a red light hung low in the sky, and accounts came of projecting fountains of fire and of an immense lava flow. Our minds were in a fever of excitement, and we all wished to see the wonder.

I was playing ball one day on the grounds, when Jack came running and shouting: "Boys, Professor says we may go to the volcano! We'll close school, charter a schooner, and start. Isn't it glorious!"

Nothing was thought of or talked of from that moment but the excursion to Mauna Loa, till our party of twenty, under charge of our young teacher, Mr. R——, embarked on the schooner Keka-uluoki. There were no steamers running in those days, and with the calm and variable winds prevailing in the lee of the lofty mountains, it often took a week to make a voyage that can now be accomplished in a few hours.

The voyage I then made does not belong to the pleasant recollections of my past. After I came aboard and was exploring the recesses of the cabin, Jack called from above: "Bring your mattress on deck, Ned. You will feel like a boiled owl if you stay below." Indeed, most of us camped on deck, and endured the discomfort of wind and wave and blistering sun rather than stay below in the badly-smelling, ill-ventilated cabin. All but Jack were deplorably sick, as our little schooner rocked and

tacked in the rough channels, and Jack added to my depression by offering me various articles of food.

Once we lay all day in the lee of the high mountains of Molokai. The sea was so smooth near the shore that we could look far down into its depths, where we saw innumerable fish glistening, as they darted hither and thither. As they came to the surface they proved to be immense sharks, from eight to ten feet in length. The crew of the schooner let out a big hook, baited with bullock hide, and soon we had one of these man-eaters pulling furiously at the end of the line, and springing upward to free himself. The natives put a noose on his tail and played with him a while, then drawing him on deck dispatched him with an ax.

At last, after a week of tossing on the ocean, the miserable voyage was nearly over, and raising my head I could see the volcanic fire, like a beacon light, near the summit of Mauna Loa. This mountain, whose name means Great Mountain, rises by a gentle, uniform slope to the height of 13,700 feet, and its blue outlines, generally surmounted by snow, are a conspicuous and beautiful object in the landscape, seen from whatever part of Hawaii you may chance to be in.

"Rouse up, boys, we are going ashore," chanted a voice. The most wretched revived at the prospect of land, and were soon embarked in the boats for the shore.

We rested a couple of days in the hospitable home of Mr. A—, and our party feasted, as only healthy boys can, on the delicious Kona oranges, unsurpassed by any I have since tasted. Our kanaka guides were then ready, and our bedding and provisions portioned out into packages, that each might carry his share, for we were to make the trip on foot. "I am as strong as any one; I'll carry this," said Jack, seizing the biggest bun-

dle. All followed his example, and fresh and full of life we started at a lively pace; but those bundles grew in weight as the day advanced.

Our path began in a lovely, fertile country of orange and coffee groves, and then led through a district where grew great tree ferns and palmetto trees, often festooned with strange creepers and brilliant vines. As we ascended the mountain slope we came to a forest of koa trees. These beautiful trees grow at an elevation of from 2,000 to 6,000 feet. Their foliage is dark compared to other Island trees, and the wood is beautiful in manufacture, taking an exquisite polish. It is nearly as dark as black walnut and is much harder. At the upper border of the forest, sandalwood trees were occasionally to be seen, their foliage glossy and their cymes of flowers exceedingly fragrant. Here also we enjoyed picking and eating as we passed the bright ruby-colored ohelo berry, and the gigantic raspberry called okala.

Just beyond the forest we camped for the second time, building a camp-fire, boiling our rice, and making our coffee. That scorched rice was a delicious viand, and never was coffee more refreshing. Tired out; we slept a dreamless sleep rolled in our blankets, undisturbed by the reverberations from the volcano, or the light from lava fountains.

Our trail now took us over the bare lava. We walked principally over the smooth lava **pahoehoe** fields, but occasionally crossed with great difficulty the rough fields of broken lava called **aa**. Nothing is more depressing than the monotony of barren lava fields. The gaze falls upon a limitless area of black, broken rocks, tossed into every position, as though a congealed ocean had been broken up by earthquakes. One can climb hour after hour without a change

in the surroundings. Strong and brave as the boys were, they drooped under the warm sun and heavy loads.

The point where the eruption took place was below the summit, at an altitude of about 11,000 feet, and toward that place we directed our course. We came in time to walk over a hot lava stream, which flowed beneath our feet, protected by the thick crust that soon forms when lava is exposed to the air. It was hot enough to burn the soles of our shoes, already badly cut by the keen, sharp rubble of the clinkers we had passed. Often the lava had run underneath the ground, and then hardening, left long, tunnel-like caverns, into which there was danger of falling. They were covered except where an arch above the cavern had fallen, leaving exposed a deep pit. These galleries extend for miles in length, and vary from eight feet to sixty feet in depth.

We were working our way with great energy, our eyes fixed on the strange view before us, where at a distance a cascade of molten lava poured down the mountain side. Suddenly, as Jack and I pressed forward, we heard a cry from the rear, "Alick has fallen into a pit!" and the quick command from Mr. R—, "Hurry with ropes, boys!"

We ran quickly back and found that Alick had fallen into one of those deep pits connected with the underground galleries. Its edges were concealed with grass. Jack was let down by a rope, which he fastened to the insensible form of our schoolmate, whom we soon drew to the surface. When he revived we found that he was partially paralyzed, and though he complained of no pain, he was badly hurt. Our native guides helped rig up a rude palanquin called **maanele**; and Mr. R—, with a number of the boys, started down the mountain side carrying our poor friend. It was decided that the rest should go on; and



with saddened hearts we resumed our toilsome way.

In front of us now yawned cracks and fissures of untold depth, and from some of them would rush out a cloud of steam with a loud blast. At last we were near the great cascade, a half mile wide, the molten lava falling a distance of a hundred feet. Fine threads of lava, like spun glass, were blown over us. Our guides explained to us that this was the hair of Pele; she must have torn her hair out and thrown it to the winds. We were also covered with glistening fragrant of lava, solidifying in the air and reflecting iridescent light. These lava stones grew dull in appearance with exposure to the air. Fountains of liquid fire were shot up with fierce explosions to the height of seven hundred or nine hundred feet from the great orifice above, falling again in a glowing spray into the pool below.

Besides the principal orifice of eruption there were other cavernous holes, from which issued steam and molten lava. We wished to visit one of these, and look into the depth of the seething cauldron. "Keep on the windward side, boys, or you will be suffocated by the vapor," called out Ben, who had visited a volcano before. It was needed advice, for while we were looking into the boiling depths the wind shifted, and we were driven back by suffocating fumes of sul-

phurous vapor. It was some time before I could recover my breath.

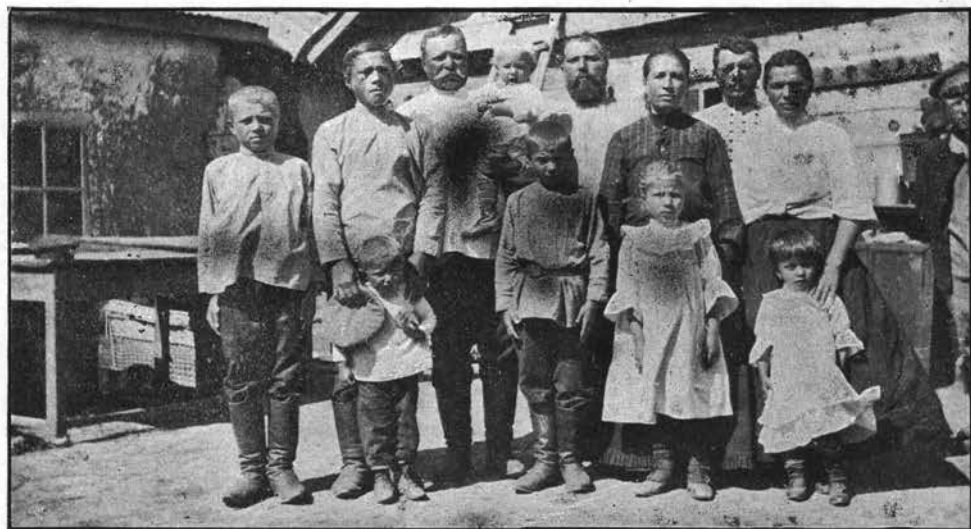
Here, amid these mighty wonders, we camped, seeing the volcano in all its majesty in the stillness of the night, "watched over by troops of stars." There is a feeling of isolation that creeps over one on a mountain's height, as the darkness of the night closes around, the shadows fall, and the clouds settle below our feet. This feeling was heightened by the scenes of awful grandeur and sublimity that surrounded us.

After camping for a time at this great elevation, we took our downward way, finding it very much easier to descend. When the lovely, tropical vegetation of Kona greeted our eyes, and we came into the land of the kukui, the banana, the orange, and coffee, our delight was mingled with apprehensions for the fate of our injured comrade.

Our forbodings were realized. The poor boy had been brought down only to die. Medical aid was of no avail, and he had quietly breathed his last.

This sad event darkened a trip that was otherwise one of the most interesting episodes in an eventful life. But the mind became a blank, and all emotion ceased as the Kekauluoki once more swayed and heaved in the Hawaiian channel, and Mauna Loa dipped below the horizon in unison with the swaying masts, and reappeared before my dizzy eyes, which saw it then for the last time.





*Some people of the city of Vladivostok.*

# VLADIVOSTOK

"Dominion of the East"

By K. K. KAWAKAMI

(Author of "Japan in World Politics," "Asia at the Door," etc. )

**V**VLADIVOSTOK, signifying "Dominion of the East," sprang into existence in 1861. Up to the year preceding, the vast Siberia littoral on the Japan Sea, as well as its hinterland, belonged to China. Yet China's hold upon these territories had been so weak that Russia found no difficulty in adding it, in 1860, to her own map.

Ever since its foundation, Vladivostok has essentially been a military and naval outpost. Its prosperity has been due to the enormous sums expended by the military authorities for its fortification, as well as to the presence of many thousands of men connected with the army and navy.

Vladivostok is one of the most strongly fortified cities in the world. The Shkot and Gololbin peninsulas, which

embrace the harbor, virtually bristle with guns. Russian Island, lying athwart the entrance of the harbor, is likewise formidably fortified, and was, before the outbreak of the recent war, garrisoned by a whole division of troops. To the west, along the Amour Bay, the line of fortresses extends for many miles; to the east even Ussuri Bay, almost ten miles away, is included in the scheme of defense. It is estimated that the entire lines of defense consist of seventy-six fortresses, mounting at least 580 guns.

As early as 1908, Mr. R. M. Hodgson, the British consul at Vladivostok, describing the port said: "The bulk of the foreign European population is German. Commercially speaking, the town is a German one. Not only the wholesale but also the retail business is in Ger-

man hands, and there is indeed only one Russian firm of real importance."

Before, and even during the war, this description was true with regard to other cities in Siberia. The Russians, easy-going and inefficient, are no match for the wily Germans in trade and commerce.

#### *Not all the Fault of the Russians*

In fairness, we must admit that the slow progress of Vladivostok as a commercial port is largely due to the severe winters with which it has to contend. Though its latitude is only a quarter of a degree farther north than that of Florence or Nice, its winters are as rigorous (if not more so) than those in Finland. For four months in the year, the harbor is ice-locked, when lanes must be opened for incoming and outgoing steamers by the constant employment of powerful ice-breakers. During the coldest months, the Fahrenheit thermometer often registers sixty to seventy degrees below.

Yet, in spite of such handicaps, the city, in the hands of an efficient and progressive nation, can be made infinitely more useful and prosperous. It has, as its background, the vast territories of Manchuria and the Ussuri and the Amour River basins, exceedingly fertile and capable of receiving and supporting many millions of settlers.

#### *Lack of Progress*

It is more than sixty years since the Russians took possession of the rich hinterland along the two great rivers, yet today flour and meat are so scarce in Vladivostok, that even in normal times, they have to be imported from Australia and the Pacific coast of America, more than five thousand miles away. And the significant fact is that the Pacific coast of America and Australia, which are sending provisions to the Siberian littoral, have been occupied by the Anglo-Saxons not much longer than the Siberian littoral has been occupied by the Russians.

#### *The Great Siberian Railway*

It is impossible to think of Vladivostok

without thinking of the great Siberian railway. This line from Vladivostok to the foot of the Ural Mountains, which divide Siberia from European Russia, is about 4,500 miles. The distance from Vladivostok to Moscow is 5,422 miles, and to Petrograd 5,838 via Moscow and 5,589 miles via Viatska. The usual time required from Vladivostok to Petrograd prior to the war was a little over eleven days and nights. There are three classes of trains on the Siberian line—express, mail and mixed trains. The mail train is managed entirely by the Russian Government, and is a little slower in speed than the express train. The mixed train, so called because it consists of passenger and freight cars, is the slowest and is poorly accommodated.

#### *Accommodation on the Siberian Train*

As far as accommodation is concerned, the mail train is almost as good as the express train. Both usually consist of six or seven carriages. On the express, next to the locomotive, comes the baggage and service wagon, then the restaurant car, followed by one or two second-class carriages, a first-class saloon, and a second-class car combined with an observation saloon. All are connected with covered gangways and are provided with vestibules as well as double windows and doors.

In the center of the first-class car there is a small saloon, with table, lounge, comfortable arm-chairs and the usual cross-seats. At each end are compartments for two and four passengers shut off from the gangway by curtains, whilst other coupes for two and four persons respectively have doors. Both first and second-class berths are equally well fitted, the upholstery covered with the best leather, and the seats convertible into beds by raising the backs and using the bedding, pillows and coverlets provided.

In the saloon of the restaurant there

are a piano and sheets of music; a library of a couple of hundred books, including books on Russia, Siberia and the Far East; Russian fiction and periodical literature. Chess, draughts and other table games are provided; cards may be played until 11 p.m. Each compartment has a detachable, convertible card- and dining-table, with a pillar-standard electric lamp which is hung up out of the way by day. The bath—hot or cold—costs three roubles. A lavatory is converted into a dark room fitted with ruby electric lamp, for the benefit of photographers, who may also have the use of a cabinet of trays, measures, fixing-baths and other apparatus free of charge.

The heating apparatus is efficient, and under complete control by regulators in each compartment. Thermometers are fixed inside each car and others outside. The ventilation is not so thorough, but in summer the temperature is reduced by admitting a down draught of cool air from the ice boxes carried on the roof of the dining-car and over the first-class saloon. The fittings of all the cars are excellent, the metal electroplated, and the paneling of the choicest veneers. In short, the express trains on the Siberian line compare favorably with the trans-continental trains in America.

#### *Trade in Eastern Siberia*

Vladivostok, with a population of 90,000, is by far the largest and most important city in the Russia Far East, as Irkutsk, with a population of 100,000, does not properly belong to Far Eastern Siberia. Other important cities in this region are Harbin with 80,000 population; Blagovestchensk with 70,000; Chita with 68,000; Khabarovsk with 54,000; and Nicolaivsk, 50,000.

In these Far Eastern cities foreign commercial interests must be careful to retain the goodwill of the Russian authorities if they are not to find them-

selves in an uncomfortable position. That was at least the condition under the old dynastic regime. Whether the new liberal government, when eventually well established, will alter this condition we have yet to see. Before March, 1908, Vladivostok was nominally called a "free port." Yet the Russian authorities there made no efforts to conceal the very obvious fact that they did not wish foreign business firms to establish themselves in the city. To emphasize this peculiar policy Russia did not, in those days, recognize foreign consuls in Vladivostok. The United States, England and Japan stationed there commercial agents, whose official standing in their respective home governments was that of consuls. Yet in the eyes of the Russian administration such agents had no prestige or authority commensurate to their rank at home. As a consequence, their work was beset with restrictions and disabilities. This unenviable position of foreign consuls was altered in 1908 when the government at St. Petersburg decided to recognize their official status.

And yet upon the heels of this sensible step came the closing of Vladivostok as a free port. This measure, imposing heavy duties upon imports, was directed mainly against American flour, which had been imported into the Siberian hinterland through Vladivostok to the annual value of 5,500,000 roubles. It was obviously the Russian idea to encourage the establishment of flour mills in the Siberian littoral, utilizing wheat produced in that region. Six wheat mills had already been established in Harbin alone by 1908. And yet the Russian idea of a self-supporting Siberia is today no nearer its realization than at its inception. Unless Russia adopts more efficient methods both in administration and in business the present unsatisfactory conditions must persist. This can never be brought about through Bolshevism.



*Natives of Siberia*

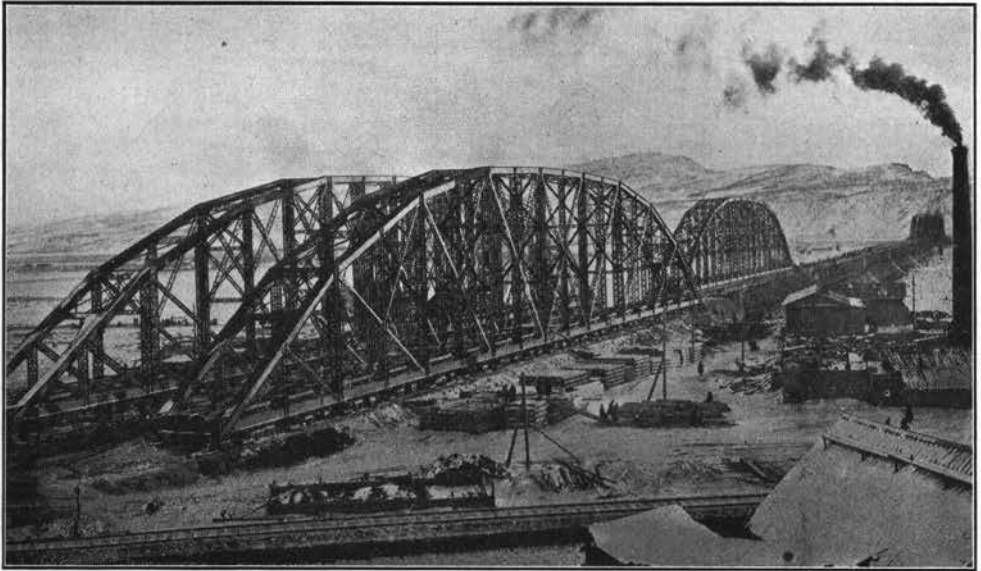
Ethnologically, the Russian Far East is an interesting subject of study. In the eastern section of Primorskaya province are found Gilyaks in considerable numbers, while the Orochis inhabit along its seacoast. On the lower Amour and Ussuri live the Goldi, Mangun and Semager tribes. Further up the Amour are found Orochons, Manyargs, Birars and Daurians.

In Transbaikalia, that is, the province east of Lake Baikal, the leading aboriginal races are the Buriats and Yakuts. The Buriats, numbering at present some 290,000, are still increasing. During the eighteenth century they were converted to Buddhism and were taught to read and write by priests from China and Mongolia. As a result illiteracy is much less common among them than among the peasants in European Russia.

These strange tribes of Far Eastern Siberia had undoubtedly remained for many generations in the savage state in which Muravieff, Veniuff and Nevelskoi found them in the middle of the past century. From this primitive state they have not appreciably deviated in the fifty

years of their contact with Russian civilization. Their habitations are tents of skin and bark. They lead a wandering life, migrating from place to place. Among them has developed little community of ideas and customs, each tribe speaking a language different from that of another. In appearance they are like the Indians of North America. Undoubtedly they belong to the Ural-Altaic family, for their dialects are Turanian. Naturally meek, they are nevertheless capable of becoming ferocious when their feelings are deeply stirred.

In former times these natives were comparatively well off, having large herds of reindeer and plenty of nets for fishing purposes. Now they have been reduced to poverty by the Yakut agents of the Russian merchants, and others, who have made them only too well acquainted with vodka, that insidious spirit which is dooming thousands of Russians every year. They soon become indebted to these ruthless merchants and agents, and in order to work off their debts, are obliged to devote all their time and energies to fox-trapping and collecting mammoth tusks.



*A Bridge on the Siberian Railway.*



*Mt. Popocatepetl.*

# Mexico's Natural Wealth

By LAZARO BASCH,

**D**URING the past few years there has been a great awakening and renewal of interest among Mexican producers, who are at last beginning to realize the immense possibilities of their wonderfully resourceful country, with its wealth of minerals, its vast stretches of virgin forests, its rich soil, as yet hardly scratched. The great strain of uncertainty and depression, mentally and economically, is gradually being lifted.

In consequence of this world-wide metamorphosis I feel it no exaggeration to say that very soon there will be adequate shipping facilities to export Mexico's surplus raw materials. These include a variety of agricultural products, notably the famous garbanzo bean, which is produced in such enormous quantities—the two states of Sonora and Sinaloa alone produce over a million tons annually—tropical fruits in endless variety, vegetables and the well known henequen

or sisal hemp. Then there are the vast mineral products of almost every variety known to man, sea food products of many kinds, fine cabinet woods of wonderfully lasting qualities; sugar, alcohol, etc. The next crops will be far in excess of domestic needs, the surplus product awaiting the first buyer.

The present Mexican administration is doing all in its power to help the farmer, especially he of the small holdings, in supplying him with all manner of agricultural implements and machinery, which are sold to him at cost and on long-credit terms. With the modern labor-saving machinery which America is supplying in Mexico, and its effect upon intensified farming, it is impossible to estimate the possibilities of this favored soil.

I frequently find that in discussing Mexican shipping, the average American business man has in mind only the Pacific Coast ports, notably Guaymas, Mazatlan, Manzanillo, Acapulco and Salina Cruz. We must not ignore the Atlantic Coast shipping possibilities, from the ports of Tampico, Vera Cruz, Puerto Mexico and Progreso, at the entrance to the immense territories of Quintana Roo, Yucatan, Campeche, Tabasco and Vera Cruz, all awaiting the happy day that shall give them a chance to export their treasures.

It is difficult to give an idea of the extent of the fine henequen produced in this region, the valuable and durable hardwoods, the tropical fruits, to say nothing of the immense petroleum regions, whose production is retarded only by the cruel lack of transportation. The petroleum industry, although it is as yet only in its infancy, now ranks second in production only to the United States, owing to the chaotic conditions which hamper that industry in Russia, formerly considered the world's greatest producer of petroleum.

Yet what can we do when the big American steamship lines do not think it worth their while to make stops at the important ports of Guaymas and Acapulco? It seems impossible to impress the high administrators of these overly independent companies that the crying need in Mexico today is for greater merchant marine facilities. Nevertheless no matter how active are the political agitators in general and the "coupon-cutters" and happy members of Wall street's "La Haute Banque" in particular in their efforts to belittle Mexico, she is striving with all her might and main to prove to the world her limitless resources, regardless of interference, obstacles and calumny.

Mexico needs everything that the United States manufactures. In consequence of the United States Government now returning thousands of industrial plants to their pre-war productions, and because of the myriads of returning soldiers, she will very soon feel the need of new fields wherein to dispose of her surplus products. How can this be more easily done than by means of boats plying on both coasts and stopping at all ports? Only show the producers that they may have a way to ship their product and opportunities will open on all sides.

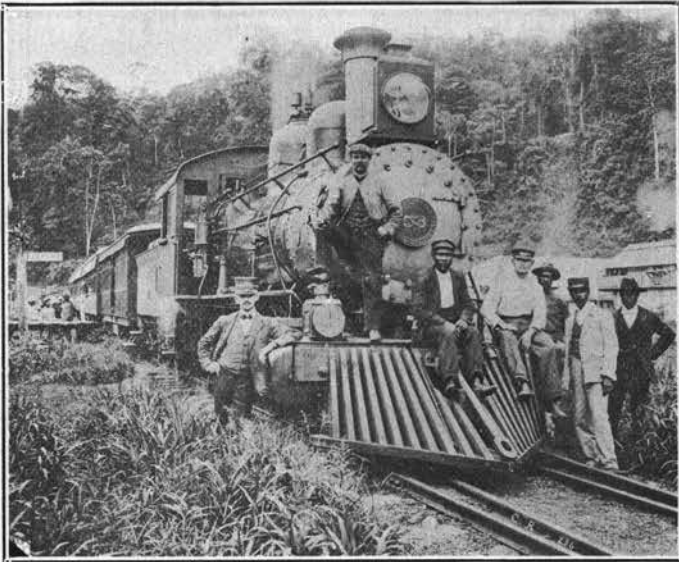
In behalf of the mutual benefits to both countries to be derived from such a course, I earnestly and respectfully ask the far-seeing directors of the steamship companies that now operate so indifferently between the United States and Mexico to take this serious matter under consideration. They could easily open new branches to care for these neglected ports. They might even combine to avoid competition. All we ask is that we get the service. It is a crying need; it is an indispensable necessity for the growth

and development of the commerce of both countries.

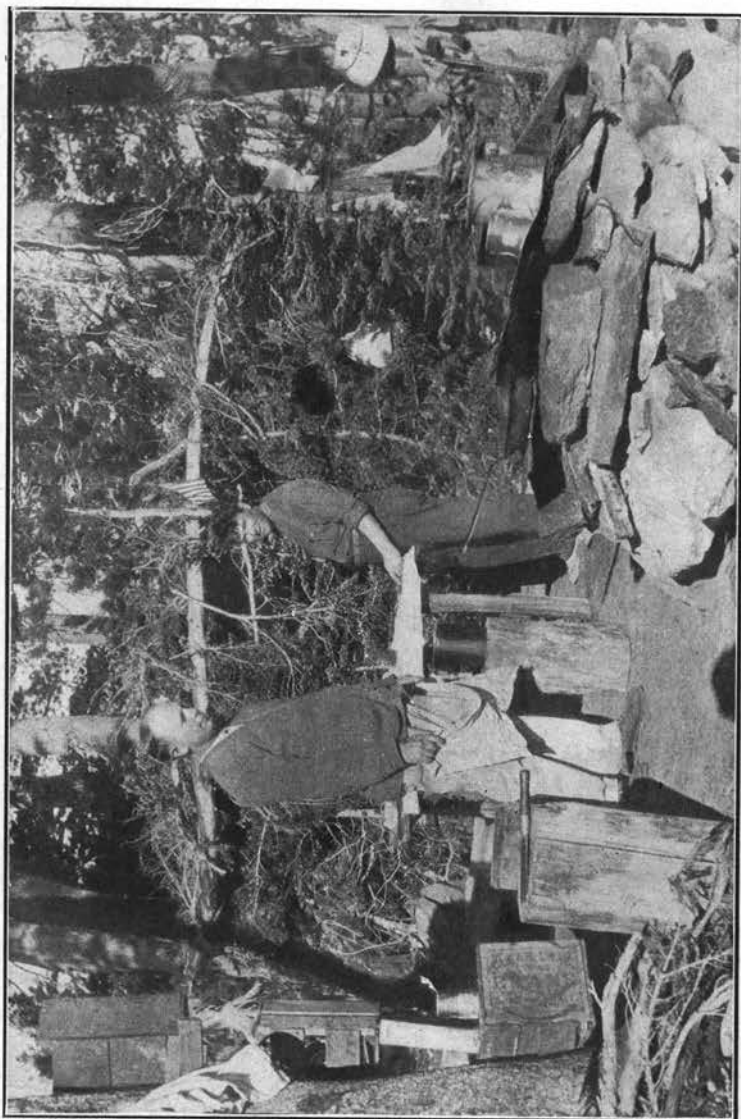
Coastwise shipping (cabotaje) is of great importance on both the Mexican coasts, particularly on the Pacific. A great traffic could be operated, for instance, from the two small ports of San Blas and Altata. From the latter is a railroad passing the famous sugar refinery at Novolato, center of a great agricultural region, and within a few hours of Culiacan, capital of Sinaloa. This small port of San Blas, which is the natural outlet for materials assembled at Tepic, capital of the new state of Nayarit. Products such as rice, tobacco and sugar are congested at these two ports and must await transportation by small boats to Mazatlan or Manzanillo, where

they must again be overhauled before they may be sent on to their final destination.

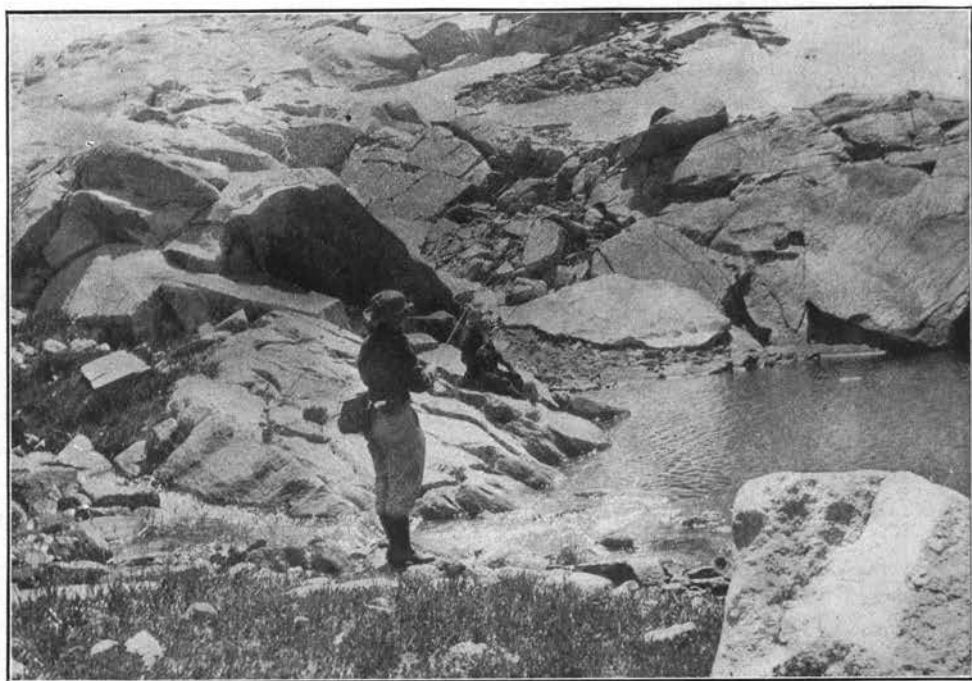
This congestion of merchandise leads to the desirability of establishing a coastwise shipping trade that could profitably employ 100 boats. These boats could make all the small ports, collect the goods assembled there and deliver them to the larger ports to be shipped away by the big steamers making regular stops at such places. Even if these small lines did not yield tremendous profits to the shareholders at first, they could be worked as a supplement to the large steamship lines and would be the trade salvation of the smaller producers who lack the facilities afforded by nearness to the larger ports.







*Camping about Lake Tahoe without the luxury of a guide is one of the summer pastimes of many California school teachers and others. There are good camping grounds everywhere.*



*Fishing in Fontonalis Stream.*

## Without Luxury of Guide

By ROSE M. BENNETT.

It was early September at Lake Tahoe. We were to go camping among the mountains, to a group of lakes called the Velmas, about 8,000 feet elevation and removed from the traveled trail by several miles of very rough country. Here we would build our camp at a central place and make hiking and fishing trips to the various points of interest. There was a wealth of country to be explored and photographed and unnumbered lakes and streams to be fished. We anticipated a delightful outing. The Indian we took to handle the pack horse. We did our own cooking and guiding and had the most profitable day when we got lost.

Everything was in readiness. The animal was packed and the Indian sat near him smoking, sullen and taciturn (he was really quite a cheerful individual), with the Chef keeping a close eye on both. In a small office off the recreation room, the Bookkeeper and the School Teacher were packing films in the latter's fish basket, while I sat—"loaded for bear"—and pounded out a duty letter on the typewriter. In the outer room a card party was in progress and over every one was an air of expectancy. It was after eight o'clock. At nine the moon would be up, and when the moon came up we started. Every now and then some one stuck his

head in the door and smiling pityingly asked: "All ready?" Then one of us or all of us would stop long enough to answer enthusiastically: "Oh yes, all ready," the winks would flash round and the packing and typing be resumed. Outside, the wind was blowing a gale, the trees moaned and creaked, and it was very cold.

I think public opinion would have forgiven us on the moonlight start on a long, hard mountain trip had the night been balmy, but with every sign portending storm and our preparations growing steadily in the face of the weather and all advice to the contrary, we lost favor. With us, it was go then or never, and the chance of going and being caught in a storm appealed much more to our sporting spirits than the dire calamity of staying and having the weather clear up. We could forgive ourselves the folly of the former, but of the latter—never.

The trail which we were to take follows the state highway around the head of the bay for a couple of miles towards the southern end of Lake Tahoe, branches off where the road crosses the moraine and begins to climb along a good dirt trail to a small lake, Granite Lake, at the base of the Maggies Peaks. We expected to reach Granite in two hours. Then the trail climbs again, crosses the divide between the two peaks, follows the hog's back until it begins its drop into the Velma Lakes region. It sounds simple enough, but only the School Teacher and I had been over the latter portion. One sunshiny morning we had raced each other to the lakes, giving scant attention to the trail, and now we had very secret doubts of our ability to keep on it at night. We had no fears of getting lost, but of causing ourselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble. As it was, the Chef held vague doubts about making the Velmas that night—which caused us to lie cheerfully and freely about the distance. When the trail begins its drop

from the hog's back all the qualifications of a good trail that it possesses up to this point are left behind. It enters a region of glacier worn granite and begins an erratic course, sometimes over the boulders, sometimes around, turning now abruptly to the right, now to the left, when it looks much simpler to the traveler to go straight ahead, ascending one minute, descending the next in the opposite direction, at all times leading off where you did not expect it would. It is fairly well "ducked" and where it goes through the timber has been newly blazed.

The films had been packed and very soon the School Teacher came back and said: "Moon's up." I grabbed my letter off the machine, scribbled an unreadable name at its abrupt end and went outside. Our going was very quiet, but quite a number had gathered to see us off and we were delayed to shake hands all round and laugh at a few pessimists. Our one approving friend accompanied us to the outskirts of the camp, wished us "good luck" and said she did not blame us a bit. With this cheering remark ringing in our ears we hit the trail.

The state highway lies some 500 feet above Emerald Bay. Very shortly we were looking down on the bay and Lake Tahoe beyond. Their waters were very rough and every little wave and spray caught the moonlight and sent forth again, scintillating a thousand lights. A few scattered clouds were racing across the sky and vanishing behind the Nevada mountains. The trees swayed and moaned in the wind and over everything the moonlight cast queer, wind-blown garbs, making strangers out of well-known landmarks. The night was very cold.

It was after eleven o'clock when we reached Granite Lake, with only a small part of our journey completed. The Chef wondered if it would not be a good place to camp for the night. We lied

hastily about the remaining distance and started the climb to the divide, which is in the neighborhood of 2,000 feet above Emerald Bay Camp. Resting for any length of time was out of the question. It was entirely too cold for one thing. For another, the School Teacher and I were anxious about that last piece of trail and wanted to make the lakes before the moon went down.

We started along the hog's back. The School Teacher and I were ahead, giving close attention to the trail, the Indian followed, and the Bookkeeper and the Chef went behind to encourage him. Very soon walking became a mechanical thing. We had all put in a full day previous to the start and were getting tired. I went ahead cautiously, using my flashlight only occasionally when the timbers were dense and I had to hunt for the next blaze with its aid. Conversation lagged. After awhile we stopped talking. I could feel the trail beneath me, and when the way looked doubtful ahead I closed my eyes to shut out distracting objects and trusted entirely to my feet. My eyes smarted with the continued unblinking staring at fantastic, unrecognizable forms which were casting their spell over me. Now and then, at some abrupt turn, I lost the trail. Immediately I sensed it, stopped and said: "I'm off the trail." Then the others would go forward to find it, while the Indian slept; the man who found it led for a while, but we very soon dropped back into the old arrangement.

Every now and then the School Teacher would whisper a caution, "Not so fast," or "We'd better rest." Every time we stopped I realized how very tired I was. I was in trim and the Chef and the Bookkeeper were not. I knew they must be feeling the trip much more than I; so we stopped only long enough to relax a moment, guarding against chill and stiffness. I was going along in a semi-hypnotic state, fascinated by the

grotesqueness of the trees and boulders in the waning moonlight and the crying of the wind in the pine tops, when suddenly all the shadows of the trees jumped from behind them and bowed to me. I gave a sharp exclamation, cleared the trail like a frightened horse and stood all attention, with my hand on the holster of my revolver. Everybody was awake. From the end of the train came the weary but game voice of the Bookkeeper: "What did you yell for?" and I answered disgustedly: "If you had seen what I saw, you would have yelled too." The School Teacher said dryly: "No doubt," so we took up the trail again and very soon fell into silence.

Presently the School Teacher came up to me: "It's twenty minutes to two. We should be there soon." I warned him not to tell the others the time, and quickened my pace, now wide awake. Shortly after that we came out of the trees and the third Velma lay before us. No soft reflections of moon-bathed trees in its water, none of the sense of warmth and intimacy which moonlight on the water so often gives, but an irregular green-grey expanse, broken by granite islands only a shade less green, and the black forms of the wind-tormented trees—cold, aloof. The trail follows the third and second Velmas for about ten minutes, crossing the stream on a log below the second to the place we planned to camp for the night. So tired were the two behind us that they did not see the lakes until the School Teacher, unable to stand their silence any longer, shouted back: "Say! What's the matter with you people back there, don't you see anything?" and to his intense chagrin the Bookkeeper questioned with utter indifference: "You mean the lake?"

When we reached the log crossing, it was easier to pack our stuff across than to find a place where the Indian could ford his animal without getting wet himself. Very soon we had a small



fire going in a rock fire-place to keep it from blowing away, and made coffee and toast and broiled bacon on the rocks; finding these things among the pack in the half light, partly through knowledge of where they ought to be, but mostly by touch and smell. The Chef had rolled up in a blanket as soon as we found a camping place and was immediately asleep. But the rest of us ate. Then the School Teacher covered the sleeping form of the Chef with a canvas in case of rain, fastening it down with rocks, and we turned in. It was three-thirty o'clock; the moon was just going down.

\* \* \* \* \*

At six o'clock I awoke, not suddenly but grudgingly, aroused by the abusive voice of the School Teacher calling names. I mumbled for him to go away, and pulled the blankets further over my head. But he persisted: "Get up; it's going to storm." I took a peek at the sky and leaped up. In the west, the sky was black and everywhere great clouds fled before the raging of the wind. The Chef and the Indian were pattering around the fire, the Bookkeeper joined them, and very soon the odor of frying bacon and hot coffee turned our thoughts from storm. We were in excellent spirits—even the Indian seemed to have thawed somewhat—and laughed a good deal at the weather and what the people of Emerald Bay Camp would be saying about us when they saw the sky. We ate a hasty breakfast and the work of the day began.

We had with us two pieces of canvas about ten feet square, the only things which we could use as protection against rain. So we had to build us a shelter. A small group of young tamarack served as excellent foundation. Saplings were fastened from tree to tree, forming an enclosure, and the whole banked up with boughs. It was built up to the first branches of the trees, not quite high enough to stand erect, but very com-

fortable, and roofed in the same way. So closely were the branches packed, that this shelter was practically wind proof, and could shed rain for a number of hours. With the help of the canvases we could keep our blankets and perishables dry. This done, we unfurled the stars and stripes over its narrow entrance, called it "Camp Wickie-Up" (whatever that may mean; reputed to be the Indian for "home"), and turned our labors to the erection of a fire-place where we could cook without danger from flying sparks, and the making of beds of fir boughs and skunk cabbage to keep the cold of the ground away from our bodies. Late that afternoon while the Bookkeeper and the School Teacher added touches of luxury, in the form of a table, log seats, nails and shelves, to our camp the Chef and I tried our luck fishing.

The Chef fished down stream while I whipped the eddies above the fourth Velma, at the head of the group. We brought back our supper and breakfast and the satisfying information that, although few in number, the trout in the streams were hungry and would take the fly without coaxing. There was little fishing in the lakes. This is true of all that country. There are big fish in the lakes, but they are wary and will not be enticed by the most life-like fly. Guides tell great tales of these fish in the back waters at spawning times: tales of fish of such weight and numbers that the listener is left breathless. But the good catches brought into camp are the smaller Rainbow and Eastern Brook, taken from the streams. While returning to camp I came upon a newly-blazed trail. About 1,000 feet above the fourth Velma are two beautiful lakes, Kalmia and Fontanalis (we had been told that fishing in Kalmia was very good), so I made a note of this trail going in their direction, found that it came out of the timber just back of camp, and

made my report to the others accordingly. We had already decided upon this trip for our second day out.

We got started early the next morning. The Chef, anxious to be off, left about five minutes before the rest of us. Our plans were to fish for a couple of hours, be back in camp for lunch, and try the first Velma in the afternoon. We had not gone very far before we discovered that the Chef had not gone ahead of us on the trail. We looked along the stream, shouted and shot to no avail. Either he could not hear us or had changed his mind about the trip. Although we know him to be a man used to the mountains, we held him in our thoughts all day. Late that afternoon, hungry and tired, when it looked very doubtful if we would make camp before dark, our viewpoint suddenly changed and we began to hope that the Chef was not worrying about us. As it worked out, we came into camp within five minutes of each other, about five-thirty o'clock, each having spent the day amid strange scenes speculating much as to what had become of the other.

The fault was, in a measure, mine. There were two freshly blazed trails back of camp, and in my intentness on the direction of the one I had failed to notice the other. The Chef followed the first he came to, which swung to the right around a mountain into the Rock-bound Valley, and he kept going, always expecting the lakes to appear ahead of him and the rest of us to appear on the trail behind him. In the meantime, we had picked up the other trail, which crosses the Velma lakes basin, turns abruptly to the left and climbs a divide into sight of Kalmia. Then we had left the trail and Kalmia and followed its outlet to Fontanalís. Between our way and the Chef's lay a range of red sandstone mountains, rising about 1,500 feet above us. Fortune that way favored the Chef. He did not know where he was

nor where we were, but he kept on a fairly good trail, and when he left it followed a stream and came back with his basket full of trout. In the meantime, having caught one fish in Kalmia, we started down to Fontanalís.

At Fontanalís our troubles began. I knew that at the other end of the lake a meadow led straight down into the flat where we were camped. I had been there. From where we sat on a twenty-foot bluff overlooking the lake it seemed much simpler to follow the upper side. The lake is a beautiful thing: great granite walls rise sheer from its surface, irregular, broken peninsulas of this same glacier-worn rock stretch their fingers towards the islands, piercing its ruffled surface. These rugged islands, with the gnarled trees twisting their roots among the crevices we saw and admired; of the peninsulas we got not an inkling until we were upon them. White caps everywhere flecked the water and along the rocky shore the waves broke like some miniature ocean.

After climbing over granite for some time going towards the meadow, we stood on a high place, mute. Stretching back in the direction we had come a long arm of the lake folded back upon itself, indifferent. Three such arms has Fontanalís, each one a lake in itself, with its islands, its inlet and outlet. And with every turn we found ourselves confronted by them. Once we forded a stream between two of them and stood hopeless of ever "getting out" before dark. Then it was that our thoughts of the Chef took a new angle. Looking in the direction of camp the distance was so short it was maddening. We were hungry and between the three of us we had five Eastern Brook, and with each climb onto some high place a new and inspiring view of that cursed lake spread out tantalizingly before us to be admired. Four hours of struggling over slippery granite, of wading streams, of reconnoi-

tering, and we reached the meadow. A few minutes later we were in camp comparing the contents of fish baskets. That string of the Chef's altered all our plans. There are other lakes in the mountains above the Velmas, as easily accessible as Kalmia Lake and with as good reputations, but we had had enough of lake fishing. For the rest of our trip we turned our attention to Rockbound Valley. True, we made short trips for exploration and photographing in different directions from camp, but our fishing interests were justified in Rockbound.

Its name does not describe Rockbound Valley as accurately at its upper end, as it might some other parts of this country. There are a great many more trees than are to be found in other sections of that granite region and one enclosing mountain is red sandstone. But further down the valley widens, the trees become sparse and no formation colors are seen to relieve the white of the granite until you come to the red mountain at the entrance of Hell Hole—a dozen miles away. We were constantly descending until we came to the stream flowing the length of the valley. Here each one received his portion of lunch, three o'clock was set for the meeting time, and the party separated for the day. The Chef and the School Teacher fished in opposite directions, the Bookkeeper took pictures, and I, having refreshed myself by a swim in a beautiful granite-lined, wind-protected pool, went on a tour of exploration. I crossed the stream and climbed the opposite mountain. Fresh deer tracks were everywhere. It was the first place we had seen signs of animal life. Other tracks, fox and coyote, were seen by the Chef. At the top of the ridge I looked upon a strange world. I had already seen much new country, but nothing had struck me as quite so un-

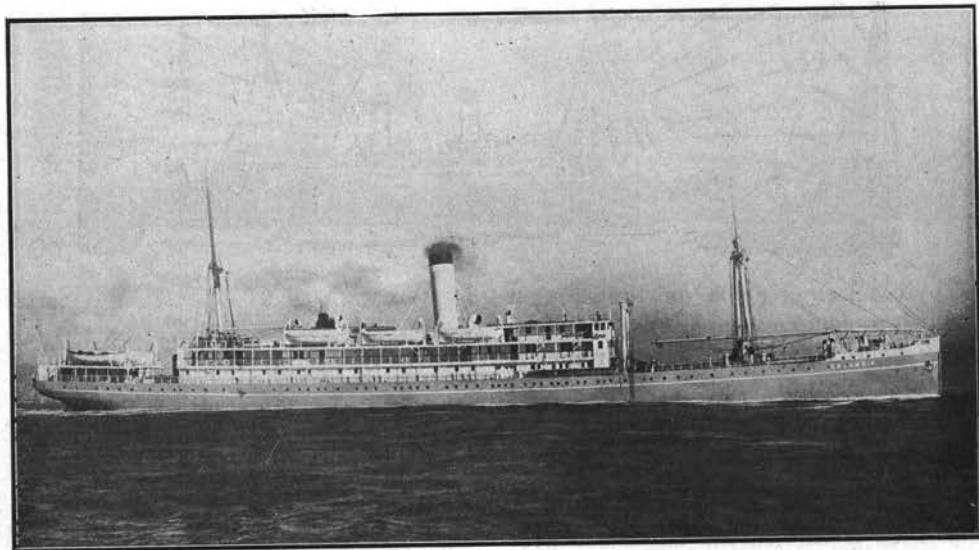
familiar. I was at a loss to explain it, until I returned to the others and in the telling got a clear image of the long line of virgin timber winding up the floor of the valley, the sheltered retreats filled with big trees, and the soft green meadows directly below me. For the first time in days I had looked upon a country free from granite—had seen trees in the glory of their full growth.

I came hurriedly down the mountain side—it was past the appointed meeting time—and over so much granite I wearied of its wonder, and stood upon the bank of the stream. From below me the cheerful voice of the School Teacher, berating the Eastern Brook because they lacked the "pep" of their more gamey brothers the Rainbow, floated up to me. It was his one complaint. His basket was full, and when I reminded him that but recently in the neighborhood of Fontanalis Lake I had heard him apostrophise one Eastern Brook as the most beautiful fish in the world, I had to leave my high perch for safety's sake. The Chef joined us with another full basket, and we went up the trail to where the Bookkeeper was waiting for us.

The next night we came into Emerald Bay Camp about seven o'clock and found ourselves again the center of interest. But this time having been entirely successful in our weather and in our fishing, we were no longer condemned but rather found ourselves in the center of a laughing, questioning group. Everybody talked at once, everybody wanted to do something for us, until at last, having consumed not two hours previous at Granite Lake a large quantity of beef-steak and a number of other things, at the insistence of the proprietor we went shamelessly into the dining room and as shamelessly sat before white linen and did justice to a second supper.

## Advertising Section

### The Pacific Mail Steamship Co.



The S.S. "Colombia" en route.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has not only resumed its service between San Francisco via Honolulu to Japan, China and the Philippines, but it is carrying the American flag by its direct steamers to India and to the Latin American Coast as far South as Panama, with connections beyond, all along the Pacific South American coast and with Europe.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company operates indeed the one "American Round the Pacific Line" of comfortable and modern steamers.

The vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company are all splendid passenger ships of 14,000 tons American registry. The new sister ships, "Colombia," "Ecuador," and "Venezuela" constitute the service to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Manila and Hongkong.

The "Colusa" and the "Santa Cruz" are the pioneers in the service to Singapore, Calcutta and Colombo via Manila.

A fleet of steamers maintains the service between San Francisco, Mexico, Central American ports and Panama.

For the Tourists or Shipper to almost any part of the Pacific, the new American vessels of the rejuvenated Pacific Mail Steamship Company offer inducements that are not being overlooked.

Some of the features for the safety and pleasure of passengers on these Pacific Ocean greyhounds are: wireless telegraphy and daily newspapers, watertight bulkheads, double bottoms, bilge keels, oil burners (no smoke or dirt), single rooms and rooms with two beds, two washstands in each room, as well as large clothes' lockers, electric fans and electric reading lights for each bed, spacious decks, swimming tank, Filipino band, veranda cafe, beautiful dining saloons large and small tables, and every comfort of modern ocean travel with the best cuisine on the Pacific.

The general offices of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company are at 508 California Street, San Francisco, California, with branch offices at Honolulu, Hongkong, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai and Manila while agencies and sub-agencies exist in almost every Pacific port, in all of the large cities of America and the rest of the world.

George J. Baldwin, President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is located at 120 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Daulton Mann, Assistant General Manager; W. A. Young, Jr., General Passenger Agent, at 508 California Street, San Francisco, California.





Toyo Kisen Kaisha is the largest steamship company operating between San Francisco, Japan and the Orient. It maintains fast and frequent service across the Pacific, following the "Pathway of the Sun" along the semi-tropic route, touching Honolulu. This is one of the most delightful ocean voyages in the world, as it carries the passenger over smoothest seas and, by touching at Honolulu, affords a pleasant break in the journey. The steamers of this line are of the most advanced types, having been built especially for this service.

The present fleet of the North American line consists of the following: **Shinyo Maru**, triple turbine, 22,000 tons; **Tenyo Maru**, triple turbine, 22,000 tons; **Siberia Maru**, 20,000 tons, twin screw; **Korea Maru**, twin screw, 20,000 tons; **Nippon Maru**, 11,000 tons, and **Persia Maru**, 9,000 tons.

The **Tenyo** and **Shinyo Maru** are sister ships of 22,000 tons displacement. They are driven by triple screw turbine engines which account for an utter absence of vibration for a speed of 21 knots per hour. These ships are as finely equipped in every detail as the best first-class hotels on shore, and leave nothing to be desired in service or table. The total length of the deck area measures almost a mile, giving ample opportunity for exercise and promenade.

In addition to these giant liners a number of cargo steamers are operated to take care of the freight business.

#### Trans-Pacific Service to South America.

In connection with the trans-Pacific service to North America, Toyo Kisen Kaisha also operates a line of steamers from Hongkong to Valparaiso (South America), via Moji, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, San Francisco, San Pedro (Los Angeles), Salina Cruz, Balboa (Ancon), Callao, Arica and Iquique. This is the longest regular service in operation by any Japanese steamship line touching American ports.

The steamers on this line are in through round trip service between China and Japan ports and Southern Chile via San Francisco and west coast ports of North and South America. Steamers call at San Pedro on their outward and homeward voyages to the Orient. These steamers are all new and of the latest type with saloon accommodations. In this fleet are the **Anyo Maru**, 18,500 tons; **Kiyo Maru**, 17,000 tons, and the **Seiyo Maru**, 14,000 tons.

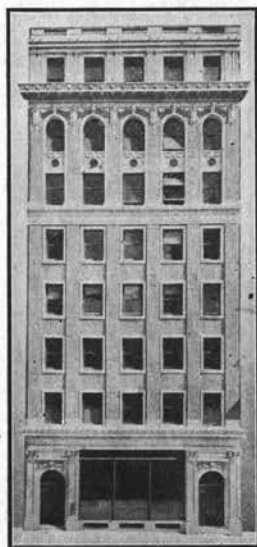
The passenger accommodations are midships, all rooms being located on the upper and bridge decks, thus affording plenty of light and ventilation. There are numerous baths and lavatories which afford ample accommodations for all passengers.

The Head Office of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha is in Tokyo.

The Honolulu office is in the Alexander Young Building. The office for America is in San Francisco, Cal., at 625 Market street; New York office, 165 Broadway.

## The Foreign Trade Club of San Francisco

W. H. Hague, Secretary, (Monadnock Building, San Francisco.)



*Orient Building*

The Foreign Trade Club of San Francisco meets every Wednesday evening in the lecture hall of the Merchants Exchange Building, to listen to some distinguished over-seas speaker, and to study the ethics of foreign export. Visitors to San Francisco are invited to the lectures.

Thomas W. Simmons & Co., with head offices on the ground floor at 240 California Street, is represented in the Foreign Trade Club by its vice-president, F. S. Douglas. This very important firm of International Merchants has branch houses in New York, Seattle, and Hong-kong. Specializing as it does in Oriental products, it has its own representatives in every large city from Yokohama, Japan, to Sourabaya, Java, and Bambok in Burmah. All codes used; cable address, "Simmons, San Francisco."

Mr. B. C. Dailey of the Foreign Trade Club, is the representative in San Francisco of the Overseas Shipping Company,

his office being in the Merchants Exchange Building (Phone Sutter 4459). This concern reserves space on Pacific vessels for its customers at lowest rates. is efficient, and handles all details in connection with applications for Government Export licenses. Other offices at 327 La Salle Street, Chicago; 17 Battery Place, New York; L. C. Smith Bldg., Seattle. Across-the-seas correspondents invited to write San Francisco office.

Banking and foreign trade go hand-in-hand. San Francisco boasts of some of the most interesting and historic banks in America. The Wells-Fargo National Bank is perhaps the best known of these. It was founded in 1852, a pioneer of the gold days, with a present capital and surplus of \$11,000,000 and assets of \$75,000,000. It has been foremost in building up the financial and business prestige of San Francisco, and has spread facilities for trade across the Pacific. Deposits of visitors and correspondence are invited, exchange is issued, collections and payments effected, and safe deposit boxes provided.

The home office of the Sperry Flour Company is in the Orient Building, 332 Pine Street, San Francisco, the headquarters of Pan-Pacific trade. A Sperry product, whether it be flour or cereal, will earn appreciation around the Pacific, because everything that men, method, and modern machinery can do to make it worthy of favor has been done before it appears on the grocer's shelves.

# Honolulu from the Trolley Car



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

In this beautiful tropical metropolis is found a most modern electric street railway system.

Its standard of operation, cleanliness of cars, and courteous conduct of employees are unequalled.

By its well defined system of trackage and free transfers, one is enabled to reach any part of Honolulu and its suburbs. Of the many places of interest to be seen by the tourist and resident alike, the following are a few of the more important:

**KAPIOLANI PARK**—with its beautiful tropical foliage, well kept grounds, zoo, lagoons, monuments, cocoanut groves and picnic grounds.

**THE AQUARIUM**—with one of the most marvelous collections of fish to be seen anywhere. To see the fish in this Aquarium is to believe that they are really "hand painted." It is only surpassed by the Aquarium at Naples.

**THE FREE BATHS**—where the traveler may take a dip in the warm, invigorating waters, and repose on the world famous "Beach at Waikiki."

**BISHOP MUSEUM**—a most interesting place with its wonderful Polynesian collection; models of bird and fish life; costly relics of Kamehameha the

Great; grass houses, and numerous other things impossible to see elsewhere.

**FORT SHAFTER**—with its parade grounds, thousands of soldiers and grand view of the surrounding territory.

**MOANALUA PARK**—The estate of the Hon. S. M. Damon. This is a treat. Japanese tea gardens; rare plant life imported from all parts of the world; public golf links; fish hatcheries; polo grounds, and picturesque lily ponds.

**NUUANU VALLEY**—Famous the world over for its beautiful homes, Country Club, golf links and historic hills.

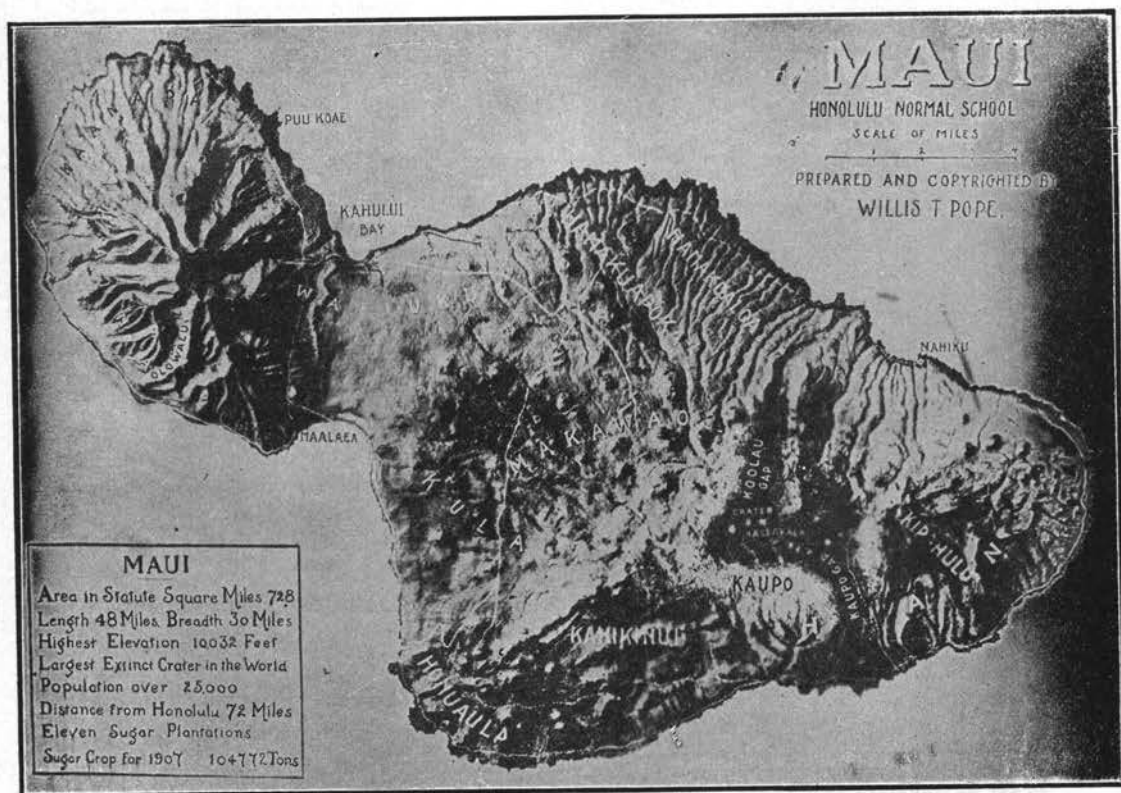
**PUNAHOU ACADEMY**—The oldest institution of its kind west of the Rocky Mountains. The missionary school of early days, now Honolulu's most modern seat of learning.

**MANOA VALLEY**—With its wonderful rainbows, liquid sunshine, grand waterfalls, and picturesque homes.

**KAIMUKI**—A thriving suburb; a city of homes! Grand view of Koko Head, and the extinct volcano of Diamond Head, the "Gibraltar of the Pacific."

**MOUNT TANTALUS**—With its shady trails and grand view of the city of Honolulu and surrounding country.

# The Island of Maui



*Map by courtesy of Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd.*

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

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

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

In addition to their extensive sugar plantations, they are also agents for the following well-known and strong insurance companies: Springfield Fire & Marine Ins. Co., American Central Insur-

ance Co., The Home Insurance Co. of New York, The New Zealand Insurance Co., General A. F. & L. Assurance Corporation, Switzerland Marine Insurance Co., Ltd.

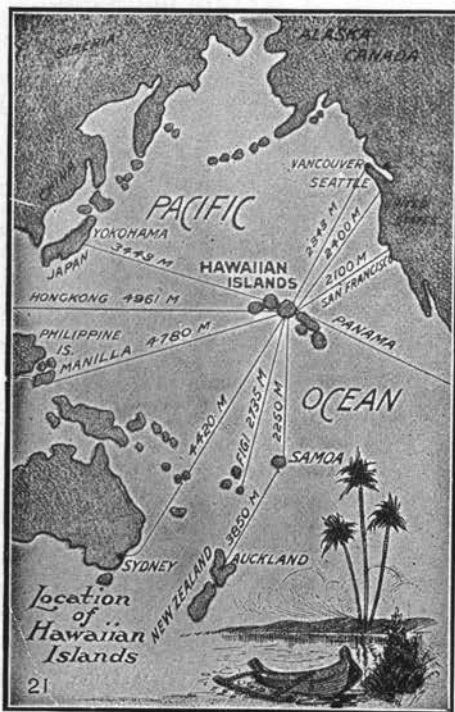
The officers of this large and progressive firm, all of whom are staunch supporters of the Pan-Pacific and other movements which are for the good of Hawaii, are as follows:

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

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



# The Island of Kauai



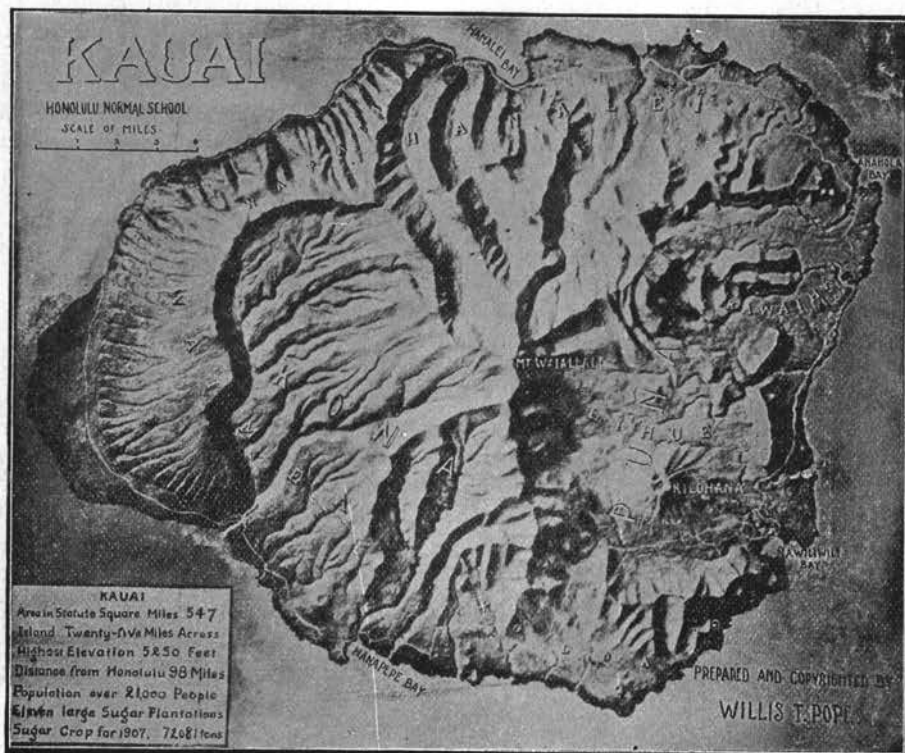
Maps by courtesy of Castle & Cooke, Ltd.

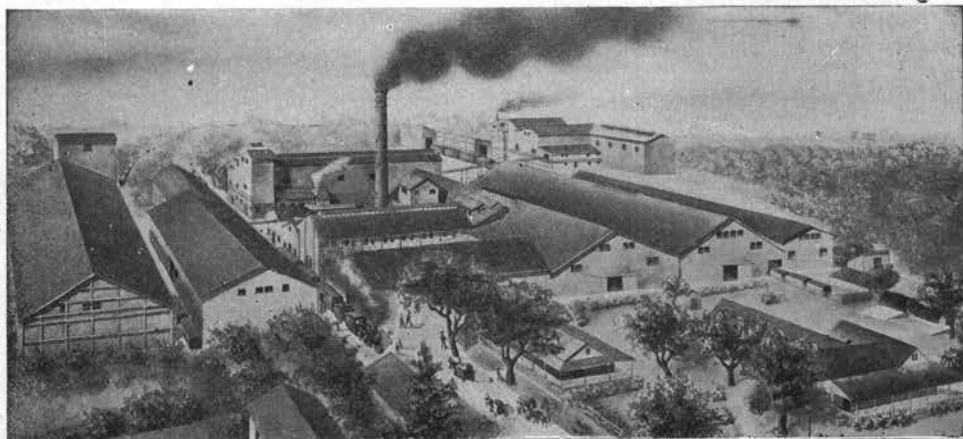
## TO SAN FRANCISCO AND JAPAN.

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

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

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





### FERTILIZING THE SOIL.

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

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

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

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





Exterior



Interior.

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

## Electric Lighting in Honolulu

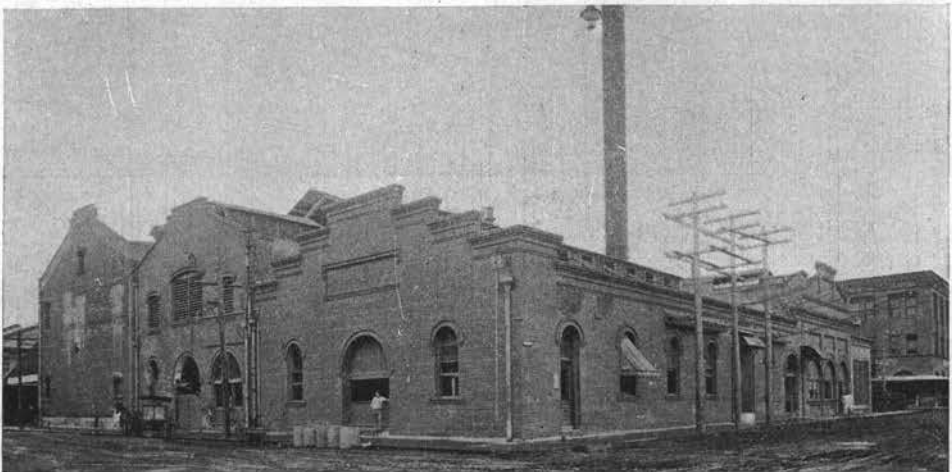


The general offices on King Street.

### THE HAWAIIAN ELECTRIC CO.

**I**N HONOLULU electricity costs eight cents per kilowatt, for the first two kilowatts per month, per lamp, and six cents thereafter. From the Hawaiian Electric Company plant, power is furnished to the pineapple canneries (the largest canneries in the world) to the extent of seven hundred horse power, with another two hundred

and fifty horse power to the Federal Wireless Station, fifteen miles distant, besides current for lighting all private residences in Honolulu, as well as for operating its own extensive ice plant. A line has also been built to furnish light and power to the great army post of Schofield Barracks, twenty miles distant from Honolulu.



The power house and ice plant.



# The Trust Company in Hawaii



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

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

with foreign markets and world conditions.

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

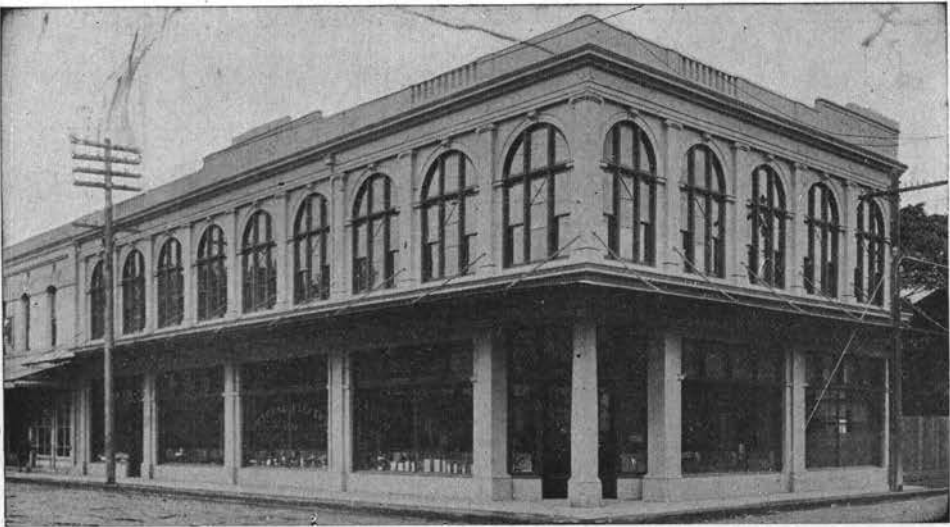


The Trent Trust Company, though a comparatively young organization, is one of the most popular financial institutions in the Islands. Organized in 1907, it has already doubled its capitalization to \$100,000. According to the last statement its capital undivided surplus amounted to \$188,788.51, and its gross assets to \$538,067.55.

The company is efficiently organized

to handle the work of Manager of Estates, Executor, Fiduciary Agent, and Agent for Non-Residents. It has the following departments: Trusts, Investments, Real Estate, Rents, Insurance, and Safe Deposit.

The Trent Trust's offices are located on the ground floor of 921 Fort Street, the principal business thoroughfare of Honolulu.



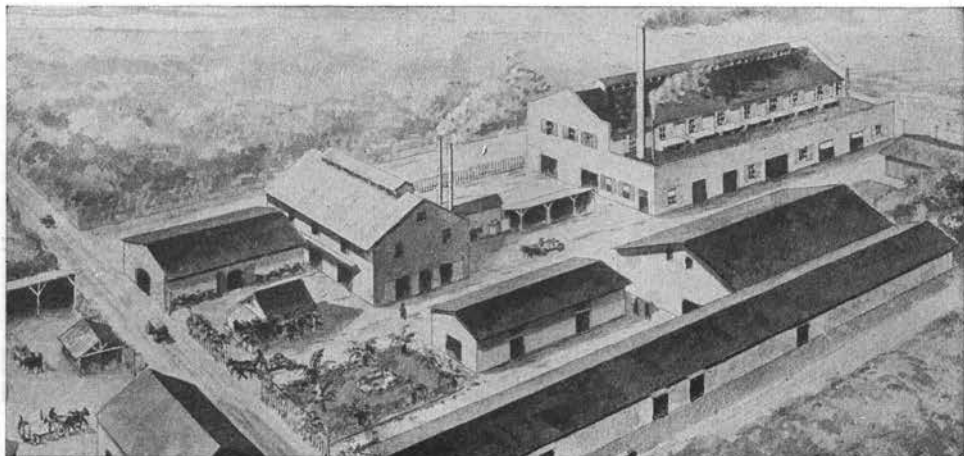
The Catton, Neill Building, Honolulu. Also the home of the General Electric Co. in Hawaii.

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

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



E. O. Hall & Son Building, Fort and King Streets.



### HOME FERTILIZING.

The **Hawaiian Fertilizer Company** stores its fertilizers in the largest concrete warehouse west of the Rockies. The works of this company cover several acres near Honolulu. The ingredients are purchased in shipload lots, and the formulas adopted for the different plantations for

their fertilizers are made up at the works of the Hawaiian Fertilizer Company. The chemists analyze the soil and suggest the formulas. For the small planter this company makes special fertilizers, and the gardens of Honolulu are kept beautiful by the use of a special lawn fertilizer made by this company. Fertilizing alone has made Hawaii the garden of the Pacific.

### THE WORLD'S FIRST TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

The Mutual Telephone Company of Honolulu is the outgrowth of the first house to house telephone system in the world, installed in Honolulu in the late seventies. This company has lately led the world in telephone improvements, was the first to install a commercial wireless system of telegraphy (between the Hawaiian Islands), and is preparing to link up its exchanges on the different islands of the group by wireless telephony, as soon as this mode of communication is perfected.

The present Mutual Telephone Company was incorporated in 1883 and used the old manual switchboard until 1909, when it was reorganized and the Automatic telephone system installed, which has proved the most satisfactory of any in the world, making it possible in cosmopolitan Honolulu for the many men of many Pacific races to call each other without having to strive with "Central."

So rapid was the increase of subscribers after the Automatic installation that it became necessary to build and equip two new exchanges, one in Kaimuki and the other at Kalihi. Moreover the wireless service to the other islands being under control of the Mutual Telephone Company, as well as the telephone systems of the islands of Maui and Hawaii, it has become possible to send and receive messages between the islands by phone, and even cable messages are usually sent out over the phone before the official message is delivered.

Australia sent a commission to Hawaii to study and report on the Honolulu Automatic exchange, and has since adopted the Automatic. At present the Inter-Island Wireless system is under lease to the Federal Government, but the Mutual Telephone Company is going ahead with its improvements of service on each of the three larger islands: Oahu, Maui and Hawaii.

# Banking in Honolulu



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

The Bank of Honolulu, Ltd., located on Fort street, is an old established financial institution. It draws on the principal parts of the world, issues cable transfers, and transacts a general banking business.



THE BANK OF BISHOP & CO., LTD., popularly known as the "Bank of Superior Service", and the largest bank in the Islands, was organized in 1858 and until its incorporation in 1919, was known as The Banking House of Bishop & Co. It has a Paid up Capital of One Million Dollars and a Surplus Fund of \$250,000.00.

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

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

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

THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, a branch of the famous Japanese institution, with a subscription capital of \$24,000,000 and a paid-up capital of \$15,000,000, occupies its magnificent new building at the corner of Merchant and Bethel streets, opposite the postoffice and Bishop & Co. It is the most up-to-date fireproof building in Hawaii, the interior being finished in bronze marble.

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





### THE BUILDERS OF HONOLULU.

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

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

The Pacific Engineering Company, Ltd., with spacious quarters in the Yoko-

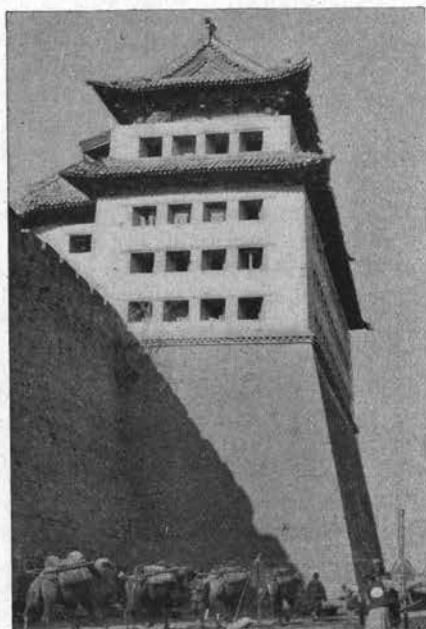
hama Specie Bank Building, Honolulu, are engineers and constructors of buildings of every kind, from the smallest private residences to the large and imposing business blocks. Being made up of some of the most prominent men in the Islands it is not surprising that it secures some of the large and important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

The Oahu Ice and Electric Company supplies the Army in Honolulu at a cheaper price than the United States Government can buy ice in Alaska. The works and cold storage rooms are in the Kakaako district, but a phone message to 1128 will answer every purpose, as the company has its auto delivery trucks.

Old Kona Coffee is considered by connoisseurs to have a delicious flavor all its own, and is the real Hawaiian coffee. The best of the annual crop is secured and aged by the McChesney Coffee Company on Merchant Street, Honolulu, phone 2717. Mail orders of pound to five-pound sealed cans are packed with the aged Kona Coffee and sent to friends or customers on the mainland.

# ASIA

The American Magazine on the Orient



ASIA discusses the most immediate and far-reaching Eastern policies. Its articles inform as well as delight you.

The Ancient East with its philosophy, religion, art and commerce is coming into its own again.

Let your family grow up with ASIA which unfolds to them the snow-capped Himalayas, the long sweep of the Yangtse and the wide steppes of Siberia.

Asia gives you a better understanding of world events and world problems.

*Germany's dream of Asiatic domination is over.*

Now America awakens to its new position as a great world power—requiring all the genius of its people to understand and solve the difficulties of international politics and world organizations, as well as to accept the vast possibilities now presented for material achievement thru foreign commerce.

The basis of such understanding is

knowledge—a knowledge born out of sympathetic and vital interest in the life and development of other races. America must understand the Orient if a League of Nations or any kindred plan of international co-operation is to succeed. *America must know the Orient if the present period of material progress our country is now entering—the period of great foreign commerce and shipping—is to shine as brilliantly as the years of magnificent internal development we have seen.*

ASIA brings monthly into your home or office the Orient's contributions to art, and industry, commerce and wealth, religion and thought, and the part it is to play in the progress of civilization and world peace.

ASIA is not on general sale. The best way to receive it is through membership in the American Asiatic Association. Singly ASIA sells for 35 cents. Through membership you receive ASIA for one year and save \$1.20.

Sign and return the application form at once for the special offer.

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 : invaluable map of Asia, 34 x 38 :  
 : inches, showing economic resources. :  
 : Name ..... :  
 : Address..... :  
 : Business or Profession..... :  
 : : : : : : : :

## Round About Honolulu

Chambers Drug Store, Fort and King Streets, is the actual center of life and activity in Honolulu. Here at the intersection of the tram lines, the shoppers, business men, and tourists await their cars, chatting at the open soda fountain, that is the feature of the Chambers Drug Store. Here the tourist or stranger is advised as to the sights of the city, and supplied with any perfumes, candies or drugs he may need during his stay. Chambers' Drug Store is one of the institutions of Honolulu. Phone No. 1291.

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

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

The Thompson Optical Institute is just what its name implies, and occupying a location on Hotel Street opposite Bishop Park and the Young Hotel, it is convenient to all. Here the eye is tested and here all kinds of lenses are ground and repaired, for the Thompson

Optical Institute is the most complete place of its kind in Hawaii. The glasses of visitors are quickly repaired, and those of residents kept in order.

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

Whatever you do, do not fail to visit the wonderful Oahu Fish Market on King Street. Early morning is the best time for this, when all the multi-colored fish of Hawaiian waters are presented to view and every nationality on the islands is on parade inspecting. Mr. Y. Anin is the leading spirit and founder of the Oahu Fish Market, which is a Chinese institution of which the city is proud.

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

THE SWEET SHOP, on Hotel Street, opposite the Alexander Young, is the one reasonably priced tourist restaurant. Here there is a quartette of Hawaiian singers and players, and here at every hour may be enjoyed at very reasonable prices the delicacies of the season.

The Thompson Optical Institute is just what its name implies, and occupying a location on Hotel Street opposite Bishop Park and the Young Hotel, it is convenient to all. Here the eye is tested and here all kinds of lenses are ground and repaired, for the Thompson Optical Institute is the most complete place of its kind in Hawaii. The glasses of visitors are quickly repaired, and those of residents kept in order.



The Honolulu Construction and Draying Company has its main offices at 65 Queen Street. This concern has recently absorbed two of the leading express and transfer companies, and has also acquired the Honolulu Lava Brick Company. It is making a success of its enterprises. Phone 4981.

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

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

The city's great furniture store, that of J. Hopp & Company, occupies a large portion of the Lewers & Cooke Block on King Street. Here the latest styles in home and office furniture arriving constantly from San Francisco are displayed

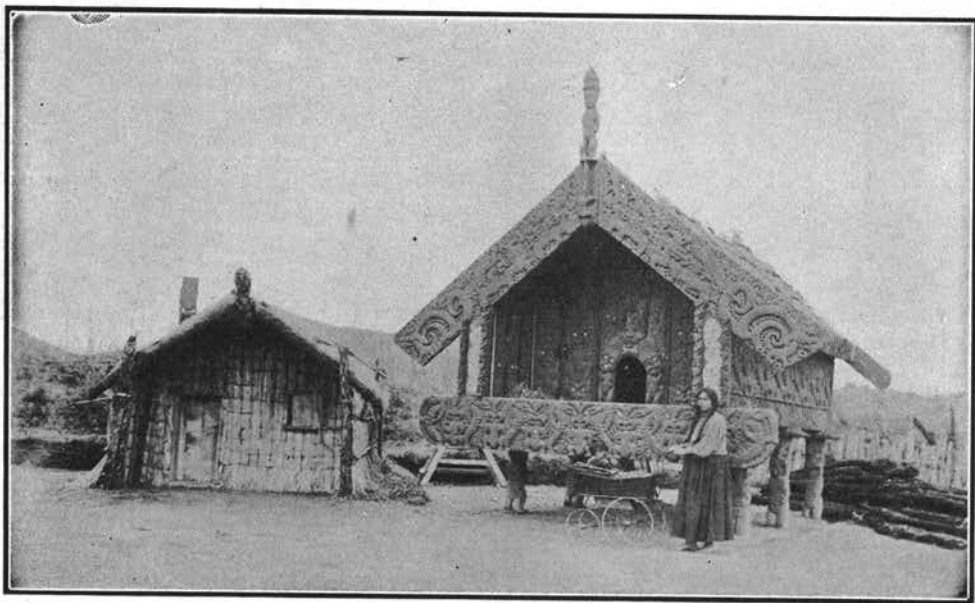
on several spacious floors. Phone No. 2111.

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

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



## Wonderful New Zealand



Native New Zealanders at Rotorua.

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

New Zealand was the first country to perfect the government tourist bureau. She has built hotels and rest houses

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

## New South Wales

New South Wales is a veritable treasure ground for those in search of a healthful holiday. Its varied topography is responsible for a wealth and diversity of

Caves, ranking among the most marvelous of the world's phenomena, as well as numberless resorts by mountain, valley, lake, river and ocean, are easy of access



GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU  
Challis House, Sydney, N. S. W.

scenery. Its climate is ideal. The normal conditions throughout the year are bright blue skies and sunny days.

Kosciusko, Australia's highest mountain, and the oldest known land surface on the globe, with its endless opportunities for sport all the year round, Jenolan

from Sydney, and possess, in addition to natural charm, elaborate tourist facilities.

Write for illustrated literature and tourist information to E. H. Palmer, Superintendent, Government Tourist Bureau, Challis House, Sydney, N. S. W.

## South Australia and Tasmania

### SOUTH AUSTRALIA

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

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

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

### TASMANIA

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

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

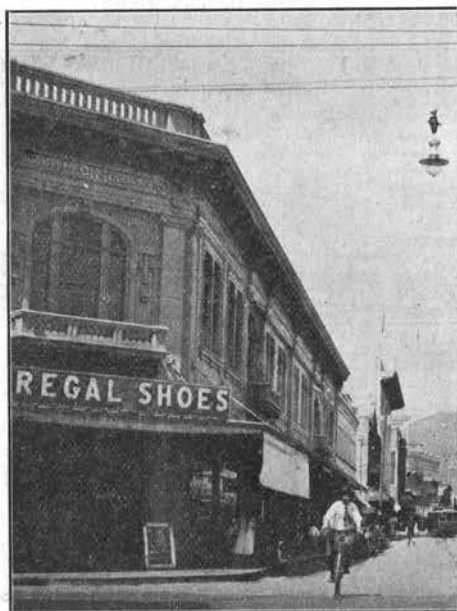
The lakes and rivers are nearly all stocked with imported trout, which grow to weights not reached in other parts of Australia.

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

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

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

## Honolulu



THE REGAL.

Occupying one of the most prominent corners in the shopping district of Honolulu the Regal Shoe Store, at the corner of Fort and Hotel Streets, is a distinct credit to the American progress in these islands. The stock in this store has been carefully selected.

Jordan's, on Fort Street, is the store of bargains in silks, besides every kind of women's wear and notions. The store has just been remodeled and the finest display windows put in position, so that they have become THE attraction on the Waikiki side of Fort Street. There is usually a sale in progress, for this oldest store in Honolulu has become the most enterprising and up-to-date under a new management that is all energy and judgment.

## Japan

The Japan Magazine is a Representative Monthly of things Japanese. The Japan Magazine is published in English and has as contributors Japanese Authors, Statesmen and Scientists, who are authorities on the subjects with which they deal. The Magazine is distinctively Japanese in form, printed on Japanese paper, and handsomely illustrated with half-tones on art paper. The Japan Magazine maintains a high standard of excellence, portraying Japanese Life, Literature, Art, Industry, Politics, Commerce and Civilization, frankly and accurately representing the nation's progress, past and present.

One Number of The Japan Magazine is equal educationally to a Year's Membership in the Asiatic Society of Japan.

On sale at Brentano's, New York City, A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill., Smith & McCance, Boston, Mass., Aoki Taiseo-Do, San Francisco, Cal., and Yorozu & Co., Sacramento, Cal., or send direct to The Japan Magazine Company, Tokyo, Japan.

Subscription: 6 yen a year, post paid, single copies 50 sen.

Proprietor:  
Shigenobu Hirayama.

Editor:  
Dr. J. Ingram Bryan.



# Entertainment In Honolulu



The Island Curio Co. on Hotel St., opposite the Alex. Young Hotel, is Hawaii's oldest, largest and most reliable Hawaiian and South Sea Curio establishment. D. A. McNamarra, Prop.

**The Liberty**, the **Bijou** and the **Empire** are the three large theatres in Honolulu providing either film features or dramatic performances. The Liberty is one of the finest theatres in the Pacific, and is well worth a visit on account of its art collection alone.

**The Hub** is the reasonably priced clothing store in Honolulu, Clifford Spitzer is manager, and for a decade has studied the supplying of men in Hawaii with suitable clothing and men's furnishings. A new store has just been completed for the Hub, at 69-71 S. Hotel St., nr. Fort.

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

**The Colonial**, palatial house and grounds, 1451 to 1473 Emma street, in the most beautiful section of the city within a few moments' walk of the business center or

the hills, on the car line. Rates from \$50 a month up, \$3.00 a day; perfect hotel service. Miss M. Johnson, Manager, Phone 2876.

## The Land of the Lanai.



**HALEKULANI**, Hotel and Bungalows, 2199 Kalia Road, "on the Beach at Waikiki." Famous hau tree lanai along the ocean front. Rates, from \$3.00 per day to \$75.00 per month and up. Clifford Kimball, Manager. Phone 7130.

**The Donna**, 1262 to 1286 Beretania St., phone 2480; rates \$47.50 a month up, or \$3.00 a day. This series of cottages, bungalows and homes, in the heart of the residence district, is on the direct car line to the city or the beach, its splendid management for years has made it known everywhere about the Pacific.

**The St. Elmo**, 1065 Punchbowl Street, is opposite the Public Library, and near the Palace. The grounds are spacious and shady, altho practically in the heart of the city. The rates are \$2.50 a day, \$45.00 by the month, and special rates for permanent guests.



The Alexander Young Hotel (under same management as Moana and Seaside Hotels).

## Honolulu for the Tourist

"Jeffs" is the word most familiar to every society leader in Honolulu. From the start "Jeffs" took its place as the high class woman's outfitter in Hawaii. The large spacious store at Beretania and Fort streets lends itself splendidly to the displays direct, even now, from Paris as well as from New York.

Home designs are a specialty at "Jeffs" It was "Jeffs" design for the Waikiki bathing suit that was adjudged by the vote of the people to be the prettiest and most suitable bathing suit for the tropics.

Not only are the leaders of fashion in Hawaii outfitted at "Jeffs" but tourists and visitors quickly find their way to this most interesting exhibition of the latest fashion models of the American metropolis.

The prices at "Jeffs" are in accord with the after-war purse. This house has its head office at 1170 Broadway, New York, and the Honolulu branch is the distributing center for the entire Pacific.

**The Office Supply Company**, on Fort St., is the home in Hawaii of the Remington Typewriter Co., and of the Globe-Wernicke filing and book cases. Every kind of office furniture is kept in stock, as well as a complete line of office stationary and every article that the man of business might need.

If you have films, or need supplies, the Honolulu Photo Supply Company, Kodak Headquarters for the Territory, on Fort Street, develops and prints within a few hours, when necessary, at a special rate. All photo supplies, films, film packs, plates, cameras, island scenes, photographs — everything photographic — always in stock. Fresh films, packed by the factory, in handy sealed tins for use in the tropics, without extra charge. In

most instances, prices are the same as on the Mainland.

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

The Home of Linens, Ltd., in Honolulu, formerly Whitney & Marsh, Ltd., is in the very center of the shopping district on Fort street.

Here will be found the largest assortment of linens in the Territory, also Ladies' Home Journal patterns, La Camille lisle and silk hosiery, ready-to-wear and underwear, and a general line of household dry goods.

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

"The Blaisdell" is the newest and most up-to-date hotel in Honolulu. It is run on the European plan, being situated in the heart of the city, (Fort Street and Chaplain Lane). It is near all the downtown clubs, cafes, and restaurants. The rates are moderate — running water in every room. Public baths as well as the private, have hot and cold water. Telephones in all the rooms, elevator and pleasant lanais.

# Progressive Honolulu

## THE LIBERTY HOUSE

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

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

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

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

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

## THE B. F. DILLINGHAM CO., LTD.,



The Insurance Department of The B. F. Dillingham Co., Ltd., represents all lines of insurance, being agents for a number of the best and most reliable insurance companies in America.

Few there are in all America who have not had friends and relatives benefited through policies in the Aetna Life Insurance Company, and affiliated companies, the Aetna Casualty and Surety Co. and the Automobile Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn. These insure you in case of accident, ill health, liability, and even workmen's compensation, while your automobile is totally insured against fire, theft, collision, loss of use or damage of any kind to any part of the machine.

In the matter of life insurance the B. F. Dillingham Co., Ltd., has arranged to offer policies in the safest and surest American concerns, among those in which it offers excellent policies are the West Coast San Francisco Life Insurance Co.

In fire insurance, the Hartford, Conn., is perhaps the best known of American fire insurance companies, the Phoenix Fire Insurance Co., Providence-Washington, New York Underwriters and the Atlas Assurance Co., Ltd., all of which concerns the B. F. Dillingham Co., Ltd., represents in Hawaii.

Life, fire, marine, automobile and every kind of property insurance is underwritten by the B. F. Dillingham Co., Ltd. A generous portion of its office space in the Stangenwald Building on Merchant street, Honolulu, is given over to the insurance department.



The Hawaiian Pineapple Planters' Association, with executive offices in the Kauikeolani building, Honolulu, has brought the canners as well as the planters of pineapples together in Hawaii to maintain the world standard that has been the pride of the producers of Hawaiian brands of canned pineapples. Suited by soil and climate, Hawaii, from the first planting, began to produce pines that for canning and preserving purposes became the world standard of excellence, so that today Hawaii is better known on account of "Hawaiian Pineapples" than on almost every civilized table, than even for her ukulele and music. The men at the front are enabled through the united work of the Hawaiian Pineapple Planters' Association to have the canned, or tinned in Europe, Hawaiian pines in the trenches.





# FACTS ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES

Provided by the Manila Merchants' Association

## AREA

The total area of the Philippine Islands is 120,000 square miles made up as follows:

	Sq. Mi.
Commercial forest.....	61,000
Non-commercial forest.....	11,000
Cultivated land.....	14,000
Grass land.....	20,000
Unexplored and other smaller islands .....	14,000

Total ..... 120,000

The cultivated lands include:

	Acres
Rice .....	2,189,000
Abaca (hemp).....	1,236,000
Coconuts .....	680,000
Corn .....	1,070,000
Tobacco .....	145,000
Sugar Cane .....	444,000
Maguey .....	76,000
Cacao .....	2,600
Coffee .....	2,000

## REAL PROPERTY

The assessed value (in U. S. currency) of taxable real estate of the islands is as follows:

Manila (15,577 parcels).....	\$ 52,017,000
Total real estate outside of Manila .....	146,090,000
Maximum tax rate Manila.....	1½ per cent
Maximum provincial tax rate	⅞ per cent

Allotted as follows:

- ⅛ per cent Roads and Bridges.
- ¼ per cent Municipal Prim. Schools.
- ¼ per cent Municipal, General.
- ¼ per cent Provincial, General.

There is no personal property tax.

## POPULATION

The total population of the Philippines is estimated to be 10,000,000, of which about 900,000 belong to the non-Christian or uncivilized tribes. Manila has a population of 271,800, made up as follows:

Americans (outside of Army and Navy) .....	5,000
Filipinos .....	236,900
Spaniards .....	4,400
Other Europeans.....	1,500
Chinese .....	16,600
Filipino transients in Manila.....	5,500
All others .....	1,900
Total .....	271,800

## CLIMATE

The Philippine Islands have a mildly tropical climate. The nights are cool and sunstrokes are unknown. The temperature record for the past 30 years shows an average of 80°. The recorded death rate per 1000 whites in Manila for 1917 was 8.8 as compared with 16.5 for New York, 15 for San Francisco, 14 for Chicago, 18 for Glasgow, and 22 for Belfast.

## COMMERCE

The exports of the islands for the calendar year 1917 amounted to \$95,604,000 of which \$63,235,000 went to the United States. The imports for the same period amounted to \$65,797,000 of which \$37,621,000 came from the United States.

The principal articles of export were.

Hemp .....	\$46,807,500
Sugar .....	12,277,500
Coconut Oil .....	11,409,000
Copra .....	8,327,000
Tobacco (Mfd. and Unmfd.) .....	7,150,500
Maguey .....	2,348,000
Embroidery .....	1,964,500

The principal articles of import were:

Cotton and manufactures of .....	\$18,789,500
Iron and Steel.....	5,927,000
Rice .....	5,390,500
Wheat Flour .....	1,915,500
Coal .....	1,538,000
Automobiles, parts of, and tires for .....	1,540,000
Illuminating Oil .....	1,339,000
Meat Products .....	1,425,000

# The Hands-Around-the-Pacific Movement

THE PAN-PACIFIC CLUBS are local organizations, affiliated with the Pan-Pacific UNION, but governing themselves in each community. Many of these take the form of weekly luncheon clubs that entertain visitors and speakers from Pacific lands—the different clubs about the Pacific notifying one another of the proposed visits of distinguished men who have Pan-Pacific messages to deliver.

THE PAN-PACIFIC UNION is an organization representing Governments of Pacific lands, and with which are affiliated Chambers of Commerce, and kindred bodies, working for the advancement of Pacific States and Communities, and a greater co-operation among and between the people of all races in Pacific lands.

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

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

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

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

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

4. To assist and to aid the different races in lands of the Pacific to co-operate in local fairs, to raise produce, and to create home manufactured goods.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE PAN-PACIFIC ASSOCIATION is an organization allied with the PAN-PACIFIC UNION, and in which membership is open to anyone who is in sympathy with Pan-Pacific endeavor, and the creation of a better knowledge in the world at large of the advantages Pacific lands have to offer.

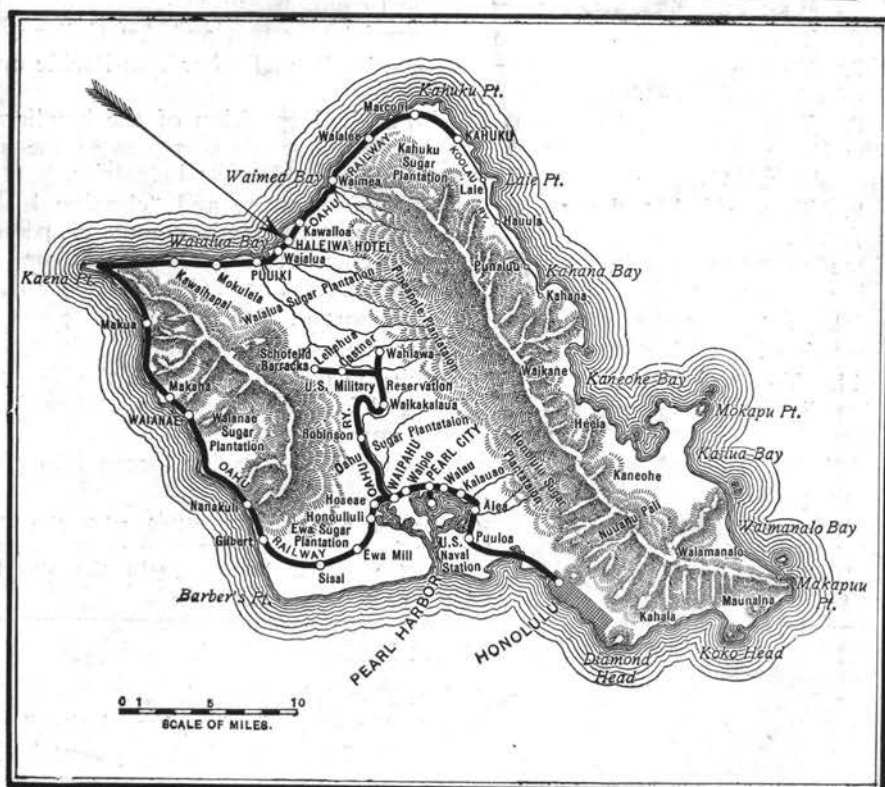
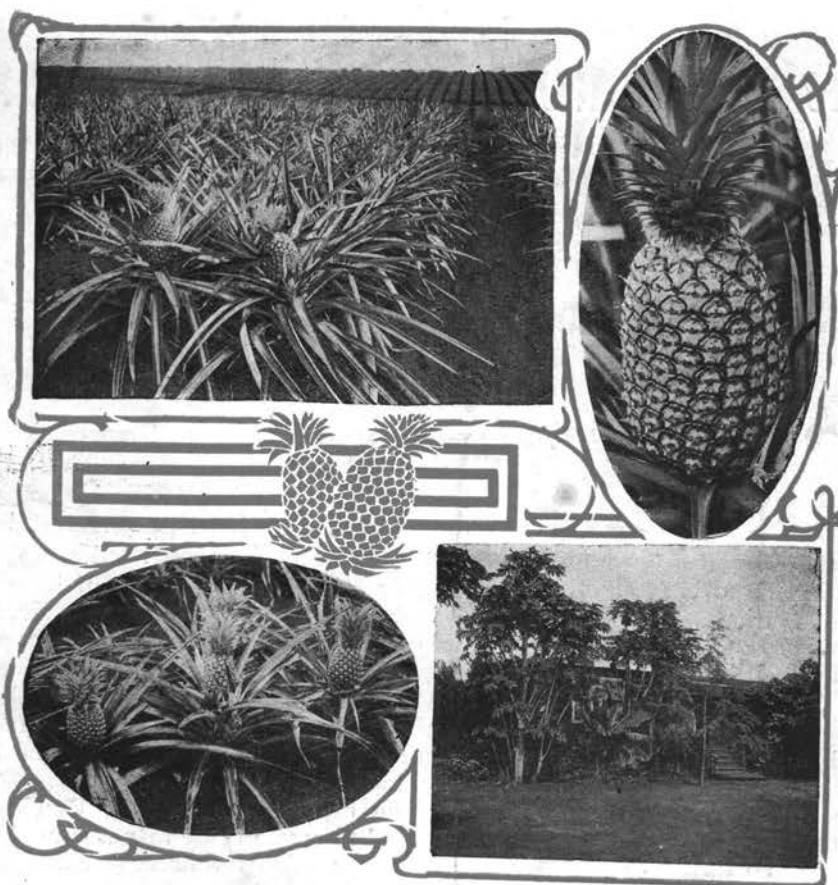
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## APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

To the Secretary, Pan-Pacific Association, Honolulu, Hawaii.

I desire membership for one year in the "Pan-Pacific Association," with subscription to the "Mid-Pacific Magazine." I enclose \$2.50, payment in full.

(Name)..... (Address).....



The Oahu Railway practically encircles the Island of Oahu. There are daily trains to Haleiwa—"the House Beautiful" (see arrow), and through the most extensive pineapple fields in the world, at Wahiawa.