

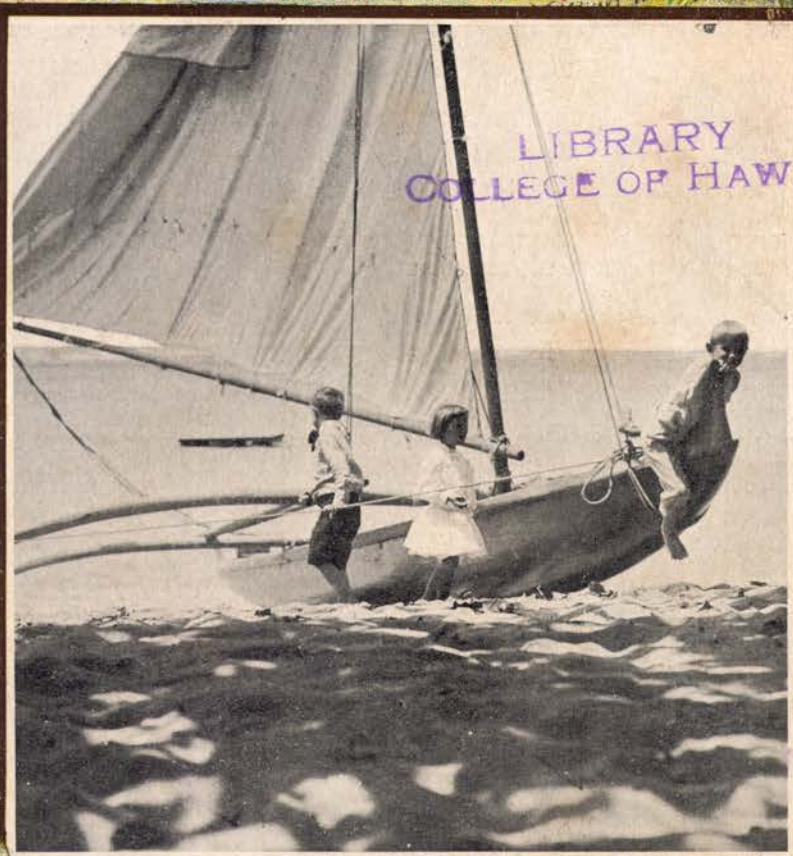
NOVEMBER, 1911

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The MIDPACIFIC MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD



VOL. II.

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII

NO. 5.

Honolulu for World's Peace Congress

“WHEREAS, The occasion of an address on international peace by Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, has served to convene in the city of Honolulu a large and thoroughly representative audience of the numerous races that reside in the Hawaiian Islands, including delegates of the commercial, social, civic and religious organizations of this most cosmopolitan community, and

“WHEREAS, In these Islands as nowhere else has rational race contact regardless of color or other adventitious circumstances resulted in that ideal dwelling together in unity, the complete realization of which on a world-wide scale is being hastened as never before, and

“WHEREAS, These Islands are situated midway between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres at the center of the prophesied greatest theater of the world's future activities, the Pacific, which should be kept, true to its name, an arena of peaceful contests and conquests;

“BE IT RESOLVED, That the residents of these Islands by this resolution call to the attention of all participants in the movement for international and interracial respect and amity and particularly to the officers and members of the First Universal Races Congress, recently held in London, England, the desirability of convening such a congress at an early date on this side of the globe and the peculiar propriety of the city of Honolulu as the place of meeting.”

Resolution offered by Governor Frear, president of the Hands-Around-the-Pacific Club. Seconded by Prof. John W. Gilmore, director of the club, and carried unanimously at a meeting held in the Hawaiian Opera House, Honolulu, Tuesday, August 15, 1911.

The Mid-Pacific Magazine

CONDUCTED BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD

HOWARD M. BALLOU, Associate Editor

VOLUME II

NUMBER 5

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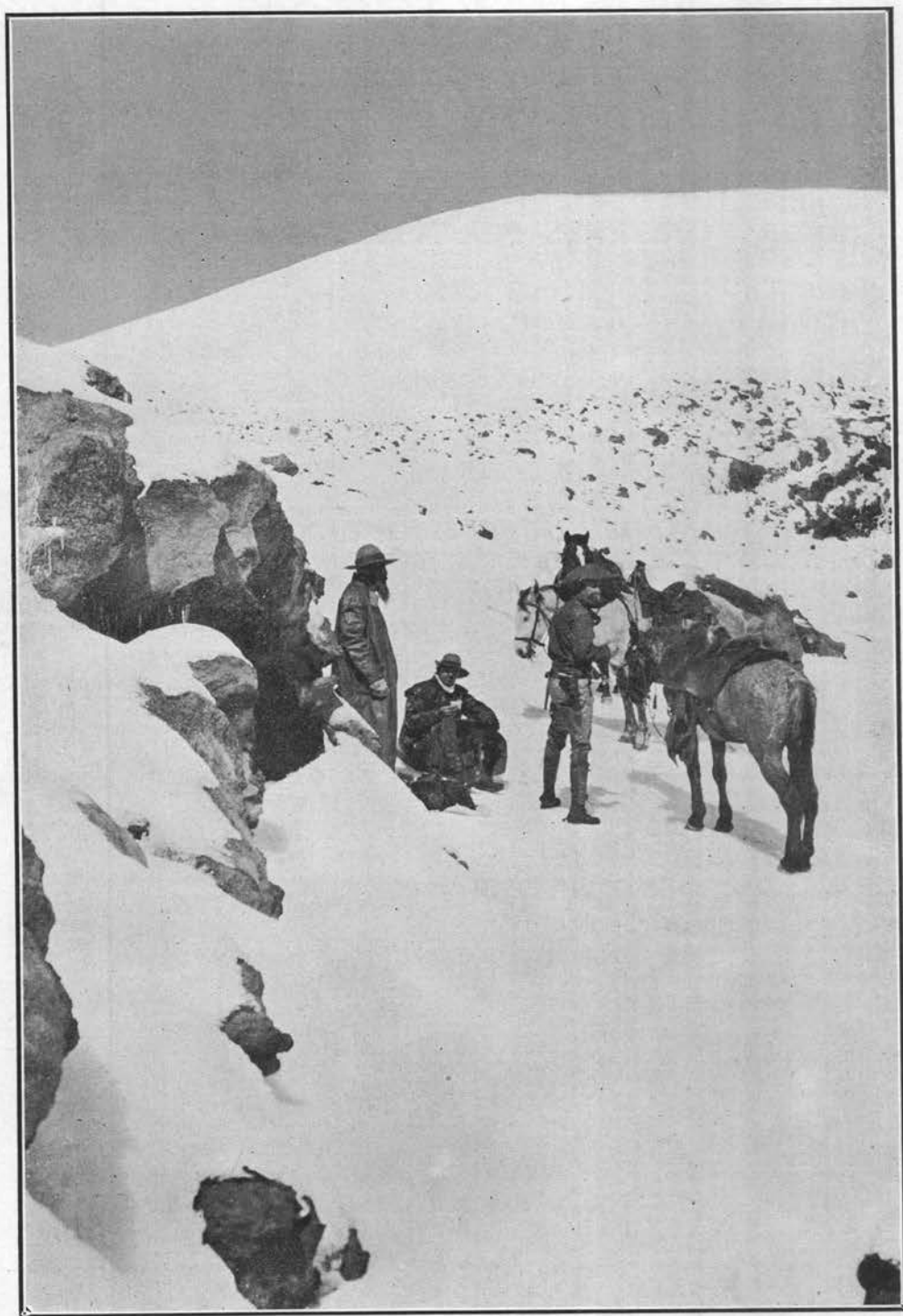
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Snow on Mauna Kea, Hawaii, in July.

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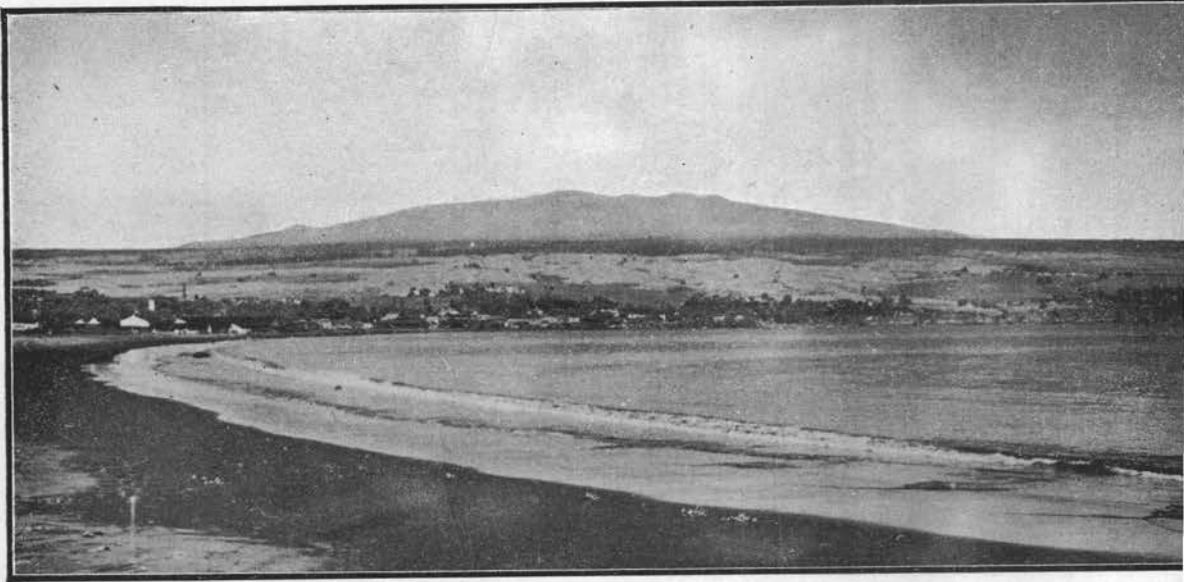
Mauna Kea The Highest of Island Peaks

ILLUSTRATED BY

ALONZO GARTLEY

Mauna Kea, on Hawaii, is the highest island peak in the world. It rises so gently from the ocean side that, although its base is in the tropics and its crest in the snows, the eye is deceived, and it seems but a gentle slope of no great final altitude, yet a plumb line dropped from the summit of Mauna Kea to the sea level would have to be

nearly three miles in length. It might be possible for a good horseman to ride in a day from the seaside to the summit of Mauna Kea. Usually a day is spent on the trip to a ranch within eight miles of the summit, where the night is spent, and an early start made so that the summit may be reached within a couple of hours and a return made for lunch at



Mauna Kea, a 14,000-foot Mountain, from Hilo, Hawaii.

the ranch house. It would be easy to walk the eight miles but for two obstacles—fog and wild cattle. The fog causes the wanderer to lose his way, for there is no regular trail—you just keep your eye on the highest level of the gentle slope and walk. The cattle are unaccustomed to men who are not on horseback; they invariably approach out of curiosity, and if the tramp shows the white feather and runs, and sometimes if he doesn't, they charge, and out alone on the mountain chased by wild cattle is more thrilling and dangerous sport than climbing the Matterhorn.

Then, too, there are wild dogs, that live on sick cattle that they worry to death. The dogs hunt in droves and afford as good shooting sport as do goats on some of the craggy mountains of Hawaii.

From the summit of Mauna Kea its sister mountain Mauna Loa, but a few feet lower in height, is seen a few miles away, and sometimes smoke is seen issuing from its crater summit. It is possible to ride and walk from one mountain peak to the other, but those who

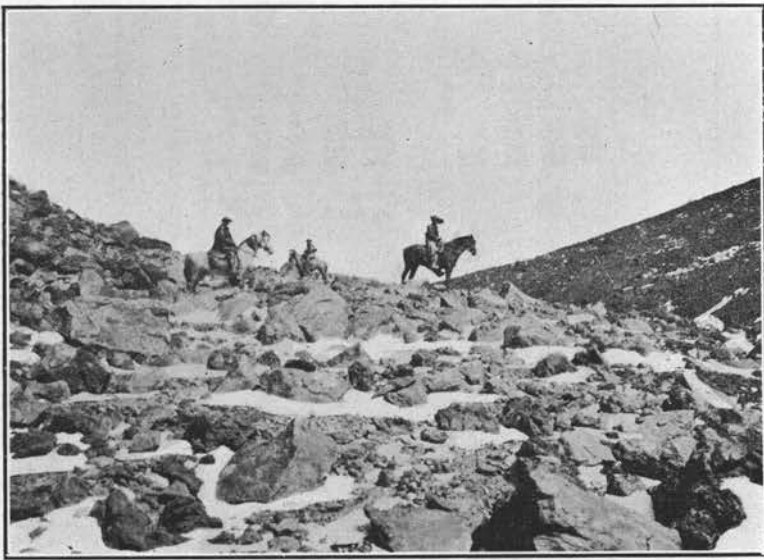
have crossed the high, desolate lava flow, nowhere less than 8000 feet above the sea level, tell tales of hardship that would deter any but the fool-hardy.

Sol. N. Sheridan has given a good account of an ascent he made of Mauna Kea on horseback from the ranch station:

"We had started in pommel-slickers from Humuula sheep station," he tells us, "riding in a little drizzle of rain that would have soaked us to the skin if we had ridden in other garb. As we rose through the forest line we rode into the body of the cloud itself, and the rain changed to a mist that was dense, but not cold.

"Slowly the cloud seemed to break. We were riding out through the top of it, but that did not appear all at once. Then the sun broke out, flashing, and we rode out upon a high cone of ashes and looked down upon the valley between the peaks of Hawaii as upon a rolling mass of white wool with a tinge of silver upon it.

"Ahead, the jagged cones of Mauna Kea arose all about us. To the south-



Rough Lava Near the Summit.

ward the sweep of the blue dome of Mauna Loa stretched in a splendid curve above the clouds, broken at its apex by the jagged edge of its central crater, and wearing small ones at intervals, strung like the jewels of a woman's necklace. To the westward, farther away, the less lofty top of Hualalai pierced the clouds sharply—a jagged peak.

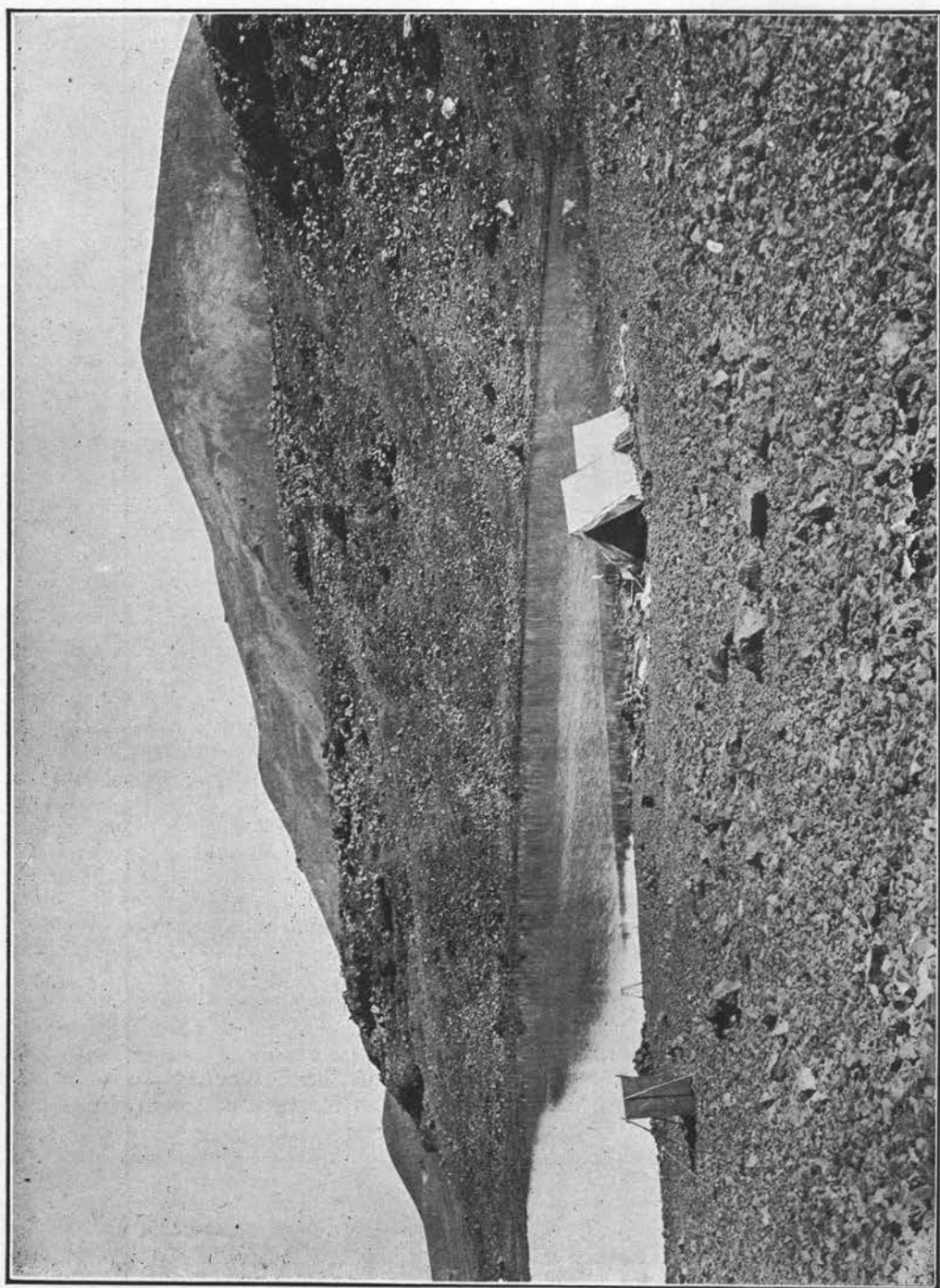
"Up and still upward we rode, our horses feeling the great elevation seemingly as little as we did ourselves. Now the formation changed, and from riding up cinder cones we began a steeper climb along a ridge marked by an old lava flow broken by the action of frost and snow into jagged boulders. There was no snow, here, but traces of its action were very apparent on all parts of the mountain above 10,000 feet elevation.

"Presently there appeared, far ahead of, and still a long distance above, us, what seemed in the distance a dump-pile from an abandoned mine.

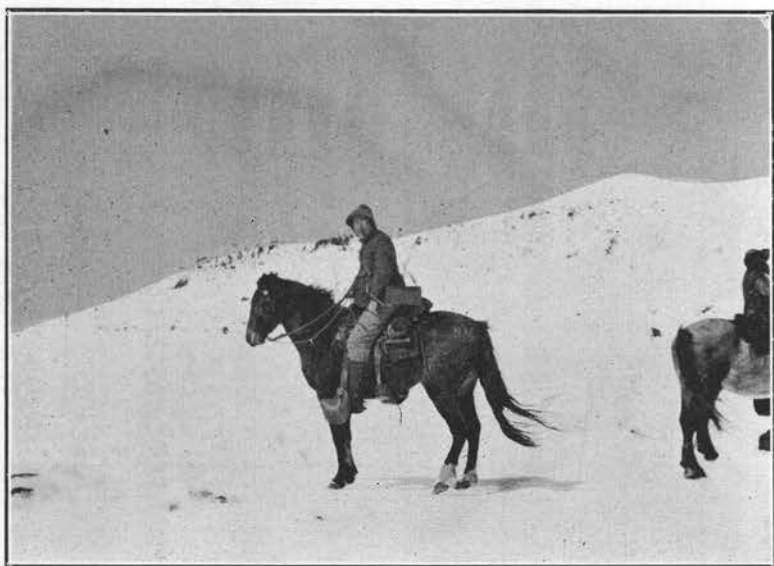
"There," said Rawhide Ben, "is where the natives used to come in the old days to chip out the rude forms of their

stone adzes from the hard rock of the mountains, carrying the implements down into the lowlands to perfect and polish them afterwards."

"We rode on, still climbing, and presently took off our hats to the shades of the men of the Stone Age. Here they had lived and wrought in a time that is fading very fast into the past—that is, the past of our own race. It is not many centuries ago that these men of Hawaii were at the stage that our own forbears reached and passed ten thousand years ago. Here were the caves in which they dwelt, with rude stone walls built up in front to shelter them from the cold winds of the mountain. Here were the ledges of hard, black, basaltic rock which was the material most prized in the making of their implements—of war, of fishing, of agriculture, for the service of gods and the chiefs. Here, covering several acres in different places, were piles of sharp chips from the tough stone, beaten off through many a weary day of patient labor. Here, where each workman had sat in the quarry, there was a little depression around which he had slowly built up his own pile of



The Lake that Freezes at 12,000 Feet Above Sea Level on Mauna Kea.



Approaching the Summit.

chips. 'How long, oh Lord, how long!'

"To climb to this height, to delve and dig and chip at hard stone through the long days, to carry down the masses of stone for the polisher and to carry up food and wood and even, it might be, water to the quarrymen, to live and even to die, as some must have died, there above the clouds while the warm rains were marching across the sunny isles far below and lazy plenty waited on the happy dwellers by the fragrant beaches! Surely that was a fate that was filled with bitter pain.

"It is said that slaves, taken in war, worked these quarries. Let us hope that it was so. A slave taken in war would have felt something in his life, at least, when the hot lust of battle ran in his brain, and the sun shone red through the red blood of the foes of his hate. And he could still beat in the skull of his enemy while he beat out his own life upon the black basalt. A slave taken in battle has had his chance.

"The old quarries are at an elevation of 12,500 feet. From here the highest point of the mountain comes plainly into view, rising beside a cone that is an

absolutely perfect circular crater. It looks, this little crater, as though it might have shot out its vomit of cinders and red ash but yesterday, before going to sleep. It is sleeping most profoundly now, and a little dot of white snow nestled at its feet feels none of the heat that must have radiated from it in its waking days.

"From the quarries it looks an easy ride to the highest summit through a gentle valley that seems to lead right to the top. It is really very hard—the hardest stretch of all. The summit cone in reality a double cone—is steep and is of red cinders; and the horses, beginning now to feel the great elevation, even as we ourselves do a little, find the footing difficult and the climbing steep. We zigzag backward and forward, each rider following in the guide's steps, and make many stops in the last 500 feet—more, indeed, than in all the climbing that has gone before.

"And then, we are at the summit—and through the clouds that have partly broken away below us we catch glimpses of the sea and of the distant sunny vales of Hawaii. At our feet, almost, the



A Barren Landscape.

plains of Humuula lie spread out like a map, and beyond, above the clouds, are Mauna Loa, with its yawning mouth open to heaven, and Hualalai and, far in the distance, the blue outline of Haleakala. It must be a magnificent view on a clear day. It was rarely beautiful, in its sweep and in its coloring, on the day that we saw it.

"At the highest point, an elevation of 13,825 feet, a mound of rocks is built, and in this a can lies that contained lists of the names of those who, in recent years, had climbed the mountain, and deposits of silver money made toward a fund for a monument there, and divers articles, the leaving of which had suited the taste and fancy of the depositor. One had left a small compass, another a bunch of sulphur matches, another a brass button, another a penny.

"We copied the names of those who had been there before us, and left our own and gave each a bit of silver for the Summit Monument. Then we bethought ourselves that as the sum in the can had reached the amount of \$4.05, it was time some steps were taken looking to the carrying out of the purposes of the contributors. And so we then and

there perfected the organization of the Mauna Kea Association, Limited, and elected Joseph G. Pratt president, Eben P. Low secretary and collector, and A. L. C. Atkinson treasurer. The amount of the collection was turned over to the treasurer, and it was determined that any person who has made the ascent of Mauna Kea, the highest point in the Hawaiian Islands, shall be eligible for membership upon proof that he has been on top of the mountain, and that each member contributing to the monument fund shall receive a certificate stating the date of his ascent and acknowledging the amount of his contribution.

"After the organization of the association, we mounted our horses and rode to the top of the twin cone, at a little lower elevation than the summit proper and looked down upon a field of snow having a front of several hundred yards in length. Of course, we rode to it. It was so white and beautiful that we had thought we would have ridden into it—but we found, upon approach, that it was caked hard—a frozen mass of glacial snow, each tiny, beautiful flake a gleaming crystal. It was difficult to break off bits to eat from the hard



Eternal Snow in the Tropics.

points into which the winds and the sun had shaped it, but how good it was! Fancy eating snow here in Hawaii in July, and blowing upon your pallid fingers afterward to thaw them out!

"The face of that snowbank was higher than the head of a man on horseback, and presumably it is there the year around. At such an elevation, at all events, it can melt but slowly.

"From the snow we rode down to the Crater Lake, a clear green pool covering an area of two acres, perhaps, and

sheltered in a cup-shaped depression at an elevation of 13,000 feet. It was once said of this, as of all other crater lakes, that it is bottomless. Like all such sayings, too, this one has been proven a fallacy. I do not know the figures, but men have come with long lines and shattered the former faith. Men with long lines are the iconoclasts of old beliefs.

"We had no lines—but we lunched at the lake and the Secretary and the Postmaster would have shied stones across it. They failed ignominiously. So did Jimmie, who had vaingloriously boast-



Ready for the Last Lap.



The Halfway Ranch.

ed, all the way to it, that he would swim the puddle. But Jimmie has the artistic temperament, and so was expected to be long on promise and short on performance. All those artist fellows are like that.

"'Now,' said Rawhide Ben, as we rode away from the lake, 'we will try a little rough riding.'

"And Rawhide Ben, when it comes to finding rough country, is short neither on promise nor performance. He can find and ride through more rough country than any man I ever saw. That is all right, if he likes it. When it comes to finding it and leading me to ride through it—well, that is different. I did not know before how many kinds of an idiot I could be. To be perfectly frank, I do not know now—but I added a large assortment to the collection of a long life in that ride down Mauna Kea.

"If Rawhide Ben had taken us down by the way that we came up, it would have been easy enough. He took us down by a way that was one long and

hard scramble over great masses of loose and rotten lava, and slipping sand, and once, in the middle of this, he led us across a gulch where I did not think anything could go without wings. I have more faith in my horse since seeing him cross that place—but I own I did not have faith enough in him before. I got off and walked. So did the Postmaster. And that is plenty good company for me.

"Afterwards, when we had had the coldest drink I have ever taken in these islands, from a mountain spring at an elevation of 10,500 feet that is probably seepage from the Crater Lake, Rawhide Ben and the Secretary went off to shoot wild bullocks, leaving the balance of us hanging in the air on a pinnacle just above the forest line, to which we had descended by a series of long slides. They did not get the bullock, of which I was very glad. I had, at the moment, a great and abiding sympathy for all hunted and tortured wild things. And I was pretty wild, too.



Beside the Summit Lake.

"However, I grew tamer as we neared the plain which is the saddle between the mountains, and I galloped to Humuula at least as fresh as a green man could be after such an experience—and with enough of glory achieved for one day. A mighty few men have conquered Mauna Kea. Fewer have come down it, as I did, by a kind of wobbly tobogganing that leaves a man with a sense of uncertainty, for a night and a day, as to whether he is really alive from the waist down."

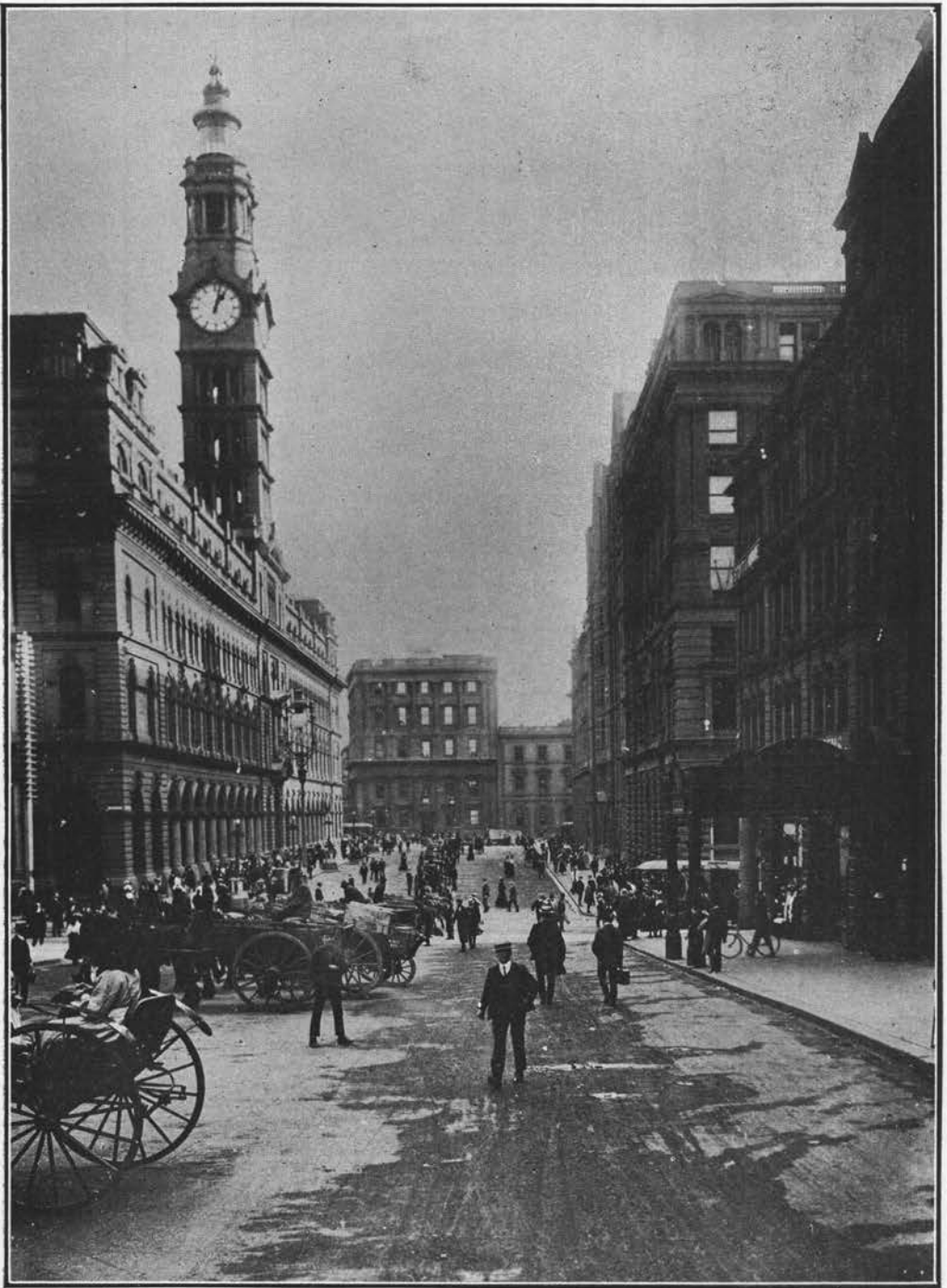
From Honolulu it is a day and a night by steamer to Hilo on the Island of Hawaii. From Hilo a visit may be made in a day by coach to the coffee plantation of the Louisson brothers on the slopes of Mauna Kea, and the next

day the horseback ride made to the sheep ranch.

There is an alternative route; from Honolulu a steamer trip may be made in a day to the Kona side of the Big Island and from the port of Kawaihae it is but a two or three hour stage ride to Waimea, the village headquarters of the Parker Ranch, that extends from the sea to the summit of Mauna Kea. From Waimea to the sheep ranch is a day's ride, or the summit may be reached in a day and the return made the next day to Hilo.

In Hawaii there is every conceivable kind of mountain climbing, but for an easy horseback ascent of nearly 14,000 feet, Mauna Kea offers one of the most surprising mountain climbs in the world—from the eternal tropics to the eternal snows in a single day.





Moore Street and the Postoffice, Sydney.

Down the Australian Coast

BY
HOWARD A. PARMELEE



Brisbane and the Custom House.

We woke up in the morning to find that we were anchored in the Brisbane River, a very broad stream at this point, and Ada remarked that it reminded her of the Detroit River in some respects. It has low banks, and about all that we could see was eucalyptus trees and a flat country, excepting that in the northeast we could see hills and occasionally the glimpse of a house.

We were told that the city lay up among those hills somewhere. It was a rather dark and hazy morning, so we could not judge much of the surroundings. The river was navigable for large steamers as far as the city, some eight or ten miles, but for some reason it was decided that we dock near the mouth. As soon as we were fast to the dock a "goods" train backed in to take on the mails. Then we went to breakfast.

After breakfast we found a special

train waiting for us to take us to the city; right there on the dock it was, which made it very nice and convenient. So here it was that I saw for the first time a typical English railroad train. You have read of them and seen pictures of them, and so had I, but at the same time I looked at it with much interest, as I had never expected that I should ride in one some day.

The coaches are divided into compartments, and entered by side doors. The seats run athwartships, two seats to a compartment. By a little crowding six can get on one seat. They face each other, and the passenger that can first get his feet on top of the other fellow's feet opposite is lucky. Now the train was rather a short one, and we had five hundred passengers, who all wanted to go right off pretty quick..



A New South Wales Railway.

The guard came after a time. The guard has to climb along a little step that runs fore-and-aft outside the coach, hanging on by his eyelids, and when it rains the dripping from the roofs comes down on his back and makes him feel real nice and comfortable. I expected that I would have to "make medicine" with him and maybe would be kicked off the cars; I had heard of such things at home. I told him that we had second-class tickets, but found we could find no seats and had got into the first-class, and wanted to know if I could not pay the difference. "No room in the second?" he asked. "Wait a moment."

"No," he said, "that's so; but as the company has sold you a second-class and can not give you a seat, you are entitled to ride here. Keep your seats." And it was all said and done in a pleasant way, too.

I sat up and cogitated. I had seen such situations handled differently, and where it had *not* left the passenger in as tranquil state of mind as I was in. This circumstance was trivial, the money part only a few pence at the most, but it was an introduction to many unexpected acts of kindness and civility which we were yet to receive.

Now, this was but a short branch road running to the docks, but its construction immediately attracted my attention. And I will say right here, that throughout Australia the roadbeds were first-class. Heavy rails, plenty of cross-ties, absence of grade crossings, caused admiration. Wherever there is a grade crossing, it is carefully guarded by gates and men. But grade crossings are few and far between. In going these few miles we went through three tunnels, one quite long, just to avoid a grade



Spring Street, Melbourne.

crossing, and the tunnels were well lined with masonry and cement.

The Brisbane station is a fine, large affair, and as we found afterward typical of most of the stations in Australia. But the English compartment car I abominate; but they are not all bad. The absence of projecting steps permits the trains to arrive at stations on a sunken track, and the station platforms, composed of masonry and concrete, are built on a level with the sills of the car doors, and numerous side doors permit of the emptying of the cars rapidly and no stumbling up or down steps—walk off the car onto the platform like walking from one room to another.

Now arriving at the station, it is necessary to cross over to the other side. Do we go stumbling over the net-work of rails, getting feet caught in frogs, getting run down by locomotives, etc.? I guess not. Go down a broad, easy stairway, under a subway, neatly lined with white vitrified tiles, up the other side, and there you are. If you do not like this method, or should there be extra crowds, go up, instead of going down, and cross over on a bridge.

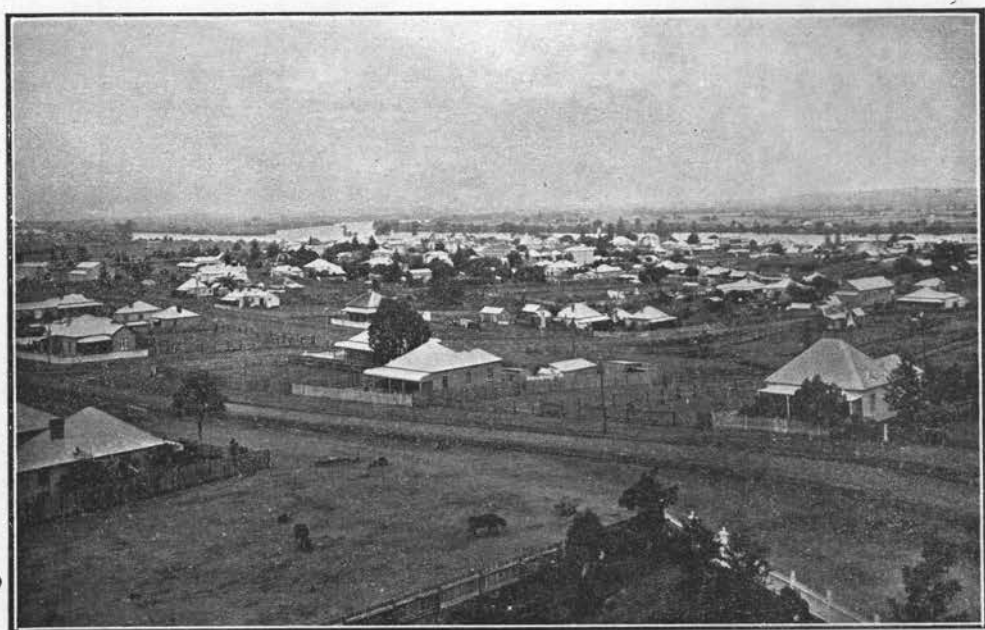
It was spring time, and the jacaranda trees, with their mass of purple blossoms, dotted the city all over, and other flowering trees were just in their prime.

The scene was a reminder of our spring back in good old "York State," only the flowers were different from ours.

We had not gone far when we spied a tramcar at a street crossing with a sign "Special" thereon. It was an observation car for the benefit of the passengers of the good ship *Marama*, by the courtesy of some of the progressive citizens of Brisbane. We hesitated not in climbing aboard. It was a large open car, and well packed with our passengers, and we started to do the town. One of the prominent citizens acted as conductor and stationed himself with a megaphone at one end of the car and explained things as we went along. At any particular point of interest or good view, the car was stopped, and places and buildings pointed out to us. Whenever the man got tired, another took his place. We went all over the city—wherever the tram could go.

At the City Hospital we were told we could get off and have twenty minutes in which to inspect the Botanical Garden that was opposite the hospital. We had guides to chaperone us, and it was a delightful visit.

We returned by a different route to the starting point about noon or a little after, and before leaving the car were told where we could find a good res-



A North Coast Town, New South Wales.

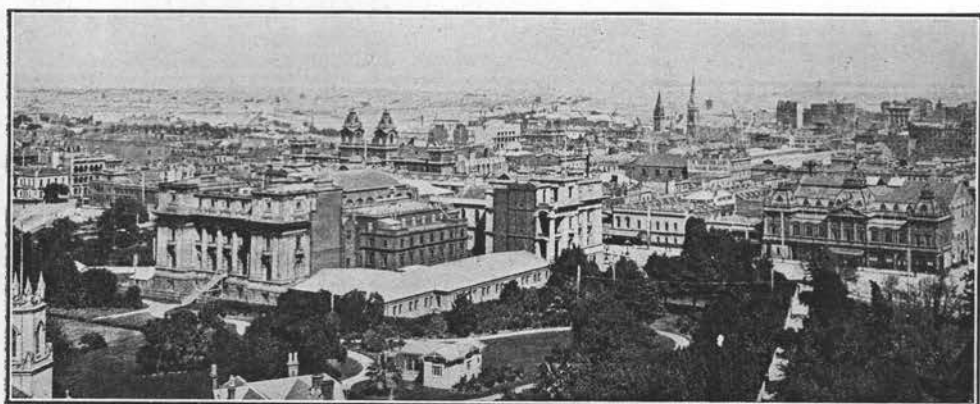
restaurant, and for that place we started, for we all felt in need of something to fill that "long-felt want."

The restaurant was, indeed, a fine place and a large one, and it seemed that every passenger on our ship was there. It was quite an undertaking to obtain seats, and our party had to be divided. At the rear of the dining-room was a sort of open-air garden, and the usual macaroni band; the tables were neat, white and clean, service and food good, and altogether we had a pleasant time. It seemed odd, but good, to be served at the table by white girls instead of the usual orientals.

While waiting at the front for some of our party, I fell into conversation with the proprietor, and asked him if such an influx of passengers did not somewhat break into his arrangements. He replied, "No;" he had been cabled to from that island where we took our pilot, and knew about what to expect. I consider our reception at Brisbane was good promotion work.

We got back to the ship on time, and looking up the river I saw hundreds of yachts. Oh, it made our Pearl Harbor flotilla look small, indeed, to *my* eyes! I commenced to count, and got up to one hundred and fifty-six, when, upon turning around, saw about as many more, when I gave up the job.

The light was just right, the sun being at our backs and shining upon the fleet with their white sails, and they looked just like a vast swarm of white butterflies. It was some grand regatta, and seemed to us that it had been arranged especially for our benefit. Just below us was the stake boat; a large side-wheel steamer, and it was crowded; bands playing and flags flying. Yachts that were not racing would sail up close to our steamer, and some stopped to serenade us. Then there were crafts of all descriptions; steam, gasoline and all sorts. But the most funny and interesting was the canoe fleet, of which there were a great number. I had never seen any of this class of boats be-



A Bird's-eye View of Melbourne.

fore. It was amazing how much sail those little things would carry. They held four persons, and those four filled it completely. All the crews were dressed in uniformed sweaters, gayest of colors, stripes running up and down and across, and all sorts of ways, but no two crews alike, but each crew uniform. They would have to sit on the rail side by side on the weather rail, and close together, and they looked just like peas in a pod.

We were spared the delay of port inspection at Sydney harbor, having undergone that ordeal at Brisbane, and soon were slowly steaming up the vast bay or inland sea, called the harbor. There were crowds of shipping from all parts of the world, but we looked in vain for our beloved Stars and Stripes. We steamed up toward Circular Quay, the prettiest, busiest, and most handsome set of docks in the whole wide world, and were beside our dock about 7 a. m.

At last our boxes came out, and obtaining the services of a "licensed porter" we got our swag together in the house of customs, and button-holing an inspector were ready for that dreaded ordeal, the inspection.

The inspector looked at us very sharp, asked some quick and jerky questions, his eyes boring into our very "innards." "Anything but wearing apparel that has been in use? Any presents for anyone

here? Any smokes?" He stooped down and with a piece of chalk made some hieroglyphics on each package and said, "All right!" I breathed a silent prayer, for that big box was packed as only Ada can pack a trunk, and should it have been necessary to have torn it asunder it would have been a "government contract" to have repacked it there in that place. But for some reason, we saw many trunks that were literally torn upside-down, and were being searched most thoroughly.

Sydney is the Paris of—, but that is another story, a story it took us two months to live; then we journeyed on to Melbourne, taking a night train. In the early morn we arrived at Aubury, and left New South Wales behind.

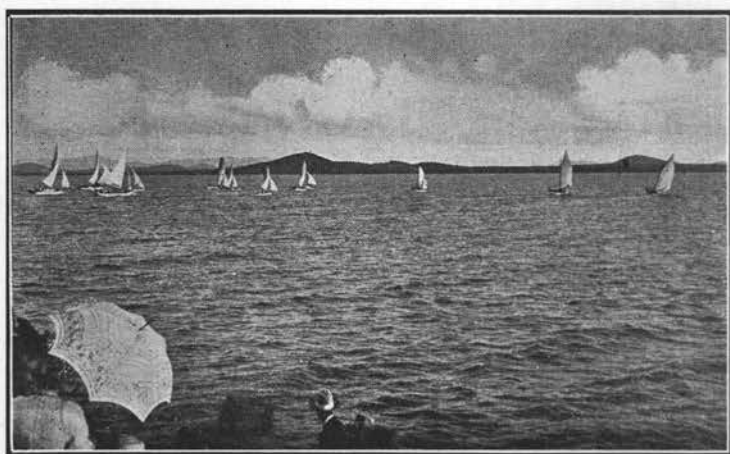
Aubury is on the dividing line of New South Wales and Victoria, and here we must change cars. The gauge of the N. S. W. R. R. is 4 feet 9½ inches, while that of Victoria is 5 feet 3 inches. It is one of the most remarkable things, that when building such an important line of railway, they should not have adopted a standard gauge. I should have thought when planning such an important and costly undertaking, that they would have read up a little on the history of railroad building in other countries, and profited by the experience of others. No interchange of cars, all freight rehandled and transhipped; the

inevitable delays, expense and annoyance could have been so readily overcome by a little forethought. Aubury is an important station, as you can see, and we remained here over an hour. There was a fine refreshment room and we obtained a very good breakfast, with plenty of fruit. The cars and general equipment of the Victoria road was far superior to that we had just left. Here two dining cars were put on, one for the first-class and one for the second, which seemed absurd to me, as both were alike, and one would have answered as well as two. Believe me, however, the charges in the second were lighter than those of the first, but I was told that the meals were almost the same. Caste, that's all.

The fine morning air made a walk on the long station platform very refreshing, and I watched the luggage vans to see our trunk safely transferred. The locomotive was an object worth inspecting. It was built in Victoria, and certainly of original design. Many American features, but the English style predominating; very heavy, weight 180 tons, for from here to Melbourne we have many steep and heavy grades to overcome.

Underway again, we come to stretches of farms, and rabbits began to be in evidence. Strange as it may appear, all the time we had been in Australia we had not seen a live wild rabbit, or eaten any. The people think that they are poor eating, and, being so plentiful, I suppose the restaurants and boarding houses would think that they were insulting their guests by placing the delicious stewed rabbit before them. Ada had to ask our landlady to get one for her and cook it. All the time that we were in this land of rabbits we only had five meals of them, and then always "by particular request." But now we began to see them, and the farther we went the more numerous they became. Then came flocks of magpies, far more numerous than the flocks of crows we used to see in New York.

We arrived in Melbourne at noon, and began at once looking for a quiet place at which to stop. It was like riding through Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, only more impressive. Melbourne can not be described in a paragraph or seen in a month, and besides, mine is but a record of a railway journey through Australia and the impressions it created on an American who was traveling abroad for the first time.



Yachting in Queensland.



The Start.

A Day in Canton

BY

SENATOR CHAS. H. DICKEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

C. H. FERRIS

"A wonderful stream is the river of Time," and wonderful streams are the rivers of China.

Nowadays modern palatial steamers ply the inland waters of Cathay, rocking and jostling the thousands of junks and sampans in which hundreds of thousands of people are born, live their lives, and die.

From Hongkong there are fast modern day and night steamers that race to Canton, up the West River, and to Macao. You may go to bed aboard the river steamer at night in Hongkong and awake in Canton or Macao, or you may make a daylight trip up or down the river as you will.

The fares are not excessive. The all-day trip up the river to Canton is best,

\$4.00 gold, and to Macao, half as much. Or you may spend a week voyaging to Canton and thence up the West River by stern-wheel steamer and return to Hongkong, all for \$18.00.

Hongkong is not a Chinese city. It is a foreign city built upon a hill. Hongkong seen from the sea is British from the water up. On the water, however, are thousands of junks in which a Chinese population lives.

No visitor to Hongkong should omit the trip up the river by day boat to Canton. There is more shipping in Hongkong harbor than is to be found in any other port in the world, for the reason that there are no customs to pay at Hongkong, and here the commerce of the Pacific is transshipped. Make such



Native River Boats.

a free port of Hilo in Hawaii and half a million Americans would make it the great Mid-Pacific metropolis.

We left Hongkong behind and sailed through the placid landlocked waters for several miles, marvelling at the bold irregular peaked and ridged islands about us. Far away was Tai-Mo-Shan, 3640 feet high. We slid through the "Throat Gates" and sped on toward Pearl River. White Chinese cottages dotted the river banks, and everywhere strange sampans and ancient sailing junks slipped by us as we sped on. We were really in China at last.

Soon we came to the mud flats, twenty miles of them, the home of millions of wild duck, geese, and other waterfowl. Soon we reached the half-way rock, and passed the down steamer, and from there on the land was flat, but picturesque, for the rice fields extended for miles inland, and the banks were planted with shade trees or bamboo groves, from behind which peeped some quaint little Chinese peasant village.

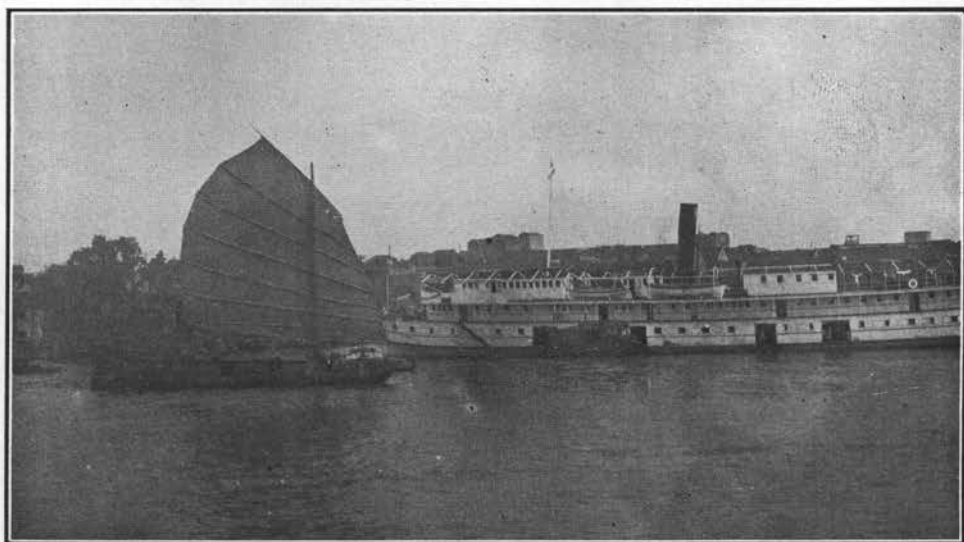
Suddenly the pagodas begin to loom up, and now not only the shores but the

river seem alive with population. We are approaching Canton.

One should carry a camera on the trip to Canton, for it will tell the river story far better than words.

We steamed up to Canton, and the first thing to attract our attention was the fact that, although half the population of the city seemed to live in the sampans along the miles of river front, there was not a boatman to be seen anywhere. There were thousands of women, and before we disembarked from the little Chinese steamer "Sen Chung" hundreds of the sampans with their female boatmen swarmed about the vessel anxious for our custom. In vain we called for men. They were not to be had. In fact all the boatmen were boatwomen, so we had to engage two daughters of Confucius to row us to our destination in the suburb of Fati. That ride of several miles up the river and across the stream from Canton cost us the sum of thirty cents, and the boatwomen had to get their sampan back again.

I do not believe that any man could have been more clever in managing the



The Wharf at Canton.

little craft. They sent her flying up stream and across stream. Passing steamers made waves that I thought would swamp us, but our boatwomen headed our little craft for them; mounted the waves, and went on their way.

It was our good fortune to have a friend in Faki—a friend who knew the language and the ropes—and, as we had been notified that the people of Canton were about to rise against the foreigner, we wanted someone with us who could speak the language.

We were soon back again in the bustling, seething, swarming city of Canton. First we passed through the foreign quarter of Shameen with its European houses and streets filled with residences of consuls and bankers, big hotels and other buildings that looked like inverted dry goods boxes.

At last Europe in China was behind us. We passed over the bridge from the modern city to ancient Canton, that has not changed in a thousand years.

The press of Hongkong had warned us that it was dangerous to visit old Canton on account of the "unrest." There was a thrill of danger as we pass-

ed over the bridge and dove into the narrow little streets that seemed to close behind us. We had stepped back thousands of years, and for hours we tramped through the strange city, visiting places of interest and prying into every shop. Anyone might have thought that we were bent upon looking for trouble, but not once did we see the scowl on the face of a single inhabitant of Canton. The press of Hongkong and the foreign consuls knew that there was unrest in Canton, but the Cantonese did not know it. The people of the quaint old Chinese city seemed too busy either to frown or smile. The narrow streets were crowded with jostling throngs afoot, chair bearers, and street venders, all attending to their own business and paying no attention to the "foreign devils" who had invaded their realm.

One cannot see a hundredth part of Canton in a day, nor in many days. We visited the makers of idols, weavers of silk cloth, inlayers of furniture, makers of toys, and creators of a hundred strange articles. We dropped into a temple of five hundred gods, dedicated to the five hundred original disciples of



Hongkong.

Buddha. The gods all seemed child-like and as innocent looking as any Chinese faces—all except one, which seemed hideous under a European hat, and it really had the features of a white man. It was meant for a white man. That idol was meant to represent Marco Polo, the first white man to penetrate China, and the only white man ever made a god by the Chinese.

Long, long ago the Mohammedans also invaded old Canton. We saw one Mohammedan mosque that was so dilapidated that it might have been seven thousand years old, instead of seven hundred, as they claimed.

But what a relief to get away from the bustling, clattering business part of Canton and wander by the canals where the thousands upon thousands live in sampans that line the banks. Out there in the country we found some kukui trees, such as grow on the mountains of Hawaii. We viewed them with surprise, as none of us had ever dreamt that the kukui and the kukui nut was ever found outside of Hawaii. We wondered if the Chinese of old had used the kukui nut

as a lamp as did the ancient Hawaiians, who used to thread the nut with the fiber of the cocoanut, knowing that the rich oil of the nut would permit the wick to burn and give the people light.

Our friend and guide advised us to learn the Chinese language in case we should again visit the empire. He took us to the compound set apart for the use of English students who had been selected from the British army to study the Chinese language. It is said that by close application they can learn to speak the language—that is, one dialect of it—in two or three years, and to write a few thousand of the word signs in another five or six. I shall not learn Chinese.

How quickly danger disappears when you run after it was illustrated during our day in Canton. We visited the five-story pagoda in fear and trembling, only to find a large number of tourists from the Cleveland taking tea in the pagoda and chattering away as though they had never been warned that their presence would create an uprising and totally oblivious to the fact that the whole world was even then being alarmed by cable-



Scudding Upstream.

grams stating that their lives were in danger. If their lives were in danger, it was from overeating Chinese cake and drinking too much Chinese tea. The only thing that we saw in Canton that suggested danger was the temple of horrors. Here all the oriental ways of torturing and executing malefactors were indicated in statuary. It was not a pleasant sight, and later on in the day when the public executioner offered for a Mexican dollar to behead one of his charges who was not due to leave this world until the morrow, we were ready to turn away and sail back to Hongkong.

However, we spent the night in the old Chinese city, and the next day took the steamer down the river.

To the surfeited tourist the scenery about Canton may seem tame on account of the lack of mountains, but the trip down the river is really picturesque in the extreme, as the stream is winding, and many pagodas dot the shores.

However, it is not necessary to return at once to Hongkong, there is the trip up the West River into real untouched China, a week's trip to the strangest

towns in the world. Only those who have made the trip realize what magnificent scenery there is in China between Canton and Wuchow on the West River. The little stern wheel steamer passes between lofty mountain ranges, through vast gorges that stun the senses, and picks its way over the placid surfaces of the continuous chain of mirror like lakes. Here the tea country is seen in all its glory, tea farms rising from the water's edge to the tops of the hills. Further on where the high land has receded a fertile valley spreads itself, and here tobacco farms and fruit orchards vie with each other. The West River trip is one of the most varied panorama excursions to be made in all China.

Or, if you wish, you may return to Hongkong by the river boat via quaint old Portuguese Macao. Macao is the summer resort of Hongkong, it is also the resort of those who enjoy games of chance. This transplanted Portuguese city is a mediaeval European town of the middle ages that, with China, has stood still for the centuries. Situated on a high promontory at the juncture of the

Pearl and West Rivers, Macao holds a unique position. At the highest point of the city stands the oldest lighthouse on the Chinese coast, while about it cluster convents, antiquated forts, monasteries, churches, dilapidated walls of bygone centuries and stone crosses covered with mosses.

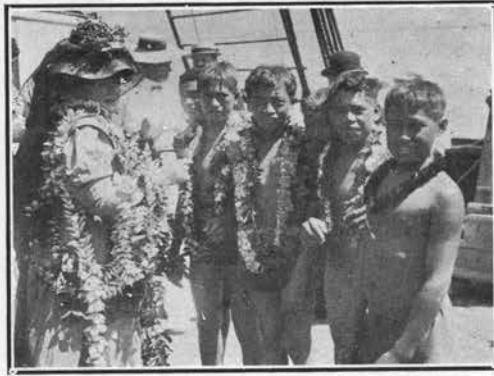
It is but a few short hours run by boat from Portuguese Macao of the past, to hustling, bustling British Hongkong of today. Hongkong has killed Macao, from a business standpoint, but the

beauty of Macao remains for the ages, and each decade but adds to the picturesqueness of her ruins.

Fortunate the through passenger on a great liner that makes Hongkong a port of several days stay, for a day in Hongkong, another on the West River, a day in Canton, the night run to Macao and a day there, gives a realizing sense of China, as she is, that will tempt any man with a soul to return to the land of Cathay, for a real visit of acquaintance-ship.



The Canal at Canton.



Ella Wheeler Wilcox Arrives

As Fashions Go in Hawaii

BY

ALEKA POKA

(Photos by Williams)

Our new Territory of Hawaii is so far away from the great throbbing world that fashions seldom change; in fact, they change only with the seasons—and in Hawaii the seasons never change. In this Paradise of the Pacific the Mother Hubbard came into vogue nearly a century ago. Mark Twain tells how it had a long career of usefulness behind it in Hawaii when introduced into and decried on the mainland. It is in vogue among all classes in the Hawaiian Islands today, natives and whites, and seemingly, to the end of the chapter the Hawaiian national dress is to be the Mother Hubbard, or as it is named in the Pacific, the holoku.

The holoku is the first distinctive feature that greets the visitor to Honolulu. The wharf front is lined with women robed in flowing—and often fluttering—holokus. It is seldom that the white woman garbs herself in the immaculate snowy holoku, and then usually for home use only; the little Jap prefers

hers with blue figures on a white ground, while the native woman often revels in crimson, or at least a bright calico that recalls traditions of Jacob's coat of many colors. I will not say that the holoku is a joy forever—to the sight—but it is certainly more picturesque in its broad effects in this tropical land than any fashion in dress yet introduced.

On the wharf, to greet the steamer, is always row after row of holokued women of all shades, nationalities and social grades. White predominates, but invariably the dead white is relieved by lei after lei of flowers of gorgeous hues that often hide the wearer beneath a mound of floral decorations. These leis are for friends and visitors aboard ship. Even a perfect stranger is apt to have a wreath of delicate pinks, that a moment before encircled a holoku, thrown about his neck with a soft salutation "Aloha" (love to you) and a moment later the smiling, happy face of the cheerful giver

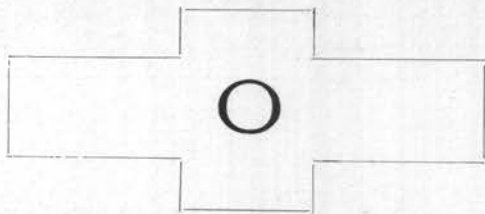


Holokus With and Without Frills.

is lost behind that wall of holokus. The Mother Hubbard (lost in the holoku), and the floral wreath (now the loving "lei" of welcome) are never out of style in Hawaii. For a century the ladies have clung to the holoku, or vice versa, while both sexes and all colors and conditions of people in Hawaii are not ashamed to promenade the streets wearing leis of flowers—on occasion.

The holoku was invented by the missionaries to hide the nude in art among the natives. Mark Twain tells how cast-off clothing from the East was tried at first, but the natives, who divide all they have with their friends, would appear in church robed most incongruously. The father of a family would march into the pew robed only in a new spring bonnet, his wife in a pair of shoes, one daughter in a red sash, worn about her neck, another in half a pair of gentleman's trousers, used as a muff more often than not, a son in a pink skirt, and so on. So the holoku was devised, and jealous bickerings and exchanges during service put a stop to, and everyone made content, if not happy.

I am strongly of the opinion—from research within my province—that the muumu was really the first civilized garb known to the Hawaiian and the precursor of the holoku. It is still worn by ladies under the holoku, I am told; by the men as a sleeping robe. The muumu is really a primitive form of the more befrilled holoku. It is made out of a single piece of cloth cut out like this,



then doubled over and stitched together, leaving a place for the head and arms to go through; and there you are. Why, any man could lay a bolt of cloth on the floor and cut out such a garment. I had much difficulty, however, in securing a picture of the real muumu, for, although I often saw the natives in these in their own homes, they invariably reached for their other clothing the moment I reached for my camera. It was due to the courtesy of Mrs. Jack London that I secured a photo of so important a part of every man's and woman's wardrobe in the Paradise of the Pacific. Mrs. London heard of my dilemma, sent to a native friend for the loan of his—or her—muumu, donned it and posed before the camera, with the "Snark" (Jack London's yacht) in the background, so that is how and why I know how the muumu is constructed.

No Hawaiian lady ever goes visiting, or will permit any stranger to see her in her muumu. It is really her nightgown, that is all. Even the holoku is tabooed at social gatherings by the whites (for themselves), and as a rule the lady of the house caught in this garb by an unexpected visitor, apologizes, although the greater part of her life is apt to be spent within its generous spaciousness. In the country she will often visit an intimate friend in holoku for a morning's sewing, but is apt to steal silently away



The Old Style Hula Dress.

if company of the male persuasion should happen to be announced.

Of course, the muumu, the holoku and the lei of flowers are not the only styles of dress in the Hawaiian Islands, but they are the most universal. For instance, the moment a stranger lands at Honolulu from one of the other islands of the group, everyone knows at once from the lei he wears about his neck, or as a hat-band, the place of his nativity, for each of the Hawaiian Islands has its distinctive lei, the wreath of evergreen maile, used as a background for the flowers, being the only lei common to all the islands. In Kauai it is the fragrant seed of the mokohana tree that is strung into a necklace to keep its delightful odor for months. On Oahu (where Honolulu is situated) the yellow ilima (very like the four o'clock) is the flower from which the lei of the island is made. This also is the lei of royalty, and so popular is it that the natives have become expert in making an imitation out of tissue paper that can scarcely be told from the lei of real flowers.

On the Island of Hawaii it is the gorgeous purple and crimson lehua blossom from which the island lei is woven. Often feathers resembling the flowers of the different islands are used to make hat bands, much in vogue, and the old national robes of bird feathers are to be brought into fashion again through the efforts of a native women's society that already numbers over five hundred members. With the muumu and the holoku the lei remains ever the emblem of Hawaiian residence.

The natives have taken the fashions of the white man, adapted them to their liking, and then forced the change upon their white sisters. It was the English who introduced abnormally long divided riding skirts in the Hawaiian Islands. The native women went them several feet farther in the length of these divided skirts. In fact, they often wore gorgeous calico divided skirts that trailed to the ground (while their wearers sat astride the horse), and nothing else on the head or around the neck or waist. Nowadays haole-wahines (white women) wear abnormally long divided



Mme. Alapai, the Hawaiian Singer,
in Concert Holoku.

riding skirts, while the native girls still delight in joining pa-u clubs, and racing each other across country, robed in the ancient flowing riding robes of the days of the monarchy.

Nowadays no festival is complete without the pa-u riders. The sewing machine aids the up-to-date Hawaiian girl in the making of her riding costume, but the expert of the old days cuts ten yards of calico from the bolt, wraps it about her waist and around the legs most skillfully, so that she is completely robed, while the ends of her riding skirts, or trousers, whichever you may designate them, trail upon the ground or flutter in the breeze about the horse's flanks. Pa-u riding is too picturesque

for either the Hawaiian to abandon or the whites to fail to encourage as a part of the athletic sports of every field day.

The hula dance costume has undergone many changes, and while it still exists, it is seldom seen save at native feasts, or by tourists who pay large sums in the hopes of a sensation. In the good old days of King Kalakaua each hula dancer wore a drapery of native grass about her waist, a lei of flowers about her neck and anklets of maile, with perhaps a crown of blossoms in her hair. With the overthrow of the monarchy, however, the real hula dance became "tabu," and has since been performed mostly in secret. The dress has become modernized, for the dancers wear their leis and grass aprons over their underskirts, and the dance is far more monotonous than it is suggestive. The hula costume of today is seen more often in posed photographs than in real life.

By visiting the public schools one may gather a very misleading idea of the hope of immediate change in styles of women's dress in Hawaii. The little girls, and their older sisters, attend school in prim, neatly-cut frocks, belted and flounced. At home even girls of sixteen may be seen in Americanized attire, but in a year or two they tire of the belt and the corset, as do their white sisters in these latitudes, and the old despised holoku is dragged out of its hiding place, never again to be discarded save upon some great and formal occasion.

The native woman, as well as the Portuguese, like to be tastefully shod while in town, but once on the country road their pretty new shoes are removed from feet that are aching, and are carried home, very like a lei of flowers, about the neck. Also the American shoe is not made for feet that have attained their natural width by long years of freedom. Native pride will force the female foot into the Yankee shoe, while in town, but what is the use of pride and pain when no one is looking.

Kindergarten children, whether Japanese, Chinese, native or American, are



Everyday Styles Today.

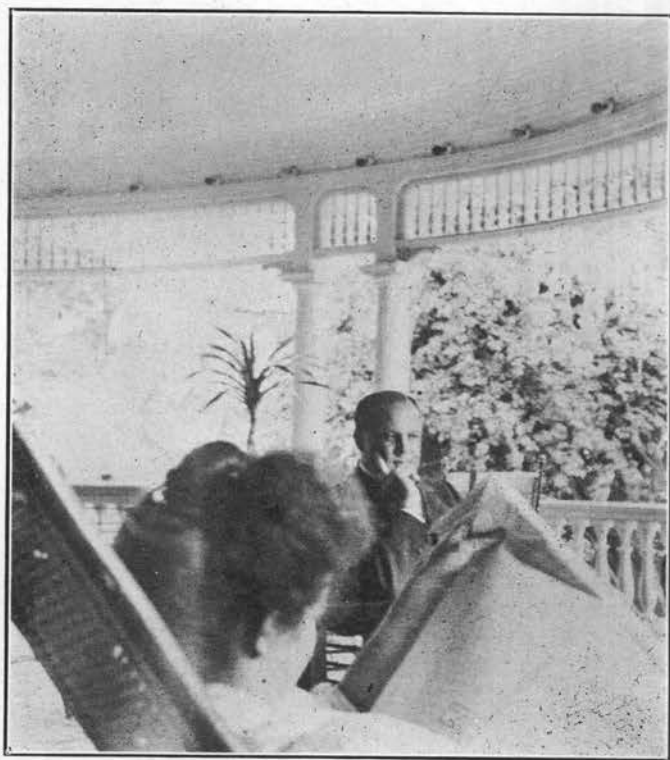
always daintily garbed in Hawaii. They may all come to the holoku later on, but not in childhood. Each nationality, as a rule, dresses its children in national costume, yet at the Honolulu schools are many native Oriental children and young girls in the latest American creations. I have seen many visiting Americans completely fooled as to the nationality of some pretty little Jap or Chinese girl in modern dress. I have spent some time myself in the Orient, but am not always ready to say just which of the Honolulu school girls are Oriental or occidental. And as for infallibly distinguishing the hapa-haole (half-white), I have made too many horrible breaks in Honolulu society to ever hope to do so. Many of the old missionary families have married among the hapa-haoles. The hapa-haole, therefore, ranks just above native royalty and just below the fully white man. He is welcomed in the

homes of some of the local aristocracy and barred from others. The quarter and eighth Hawaiian, however, seems to be received everywhere. Many of them are among the leaders of society and fashion in Hawaii, proud of their native ancestry and inheriting a grace and repose of manner sometimes lacking in the full white who has climbed up—from the depth.

Perhaps the most interesting and picturesque social gatherings held under the Stars and Stripes take place during the season in Honolulu. In great broad lanais (piazzas) or under spreading hau trees on the beach at Waikiki, natives, hapa-haoles, and white social leaders and strangers from passing steamers gather at the semi-public dances to which everyone is welcomed. The variety of color and costume, the uniqueness of the mixture of native and American customs—for the dancing is

performed to native vocal music—the intermixture of holoku and Parisian modes, dress suit and native garb, any and all as apt as not to be weighted down beneath leis of brilliant flowers—lends a kaleidoscopic charm to the Hawaiian open-air ball that has no counterpart anywhere else in the world. Fashions do not change in Hawaii, but in open air beneath the glow of myriads of colored electric lights the modes of all nations seem to combine and inter-

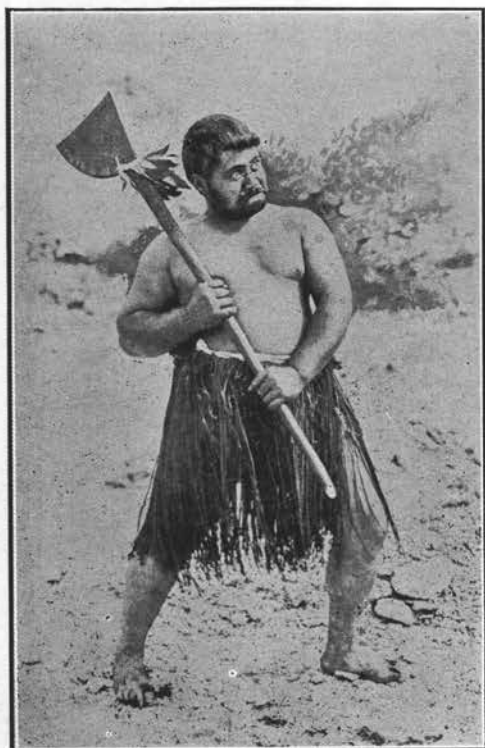
minge, as do these American people of all races, creeds and shades of color who gather together upon occasion to welcome the stranger and make him feel that, despite the formality or informality of his garb, he is to feel at home in the Paradise of the Pacific, where the never-changing fashion is to bid the parting guest aloha oe (love to you, till we meet again) and garb him in flowers the perfume of which will linger forever in his nostrils.



The Fourth Way of Death

BY

F. J. LOURIET



Peace had reigned for many seasons in the Waiata Country, and the inland fortifications were deserted of their chiefs. Beside the Great Sea many *kaingas* had been built, and in these open villages dwelt the people, cultivating their fields and bringing in fish.

On the shores of Turara Nui te Wai (Great Water Spread Out) were three of these villages, clusters of low, thatched houses without fortifications or stockade. Behind them the screening forest closed thick and green around the many scattered patches of cultivated ground. The bay faced the rising sun, and every

morning canoes went and came and nets were spread. The *pipi*, shellfish beloved by the Maori, was abundant on the wide beach, and daily, after the time of fires, the quiet water carried the voices of men and women in song and laughter far out into the twilight-tinted east.

The central village, retreating up the slope of a half-cleared hillside and commanding a wide view of the waters, was that of the Ngati-Ra, a powerful tribe, whose *rangatira* was a chief of years and wisdom. Great were his prestige and authority, not only among his own people but also among the Ngati-

Ko, dwellers in the *kainga* farther up the bay to the left, and the Ngati-Hau, who lived on the long point to the right.

A numerous tribe was the Ngati-Hau, fruitful and increasing through the times of peace. But as season after season passed, boys grew to be young men and lusted to imitate the brave deeds of their warlike ancestors. Slaves captured in former battles died and became few in number, so that the lusty youths were compelled to spend more and more time in the field instead of being at man's business, fighting and killing. Because of this they complained among themselves, nor did their elders censure them overmuch.

"For what purpose," asked they, "have we inherited the weapons of our ancestors? Why have we studied in the sacred school? To what end are we learned in the use of the *iaiaha*, the weapon of a chief, if war is no more to be practised?"

Thus the young men talked among themselves, and Tu, the War God, Consumer of Man, smiled.

Then came a season, the story whereof is still told in New Zealand among a few of the Maori people who have not yet forgotten the *mana* of their ancestors in the days before the white man had taken their country for his own, defied their spells and desecrated their *tapu*.

The ravines and hillsides were beginning to whiten under the manuka bloom and the blue crow had retired to the mountains to breed. Warm came the wind from off the sea, and all the children of Tane Mahuta—Shining Male—God of the Forest, stirred joyously. Then when the star Rerehu rose with the sun men knew that the *kumara* must be planted. So the Ngati-Ko went forth to their fields. Casting aside their mats, they worked together, chief and slave, digging up the soil to the time of rhythmic chanting. Carefully the sweet potatoes were placed in their hillocks, each sprouting top pointing toward the sacred hill, while the *tohunga* recited the proper incantations to insure fertility.

"Here, indeed, shall be regular distributions of seed; here abundance; here visiting little hillocks; the little hillocks shall be severally visited throughout.

"Whence shall the increase be obtained? O, Pani! come hither now; welcome hither! Fill up my basket with seed *kumara* . . . give hither, and that abundantly."

Row after row, the sweet potatoes were planted. The sun was overhead, the sun was tilted far over, and still the labor went on. Then came the time of fires, and the people of the Ngati-Ko sought their village for the evening meal. They were happy in that their planting so far had been auspicious, for the *tohunga* had forgotten no word of the magic charms and all the omens had been fair.

As the shadows crept down from the forest behind them and the sea sank back into mist, they gathered in the meeting-house and played games and told tales. Tales of war were few, for the Ngati-Ko were a peaceful folk, but such stories as dwelt on the love affairs of their ancestors were eagerly listened to and loudly applauded. The *haka* danced was that of peace, and when they dispersed to their houses contentment slept beside them.

On that same evening the people of the Ngati-Hau were also assembled in their meeting-house. They were mostly young men and turbulent. Their planting was not finished, the omens had been ill, and the labor severe. They sat in rows about the walls and in the open space in the center a young *rangatira* paced back and forth, flourishing a greenstone *mere* in his hand.

"This instead of the spade!" he cried, holding the weapon aloft. "Fat war rather than lean peace! The shout of the warrior instead of the grunts of the laborer! O, for the sky held up on spears! O, for the cries of the slain rising upward to Rangi through the rifts of the night! O, for the dawn turning back afraid!"

"From this place far unto the north men live and fight as men should. From

this place far unto the south, to where flocks of cold gather in the mountains, men live and fight as men should. Only here at this place, at Great Water Spread Out, is peace; peace smothering men; Great Peace Spread Out!"

Halting suddenly before a young man in the front rank, he stooped, and with mocking finger traced the beautiful, fine lines of the tattooing on his face.

"Why these curved lines and spirals?" he asked derisively. "Why the pain of severed flesh?—the sharp agony under the merciless needle? Shall I tell you? Shall I be *tohunga*, O ye men of Ngati-Hau?"

"This, then, is the meaning of the *moko* on your faces, the pattern of manhood printed on your flesh;—that you dig and labor and sweat forevermore! That you fish and mend nets forevermore! That you and I become as by-words in the mouths of warriors, who, when they hear the name of Ngati-Hau shall spit and say 'Huh!'"

The light from the burning manuka flared on motionless bodies, on hard-set faces and tense muscles. An elderly warrior rose and slowly entered the cleared space, where he stood leaning on his spear for a time before he spoke.

"Te Motu speaks true," he said at last. "We are become as women, fearing death. In my youth I fought, and fighting is good. But without a foe no one can fight; without cause there can be no foe. And foe we have none, nor cause for enmity. So I ask of Te Motu, whom shall we fight?"

A ripple of voices ran over the assemblage, and the young man rose in his place.

"What says the proverb?" he asked. "The great axe of Hae-ora, for revenge kept in mind.' Is there none among the Ngati-Hau who has an ancient wrong to avenge? Are we a new tribe, that we have no ancestors?"

An old man ventured a reply in a low tone.

"Many seasons ago my brother lost his life through the Ngati-Ra," he said.



"He was spearing birds in a tree on their land and he fell to the ground, whereby his neck was broken, and he died."

A silence followed his words.

"They are a powerful tribe," said a deep voice from among the seated men.

"Too powerful for us to attack," said the old warrior in the center. "And, besides, it is no cause for war."

There was a murmur of assent, but the lust of war was on them all and they went on restlessly searching their minds for a fit pretext and a fit victim to satisfy their desires.

"The Ngati-Ko are weak," suggested one in the shadow of the wall.

Then more discussion arose, and far into the night the men of Ngati-Hau hungered and debated and planned how they should find their foe, till the fire died out and the silence of uneasy dreams fell on them.

The next day when the Ngati-Ko had finished their planting and returned to the village they found a messenger awaiting them.

"I come from the Ngati-Hau," he said; "your neighbors across the bay, and I bear this message:

"Men of Ngati-Ko, our planting of the *kumara* has been slow and ill-omen-

ed. Our young men are unpractised in the work, and we fear that our *tohunga* has not sufficient *mana* to insure an abundant crop.

"Now, it is well known that the Ngati-Ko are skilled in all that pertains to the sacred labor, both in powerful charms and in rapid and careful planting of the seed. And as it is meet that in time of peace all shall prosper alike and one tribe not fare ill while another has plenty, therefore, O neighbors! we pray that when your own labor is finished you will send such men and slaves as can be spared to help us with our planting, and let one among them be a chief or *tohunga*, who can recite the proper *karakias*.

"Thus shall our planting prosper, and when the rains come again no tribe on Turara Nui te Wai shall lack sufficient food."

So he ended, and Te Kanohi, chief of all the Ngati-Ko, a man past middle age and of serious bearing, stood up in the courtyard and answered him:

"Take this word back to your people, the Ngati-Hau. I, Te Kanohi, *Rangatira* of the Ngati-Ko, will be at your planting ground tomorrow at daybreak, and my relatives and slaves will be with me. So may we be counted as neighbors who are ready to help in order that all may thrive and be at peace."

The messenger departed, and at daybreak the next morning the people of Ngati-Hau greeted Te Kanohi and his family at the *kumara* planting ground.

Brown and dry lay the earth awaiting the spade. Up came the sun, clear and bright, and the bordering forest cast long shadows across the open space, while its topmost foliage turned to shining emerald. At the head of the field stood Te Kanohi and recited loudly and accurately his strongest spells. Soon the men were all at work, and in long straight rows the ground was broken and little hillocks were formed and the air grew fragrant with the smell of fresh, upturned earth.

The Ngati-Hau were many in number, but the messenger had said truly

that they were slow workers, so as the sun rose higher and the shadows grew shorter the little party of visitors far outdistanced them and at length they were almost at opposite ends of the field.

Te Kanohi had taken his spade and was digging with the rest, digging with swifter strokes and stronger than any other man, as a chief should. Under the hot sun his well-oiled skin glistened with each movement of the swelling muscles, and little drops of perspiration rolled sparkling from its dark surface.

"Turn not, O Chief!" came suddenly a low voice from behind him, "nor let it be seen that we speak—but listen!"

Te Kanohi recognized the voice of his wife's brother and thought it strange that he should speak as if in the presence of a secret enemy.

"What is it, Ngatoro?" he asked, working away as before.

"I have just now come from the spring, where I went for water, and in the woods are armed men of the Ngati-Hau, watching.

"They watch over our safety, that no foe may surprise us as we work," answered Te Kanohi.

"Also many of the Ngati-Hau have left the field," went on the young man, "and in the edge of the wood farthest from us, toward which their party is working, are many weapons concealed."

"They have no cause to distrust us," said Te Kanohi. "Yet it may be they are fearful, and if so, their precautions are to be praised."

"Also, O Chief! I heard these words," pursued the low voice; "they were spoken by the young *rangatira*, Te Motu, who is with those hidden in the wood: 'Te Kanohi shall be mine!' he said to his warriors."

As one who had heard nothing, the chief again struck his spade into the soil, but he knew that he had been lured into a trap. These words could mean only that he was marked for death or slavery by the man whose ground he was now breaking, for whose crops he had invoked fertility and abundance. It

was treachery almost beyond belief, but Te Kanohi had been a warrior in his youth and he knew that in some men the lust of battle is stronger than friendship or honor.

There were twice ten in his party, all told, and of these scarce half the number were fighting men; the others were slaves and women. The Ngati-Hau outnumbered them six to one, all young men lusting for conflict and well armed, by Ngatoro's account.

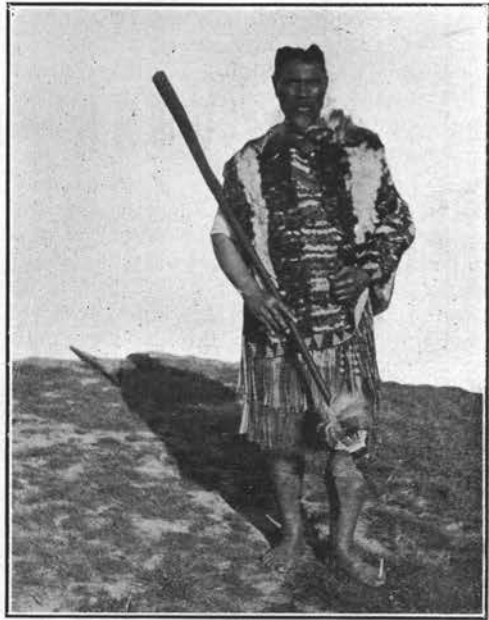
Te Kanohi straightened himself up from the planting and stretched his arms as one released from bonds. Then he called out in a loud voice that all might hear:

"Very hot is the sun overhead, my friends! My flesh is melting. We have labored well and now we will rest in the shade for a time. Kearoa!" he cried, "do you and the other women go fetch water for us yonder, under the trees," and he pointed to the nearby edge of the forest.

Willingly his party obeyed him. The men shouldered their digging sticks and the women ran with their calabashes to the spring, chatting and laughing freely in the unconsciousness of danger. Across the field those of the Ngati-Hau who were still working watched them silently over bended shoulders.

Within the deep shade of thick-growing trees the men threw themselves carelessly on the ground and, bending as if to find a place among them, Te Kanohi spoke low and intently, while his eyes glanced in every direction that a leaf might not stir unnoticed by him.

"Talk loudly, you of my family," he said. "Talk and sing, but listen to me between your words. The Ngati-Hau seek to kill us. We are too few to give them battle here. Therefore do you, one by one, slip through the bush and seek the path by the valley. Then run for our *kainga* or, if you cannot reach it, for that of the Ngati-Ra, on the hill. Keep the women in your midst. I will detain the Ngati-Hau from pursuit while I can. Go!"



Then he stood erect and addressed them in a loud, clear voice.

"Be silent, my friends! and I will sing you a song of my noble ancestor, Te Matoro. Be silent now and hear me!"

So Te Kanohi lifted his voice and chanted the noble deeds of old, while, one by one, his people stole away through the bush; and at last he stood alone under the trees and only the Ngati-Hau across the field still listened to his song and wondered at its length.

The end came. Louder yet sang the chief of Ngati-Ko:

"So shall live Te Kanohi, descendant of Te Matoro; he who planted *kumara* for the Ngati-Hau and watched them while they armed in secret to slay him—Ngati-Hau the foolish, the treacherous, strangers to good faith, not knowing honor, a byword among true warriors! Pah!"

Suddenly the forest breathed around the singer; there was a rustle louder than that of the breeze; a darkness not of shadows appeared between the branches.

With a yell of derision Te Kanohi bounded high in air. A spear grazed his thigh; he leaped for the thick bush. The cunning of the life-long woodsman and hunter was his. He threaded the tangle of lianes and plunged in between ancient tree ferns, monstrous with dead, fallen fronds clinging and rotting about the parent stem. He crouched low and so passed, half running and half leaping, like a rabbit, among swollen trunks of stunted Nikau palms, and all the time he heard behind him the crashing and tearing of close pursuit. He swerved from his course to enter the patch of high manuka scrub that darkened just over his head. The slim, tough stems encompassed him, close-grown as blades of grass. He flung himself against them, he parted the slender tops with his arms and buffeted his way through with strong, swimming strokes, and the dense bush closed behind him like parted waves in the wake of a swimmer. Well might his pursuers be baffled here, but with keen sense and keener intuition he kept his own direction, and at length came smashing out into the charred clearing where lay the open path, and the crackle of the chase was faint and far behind.

Down the opening valley he sped, the wide air welcome to his lungs after the stifling bush. The path fell away before him and now on ahead he saw his family running steadily in a compact group. In the rear was Ngatoro; he looked back over his shoulder and, seeing Te Kanohi, lagged a little that his chief might the sooner overtake him. With a shout of encouragement the elder man increased his speed. His shout was echoed from behind; he turned his head and saw the first of his pursuers break into view over the rise he had just quitted.

Now it was a race in the open; the forest left behind them, the valley spreading out into the gently rolling country of the coast; the path wide and clear and leading by easy curves to the center of the bay. The low, green hill of the Ngati-Ra rose before them, its

brown thatch houses clustered peacefully under the pleasant shade of wide-branched pohutukawas, and a cloudless sky stretching brightly blue above it.

The black, shouting throng of the Ngati-Hau swept on with the untired vigor of youth and steadily the distance lessened between them and the fugitives. Te Kanohi overtook his kinsman and pointed, speechless to the *kainga*. The two men lowered their heads and the pebbles flew under their feet as they came up to the rest of their party. The women were stumbling; a man on either side grasped each one by the hand and so, half lifted, half dragged, they were hurried along.

The village above them woke to life. Dark figures ran from house to house and swarmed along the hillside. The little party of Ngati-Ko, struggling up the slope, turned bloodshot eyes to their friends; the women were scrambling on hands and knees, pushed by the men; they sank in patches of bare, hot sand, the beat of the surf mingled with the roaring of blood in their ears, their tongues hung dry from their mouths. They reached the feet of the men of Ngati-Ra and there fell prone on the grass, spent and swallowing air.

At the base of the hill paused the Ngati-Hau. So near were they, but now they had need for caution lest they find themselves entered on a larger quarrel than they cared to undertake. Dripping and panting, they squatted in rows to take breath and counsel.

Te Ripo, the powerful *rangatira* of the Ngati-Ra, made way through his crowd of curious men to the little body of refugees. Te Kanohi, breathing hard with his face to the ground, heard a deep voice over him ask: "Who are those gathered below?" and some one answered: "Men of Ngati-Hau."

"Traitors!" gasped Te Kanohi, raising himself on one elbow.

"Let the breath come first, Kanohi," said the wise old chief. "You are safe here. When you are able you shall speak fully."



He gave a command to his men and some carried the fainting women into shade, while others ran for water.

Suddenly a shout rose from below. The Ngati-Hau were advancing in columns of five. Halting at a terrace halfway up the slope, they squatted again, and the young chief, Te Motu, came on alone, holding up one hand. Within a few paces of the Ngati-Ra he stopped.

"We seek Te Kanohi and these others who have done us wrong and have fled from our repayment," he said. "No quarrel have we with you of the Ngati-Ra."

Te Ripo stepped out before him.

"What is the wrong that has been done?" he asked, "and wherefore are the Ngati-Ko, who yesterday were at peace with all men, today flying from your repayment?"

"The wisdom of Te Ripo is known," answered Te Motu. "Let him judge if we, who revere our ancestors, have been wronged."

"Many years ago, my grandfather, in passing over his lands beyond this point, was torn by the thorns of the wild bramble and his blood spilt upon the ground. He was a chief of mighty *mana* and his blood most sacred. So where the drops fell he erected a fence to mark

the spot, that none might pass over it and defile his *tapu*.

"This have Te Kanohi and his family done today in coming to our *kumara* patch. They have trodden upon the sacred blood of my ancestor and violated his *tapu*, and they should pay the penalty. Therefore, O Ripo! I ask that you in your justice deliver them over to me, and I and my warriors will depart from your land."

"The *rangatira* comes from the Village of Liars!" burst out one of the reviving Ngati-Ko. "No fence nor warning of *tapu* was there on our way this morning."

Te Ripo frowned and lifted his hand.

"Truly should we respect the blood of our ancestors," said he slowly. "Nevertheless, have I lived for many years on this coast and have never before heard of this *tapu* that you mention. Rest you a while, Motu, and I will examine into this matter."

Te Ripo retired to where Te Kanohi, partly recovered from his exhaustion, sat with knees drawn up and sullen eyes, listening to the accusation of his foe. Then was told another tale, of cunning treachery and friendship betrayed.

"Now, what must I do?" concluded

Te Kanohi. "Shall I lead my men out to fight, ten against sixty? Shall I go out to fight alone, one against sixty? Is it that they are in need of slaves, or do they desire a feast? Justly and honorably have I lived with all men—must I now go to bear food on my back for cowards and traitors? or to be eaten by them and have flutes made of my thigh bones and my head set up that the women may mock at me as they pass? What, then, would become of the *mana* of my ancestors? What, then, would become of my family, shamed and disgraced forevermore?"

His voice had risen to a wail; his eyes glittered wildly.

The old chief shook his head sorrowfully.

"Aue! my friend, Aue! When they challenge you, what shall I say? Can you, a *rangatira*, refuse to fight if they demand it? Can I tell them that you are afraid for your back, or your head, or your bones, and will not come forth? Would your family be any the less disgraced then? True, I can protect you if you desire it, and because we have been friends these many years I will protect you if you ask it. But can you ask it?"

Te Kanohi's eyes studied the ground for a while. Then he lifted his head and laughed as one who no longer feared.

"O friend! If I alone fight and am killed, will you protect my family?"

"That will I do, surely," replied the chief. "For them, it is no disgrace not to fight, and they shall all be guarded as my own people."

"Again," pursued Te Kanohi, "If I am not killed, but die a death of honor, will you protect my family?"

Te Ripo looked at him searchingly. The eyes of the two men met in a long, steady gaze. Te Ripo moved his head approvingly.

"Again I say, surely I will!"

"Then I say, protect them!"

Te Kanohi sprang to his feet and lifted his voice.

"Hear me, O Ripo, my friend! and

hear me, you people of Ngati-Ra! and hear me, O my relatives!

"The ways of death are four: by old age, by war, by witchcraft, and one other.

"By old age we hoped to die, we of the Ngati-Ko, for we are peaceful and just; but to me that is denied. To die by war, when war is fair, is the death of a man; but to go forth tamely to be killed and eaten and so to leave a family despised as 'the remnant of the feast,' is the way of a fool. Death by witchcraft is the act of the gods, and not to be spoken of.

"But by that other way a man may die without fear for himself, without shame upon his ancestors, and without disgrace to his descendants. I go that way, and these are my words to you, my family.

"Take your women and retire to some secret place. Live silently and increase. Live vigorously and increase. Study the arts of war and perfect yourselves in strength of body and in skilled use of weapons. Then, when you are many and powerful, strike as the shark, strong and swift, at your foe, the Ngati-Hau. Strike, and slay, and feast. Thus shall my death be avenged and the *mana* of our tribe become great."

He turned and walked toward the crest of the hill, accompanied by Te Ripo. As they disappeared among the houses a messenger started out to find Te Motu, who had retired among his warriors on the terrace.

The men of Ngati-Ra now squatted in long rows on the upper hillside, ready at a signal to break into the dance of war. Many and strong were they; men in the prime of strength and vigor, equally ready to work, to dance, or to kill—a tribe to be feared. When Te Motu reappeared, they looked up at him with rolling eyeballs, and the young chief knew fear, but the messenger escorted him silently through their ranks and up the path Te Kanohi had taken, to the brow of the hill. At this point the hill fell away sharply to the water's

edge and was clear of all bush, so that an unobstructed view could be had of the Great Water Spread Out. Rocks cropped out here and there, and here and there a streak of sliding sand. Below, the ebbing tide sent its slow waves lapping softly along the sandy beach. The wide blue sky and the blue sea shimmered through a faint, warm haze. Only Te Ripo stood at the edge of the hill.

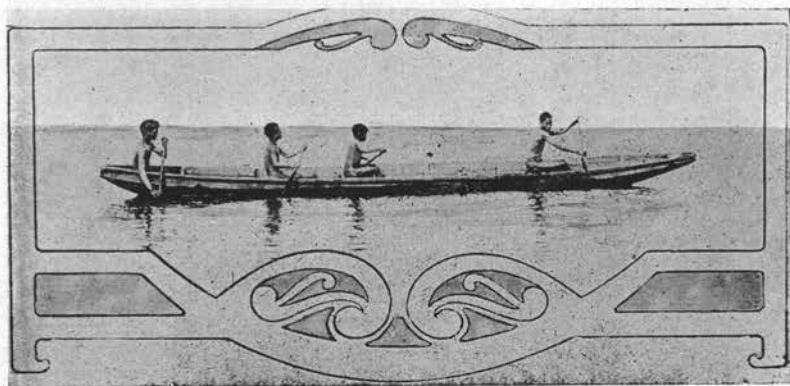
"Behold!" he said.

Te Motu looked where his finger pointed, and there, far out in the waters of the bay, he saw where widening rip-

ples, flashing silver under the sun, centered in a black dot.

"Behold the death of a man who dies that his family may live; dies that his honor may be inviolate; dies that the glory of his ancestors may be untarnished. Such death is noble, and the family of that man shall be under the protection of the Ngati-Ra now and for all time. Behold!"

Te Motu looked again. The black dot quivered in the silver waters and went down. The circling ripples melted into the wide blue sea. Only peace lay before him—Great Peace Spread Out—and again Te Motu's heart knew fear.





The White Man's Use of the Outrigger Canoe.

From painting by H. G. Hitchcock



The Passing of the Outrigger Canoe

BY

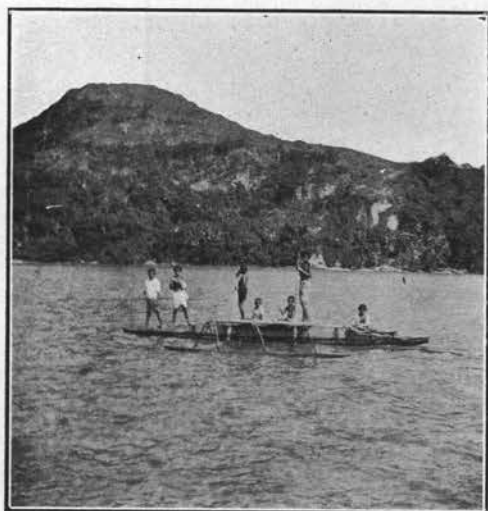
ALEXANDER HUME FORD

Every year the fleets of outrigger canoes are growing smaller. In some of the South Sea island waters this picturesque craft has ceased to exist. In others they are no longer built and when those that do exist have rotted away or are lost at sea, there are none to replace them. The great koa trees from which the Hawaiian canoes are cut and carved, are only found today far up the side of a peak that towers 14,000 feet above the sea, and the natives no longer fell and drag these down to the beach. The outrigger canoe will pass away, perhaps in advance of the disappearing Polynesian.

In Samoa the last of the great catamaran war canoes lies rotting on the beach at Apia. It once carried 400 warriors, but it is safe to say that it's like will never again be built; few indeed remain who may still bind together with bits of sennit (cocoanut fibre twine) great forest planks, so closely that the roughest storm does not start them so far apart as to let in one drop of water. The Samoans gave the last great result of their dying art to the Emperor of the Germans, and an offer was even made to sail it with a native crew to Hamburg,

but there lies this wonderful masterpiece of Samoan handicraft a little longer food for the reflection of the passing tourist and the present abode of the devouring white ant. New Zealand and Samoa both forbid their masterpieces of native work to leave the country of their creation, but with what a difference!

In olden times canoe and spear making was the pastime of the men. On many of the islands one may still watch the men, and even boys at work fashioning the old style of outrigger with primitive implements. Each island and tribe preserves its own peculiar form of constructing the outrigger canoe, and in the New Hebrides where the flotsam and jetsam of the Pacific people have been gathered by ocean currents and devastating storms, one may study a hundred types of canoes in as many villages, where various South Sea languages and traditions are still held sacred. I believe I can almost tell at a glance what islanders have fashioned any given canoe—to the tourist all are outriggers, but to the practiced eye, one outrigger has four poles connecting it with the dug out log of wood, another three, another



From Fiji.



From the New Hebrides.

two, or an entire group may use four poles, but in different combinations. Sometimes the four close together near the center of the boat, sometimes two near each end or three at one end and one at the other—but each combination tells its tale. I recognized at Fortuna in the New Hebrides the little short outrigger poles of Samoa—and the natives of this island speak Samoan. Even at the mission schools where many gather from all the islands, you may tell the tribe from which each comes by the manner in which he constructs his canoe. Alas and alackaday, however, in these modern days the South Sea Islanders more and more every year devote their waning skill to fashioning toy models of the old time canoes for the passing tourist, and trust to the local missionary in time of emergency for a lift in his modern machine built whale boat. Even the spears of the South Sea Islanders are now turned out by machinery and supplied in bundles in exchange for copra—idleness is becoming rife and the people are rapidly dying—evidently of ennui.

The sphere of the outrigger canoe is bounded on the north by the American Territory of Hawaii, on the east by the American possession of the Philippines, on the south by Tahiti, and on the west by Ceylon. In the great vast ocean be-

tween these four groups of islands the outrigger canoe for more than a thousand years was king.

It is possible that the outrigger canoe is a Singalese invention. At any rate, Europeans visiting the Pacific by way of the Suez first meet the outrigger canoe and its first cousin, the catamaran, at Ceylon. From there around the Pacific by way of Malay, Java, the Celebes, Philippines, New Guinea, Fiji, Samoa, Hawaii, and Tahiti the outrigger canoe is still the boat of the people. Only the Solomon Islanders and the aboriginals of Australia know nothing of the outrigger canoe, and both of these are negroid races.

Surfing in an outrigger is king of water sports, and in Hawaii anyone may learn to handle one of these craft with a little practice. I first became acquainted with the outrigger at Waikiki, and there I remained until I thought I had mastered the rudiments of guiding this obstreperous craft. Moving on to Fiji I was initiated into the mysteries of "jumping" a reef, a common practice in South Seas, when there is no other escape from a threatened hurricane. In Samoa and other South Sea islands I became more and more a friend of the outrigger, but I do not believe that it will

ever find its way to permanent use in Atlantic waters.

A single Hawaiian outrigger canoe made its appearance some years ago at an Oregon coast summer resort; it was built by a young Hawaiian especially to resist and ride the gigantic billows that break upon our Northern Pacific strands, wrecking any ordinary boat caught before them and rolling the largest life boats over and over, much to the discomfiture of the oarsmen, who are always lashed to their seats. The outrigger of this big canoe was constructed of steel, a pointed cylinder peculiarly adaptable to the conditions to be overcome. Many successful runs were made before the great walls of water that come rolling in from the ocean, and people marveled at the nerve of the young Hawaiian, who invariably kept his boat before the surge.

But one day the accident happened—an unusually high sea was running and the sport seemed glorious for an adventurously inclined person. The young Hawaiian's chum, a white lad, pleaded to go along, and as he had proved an apt pupil, he was taken in the canoe, with strict admonition that in case she swamped or upset not to jump out, and above all things always to leap from the canoe on the outrigger side. A wave more heavy than any before put such a strain on the guiding paddle that it snapped, and like a flash the canoe began to bring up broadside to the then cresting breaker; the young white man leaped into the sea to swim ashore and the sharp pointed end of the outrigger struck him on the head. His companion, crazed with grief, destroyed his canoe and has never since indulged in surfing. So ended outrigger sports on the Pacific Coast of the mainland.

I took my first lesson at outriggering in the canoe that had carried Alice Roosevelt so successfully before the surf that rolls in at Waikiki, but had balked at accommodating the bulky form of Mr. Taft. It was the Acting Governor of Hawaii who put his canoe at my disposal and advised me to remain on the Islands until I had mastered the sport—then, he was certain I would never care to leave.



Hawaiian Catamaran.

He was right. It was while this self-same Acting Governor of Hawaii was initiating Alice Roosevelt into the delights of surfing in an outrigger, that the great mail steamer from Japan lay at the Honolulu dock screaming itself hoarse for her to return and finally left without her so that Alice was compelled to follow to the outer harbor by tug boat. How Miss Roosevelt ever tore herself away from the sport of surfing I do not yet understand, but I do know that as a married woman she returned to Hawaii that her husband might learn the art of surfing.

As a malihini I was captivated, as are many malihinis, by an outrigger lying on the sand under the shade of a hau tree that grew at the water's edge. The particular hau tree also provided umbrageous protection for the Acting Governor's outdoor dining room, which was beautifully floored with the same native mahogany out of which his canoe was constructed. If I were writing for the malihini I should explain that the outrigger canoes are built on the Island of Hawaii where grows the koa tree; from one of which the canoe is shaped, then dug out; a strip of perhaps six inches being added as bulwarks, and so cleverly joined that no novice would discern the crack in the highly polished surface of the canoe. The outrigger itself is a mere



A Samoan Outrigger.

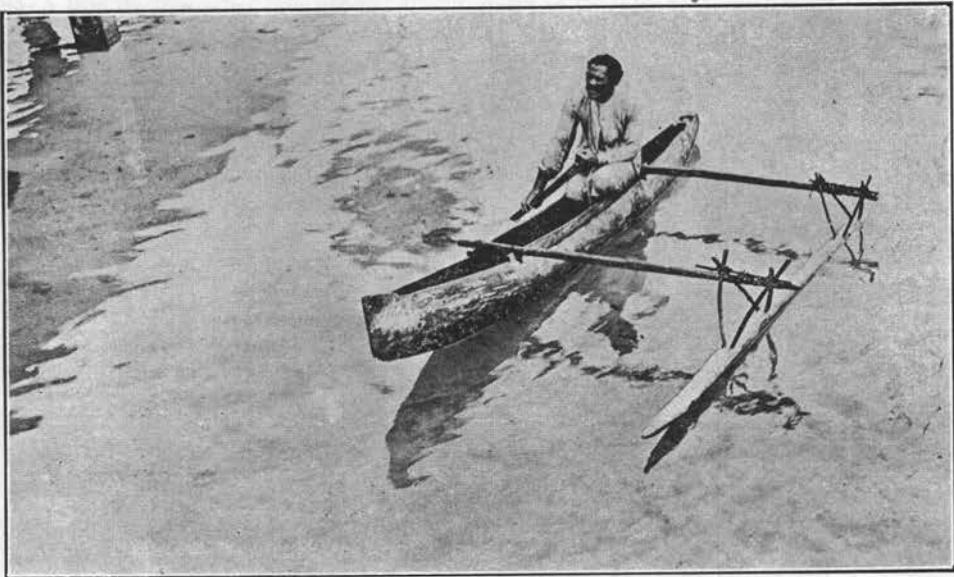
pole of lightest wood, called in Hawaii the ama; it is two-thirds as long as the canoe itself, and perhaps six inches in diameter. It floats from six to twelve feet from the canoe and is connected by two curved poles—iakos.

The Hawaiian outrigger is the largest in proportion that I have noticed anywhere on the Pacific, which, of course, makes it all but impossible for the craft to upset completely. I say almost, for there is the possibility of a splendid spill, if the waves run high and the man at the steering paddle loses his nerve or fails in skill.

Unlike South Sea outrigger canoes I have carelessly boarded, the Hawaiian craft does not either upset or sink her outrigger if the weight is thrown in that direction. She behaves herself until the native takes the paddle in hand. I knew something about sending a birch bark skimming along smooth waters so I took a paddle confidently while my companion sat complacently in the bow—to watch proceedings. We were to go out to the big breakers, but to my astonishment every little ripple seemed to turn the canoe broadside to the sea. I tried paddling on the outrigger side, then switched to

the other—a gentle whitecap came aboard and swamped us, and I was given my first lesson in aid to the sunken. We both jumped out into the water—no one ever goes outriggering at Waikiki except in a bathing suit. My tutor ducked beneath water, put his shoulder under the bow and with his feet firmly on the hard sand exerted all his strength, the canoe tilted on end and the water gushed out; suddenly my companion stood from under, down went the bow and the remaining waters rushed forward and splashed over end in a fountain; it took but little effort then to bail out what was left, and once more we clambered aboard via the off side from the outrigger. The Hawaiian outrigger canoe does not easily upset, but a child can swamp her.

My tutor took the steering paddle and we shot out through the incoming rollers, mounted waves, turned our broadsides to swells and were lifted over them, kept out prow right in among foaming crests and scarcely shipped a drop. At last we were a mile out among the great long swells of the ocean, beyond the outer reef. Other canoes were there, crowded with gay expectant occupants, all attired in their bathing suits, save the native



A Tongan Outrigger Canoe.

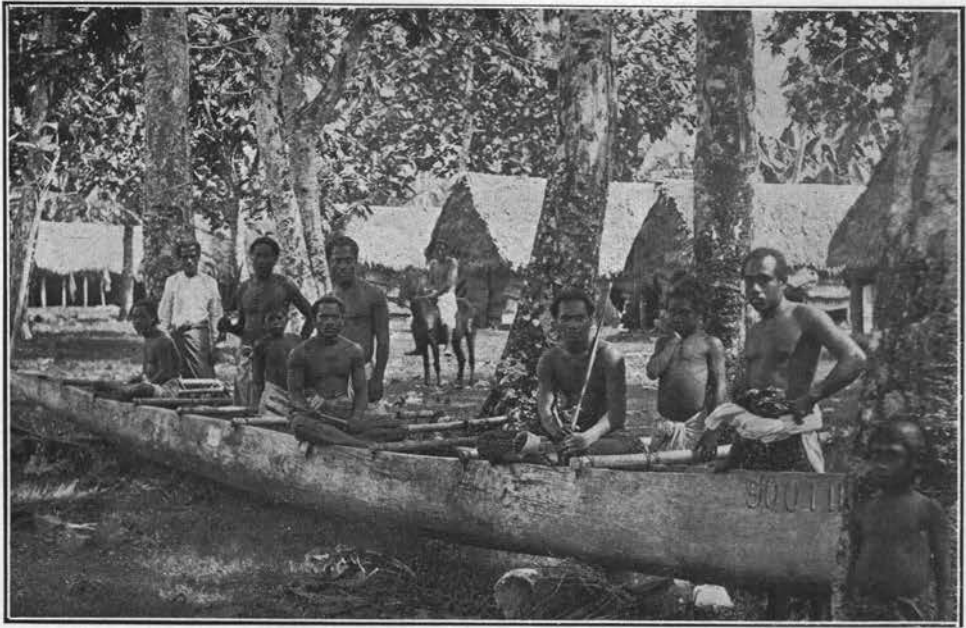
paddlers; they found a pair of trunks quite sufficient. The most experienced man always sat in the stern and guided the craft with his great fan-like paddle. It was he who kept his eyes ascant for the "Nalu nui" or great wave. Roller after roller might pass, but they were not the kind that would carry the narrow craft up to the beach—a mile away. At last while on the top of a swell he would give the cry "Nalu nui!" and then everyone would bend to his paddle and await the word of command.

"Hoe! Hoe!" and the paddles fly through the water, the canoe propelled by several powerful pairs of arms gathers speed—over shoulders the great long roll of water can now be seen approaching.

"Hoe! hoe! hoe! hoe!" cried the steersman, as he plied his own paddle with wonderful quickness; the long sweeping base of the oncoming roller begins to lift the back of the canoe, and now everyone drives his paddle as if mad; a little more exertion and the wave is caught—a little less and it is lost, the canoe merely sinking back over the crest. The canoe is tilted now seemingly at an angle of forty-five degrees, she is plunging downward before that onrushing wall of

water; paddles dipping into the racing brine now are almost torn from the grasp. The helmsman cries "Pau!" (enough), everyone else rests and his labor begins; with all its force the water seeks to swirl the craft around so that it may catch its outrigger broadside and send it toppling above the heads of the people in the boat, as the wave breaks.

Perspiring at every pore the man at the paddle braces against Father Neptune, as his craft shoots faster and faster down the face of that ever-steepening mountain of water. Now there is a rushing, hissing sound, the boat seems to lift on beam ends and there is a churning of white foam all around the helmsman; the stern of the great long canoe rests upon the crest of the wave, its bow is down in the depths. A false move now, or should the paddle break—and this sometimes happens—there would be a sudden bringing up broadside to the wave, the light outrigger would be lifted high in air, and if the boat did not speedily swamp a complete capsize might occur; this seldom happens, however, and the canoe goes speeding on before the wave, and the excitement approaches its climax.

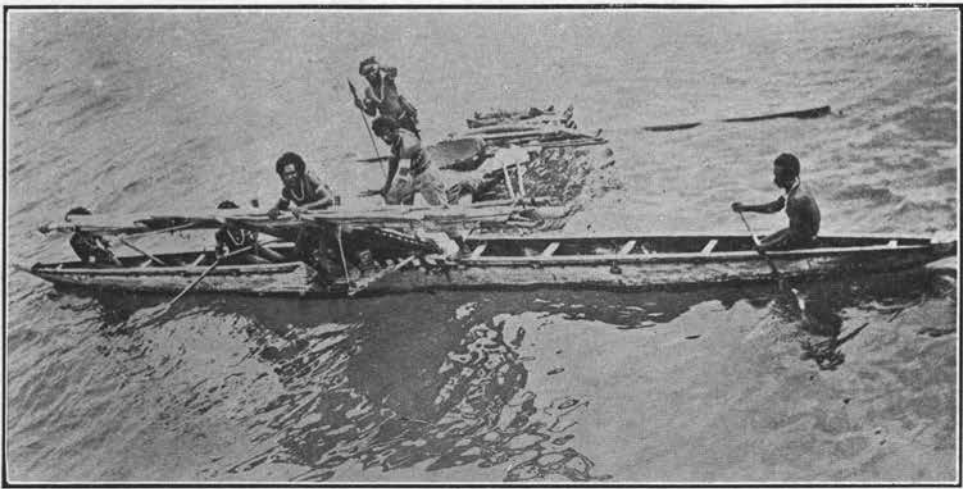


Samoans and Their Canoe.

It was well that I learned to ride upon the waves in my outrigger with the Hawaiians, for in the South Seas I was compelled more than once to "jump" a dangerous reef in a tiny craft with an outrigger not much larger than the paddle usually in service at Waikiki. In the Hawaiian canoe if the wave proves too strong, it is usually possible to back water and fall back above the crest of the wave into still waters—not so with the South Sea cockle shell. You may leave your helm as the wave dies down at Waikiki and run forward to tilt the bow downward so that she will keep going until the succeeding breaker lifts her stern and sends her flying onward with renewed vigor and lands her gently high and dry upon the sloping beach. In Samoa such a feat is reserved for the most expert of the native boatmen, for the tiny outrigger is meant barely to balance the boat, the occupants are supposed to keep her equilibrium; the Samoan boats when propelled by the sweeping native paddles dart through the waters like flashes of light, but I have found

that under the guidance of a novice, or one accustomed to the comparatively ponderous canoes of the Hawaiians, that they have a way of dipping their outriggers upon the slightest provocation, and once the outrigger dips, or lifts out of water, which it is prone to do, over goes the cockle shell and the once occupant has to bail out and get in again—South Sea Island fashion.

My first experience with a Samoan canoe was in a quiet lagoon. Trusting to the balancing power of the outrigger, I nonchalantly leaped in, despite the cries of warning from the natives. Instantly the tiny outrigger described an arc in the air, and as I, forgetting the Hawaiian rule, jumped out on the off side, it came down and struck me on the head, my boat now bottom side up. Fortunate for me that the Samoans build their outrigger floats of light sticks of wood. I was surprised. A small boy lifted the outrigger pole, the canoe flopped back into its proper position, full of water, of course, and my Samoan guide showed me how to bail out a canoe in accordance

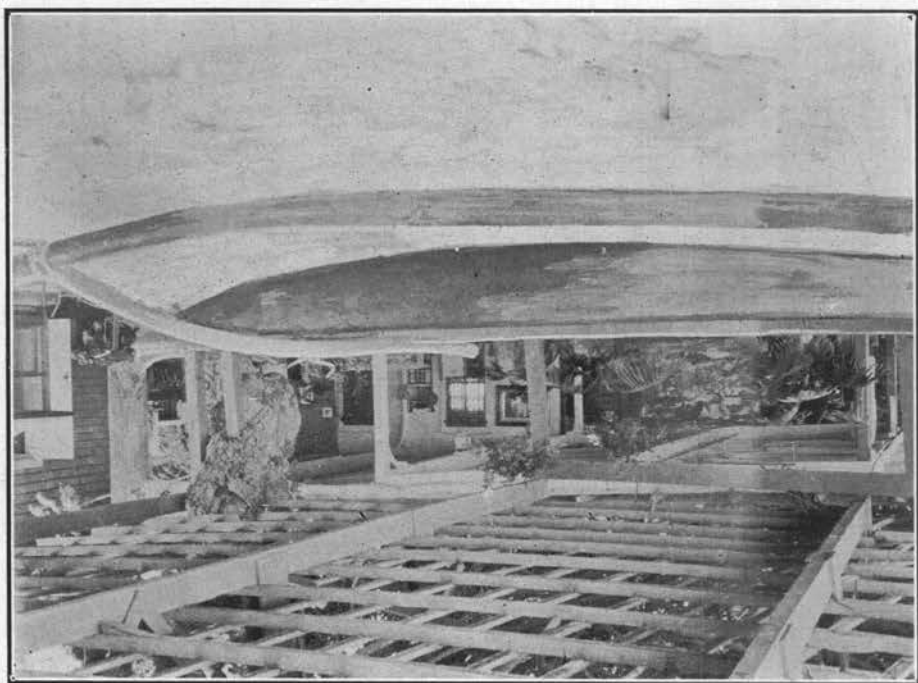


A Marshall Island Canoe.

with the custom of his people. First he grasped the canoe firmly by the thwart amidships and sent it forward with all his might, and as the stern passed him reached out his arm and gave the little boat a jerk in the other direction until the water within went flying over the bow and sides in a solid sheet. He repeated this maneuver several times, until scarcely a drop of water was left in the canoe, then invited me to get in from the off side. I did so, and down went the outrigger on the other side, and once more there was a capsizing. The next time I seized the bow with both hands and straddled, carefully balancing myself until I was safely aboard. I noted that my guide sat with his legs crossed under him across the thwarts, while I, unaccustomed to this pose, had to put my feet one before the other, in the narrow little slit that widened out below—for the canoes are dugouts, widest just above the water line. In this uncomfortable position I attempted to paddle, and for the third time capsized my craft. After that I settled down to learn the art of managing an outrigger canoe built to suit the requirements of the Samoan.

To the end of my stay I handled the Samoan canoe most gingerly. All around me in rough weather or smooth

the Samoans would speed by, bobbing up and down in their canoes, amid the reefs heedless of choppy seas or heavy rollers—but after the Hawaiian pleasure craft the Samoan cockle shell is little to my liking. The natives, it is true, come riding in before the surf that rolls into Apia Bay, but there are upsets on the reef, and the coral is sharp and its cut in this climate not to be trifled with. Then, too, the Samoan canoe is so easily swamped by a novice—and I have noticed that the native is frequently engaged in the water, bailing out his canoe, Samoan fashion. He can board his craft again with lithesome ease, but in a choppy sea it is a knack to be learned, to leap aboard again without swamping the little craft. Of course the Samoans have some large canoes; they used to build war catamarans that would carry three hundred warriors, but they were not the canoes of the people. Nowadays each village owns a modern whaleboat sometimes sixty feet long and manned by thirty or forty rowers; in these they make their “malangas” or journeys around the islands of the group, but the tiny outrigger is still the boat of the people and in it the Samoan small boy learns to defy the surf that beats upon the shore during



A Modern Canoe Shed—Hawaii.

the stormy season—which lasts for more than half the year.

For all around comfort and a long cruise commend me to the Fijian outrigger—it never capsizes and you may take your bed with you and sleep beneath a roof of cocoanut leaves erected over the platform built between the outrigger proper and the canoe. In Fiji there are rivers, real rivers; and all kinds of bays and inlets, and on them all, the native plies his outrigger. On the two large islands it is possible to go far up into the mountains and at some native village near the headwaters of a river secure a canoe that managed by two Fijians will carry you safely through all the rapids, down the river and even outside the coral reefs or the coast. The canoes seem tiny and zigzag in and out with the currents of the upper courses, but on the flooring laid between the outrigger sticks, are clean mats and a pile of earth upon which the fire is built for cooking, and perhaps an old Standard Oil tin is there to do service as a stove. By day

there is a sloping roof of cocoanut leaves to give shelter from the rays of the sun and at night wild banana leaves are spread, forming a most easy and comfortable bed, as I have reason to remember. There are thrills, dear to the heart of the lover of sport, as the tiny canoe shoots the rapids, and sometimes jumps a tiny cascade, but for real excitement, commend me to the care of the nervy Fijian who enjoys jumping his canoe over the reef, on the crest of the great rollers that thunder down upon every bank of coral in the Pacific.

It takes more than skill to jump a reef if there is the slightest sea on. Nerve and strength play a most important part. The great rollers that traverse the ocean uninterruptedly from the South American coast many thousand miles away, find their first obstacle upon meeting the coral reefs of Fiji—these reefs not a foot below water at some tides, descend hundreds of fathoms, sheer precipice on the side toward the great ocean. There is no long gathering wave



A Hawaiian and His Canoe.

that comes surging in, but a constant piling up of the green waters, short waves that drop in rapid succession upon the hard coral. Then, as the waters recede, there is a Niagara falling over the edge of the reef into the ocean; let any boat get caught in this, and if she is not borne beneath the usual projecting ledge and held there by the currents, dismemberment at least will be her fate and woe betide the occupants who have not learned the art of body surfing—that is keeping the body rigid, and catching an advancing wave and riding before it; mere swimming would scarcely land anyone safely over a coral reef. Out-riggering over the surf-bound reefs of Fiji is sport for the daring.

My first dash over the coral reef was accidental; that is, we had gone out for a quiet day's fishing and the wind arose, moreover such a current set outward through the channel between the reefs that it seemed as though we could make no headway and every moment the waves rose higher and higher. The two Fijian paddlers looked at the line of foam upon the reef and then at their catch of fish in the bottom of the canoe. It was a long way round by the still water passage, even if it could be made, and not a hun-

dred yards across the foam covered reef to the quiet waters of the lagoon within. One of the Fijians turned his paddle in the direction of the reef, and soon we were riding broadside on the great rollers not a hundred feet from where the short high waves dropped down upon the coral rocks. Several waves passed, and then one monster came howling in. In the twinkling of an eye the sharp point of our canoe was pointed to the reef and we were sloping down that almost perpendicular wall of water; it seemed as though we would drop bow on upon the reef, but the monster wave bore us on, spent its force, then there was a grating, grinding sensation, and the two Fijians leaped out upon the coral and strained with all their might to hold the canoe from being swept by the back wash into the ocean and perhaps beneath the fearful ledge—that graveyard of the coral reef. Many a whaleboat has been turned over and over in the reef, and the poor sailors ground to pulp on the jagged coral.

The narrow little canoe held bow on to the force of water held her position, and as the next surge rolled in, the Fijians leaped into their places and pad-

dled like mad; we were over the reef and had made it in two jumps.

Since writing the above paragraph I have read in an Auckland paper a telegraphic despatch from Fiji announcing that a missionary, (a man who initiated me in some of my first water sports in Fiji), has been drowned with two natives—trying to jump a reef. I know the reef; he has probably jumped it scores of times, but this trip doubtless, the bow of his craft did not touch the coral, and then all was over. I was canoeing among the Tongan Islands at the period of this accident,—the Tongans are the nearest neighbors to the Fijis, some 700 miles away and taught them to build their largest war canoes.

Once the Tongans built great catamarans and gigantic outrigger canoes with which they invaded Fiji, and to this day some of the Fijian Islands are more Tongan than Fijian. Here the outrigger boats are the largest, some of them still large enough to accommodate on deck half a village, and the Fijians and Tongans still enjoy racing each other in their tribal canoes. Sometimes a score of sailing canoes will take part in one of these contests—but always in Fijian waters, for among the Tongan Islands there are few outrigger canoes to be found nowadays, and the stay-at-homes have lost their daring. I have seen Tongans leap out of their canoes until a steamer passed, for fear of her swell. In all the Tongan Islands, I saw but one

fair-sized outrigger canoe, and this was hauled up on shore and dismantled.

The days of the outrigger in the South Sea are numbered. You may remain for days or weeks at Suva, the metropolis of Fiji, and not see one. At Apia in Samoa, the skiff and the whaleboat take its place; the French have taught the Tahitians to prefer other craft, and everywhere throughout the Pacific the native is abandoning the outrigger for the more modern clinker built. For a safe boat in almost any surf, however, the properly constructed outrigger has no rival.

The Solomon Islanders alone have discarded the outrigger. Twenty of their warriors will balance and propel a canoe that is as frail and cranky as a paper racing shell. In the New Hebrides, each island and tribe has its own particular style of outrigger canoe. Some have a dozen iakos connecting the body of the canoe with the ama, others only two. I brought one little New Hebrides canoe back to Hawaii with me, for it was my fond intention to have and preserve in time, at Waikiki, a collection of outrigger canoes from every part of the Pacific. I hope yet that this may be done.

The South Sea Islanders and their native craft are passing away; let us at least rescue the Hawaiian outrigger from oblivion and make it our national pleasure craft for sporting safely upon the crests of the billows that roll in at Waikiki and over other shelving reefs that slope up to the Hawaiian Islands.



From Ceylon.



Tapa

The Cloth of the South Seas

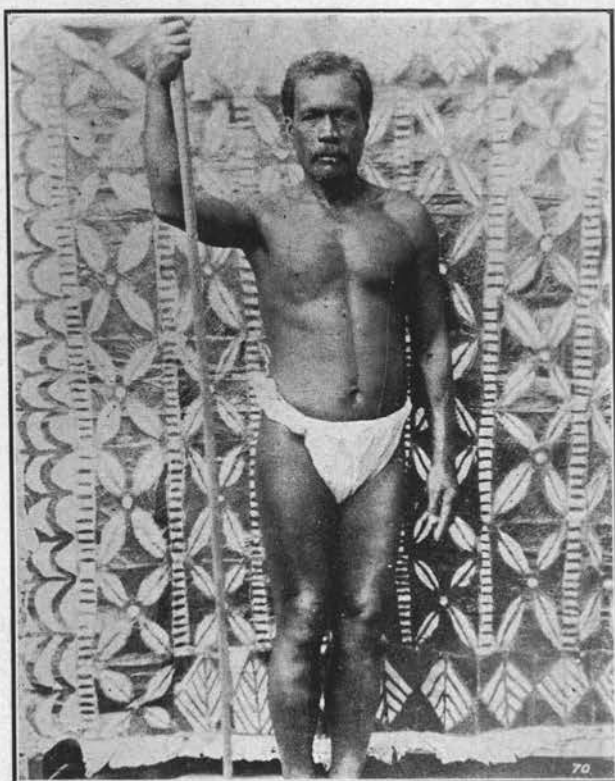
BY

HENRY P. WILSON

Tapa is the cloth of the South Seas. It is used still as the dress of many thousands, but the secrets of its manufacture are rapidly becoming lost arts.

Any day in a Fijian or Samoan forest you may come across women peeling bark from the malo, a species of mulberry tree; these strips removed they carry to the seaside, and there with a sharp shell scrape the outer bark clear. The long white chips, an inch or more wide, are then taken to the village where in every house is a great log flattened on the upper side and resting on two small supports so that it will spring when struck. On this smooth log the strips of inner bark are placed and beaten or pounded with an iki or mallet with grooved sides. For strong tapa cloth two lengths of wet bark are beaten together—for mosquito netting a strip two inches wide is beaten until it has stretched to two feet and is as thin as gauze, the next length is lapped

to the edge of the first, moistened with starch of taro and beaten as usual. Sometimes the tapa cloth reaches many, many yards in length and in width, in fact I have seen pieces spread out on the green grass that covered the entire village square. The old women sit upon the tapa, cocoanut shell in hand containing the brown or black pigment and with their thumbs and fingers paint the geometrical designs with marvelous accuracy. The younger married women sit about the borders and with stencils made of banana leaves, stamp the more intricate designs. The secret of the dye stuffs is one that is closely kept by the women—in fact tapa making is the one art of arts preserved to this day in its entirety by the women of the South Sea Islands. It still constitutes their wedding garments, provides the new bride with curtains for dividing her home into rooms and is almost as indispensable to



A Hawaiian and His Tapa.

the brown and black people of the South Seas today as it was in the good old days of Captain Cook before the steam loom turned out a yard of calico for a pound of copra.

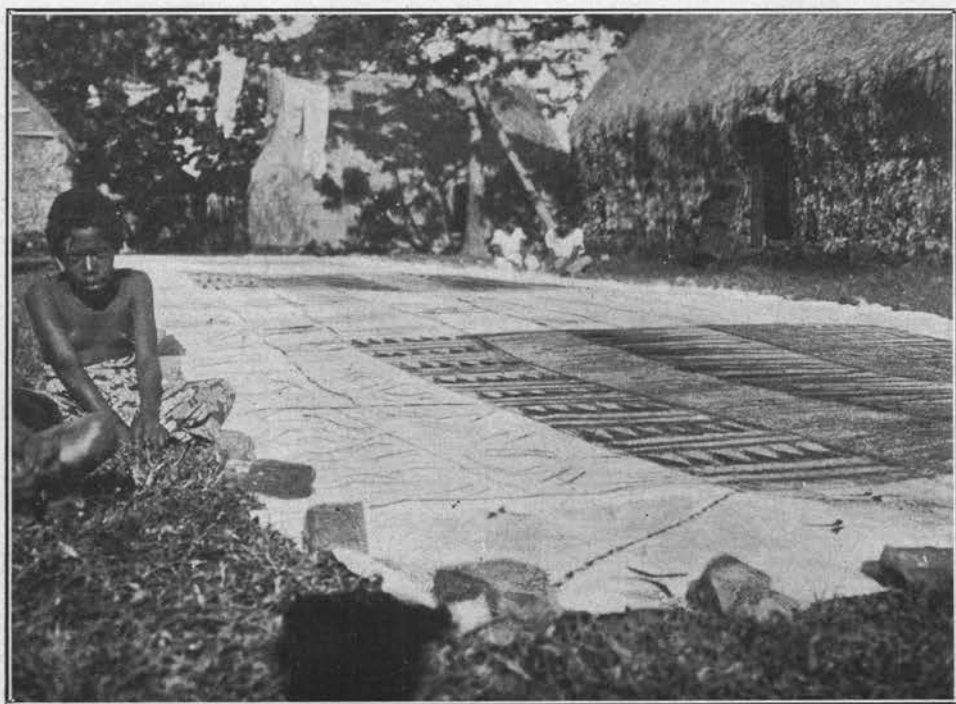
It is not long since tapa-making—a lost art today—was one of the industrial achievements of Hawaii. Though the manufacture of cloth from bark was practiced throughout the Pacific, yet this art reached its highest perfection here. Indeed we have no less an authority than Dr. Brigham of the Bishop Museum in saying that for fineness of quality and delicacy and variety of coloring, the Hawaiian tapas excelled all others. The times were primitive and Nature yielded her stores readily to those living in close companionship with her. Secrets were wrested from her which are a marvel to us now, and the beautiful shades of red,

blue, pink, gray, and brown extracted for the coloring of tapa, from the roots, leaves and berries of indigenous plants, show an intimacy with her we well may envy today.

Earth was used in the mixing of colors and also for some of the darker shades, while in the wonderful preservation of these tints, we see the ingenious use of nature's never failing resources.

From two plants, the wauke or paper mulberry and the mamake, tapa was made. The mamake tapa, though of coarse fiber, was remarkably strong and useful in many ways, but for the finer and more desirable grades the wauke was especially cultivated, and not only did the bark of this plant furnish material for all the beautiful tapas of Hawaii, but for most of its cloth.

By the careful removal of all branches



Making Tapa in Fiji.

from its earliest growth, so that one unbroken stem might be produced, this small shrub or tree sometimes attained a height of ten or twelve feet, though the usual height was not more than six. The bark was then cut from end to end of the tree with a sharp shell and removed in a single piece. These strips rolled into coils and left for some days to become fit, were then, with the outer covering removed, immersed in water. In this way a resinous substance was extracted from the bark and it was prepared for the most important process of all—that of beating. For this operation mallets of heavy wood were used. These beaters, usually four-sided, were marked on three sides in grooves or squares, to give a certain finish to the cloth. The fibrous strips, taken from the water and laid upon a plank or *kua papa*, were by the skilful use of the mallet converted into tapa, the time and labor varying with the quality desired, though several days

were required for the beating of even an ordinary piece of cloth. The bark increased in size under the mallet and single strips of *wauke* were often transformed into thin sheets of rare quality, while for a cloth of the largest size, strip after strip was added. The fibers of these numberless pieces becoming closely united by the beating process, Dr. Brigham tells us tapas of over one hundred and twenty-five square feet were thus produced. To cover such a surface with some intricate pattern, in the old way, must have been a tedious process.

The pattern was first cut on the inside of a bamboo stick, then dipped in the coloring matter, transferred to the cloth and closely pressed upon it with the fingers. This process was repeated until the entire piece was covered with the design.

As the uses of tapa were manifold, cloth manufactured for different purposes varied in color, quality and size.



A Tapa Dress, Tonga.

The kapa mœ, or sleeping tapa, was usually three or four yards square; five sheets of this size fastened together formed what was called a kuina. These sheets were usually white or some pale shade, with the exception of the top one corresponding to our counterpane, which was often beautifully colored and called Kilohana, meaning the best.

The Waililii tapa, thicker than ordinary cloth and covered with a gum to render it impervious to moisture, was, on account of its durability, much in use. From this cloth was made the mālō or loin girdle for men, and the pa-u or skirt for women.

It is difficult today to realize that the tapa was once universally worn in Hawaii. Accustomed as we are to see it used only for table covering or wall decoration—coarse in quality and dark in color—we can hardly picture how

graceful and effective in their simplicity, were the tapa garments, often richly colored, worn in the old days. Yellow was the favorite color for the dance and a few passages from early writers remind us, not only of the tapas used on different occasions, but of the old chiefs associated with them, who live today only in history and song.

Rev. Mr. Stewart, writing of a dance given in honor of Keopuolani (queen of Kamehameha First), refers to the pa-us of the dancers in these words: "Their dresses were of beautiful native cloth, arranged in thick festoons or folds from the waist to the knee." Rev. Mr. Ellis in his description of a visit to Governor Adams (Kuakini) at Kailua, speaks of a dance held there, and refers to one of the dancers in these words, "A beautiful yellow tapa was tastefully fastened around his loins reaching to his knees." Mr. Ellis also writes of a "hula ka laau," or dance to the beating of sticks, held at the home of Queen Keopuolani at Lahaina. Six women, he tells us, dressed in yellow tapas, covered with leis of flowers and branches of maile around their ankles, danced with great decorum, while five musicians, each with a staff in one hand and a stick of hard wood in the other, furnished the music. Both musicians and dancers alternated in chanting songs in honor of the old gods and chiefs to the gratification of the crowd. This entertainment closed in a manner unique yet quite in keeping with the simplicity of those days. Queen Keopuolani requesting the performers to cease as the time had arrived for evening worship, all then sat down in front of the house, a hymn was sung, a verse from the Bible read and a sermon listened to by an attentive audience.

Another garment in common use was the kihei. This mantle, square in shape, worn by tying two corners together of the same side and passing the head through the opening thus made, leaving one arm and shoulder bare, the knot resting on the other shoulder, has been compared to the toga of the Romans. Those of us who have ever seen it worn by some Hawaiian of commanding presence,

can appreciate the following description of Kealiihōnui of Kaukea. Rev. Mr. Cheever writes in 1823: "He has a handsome face, and in the classic drapery of a yellow satin malo and purple kihei, he presents as perfect a model of manly beauty as ever challenged the efforts of pencil or chisel." Again referring to the same chief later on, he says, "Twenty-one years have not altered his proportions or bent his noble athletic form, although the classic malo and kihei have given place to the European jacket and trousers." It is an interesting fact that the house now standing on the premises known as Haalelea Lawn, was built by this same chief. Kealiihōnui.

From its very nature, tapa, especially as an article of clothing, exposed to all kinds of weather, was perishable, and suits had to be often renewed. Hence in houses set apart for the purpose the importance of this industry was recognized. Each Hawaiian (with the exception of the very poor) had a house built close to the dwelling place for the beating of tapa and to the women of the family fell the task of making and perfecting this beautiful cloth. Mr. Ellis in his interesting "Tour of Hawaii," refers to the tapa industry in the following words: "For several days past we have observed many of the people bringing home from their plantations bundles of young wauke, from which we infer that it is the season for cloth making in this part of the island." Again he says, "This morning we perceived Keoua, the governor's wife, and her female attendants with about forty other women, under the pleasant shade of a beautiful clump of kou trees, employed in stripping off the bark from

bundles of wauke sticks for the purpose of making cloth." He adds, "Keoua, not only worked herself, but appeared to take the superintendence of the whole party. Whenever a fine piece of bark was found, it was shown to her and put aside to be manufactured into Waililii or some special cloth. With lively chat and cheerful song they appeared to beguile the hours of labor until noon, when having finished their work, they repaired to their dwellings."

The following description of an anniversary festival in the time of Kamehameha II, is also interesting as coming from an eye-witness, and gives us an idea of the lavish manner in which tapa was used on ceremonious occasions. The writer (Mr. Stewart) says of Kinau, daughter of the great Kamehameha: "She was wrapped in such quantities of native cloth as not to be able to move without assistance, having a supporter on each side and a number of attendants preceding and following her, bearing the ends of her drapery." "Kekauonohi," he tells us, "appeared costumed in the same manner on this occasion," and adds, "the young Princess Nahienaena dressed in native cloth and seated on tapas of more than a hundred thicknesses, was borne in on the shoulders of a dozen of her chief men."

The rare specimens seen in the Bishop Museum today show the choice quality of the tapas of the old days and speak with silent eloquence of the taste and skill of the early daughters of Hawaii. "If," as Ruskin says, "it is not a question of how much we are to do, but of how it is to be done," have they not set us an example worthy of imitation on all lines, by giving us in tapa the best of its kind?



Sonnets to the Sea

Throbbing a silvered chant the great sea mistily
Wears out a million pleasures on the golden beach,
Where moonlight filtering thru the palms can reach
The gleaming sands that stretch far as the eye can see.
And breakers coming in hear not the wild, mad plea
That sounds the hollow undertone—or the beseech
Fading and rising—rising and fading to a speech,
No soul may understand save her the mighty sea.
As day by day and year by year still does she pour
Her billowy treasures 'round the gem-locked isles,
Nestling in languid peacefulness as though they bore
The love of her great heart—her dazzling smiles;
Or waking from sweet sleep they flood with misty lore
Her shimmering bosom, safe from earthly wiles.

How small we seem when gazing o'er that deep
Mellow by light of day or when the Southern Cross
Wakens the slumberous night and bids us pause—
Uncovered to the tranced wonder that shall surely keep
Our lives spellbound forever. Is it the beautied sleep
Of life and airy sound and music waves that toss,
The haunting voice into our souls and like a floss
Weaves fruitful fancy on the loom of memories we reap?
O wild, triumphant sea!—O calm and dreamy vespersed sea!
Lying serene and whispering the stolid ages out,
While we must all too soon depart and silently
Forever leave life and its wearied doubt.
Still—still thou keepest at thy task and joyous free,
Smooth into song the gash on tempered rout.

—Robert Page Lincoln.

Samoan Customs

Translated from the Hungarian of Oscar Vojnich



Weaving Cocoanut Mats.

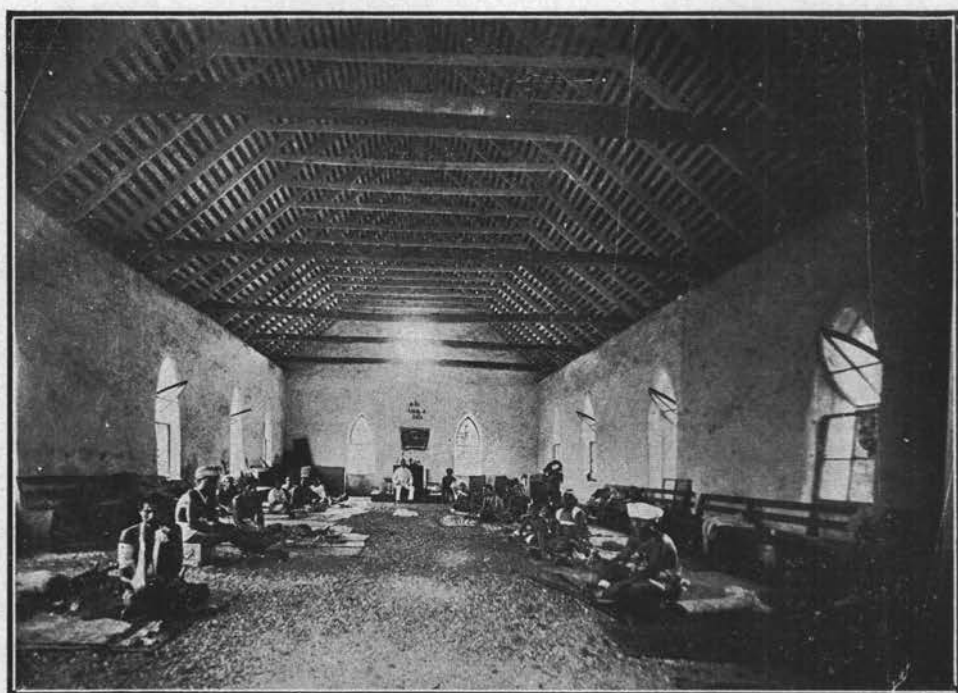
According to the census, the population of the group of Samoan islands under German suzerainty included 32,612 natives, 600 half-breeds, and 381 whites; of this number, 18,341 natives and 340 white men were living in Upolu; 13,201 natives and 41 whites in Sawaii.

The official tongue (German) has hitherto gained but little ground among the natives. Many of the natives living in or near the capital understand English; and the commercial correspondence of the islands is to a great extent carried on in English; in fact, that is only natural, when we consider that the trade of the brief period of German rule was preceded by English colonization, and that the trade of the country, practically monopolized by the Union Steamship

Company, still gravitates toward Australia, New Zealand, and Great Britain.

The natives have all turned Christians. Their occupations are the cultivation of the soil and fishing. The foreign settlers are engaged in growing cocoanut trees, cocoa, vanilla, coffee and caoutchouc. The enterprise of the European settlers has to combat with the enormous difficulties caused by the want of labor. Despite the high wages, natives do not undertake work for any long period of time:—willy-nilly, he ought to be compelled to do so, is the idea of many a settler imbued with the lust for gold. Recently, to supply the deficiency in labor, Chinese coolies have been brought to the Island of Upolu.

Well, here I was in the Island of Sawaii, one of the oldest ancestral homes



A Samoan Hospital.

of the Polynesian race, where civilization has changed ancient customs still less than in the Island of Upolu. Through the open sides of the houses scattered along the shores among palm-trees, everybody has an uninterrupted view of the interior of a native home; it is a simple, unpretentious, affectionate home life that smiles out upon us at every step. Of an evening we see the members of a family sitting round the fireside or gathered round the lamp. To-day they are on a visit to this relative, tomorrow the house of another relative welcomes them—relations are always at home in each other's houses. Through the rows of palm trees gleams the fire of the volcano. We ask a pretty girl to come for a walk; she gladly complies, though in most cases only if accompanied by another girl. We walk along arm in arm—and it is not in bad taste even to wind one arm round her waist. What would we not give to be able to understand our companion's prattle!—

for it must not be forgotten that on the Island of Sawaii only the native tongue is spoken. The words, which all end in vowels, sound soft and rhythmical as they fall from the lips of the island beauties.

Jew's harps are also produced; and the natives are adepts in the use of this little instrument. Then they start singing duets. And we walk on, forgetting ourselves and the past, and enjoying the charming playfulness of our companions as it were in a dream. But we have not yet thrown ourselves thoroughly into Samoan customs: "this innocent sport may soon develop into the serious complications of a romance," we think—but here we are gravely mistaken. We Europeans cannot comprehend the ever-smiling coquettish Samoan fair sex, always ready to dance and sing, all at once: they are bold and natural in their behavior, but think much of the conventionalities of their own society. Their dreamy little world has its own aes-

thetics just as white men's society has; and the black-eyed island beauties never commit a breach of the rules of decorum prescribed by Samoan society. They will accompany us of an evening in our walks, though, generally speaking, not without female escort.

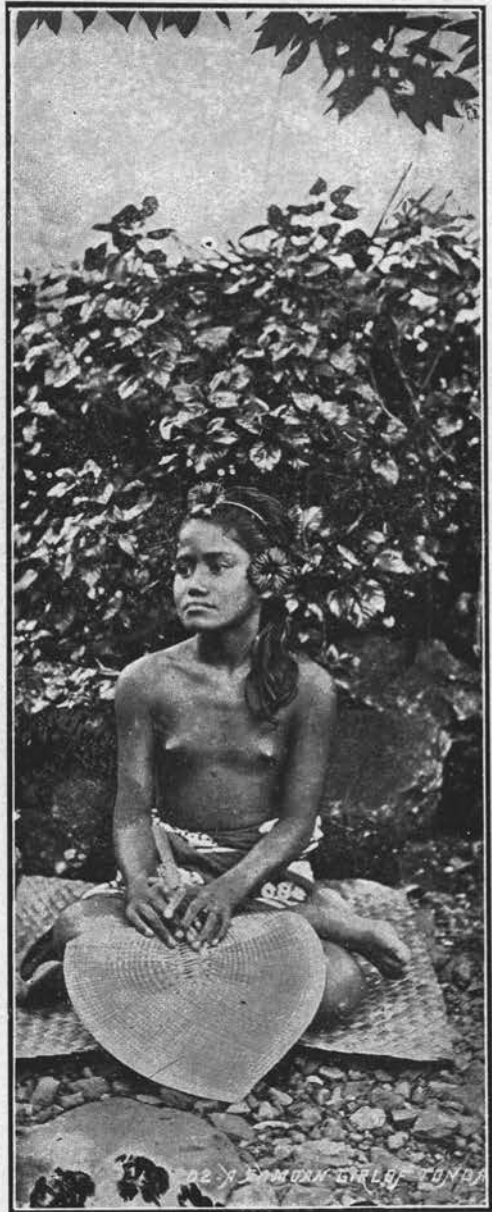
Sweets, food, silk scarfs, trinkets presented by admirers are passed on as soon as they arrive, and are distributed among the relatives. This system was developed by the traditional customary laws of Samoa, and the same is true of money presents, too. The best way of explaining all that has been said is to give a description of the "taupo" girl, who plays an important part in female society.

These girls receive the title "taupo," either as the scions of a chief's family, or the adopted daughters of some chieftain. Every larger village has one, two, or even three "taupos" of its own. The "taupos" are under the supervision of elderly women; the moment they receive the title they are in certain respects in the service of the village.

These jealously guarded treasures of the village are chosen as their wives by young marriageable chiefs.

The intended bridegroom comes to the house of the girl's parents with his suite, laden with food presents. The village council then assembles, to debate whether the presents brought are sufficient or not. If they decide that the gifts are inadequate, they are returned; but the suitor often leaves the boatloads of edibles behind him, and returns again, often for a second or third time, with ever-increasing supplies of presents.

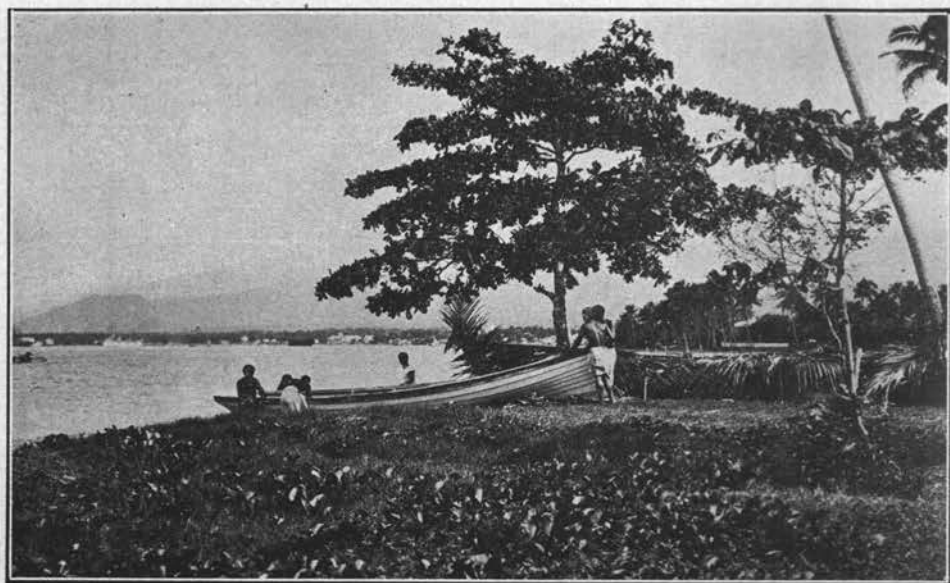
The more respected the family from which the "taupo" is descended, the more readily does the village of the suitor open its pockets—for it should be noted that the gifts are "subscribed" by the relatives. Finally, when the gifts offered have reached the desired measure the "speaker" of the chiefs of the "taupo's" village, after declaring the public interests satisfied, appeals to the girl's heart until she says "yes." Here-with the work of the "taupo" comes to



Taupo.

a conclusion, and her place is generally taken by her sister.

It is a custom on the Samoan Islands that a guest for the night in a Samoan house should bring eatables on his arrival (generally preserved fruit and



New Boats Replace Old Canoes.

sugar), and on his departure should give presents to the girls, or even to the master and mistress of the house.

The gifts are generally reciprocated by the people of the house. When I came to say good-bye, even in places where my visits had been quite short, I was surprised by gifts of carpets and other products of domestic industry.

Early one morning the slumbering village of Fagamalo was rudely awakened by the blare of trumpets—it was the signal to warn my boatmen.

The twenty-four-oared long boat provided with a huge sunshade was already dancing on the water. The oarsmen had taken their places. One stalwart fellow caught me up in his arms and, wading up to his knees in the water, took me out to the boat; then the steersman gave the signal, and with short, quick strokes, we left the shore to the sound of singing. "Adieu! worthy dwellers in Fagamalo; it was indeed a wrench to tear myself away from your peaceful circle! I feel as if I had left my own home—perhaps forever!"

Scarcely had we left Fagamalo, when

we rowed out to the open sea and glided on eastward parallel to the shore.

The lava that has flowed since 1905 forms a black wall on the seashore. We rowed at a distance of about 100 metres from the spot where the still flowing lava pours into the sea. On September 1, the lava had poured out in more profuse abundance; but from so short a distance I was better able to make out the pieces of lava shot out at intervals of 15 to 30 seconds with a sound like an explosion, and below the boat we could distinctly hear the hissing of the boiling lava meeting the cold water of the ocean. For a considerable stretch, the sea near the outlet of lava is of a dirty, yellowish green color; the hottest surface is not directly opposite, but winds like a river with the tidal current. At this point, notwithstanding its depth of 20 to 25 fathoms, the sea water near the shore is almost at boiling point.

The lava outlet was succeeded by a continuation of the steep lava shore. Up till now, the crater, which has been active since 1905, has contributed to the formation of the shore for a distance of



A Samoan Roadway.

about eight to ten kilometres. The new lava shore is followed by one of earlier date, which is already covered with a layer of fertile soil.

The oarsmen left off one song only to start another. The Samoans are splendid seamen, but they cannot row without singing; the moment they cease singing, they grow faint and sleepy—the main thing is to keep them at it, and this is the duty of the steersman. The latter keeps them company as they sing, urges them to strike up again, cracks jokes, and now and again with choice words expresses his thanks for the excellent song and fine oarsmanship. It is easy to put life into the soft-hearted, huge, brown-skinned children, to encourage them to sing; and so the bark glides rapidly on, to the sound of melody, over the waves of the mighty ocean. A voyage of this kind by boat affords a splendid opportunity of seeing to the bottom of their hearts. The "malaga" by boat has become part and parcel of the individuality of the Samoan natives.

About eleven o'clock we were approaching the village of Saasai, twenty-three miles from Fagamalo. The worst approach for boats in the Samoan Is-

lands is that before Saasai. And that is saying a great deal; for the majority of the approaches through the coral reefs are so little protected that it is only in the South Sea Islands that they could be accepted as channels of communication. At the approach to Saasai boats often upset; so we had to be prepared for a swim in an emergency.

On two sides of the said approach the shore is surrounded, for a distance of several miles, by a coral reef. High waves were breaking over the reef. In one place the long line of waves formed several rows breaking sideways. This was the entrance. After a short consultation my boatmen made for the approach. Inexperienced eyes could not even imagine how we were to get to dry land through a row of such very lofty dancing billows! We were now in the channel. To right and left, before and behind us, breaking waves rolled with the rumble of an express train. From the bows of the boat the look-out who was watching for shoals signaled to the steersman with hand and feet, right and left; for the thunder of the waves we could not understand what he said. Suddenly the boat stopped. The line of

waves before us went on. I looked back. A wave mountains high was rushing toward us. This was what we were waiting for. As it overtook us, the twenty-four oarsmen set to work might and main, and we flew over the shoal into the still water beyond. The wave poured a few bucketfuls of water into the boat, but it was not enough to impede us; had the wave struck us sideways, we must have upset, as many a boat has already done in this entrance.

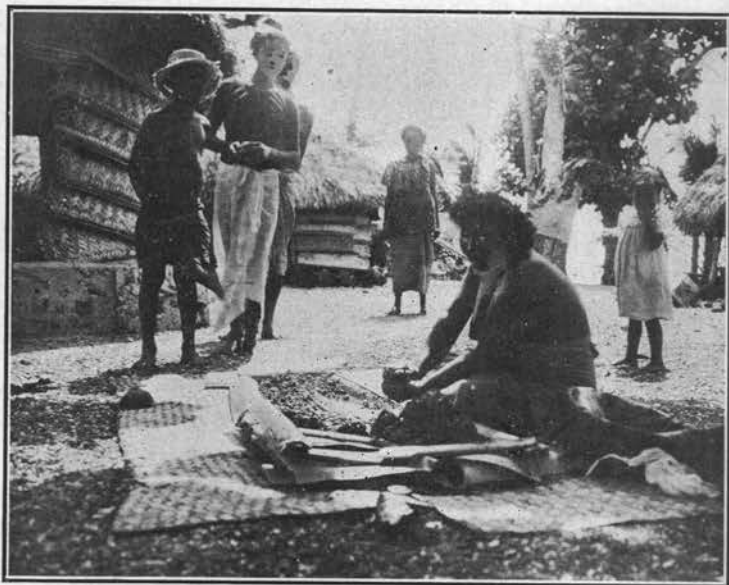
Once we had passed the Rubicon, the tried oarsmen commenced singing, and we arrived at our destination, the village of Saasai, to the sound of a joyous melody.

"There is the chief's house," said my native interpreter, pointing to a large

house standing prominent on the hillside. Well, off we went to the chief's dwelling. And we found the people waiting for us before the house, which was decorated with flowers.

After mutual greetings, we took our seats on pandanus carpets, with crossed legs. Two pretty girls set to work to prepare "kava," and after partaking of the same we sat down to dinner. My messmate (we ate in native fashion, off a banana leaf, on the floor) was the chief's daughter. I soon forgot the depression of the morning.

On the Samoan Islands we have no time for thinking of the past, for the present, if we live "fa Samoa" (in Samoan guise), always holds us spell-bound with its childish charm.



Preparing Hair Oil.



Before the Wave Breaks.

Rod and Reel Fishing in Hawaii

BY

C. D. WRIGHT

Many a tourist stops over in Honolulu with a fine collection of rods and reels and does not get a chance to use them, for the reply to his inquiry among the uninitiated is that there is no fishing of that kind in the Islands. This is a grievous error. The waters of these Islands

abound with fish as gamey as any you find on the Coast. They bite readily and will give you as fierce a fight as you wish. However, they are capricious, you must learn their ways, prepare your tackle to resist teeth of razor-like keenness, have plenty of line to use in case of



Casting the Line.

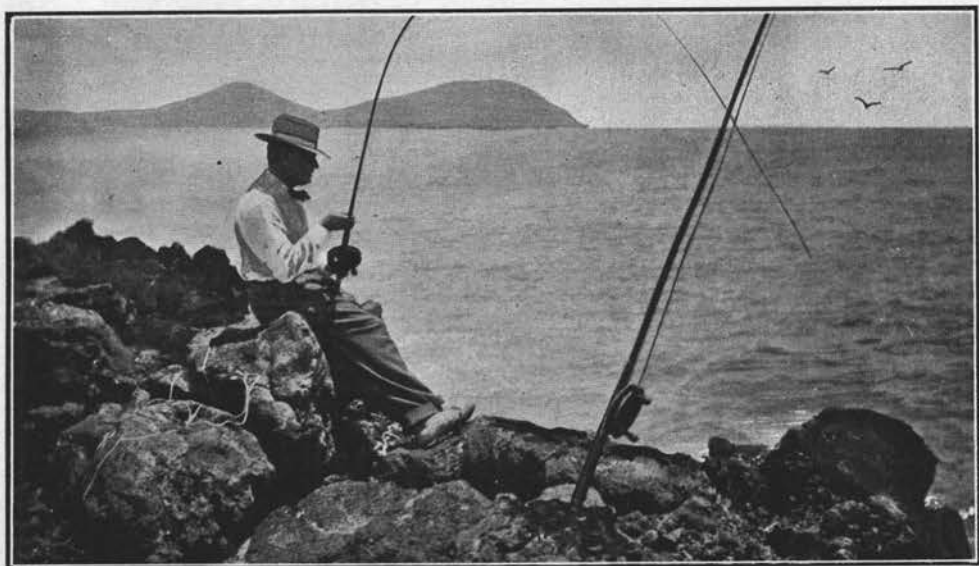
a long rush and possess more than the usual amount of patience.

If you see no pleasure in fishing unless you bring home a big bag of fish; if you find no joy in sitting on a palisade of rugged rocks with a thundering surf breaking many feet below you and the life-giving trade winds blowing the spray high in the air; if you cannot appreciate the beauties of the wildest freaks of Nature that are found anywhere in the world; if all you want is to catch fish, don't take a rod and reel with you in Hawaii, just get a net and go to a fish-pond.

The easiest and most accessible spot near Honolulu is that rough jet-black mass of rock which juts out about a mile and a half beyond the lighthouse at Diamond Head, commonly called Black Point. There is no vegetation of any kind there, just a wonderful heap of lava boulders reaching from the top of the hill to the water, where there is a sheer drop of some thirty feet. A little ways in from the brink is one of Hawaii's wonders, a blow hole about six feet in diameter through which at high tide each breaker rushes with gigantic force,

throwing the spray twenty to thirty feet in the air.

The water at this point is from fifteen to twenty-five feet in depth and of that deep ultramarine blue color which is the characteristic of most of the waters of the South Seas. Fifty varieties of fish may be caught here in a day, some gamey, some ordinary and some humorous. For instance you may have just had a battle royal with a three pound Ulua, which is shaped somewhat like the Catalina Tuna and puts up nearly as good a fight, and have cast in again hoping for a repetition, when your line starts slowly out to sea. You reel in slowly thinking an eel has tried to steal your bait, and find at the end of your line a black mass like a log but upon closer examination you see two great eyes at one end as large as a dog's slowly winking at you, as you turn it over on its back, with a gasping sound it draws in air and begins to expand until nearly the size of a small tub and the glistening white stomach which you did not see before is swelled out like a football and covered with sharp spikes. This is the Porcupine fish, of no use as a table



An All-Day Sport.

delicacy, but very interesting to watch. It possesses four teeth of marble whiteness, two under and two upper which fill the mouth and are very human in appearance and will nip a stick off as sharply as if cut with a knife. Yellow, pink, blue, green, striped fish of all shapes and sizes will be added to your catch if you happen to have struck the tide and weather right, until your string resembles a gaudy rainbow.

The proper tackle for this surf fishing consists of a strong rod of sixteen to eighteen ounces, a surf reel of wood or nickel plated steel five or six inches in diameter, a cuttyhunk linen line, dark green in color and one hundred yards in length, and hooks with a bronze wire gimp; size of hook from No. 4 to Two 0. Some days you will find the fish running small and your No. 4 hook will be just right, other days you will need the full strength of a Two 0 hook. The wire gimp is very necessary, for many of the fish in tropic waters are gifted with teeth that render a gut snell of no use whatsoever. Your weight or sinker on the end of your line should weigh six ounces, not only for convenience in casting, but the huge surf rolling in will make it im-

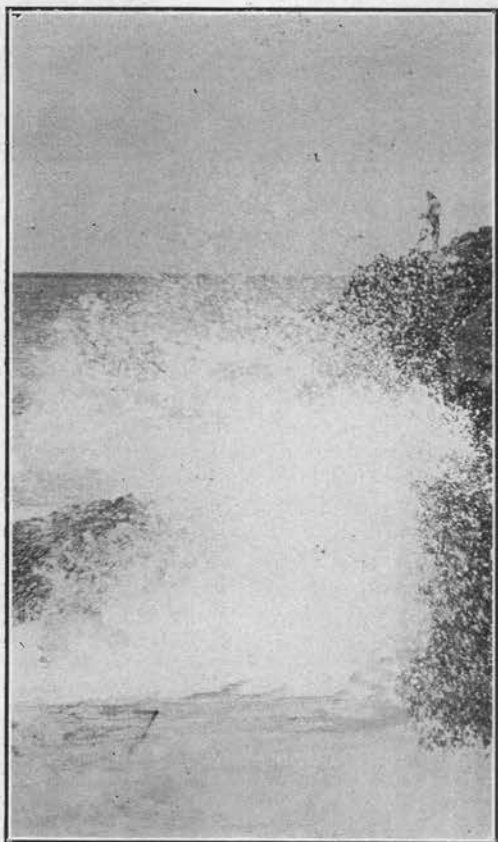
possible to keep your bait out and you will find it washed in on the rocks at your feet, if you use too light a sinker.

Having made the cast and your bait being out about one hundred feet, the real test of your skill begins. The fish are wary and very few of them hook themselves, you must be ready at the slightest nibble to give a quick jerk to your rod in order to catch the barb in their mouths. I have had fish run with the bait for twenty feet only to eject the bait when they found some hard substance imbedded in it. The sharp jagged coral with which the bed of the ocean is infested plays the mischief with your tackle and one must be prepared with plenty of hooks and sinkers, for in a day's fishing you will lose many.

Black Point is not the only place where sport may be found; Hanauma Bay abounds with fish and off the rocks at the entrance to the bay Ulua weighing up to thirty-five pounds may be caught. There is some danger here on account of the heavy surf, and the rocks are fierce. At times when the mullet are running in the harbor much sport may be had off the rocks using a small six or eight ounce rod, a light line with gut

leader and small hooks, using bread for bait, as the mullet is a vegetarian. I have often seen the natives with a light bamboo rod land a nice mess of mullet off of the rocks near the Naval Station. Off the rocks at Waianae and at Haleiwa there is good fishing, but for accessibility and the certainty of a catch, there is no spot near Honolulu as good as Black Point. There is one thing to be remem-

bered, do not be disappointed if you should have one bad day; the weather conditions may not suit the fish and you may be careless yourself with the baiting and treatment of the elusive nibbles. Always remember that a day in the open with the invigorating sea breeze filling your lungs is worth ten days cooped up in the house or dusty city.



After the Wave Breaks.

Sabocco

A Tale of the South Seas



Sabocco sat alone and brooded. The worst part of his life was dead; so was the best.

His evil companions had been annihilated. The one person in the world whom he loved with all the purity left in his soul had passed out of his life. She was gone.

Dita remained; but Sabocco would rather have been the solitary inhabitant of the island.

Dita was wise. She loved the young giant with all the passion in her amorous soul. She could not make him her slave. She would be his. To make herself absolutely necessary to his daily existence was the task to which Dita set herself. It was she who secured and cooked the daily meals. If Sabocco was lonely, she sang for him; if he was downcast, she danced. She danced the dances of many nations and danced them well. The woman tried to awaken the man, but his life and soul were away.

At last Dita found something that interested her lord. She had not forgotten the tricks he had taught her to play with a bit of wood in the surf.

"Come," she said; "we will surf in through the channel; there is danger!" and Sabocco awoke.

Together they swam out on bits of cocoanut logs through the seething, tortuous channel against the rushing waters. Outside in the ocean, where swam monster sharks, they disported themselves and waited for the great rollers, before which they rode in majesty. Each would stand on the six-foot length of logging and with the feet and the swaying of the

body guide the bit of timber between the wall of rocks and through the seething foam, in and out, until the quiet waters of the lagoon were reached. Every ride was one of danger, and filled with thrills, and every day Sabocco would call for his mate and together they would dare the Fates.

Sabocco grew accustomed to the life, and Dita was content. Oftimes when he was weary after the day's sport, she would brew him a cocoanut shell of kava so that he would forget his weariness.

The months passed, and Sabocco wondered less and less concerning the life of Heather in the great, strange city she had so often described to him. Yet every day, perhaps by force of habit, he climbed the highest edge of the crater and gazed out over the broad expanse of sea.

One day Dita was fishing from one of the cliffs, when suddenly she let her line fall into the sea and sprang to her feet. She fairly flew to where her lord lay under the palms, for it was midday. She laughed and sang and brewed kava while he looked on.

"Drink," she cried; "it will make you a boy again," and the man drank.

Again the woman brewed from the root of the ava, and again the man drank.

"Shall we ever leave this island?" the girl asked.

The man sprang to his feet and staggered. The kava had gone to his legs and they were drunk.

"More," cried the girl. "You have

never known how it feels to have all the kava you want. More!" And the girl placed another shell of the biting kava to his lips, and he drank.

Once more she brewed the root, and now she talked to make him drink.

"You are thinking," she said. "It will make you forget. You will sleep."

Sabocco now sat upon the sand, for his legs would no longer support him, although his brain was clear. It is the way kava treats its devotees.

"Would you go now?" she whispered. "Yes."

And Dita laughed. It was the old taunting laugh that used to raise the evil in the heart of Sabocco the boy; his face flushed; he attempted to rise and strike her, but his limbs were powerless.

Again the woman laughed.

"You belong to me," and she leaned toward him. He tried to strike her.

"I will never taste it again," he said. "You make me the slave."

The proud young giant bowed his head. When he raised his face again and looked at Dita she was pale, for one so brown, and her fixed gaze was turned toward the sea. They sat where they could look out through the cleft in the rocks. Sabocco followed the gaze of his companion, and a loud cry burst from his lips. Far away, but before his eyes, a full-rigged ship was passing the opening.

Sabocco would have risen. He strove in vain and struggled with all his might. His arms were free, but his legs were lead.

Dita no longer laughed or taunted. She sat—her jaws set, her face paled.

"I will kill you." It was Sabocco who spoke. He tried to draw himself to her by his hands, but she moved away.

The ship passed. Hours later Dita threw herself down at a distant point to sleep—the sleep of exhaustion. Sabocco still sat where she left him, chained to the spot by the paralyzing effects of the kava. Sabocco was breathing hard. Once more the full-rigged ship came in view, on a starboard tack. Sabocco did not cry out, but hot tears roll-

ed down his cheeks. By his hands he pulled himself down to the beach. He passed the sleeping woman, but did not seem to observe her. At the edge of the water his hand rested on one of the cocoanut logs he had used for surfing. A low cry escaped him. With his hands he shoved it to the edge of the water, then drew himself into the lagoon. He could with his strong arms place the log between his numbed and useless legs; once astride the log, it was second nature to balance himself, and his great, powerful arms, revolving like windmills, sent the log flying toward the entrance to the lagoon. The rushing waters met him, but Sabocco feared nothing. He safely made the exit, and now the log shot across the seas to the tacking ship miles distant. Night was falling with tropical suddenness, but there were lights on the ship to guide the swimmer. Swiftly the log cleft the waters by that steady, untiring stroke that had come with years of practice and experience.

At midnight the starboard lookout was startled by a cry from the sea. He fled in terror to the first officer and told his tale. The first officer called him mad, but the cry of someone from the sea smote his ear, and he fairly leaped out upon the deck. Ready hands lowered a rope. A bronzed young giant in the nude was hauled up to the deck and sank there, unconscious.

An hour later in a berth Sabocco replied to a question from the captain: "Is there anyone else on either of those islands?"

"No one."

And the great ship bore away. By morning the islands had sunk below the horizon.

When Sabocco came to himself, he learned that the vessel had touched at the larger of the islands to send the water casks ashore to be refilled and had found the island entirely deserted.

Of Dita, Sabocco troubled himself but little. He knew she would take care of herself, and for the fact that she would miss his company he cared not at all. However, there were moments

when an utterable longing came over him to return to the island that had almost always been his home. As the great ship sailed farther southward, a coldness crept into his bones that he could not understand. It was necessary now to put on clothing that hampered his movements, and more than ever he longed for the swaying palm.

Weeks passed and Sabocco learned his duties before the mast. From his sailor companions he learned much of the great City of London, where the ship was bound, laden with spices and oils from the warm southern seas. He never tired of listening to yarns about the great city. At night the sailors in the forecabin spun marvelous yarns of their many adventures on the high seas, but Sabocco was silent. His life, he explained, as a castaway on a desert island was uneventful, and he had forgotten whence he had come.

Two months from the time that Sabocco swam out to the ship she rounded the Horn and turned her prow homeward.

Sabocco saw ice and snow for the first time, and learned that these fearful things were common half the year in London.

"Why," he asked himself again and again, "did Heather like such a place?" To his mind a life in a cold climate was a life wasted. He thought of Dita, and her companionship seemed less undesirable than it ever had before. If only Heather were beneath the palms and Dita in cold, sordid London! Yet, nevertheless, Sabocco longed to land in the great city, and one day from the masthead came the cry of "Land! England!"

Cheer after cheer went up from the decks, and only Sabocco stood apart, silent and seeking to peer through the haze. It was rough and cold and the good ship creaked and groaned as never before. She worked her way up the channel; then up the river, the muddy Thames. She docked at last in the great city, and Sabocco stood appalled. He was put off by the good-hearted captain and told that he might find a

Cameron in London, but that it was like looking for a drifting cocoanut in the southern ocean.

Still Sabocco hoped.

It took time to learn the ways of the great new world. The young giant who would have lived like a king on a desert isle all but starved in the richest city in the world. What he wished he took. The food that was displayed in the stalls attracted his desire, and he took what he wished, ran afoul of the police, and bested them in an open encounter. At last, however, the young South Sea islander was brought to the bar. The judge listened to his story and was fascinated with what the still brown giant had to tell of life on a deserted islet, for Sabocco had learned it was best not to speak of the companion he had.

The judge was a kindly soul, and wished to set the young stranger in England free, with a warning, but there was the jury to consider, and when the jury went out the judge remembered an invitation to dine with friends who had once visited the southern seas, and he determined to accept.

"If the prisoner is found guilty, parole him in my charge," he said, and departed for the day. And so it was that Sabocco found a protector in London.

"I must go to him," he said, as it was explained to him that he was to be placed on parole.

"Yes, he is at a house in Russell Square. You had better find him there and report—here is the address."

Sabocco took the scrap of paper and by dint of asking every other person he met to read and direct him, found his way at last to the mansion on Russell Square. The doors were opened by a flunkey in gorgeous livery, who wonderingly listened to the wanderer's request for the judge.

"In there," said the flunkey, haughtily, as he returned and pointed to a door.

Sabocco entered a spacious room, at one end of which were closed folding doors and behind these the sound of laughter and the clinking of glasses. He stood dazed and looked around. On the walls were many paintings—in their

midst one that caused Sabocco to spring forward with a cry that resounded through the house.

It was the picture of a young girl in a strange garb for a London picture gallery. Her hair flew free and her dress was of a cloth made from the beaten bark of a tree; her arms were outstretched, and Sabocco thought they called to him. Again he cried aloud, "Heather! Heather!" and stood before the young girl in the painting.

There was a sound behind the closed doors of moving chairs and stirring feet. Then the doors parted and a strong, bright light poured into the room. Men and women entered in confusion. Sabocco turned and stood face to face with a young woman dressed in the height of fashion—robed in an evening gown. The face was that of the girl in the painting, only older.

Sabocco looked from one to the other, the painting and the girl. Then again he cried in consternation, "Heather! Heather! Is it you?"

"Sabocco!" cried the girl. "It is Sabocco!"

"The young fellow of the South Seas your father told us about?" simpered a young dandy.

"My charge," said the judge.

A young officer who stood beside Heather looked at Sabocco sneeringly.

"Yes," he said, "the young pirate who crossed swords with me. We thought he had received his punishment with the rest—and he has come back to England."

"He has come to me." It was Heather who spoke. "He has come to me. I thought he was dead. You told me so." She turned to the young officer.

"He will be," was the sneering reply.

"Judge—you—"

"My child, if it is true that he has been a pirate..... You know the laws of England."

"No! No! He is my—my brother," and the beautiful daughter of the London season nestled in the arms of the young savage and pirate from the South Seas.

"Heather, I command you!" It was her father who spoke; but Heather did not obey.

The father looked at the judge and they exchanged glances. The young officer shrugged his shoulders and the guests whispered.

"Come, my man," said the judge.

"Don't create a scene, Heather!" It was Mrs. Cameron who spoke. She extended a hand to Sabocco and spoke to him as society women speak, and Sabocco did not understand. He understood the sobbing woman in his arms, and began to understand how hopeless it all was—how unfit he was to be there and how such a queen could never associate with him.

Sabocco looked about, and the judge took his arm.

"My carriage," said the judge, and nodded to the master of the house.

Once more Sabocco had caught a glimpse of Heather, and that was all.

As one dazed he rode with the judge. And as one dazed, in all her finery, Heather lay the night through trying to think.

Even Mrs. Cameron was dazed. In her heart she loved the neat, weather-beaten giant. Often she had longed for the swaying cocoanut palms and the life in the open.

Heather thought of no other portion of her life. To her, London was hideous. The heavy clothing of England wearied her. She knew that her strength was naught as compared with that of the days in the open, but now London seemed more hideous than ever. She longed with all her soul for the cocoanut palms, the lonely islet, and—Sabocco.

The young officer to whom her parents would have wed her grew abhorrent. She wondered what they would do to Sabocco.

Neither Heather nor Sabocco were kept long in suspense. The story was published in the *Times*, and the last of the pirate crew was placed on trial for his life.

Sabocco was not left in much doubt.

He was told what the sentence would be, and Heather pined at home, for she, too, knew that there was no hope. Still it was her determination to go on the stand and tell of Sabocco's loving care of a British mother and child, and Mrs. Cameron, too, was quite determined that every effort should be made to save the life of their companion of years.

It was the evidence of the young officer that was most damning, and Sabocco's own confession, at the end of which he said: "I was a pirate, but you will not hang me. You will let me go. I know you English. You love gold. I know where the treasures are buried. You will not hang me."

Sabocco was right. His remarks created a sensation, and when this was quieted down, the learned judges got their heads together to discover some technical loophole by which Sabocco, or Mr. Lowse, as he was now called, could turn state's evidence against the pirates already executed, and in exchange for revealing the hiding place of their ill-gotten treasures receive his freedom.

A way was found, and one winter's day a British war vessel received sealed orders and left Portsmouth with Sabocco aboard.

Once more Sabocco and Heather met for a brief farewell. It had been whispered to the fair-haired girl of the North that the man she loved would never return to England.

"Be careful, Sabocco," she said. "Don't try to come back. Wait there."

Sabocco lifted his head, and a strange eager expression came into his face. Then he shook his head and kissed Heather's hands.

Mrs. Cameron and even her husband bade Sabocco godspeed. The anchor was weighed and once more Sabocco was on his way "Home."

In time the British cruiser found the pirate island, and it was Sabocco who conned the wheel, an officer at his elbow with a loaded pistol, and steered her among the reefs and safely into the little harbor.

For the last month Sabocco had worn a sneering expression. The officers did

not like it, and he was watched day and night, but not so closely that some of the seamen did not get word to him that after the treasure was found he could lead them in mutiny, if he would.

Not a moment was lost by the officers. Sabocco was taken ashore under close guard and ordered to lead the way to the place where the treasures were hidden, without delay or unnecessary deviation, on pain of death.

"I could keep you here a month," he sneered. "You are English; you will never kill the last man who knows where the treasure is hidden. When it is found, you will kill each other in your selfishness to own it all."

Officers and men within hearing looked at each other and wondered what was passing in each other's mind.

"Lead on," came the command, and Sabocco led the way through what had once been the pirate village and around the point of lava, until at last he stood on the tiny ridge that overlooked the harbor and the sea.

"Move the rocks there," he said, pointing to several large boulders.

The seamen obeyed with feverish eagerness, and in a moment the mouth of a cave or lava tunnel was laid bare. Without waiting for command the men leaped into the darkness, and the search began.

"There is nothing here; we are fooled," cried one of the men in a rage.

The officers looked at Sabocco. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Get a lantern," he said.

The lantern was produced and all descended into the cave.

"Dig there!" commanded Sabocco, and picks and shovels plied in the loose lava until a flat hewn stone was laid bare and in this an iron ring and bolt.

"Lift it!"

The men obeyed, to look down into a dark, natural chamber that seemed to descend beneath the sea. Down dropped the men, and their cries told that the treasure was found. The lighted lantern revealed the heaps of plate, specie, and jewels. There were sealed casks

and iron-ribbed boxes. Everyone was eager to open the treasure casks.

Sabocco was forgotten. When one of the officers turned to ask him a question, he was gone.

"He will starve here," said one of the men, and turned to a box of specie.

Sabocco was forgotten, but word got aboard ship that the treasure was found, and mutiny broke out. Sabocco, far inland, could hear the firing. It was nothing to him. He knew civilized man well enough to know that he would fight to the death for a pot of gold.

He wanted a cocoanut and the fresh effervescent milk within, for which his mouth had been watering for more than a year.

All day long the firing kept up. Sabocco could see that the point of rocks in which the treasure cave lay was deserted. The officers had returned to the ship and were occupied in putting down the mutiny.

Sabocco wished nothing more than that they should leave the island. At night he swam across the little harbor, drew himself up the rocks, and was soon in the treasure cave. No one was there. By the light of the lantern that had been left behind he found his way about. Among the casks were several from which hung strings of oakum. To the ends of these Sabocco quickly, one after another, touched the lighted wick of the lantern, and as they burned slowly toward the casks, he fled precipitate-

ly. Once upon the ridge without the cave he did not turn or stop to find his way along the ridge, but plunged from a dizzy height into the harbor and struck out for the shore.

Sabocco had not covered half the distance across the little harbor when the sky was lighted by a sudden glare. The rocky point sprang up into the air, while land and water trembled. There was a roar as of nearby thunder, and after it had subsided the sea washed over the place where Treasure Point had been a moment before.

Sabocco sat upon the hillside at midnight, drinking cocoanut milk. The sound of mutiny had ceased. Small boats were being rowed eagerly about the harbor.

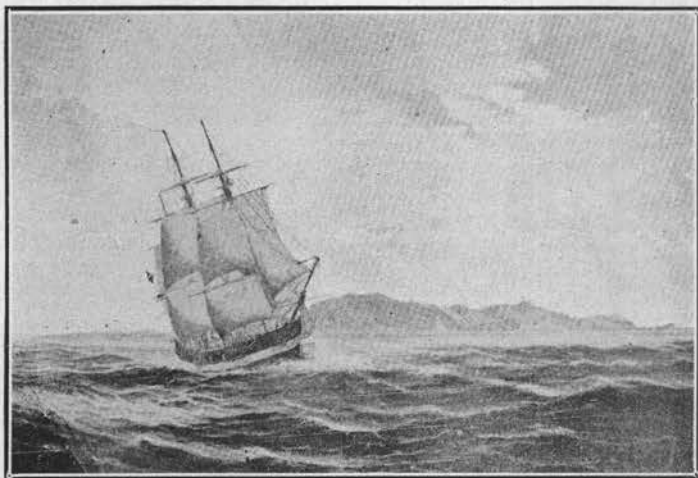
Daylight came, and with it great cursing.

In vain the men and officers made soundings. A thorough search was made for any flotsam, but the treasure that had been found was lost again—and forever.

There was nothing for it but to sail the war vessel homeward with her hold filled with mutineers in irons.

Sabocco sat alone and watched her disappear over the horizon, stretched his arms, breathed a sigh of relief, and turned away to become better acquainted with the possession he had fallen heir to.

(To be concluded.)





Arrival of the Russians.

The Immigration Problem in Hawaii

BY

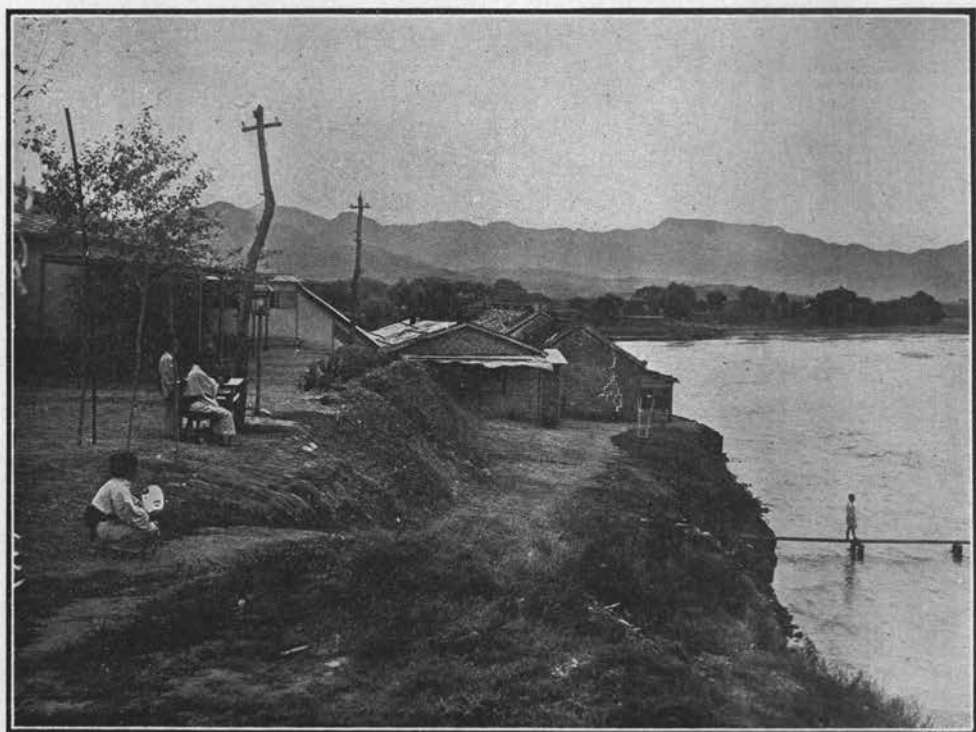
D. D. OEHLER

These wonderful islands, blessed by Providence with less misery and poverty and with greater wealth per capita than any other community, have a population which can well afford to be satisfied with its economic status. But there are many problems pressing for a solution, which have not always been approached by leading men with good judgment and absolute frankness toward the public. On account of the latter fault, misconception of local conditions, on the mainland as well as here, has frequently resulted.

I believe that these islands are served

best by open public discussion of all problems, discussion without fear or favor, always keeping in mind that no remedy proposed can be sound and acceptable unless it ultimately results in the most benefit to the largest number.

Few of us realize that our economic well-being is a result of political conditions and that these political conditions were brought about by economic necessity. The relation of economic and political problems seems to be as cause and effect, and history teaches us that politics constitute the continuous endeavor of communities or their representatives



The Japanese Migrate to Manchuria.

to maintain or improve economic conditions.

Early last century American men of political foresight realized the necessity of an ownership of Hawaii by the United States on account of the impending economic and accompanying political expansion of their country westward and over the Pacific, and Hawaiians believed that economic stability with a natural outlet and market for their products was assured alone by a political union with the United States. Thus, finally, annexation came, not for political reasons primarily nor by accident, but by economic necessity. The flag followed the trade.

With annexation, our more optimistic citizens hoped to settle all political and economic problems, but we found that after this most important problem had been solved, many others not less important confronted us. Of preëminence among these was the problem of fully

Americanizing the Islands, of creating political and economic conditions which would make us desirable members of the Union from every point of view and a perfect and smooth running part of its machinery of state. This problem is still as far from its solution as it was on annexation day, although continually and daily some of our best minds have studied its phases. Its final solution would either solve directly or would assist in the solution of nearly every other problem which we have not in common with the mainland, be it economic, political, strategic, anthropological, or otherwise.

In what respects are we wanting?

Economically, we have been and are at present dependant entirely upon one industry—sugar. Should, on account of economic necessity in other parts of the United States, a downward readjustment of the protective tariff on sugar be demanded, our interests would clash with such demand most seriously; by a



The Japanese Locate in Hawaii.

large cut of the sugar tariff our only industry would be injured or partly destroyed, meaning financial loss to every inhabitant of the Hawaiian Islands and ruin to many. A similar result would be brought about by very low prices of sugar for a number of years. We are "Sugar Planters" in as much as we all make a living, directly or indirectly, out of the sugar cane grown in these islands; not even the pineapple barons could work with profit could they not draw on the labor supply assured them by the existing sugar industry. This is a condition much unlike that of any other part of the United States, a condition which threatens not alone the economic welfare of Hawaii, but which is also a point of danger in the greater economic organism of which Hawaii is now an integral part and of which no part may be injured without affecting more or less every other. To diversify our industries should therefore be our first aim.

Politically, the Islands are in danger of being dominated by an electorate that may prove irresponsible and undesirable from a national point of view. This is more true of Hawaii than any other State or Territory of the Union. Irresponsible perhaps not so much intellectually, although I am doubtful on this point, but principally and above all economically. A change for the better can not be expected for the near future unless the large population which consists mainly of field laborers needed in our

sugar industry and whose children are fast becoming voters of this Territory, are supplemented or replaced by people who are willing and suitable to be assimilated by Americanism, and who will eventually embrace our methods of life, own property in these Islands, and make their permanent residence here.

And here economic and political interests seem to clash. We must preserve and maintain our only industry, our daily bread—sugar—for the sake of which we asked the United States to annex us, and must supply it with adequate and suitable field labor, so far furnished by Asiatic races alone, and, further, we must fulfill the obligations imposed upon us by annexation and Americanize by settling Europeans or Americans in these Islands, not only field laborers but property owners of an intelligent middle class. Should we omit voluntary Americanization we would surely in some way or other lose our political self-control or even the protected market for our products which we are now enjoying. We should therefore strive to introduce as soon as possible, rather than create by years and years of education, an American middle class which will combine intellectual with economic responsibility and sufficiently large in number to insure a reasonably safe disposal of political questions. The introduction of men suitable to be land owners or planters, not small farmers of truck and other diversified products, as



The Latin in Europe.

advocated by some newspaper writers, of men who would raise a tropical product such as sugar cane, cotton, or tobacco, would be the logical sequel. As above mentioned, it would be most desirable to encourage industries other than sugar, so that the stability of local economic conditions could be vouchsafed during such times as the sugar industry might be injured or suffering. But pending the introduction and demonstration of other industries, work might be begun with the planting of sugar cane.

Two remedies have been proposed and partly tried without success.

Many men believed that the end above referred to could be accomplished by cutting up into small parcels all existing large sugar plantations and by selling the parcels in fee to a large number of small planters. The pursuance of such a policy would be absurd and suicidal. The cutting up of large land

holdings in America, Europe and elsewhere has been quoted as an example without considering that conditions here are not analagous. This is a tropical country with a single industry, where crops are harvested mostly after years of care and cultivation, requiring comparatively large amounts of capital and labor with substantial financial reserves to meet and overcome bad years, and our commercial history has shown us that, although in many places small planters have existed in the past, conditions here have soon forced them to combine and to form large corporations. A change of these adverse conditions would therefore be necessary.

As indicated above, even the pineapple growers are now drawing on the large sugar plantations for their labor supply, so must necessarily any other new enterprise, however small, requiring field labor. And small land-holders would need proportionately more labor

*Bonine Photo.***The Latin in Hawaii.**

than plantations and also proportionately more capital. Where is labor and capital to come from if the country's backbone is broken and the large capital driven out? Who would have the financial strength to bring here sufficient field labor, to bear the brunt of taxation, to tide over financial depressions, poor crop years, low prices or serious political disturbances? We were annexed for economic reasons; shall we now injure or destroy our economic safety in solving problems which annexation brought us? I am sure that the American people and the Federal Government would be the last ones to make such a demand upon us provided that some other satisfactory solution could be found.

Other people again propose to introduce European labor for the sugar plantations and eventually to settle these people here as independent planters. Our experience has shown that this method is not successful. Life among foreign races in a tropical country is too uncongenial to the average European; the chance of betterment here is too small,

and life on the plantations too primitive to keep a sufficient number of European laborers permanently in these Islands. The large expense incurred by the government in bringing these laborers here is therefore largely wasted. California and the western United States are too close and opportunities there too alluring not to draw most of the laborers away. Again, inherent local conditions here prevent a solution of our problem in this manner.

The fertility of our soil is unquestioned; sanitary conditions are good; the climate is ideal, and products of all the zones may be raised in different places and at different elevations; there should be some way of making this a land of golden opportunities for the European or American settler. Why have practically no American settlers come here? I believe that the following causes are more or less responsible:

1. An insufficient and uncertain labor supply for even the existing sugar planters, who should be primarily protected under any sane and conservative policy;

2. Insufficient roads and transportation facilities;

3. Insufficient capital for the encouragement of new industries;

4. Lack of sufficient markets for a number of products which may be grown and excessive marketing expenses;

5. Insufficient protection of the small planter against voluntary or involuntary absorption by or amalgamation into large enterprises and corporations;

6. Insufficient protection of the small planter and of new industries against the hostility of existing industries, principally caused by the existing shortage of labor.

I contend that the solution of the problem under discussion mainly rests on securing a satisfactory and stable labor supply, European or Asiatic, to meet all present and future needs.

The proposal has been made by serious men that the United States be asked to pay a bonus for each European laborer here, a bonus large enough to Europeanize the labor supply of these islands with one stroke. After receiving for decades the full benefit of the protective tariff on sugar, at present about \$32 per ton, or approximately \$16,000,000 per year, such a demand could not be made by Hawaii, and if made would certainly not be entertained by Washington. The plan might work out in Australia, as I am told, but it is doubtful in my mind as to whether or not it would here. The adoption of this method would mean another patent food for our pet child, the sugar industry, which could never be discontinued without fatal results to the child, and it would add another cause of anxiety to our tariff nightmares, of which we periodically suffer whenever a political change is threatening at Washington. As European laborers will not remain here under present conditions, we should get authority from the Federal Government to bring to these islands thirty to forty thousand Asiatic laborers, preferably Chinese, who might be admitted in small individual troupes, as needed, during a limited period of time, say ten years, and to remain here

not exceeding, say, ten years. About twenty years would thus elapse from the time the first Chinese laborers came here until the last ones departed, a sufficient time to establish other industries and to settle European or American planters on government lands. Our main industry would thus be placed on a more solid foundation, the planters would feel more inclined to encourage and further other industries and to assist the small planter. If water should be developed by the Reclamation Service, as proposed some time ago, there would be lands in abundance for all times and for all small planters outside of the large sugar estates. The latter should remain the backbone of the country, able to bear the burden of taxation and of Americanization until such time as the development desired had been successfully concluded or nearly so. But with the privileges of Asiatic or Chinese labor and tariff protection the large sugar planters should be compelled to do their duty toward the Americanization of this country. They should agree to employ Europeans or Americans only in every position above that of a field laborer, and they should by all means encourage diversified industries and small European planters, by granting fair grinding contracts for sugar cane, etc. They should further be compelled to employ not less than, say, 20 per cent of European field laborers at wages and inducements for advancement sufficiently large to keep them here permanently. These laborers would form the nucleus for the final Americanization of the Territory.

Government lands should not be sold in fee to any small planter, but long-term leases with option of renewal should retain the government's control over all lands and ensure their perpetual retention in the hands of the small man and out of the hands of large corporations. Rental to be paid annually on the net or gross produce; this method would have the advantage over a sale in fee of allowing the government a steady income and a supervision over the management. Further, it would save the be-



Eight Nationalities.

ginner from paying out capital for the purchase of his land at a time when he needs every cent for the purpose of development.

A special board of business men might be created which would handle and supervise affairs in this respect for the government. Perhaps a land commission in addition to the many other commissions recently created would fill the needs. Such a commission could discover or create new markets, regularly advise the small planter on market conditions and prices, contract with transportation companies, and advise and assist the planter in many other ways free of charge.

Next to labor the lack of interest shown by capital in the proposed development of new industries has been the greatest hindrance. As indicated above, practically all the local capital is directly or indirectly connected with "Sugar," and its refusal to deprive the existing industry of its already scant labor supply by encouraging new industries seems to be plausible and excusable. Although

conditions in this regard may be improved by a satisfactory solution of the labor question, the success or failure of the small planter or settler, so infinitely important for the future of this country, should not be left entirely to the pleasure of private capital. If a special tax can be raised by the Territorial Government with the consent of the Federal authorities for the introduction of labor, and if the Federal Government could create a reclamation fund to promote farming in arid regions, it should not be impossible to establish in some way a fund out of which advances and loans could be made the small planters during times of need and on a banking basis. A land bank might be established or subsidized by the government. If such a bank was run by or in connection with the Land Commission, which had the leasing of lands and the supervision of management in its hands, its success would be assured.

Ammerican farmers or planters, certain of good, accessible lands, of cheap and reliable labor, of government en-

couragement and protection, of honest and fair prices for their products and protected through land laws or regulations against a possible amalgamation into or absorption by large corporations, should certainly make good, and there is no reason why they could not be induced to come here.

A temporary introduction of Chinese to these islands would not hurt the California labor unions as much as the continual emigration of European and other labor from here to the coast under present conditions, in as much as the Chinese could be restrained by law if necessary from leaving these islands for the United States. It would please the Chinese government and would strengthen the position of the United States in the Far East. It would probably increase American trade there, and it would reduce the number of undesirable laborers brought here through forced emigration, thus breaking the preponderance of any one race in these islands—a desired result which could not be accomplished in

any other way. A good strong addition of Chinese blood to our aboriginal race would be welcome from the anthropological point of view, and would improve the tendency to thrift among this very important part of our population, which unfortunately now seems to be fast dying out.

The writer does not pretend to have a final solution for all the problems under discussion, but wishes the reader to consider the above as mere casual suggestions toward a solution. Not every reader will agree with him on the means proposed, but every one will agree that something definite toward the solution of Americanization should be done; too much valuable time has been wasted without bringing us nearer to our goal. Let us therefore all join hands and instead of criticizing, propose ways and means of improving present methods. If my article should succeed in creating additional interest and discussion in that direction, it will have served its purpose.



Arrival of the Oriental.



Bananas and Waterfalls Everywhere.

Hawaii Ponoï

BY

DAN RAVENEL, JR.

What is Hawaii Ponoï?

Hawaii Ponoï is the Paradise of the Pacific and more. It is the one ideal garden spot and recreation ground for the world. Its mountains are the highest, its valleys the most beautiful, and its people the most wealthy and genuinely hospitable of any island in the several oceans. Hawaii Ponoï is synonymous of greatness and laughter and song and contentment. Italy has become sordid, but the voice of the ukulele is ever heard in the land of Hawaii, and

no people in the world sing more sweetly and often than these kanakas of the tropical Pacific. I saw Hawaii for a single day, then for ten long years traveled the broad world round about, but I never once got away from the memory of that day. At last I returned—months fled by, and still I lingered in this Paradise of the Pacific, its wonders and its hospitalities stretching out forever before me. I have lingered in almost every group of islands in the Pacific, and in some of the Atlantic isles, but there is no land in all the world just so



Miles of Pineapples.

satisfying to every sense as Hawaii Ponoï.

Hawaii Ponoï—Great Hawaii—covers an area, including all its islands, of 6649 square miles, scarce as much as the State of New Jersey, yet it exports annually products valued at more than forty million dollars; more than half the total export of New Zealand, with many times its population and several times its area. The children of Hawaii are better educated than the children of any other land under the sun. It is the only Territory of the United States that pours more money into the national treasury than is appropriated for its development. Hawaii Ponoï boasts of the largest active volcano in the world and the most extensive extinct crater. Her sugar cane fields are the most scientifically exploited, the most productive and the largest in the universe. The greatest and most productive single area of pineapples grown upon earth's surface is in Hawaii, from whence also the largest and most luscious pines are exported.

Hawaii leads the world in sugar; her coffee stands in flavor next only to the Mocha bean of Arabia; her cattle thrive without water, and in every way our island state is the spot upon the universe most favored by God. It is a little Paradise, let down from heaven into a perfect sea that man may secure a foretaste of the Paradise that is to be. The Garden of Eden may have been such a place, for nowhere in all Hawaii is either poisonous reptile, insect or herb of any kind. Life is at its best in Hawaii, and it has astonished me day after day, month after month, that so much that life is worth living for can be crowded into so small an area.

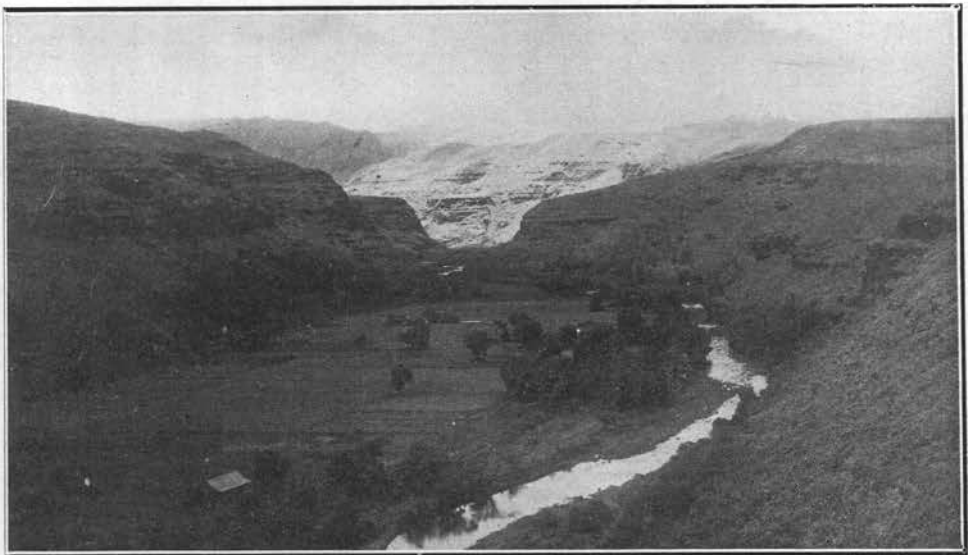
Scenically, Hawaii stands alone, unrivaled either by Switzerland or New Zealand. Papeete, in Tahiti, has been called the Paris of the Pacific—but that was before Honolulu became the oceanic metropolis, larger, gayer, more resplendent than any city of New Zealand, with hotels the like of which any country of Europe might envy, while a trolley sys-

tem that is unsurpassed whisks the tourist or the resident to the seaside or up the mountain height within the hour. What city in all the world that you may regulate the heat of the day by merely moving about within a radius of three or four miles? The cool sea breezes at the ocean side, torrid heat nearby upon a sandy plain, then a ride within a mile or two some thousands of feet up the mountain side to the land of eternal coolness. Or, if you demand mid-winter when mid-summer abounds all around, from Hilo, Hawaii's second city, a railway is winding its way up Mauna Loa's side to the land of eternal snows, where, 14,000 feet above the sea, winter ever dwells—and from the topmost pinnacle of Hawaii is a fair vision of land and sea spread out below—which I vainly believe is the most varied perfect picture painted in God's great scrapbook for the delectation of man.

What have I seen from Mauna Loa? All the beauties of the world brought here and laid down in vast array. Snow and ice, billowy clouds that roll by like the sea, clearing, leave smiling fields below, forests of precious mahogany, a vista of coffee plantations, then great areas of green sugar cane sweeping down to the sea, a fringe of cocoanuts, the encircling blue beyond, dotted here and there with mountain peaks that rise

majestically from the sea. This I see and more. From a monster crevasse in the mountain side issues a giant flow of molten lava, farther down, earth's greatest volcano sends forth a vast volume of steam by day and uplifts a cloud of fire by night. Along the ocean's edge where the flow of lava has sent hissing steam to meet the highest clouds may be seen that winding way from Laupahoehoe to Hilo, one of the three beautiful "drives" of the universe, a road along the edge of a precipice abutting on the sea, a way where every mile is marked by cascades falling from the cliffs above, and in between the eye is led up green and purple slopes to the cap of snow that rests like a crown of ermine fifteen thousand feet above the sea. I have seen from Mauna Loa more than tongue can tell or pen write about and adequately describe.

Hawaii Ponoï is an accordion of mountain peaks and valleys pushed together, as California is such an accordion drawn out. In Hawaii you climb directly from the sea to the mountain tops, and almost step from peak to peak above the clouds. Here in earth's jewel box all the treasures of Nature lie scattered at your feet as the Great Creator left them when He finished the work of creation and rested for the day in this Garden of Eden—Hawaii Ponoï.



Pacific Personalities



L. A. THURSTON

A MAKER OF HISTORY



Few pictures of Lorrin A. Thurston, the Godfather of the Hawaiian republic, and the father of Annexation to the United States, have ever been published. No biography of this man whose life has been largely spent in voluntary service to his island country has ever been prepared; mainly for the reason that the one man who can give the reliable facts, prefers to discuss other matters and tell of the deeds of others in Hawaii, for Hawaii.

From Lorrin A. Thurston we learn nothing, save that in his opinion the services he has rendered to Hawaii are scarcely worth mentioning, in comparison with the services rendered by many others, yet when the fate of the Republic of Hawaii was toppling in the balance, it was to Lorrin A. Thurston, ill in bed with typhoid, that the committee managing the revolution repaired. Two of its members propped the young lawyer up in bed while he wrote the declaration of principles of the Republic of Hawaii, the best and strongest bit of literature and language that ever flowed from the pen of the man who it is conceded by all wields the most unswerving lance in the Mid-Pacific.

Lorrin A. Thurston more than any other man was the heart of the revolutionary movement that made Hawaii a Republic, he was an open avowed revolutionist and annexationist when such expressed sentiments endangered his head, and even when his name was placed on the list of those to be decapitated, his utterances were as clear and strong as ever.

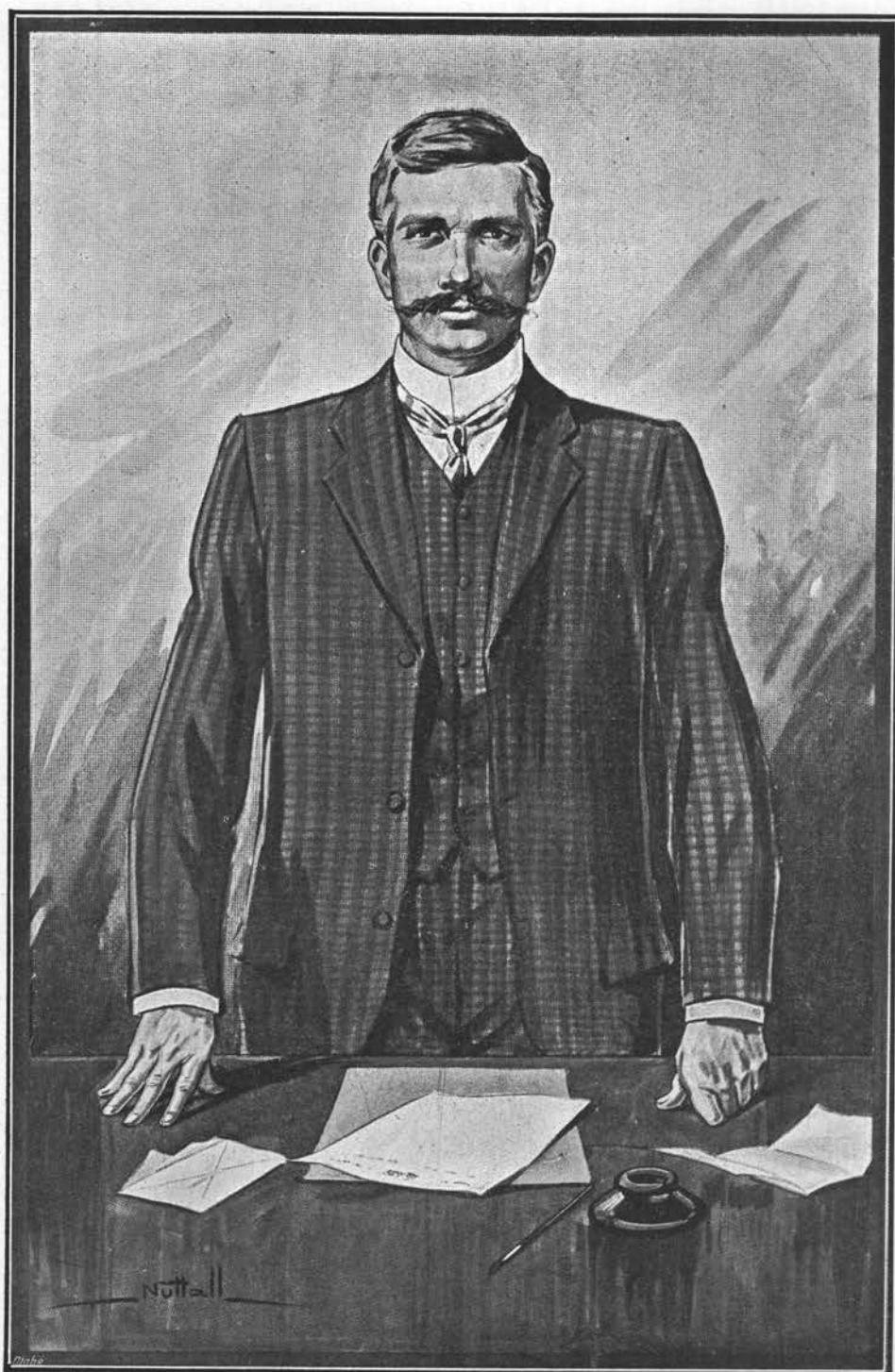
No man in Hawaii is better qualified to pen a history of the islands than is Lorrin A. Thurston, for he was born in Hawaii, as was his father before him; he speaks the native language as his own, and has lived his life battling for the betterment of the social conditions of every race and class of people that have during his lifetime poured into the country.

From *Who's Who in America* we learn that Lorrin A. Thurston was born in Hawaii on July 31st, 1858, was a student at Oahu College in 1873, was elected to the House of Representatives, Hawaii, and admitted to the bar of Honolulu in 1878; graduated from Columbia law school in 1881; that before he was thirty years of age he was Minister of the Interior for Hawaii, and so remained until 1890, at which time he was also a member of the Board of Health and of the Immigration Board. In 1892 he was made a member of the House of Nobles, and the following year a member of the Committee of Safety that turned Hawaii overnight from a Monarchy to a fullfledged Republic. In 1893 he was advisory counsel of the Provisional Government, and the same year went to Washington as special commissioner to secure annexation; he was also at that time Minister of the Provisional Government, and in 1894 visited Portugal on matters of immigration, as Minister to that Kingdom. He was again sent as Special Commissioner to Washington in 1897, to negotiate the treaty of annexation, and in 1904 compiled the Fundamental Law of Hawaii.

That is all we learn of Lorrin A. Thurston from "Who's Who."

At some future time the Mid-Pacific Magazine hopes to present to the world at large reminiscences from this remarkable figure in the history of Hawaii, although no promise has been made to this effect.

Although Mr. Thurston has never had any financial interest in the publication of the Mid-Pacific Magazine he has always been one of its most enthusiastic supporters. In promotion matters this forceful man has taken a leading part practically all of his life. He often neglects his own business to promote some matter of public welfare, and that is the reason why we chronicle Lorrin A. Thurston as one of the great big men of Hawaii instead of as one of the very wealthy ones.



From Southern Sphere

THE HON. ANDREW FISHER, P. C.

RULER OF A CONTINENT



The Right Honourable Andrew Fisher, Prime Minister of Australia, or Andy as he is more widely known throughout Australia, is a striking example of the way in which South of the Line a young man can win his way to the top of the tree by sheer merit. Australia being a young country has produced many such, but Fisher is about the most striking figure in the self-made man's "Who's Who." Likewise is perhaps one of the most able men that Australia has ever had at the head of political affairs.

Born at Crosshouse, Ayreshire, Scotland, on August 29, 1862, he came to Australia in 1885. He settled in Queensland and followed up his profession of miner for some years. He became interested in politics, however, and was elected as member for Gympir. In 1899 he became Minister for Railways and Public Works and with the inauguration of the Commonwealth he was returned to the first Federal parliament as member for Wide Bay. He was Minister for Trade and Customs in the Watson Ministry in 1904 and his ability and popularity secured for him the appointment as deputy leader of the Federal Labor party. When Watson retired from the position as chairman in October, 1907, Fisher was elected to fill the position. During the last elections it was by his effort that the Labor party jumped into the top of the polls and won by such a sweeping majority.

During the recent coronation celebration, as representative of the Australian Commonwealth, he has naturally been the guest of most of the leaders of political affairs in London. By his frank and unassuming manner he has won his way into their hearts and the newspapers are full of his frank utterances.

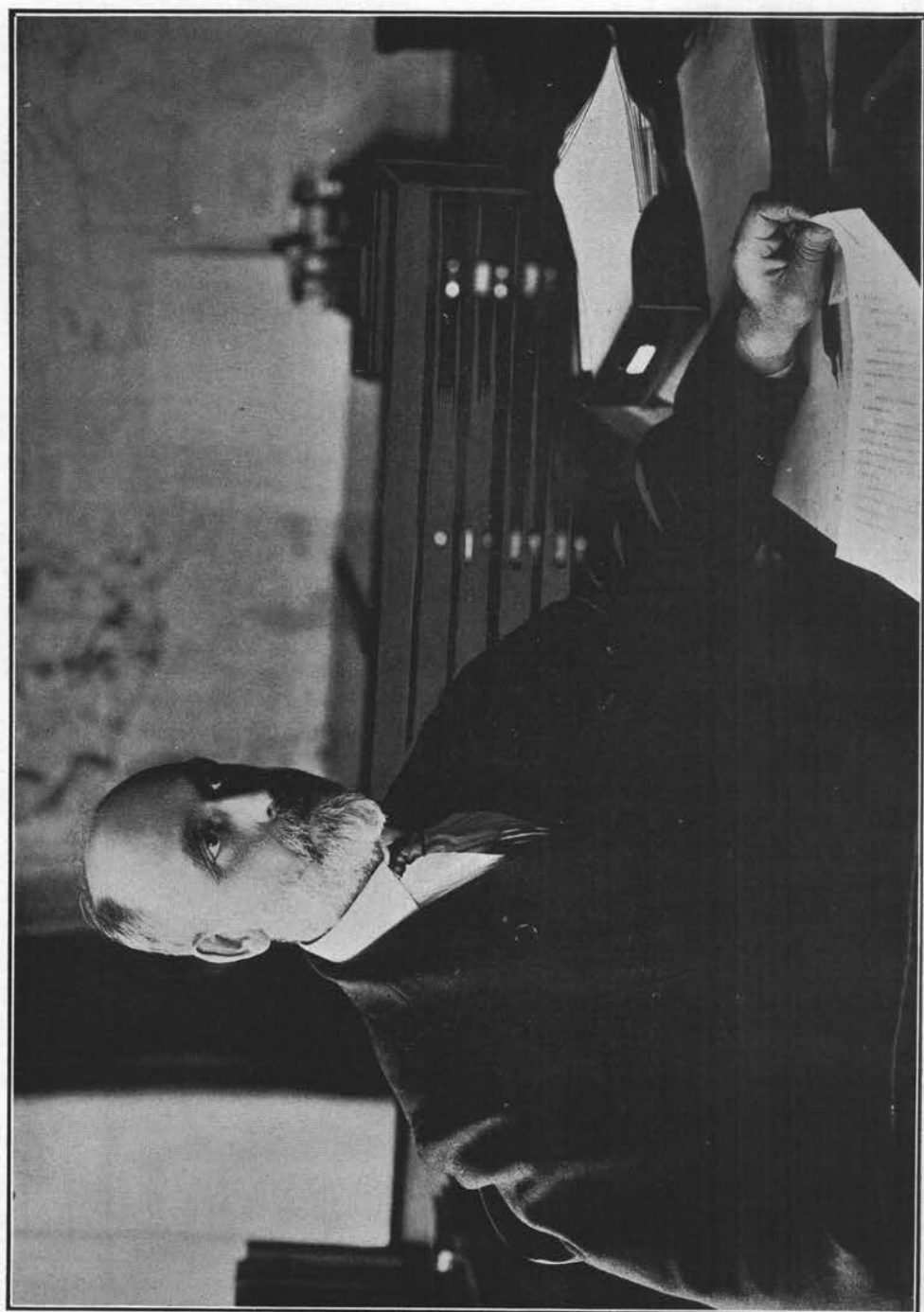
When the coronation honors were given he was made a Privy Councillor, which is the highest council in the Brit-

ish Empire. Several times during his stay in London he has been asked to speak at various functions and on one occasion put his audience in a good mood from the start by remarking that it was rather a hard task to be expected to speak after a lord, a baron and an admiral. He also declined the degree of LL. D., which Oxford University wanted to confer on him, on the ground of "youth and other disabilities."

It is as head of the Labor party in Australia, however, that his movements have had so much significance and have also done so much to make the position of that party secure. The warm opposition against them was the fact that many people were on the fence. Many were not satisfied with the Liberal government and they were afraid to trust the Labor party. By the excellent machinery that was put in motion during the last election and the big fight that was put up the party went into power for the first time.

Since that time under the guidance of Fisher they have shown themselves thoroughly competent and are doing good work. Fisher is the type of man who is a born leader. His Scotch descent assures him of a long headedness that was made manifest during the time a patriotic wave swept the country and everyone wanted to buy a Dreadnaught and present it to England. When the fever was at its height Fisher vetoed the measure and pointed out that if they did the money would have to be borrowed from England in the first place.

He is the leader of a fight for the real democracy, and as is natural is raising up considerable antipathy among those of the capitalists who use their money without thought or care for the people of the country. He is not a man who will ever be the popular idol of the crowd, but he is the man whom the country will stick to throughout.



F. H. NEWELL

A RECLAIMER OF DESERTS



Frederick Hayes Newell is called the father of reclamation in the United States. It is his brain that has engineered the plans for reclaiming vast arid deserts in the far west; and his energy passed down the line that has already carried many of the stupendous irrigation reclamation schemes to a successful conclusion during the decade just closed.

Frederick Hayes Newell, director of the U. S. Reclamation Service, was born in Bradford, Pennsylvania, on March 5th, 1862, and graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1885. He at once turned his attention to mining engineering in the far west and began then the study of conservation, irrigation and reclamation. When Roosevelt came into power, he found in Newell the man he wanted as advisor and doer; both Roosevelt and Secretary Garfield considered F. H. Newell the ablest head of any Federal department, and they acted on his advice and left it largely to his brain to conceive and carry out the reclamation plans that were the crowning glory of the Roosevelt regime.

President Taft advanced this brainy, energetic chief still more. Newell became the standby of the new administration in the far west. Newell was always in advance of his colleagues. It was in 1894 that the first National Irrigation Congress was convened, and it was in that year that F. H. Newell issued his volume on "Agriculture by Irrigation." Even the far west did not then grasp the almost miraculous possibilities that Newell saw in irrigation, millions of arid western desert turned into the most productive land in the world. In 1895 Mr. Newell brought out his volume, "The Public Lands of the United States," and fairly embarked on a campaign for reclaiming for cultivation or other uses every available arid region in America. In 1902 he again wrote on the subject

of Irrigation in the United States, but now the country was behind him and Congress almost ready to spend a billion if necessary on reclamation projects.

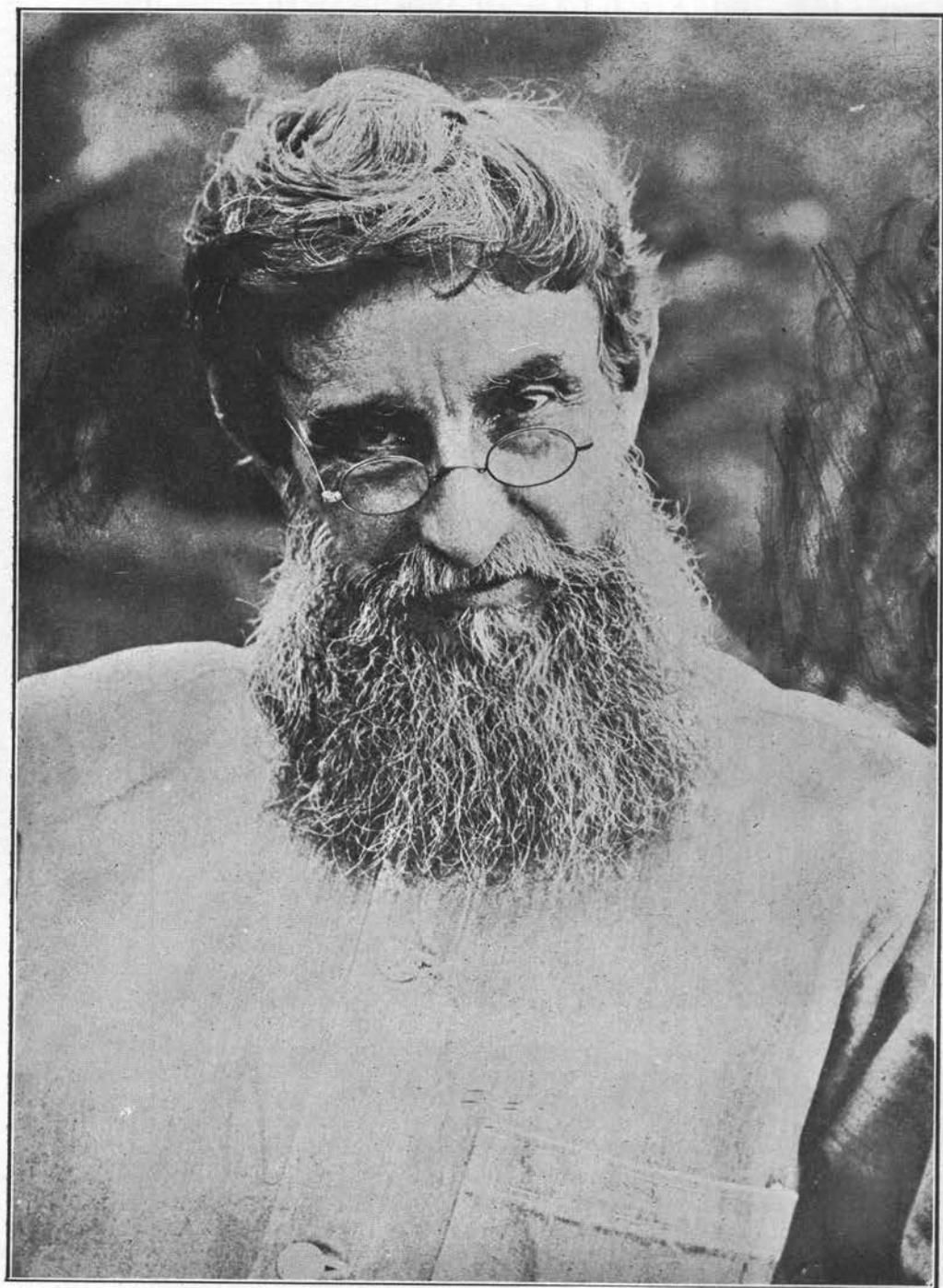
F. H. Newell belongs to Pacific America. In 1908 he was sent by Secretary Garfield to Hawaii to lay out a plan for reclaiming the arid lands of the islands and utilizing these for homes.

Mr. Newell reported that while Porto Rico was somewhat smaller in area than is Hawaii, that it supported an agricultural population of 1,000,000, while the population of Hawaii aggregated less than one-fifth that number.

Mr. Newell went further than laying out a bare scheme of land conservation, he came out boldly for the conservation of Hawaii for the American citizen.

Mr. Newell's concluding paragraph in his recommendation to the Secretary of the Interior sums up his attitude toward Pacific America:

"A sentiment toward changing the character of the laborers from aliens to citizens has been aroused among the thinking people of the islands. It is accomplished by a realization of the fact that the laborers—who will be voters—must have a home and ownership of a small tract of land if they are to be a stable and conservative force in government. This brings us face to face with the overshadowing problem of home making and home preservation, and through home making and home preservation, and through home making the permanent increase of a working population with the civic capacity which is essential to the safety of an American commonwealth. Many attempts have been made in this direction with little success, but as a result of the experience had in the States and Territories it is believed that lands now arid and mainly in public ownership, can be reclaimed, divided into small tracts and the ownership gradually passed to American citizens, including both laborers and small farmers."



BROTHER DUTTON.

A GREAT MAN IN A LITTLE WORLD



The Island of Molokai, one of the most beautiful of the Hawaiian group, is at last opened up to the sightseer; every bit of it save one little corner made famous by Father Damien and his successor, Brother Dutton. Here at the base of a precipice thousands of feet high, on a little jut of land to which there is no access save by the weekly steamer from Honolulu, is the little settlement where Father Damien's successor has spent twenty-five years of his life, without once leaving his charges for a single hour. Of recent years the disease brought by the Chinese, and still called Maipake, or the Chinese sickness, has been brought to a standstill and those who now suffer are being cured, but a few hundred in all the islands are affected and these are gathered about Brother Dutton at Kalawao, on the Island of Molokai. Soon it is believed that the Chinaman's sickness will disappear from Hawaii, as it is a disease seldom or never contracted by the white man, and the children of the physicians grow up in perfect health in the settlement, while Brother Dutton and the sisters and nurses in charge of the settlement have never shown any signs of contracting the disease, although brought in close daily contact with it, even the children of those affected escape the disease, and now that a cure has been found, it loses its terrors to a great degree.

Brother Joseph Dutton, who has consecrated his life to work at Kalawao, was during the Civil war a dashing officer in the Federal army. Recently he turned over his accumulated pension to the St. Catherine School of Industry of Memphis, the Hawaiian Government leaving nothing undone for the unfortunates at Kalawao, who have their every want supplied, and as the disease is being stamped out, there was no need for the money among those of Kalawao.

Brother Joseph Dutton was born in Vermont nearly seventy years ago. He served at the front with the Thirteenth Wisconsin and was known throughout the army as a daredevil. His period of activity on the firing line lasted from 1861 to 1863, his gallantry securing his promotion from the ranks to a captaincy. He was mustered out in 1866. The dashing daredevil soldier gave up the world in 1886 to become a lay brother in the congregation of the Sacred Hearts, and chose as his life work the care of the little flock at Kalawao. For exactly a quarter of a century he has led a happy, contented life, loving his parishioners, and beloved by them. Few there are in the settlement who are visibly disfigured; nearly everyone can and does work; there is a band and a choir; the stranger who visits Brother Dutton looks in vain for outward signs of disease and suffering. All seem happy and contented, and they are of those discharged as cured, some who beg and pray to remain, and do remain as helpers. Kalawao is a city without want, and Brother Dutton is the good friend there of all, who cheers on the games and sport and is the friend in the little sicknesses that sometimes afflict members of his flock. From his parsonage may be seen the grandest panorama in the Hawaiian Islands, for the most beautiful as well as secluded spot in all the Pacific was chosen as the home for Father Damien's flock. Brother Dutton and Father Damien worked together until Father Damien passed away, and his mantle fell upon the shoulders of the younger man. For a quarter of a century Brother Dutton has not walked a hundred yards from the grounds that surround the little church at Kalawao; that is his paradise, and if there is a supremely happy and contented man in all the Paradise of the Pacific, that man is Brother Joseph Dutton, for he is accomplishing his life's mission.



THOMAS F. SEDGWICK
President of the Hands-Around-the-Pacific Club

A PAN-PACIFIC WORKER



Thomas F. Sedgwick, acting president of the Hands-Around-the-Pacific Club is one of the younger personalities that has come to the front in the strenuous move to bring about a better understanding for a practical working affiliation of the nations that border on the Pacific.

The president of the Hands-Around-the-Pacific Club came into the organization representing Peru, where he had spent many years. Familiar with every one of the Pacific Coast countries in the two Americas, as well as those on the other side of the Pacific, and an enthusiastic lover of the people of all of these lands, Thomas F. Sedgwick was eminently fitted to be the active leader in the movement to join hands around the Pacific for a joint forward movement.

Thomas Farrington Sedgwick was born in Stockton, California, in 1873. His father was one of the early pioneers of California led there by the gold fever of '49. His mother came from Maine to California in 1857 across the Isthmus.

His early education was somewhat out of the ordinary, as in early infancy he was troubled with serious eye difficulties. At the age of nine he went to the Institution for the Blind near his home in Berkeley, where he was granted special privileges, as his case did not necessitate the use of all the methods adopted in the education of the blind.

In spite of this handicap and even contrary to the judgment of physicians he determined to have a college education, and with his mother's help prepared himself for it at home. After a trip to Mexico he entered the University of California in 1891, but was soon obliged to leave on account of his health. Going to a ranch near Sacramento, he remained for a year and a half doing the work of a laborer, plowing, pruning, and overseeing Japanese and Chinese laborers. His disappointment was great at having to give up the college life he had with so much effort and perseverance prepared

himself for, and the work was very hard, but he gained valuable experience, and best of all, perfect health. He returned to college in 1893, making a specialty of agricultural chemistry. He was a member of the Chi Phi Fraternity, serving his turn at the head of that society. By hard work he completed the four years' course in three years, graduating in '96.

Believing that the farmer would be benefitted by more scientific knowledge, and that the scientist would be more efficient if he had greater practical experience, Mr. Sedgwick felt there was a field for a man whose work would make him a connecting link between the two, and he therefore identified himself with various Experiment Stations in Southern California.

In 1898 Mr. Sedgwick came to the Hawaiian Islands with the idea of making a study of the sugar industry. Several opportunities opened before him, and he accepted the offer of the position to organize the Department of Agriculture in the Kamehameha Manual Training School.

When the United States Experiment Station was started in Honolulu Mr. Sedgwick was asked to become one of the staff.

In 1902 Mr. Tom Fitch, the "silver tongued orator," with others, interested himself in exploring for guano on one of the Islands near Japan, and Mr. Sedgwick was granted leave of absence from the Experiment Station to go as the technical expert of the party.

In 1903, Mr. Sedgwick was asked to go to Peru to make special investigations on a large sugar plantation in Northern Peru owned by London capital, and the results of his several years special work led to the publication of a little book "Relating to the Sugar Industry in Peru," which is accepted as authority for Peruvian sugar.

When the investigations were finished, the President of Peru, hearing of the re-

sults of his work, asked him to organize an Experiment Station in Lima for the benefit of the planters of the Republic, to be under the direction of the government. This he did and as the work necessitated a good deal of traveling in different sections of the Republic, Mr. Sedgwick had opportunity to see much of the people and to acquire a working knowledge of the Spanish language, and to visit many places of historic interest in connection with the land of the Incas.

While in South America Mr. Sedgwick had occasion to go to the Argentine, seeing the beautiful and active city of Buenos Ayres, and visiting the sugar and agricultural districts of the country. He visited also the old Spanish city of Montevideo, Uruguay, and reached Valparaiso, Chili, shortly after the disaster caused by the terrible earthquake.

After organizing the Experiment Station in Peru and directing it for two years, Mr. Sedgwick returned to his home in Honolulu, via the Isthmus and Jamaica, where in Kingston he saw the ravages of another devastating earthquake.

Mr. Sedgwick believes in the develop-

ment of agricultural expert work and believes that when agricultural experts make themselves proficient in their lines they will be in as great demand as are mining engineers, lawyers, or physicians, and that they will receive compensations equal to that of the other professions. It is work in this line he is still with at present, and at the same time he is doing special work with the territorial government on matters of importance to the welfare of the community.

Mr. Sedgwick has an instinctive disposition for investigation and research and has contributed to various magazines and journals, and added some valuable material and data to the scientific world.

As President of the Hands-Around-the-Pacific Club, he is trying to help break down the barriers that for so long have kept nations from fully understanding each other. He believes that all nations and races that have felt the effects of civilization are fundamentally alike, and that it is only a difference of language, traditions and customs that keep them from enjoying the benefits that would result from a condition of universal friendliness.



The New Love and the Old

(New England and Hawaii.)

I love my new love dearly,
And she dwells in the land of sun,
Where the trees flame gold and scarlet
And where, when the day is done,
The moonlight's moulted silver
Pours into the cereus's cup
While the moon-flower shivers and wakens
And stealthily opens up.

I love my new love dearly,
And where she dwells, dwell I,
Where slim palms seaward tilting
Lean toward a friendly sky;
Where the feet of the emerald mountains
By a sapphire sea are kissed
While their tops, dim-green and purple,
Melt into clinging mist.

But, Oh, my long-lost old love!
Your image still I hold,
Though your skies gloom gray and somber,
Though your days grow short and cold,
Yet the heart of me is yearning
For the naked, blue-black trees
Whose tracery 'gainst the sunsets
My vision no more sees;

For the gray stone wall upclimbing
The barren, rock-strewn hill,
For the red-gray farm-house waiting
By the brown road, lone and still;
For, Oh, you patient old love!
The heart of you is true—
I love my new love dearly,
But I'm not forgetting you!

—*Frances Bent Dillingham.*

EDITORIAL COMMENT

PEACE AND THE PACIFIC.

The word Pacific means Peaceful. On August 15th in Honolulu, Dr. David Starr Jordan, recognized as the foremost advocate of World's Peace, delivered one of his addresses in Honolulu before a gathering of representatives of every nationality that lives upon the great ocean. Polynesians, Chinese, Portuguese, Australians, Americans, Japanese, New Zealanders, Latins and Canadians, made up the audience, and their representatives sat on the stage with the great peace advocate.

At the conclusion of the address the Governor of Hawaii, Walter F. Frear, Hon. President of the Hands-Around-the-Pacific Club, introduced a resolution inviting the universal races congress to hold its next convention in Honolulu, the Cosmopolitan Cross Roads City of the Pacific. The resolution was unanimously carried, and has been forwarded to the members of the recent Races Congress held in London.

Dr. Jordan is carrying the Message of Peace to Japan. The Hon. James S. McGowan, Premier of New South Wales, arrived in Honolulu the day after Dr. Jordan's speech and extended an invitation around the Pacific to representative men of each land to join a proposed cruise around the great pond that the various peoples of the Pacific ocean may become better acquainted with each other. It is probable that each of the Pacific lands visited in the course of the cruise will invite and entertain a certain number of distinguished foreign guests. Every two years Hawaii extends an in-

itation to about forty members of Congress to visit the island territory and pays their expenses. It has repaid Hawaii a hundred fold in a hundred different ways.

Dr. Jordan and Premier McGowan are both honorary vice-presidents of the Hands-Around-the-Pacific Club. America and Australia joining hands across the Pacific may be made to absolutely secure the assurance of perpetual peace on the great ocean. Success to the effort.

THE A. A. U. IN THE PACIFIC.

Honolulu has placed herself on the map as a home of amateur athletic sports. On August 12th one of her swimmers, Duke Kahanamoku, a pure Hawaiian youth, broke the world's record for the 100-yard dash through water.

Within a year Hawaii has organized a chapter of the Amateur Athletic Union, and has begun breaking athletic records. White boys born in Hawaii are invariably to be found in the front ranks of the football, baseball and rowing teams of Yale, Harvard and other Eastern universities. Now that the A. A. U. rules prevail in Hawaii and that organization organizes meets, records will be broken from time to time in the waters of the Cross Roads of the Pacific.

Hawaii is approaching the place where she may issue a call to the Pacific world for the first of a Polynesian Olympiad to be held at the Crossroads of the great ocean, and repeated every few years at chosen sporting centers around the Pacific.

(Continued from second page of cover)

There's a sudden swing, a twist and a fling!
The board points for the shore!
And you fix your eye where the surf flings
high,
To fall on the reef aroar.

You watch it leave with a rising heave
Gathering force as it goes;
And you paddle away and you dip and
sway
As it near and nearer shows.

Then you flash through space in a whirling
race,
And a smother of salt sea spray,
And the sea laughs by and the great blue
sky,
Both call their roundelay.

The warm trade breeze that moves the trees
On the fringed shore ahead,
With lingering Kiss and soothing hiss,
Steadies your whirling head.

So it's out to the roar of the spray spumed
shore!
Again and still again,
For life is good on your fashioned wood,
And you care or know not pain.





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