

THE
BURTON HOLMES
LECTURES



HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
EDGE OF CHINA
MANILA







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Volume 170



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THE
BURTON HOLMES
LECTURES

With Illustrations from Photographs

By the Author



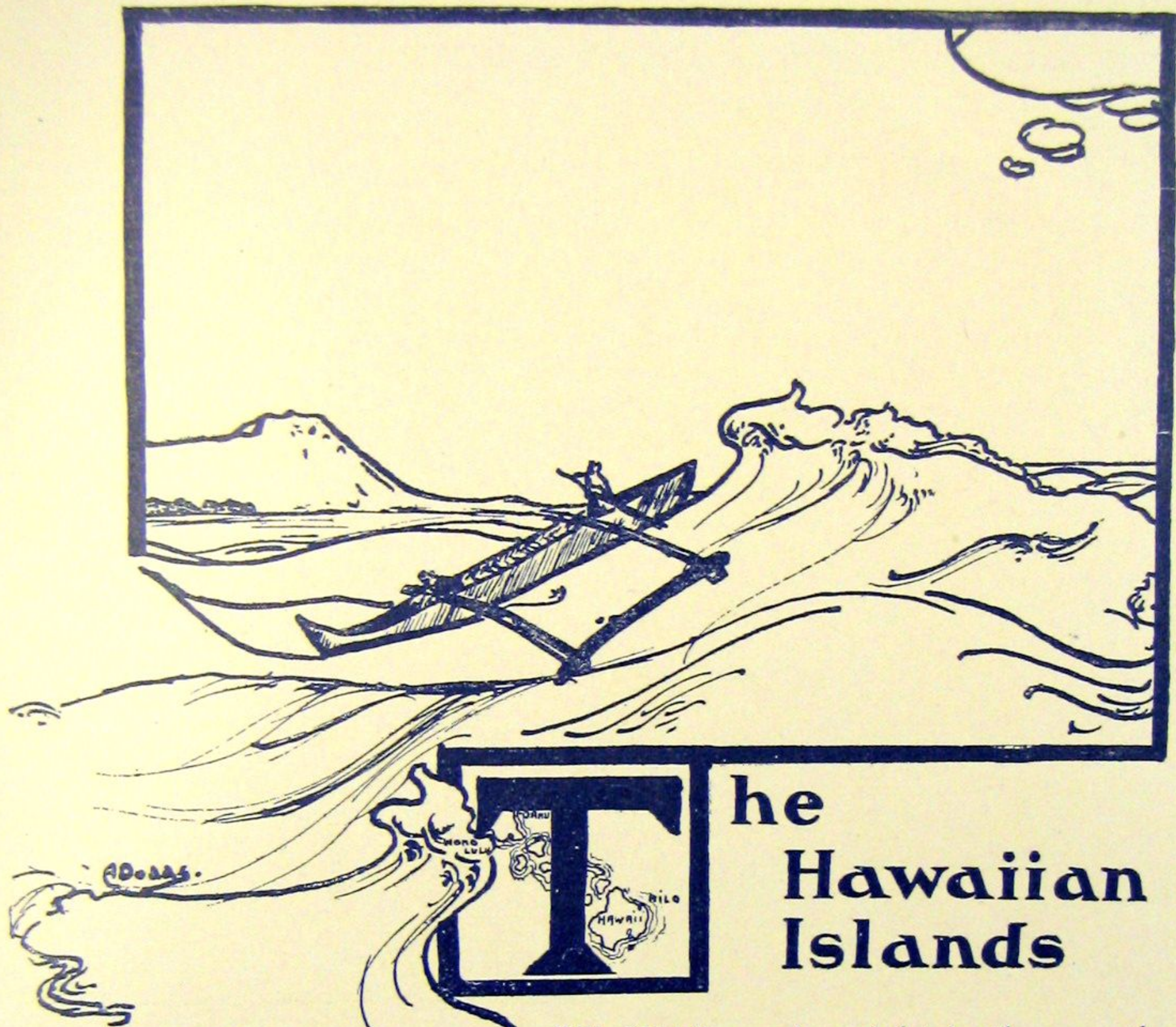
COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME FIVE

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THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

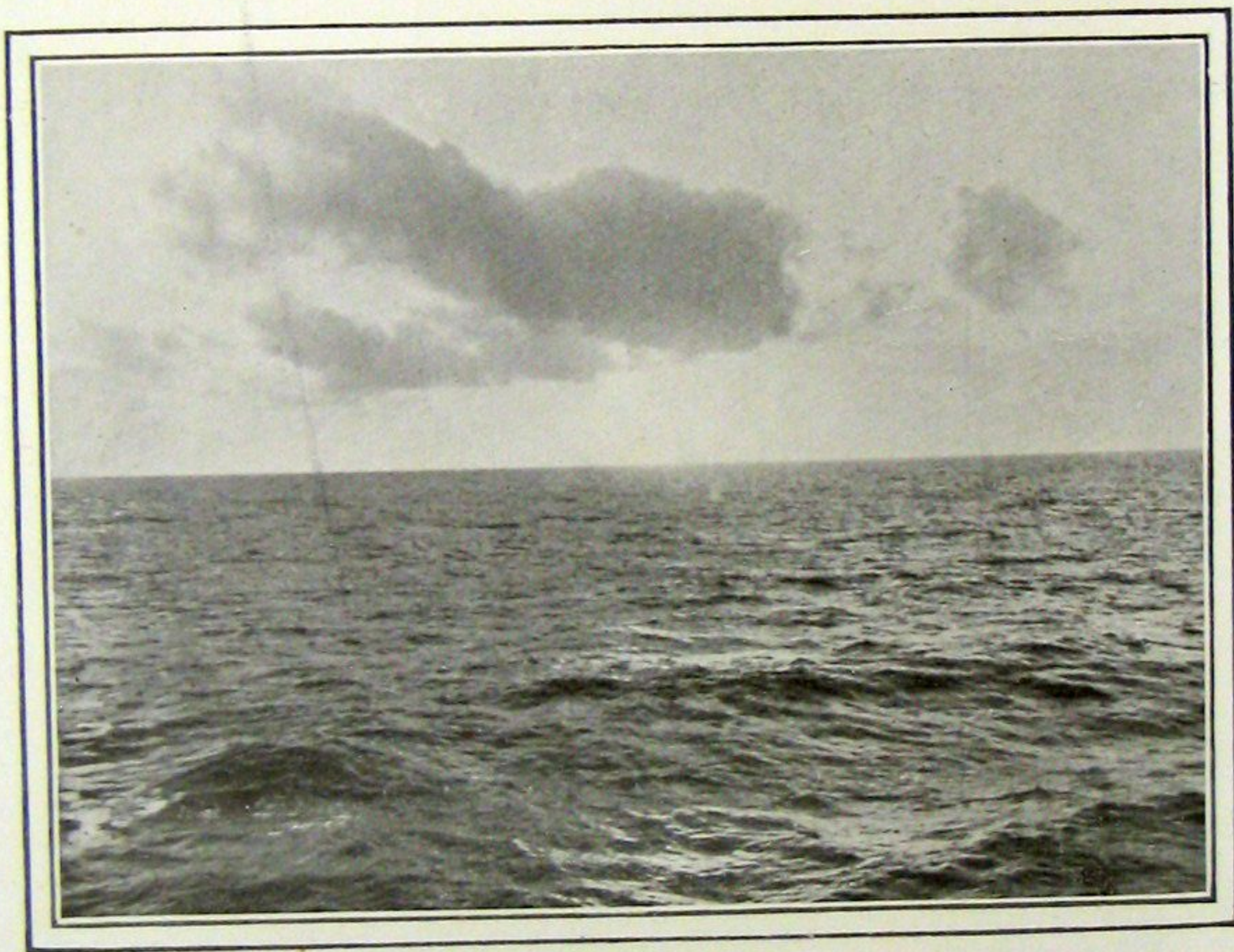


The **Hawaiian Islands**

IT WAS a calm night in the month of June when we drifted silently from the docks of San Francisco, passed swiftly out through the Golden Gate, and set our course across the silvery moonlit sea toward the Hawaiian Islands. About two thousand miles of peaceful ocean sleep between our coast and the palm-fringed shores of the Republic of Hawaii, and over this we speed, not knowing that ere we retrace our way, this stretch of ocean—almost equal in width to the Atlantic—will have been transformed by our wise men at Washington into an American channel, and that the trans-Pacific

steamers will have become boats that convey the traffic of mere "ferries," running from San Francisco, Cal., to Honolulu, United States of America.

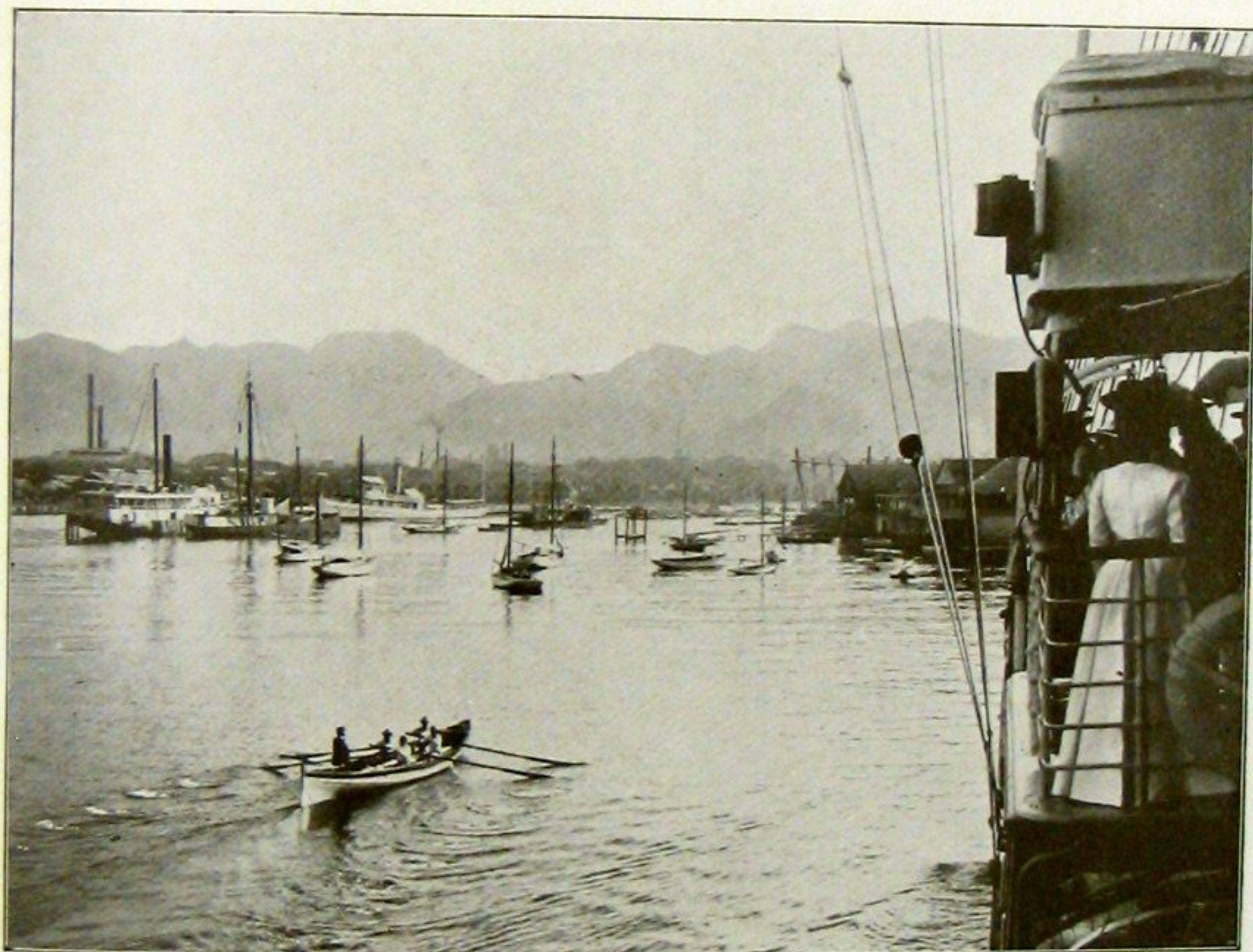
There is not time to dwell upon the voyage, but I must at least confess that I have never more thoroughly enjoyed a week at sea. Conditions of weather, service, and accommodations I have never seen surpassed; and as for speed—our steamer, the "Moana," traveled all too swiftly across



THE SUMMER SEA

this fascinating summer sea, and brought us into Honolulu Harbor at sunrise on the morning of the seventh day. The first impressions of the traveler, as he sees the islands rise like pale blue clouds out of the dark blue sea, I shall not endeavor to describe. I trust that all of you are some day going to the islands, and believe no one has a right to rob you of your first impressions. I hold that every traveler should be permitted to enjoy his own, without suggestions or interruptions by the omnipresent and ubiquitous tourist who has

"been there" several times before. Of course the first land that we saw was Molokai, the island home of those upon whom the awful curse of leprosy has fallen, but we passed it afar off, as if the ship herself had heard the cry "unclean! unclean!" and soon the outline of the island faded from our view, while the volcanic shapes of Oahu rose higher and higher against the morning sky. Then Coco Head and Diamond Head are passed, and finally, almost

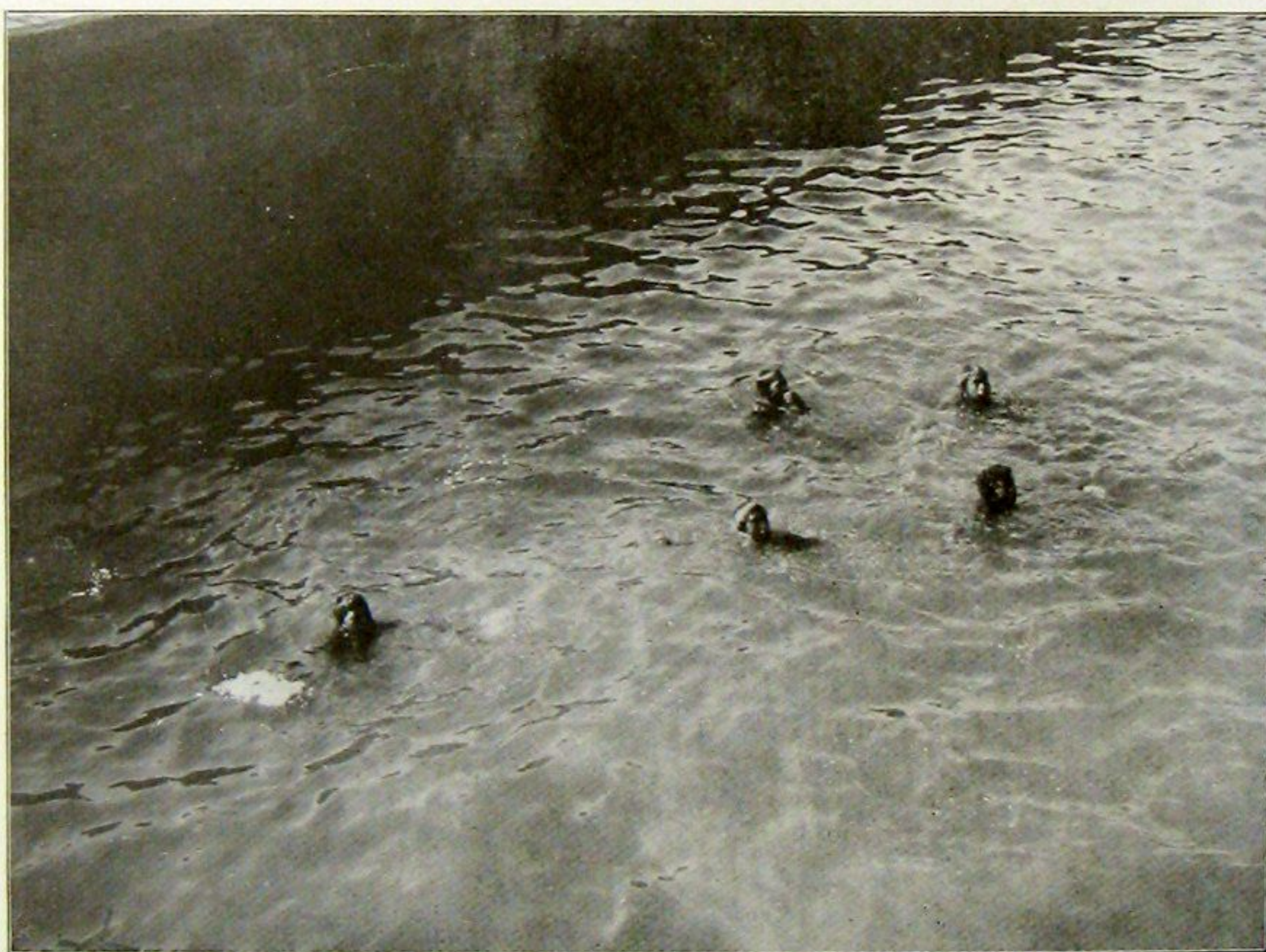


HONOLULU HARBOR

before we know it, we are in port, scanning the shores with that delightful eagerness that animates the traveler when he scents a new land and a new experience.

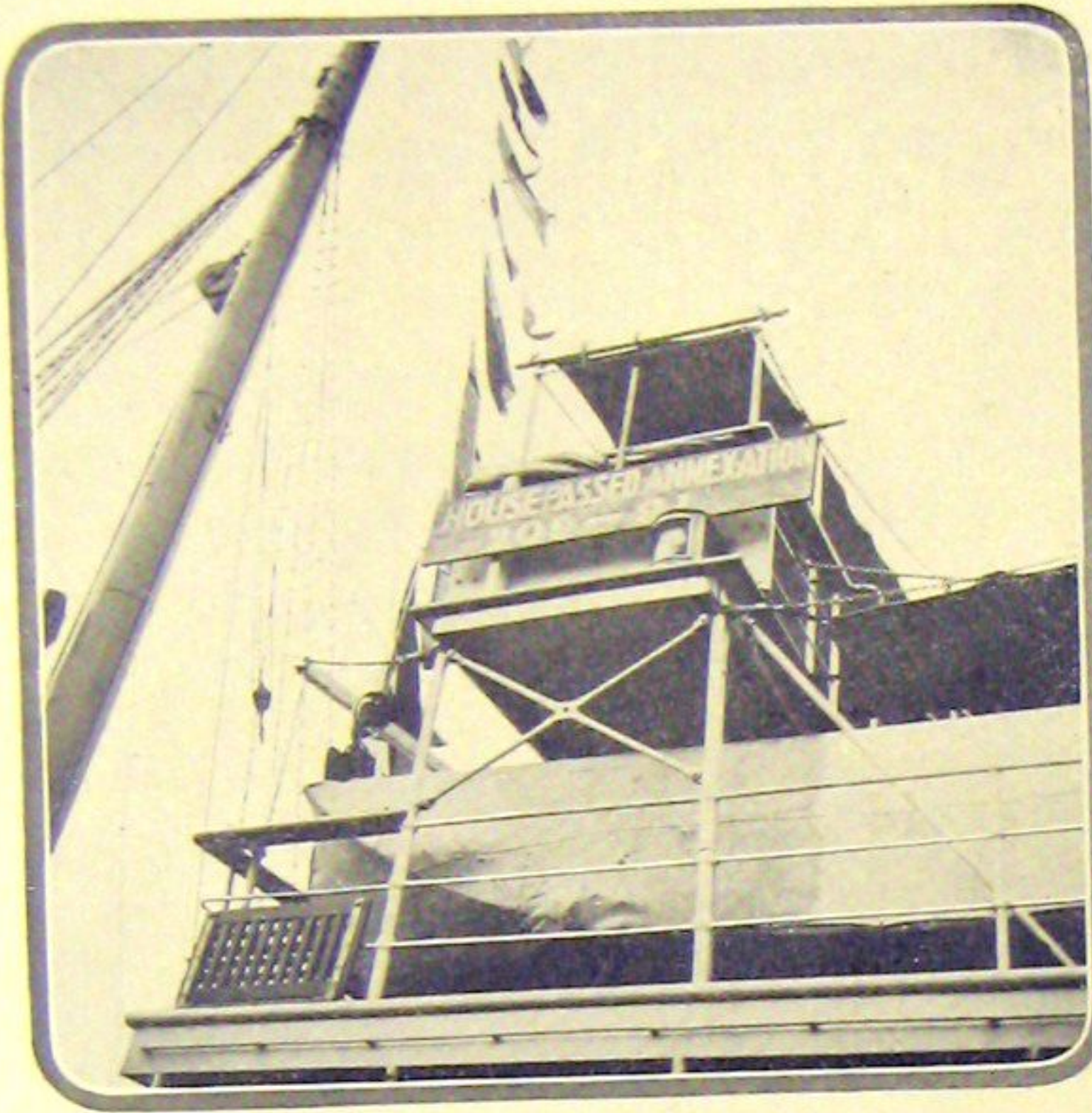
So much has been told us of the beauty of the land that we are at first, I fear, a little disappointed; the hills are green, but not so green as travelers have painted them; the palms are tall, but not quite tall enough; the sea and the sky are beautiful, yet we expected more. I do not know why, but we expected the impossible. So much for enthu-

siastic lectures and fulsome books of travel ! As we discover later, the reality surpasses all that a sane pleasure-seeker or beauty-lover can desire. A friend, a resident of Honolulu, indicates the various features of the view as the ship swings around. There are the boat-houses, wading in the harbor ; yonder the new naval coal-sheds, constructed by the United States government, as if in anticipation of immediate necessity ; and there behind the city on the right is the volcanic



DIVING FOR DIMES

cone called Punch-Bowl—a “punch-bowl” scandalously huge for a town so temperate and well behaved as Honolulu, a punch-bowl big enough to serve as loving-cup for the entire nation when it shall celebrate the realization of its long-cherished dream of annexation. Cheers greet our arriving steamer, for she brings good news ; and as she is warped slowly up to the dock, the crowds of citizens awaiting us cheer again and again, for they have seen painted on a long blackboard, fixed to the railing of the bridge, these



WELCOME NEWS ANNOUNCED

words: "House of Representatives passed Annexation Resolution 209-91." Of course this does not mean annexation; as yet the Senate has not acted, but the news is full of promise, and immediately Honolulu goes wild with joy. News-



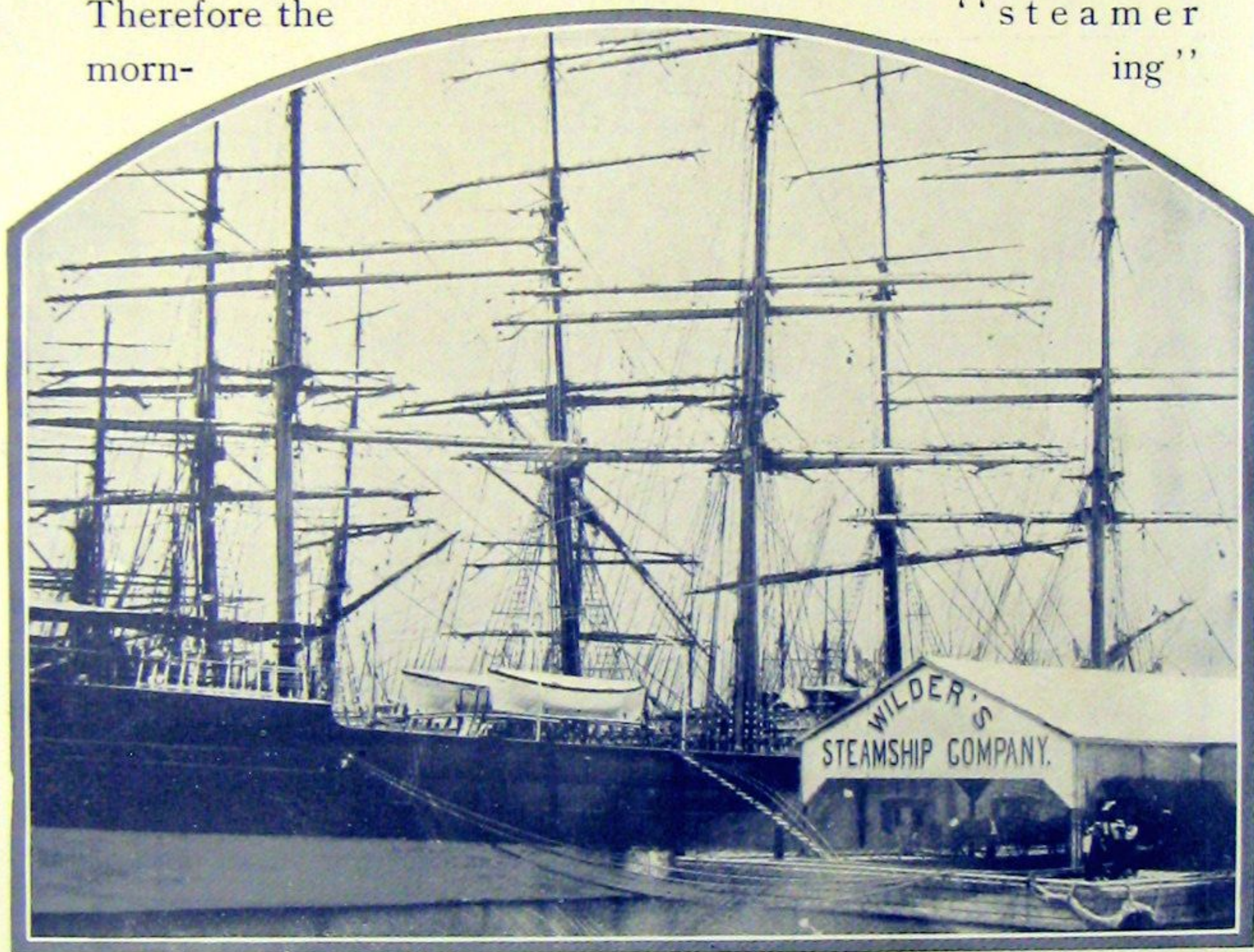
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THE WELCOMING CROWD

papers eight days old that have been lying in the saloon and cabins are seized upon with eagerness by those who come on board to greet their friends. We must not forget that Honolulu gets its news but once a week, and sometimes only once a fortnight; there is no telegraphic cable to link this little city to the nerve-centers of the world.

Therefore the
morn-

“steamer
ing”



A HONOLULU WHARF

is a most important function; everybody makes it a point to be upon the dock, no matter what the hour of the ship's arrival, and those who have discovered friends on board, hastily purchase floral garlands with which to deck the welcome ones. These garlands are called "*leis*." They are of many different flowers, of many different colors; some are bright red, others a gorgeous yellow, while the most distinguished of all is the lei of beautiful green *mailé*. "But," you may be tempted to ask, "have not some of these ladies on the

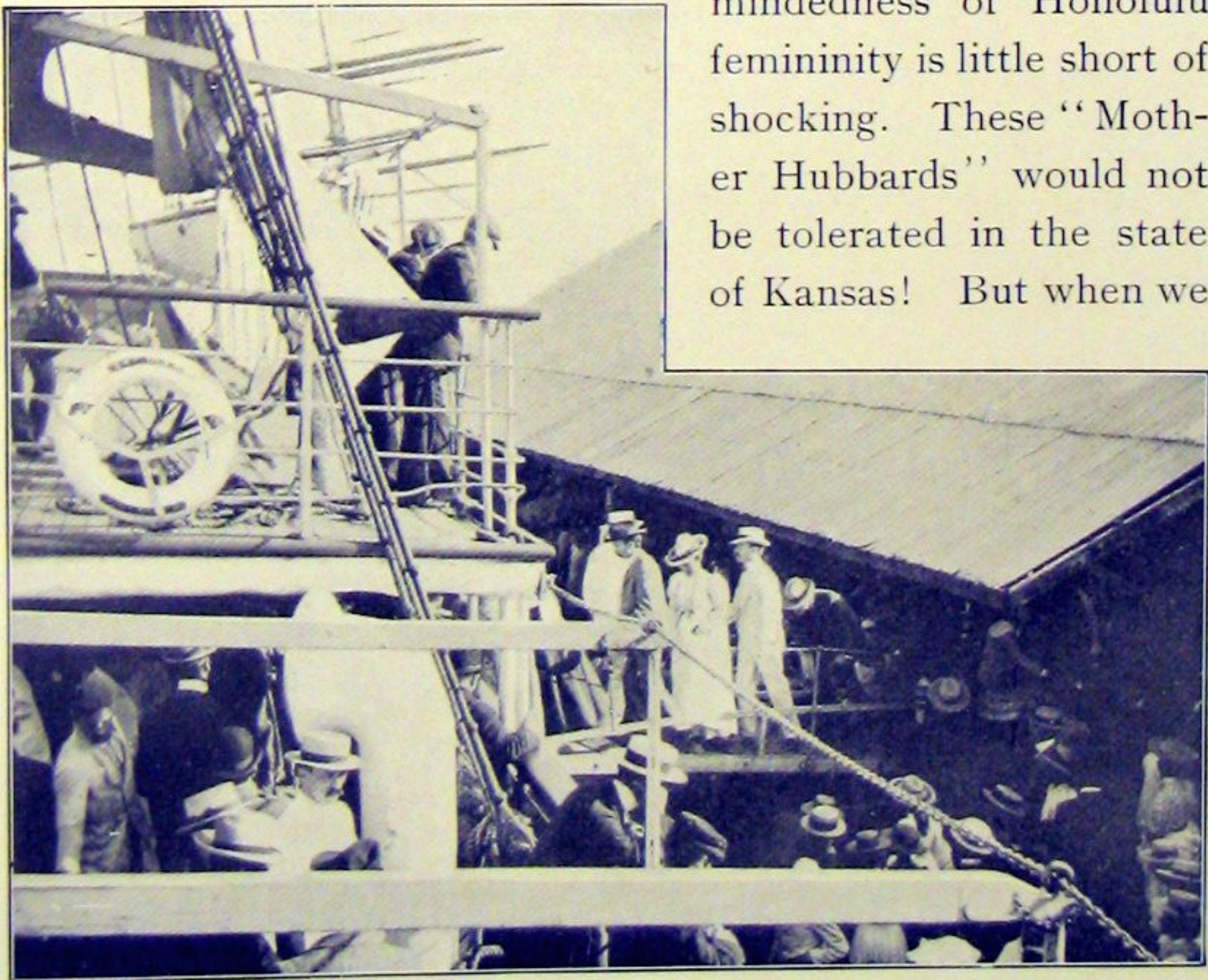
pier entirely forgotten both the place and hour in their haste to greet and decorate their friends? Have they not thoughtlessly rushed out in dressing gowns?" But ere we have a chance to formulate a question, other visions of



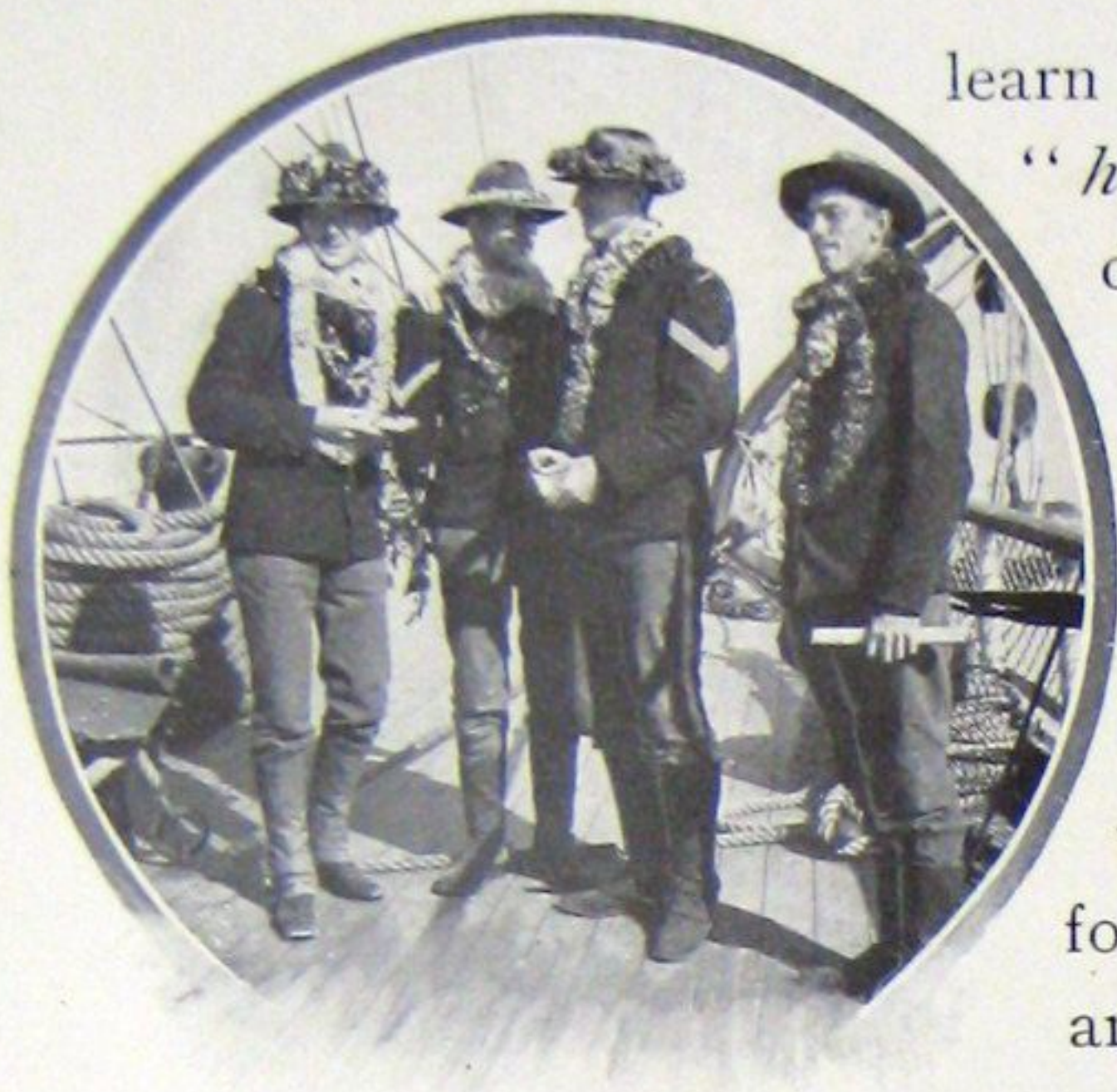
BUYING LEIS

Photograph by Anton Hodenpyl

rebellious dry-goods are revealed to us. Surely there must be sanction for this informal costume, or else the absent-mindedness of Honolulu femininity is little short of shocking. These "Mother Hubbards" would not be tolerated in the state of Kansas! But when we



ARRIVED



DECORATED WITH LEIS

learn the origin and history of the "*holoku*,"—for that is what these damsels call it,—we view it in a different light. When the missionaries first came to these isles of innocence, the ladies knew as little about clothes as about bicycles; smiles and tropic tan were the materials then used for feminine attire. The missionaries thereupon immediately invented the *holoku*; in fact, so hastily was it contrived that there

was not time enough for trying on, and therefore the *holoku* remains ill-fitting to this very day. The smiles and tropic tan were not abolished, but became accessory rather than essential features of feminine adornment. Some *holokus* are



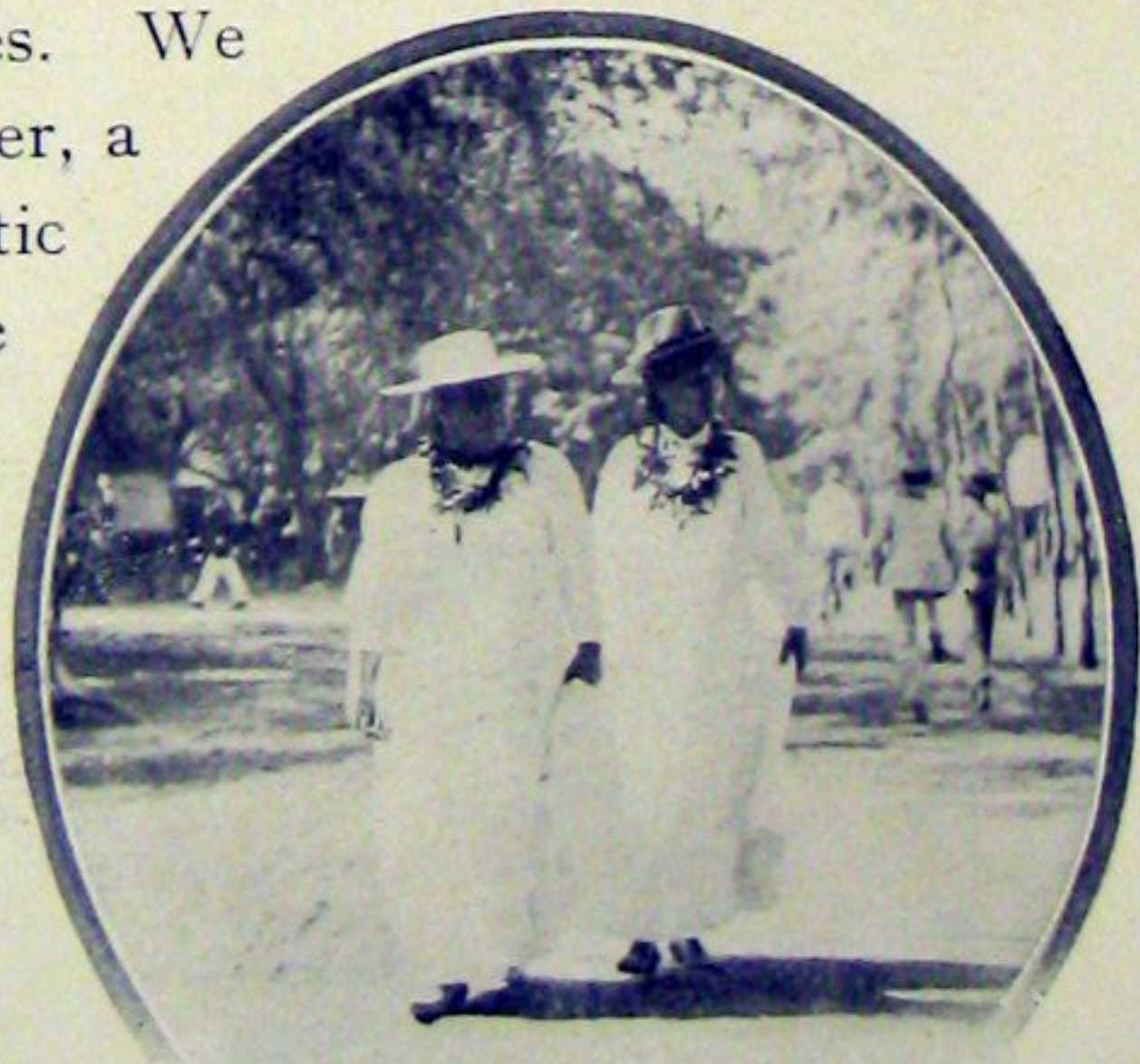
SMILES AND FLOWERS



Photograph by Anton Hodenpyl

HOLOKUS

stiff with starch, in rigid superiority, others hang more in Grecian folds ; but coolness, comfort, and economy, perfect adaptability to climate and to purse are the dominant characteristics of this Hawaiian costume. It is worn by all classes and by all nationalities. We shall see it in the Asiatic quarter, a crude substitute for the artistic Japanese kimono, and amid the aristocratic surroundings of suburban bungalows where, it is fair to add, the American wearers give more thought to cut and quality, and supplement the smiles and tan with shoes and stockings.



But let us not anticipate. Let us jump into a cab and drive to the hotel. Up Fort Street speeds our carryall between long blocks of business houses, stores, and offices. Surely this is no foreign country; this street is like a dozen streets that we could name in the minor cities of America. And as if to emphasize the obvious Americanism of the place, there, high above, brightening the tropic sky, are the familiar Stars and Stripes, flung out in honor of the coming of our ship with news of promised annexation. The traveler from the United States instantly feels at home. This is delightful in one sense, in another it is a less welcome sensation. The traveler who seeks novelty and strangeness may be at first rebellious when confronted by a typical American thoroughfare, in which there is not one beautiful or one exotic note.



IN GRECIAN FOLDS

Photograph by Anton Hodenpyl

But let him wait a little — all this is admirable and progressive; that which is tropical and charming is not far away. Let him but turn a corner, and he will halt in wonder at sight of a floral conflagration such as he never saw before — a gorgeous tree ablaze with ruddy flame-like flowers. His first thought is to call out the fire bri-



By permission

HULA DANCERS

gade. Nor is this the only blaze in town. The residential streets are all aglow with the blossoms of the Poinciana Regia—it is as if a rain of molten lava had fallen on the tree-tops. At almost every turn the visitor is startled by these bursts of flame-flowers. It is as if an anarchistic plot to burn the city had been foiled by the sudden transformation of wide-spread incipient fires into masses of harmless, lovely, floral flame. Now and then the trade-wind fans the arborescent fires and wakes them to life, and petals, like red-hot embers, fall through the grating of the branches to the street below, where they are soon extinguished by the feet of passers-by.

Before we have lost sight of this glorious bower, our cab turns suddenly and plunges into a



THE FLOWER-GIRLS ARE SHY

domesticated jungle—the garden of the principal hotel of Honolulu. The garden is green, the hotel is blue, and this scheme of color pervades the institution; for candor compels me to add that the cooks also are very green, and as a consequence the guests become thrice a day, at meal-times, extremely blue. This is where Hawaiian hospitality finds its noblest scope; the traveler is almost certain to be asked out to dinner at least three times a week. We beamed with joy when our good friends took pity on us and blushed for very shame when we were served a second time to every course. There is no reason why this hotel should not be one of the most delightful in the western hemisphere. Its situation, structure, and appointments leave little to desire; broad, cool verandas, spacious rooms, charming surroundings,—a touch of proper management would render it ideal. As it was, thanks to the invitations of kind friends—or, failing these, visits



THE PACIFIC CLUB



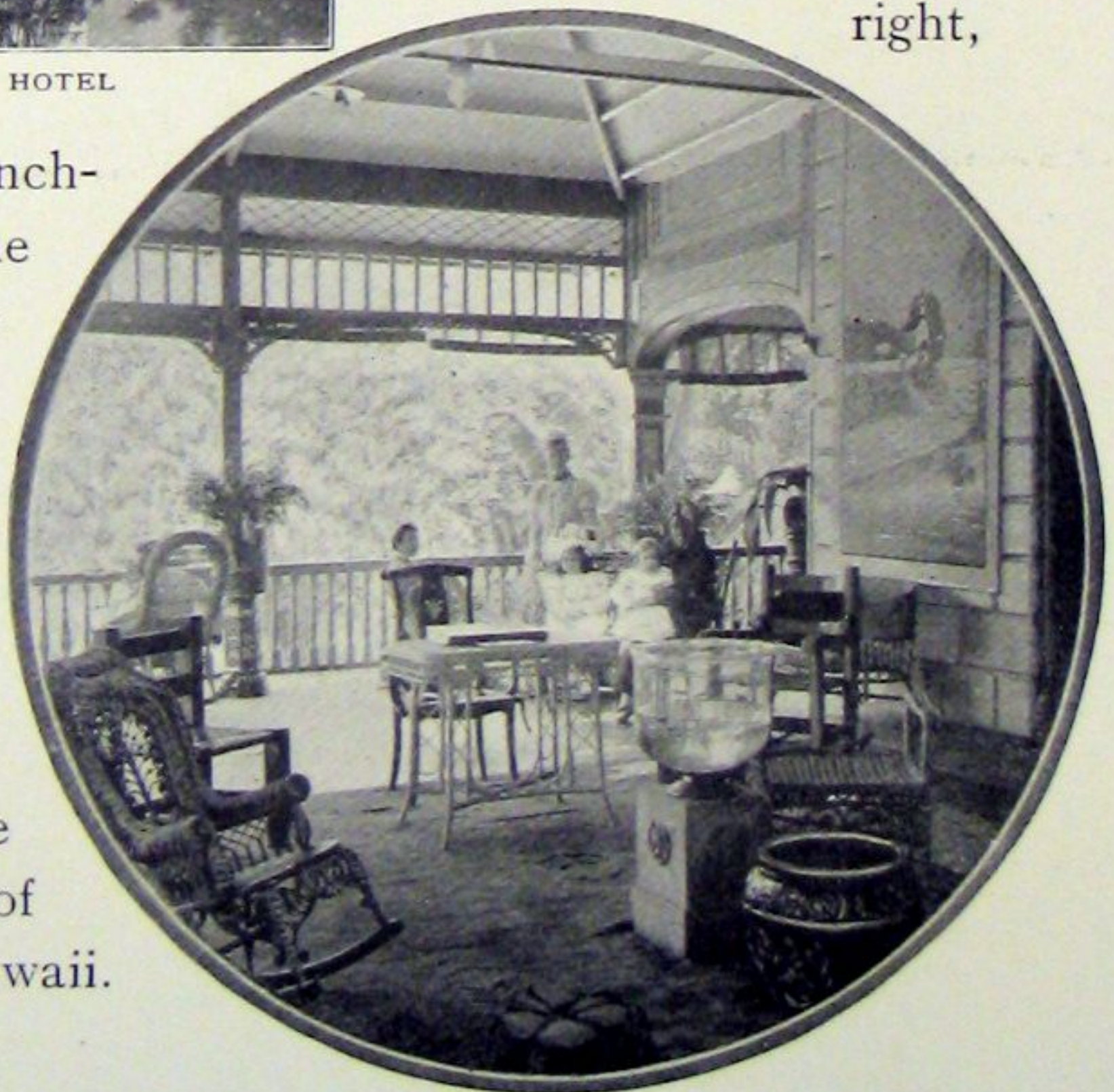
THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL



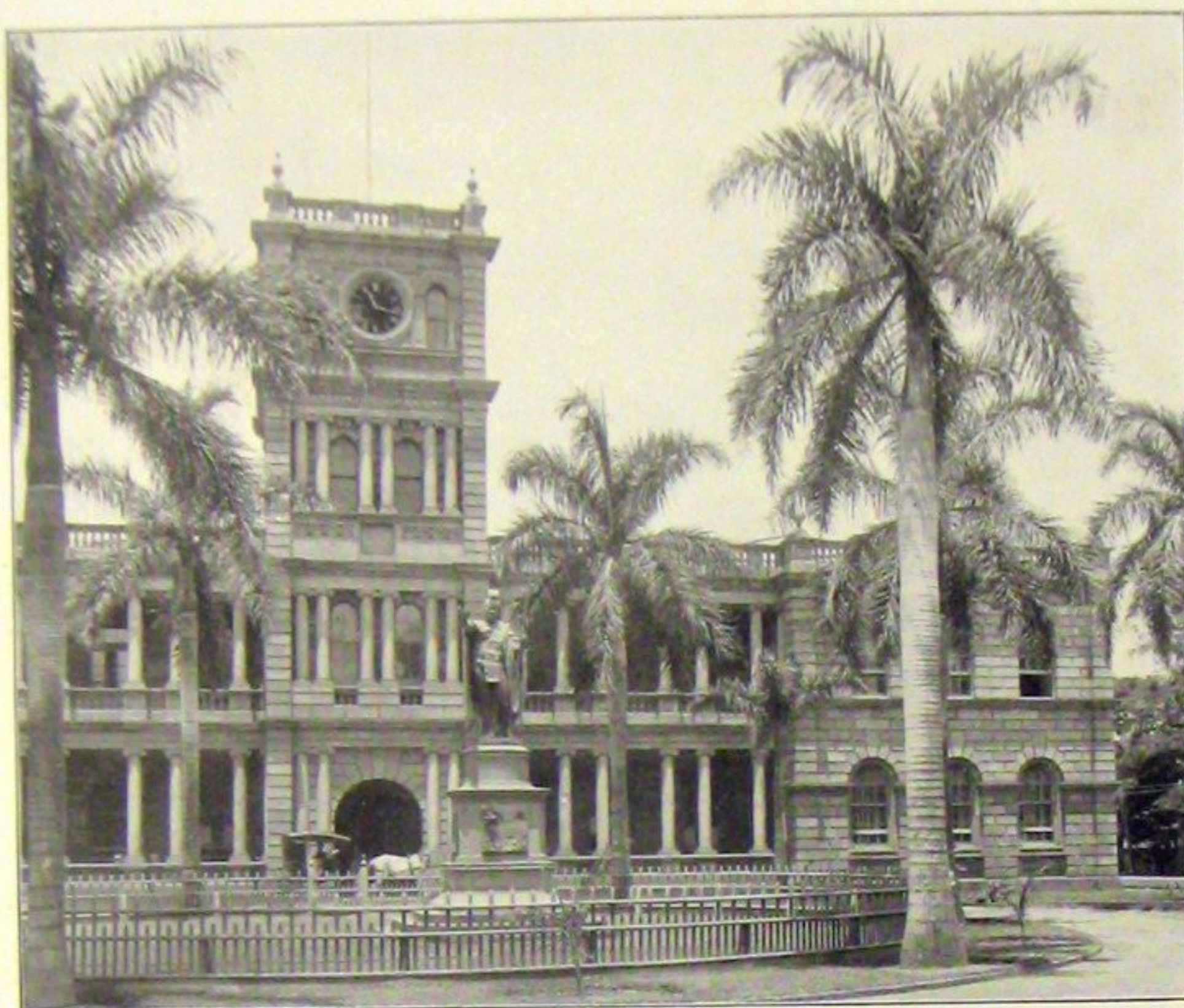
FROM THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL

the nearer slope of Punch-Bowl, nearer still the roofs of houses peeping through the tree-tops, and in the foreground that well-known structure, the Iolani Palace, once the abode of Royalty, now the Executive Building of the Republic of Hawaii.

to the neighboring ice-cream parlor—and the hospitality of the Pacific Club, we lived like Sybarites. Our first sight-seeing excursion, like that of every well-regulated tourist, has for its object a high place whence we may look down on Honolulu. We choose the tower of the Government Building, which commands an interesting panorama. Looking landward we see, far away, the verdurous mountains cleft by valleys, flooded with mist and vegetation—on the right,



LANAI OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING

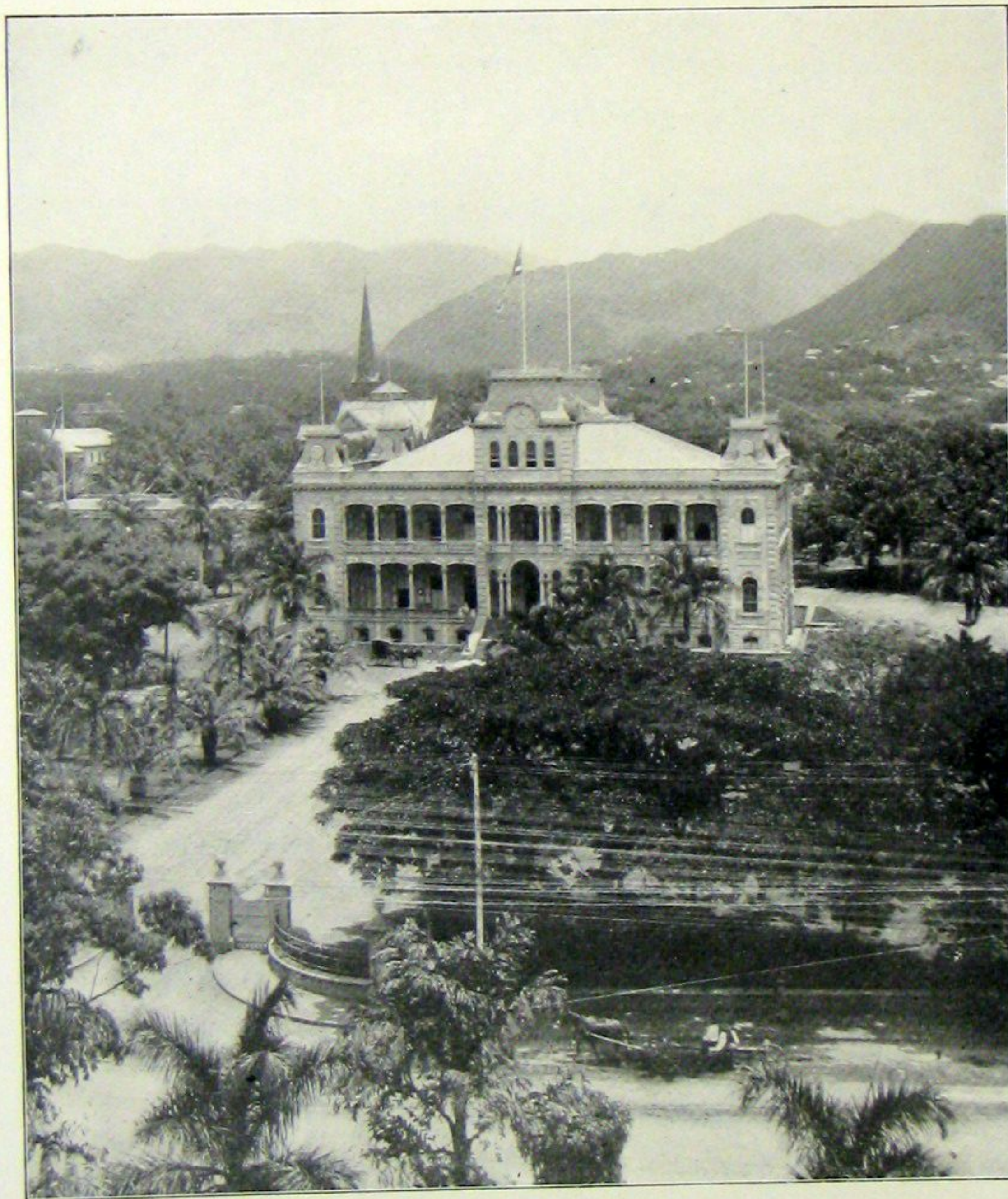
Above it waves the national emblem of the Islands, a flag that as it flutters resembles by turns the flag of England and the



HOTEL STREET

flag of the United States, a most perplexing peculiarity. The explanation given us is plausible and simple.

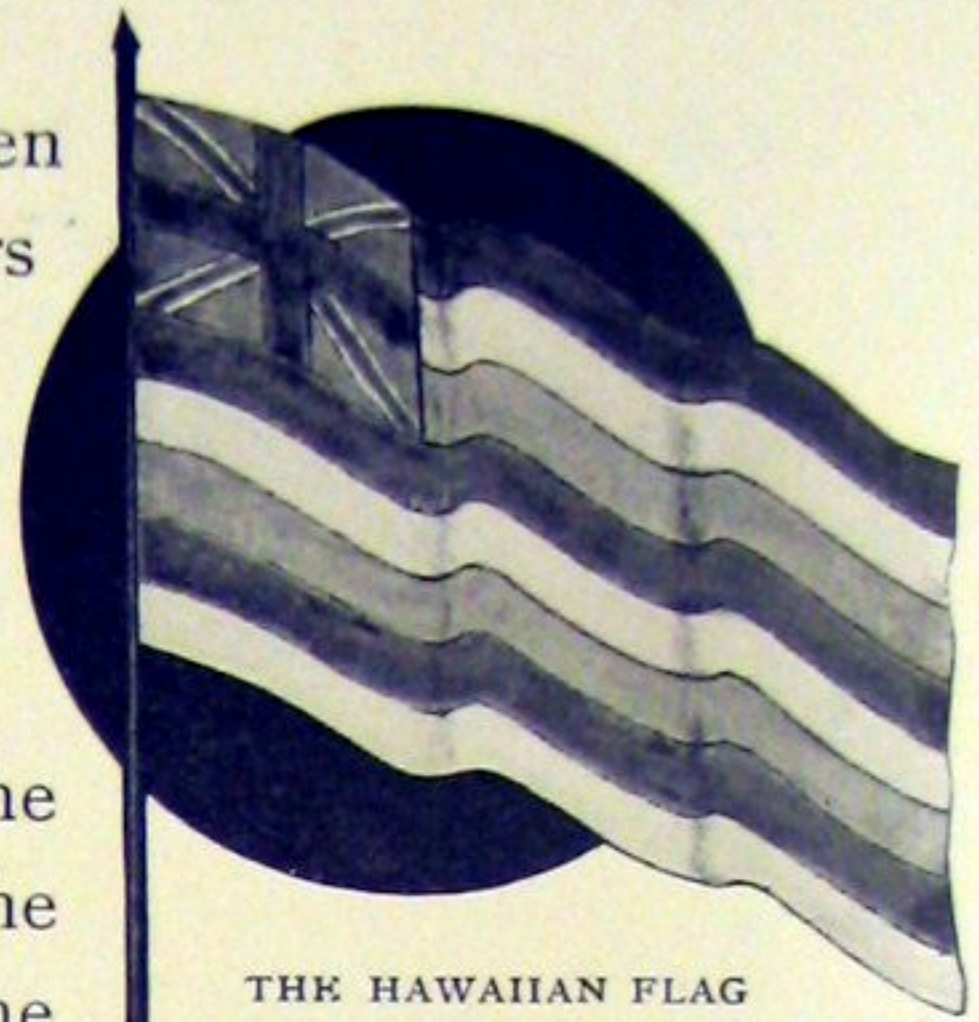
We are told that long years ago the king, Kamehameha, desirous that the new nation which had come into being



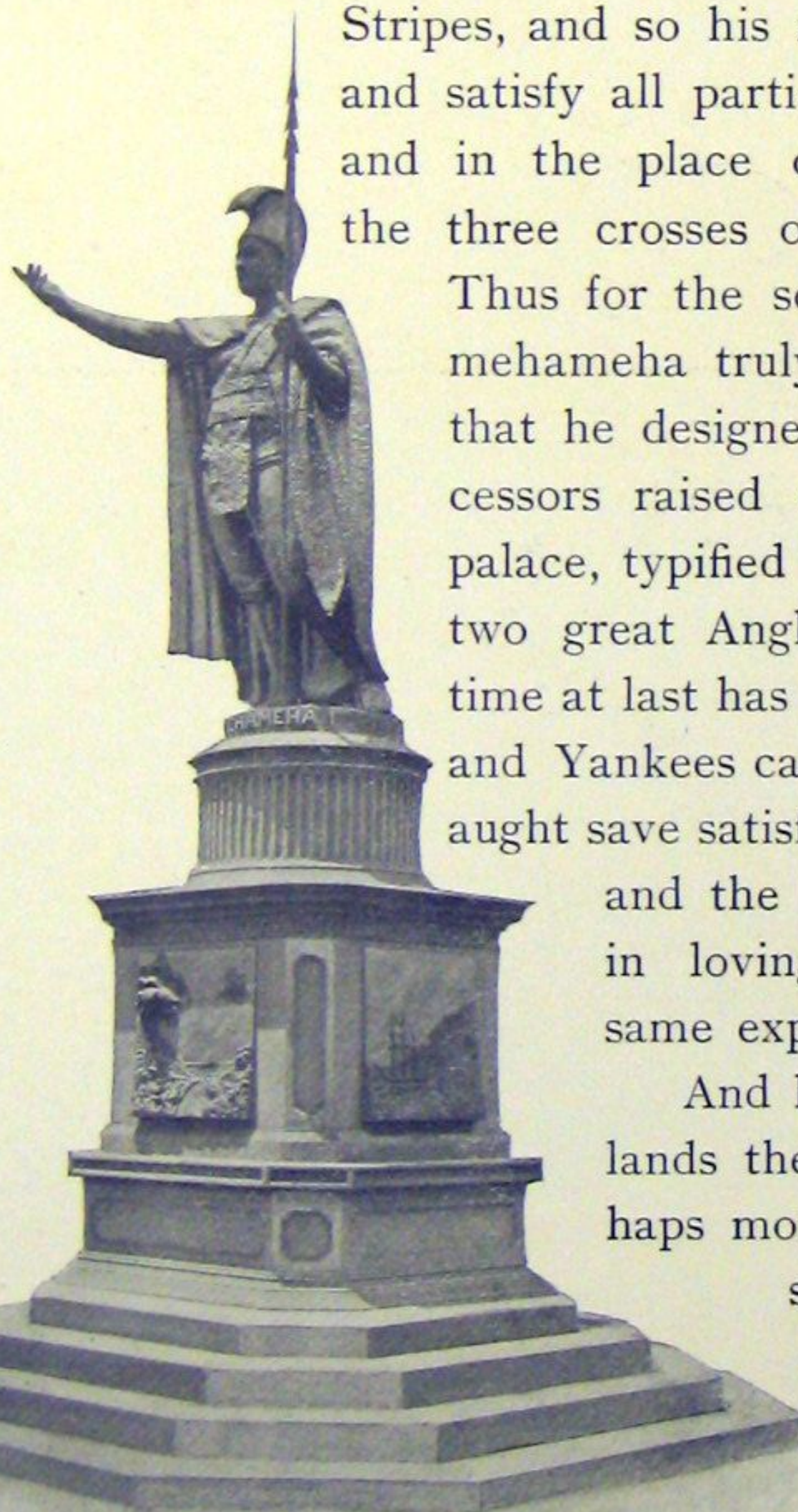
THE IOLANI PALACE

through his victories and his conquest of the entire archipelago, should have a flag of its own, chose from among the flags of all nations the one he thought the prettiest, — the one his people liked best, — and in his simple, head-

strong way, disregarding the unwritten copyright of nations, adopted the Stars and Stripes as the emblem of Hawaii. Strange that that grand old savage, who died more than eighty years ago, should have anticipated in this matter the will of the Hawaiian people of to-day, for the flag he chose as the prettiest flag was the very flag that is now waving above the territory of Hawaii. But to his great



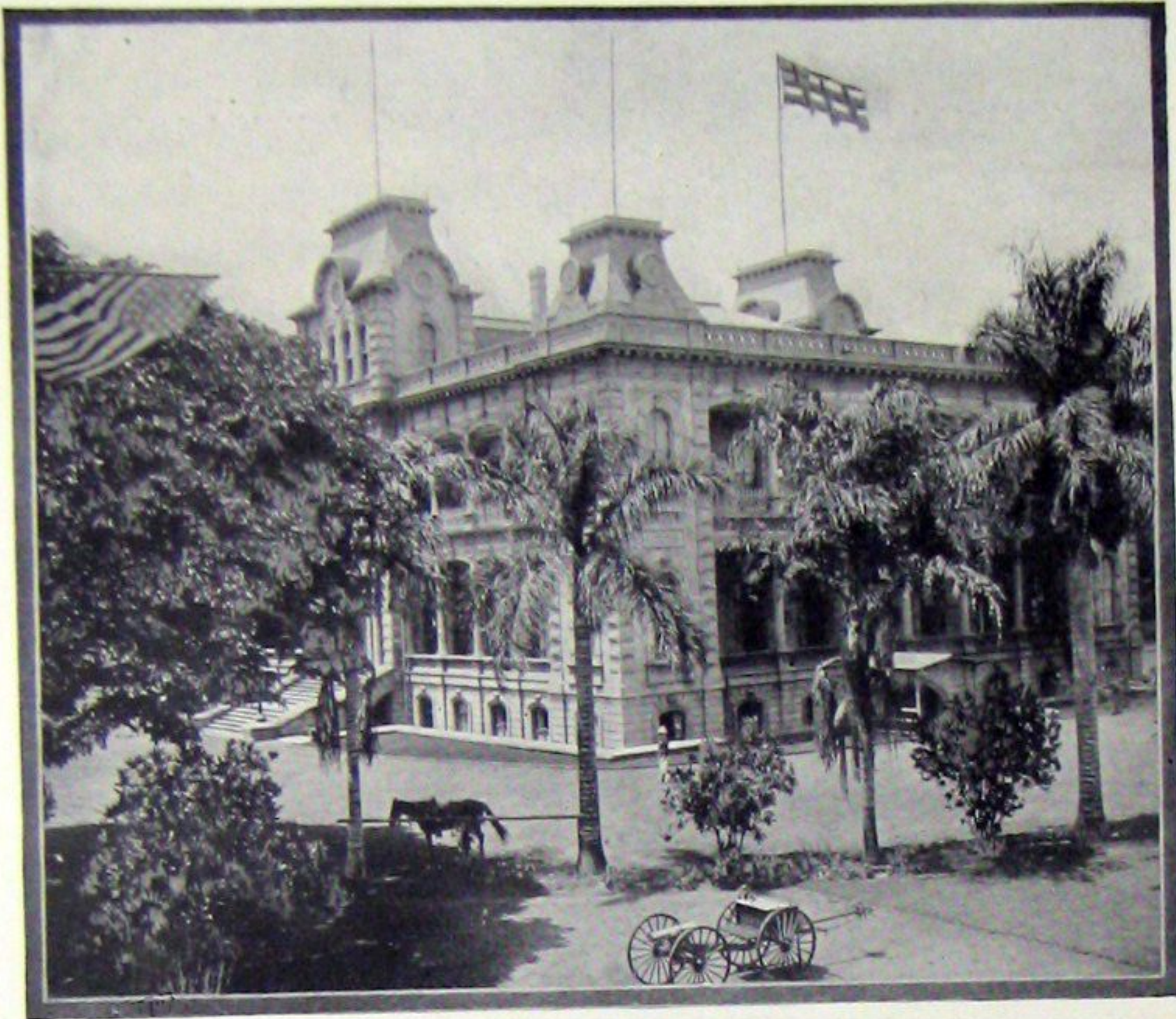
THE HAWAIIAN FLAG



KAMEHAMEHA

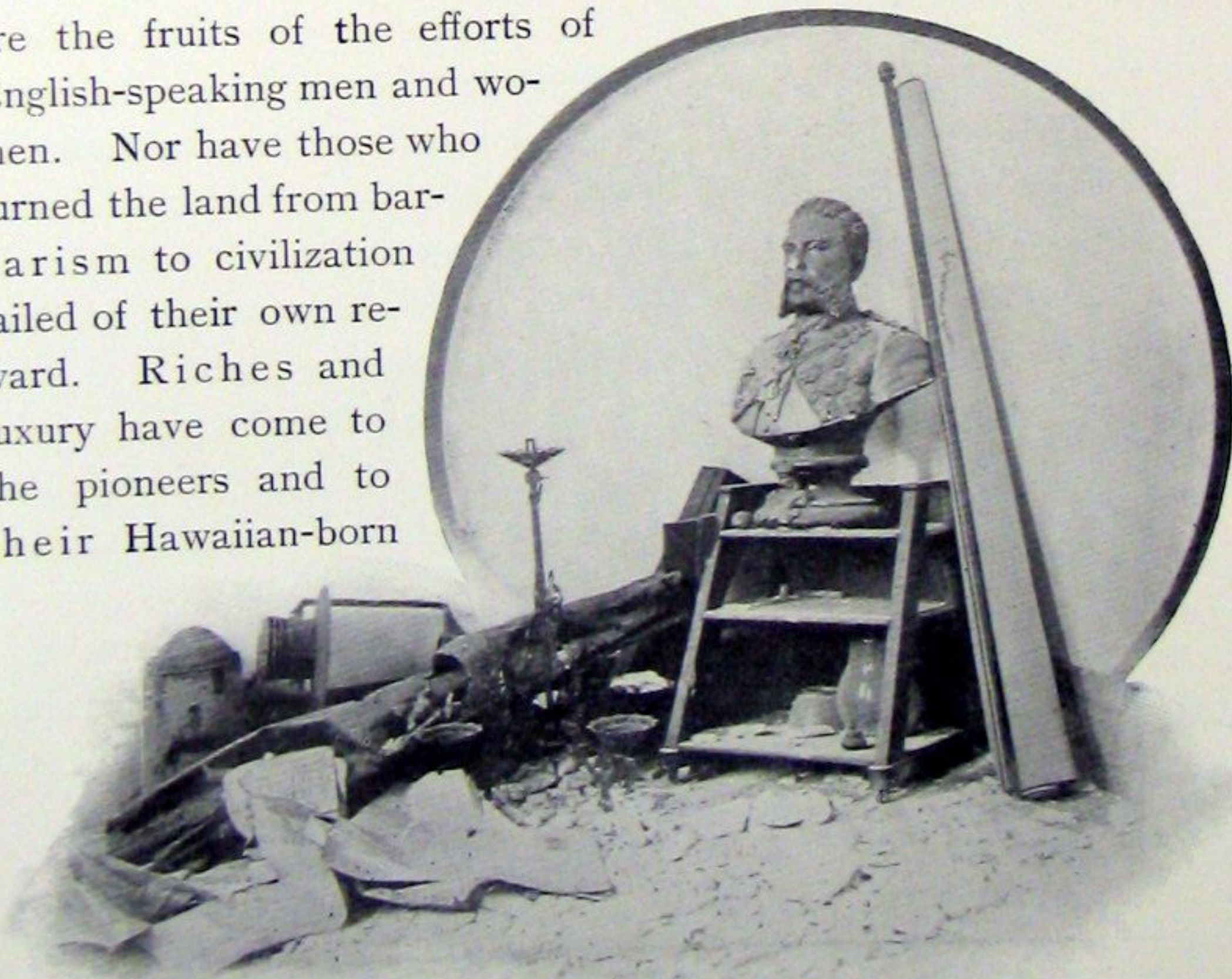
amazement, England protested against this adoption of the Stars and Stripes, and so his majesty, eager to please and satisfy all parties, struck out the stars, and in the place of their blue field, set the three crosses of the British emblem. Thus for the second time did old Kamehameha truly prophesy, for the flag that he designed, the flag that his successors raised over this their modern palace, typified the closer union of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. The time at last has come when Englishmen and Yankees can see, without a trace of aught save satisfaction, the Union Jack and the Red, White, and Blue, in loving juxtaposition on the same expanse of bunting.

And here in these Pacific Islands the Anglo-Saxon—or perhaps more properly the English-speaking—race now represents the intelligence and the culture of the land. The

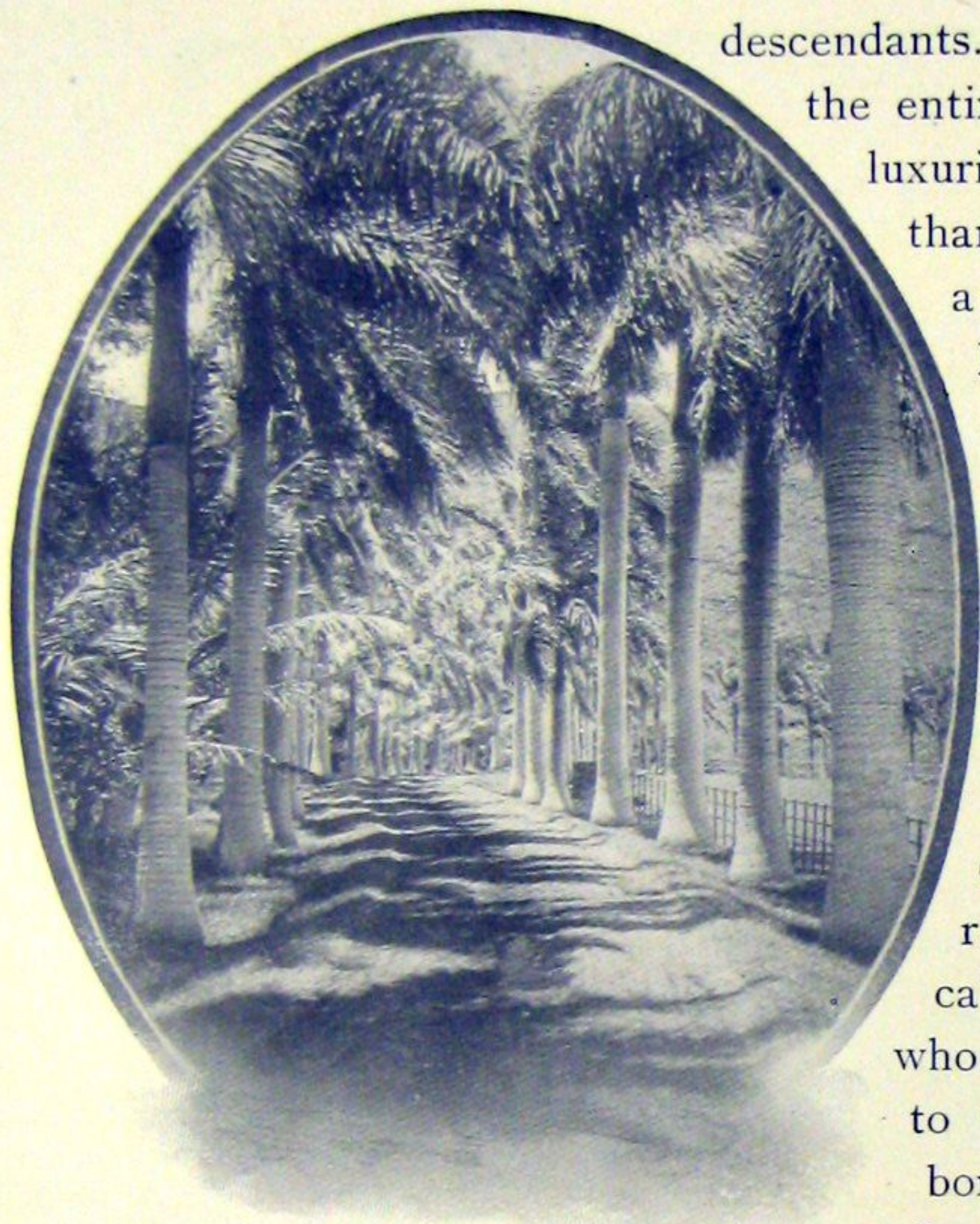


TWO FLAGS—PAST AND FUTURE

Christianization, civilization, and present prosperity of Hawaii are the fruits of the efforts of English-speaking men and women. Nor have those who turned the land from barbarism to civilization failed of their own reward. Riches and luxury have come to the pioneers and to their Hawaiian-born



A CORNER IN THE TOWER OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING



PALM-BORDERED AVENUES

descendants. No city of its size in the entire world boasts more luxurious, delightful homes than Honolulu. The very approaches to these homes are of almost regal beauty and dignity. Royal palms, like polished pillars, line the driveways, while overhead their plumes, resembling the old "kahilis," or emblems of Hawaiian royalty, sway majestically in the breeze. And who dwell in the mansions to which these column-bordered roads conduct? Is the occupant a native prince, or a throneless

queen? In one or two conspicuous cases, yes. But the majority of these ideal abodes belong to men and women of our race, to those who came in early days—some of them to harvest souls, others to harvest sugar-cane. One of these homes particularly fascinated me. The house was modest as a cottage; the unique and crowning splendor of the place consisted in a semicircular peristyle of Royal Palms, an architectural arrangement of majestic trees, than which I have never seen anything more thoroughly artistic and satisfying in any park or garden in the world. The merest native hut, fronted by this classic peristyle, of which the pillars were designed by nature, arranged by man, and polished, shaped, and perfected by the tropic sun and rain, would attain palatial

dignity. Each time I passed before the gate and read the sign announcing that this house and garden were for sale, I marveled that a hundred purchasers were not already clamoring at the door.

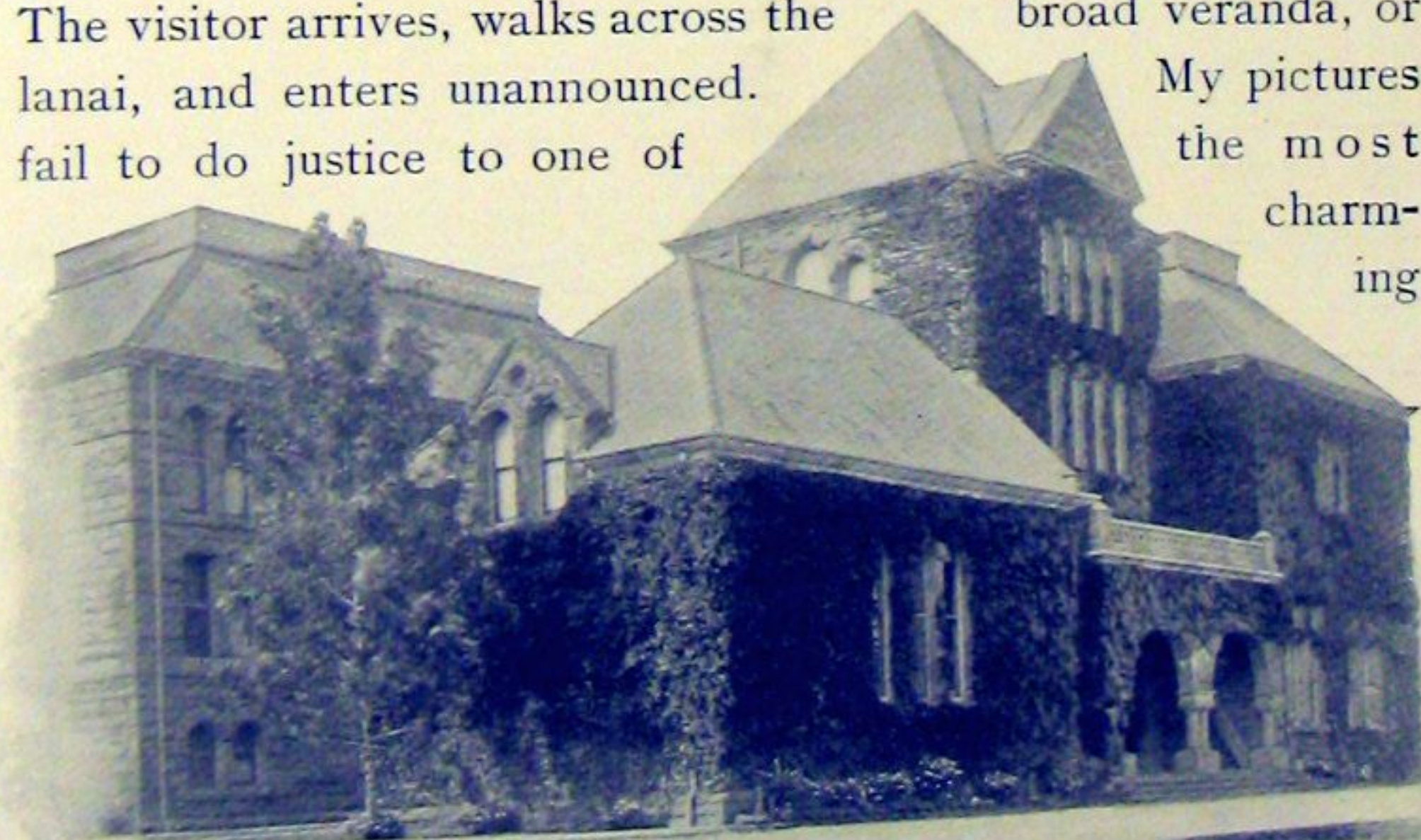
There is no end to the variety of Honolulu architecture, although it all reflects the influence of American design. One of the newest and most perfectly appointed homes, in which we were most hospitably entertained, was the home of an American family.

The words "Hawaii" and "Hospitality" are to one who has visited this land, synonymous. Never in any corner of the globe, save in the foreign settlement in Yokohama, have I found a hospitality comparable to that of Honolulu in its spontaneity, its unaffected cordiality, in short, its genuine genuineness. Pardon the tautology: good, lawful English cannot express Hawaiian hospitality. Doors all stand open, there are no bells to ring. The visitor arrives, walks across the lanai, and enters unannounced. fail to do justice to one of

HAWAIIAN HOSPITALITY PERSONIFIED

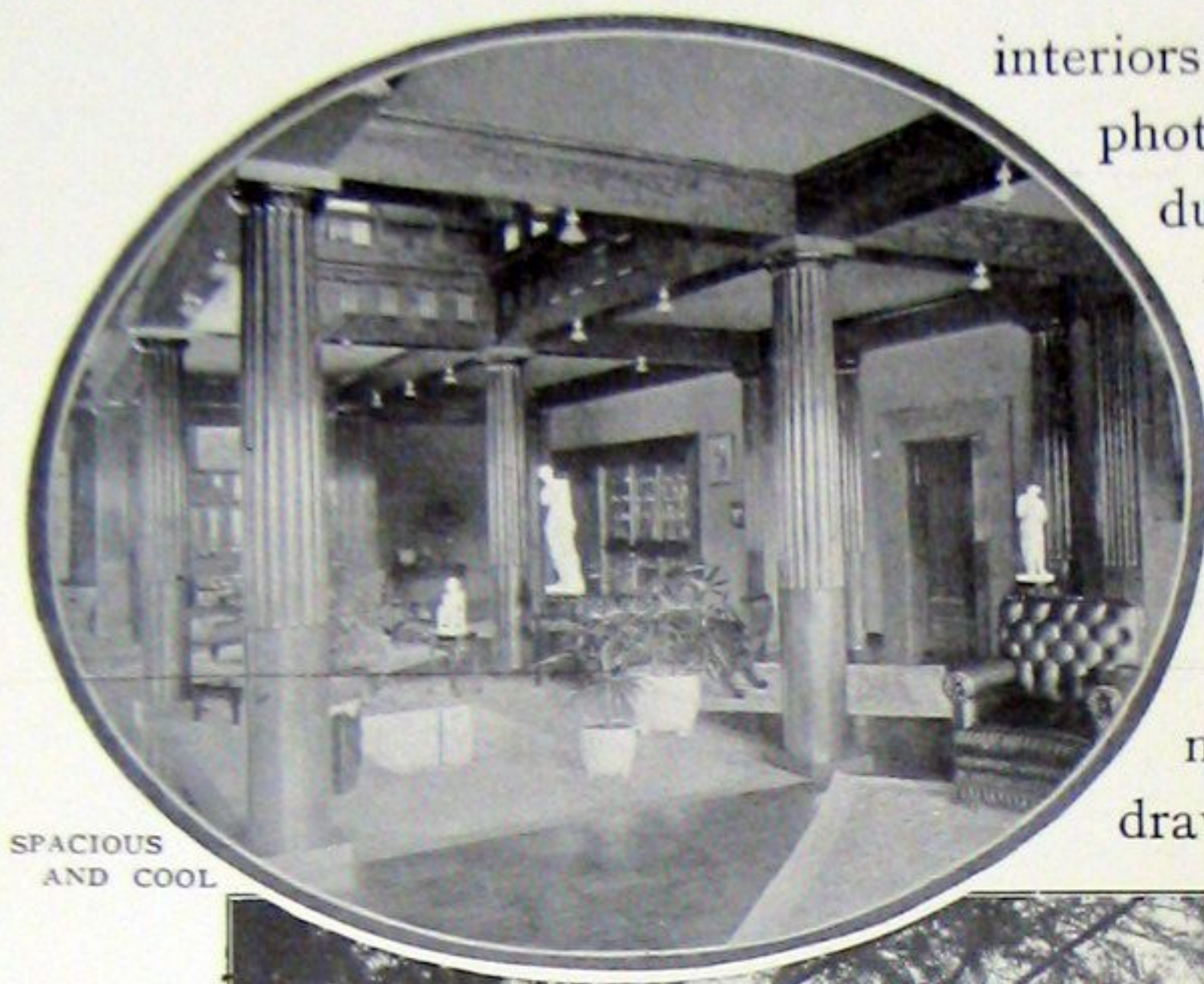


broad veranda, or
My pictures
the most
charm-
ing



THE BISHOP MUSEUM

interiors in Honolulu. The photographs were taken during the summer vacation-days, when all the little things that give a homelike touch are laid away. When we were first received in this unique apartment, a combination of drawing-room, lanai, and



SPACIOUS
AND COOL



A HONOLULU RESIDENCE dining-hall, the fountain played in a miniature jungle of young palms, books, magazines, and illustrated papers lay upon desks and tables,—and beyond the Pompeiian pillars there awaited



COMFORT AND LIGHT

us a table spread with such delicacies as are never seen in colder climes. And think not, O starving stranger, when at the hotel thou eatest thy monotonous mullet and mutton three times daily and murmurest thy maledictions—that culinary art is alien to Honolulu.

One other home we must not fail to see, one famous for its



IN THE
AH FONG HOME



THE AH FONG VILLA

thirteen fair daughters, almond-eyed, accomplished, with the graces of the West and the mysterious charm of Oriental women. It is, of course, of the home of Mr. Ah Fong, the Chinese Croesus, that I now speak. But —

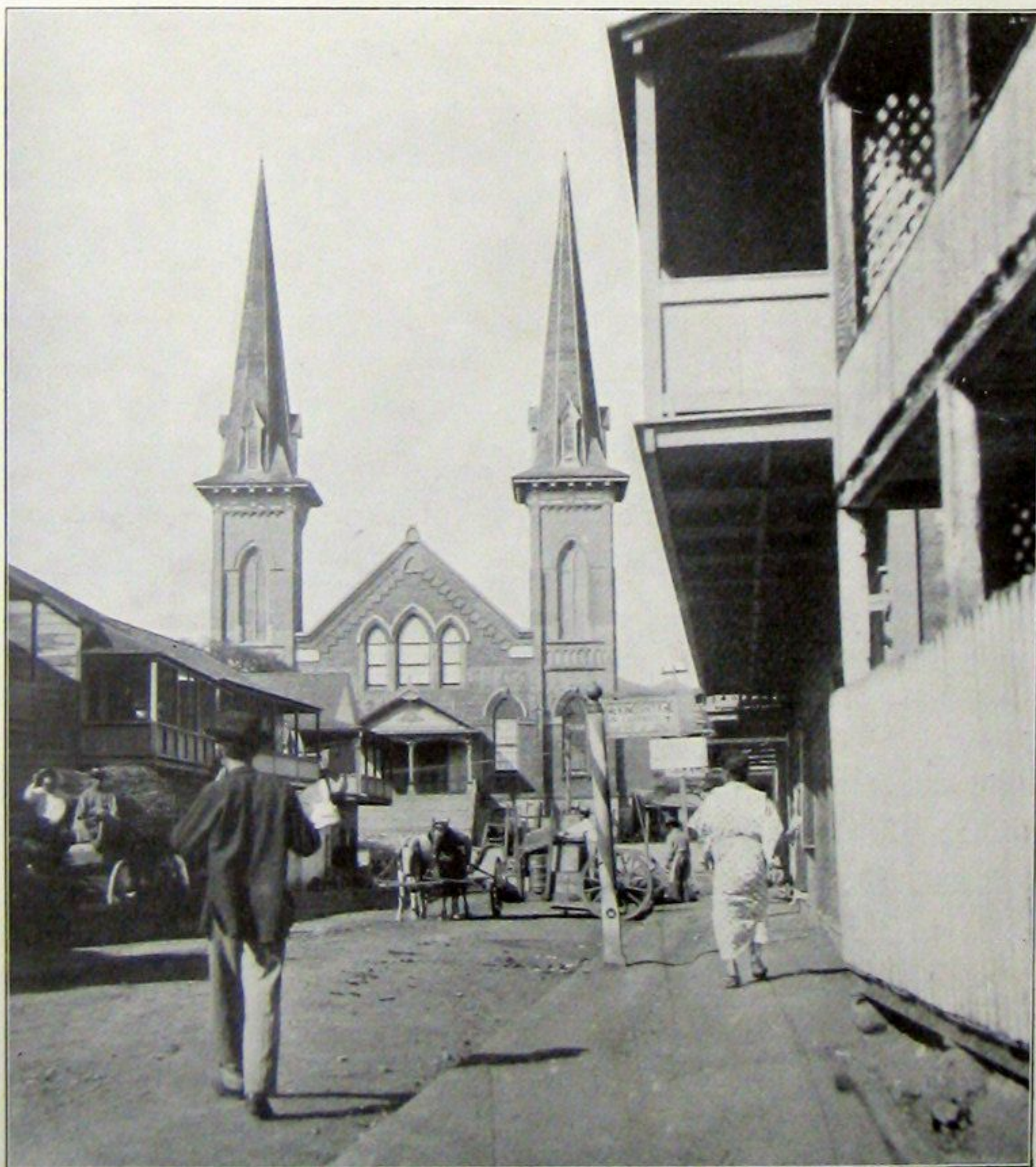
You have all heard the story of Mr. Ah Fong,
I'll retell it in verse, for it won't take me long : —

How from China he came with his brains and his hands,
How he landed, a poor man, on Hawaiian sands,
How he labored in cane-fields, then traded in fans,
How wealth beyond counting rewarded his plans.

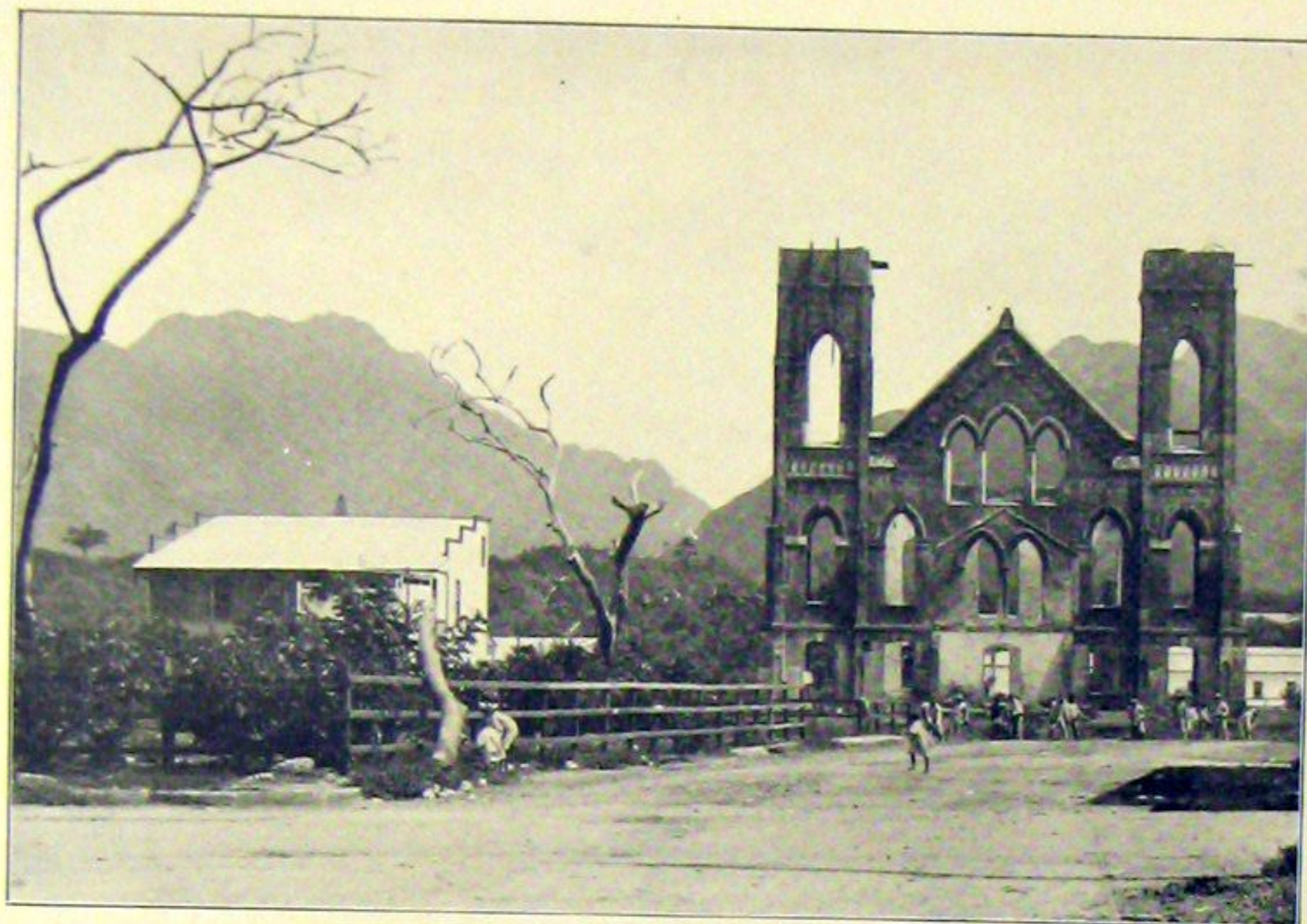
How he married a lady, half native, half white,
How he reared thirteen daughters, all fair in men's sight,
How he gave them each fortunes in strong-boxes tight,
How he wearied of Hawaii and vanished from sight.

How he went back to China with only one son,
To begin life anew with old wife number one,
How his Hawaiian family live here to this day,
Rich, happy, resigned, and distinctly *au fait*.

But, seriously, this family about whom so much has been written are charming people, and although I had not the privilege of meeting any of the thirteen Misses Ah Fong,



BEFORE THE FIRE



AFTER THE FIRE

I know that they are not less popular nor less hospitable than their fair Anglo-Saxon rivals. When warships are in port, the Ah Fong home becomes a sort of club for naval officers, two of whom there lost their hearts and found their life companions among the heiresses of Mr. Ah Fong's millions.

The business world of Honolulu, in which the Chinese merchant was a most conspicuous figure, is centered in five or six squares of modern stores and offices. When on King Street the traveler can easily imagine himself in the business district of a small American town; he sees familiar articles exposed for sale, reads signs that he has read before, meets people like the people whom he knows at home. Even the policeman, although a native, is a reminder, in his uniform and manner, of our gallant Hibernian defenders. We may find in half a dozen drug-stores sizzling soda-water fountains where soft ice-cream and soapy froth are doled out by a Japanese or Chinese clerk; we may buy in book-stores San Francisco papers, in files of seven or eight copies, the latest copy bearing a date that has already drifted a full



THE NEW ELECTRIC CARS — 1901

week into the past. The war, of course, wrought havoc with the postal service, the steamers being all taken by the government to transport our troops to far-away Manila, but although the regular service was interrupted, ships came in swift succession, loaded down with gallant Boys in Blue, to the wharves of Honolulu. And how they were welcomed! Recent history affords no parallel to the unbounded hospitality and enthusiasm manifested by the people of Hawaii to these, our soldier boys. Scarce has the approach of a transport fleet been signaled ere half the



By permission

TRANSPORTS FOR MANILA

population, white, brown, and yellow, is massed along the water front. As the transports near, cheers are exchanged and flags are waved. The bands on shore play the Star-Spangled Banner, the bands on board retort with the Hawaiian anthem. Then as the ships swing broadside on, the people on the wharf bombard the unarmed Boys in Blue with harmless, welcome missiles. The ship is met by a most terrific storm of shells—cocoa-

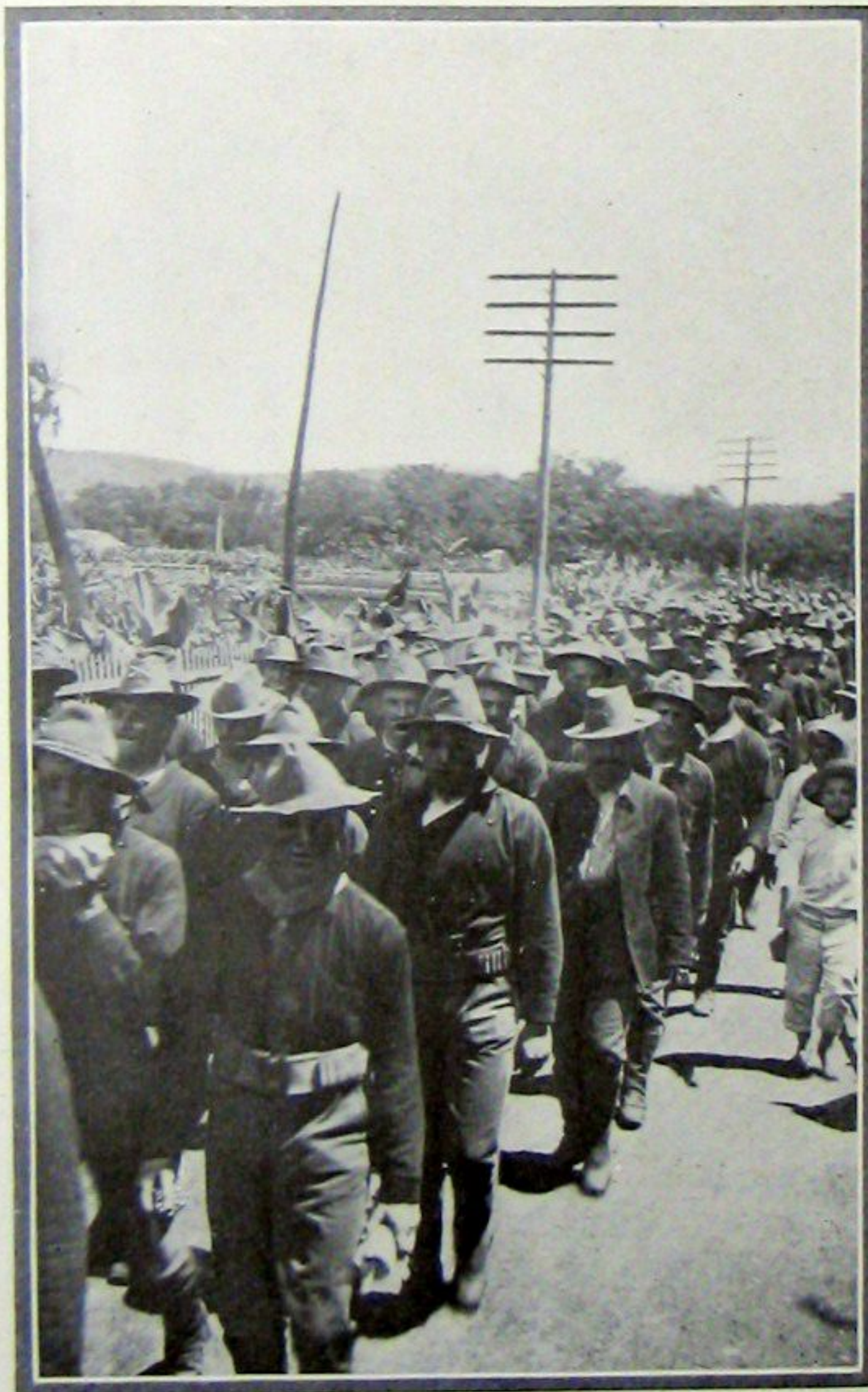


MARCHING TO WAIKIKI

nut shells ; a rain of grape-shot—real luscious grapes, shot from eager hands ; volleys of mangoes, broadsides of bananas, followed by scattering discharges of pineapples and papayas ; and the boys hurl back, between the luscious mouthfuls, broadsides of cheers of gratitude.

Then later in the day, a thousand men or more are marched to the bathing-beaches about four miles from town. Cheered by the populace, followed by children of every age

and color, stared at by Chinamen and Japanese and natives, who thus receive an object-lesson in the strength of the United States, our boys march on at a swinging pace, happy to have escaped from the ships in which they have been stowed like bales of merchandise for seven days and to which they must return to remain in crowded confinement for thirty days or more. Arrived at Waikiki, blue uniforms are doffed and soon the beach is alive with pale bodies, topped by sun-burned faces; but as the supply of bathing-suits numbers two hundred, and as there are a thousand bathers, we fear that unless a miracle like unto that of the loaves and fishes

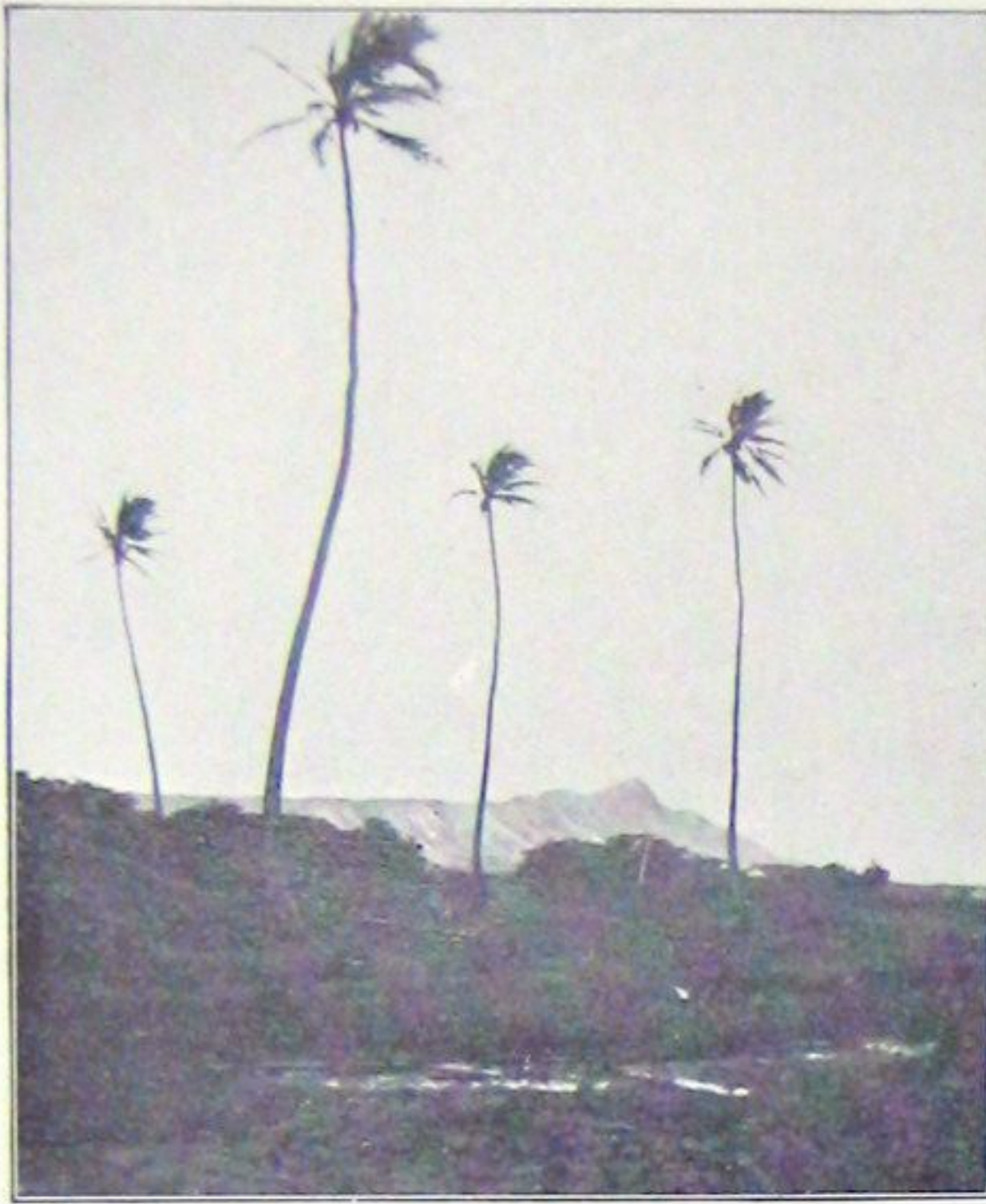


RETURNING FROM THE BATH

be immediately performed, the multitude will be but sparsely clad. After the bath we march back with the boys along the road from Waikiki; like them we look in admiration at the tall palm-trees, the most charming feature of the Honolulu landscapes. To me they seemed to be always angry, always contending with the trade-winds, or defying one another. Travelers have compared



VOLUNTEERS AT WAIKIKI



ANGRY-LOOKING PALMS

them to a grove of damaged umbrellas, or to feather dusters struck by lightning. But while we have been following processions, the people of Honolulu have been busy with preparations for a banquet of almost four thousand covers; and at two o'clock the grounds of the Executive Building present a scene of which the pictures can give

but a faint notion. Under the shady trees and the hastily erected trellises, half a mile or more of tables have been spread, loaded with good things for the hungry soldiers.



HEROES TO BE



A FEAST FOR THREE THOUSAND

For days the pie-committee has been baking wholesale home-made pies ; for days the beverage-committee has been grinding coffee, brewing pop and ginger ale ; other committees



HONOLULU SOCIETY

have worked with equal zeal to make this banquet a success. The prettiest girls in Honolulu act as waitresses, the wives of high officials and of diplomats take command of Asiatic cooks and stewards. All Honolulu is assembled to honor the men who go to fight our battles.

And as after the feast we watch the troops passing in review before the President of the Republic and his staff, let me add that had the luncheon lasted longer than it did, there could have been no review at all. The rate at which the brass buttons of the boys were being amputated by the souvenir-seeking daughters of Hawaii, promised to necessitate a speedy withdrawal of the troops lest, utterly despoiled of buttons, their uniforms fall off. Then other waitresses collected autographs, using for albums the thin wooden plates on which the tropic fruit was served. And many of the Boys in Blue swore that when the cruel war was over, they would return and settle down for life in Honolulu.

The freedom of the entire town was given to the troops. Free street-car rides, free ice-cream soda, free beers at two saloons, free baths and gospel meetings at the Y. M. C. A., and full liberty to strip the trees of their fruits and flowers were among the privileges granted to the



THE FIRST ATTACK

men. It is a fact well worthy of record that of the thousands of young Americans, turned loose after a week's captivity on shipboard not one abused these privileges. Dozens of pretty girls patrolled the streets, carrying floral garlands. They decorated every soldier whom they met, hanging a lei around his neck or fixing crowns of flowers on his head.



PASSING IN REVIEW

And this unheard-of exhibition of good-will was not a unique instance. Three expeditions met with a like reception while we were in Hawaii; and Honolulu stood prepared, with money gladly offered, and with innate loving-kindness, to speed the coming regiments upon their way, or to care for the sick and helpless in her Red Cross Hospital. In all she

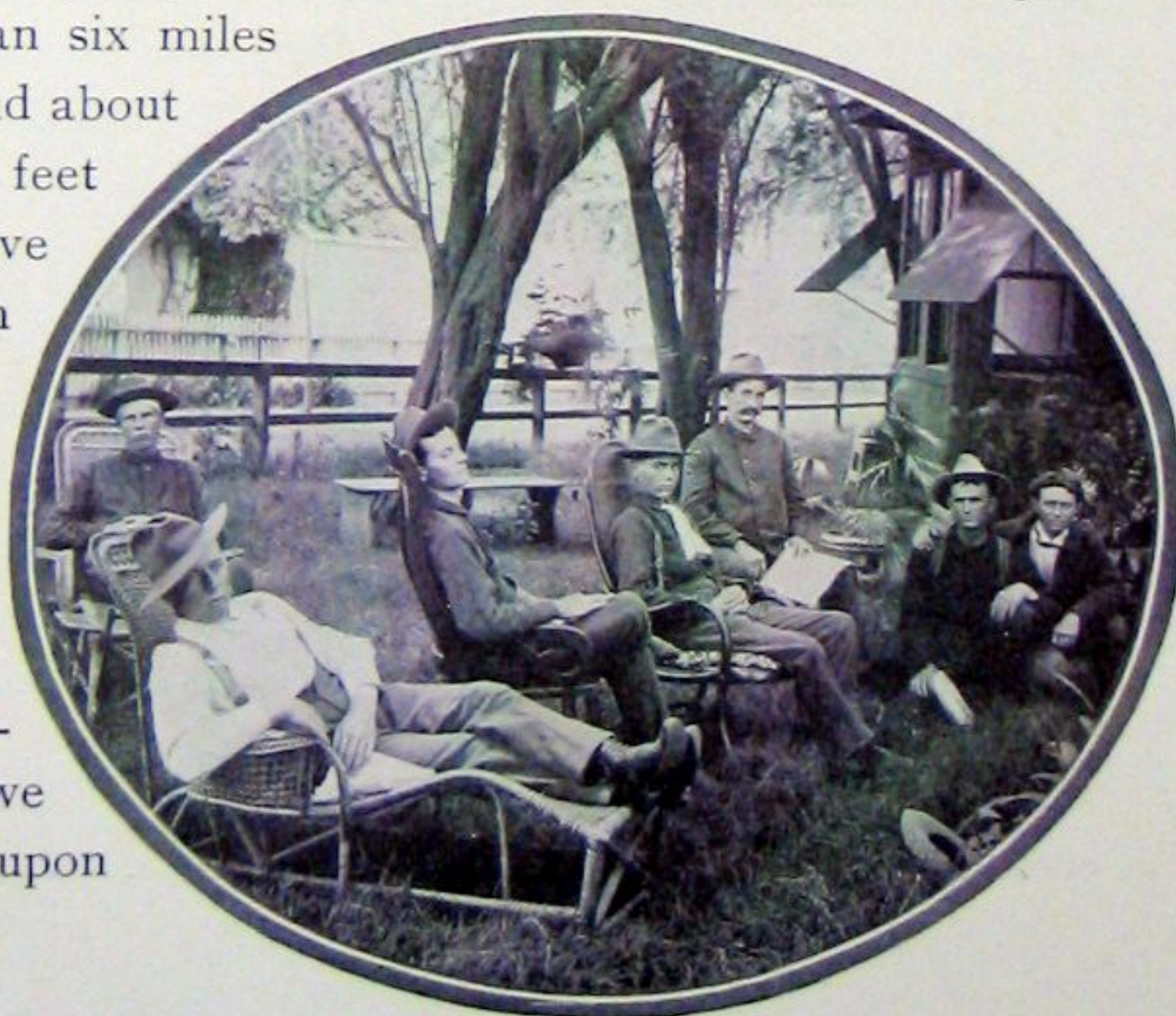


IN FLORAL CHAINS

welcomed and feasted no fewer than twenty thousand men. And this in defiance of all precedent in international law. Hawaii, the tiniest of the nations dared, even before the news of Dewey's victory, to declare that, annexation or no annexation, the troops of the

United States should find a haven and a welcome here.

But we must turn to those things which are of paramount interest to travelers who visit Honolulu at less exciting seasons. First there is the traditional excursion to the Pali, the historic precipice at the head of Nuuanu Valley, a little more than six miles from the sea and about twelve hundred feet above it. We have come up through a verdant valley until, suddenly emerging from the gap between tall green-clad pinnales of rock, we find ourselves upon



THE FIRST PETS OF THE LOCAL RED CROSS

the verge of an abyss from which a wind of such great violence sweeps up that, were a suicide to leap out into space, he would undoubtedly be tossed back upon the road as by the fury of a mighty wave of the ocean.



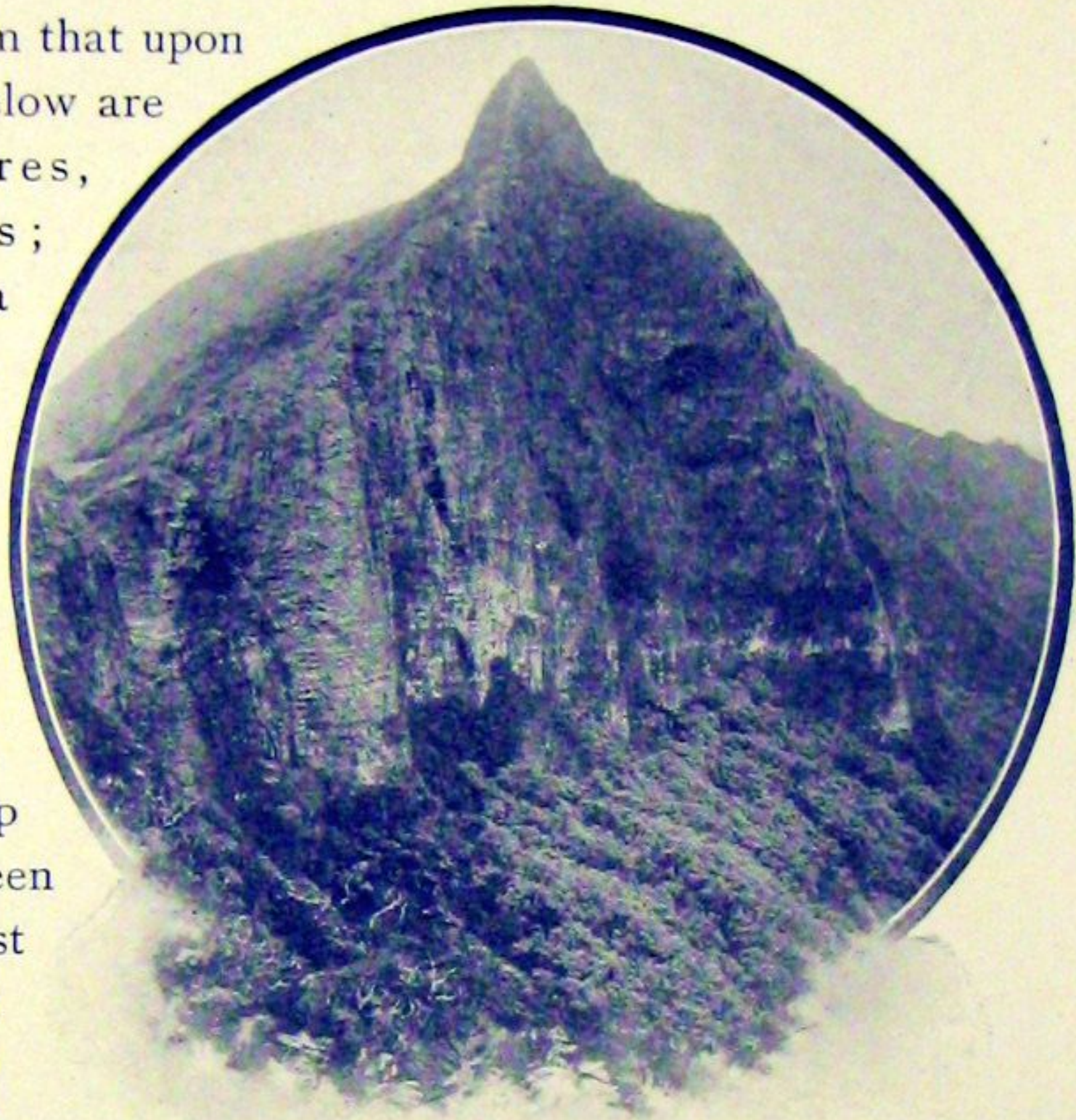
THE WAY TO THE PALI

So impressive is the scene that travelers do not often speak while gazing upon it; in fact, they dare not. Some one has said: "If you open your mouth at the Pali, you can't shut it again until you get in the lee of something, —the wind blows so hard."

This Pali is the scene of the most dramatic event recorded in Hawaiian history. Here in 1795 the great conqueror, Kamehameha, defeated the warriors of the King of Oahu, and they, in desperation, leaped from the Pali rather than live to see their island subjugated.

The new road, to the parapet of which we cling while the wind tugs fiercely at us, leads down into a strange, silent

world, different from that upon the other side. Below are rice-fields, pastures, mills, and villages; beyond, the blue sea is dovetailed into the green and tessellated shores. Few travelers descend into this peaceful world despite the fact that the old trail, so steep and cruel, has been replaced by the finest modern road in all the island; most are content to look down upon it wistfully, and then releasing



THE PALI

their hold upon the parapet, they are blown ignominiously back through the gateway into Nuuanu Valley. I defy an archbishop or a crowned head to look dignified while in the grasp of the riotous breezes of the Pali. Pursued by the importunate winds we hasten back to Honolulu. Viewed from a height the city itself appears submerged in a sea of verdure, from which arise the spires of the churches, the lighthouses of the land. The roofs of other structures float like giant whales amid the waves of green, while in the distance, like a small volcanic island, the extinct crater of Diamond Head lifts its scarred, savage form. And yonder, near the base of Diamond Head, is Waikiki, where, as the poet says:—

“The cocoa, with its crest of palms,
Stands sentry round the crescent shore.”

And the word "Waikiki" recalls to us, as to almost every traveler, delightful reminiscences. As we find ourselves amid the cocoa-palms at Waikiki, we understand why this delightful suburb is considered a sort of subdivision of Paradise. Beautiful villas line the beach or hide themselves amid the tropic verdure of the gardens bordering the wide and dusty road; along this road invalid street-cars crawl, reminding one of poor consumptives exiled to this land of perfect days in order to prolong their lives. But Waikiki is

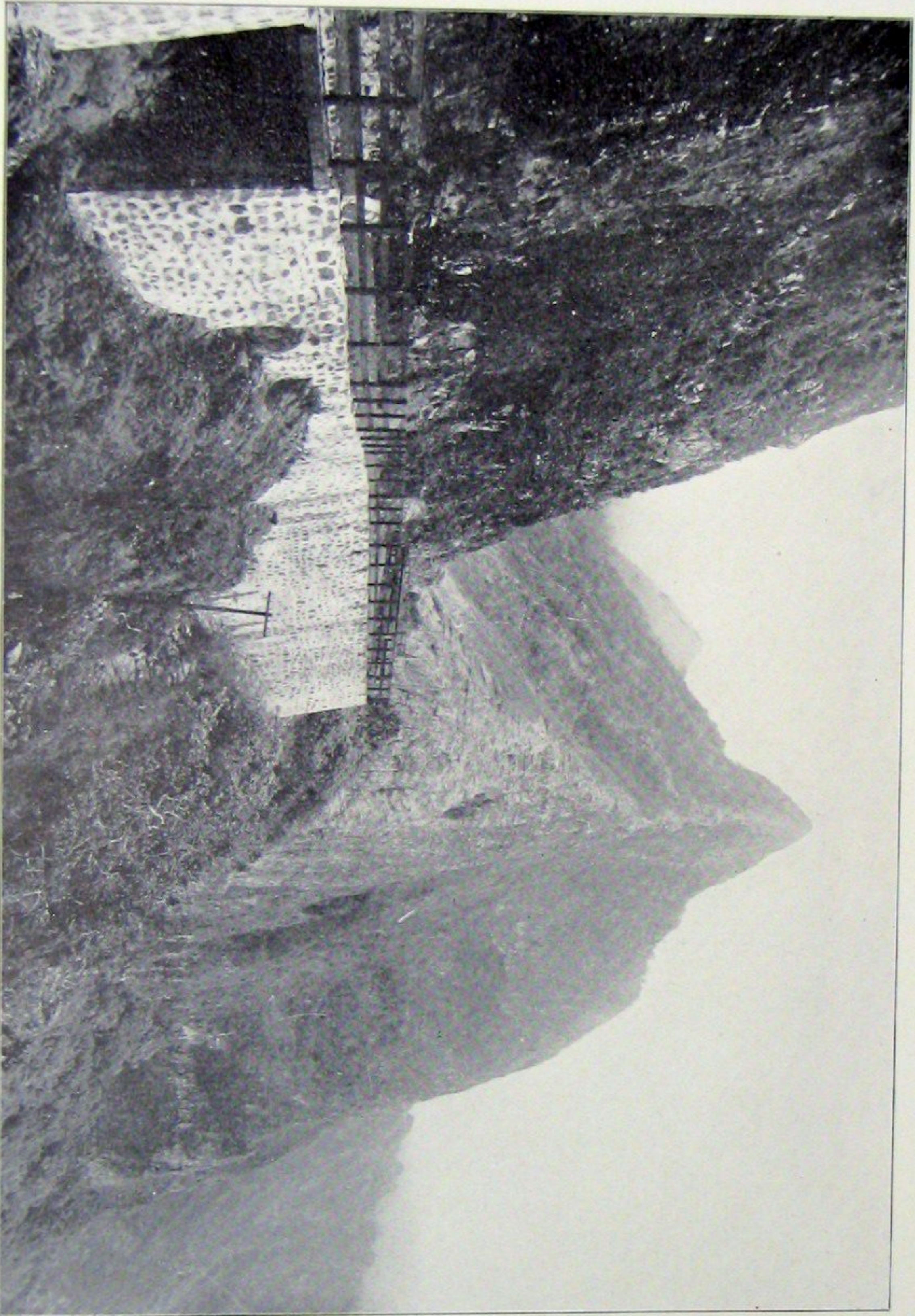


HONOLULU FROM PACIFIC HEIGHTS

not entirely given up to the homes of wealth and luxury; it is as well a paradise for the mixed Asiatic population, and here young China and Japan are seen in all their sweet simplicity.

Mark Twain has told us of seeing here "certain smoke-dried children, clothed in nothing but sunshine—a very neat-fitting and picturesque apparel indeed." Here, also, are the rice-fields tilled by patient Orientals, and here are the taro patches, where the natives grow their favorite vegetable.

A word about the indispensable taro plant and its uses may be in order here; for the root of this plant is the staple



THE WIND-SWEPT PASS OF THE PALL



A DISTRUSTFUL GLANCE

article of food for the native population. The root resembles a corpulent sweet potato; when cooked, it rapidly assumes a purplish, mildewed look. After this it is mashed and mixed with water until a sort of dingy, paper-hanger's paste is formed. This cold, thick soup is set aside and fer-

mentation soon begins. And this sour, semi-fermented,



LOOKING TOWARD WAIKIKI



Photograph by Professor Henshaw

ASIATIC INFANTS

mushy, mildewy, mass of lavender matter is the famous "poi," the favorite food of the Hawaiian people. It appeals as well to the adopted children of the land, and the traveler may see youthful Orientals dipping their fingers into pails of poi with

great gusto. But we must here digress to remark that while one of these poi-fed heathen in the picture seems to be smilingly telling us that his mother used Wool Soap, another little chap dares not look up, because his mama didn't. To return to our poi.

You must know that it is most nutritious; it is said that one square mile of taro patch will feed fifteen thousand natives for a year. The man who is the owner of forty square feet of taro land need take no thought for the morrow; only an



Photograph by Professor Henshaw

SUGGESTS WOOL SOAP

hour's work per day, and the great problem of existence is solved for him, and he is free to spend the other twenty-three hours of the tropic day and night in happy idleness. But while the natives sing away the hours, the thrifty Japanese and the industrious Chinese is slowly but surely possessing himself of the heritage of the Kanaka. The Asiatic can live on as little as the native, but while the one is lazy the other is indefatigable and profits doubly by the bounty of Dame Nature.



DIAMOND HEAD FROM PACIFIC HEIGHTS

It is said that the Hawaiian people numbered 400,000 when the islands were discovered, and to-day there are scarcely thirty thousand of them left. Fifteen years ago there were not a hundred Japanese in the islands. To-day Japan is represented by 25,000 of her hardworking peasants and her shrewd business men. China has sent more than twenty thousand pig-tailed natives hither. Fifteen thousand Portuguese are now competing with them.

While we pass a typical Hawaiian home,—the home that has supplanted the primitive grass hut, we cannot but fear that



Photograph by Professor Henshaw

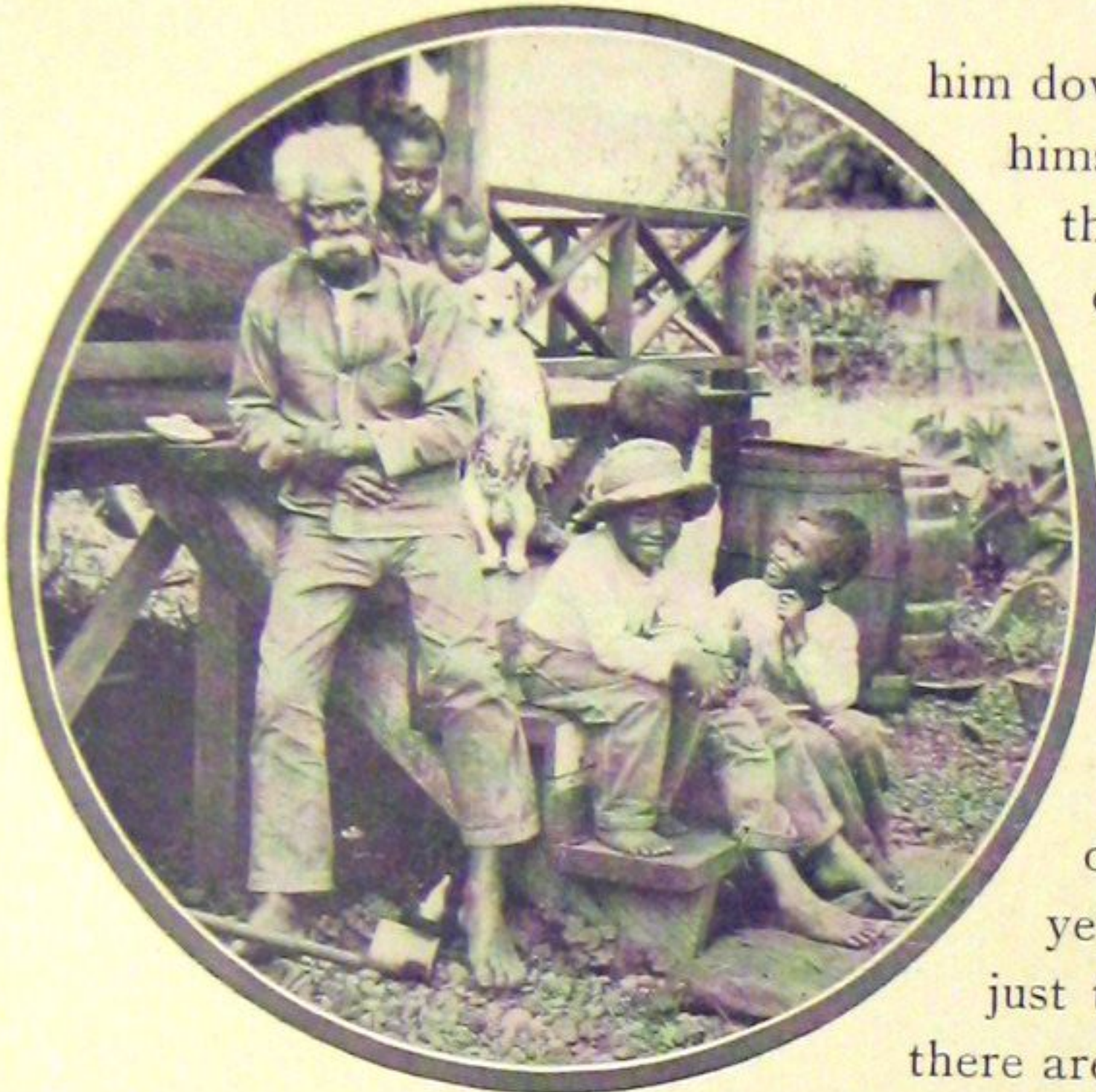
CELESTIAL CONTEMPLATION

the leisure-loving native is doomed. He flourished like the vegetation of his island so long as he was left to grow his taro, pick his mango, and idly repose. There was no necessity for labor. Then the white man came with his doctrine of activity, whereupon

for the first time the curse of Cain descended on this happy land. The islander did not resist ; one by one he simply laid



A HAWAIIAN HOME

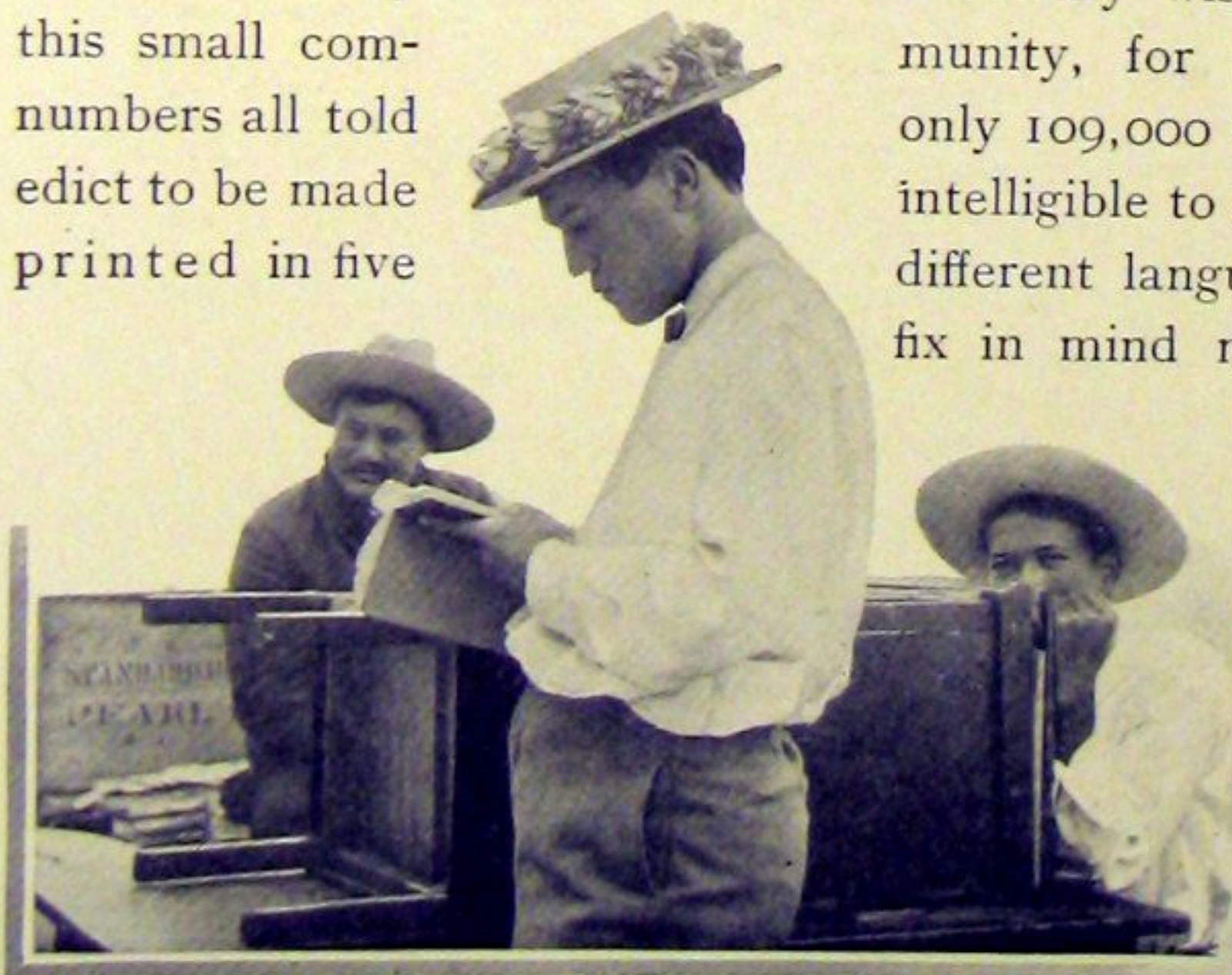


KANAKA FAMILY

him down to die ; he will revenge himself by disappearing from the earth where he no longer feels at home. Within another century there may not be one of these pure-blooded islanders to raise the cry, "Hawaii for the Hawaiians." Since 1853 the nation has decreased one-half. Fifty short years ago there were living just twice as many natives as there are to-day. Are not these

startling facts? Two deaths to every birth. Truly, there never was a land that stood in greater need of immigration that its daily work might be done, that its destinies might be guided by wise, thoughtful men. The Orient supplies the needed hands, America the brains. And brains are surely this small community all told edict to be made printed in five

necessary wisely to rule munity, for although it only 109,000 souls, every intelligible to all must be different languages. To fix in mind more firmly



A TYPICAL HAWAIIAN

AVISO Aos Contribuintes

DO

Distrito de *Koolaha*
Ilha do *Koolaha*

Oa livros do corbrado fiscal do Distrito de *Koolaha* - Ilha do *Koolaha* estaram patentes a todas as pessoas interessadas do dia 1 a 15 de Julho proximo futuro (excepto aos Domingos) na *Ilha do Koolaha* das 9 horas da manha as 4 da tarde.

HOOLAHA

A KA LUNA HELU.

I KA POE HOOKAA AUHOU O KA
Apana o *Koolaha*
Mokupuni o *Koolaha*

E weheta ana na Buke a ka Lunahelu o ka Apana o *Koolaha* Mokupuni o *Koolaha* no ka nana ana o na poe i ku i ka auhau, ma-waena o na la 1 a me 15 o Iulai, 1898 (koe na la Sabati) ma ka mai ka hora 9 wakahiaka a hiki i ka hora 4 ahiahi.

TAX ASSESSOR'S NOTICE

TO THE TAX PAYERS OF THE

District of *Koolaha*
Island of *Koolaha*

The Tax Assessor's Books for the District of *Koolaha* Island of *Koolaha* will be open for Inspection by persons liable for taxation, between the 1st and 15th days of July, 1898. (Sundays excepted), at the *Ilha do Koolaha* from 9 o'clock in the forenoon until 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

告示課稅收

島郡ニ於テ納稅
者ハ來ル七月一日ヨリ同月十
五日迄(日曜日ヲ除ク)午前九
時ヨリ午後四時迄納稅表
一覽ナルコトヲ得ベシ

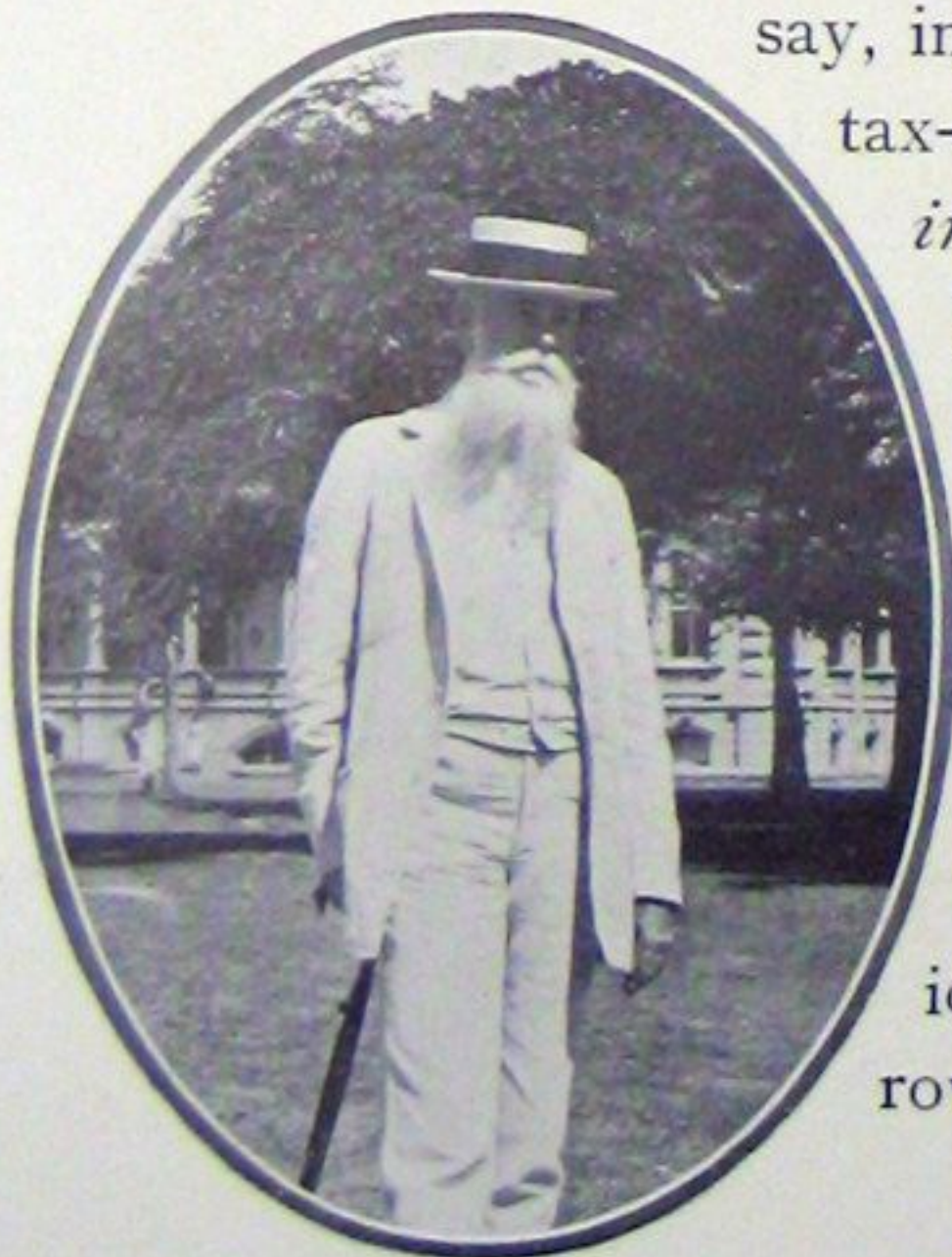
島郡收稅係
收稅長
明治三十一年 月 日
早夏 稅刊

示憲

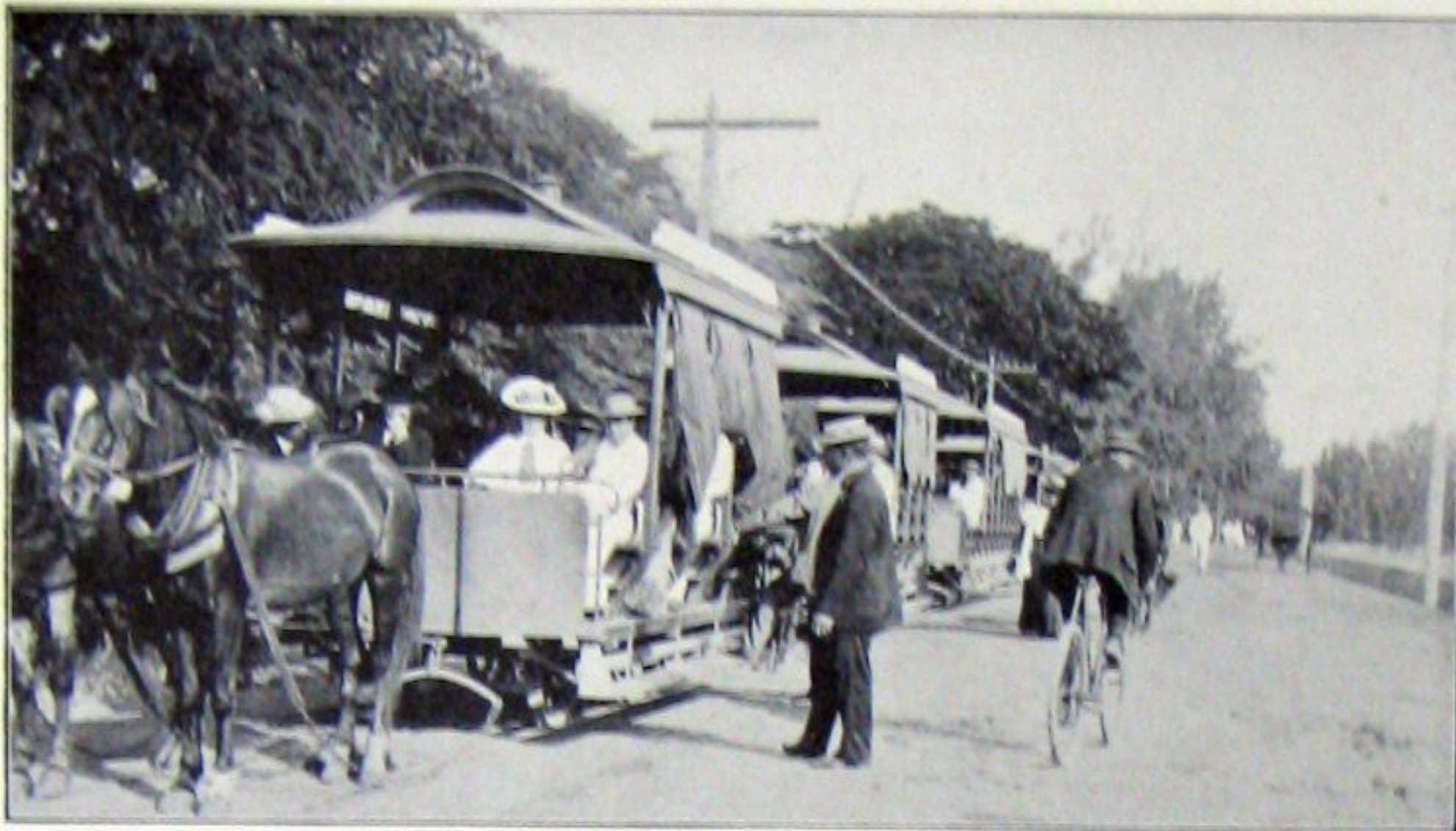
丁稅餉官 縣副估價及徵收
赴本署報稅簿內在案茲合行曉諭
島 縣應納稅餉之人知悉由
七月一號起至十五號止除禮拜日外每日
上午九點鐘至下午四點鐘止准各戶前來
查明估價稅項之簿與有遺錯
等情須隨即聲明以便更改特此佈告
西曆一千八百九十八年 號示

IN FIVE LANGUAGES

the relative strength of the various peoples in Hawaii, let me say, in drawing your attention to a printed tax-notice, that the *Aviso aos Contribuintes*, will be read by fifteen thousand Portuguese; the "Hoolaha" by thirty thousand Hawaiians, the "Tax-Assessor's Notice" by two thousand English and 3,000 Americans; that the lower left-hand hieroglyphics convey a meaning to the minds of 25,000 Japanese, and the right-hand rows of ideographs bring a message causing sorrow to 22,000 Chinese taxpayers.



PRESIDENT DOLE



THE WAY TO WAIKIKI

This mixed population, scattered over the eight inhabited islands of the group, has been as clay in the hands of a few hundred wide-awake American potters. The New England missionaries found Hawaii in 1820 a savage pagan despotism; with the potter's wheel of Christianity they molded it into a law-abiding Christian monarchy; and, this less crude



THE NEW MOANA HOTEL, WAIKIKI, 1901

vessel having served its time, they who had formed it broke it; and then with the cement of expediency they put together its shattered pieces in the form of a republic and gave it into the care of a most admirable man, who by his wise and zealous guardianship has won the world's respect; and finally, lest aliens should lay rough hands upon this carefully reformed and restored piece of pottery, so delicate and unprotected, its guardians sent it as a gift to a rich and power-



THE NEW MOANA HOTEL FROM THE PIER

ful relative, a certain Uncle Sam, who had recently developed a passion for "insular ceramics"; and Uncle Sam, enthusiastic collector that he is now become, has placed this beautiful Pacific specimen securely on the shelves of his National Museum, to rest in definite security forever side by side with other lovely tropic curios recently acquired in the Caribbean and the China Seas.

But let us now make the acquaintance of our new fellow-citizens of our own race, whose dwellings line the shore at Waikiki. Never shall I forget the entertainment that was here offered us one perfect afternoon. We often speak of unique entertainments. How many times in life does one

attend an entertainment that is in truth unique or even novel? Scarce once in twenty years ; yet among our experiences in Hawaii we can count two that are unparalleled. We were one day invited to a Poi luncheon, a native feast, or *luan*, with the natives and discomforts all eliminated. The scene of the affair was the lanai of a residence at Waikiki. The lanai is the one necessary feature of a Hawaiian residence ; there is no absolute need of a house with rooms, or halls or parlors,—but a broad, open space, roofed with a trellis, carpeted with mats, furnished with reclining-chairs, hammocks, and a well-stocked sideboard is the soul-center of the typical Hawaiian home. It is the simplest, cheapest, and most supremely luxurious institution ever devised by man in the name of comfort. Man has but to choose the spot, do a little simple carpentry, plant a tree and a vine, and Nature will soon transform the wooden skeleton into a bower of delight and beauty. Well, it was in such a leafy-roofed apartment that a merry company one day sat down to watch two strangers struggle with the fearful mysteries of a native feast, which to the unaccustomed eye looks like a gastronomic nightmare. I shall not try to tell you what we ate, though I may gather courage soon to tell you how



WAIKIKI

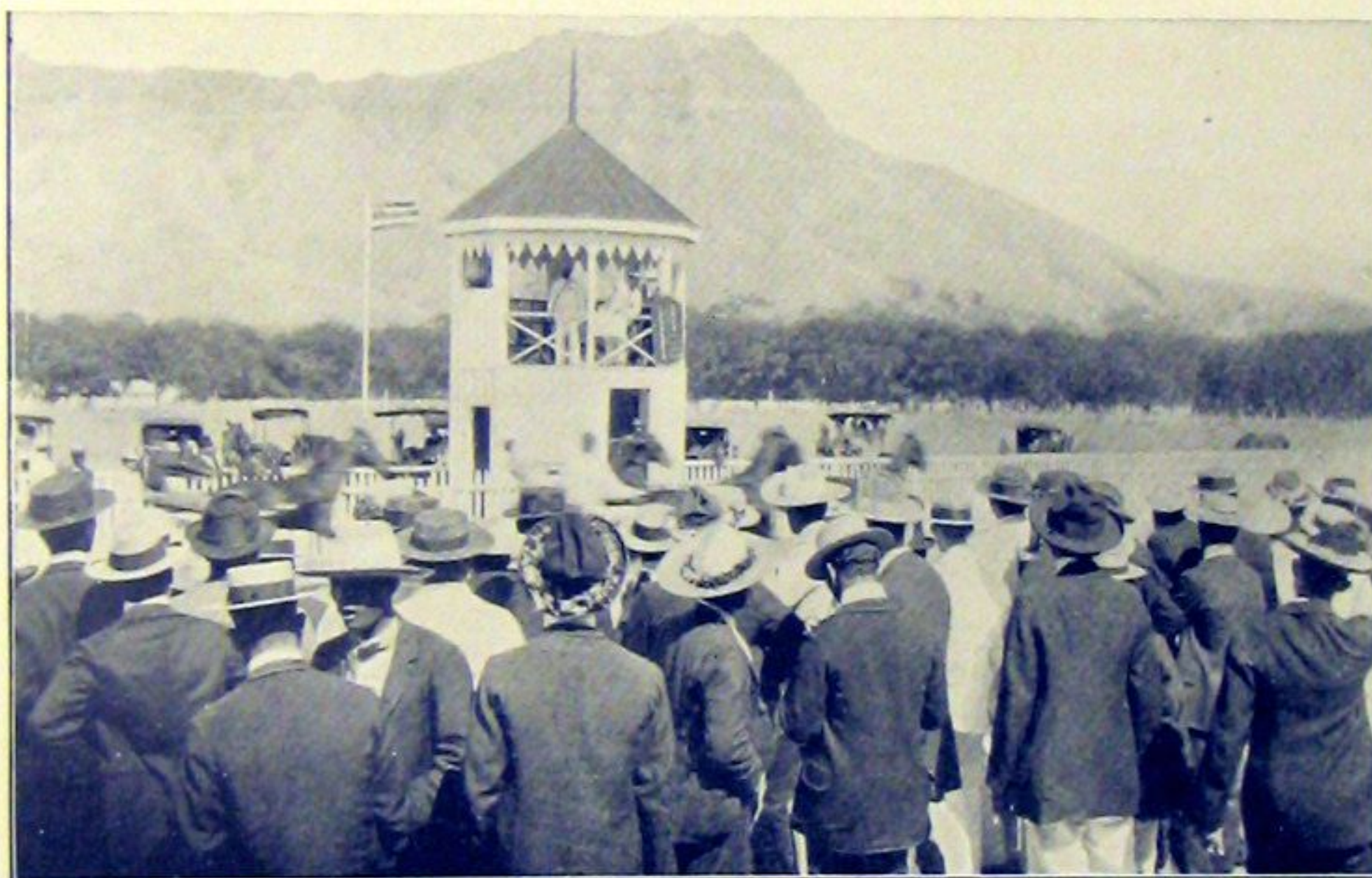
we ate the very various and uncommon, but distinctly toothsome novelties that were heaped before us on a table that resembled a huge bank of fresh green ferns. The natives sit upon the ground to feast, but we are spared this added embarrassment and give our whole attention to the seemingly impossible task of eating the weird things prepared to give our foreign palates many a shock of surprise. First, there is poi,—in calabashes made of cocoanut shells. We wash



A LUAU

our fingers in a proffered basin and, like our experienced fellow-feasters, deftly plunge two fingers into the sticky mess. It is like caressing a bowl of warm lavender ice-cream that is on the point of dissolution. Instinctively we draw our fingers out again, but lo! each one is poulticed with a thick coat of poi; which, ere it drips and drops, must be transported in safety through the air, conveyed to a reluctant mouth, and introduced to a rebellious palate.

We therefore try to imitate the other guests. We wave our poi-daubed fingers in the air, describing first an S and then a figure eight. This maneuver with the others brings the poi to their expectant lips; but executed by our unpracticed hands, it leaves us at its conclusion with the poi adorning our cravats or rubbed into our eyes. My friend, to cover his confusion, picks up and eats complacently a little bean-like *hors d'œuvre*—which proves to be a pepper of the hottest breed—and the contortions in which he then in-



AT THE RACES—WAIKIKI

dulges make even the calm-faced Japanese mosquito-chasers smile bland, Oriental smiles. Thus having at one fell swoop done our very worst, we boldly attack the other viands with our clumsy fingers, and find much genuine enjoyment in violating every rule of table etiquette. But everything tasted good, and even the assurance that the meat which we thought to be delicious young pig, was nothing less than a succulent slice of a poi-fattened dog, could not thereafter disconcert us, for we did not credit that assurance.

But let me now present our host and hostess—the gallant Marshal of the Islands, in his uniform of snowy duck,

and his charming wife, who raises her glass as if to drink a toast to speedy annexation. But this toast is not even proposed ; courtesy forbids ; for in the place of honor at the Marshal's right sits a young girl to whom annexation means the abandonment of hope, the end of her dream of royalty. Princess Kaiulani, niece of the ex-queen and heiress to the throne of Hawaii, sits there in friendly converse with those who, had it not been for the mistakes of Liliuokalani, would have been compelled to bend the knee to her as subjects. As it is, she is queen in the hearts of many, although her disappointments and sorrows have tinged her character with just a shade of bitterness, for it is difficult to be resigned to a career so different from that which fortune promised. During the eight years of her school-life in England, she was received as a princess and an equal by the royal family of England ;

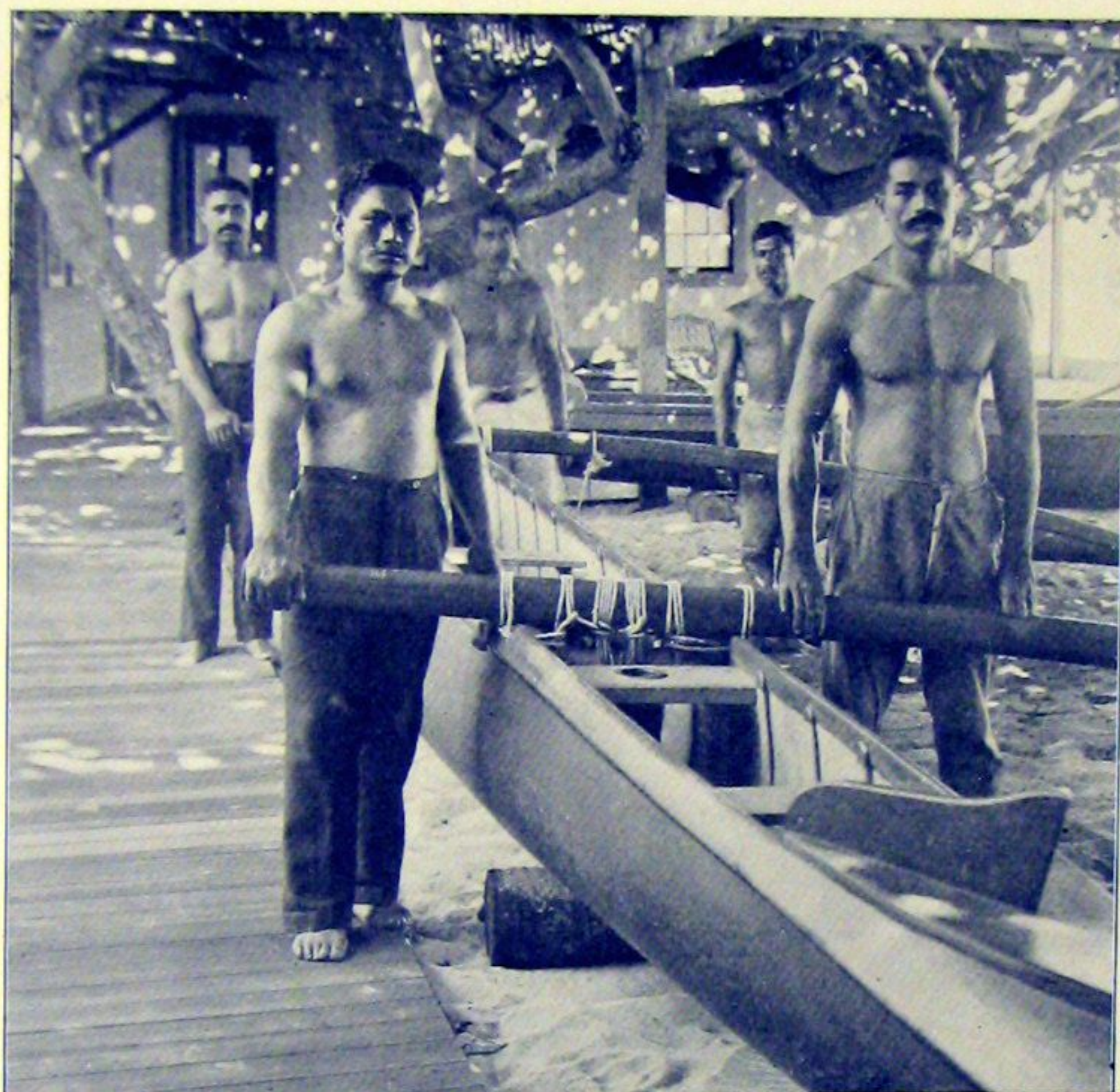


A SURFING PARTY



Photograph by Davey

PRINCESS KAIULANI



SURF CANOES

the throne of Hawaii was to be hers in time ; the revenues of the crown lands were to be hers to do with as she wished. She was to be a queen. Then came the bloodless revolution, and Princess Kaiulani returns to find herself merely the daughter of a Scotch gentleman, to find her revenues reduced from a royal privy-purse of a hundred thousand a year to a meager pension of \$3,000, sparingly granted by the new republic. It is not possible to meet a throneless queen, especially if she be twenty-two years old and pretty, and not become a rabid royalist.

But to return to our interrupted feast. The luau is ended. What we have eaten we have eaten ; peace be unto it ! be it pig or dog, for without question it was appetizing. The

afternoon hours are soon wafted into a regretted past on the wings of music and song. Native musicians chant and strum their *ukalalis*, the guests join in the soft refrains, until at last the host and hostess give the signal, and all hands disappear into the bathing houses, to don the costume which is used when Honolulu society pays the daily visit to their grand old neighbor, Father Neptune. All reappear in bathing suits, but each retains the lei of flowers, as a token that festivities are not yet over. In fact, the best is still to come. This is to be no ordinary swimming party, no casual daily dip in the cool blue ocean, which here almost invades the drawing-room. There's better, newer fun in store for us—we are to ride the surf in native boats—a water-sport more thrilling, more delightful than anything ever devised by man in civilized lands. Surf-riding is the sport par excellence

with Polynesians.

The boatmen who so promptly appear to make ready the Marshal's little fleet of five canoes, are pictures of Hawaiian physical perfection and seem as eager as young boys to begin their welcome and exhilarating labors.

A word about the boats in which we are to receive more real concen-

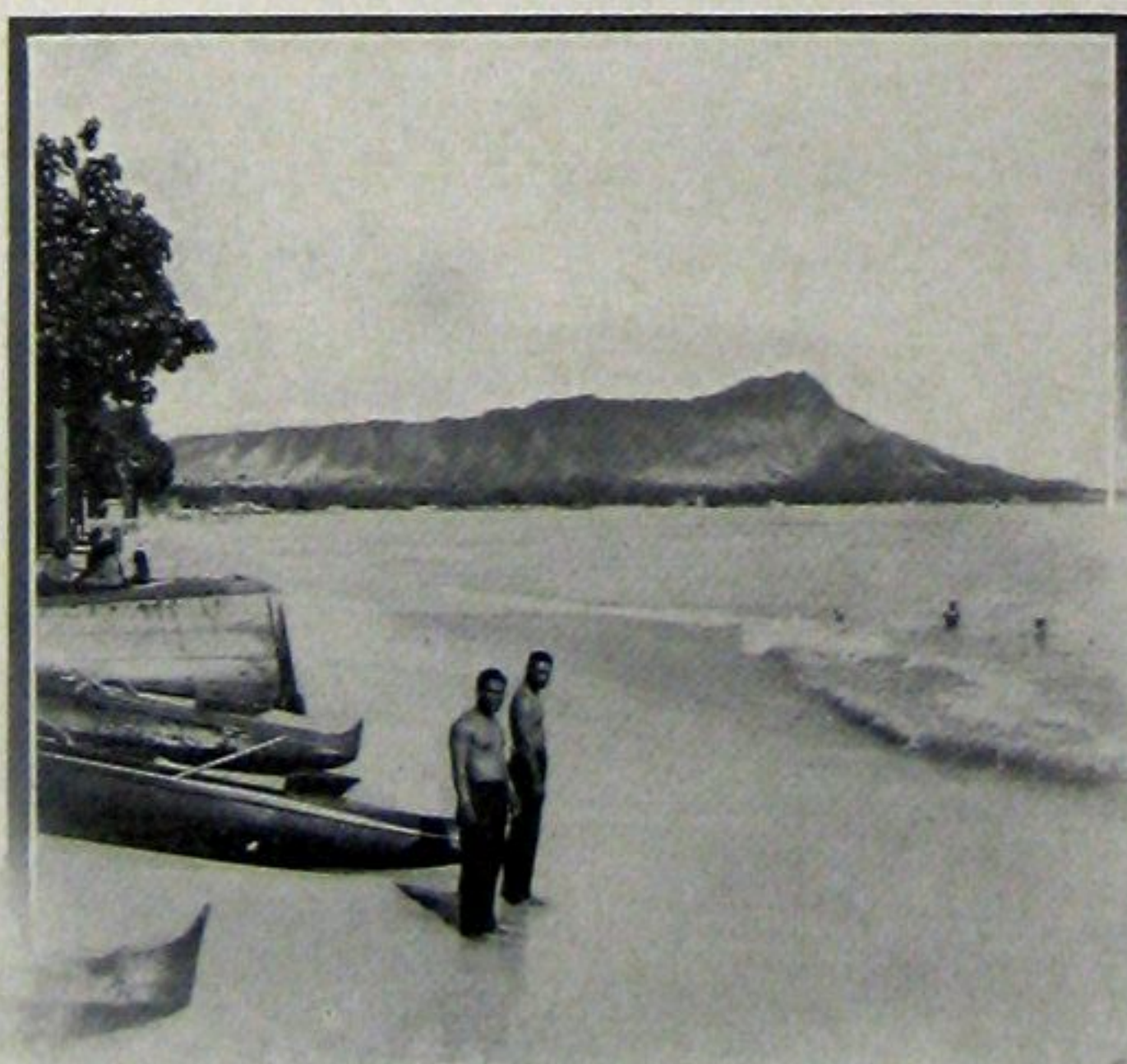


THE MARSHAL'S FLEET



PEARL HARBOR

trated pleasure than usually falls to the lot of man in a single afternoon. They are very long and very narrow, but there is scarce a possibility of their capsizing, for the heavy outriggers, fixed to the extremities of the curving beams, will keep us safely right-side up. Our canoes are quickly launched, and with all hands on board, speed swiftly, furiously out to sea, propelled by paddles wielded by strong bronze arms. Five happy boat-loads race far out to meet the huge incoming breakers; then when we reach the place where the grand ocean-swells come rolling in like smooth, watery mountain-ranges, we pause and wait, allowing fluid Catskills and liquid Alleghanies to glide past us, for we are waiting for the Rockies or the Himalayas. At last there comes a range of billows worthy of our crews, who raise a wild shout. "Hoi, Hoi, Hoi," the boatmen howl, and this word is taken up in shrill cries by the women; then all hands paddle frantically shorewards until the boat attains the proper speed—a speed that permits the towering wall of water to overtake the canoe and lift up the stern. From that moment we are the toy and plaything of that shoreward-moving ridge of water. Our little bark tries to slide down and away, but the huge curler follows us so fast that our relative positions remain the same, and on we rush together, wave pushing boat and boat gliding down wave at a speed of thirty miles an hour. We literally slide down hill on an advancing chute of water for more than half a mile. Each second we expect to see the chasing,



THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI

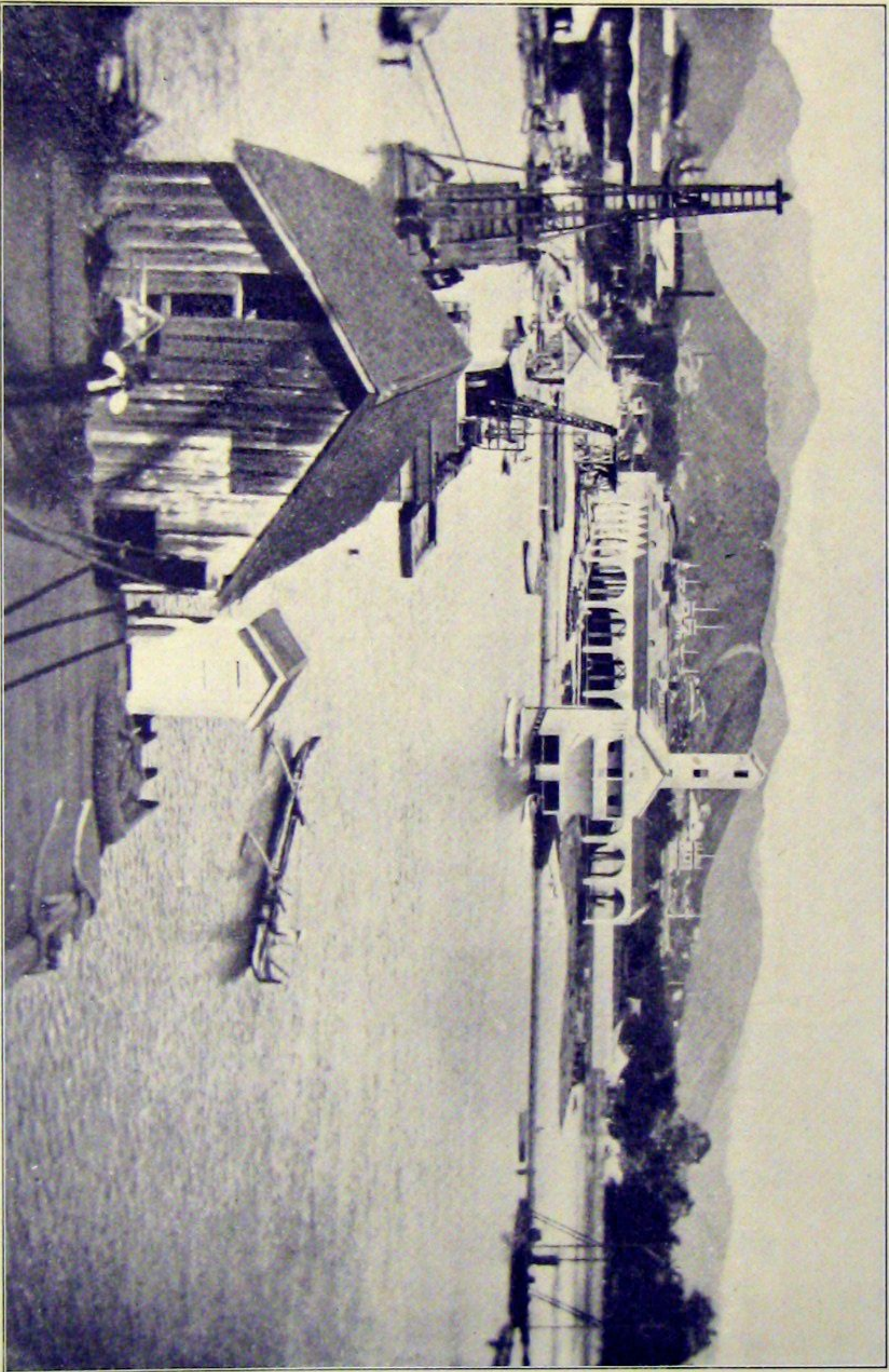
foaming palisade, upon the face of which the canoe is held as by some mysterious attraction, overwhelm us ; yet it does not, and thus we are hurled forward, always about to be overtaken, always escaping in the nick of time. And mingled with the roar of waters are the cries of the riders, half crazed with delight. There before me is the Princess Kaiulani, her face aglow with excitement, shouting and paddling frantically, her eyes flashing with the wild pleasure of it all,



SHORE OF PEARL HARBOR

as doubtless the eyes of her princely ancestors flashed in the days when surfing was exclusively a royal sport. So thrilling is it all that we forget the beach until with a sudden broad stroke of the paddle our helmsman swings us out of the grip of the curler, which hisses angrily beneath our keel and rushes to its death upon the glittering sands.

Then out we race for another and another of these exhilarating dashes. And while waiting there near the reef, for waves worthy of our mettle, all hands plunge overboard, and the sea around the canoes is alive with human porpoises,



HONOLULU HARBOR

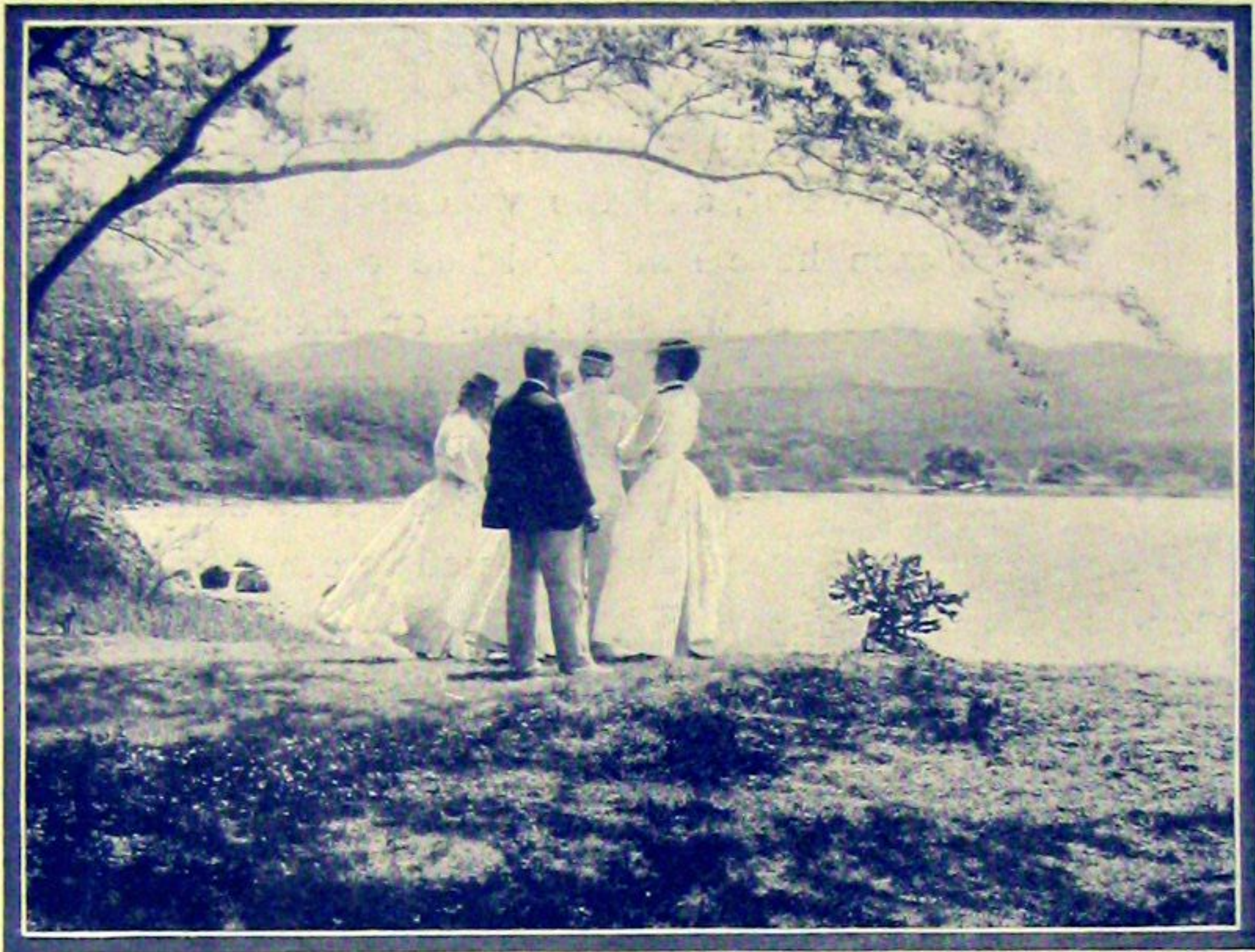
until at the cry of "Hoi!" again, all clamber in and paddle and yell and thrill with the very joy of living. What if one boat was swamped by a huge breaker?—the passengers feel more at home in water, and the women float about complacently until men have skilfully baled out the long and slender craft. What if we did learn on returning to the Marshal's that a shark had been seen cruising inside the reef?—we know that we have added to our store of happy days one that was worth the journey of eight thousand miles.

The apparition of the shark suggested to other friends the second unique entertainment to which we were bidden,—a real shark-hunting expedition. A few days later we found ourselves at sunset cruising in the calm waters of Pearl Harbor. As the haunt of man-eating sharks and as the scene of many an exciting chase, Pearl Harbor is famous in



SHARK HUNTERS

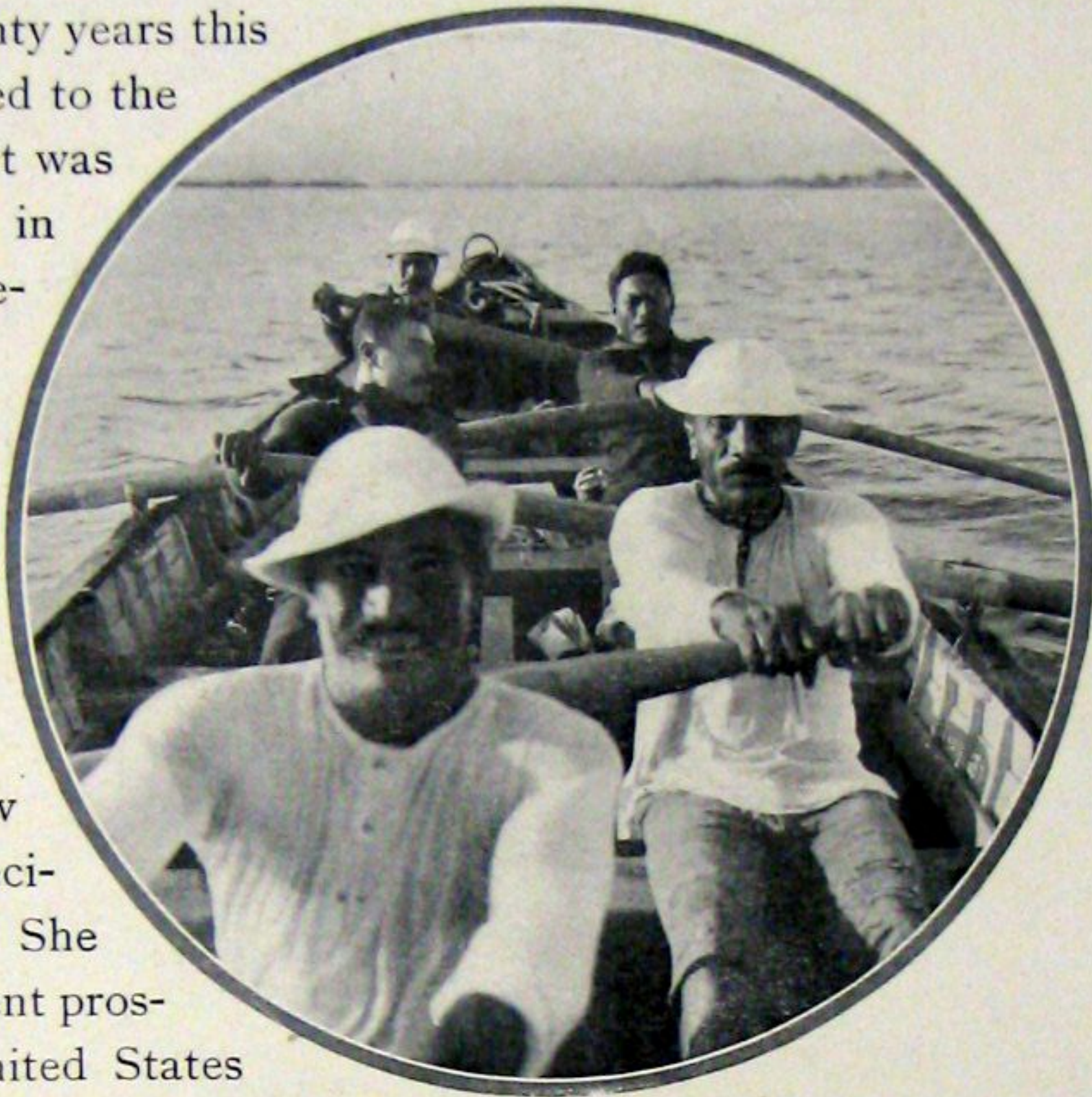
Hawaii; but it has, as we know, a wider fame, as the only available site for a naval station in all that vast watery desert between California and Asia, between Alaska and the Antarctic seas. It is not only the sole safe harbor of Hawaii, it is as perfectly adapted to the needs of a modern naval power as if it had been planned and dredged and blasted out by naval engineers. The entrance is seven miles west of Honolulu; a channel a third of a mile in width gives access to an inland lake, six miles by three, divided into four calm lochs by two peninsulas and a pretty



OUR FUTURE NAVAL HARBOR

island. The water is from five to ten fathoms deep ; in many places men-of-war could be moored immediately alongside the coral bluffs, in seven fathoms of clear water. No hurricanes can reach this haven, no malaria broods upon the shores by night ; there is abundant water from artesian wells, and Honolulu is but twenty minutes distant by the railway. The removal of a sandbar, a very simple proposition, will transform these almost virgin waters into the grandest, safest, and most attractive harbor in the world. Nature apparently foresaw the destiny of these Pearl Lochs, for she has wisely built a coral belt, two and one-half miles wide between the inner lochs and the sea ; then to prevent the landing of an enemy — to force an attacking fleet to abandon strategy, to compel it to transact its business at the fortified front-door, she has concealed beneath the fawning breakers, far out at sea, a deadly coral-reef, which may be passed only by ships that steer directly for the harbor entrance.

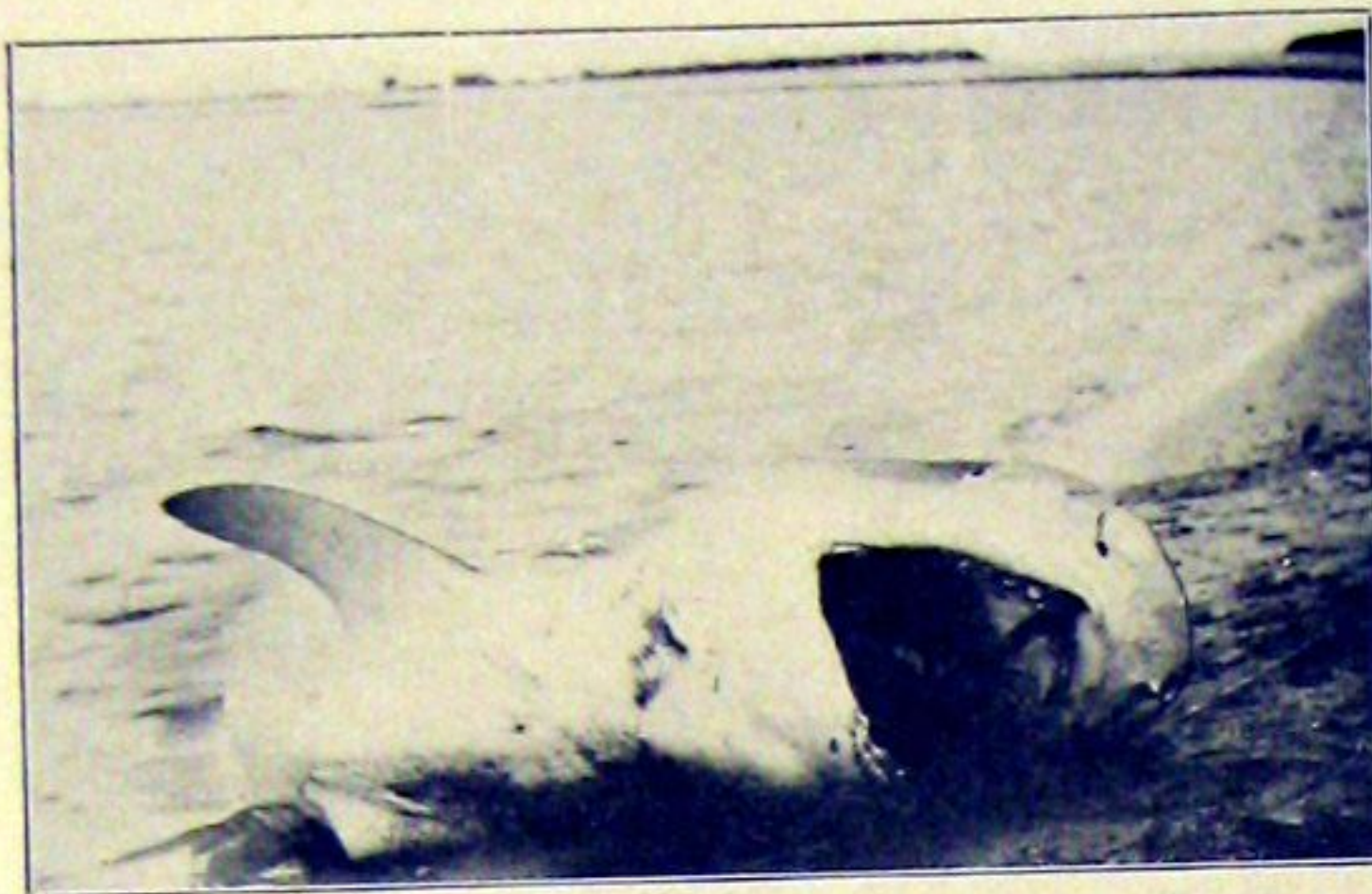
For more than twenty years this harbor has belonged to the United States, for it was granted us in 1876, in exchange for the remission of duties on Hawaiian sugar. And as we look upon the waters, charmed to slumber by the moon, we remember that Hawaii was not slow to profit by the Reciprocity Treaty. She owes to it her present prosperity ; but the United States has not yet seen fit to dredge



THE WHALEBOAT CREW

out a few thousand tons of sand, and thus open to its ships the grandest refuge in the western hemisphere. Let us hope the future will soon see our fleets at anchor in this ideal harbor.

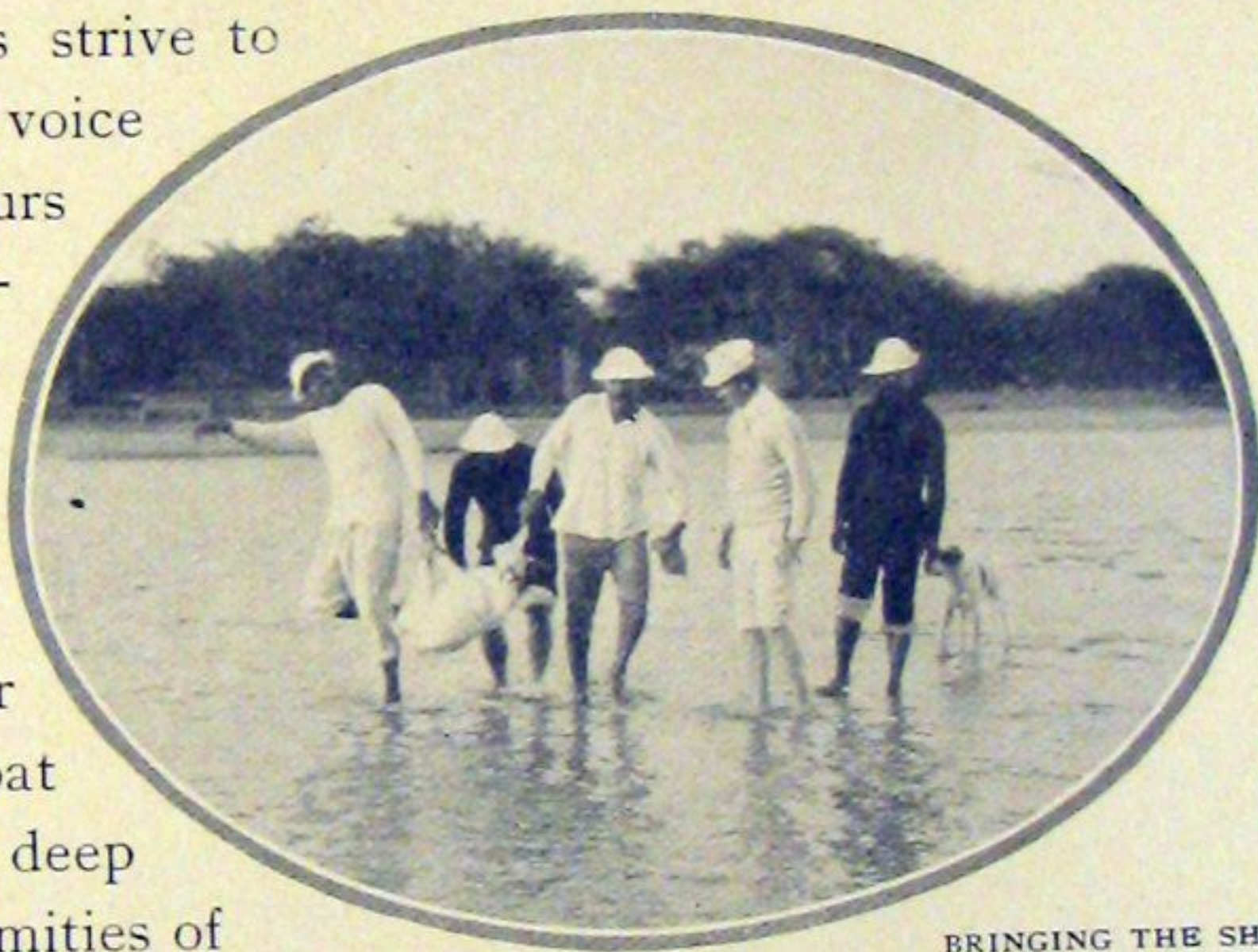
Our errand here is not a peaceful one. We come to make war on the monsters of the deep. Our fighting fleet consists of a stanch whaleboat, manned by a native crew, and a small sailing-yacht in which about a score of ladies and gentlemen are whiling away the afternoon with music. As dusk approaches, the disconcerting fact transpires that the bait has been forgotten, and hence a detachment of amateur marines is detailed to effect a landing and secure at any cost some tempting piece of flesh, be it a Kanaka baby or a poi-fed dog. The party wades ashore, attacks a native settlement, captures a poor white goat, and the brute, as if it had, like men, a foreknowledge of death, is so loud in its complaints and protests that we fear that it will



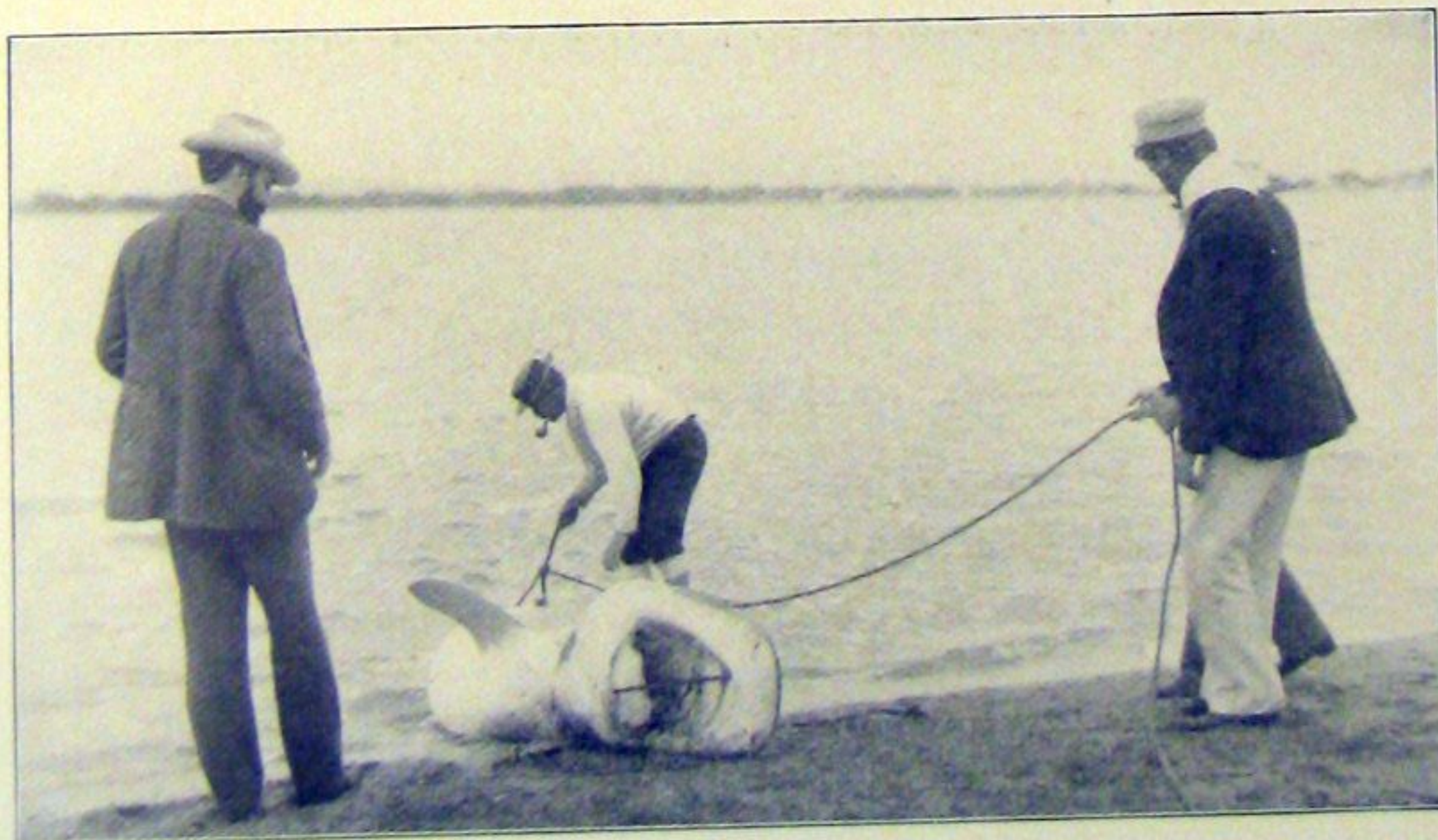
OUR CATCH

certainly frighten the sharks away. Even while we picnic at sunset on the shore, the lamentations of that goat break in now and again upon the sweet soft music with

which our native servants strive to charm us. But finally its voice is stilled, and a few hours later we find ourselves floating between sea and sky at the gateway of Pearl Harbor, ready to make it interesting for the man-eaters of the deep. The four quarters of the musical goat now dangle on huge hooks, deep in the waters at the extremities of



BRINGING THE SHARK-BAIT



TWELVE FEET FOUR INCHES



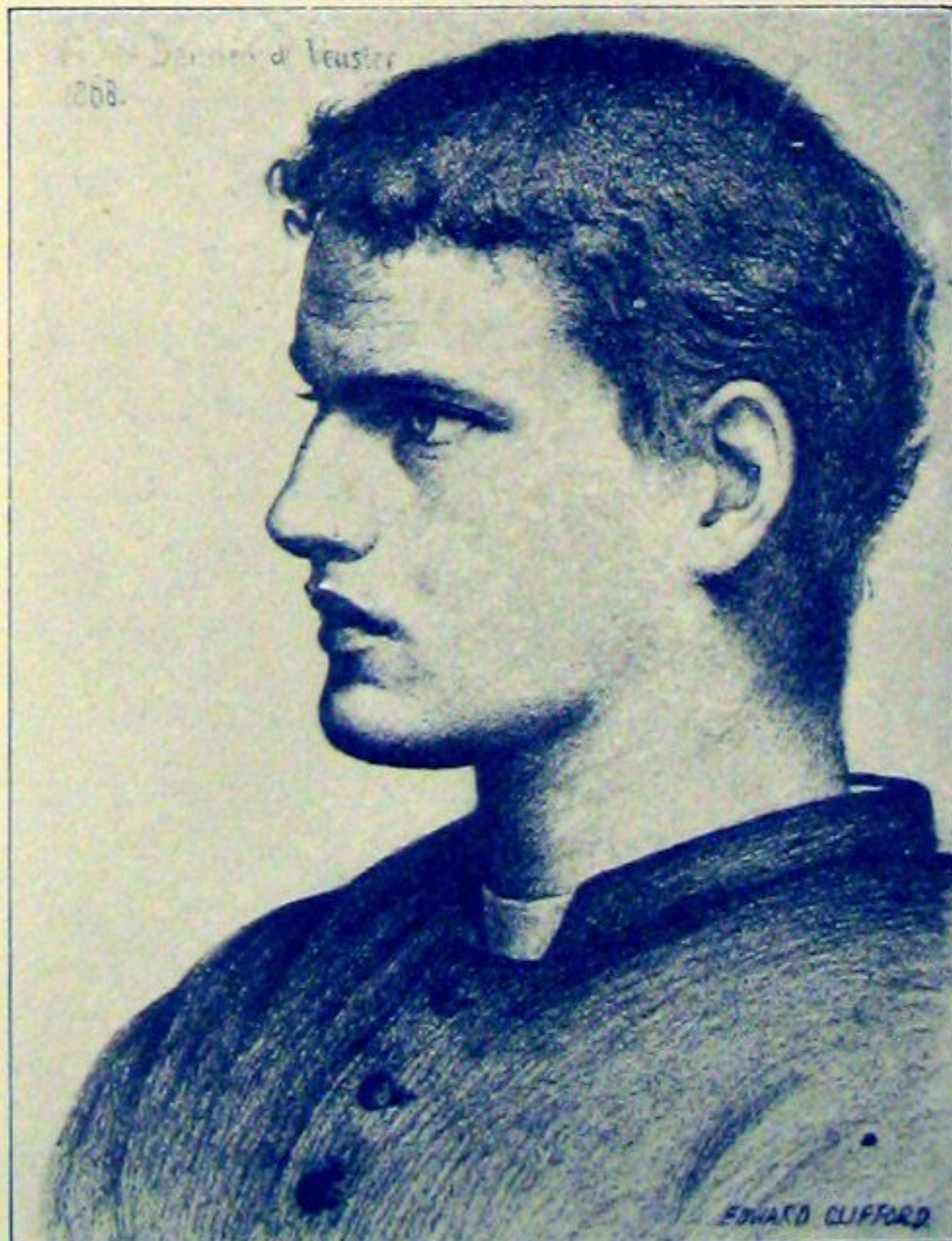
four long lines, and here and there the moonlight shows us on the surface of the sea spots that are red—not blue. Patience is the first qualification of the successful shark fisher, but with our happy company the hours glide by with merry swiftness, and it is half-past

one in the morning before we cease to talk and begin to seek for soft boards on which to lie and doze. We have decided that as a jolly picnic our excursion is a huge success, but as for sharks—they are a myth. We have forgotten them, and soon all hands are fast asleep. And then, of course, when nobody was looking, we got a bite, and there followed a moment of excitement we shall not soon forget. At two o'clock one of the ropes snaps taut, three men take hold, and haul in with a will, two or three shrieks of excitement rise from the ladies, a crowding of all hands to the port side follows; there is a glimpse of some huge thing now black, now white, struggling alongside, churning the water to foam. Then three shots from a repeating Winchester are fired point-blank into that vortex of flesh and blood and foam, then more spasmodic struggles, and then a brief deceptive calm, during which we on our hands and knees lean over and examine the still palpitating body of our victim. Later, we measured him, and he was 12 feet 4 inches long.

One of the crew rashly attempted to fix a rope around the shark. This woke him to new life, and even after he has been firmly moored alongside, life lingers in the perforated carcass for two hours or more; and every now and then the yacht is shaken, and the sleeping guests disturbed

by the monster in his supreme fight with death. All night we lie on the hard decks, hoping to live again those moments of excitement, but other sharks are shy, and when the sun comes up, it finds our three other lines untouched, and the poor mortals who have watched all night, uncomfortable and hollow-eyed, but happy, hungry, and content.

And after a sunrise picnic on the shore we cruise away and make a Sunday-morning call at one of the delightful summer homes that border on the shores of our future naval harbor. We are received by a man, than whom no one has done more to bring about the annexation of the Islands to the United States, for Dr. McGrew, our host, is called the "Father of Annexation," and, more than this, he is one of the most kindly and delightful old gentlemen between America and Asia. Could he have had his way, we should be still enjoying his hospitality, and through his aid discovering other charms of the island of Oahu. But we may not linger; we must now sail away toward the other islands that lie just out of sight across the summer sea. We have not time to do full justice to any one of the eight islands, and I must here beg the indulgence of those who may find that I have left unvisited the places in which they are most interested. A comprehensive lecture on Hawaii would occupy five times the



FATHER DAMIEN

I was sick and - Je visited me
J. Damien & Verster
Kalavao Molokai Dec. 20th 1889

IN FATHER DAMIEN'S HAND

space here given and then leave untouched many interesting and picturesque sites and situations.

As we sail this midnight ocean, we see again upon the dim horizon the shape of Molokai, the leper island, and from out the darkness there shines forth a vision of that face, the radiance of which for more than sixteen years illuminated that place of living death. The sacrifice of Father Damien, the Belgian priest, focused the sympathy of the world upon that awful ocean-girded plague-spot. He was called by Stevenson, "The man who shut with his own hands the door of his own sepulcher." And as we read, written by that same hand, the words by which his life was ruled, we remember that it was in 1876 that he joined the community of the social dead, and as a leper dwelt with his repulsive brethren; that in 1889 he was translated from hideous Molokai to the place of eternal beauty and eternal peace. His earthly work was taken up quietly and unostentatiously by his brother, Father Pamfile, and Father Sutton, an American Catholic priest, men not less saintly, if less widely famed.

Banishing from mind the sacrifice at once so noble and so horrible, we sail on across this tropic ocean, where moonlight showers pass like filmy specters, like ghostly

messengers, 'twixt isle and isle, 'twixt sky and sea. We are nearing now the isle of Maui, famous for its cane-fields, its verdant valleys, and its desert leeward slopes, but, above all, famous for its great extinct volcano, the largest volcanic crater in the world, called by the natives, Haleakala: "The Palace of the Sun." And it is our intent to surprise the Monarch of Brightness ere he leaves his bed. We are resolved to reach his royal chamber ere he wakes.

I shall not dwell upon the prosaic preparations for ascent nor on the gloomily poetic all-night ride on horseback up the cruelly rugged slope that rears itself 10,000 feet directly from these waves. Suffice it that after a night of exertion, fatigue, and bitter cold, we stand at last upon the threshold of the sun's abiding-place and watch the waking of the sleeping Lord of Light. And—strange illusion!—we are at an elevation of almost two miles above the sea, upon the very topmost crag of the volcanic island, and yet it seems as if we were at the bottom of a bowl as big as half the universe. Just as the sky appears to form a dome above us, so do the earth and sea appear to form an inverted dome beneath us, and the circumferences of the two meet at the horizon, which apparently is on a level with our present plane of altitude. And this illusion has been noted by nearly every traveler who has stood upon this magic mountain at this magic hour. Of

course, photography here falls pitifully short.

This ridge embraces the dead crater of Haleakala, with a broad sweep of twenty miles or more. The crater is a half mile in depth, and there rise a

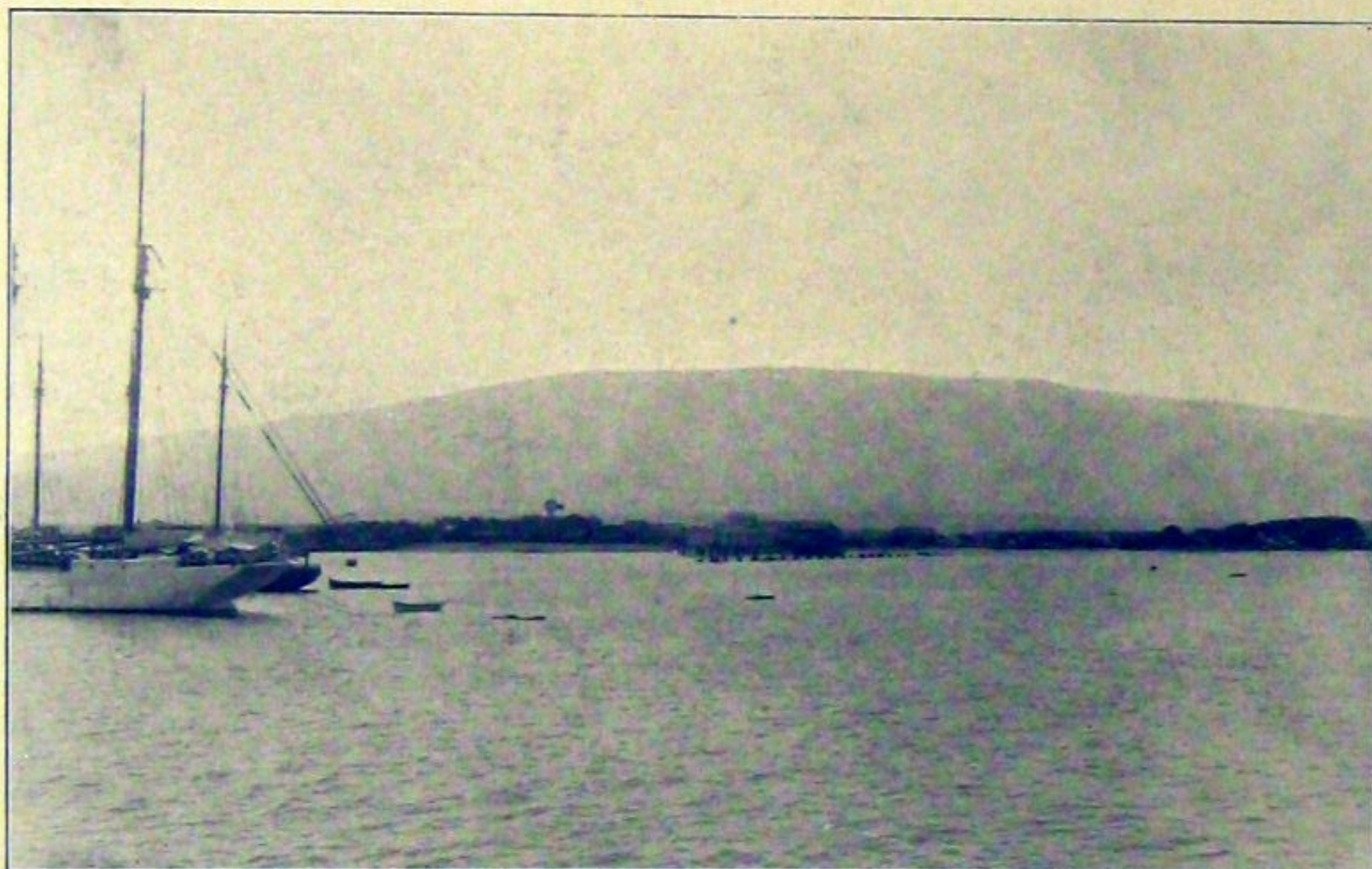


OUR MAUI "SPECIAL"



CRATER OF HALEAKALA

score of cinder cones from its floor, mouths of the inferno that countless ages ago raged there beneath. The lips of those gaping mouths are red and parched, the mark of fire is upon all that we see, the redness and the blackness of desolation are the tones that dominate in this gloomy but impressive picture. But lift your eyes from the cloud-haunted depths, and gaze afar to the south. There you will see two grand imposing outlines, the dim enormous shapes of the two huge mountains on the great southern-



HALEAKALA FROM THE SEA

most island of the archipelago—Hawaii. The famous Mauna Loa rises on the right, the equally stupendous Mauna Kea, on the left. These two volcanoes are nearly fourteen thousand feet in height. Their craters rise four thousand feet higher in the heavenly seas than Haleakala. Between us and the nearer of them are fifty miles of space; the further one is over seventy miles away.

A few days later we are cruising round their bases. The leeward coast of Hawaii offers us calmer cruising, and several interesting landings, notably that in Kealahou Bay, where a monument in honor of the old navigator, Captain Cook,

recalls the dramatic story of his discovery of the islands and his tragic death here on this very spot. It was in 1777 that the old explorer, sailing from the South Seas to the coast of North America, touched the Hawaiian Islands. His was the first English-speaking crew to land upon these shores, having been preceded only by the Spaniards, for Juan Gaetano, the real discoverer, had set the archipelago upon a Spanish



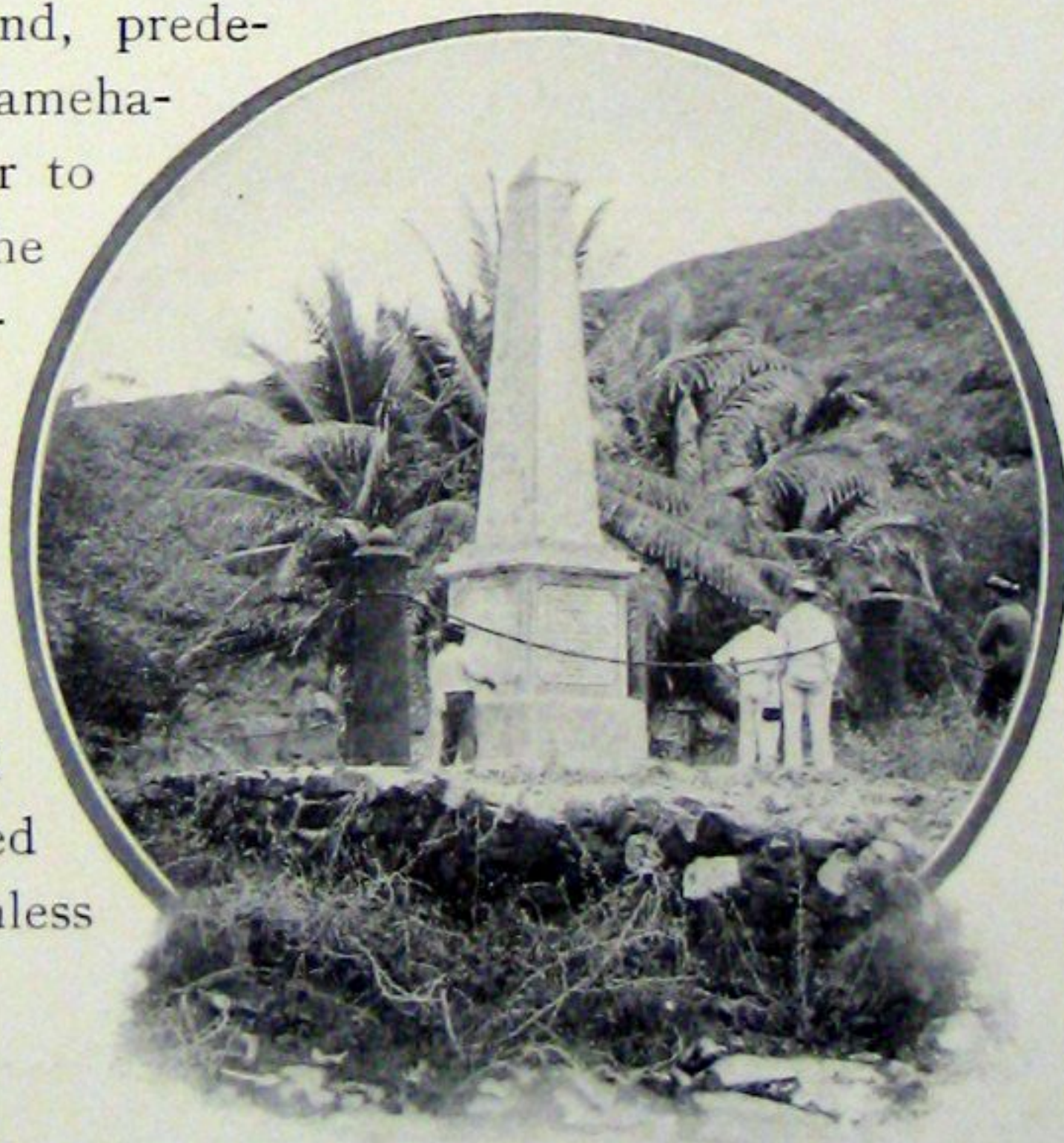
SUNRISE FROM THE SUMMIT

chart more than two hundred years before. In the meantime, however, no white man had been seen; and when the natives went forth in their huge war-canoes and beheld the pale-faced strangers on board the ships of Captain Cook, they said: "At last the prophecy has been fulfilled! Our great god Lono, who departed from us ages ago, has now returned, according to his promise; for he said: 'I will return in after time upon a floating island.'" And, there-



CINDER CONES OF HALEAKALA

fore, they received Cook as a god, made sacrifices to him, loaded down his ships with gifts and propitiatory offerings. The King of the island, predecessor of the great Kamehameha, hastened thither to render homage. The high priest led their sacred guest to the ancient temple, and there he was worshiped by king and priests and people. His deification, however, resulted disastrously. He played the part of a too ruthless



WHERE CAPTAIN COOK WAS KILLED

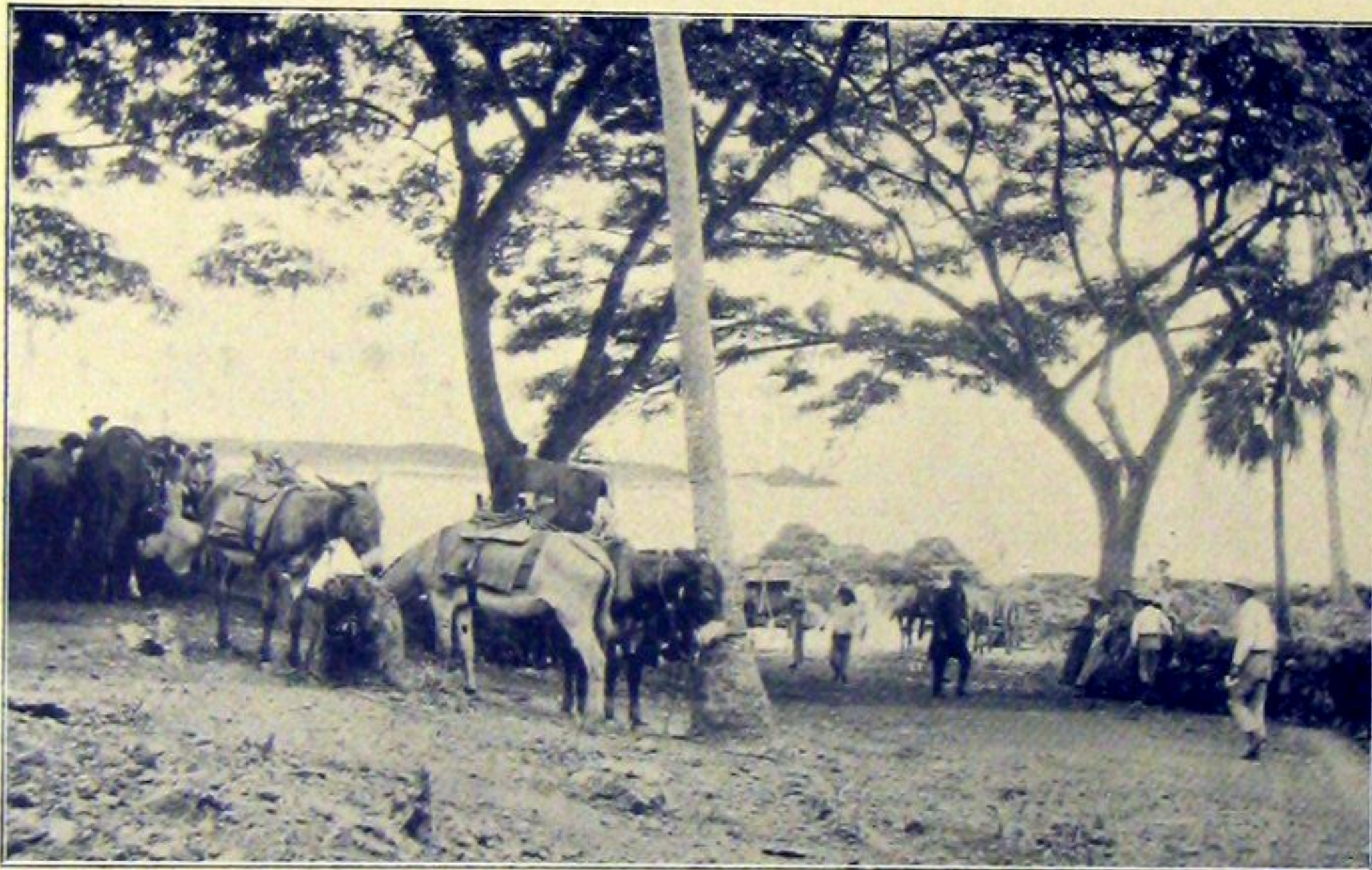
and too exacting god ; then when one of his followers was indiscreet enough to die on shore, doubts arose as to the immortality of these unreasonable deities ; and finally, the strangers having violated many sacred places and broken the strict "tabus," or prohibitions, hostilities began, and in a petty skirmish near the shore the splendid career of the great navigator was cut short by a thrust from an angry native.



KEALAKEKUA BAY

As we linger on this now peaceful shore of Kealakekua Bay, where the arrival of our steamer has brought together the inhabitants from miles around, let me add a word of explanation about the meaning of the word "tabu." In the old pagan days the chiefs and priests were as gods to the common people, and their system of tabus, or prohibitions, helped to perpetuate their power and insure them in the enjoyment of their supreme position. It was declared tabu, or unlawful, to remain standing at mention of the

king's name, to cross his shadow, or that of his house, to occupy a position higher than the king's head. The penalty for breaking these tabus was death. Then there were other special temporary tabus. Silence was enforced during long periods; certain enclosures, or even certain provinces were declared tabu, whereupon no one might speak or move about in them on pain of death. Women might not eat in company with men at any time. Upon the women of the land these unreasonable restrictions fell with cruel rigor. Within



A WEST-COAST PORT

the memory of those still living, a woman was killed because she entered the eating-house of her lord and master. Moreover, in this land of tropic plenty, fruit was tabu to the feminine half of the population. These simple heathen in the Paradise of the Pacific seem to have possessed a vague knowledge of the evil that resulted from feminine fruit-eating in another Paradise, and they resolved to take no chances. Alas, why was not Father Adam a Hawaiian?

Before we continue our voyage southward toward the far end of this island, let us cruise in imagination for a few moments along the eastern, or the windward shore. Here verdant



WINDWARD-COAST CASCADES

bluffs or Palis rise directly from the storm-tossed sea. Our first impression is that some great wave has but a moment since overwhelmed the entire coast, and that the salty waters are falling back again into the sea, following the receding breaker, that soon the precipices will be drained and the roaring cataracts run dry. But no ; the waterfalls persist, and hour

after hour as we roll along,

almost within the shadow of

these bluffs, there is no

diminution of their

volume ; the cataracts

are cataracts in very

truth. There are

from ten to four-

teen of these lovely

waterfalls to every

mile along this por-

tion of the coast ;

they fall from heights

that vary from five hun-

dred to a thousand feet,

while farther inland, at



ACQUAINTANCES

the extremities of long, narrow, and umbrageous gulches, tower walls of rock one thousand two hundred feet in height, over which other slender ribbons of spray are dangling gracefully. These are the tribute paid by the eternal snows of Mauna Kea, to the lovely lowlands where eternal summer dwells. An entire month might be employed most profitably in explorations on

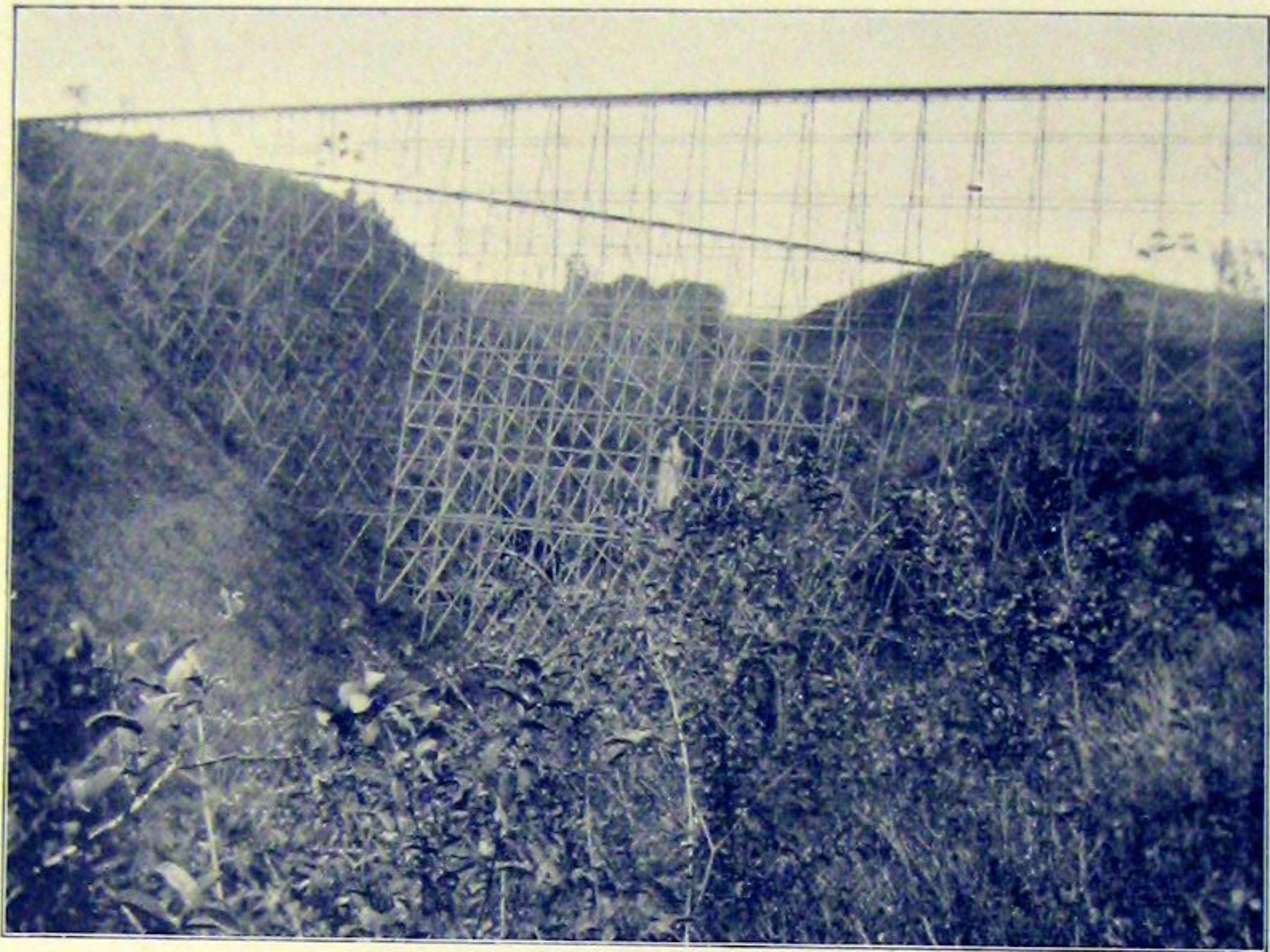


HAPPY

this coast; within a space of thirty miles there are no fewer than sixty-nine of these impressive gulches, each with its waterfall, its mountain torrent rushing toward the everangry sea, its insecure mule-trails leading down to little God-forsaken ports where steamer-passengers are landed or embarked only at risk of life

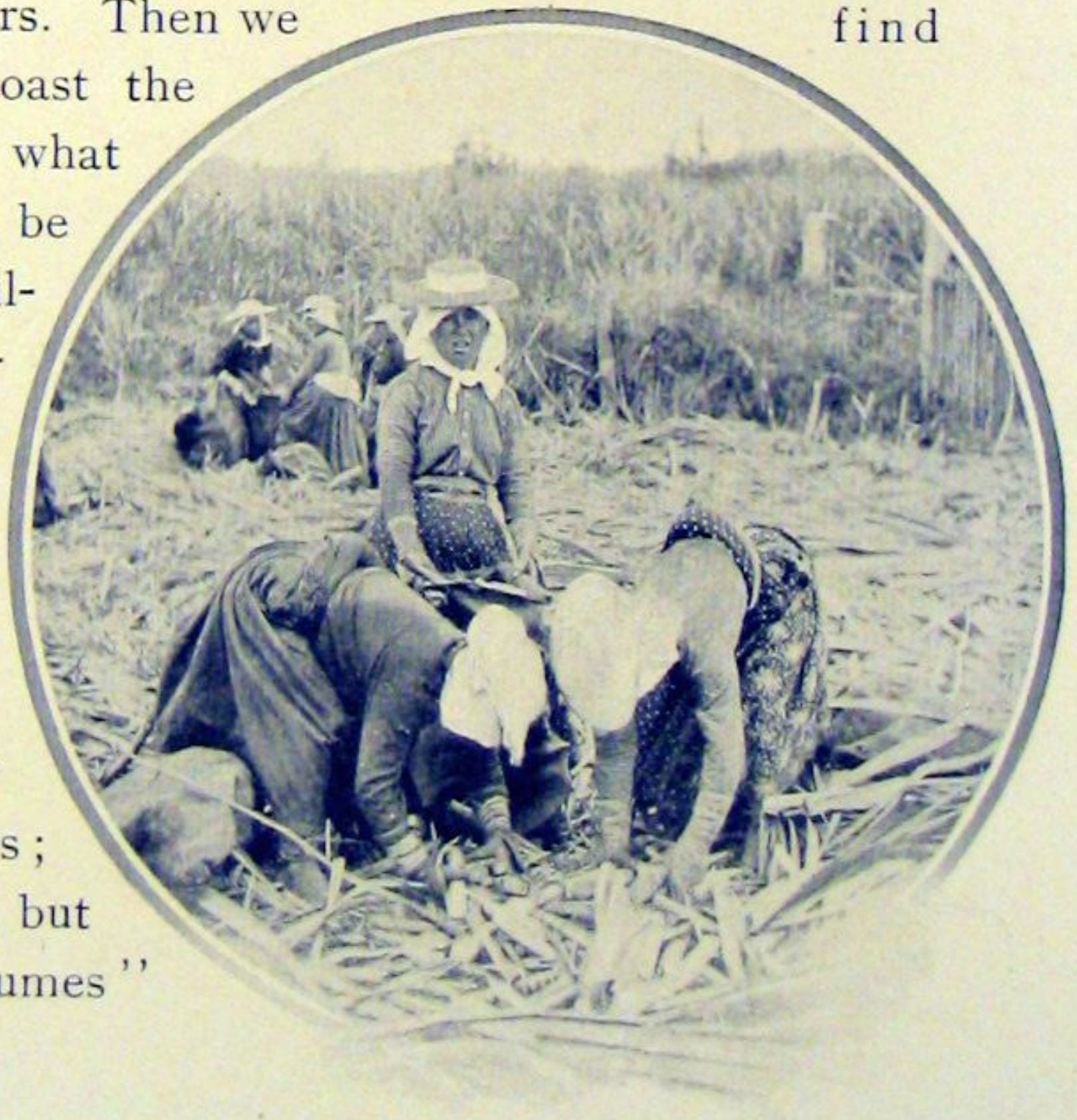


A PICNIC IN IAO VALLEY



A CANE-FLUME

or limb. At one of these perpetually storm-bound ports, the daughter of the U. S. Minister to Hawaii, Mr. John L. Stevens, was thrown from a capsized boat and dashed to death in the relentless breakers. Then we find farther down the coast the gulches spanned by what at first appear to be magnificent steel railway-trestles. Distance, however, deceives us. These structures are of wood, and are found to be, on closer inspection, as dainty as the webs of spiders; they are not bridges, but aqueducts, "cane-flumes"



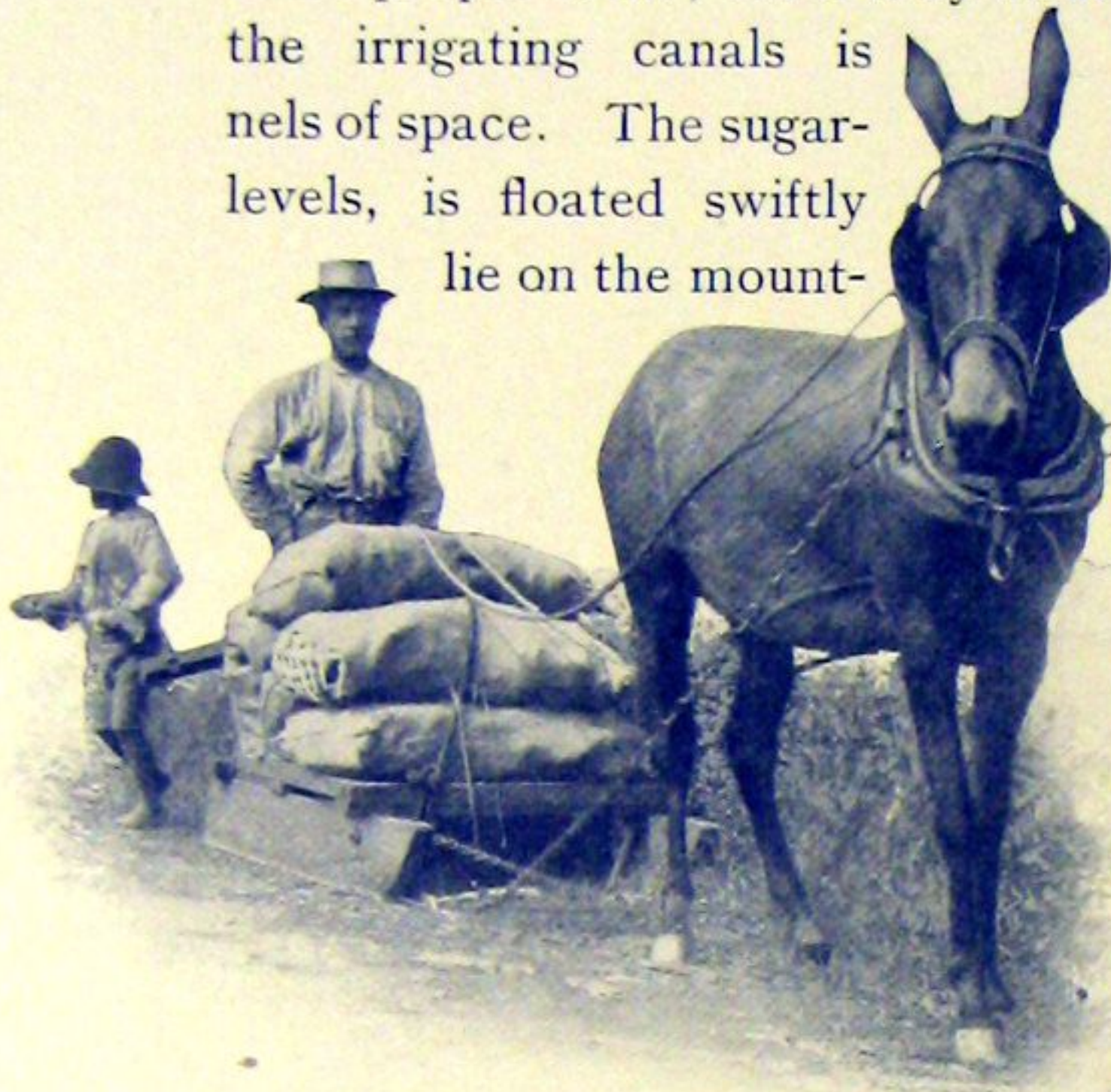
JAPANESE WOMEN



MIDDAY IN THE CANE-FIELDS



is the proper term ; for it is by means of them that the water of the irrigating canals is
 nels of space. The sugar-
 levels, is floated swiftly
 lie on the mount-



A TROPIC SLEDGE

ferried across these chan-
 cane, cut on the higher
 from the plantations that
 ain slopes, down through
 the cane-flumes to the
 sugar-mills, sometimes a
 dozen miles below. The
 most important industry
 of Hawaii is the grow-
 ing and the grinding
 of the sugar-cane.

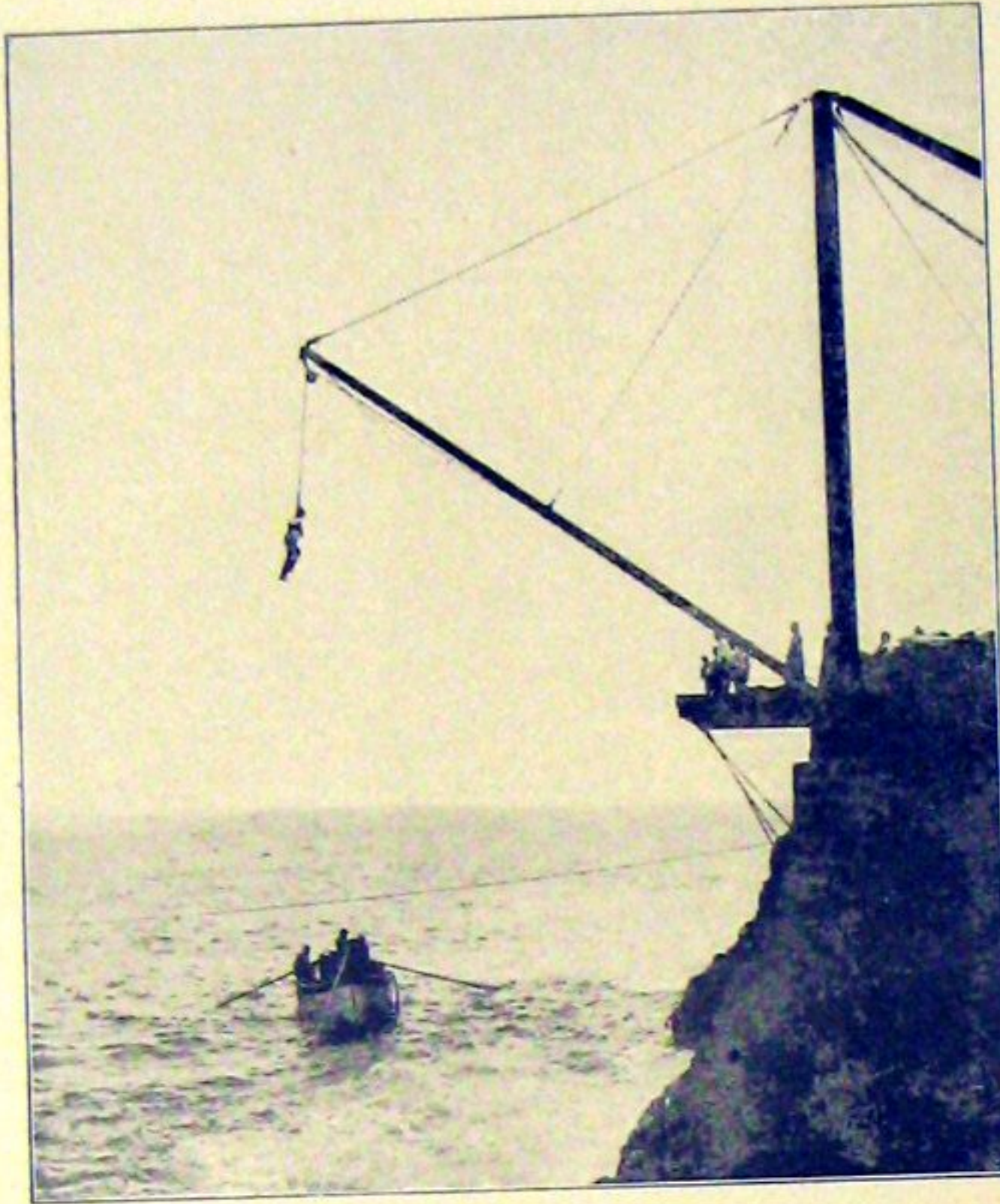
The industry speaks
 for itself. In 1841
 the output was a few
 hundred tons; in 1896

Hawaii exported almost

a quarter of a million tons, and some of the plantations pay
 dividends of 60 per cent annually. It would be interesting
 to follow the processes from the planting to the final sacking



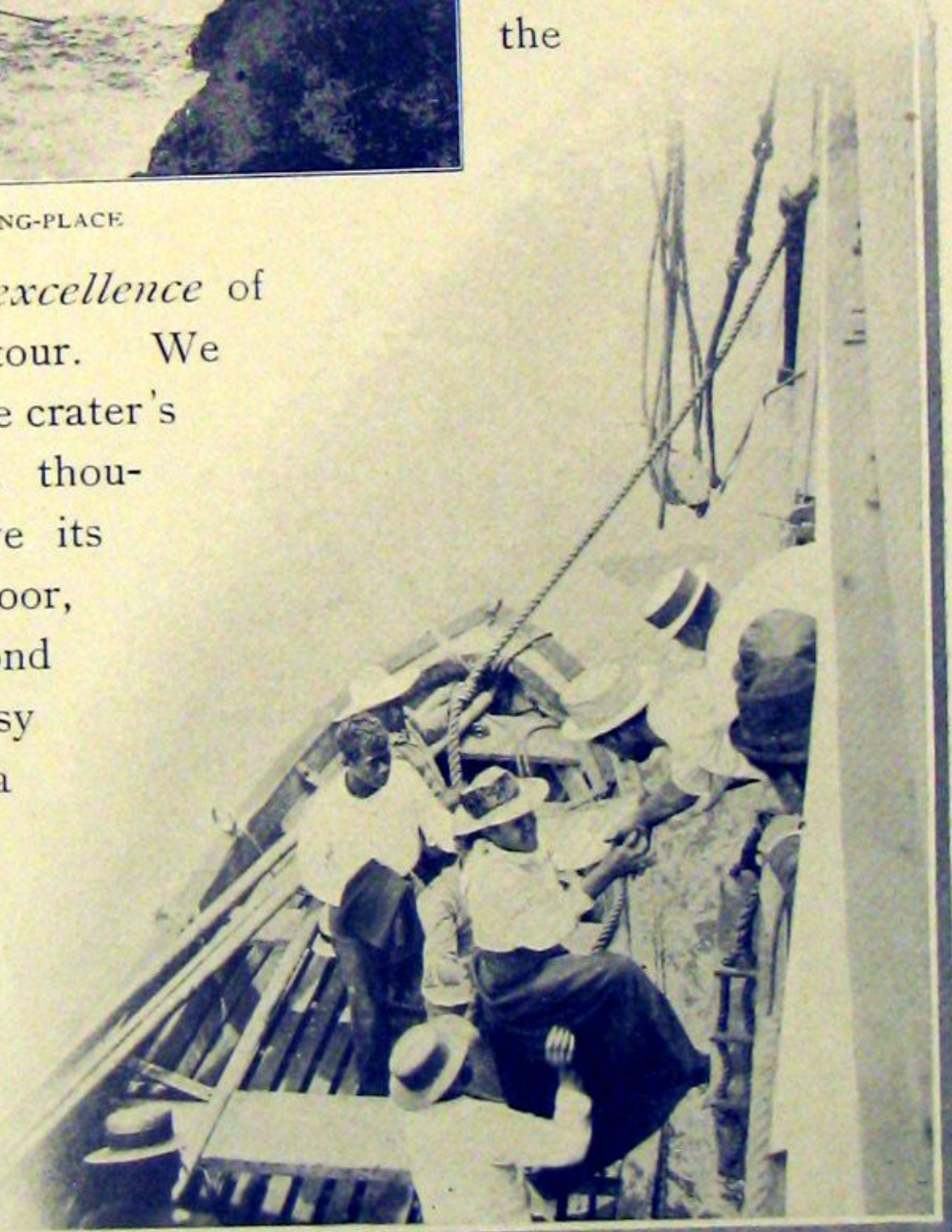
LOADING A CANE-TRAIN



A LANDING-PLACE

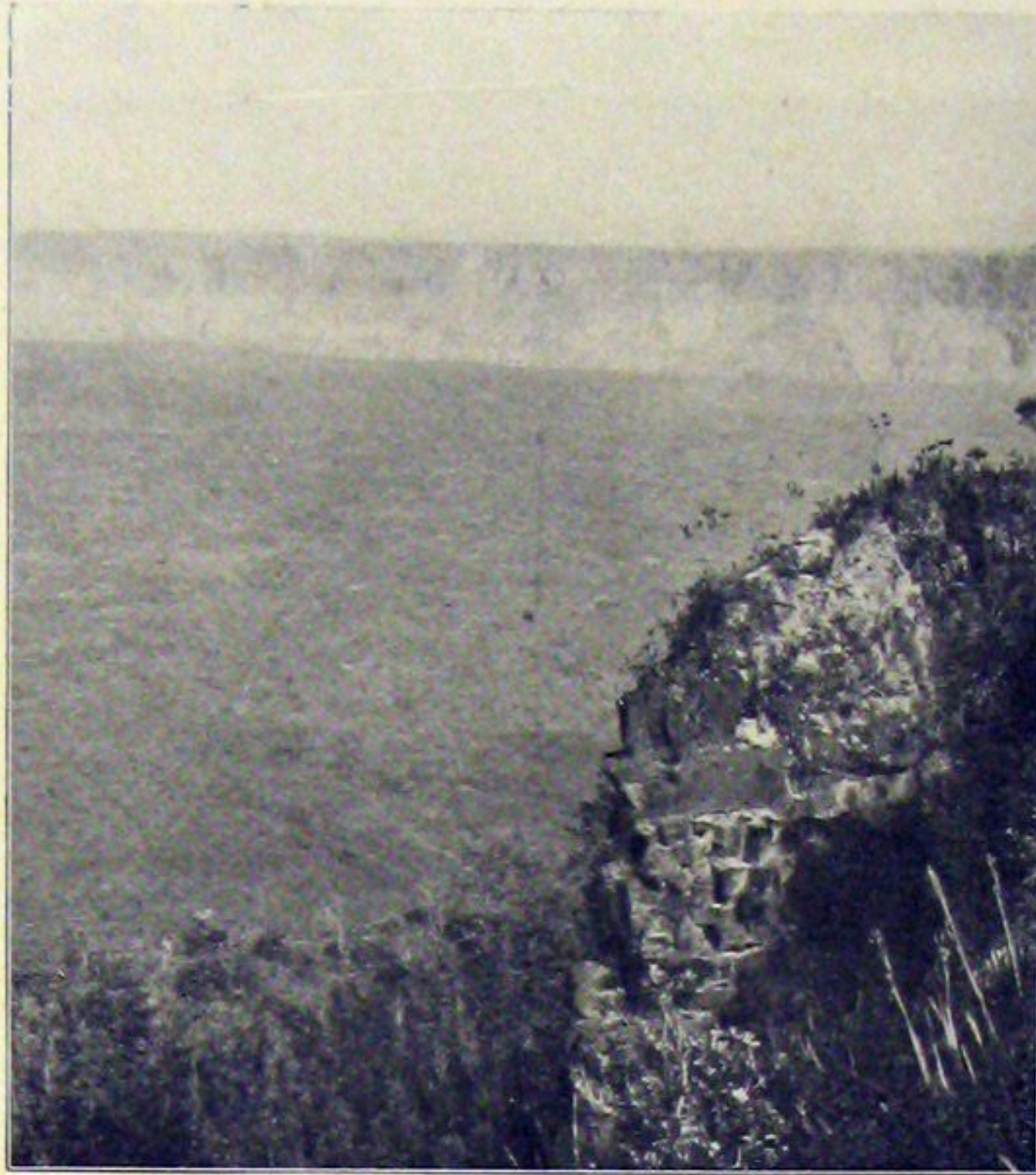
of the rich brown, granulated product, but lack of space forbids. Moreover, the cutting of the cane is the only picturesque feature of plantation-toil. We may accordingly pass on to other topics, and the next topic is, naturally, the Volcano Kilauea, the

spectacle *par excellence* of the Hawaiian tour. We stand now on the crater's brink, about a thousand feet above its hardened lava floor, and there beyond rises the massy slope of Mauna Loa, lifting its summit ten thousand feet above us; the equivalent of fourteen thousand feet above



ALL ABOARD !

the level of the sea. But even from the sea the mountain does not impress us with its height ; it is so huge that man cannot appreciate it. It is roughly two and one-half miles in height and sixty miles in diameter, and to go around its base one must travel almost two hundred miles.



FROM THE BRINK OF KILAUEA

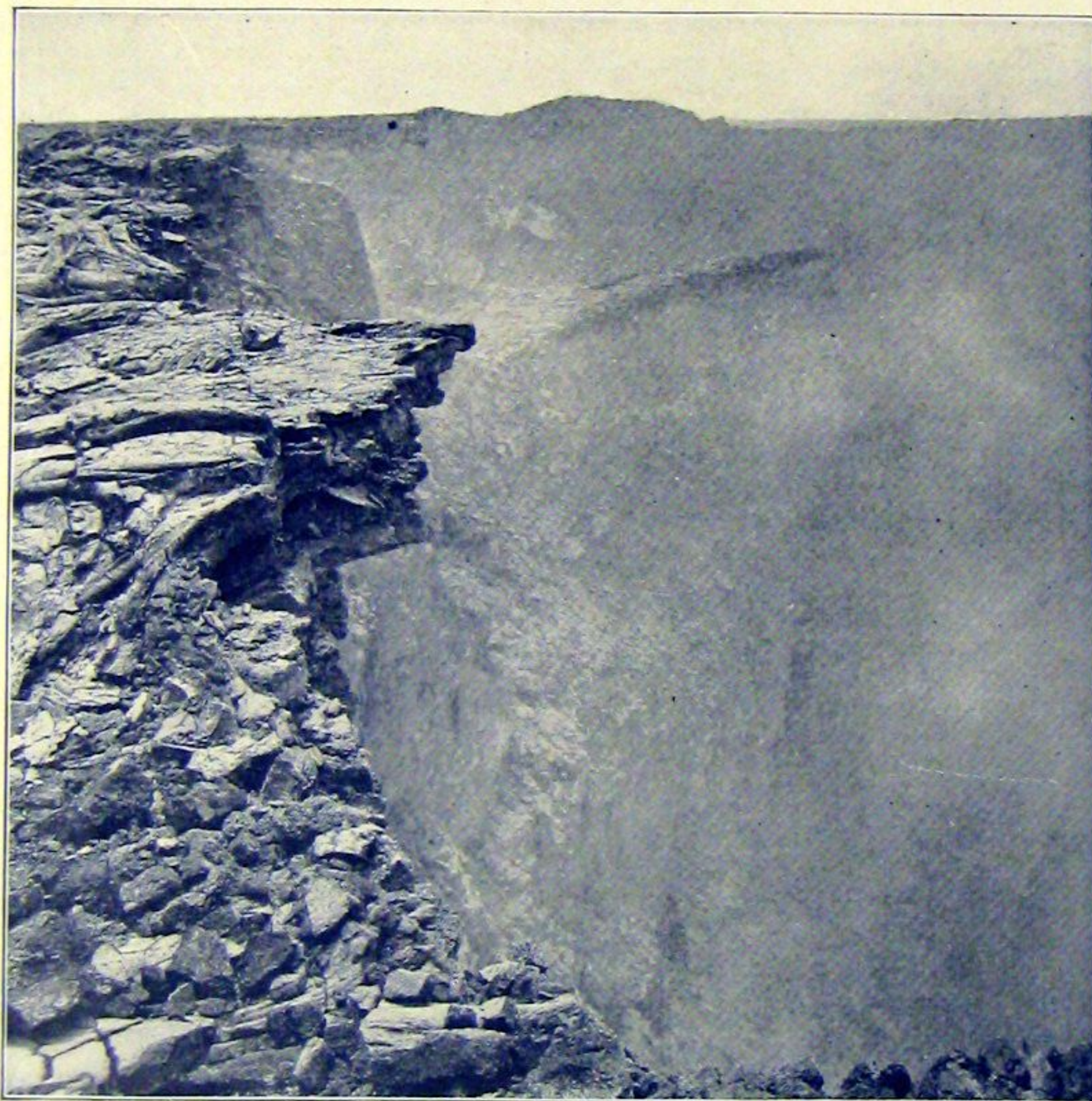
Moreover, like an iceberg, its greater bulk is submerged in the sea ; its foundations lie more than three miles below the level of the waters. Upon its summit is a crater six miles in circumference, which has been active within the last two years.

Our place of abode in this strange region is, of course, the well-known Volcano House, upon the brink of Kilauea. We



THE PAHALA EXPRESS

have not come by the usual route from Honolulu via Hilo. Instead we cruised down the western coast and landed at a place called Punaloo ; thence we ascended through the cane-fields of Pahala, in a tiny plantation train, and from Pahala we were hauled by stage, over the barren, treeless, wind-swept slopes of Mauna Loa, up into the regions of lava, fog,



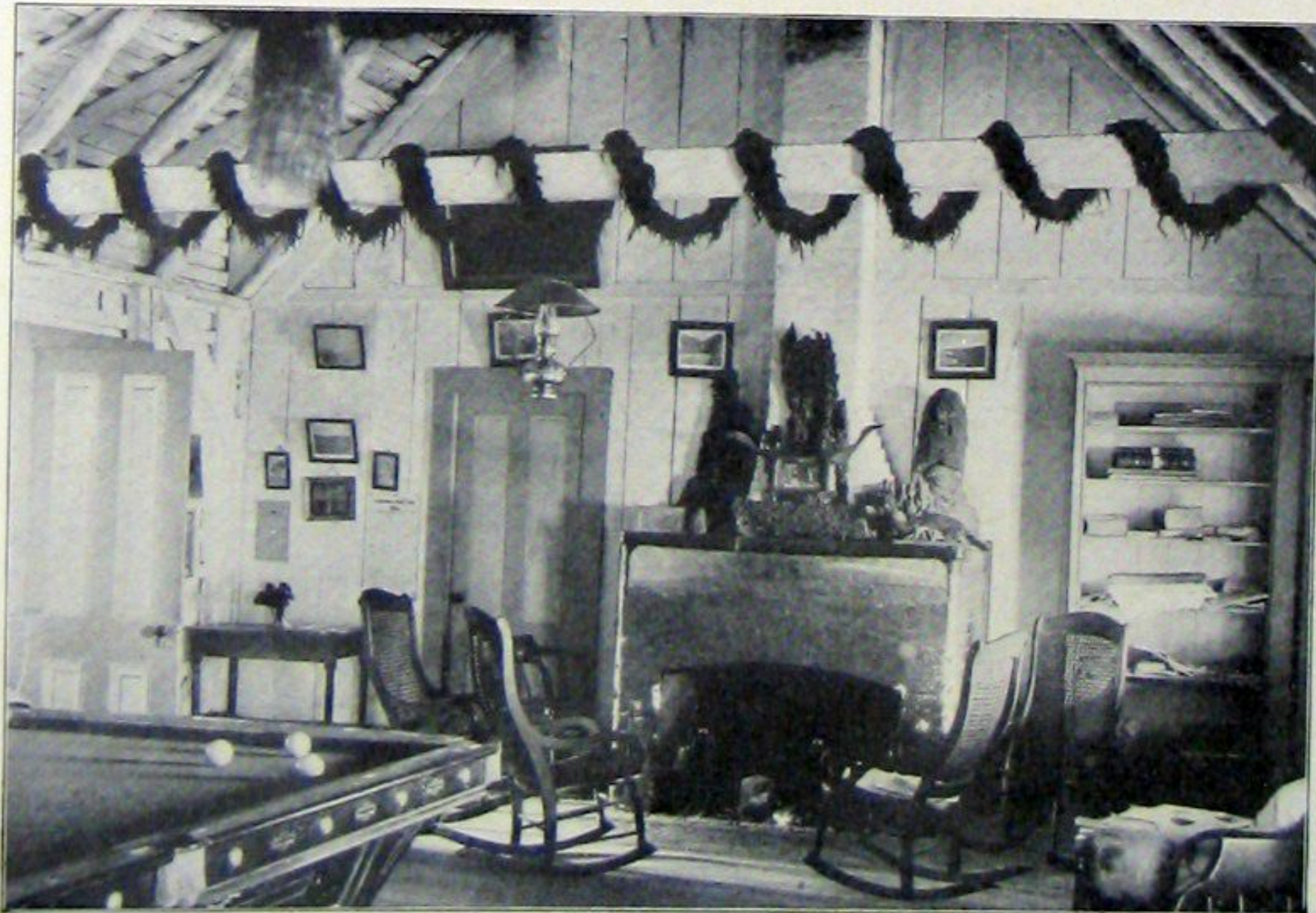
ABYSS OF THE BURNING LAKE

and rain, and finally arrived at the Volcano House, where we learn that there is in store for us a disappointment, not less severe because anticipated. The famous crater of Kilauea is still inactive ; no signs of action have been manifest for many months. We have hoped against hope, and prayed to mighty Pele, the old pagan Fire-Goddess, but all



THE VOLCANO HOUSE

has been in vain. Kilauea, we are told, is silent, dark, inactive, dead. We spend the misty evening by the fireside, where all travelers, since Mark Twain's time, have dried their fog-soaked garments. We turn the leaves of the old tourist-registers, wherein each traveler since 1863 has set



IN THE VOLCANO HOUSE



THE KILAUEA CRATER FROM THE BRINK

down his or her impressions. Most records open with the words: "I arrived after a long," or "tiresome," or "delightful ride from Honolulu"; but one entry, made by a Chicago girl, bore this refreshing introduction: "Like nearly every one who has written here, I *arrived* at the Volcano House. I did not *arrive* through any lack of originality on my part, but I really saw no other way of getting here. To-morrow I shall go away again,—the volcano refuses to show off."

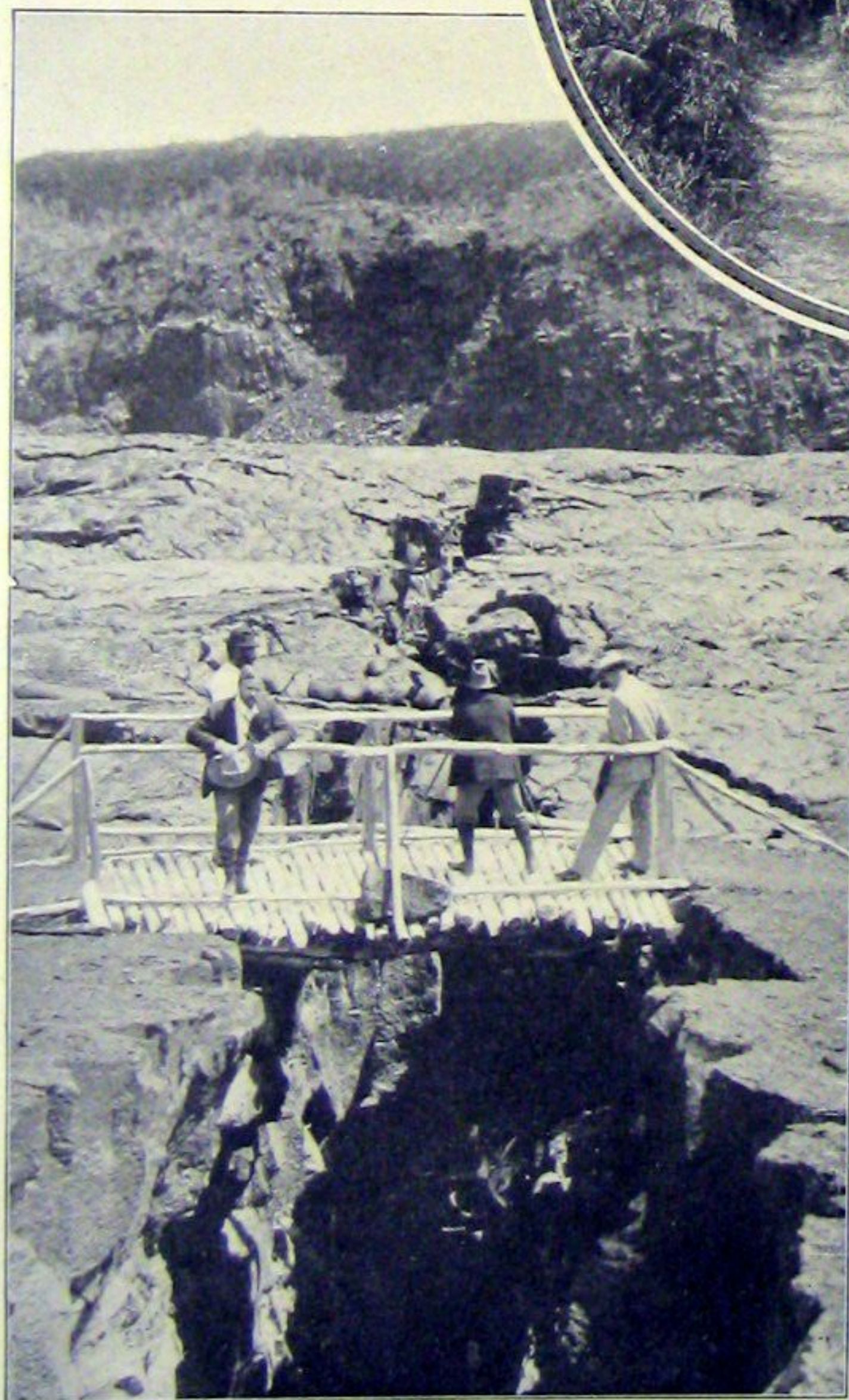


DEAD LAVA

The following morning dawns fair and clear, and at an early hour we descend to the lava floor of Kilauea, and trudge across its seamed and cracked expanse toward the huge pit that marks the spot where the last lake of living fire disappeared. I shall not

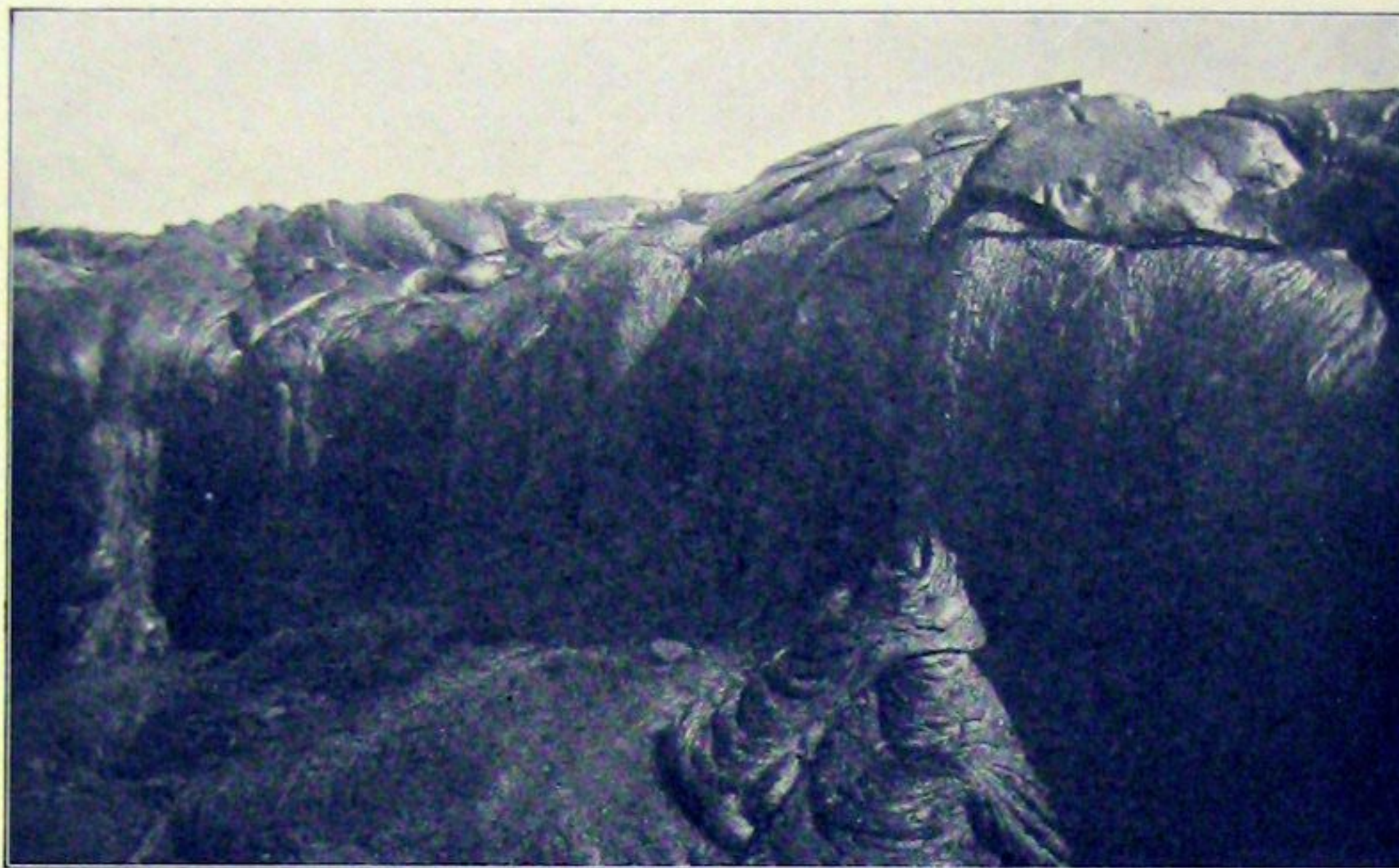


FERNS IN THE CRATER



THE CRACK

attempt to describe that which I did not witness. The burning lava lake in action is one of the few supreme spectacles of the earth, but unfortunately we did not behold it. We see only the charred or blackened frame holding what was and may at any time again be the most stupendous pic-



By permission

LAVA CASCADE

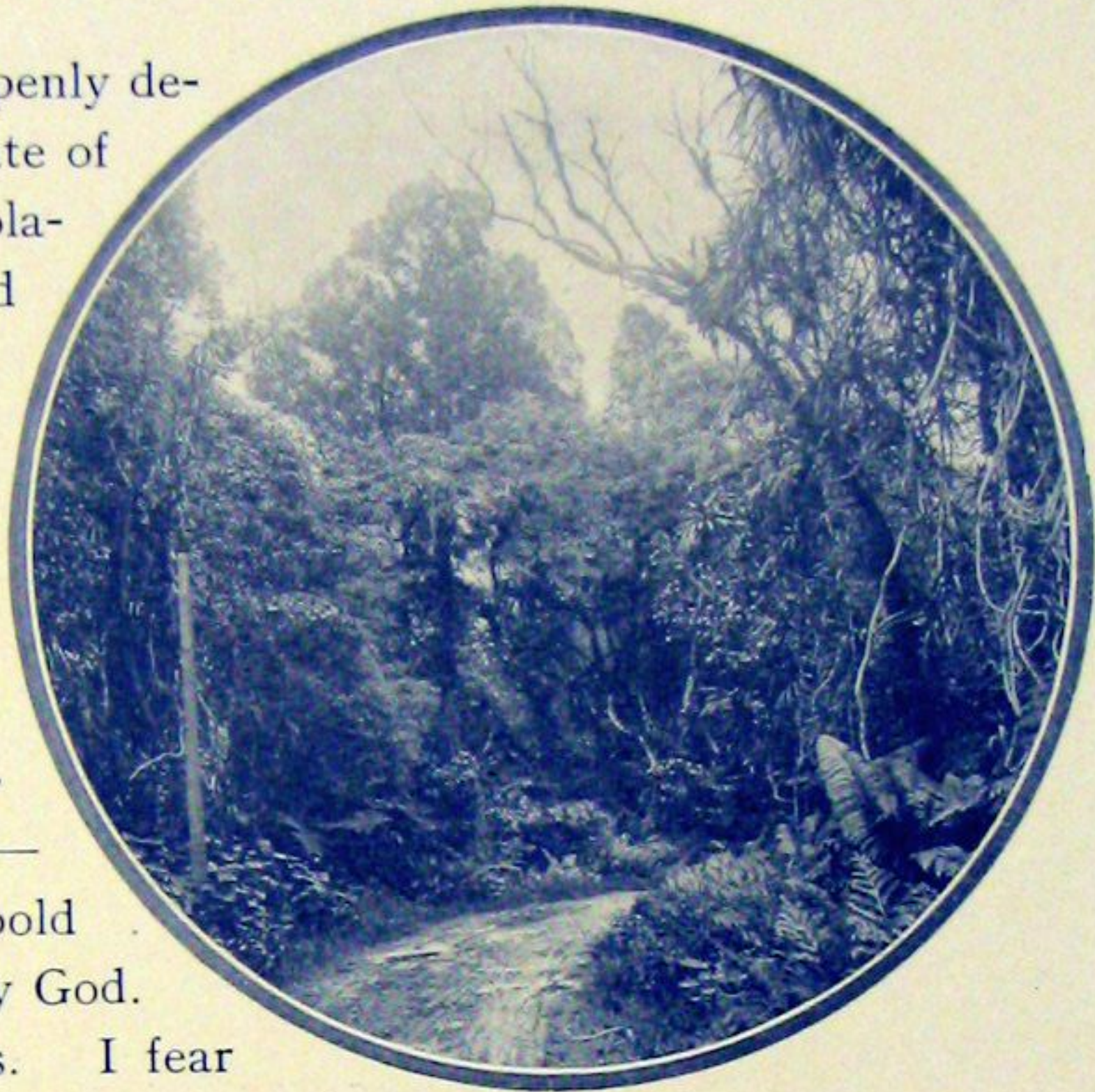
ture of awfulness in the world. The traveler of to-day, as he crosses this gloomy waste with a confidence born of knowledge, cannot appreciate the terror with which this place once inspired the untutored savages. Here was the home of Pele, the Fire-Goddess, and here was performed one of the grandest



"LOOK DOWN!"

acts of moral courage that history records. In 1825, five years after the first missionaries landed, a princess of the royal blood, by name, Kapiolani, a convert to the new faith, led hither eighty followers and in their presence, despite the protests and threats from the

pagan priestesses, she openly defied the dreaded deity, ate of the sacred berries in violation of the tabu, and then, when at last she stood upon the border of the lake of fire, — where now this bottomless abyss gapes as if in consternation at recollection of this exhibition of intrepidity, — Kapiolani cried with a bold voice: “Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear



THE VOLCANO ROAD

not Pele! If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele; but if I trust in Jehovah, and He should save me from the wrath of Pele, when I break through her tabus, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is Jehovah's goodness in sending teachers to turn us from these vanities to the living God and to the way of righteousness.”

There has been nothing grander since Elijah mocked the priests of Baal, and cried unto the Lord God of Israel.

One of the most striking contrasts of this journey in Hawaii is that afforded by this place of death and terror, and the region of exuberant life and beauty through which the traveler passes on his way from the volcano to the coast. The road that leads from the volcano down to Hilo is justly famous for its tropic loveliness; it is as if we rode all day through an interminable hothouse; the redundant growth on either side, the warm moist air, the smell of dampened earth and budding leaves and flowers, all suggest the atmosphere of a conservatory. We met a shower almost every

mile. This is, in fact, one of the wettest regions of Hawaii; if the rainfall of the entire year should be delivered suddenly, all at once, our coach would now be floating in fifteen feet of water, for the annual rainfall is more than 180 inches, or about five yards. No wonder that the moisture-loving ferns and creepers flourish here in wild profusion and unexampled magnitude. I am no botanist; I cannot give you Latin names for all these lovely forms of green. I know that there are ferns of every size, graceful as feathers on a Bird of Paradise, and wild bananas sheltered by huge leaves of rich bright green, and besides these a hundred other things, so lovely that the word "beautiful" describes and classifies them best. And thus it is that we roll downward toward the sea for thirty miles, our four-horse coach swinging us all too swiftly around angles of Eden, past paradisiacal perspectives. At last the bay of Hilo opens wide before us, and the blue sea welcomes us again to its palm-bordered shore. We have



NATURE'S FERNERY

been preceded and followed—and sometimes for miles attended—by gentle tropic showers, of a marvelous rain that is so much dryer than the atmosphere that it seems to gather on our coats like dust or silver powder. It certainly refreshes but it does not wet us!

There is a local saying to the effect that, “It is always raining at Hilo,” and we were therefore overjoyed to find that we were ushered into Hawaii’s wettest town by brilliant summer sunshine. And



APPROACHING HILO

as we sit on the veranda of the Hilo hotel, a really excellent hotel, surprisingly well managed, we are inclined to exclaim like Mark Twain, “What if the rain sifts down?—the umbrella tree is at hand, and the india-rubber tree stands at our



SUBURBAN HILO



THE MAIN STREET OF HILO

very door." Here, also, we see his "trees that cast a shadow like a thunder-cloud." Moreover, he must have written here his inspired recipe for securing a night's rest in spite of the mosquitoes. These are the words of wisdom that Mark Twain set down: "Wait until the mosquitoes have all crawled

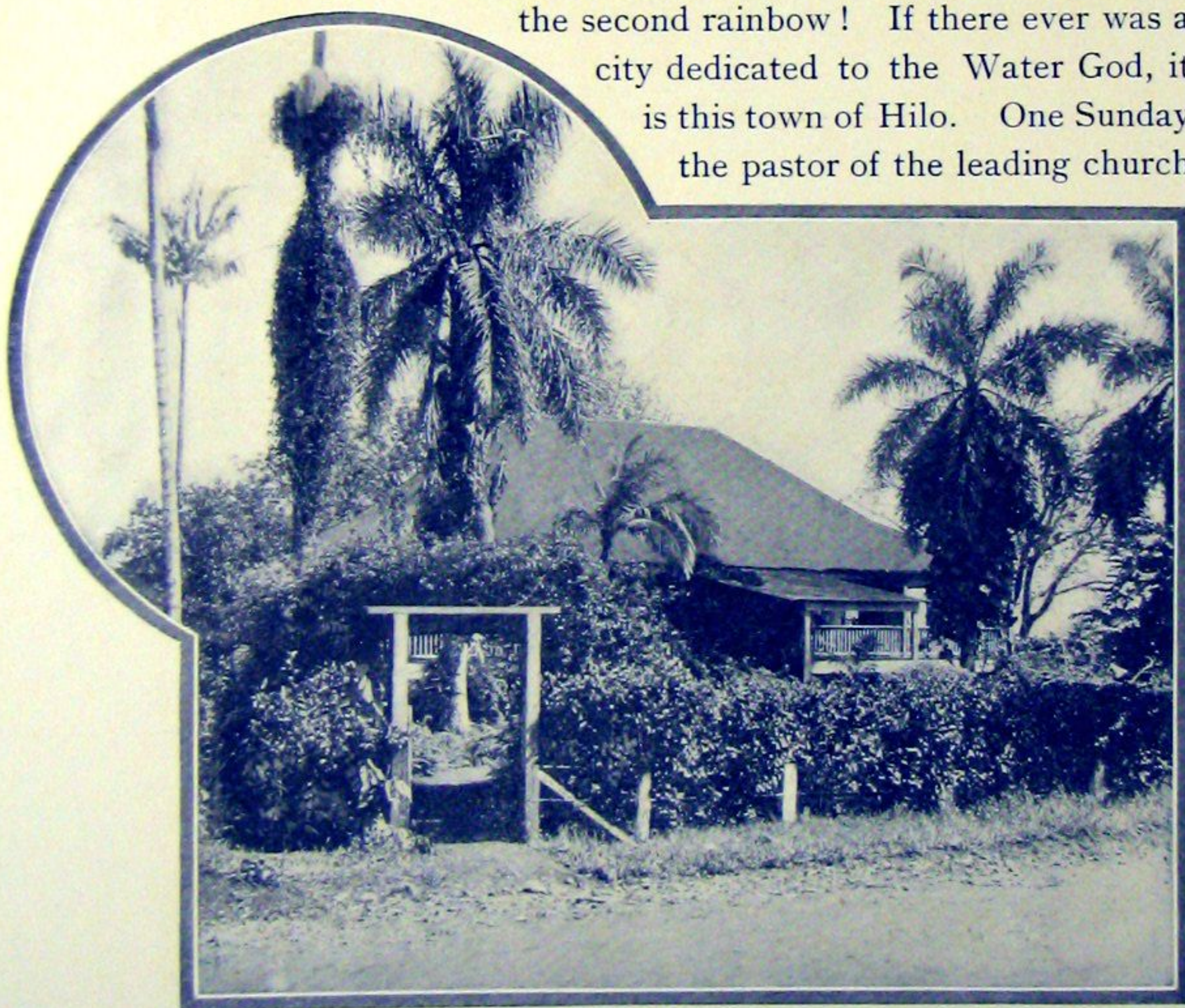


THE HILO HOTEL

in under the bar, then slip out quietly, shut *them* in, and sleep peacefully on the floor till morning!"

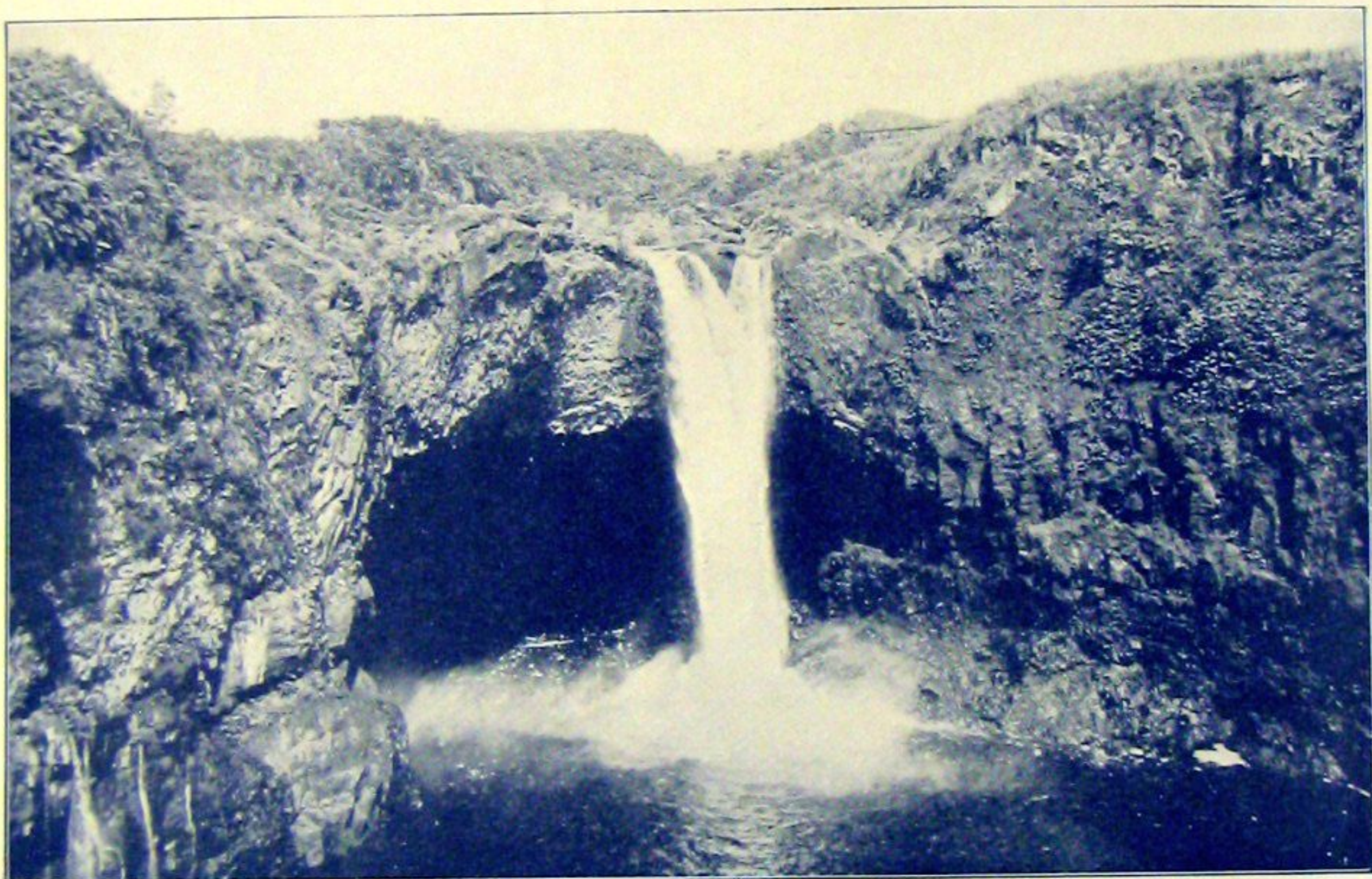
Apropos of rain, it is no unusual thing in Hilo to see ladies on one side of the main street, strolling along with sunshades, to protect them from the tropic rays, while those upon the other side require stout umbrellas to keep their bonnets dry. Showers parade across and up and down the town with military precision—the edge of a shower frequently leaving a mark as clear and sharply defined as the wheel ruts in the streets. Suppose you ask to be directed to a certain house, do not be astonished if you are told to go up such and such a street until you come to the third shower, then turn to the right, and to stop just this side of

the second rainbow! If there ever was a city dedicated to the Water God, it is this town of Hilo. One Sunday the pastor of the leading church



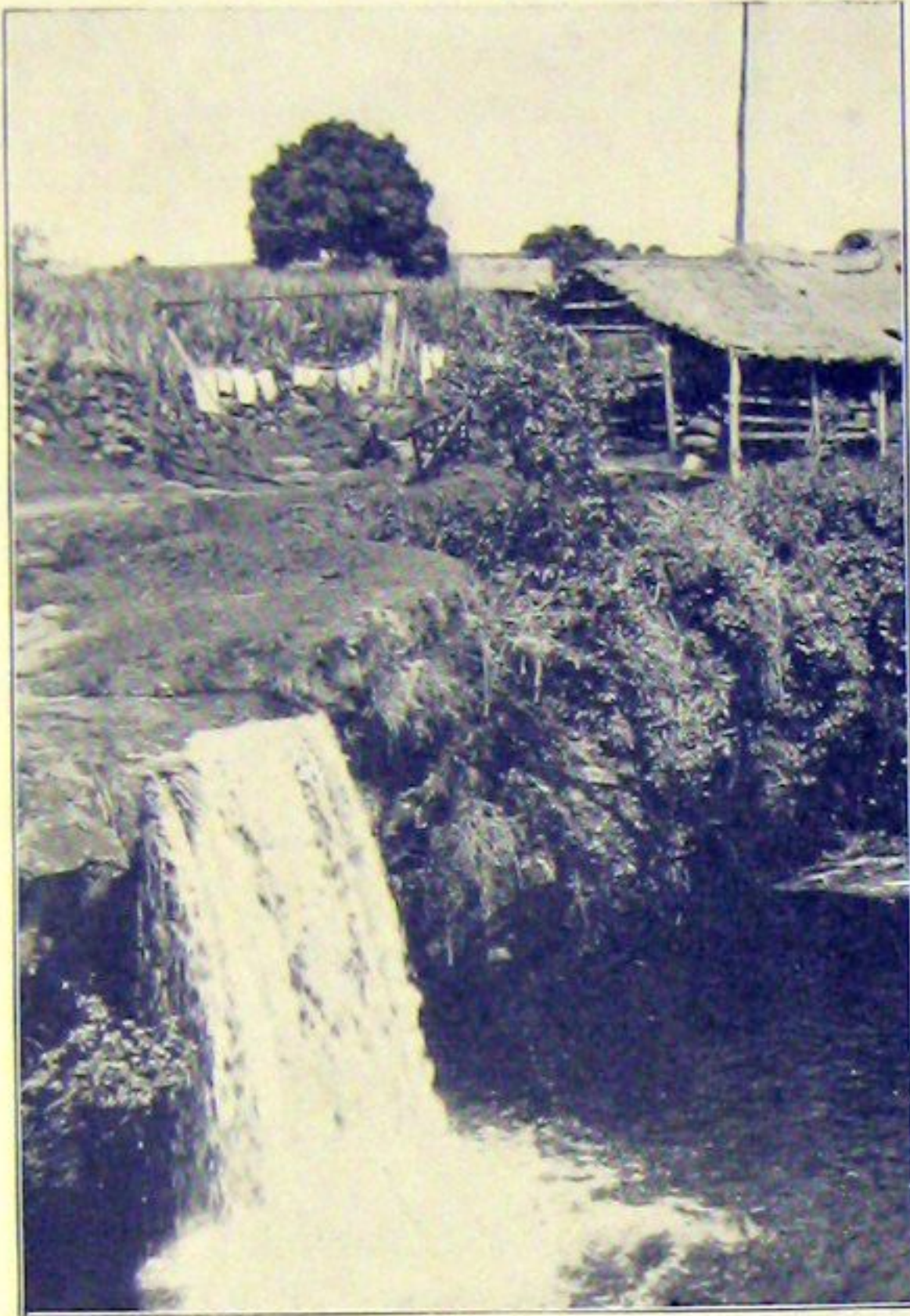
A HOME IN HILO

preached on the text, "Be ye also ready," and that very night a tidal wave came ashore and made a boisterous visit to his parishioners. Some epigrammatic traveler has said, "Follow a Pacific shower, and it leads you to Hilo." We, on our own authority, may add, "Follow a Hilo guide, and he leads you to Rainbow Falls." For, as if the daily down-pour from the skies were not sufficient, as if the tidal waves were not enough, nature deluges the vicinity of Hilo with



RAINBOW FALLS NEAR HILO

countless waterfalls and cataracts, of which the prettiest tumbles into this nest of rainbows, and for all we know stays there forever, for no escape for the waters is visible to those who stand upon the brink of this roofless lava-tunnel where the element of water has supplanted that of fire. It is as if Dame Nature wished to make amends for having so often in the past hurled down her seething lava-floods from Mauna Loa's crater. And as we pause near another cascade that leaps over a lava shelf into another basin formed by the

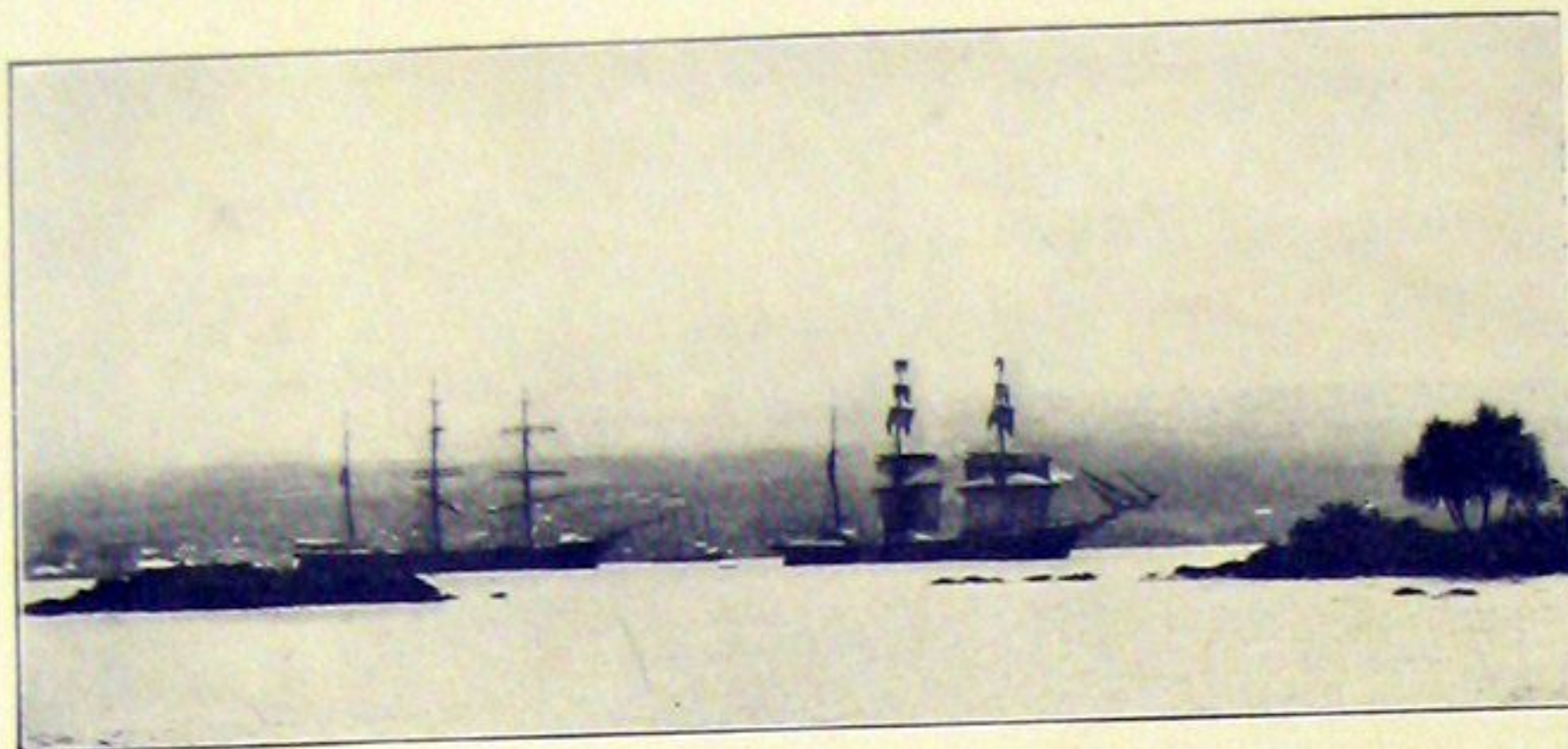


A CASCADE

cracking of some ancient lava-bubble, we remember that Hilo has oft been threatened with destruction. In 1881 a river of lava advanced to the very outskirts of the town; the population was prepared for flight, the ponderous machinery of the sugar-mill was made ready for instant embarkation, but at last the red-hot current cooled, slackened, ceased to flow only three quarters of a mile from Hilo, and now Dame Nature has sent a multitude of lovely

ferns to hide from sight the evidence of her cruel threat. Another lava flow, in 1855, ran sixty miles, and flooded three hundred square miles of territory, continuing for thirteen months.

JAPANESE HOUSE
NEAR HILO

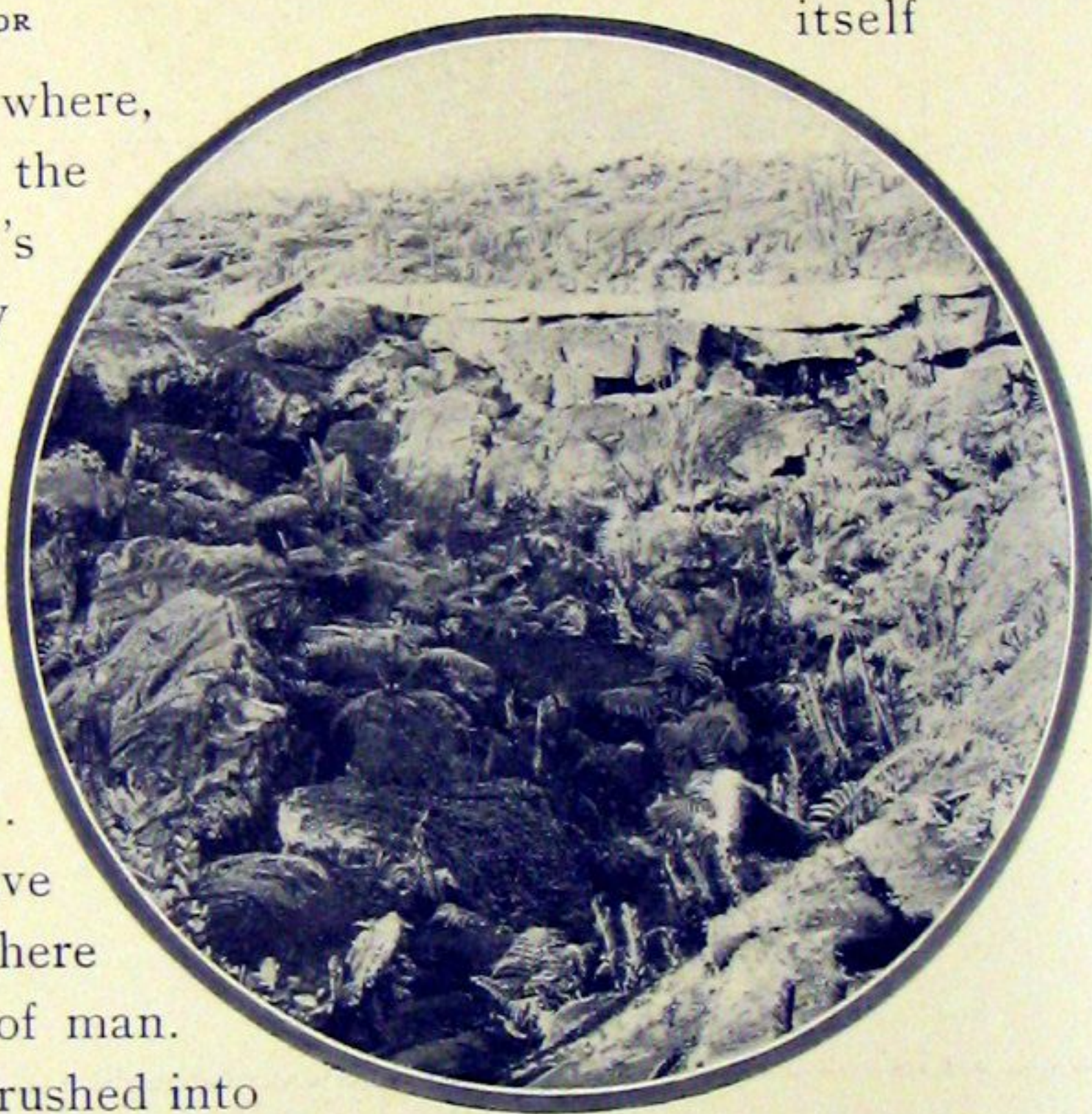


HILO HARBOR

The beautiful little island that lies at one extremity of Hilo harbor was formed by some prehistoric lava flow; the coast itself

but marks the place where, in the great war of the elements, Neptune's waters won a victory and checked the advance of Pele's fiery forces that charged down from her fortresses in the mountains—from craters 14,000 feet above. Battles like these have been fought elsewhere within the memory of man. In 1868 a lava river rushed into the sea, heated the waters for over a mile from the shore, and cooked every shark, whale, and every little fish that chanced to be cruising off that red-hot coast.

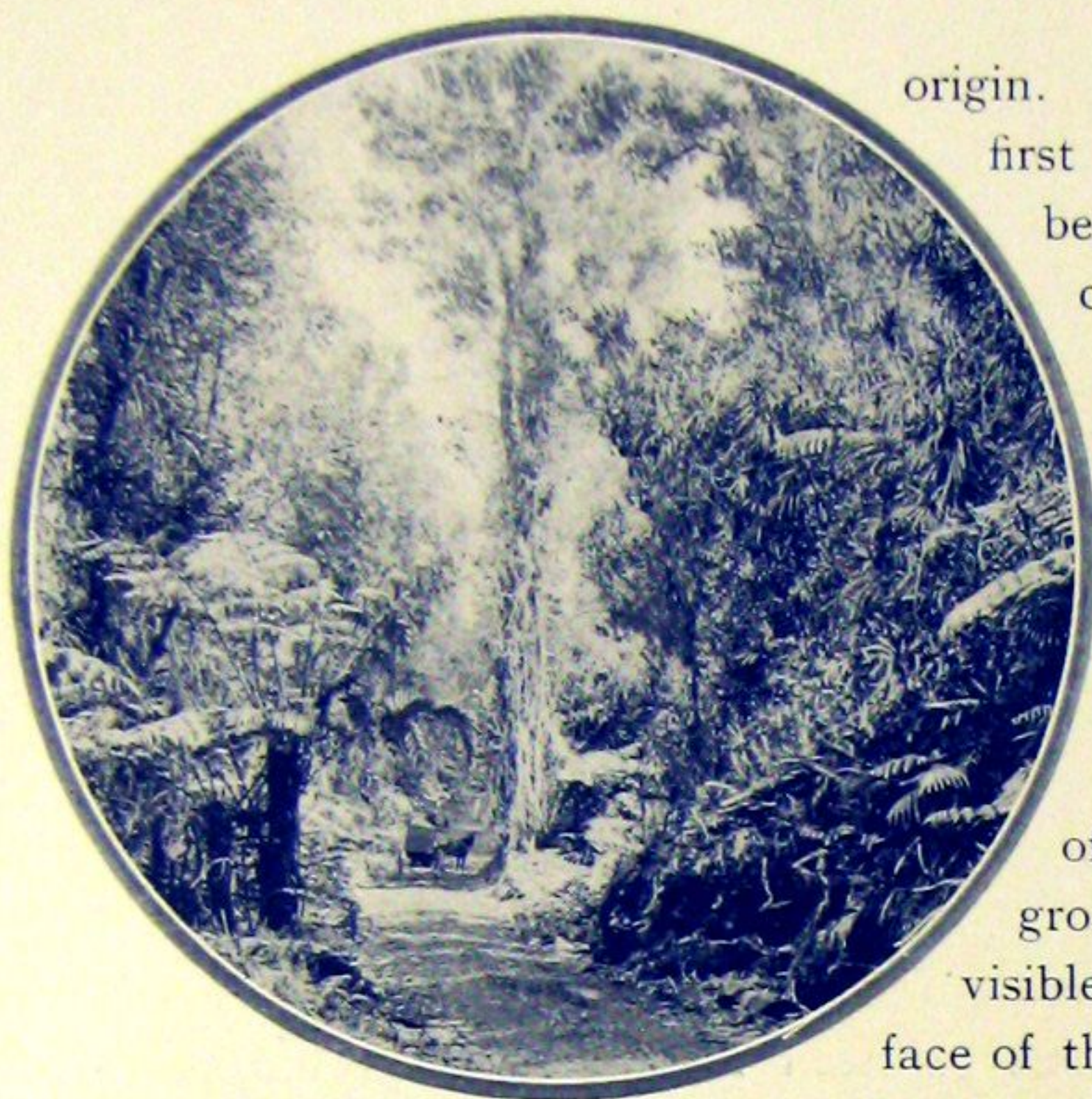
The entire archipelago is of volcanic



A LAVA STREAM



COCOANUT ISLAND



CLEFT IN THE JUNGLE

origin. Fifteen volcanoes of the first class have existed and been in brilliant action, according to Professor Maxwell, who is an eminent authority. "This island of Hawaii," he says, "has resulted from the action of four grand centers of eruption. These four volcanoes have been of individual origin and also growth — first coming into visible existence above the surface of the ocean, and building up by the material of subsequent eruptions until the huge cones were raised to heights varying from five to fourteen thousand feet above the sea." Of these the highest is the peak of Mauna Kea, the gentle slope of which is visible to us as we drift lazily from Hilo Bay into the smooth waters of the Waiakea River. So gradual is the incline of that volcanic mound that it appears not more than one or two thousand feet in height, but its real height is nearly 14,000 feet. These cones are about thirty miles distant one from another. The spaces between, formerly ocean channels, are now interior valleys and plateaus, formed by later discharges from the craters or outbursts from the slopes. The valleys are of tropic luxuriance. There the banana and the mango and the useful taro flourish; then higher lies the belt of the cane-lands, yielding sometimes ten tons of sugar to the acre; above the sugar-region lies a broad belt of ideal coffee-land; then higher still are pastures for the mountain cattle, and then clear to the distant sky-line stretch the desert lava wastes, trackless, inanimate, and horrible

We had no wish to see those desolate highlands, but the reputed beauty of the coffee-region, reached by a new road through the tropic jungle, appealed to us, and at the earnest solicitation of an enthusiastic coffee-planter, I gave up my steamer-berth for Honolulu and joined him on a tour of inspection of this new field of industry.

A few years ago the Puna district was an impassable tangle of fierce, savage, lovely vegetation, a wilderness of green, hundreds of square miles in extent. It was in 1898 the newest region in Hawaii, the latest land of promise to allure both the man who seeks to invest safely a fortune already made, and the man who seeks to make a new one. My companion is of the former class, and with the true American spirit is using his wealth to turn the lovely wilderness into a paying piece of property. I need not tell you of the beauty of this ride. Even the celebrated road to the volcano must yield the palm,—and in fact, the banana and everything else—to this new-cut road that penetrates almost to the heart of the promised land of Puna. The tall trees are the Ohia, and around their trunks are twined the serpent-like tendrils of the Ieie, a very strong creeping thing that seems with its knife-like leaves to be an armed protector of the tree that it entwines from root to very tip. Both the ohia



OHIA TREES AND IEIE-VINES



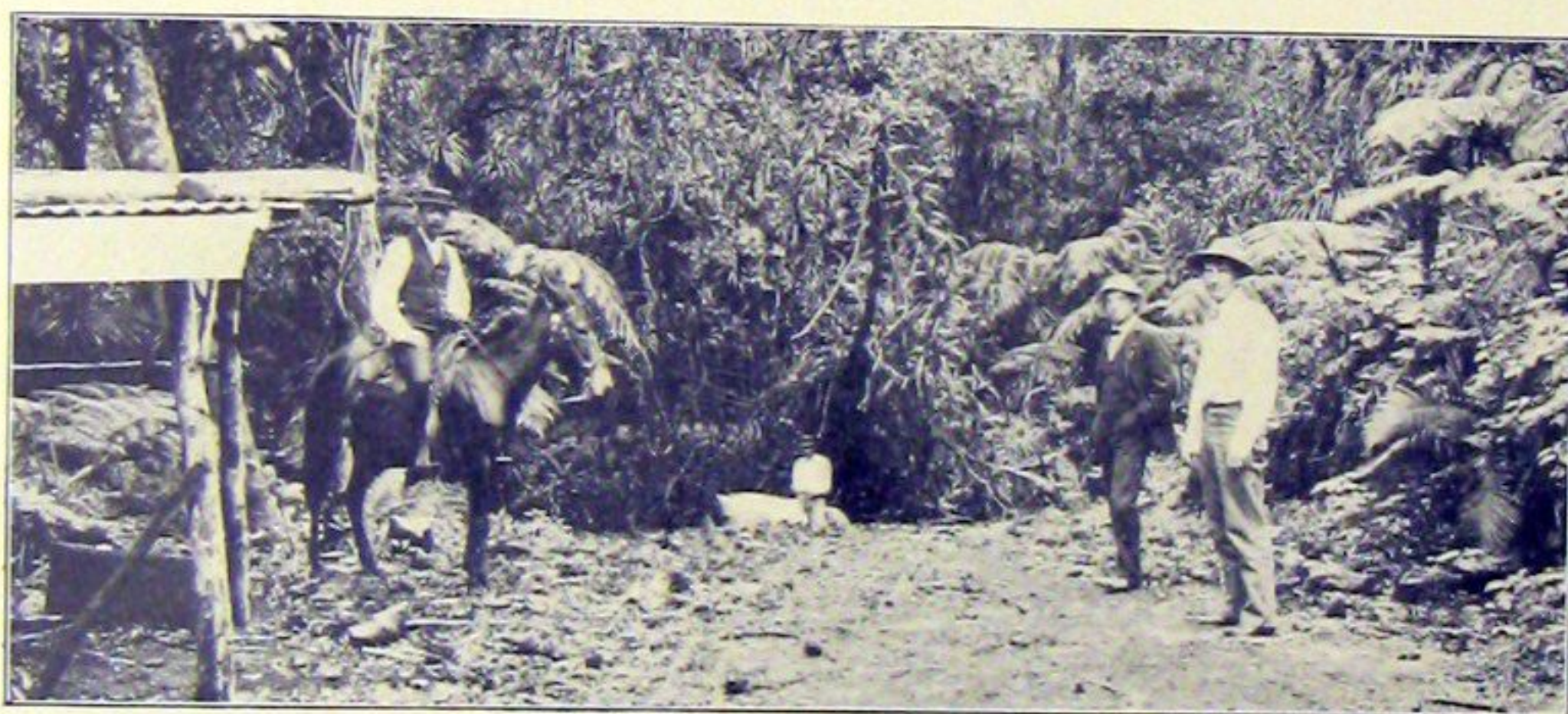
THE PUNA HIGHWAY



TWO COFFEE-PLANTERS

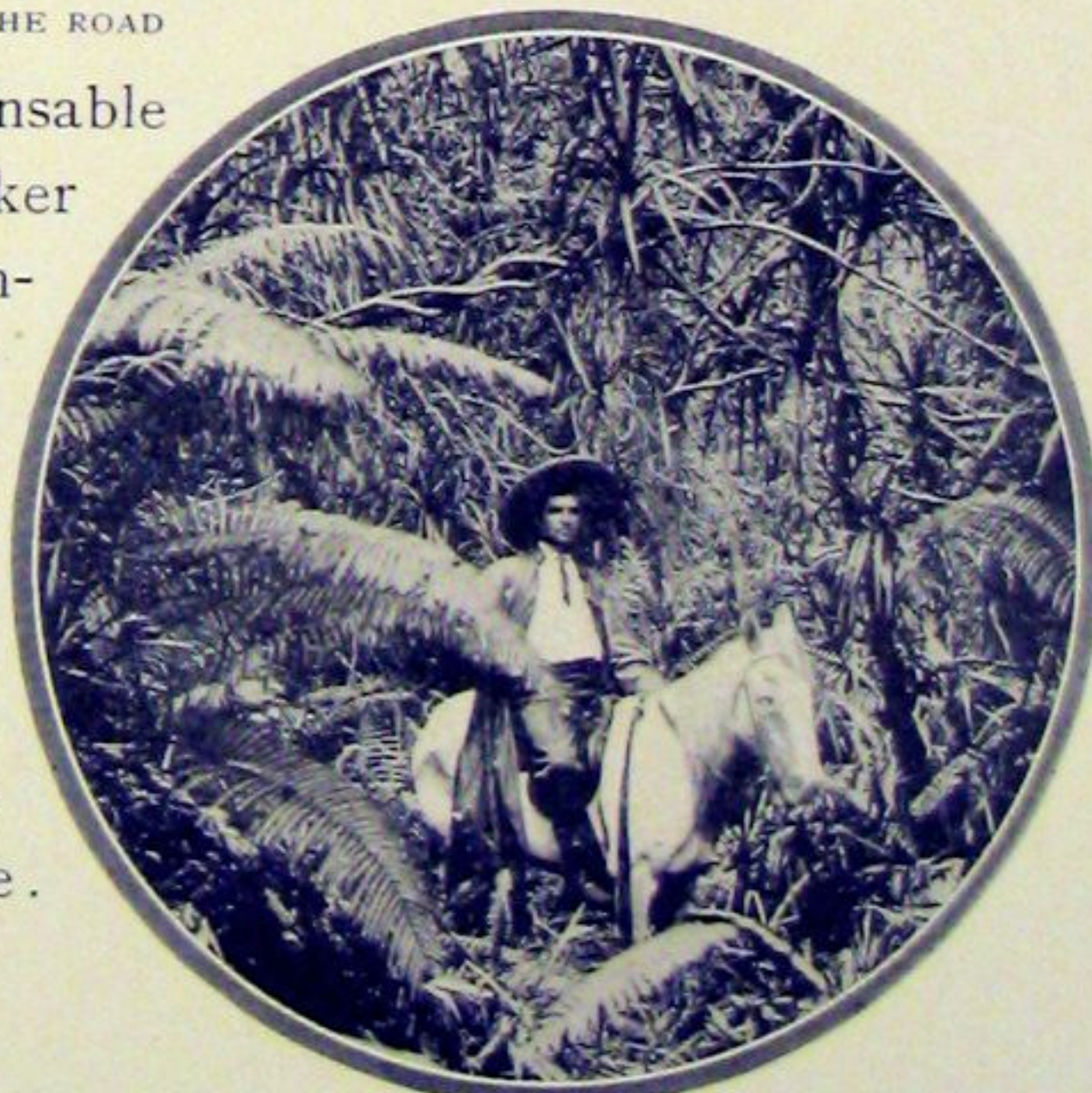
and the ieie bear at certain seasons of the year a little blossom of intense red, as if the blades of the ieie-vine had actually drawn blood.

A few miles farther on we meet our hosts, two coffee-planters of the younger generation ; both are Americans, one born, however, in Hawaii and resident in the islands all his life ; the other, he of the broad-brimmed hat, a self-exiled San Franciscan.



THE END OF THE ROAD

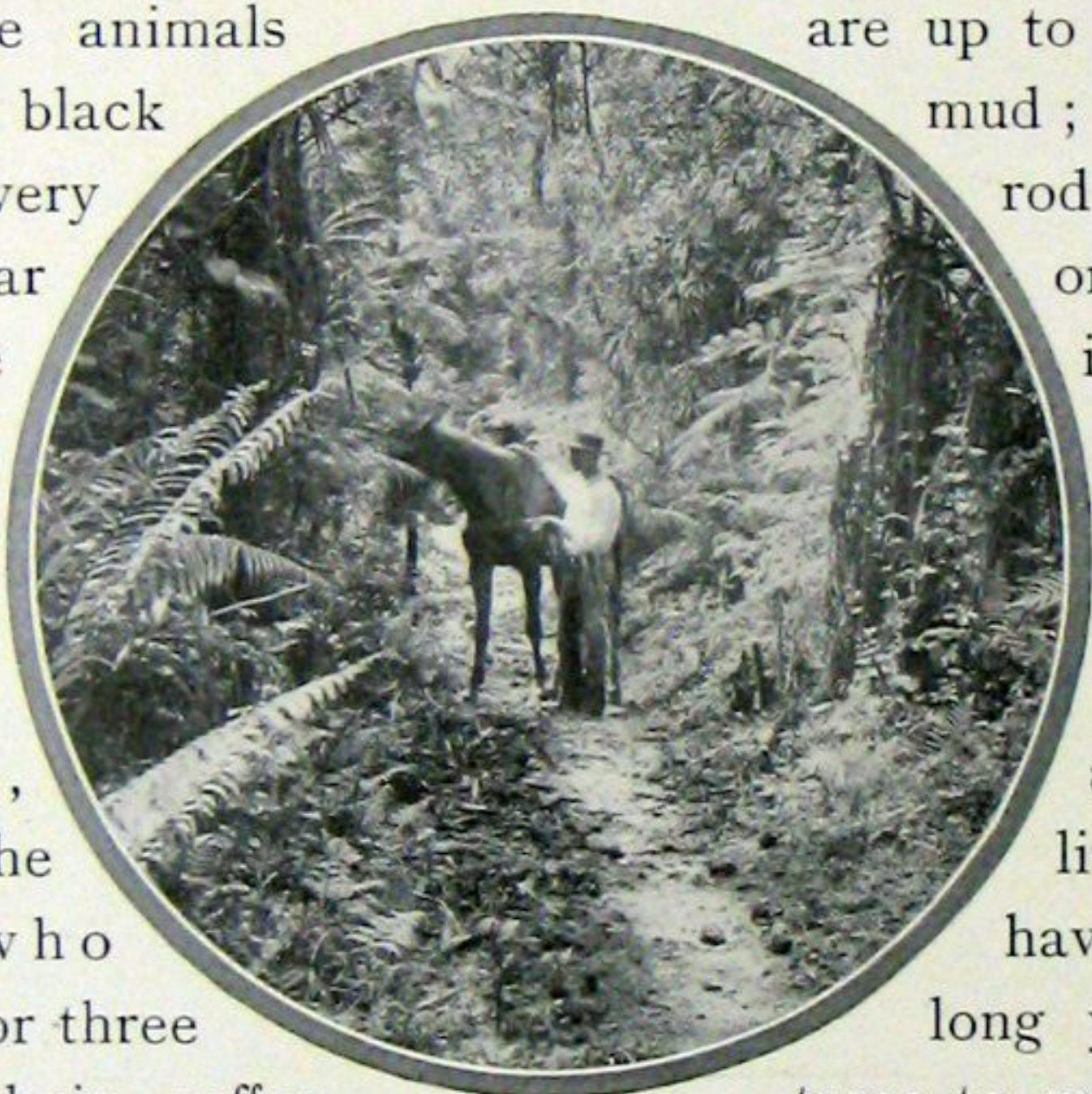
Both of them wear the indispensable crude water-proof or pummel-slicker—for Puna is a place of drenching rains. We follow them along the corridor of verdure till the corridor comes to a sudden end. The road ends as abruptly as a shaft in a silver mine, bringing up against the solid wall of the apparently impenetrable jungle.



IN THE JUNGLE

And now, forsaking cart and buggy, we load our baggage on the horses, and mounting mules that have been sent from the plantation we boldly plunge into the tropic tangle. We feel as if all hope should be abandoned here; surely no human habitation can be hid in this labyrinth of rain-soaked vegetation. They must be leading us into the haunts of savage beasts or the abode of serpents,—only there are no wild beasts and no deadly reptiles in Hawaii. For a mile or more we struggle through the leafy tunnel—so green and damp as to appear unearthly, as if it were a forest at the bottom of the sea. The animals

are up to their knees in a rich black mud; a dozen times to every rod there is a log to clear or a swinging rope of the ieie-vine to avoid, but finally we come out into the world of men—of good, kind, and hearty men, for the little group of fellows, who have been living here for three



A PATH IN PUNA

long years, waiting for their coffee-trees to grow, watching each budding berry as it slowly turns from green to ripened red,—are like a lot of college men on a prolonged and possibly perpetual picnic in the woods. Their home is of semi-native construction, its walls of leaves, its roof of corrugated iron. There are two rooms. In one they sleep and in the other they dine with appetites born of an outdoor life. A Japanese cook prepares for them far better meals than can be had at the hotel in Honolulu. The temperature is almost invariably of such degree that it is not noticed, and the drafts that filter through the leafy walls are

not the kind that cause pneumonia. Twenty-four showers every day beat their tattoos upon the roof, and after every shower the sun comes out and smiles as if to say, "That little rainfall was nothing but a joke."



THE PLANTERS' HOUSE

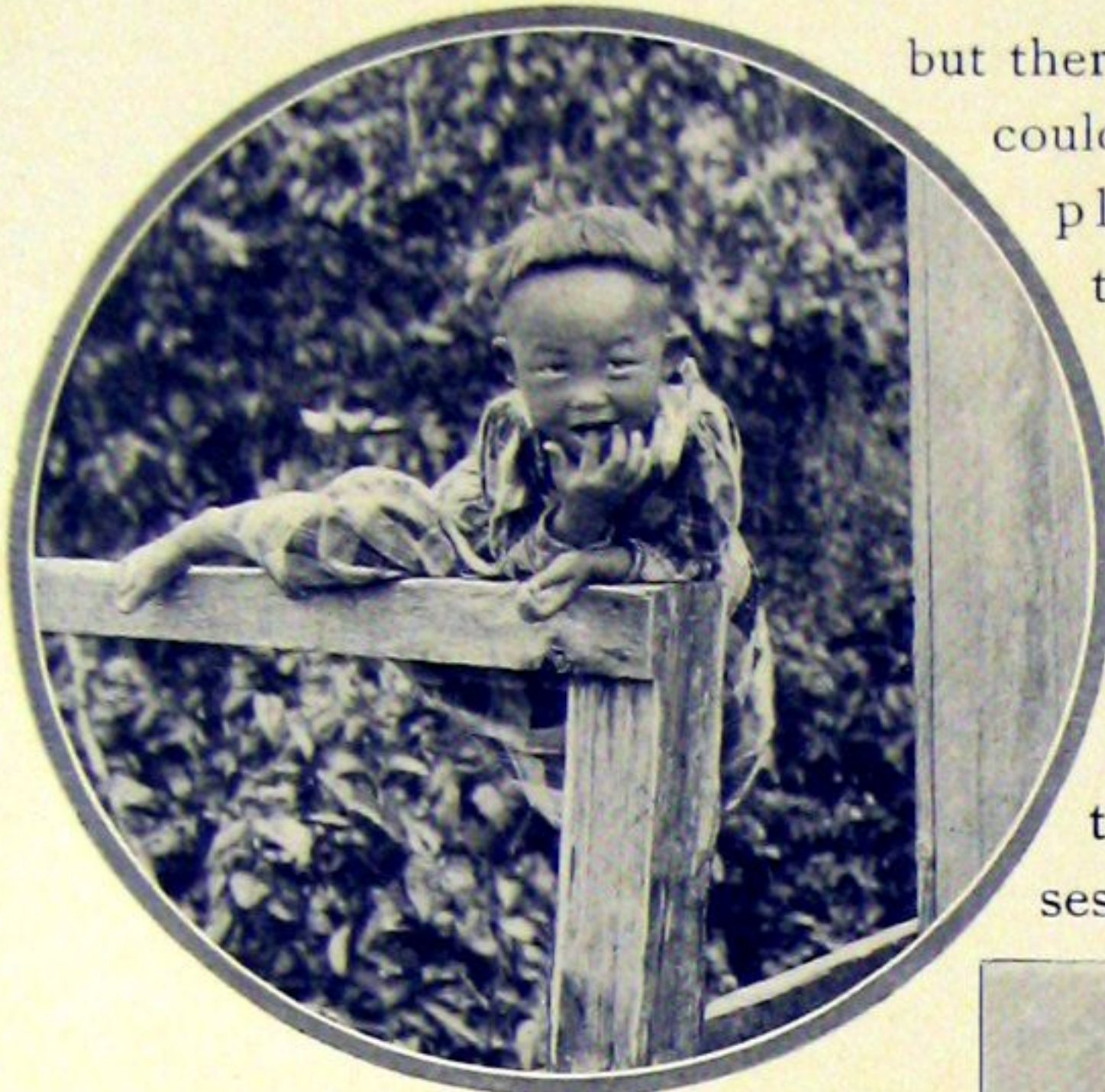
The coffee-fields, of course, claim our attention. There are here about a hundred acres under cultivation in clearings of from five to ten acres each. Some of their coffee is already in its fourth year and promises a crop with a little profit for the present season. The planters estimate that a tract of seventy-five acres will in five years have paid expenses for

clearing, planting, cultivating, picking, sorting, drying, and shipping, and thereafter it should yield a profit of from eight to ten thousand dollars annually.



A HOME IN THE PUNA JUNGLE

The labor is performed largely by the better class of Japanese (the offspring of whom is just as quaint and fascinating as in Japan itself),



"OHAYO!"

capital may find in coffee culture an ideal existence in an ideal land. But as I ride with one of my hosts through the dense tangled forest that shuts in this little community of half a dozen white men and half

but there is no reason why white men could not find it profitable and pleasant. The most trying thing for the owners of a coffee-ranch is the four or five years' waiting while tender little trees are growing up, preparing to reward the men who cared for them in childhood. Men who love solitude and nature and are possessed of patience and a little



A TOILER FROM JAPAN



COFFEE

a hundred Japanese, I am led to suspect that this peaceful novel life, so grateful to us who come as visitors for a brief season, is most monotonous to those who have to spend here twelve months of the year, with no diversion save an occasional ride to Hilo or a semi-annual trip to Honolulu. Our stay in Puna ended, we return



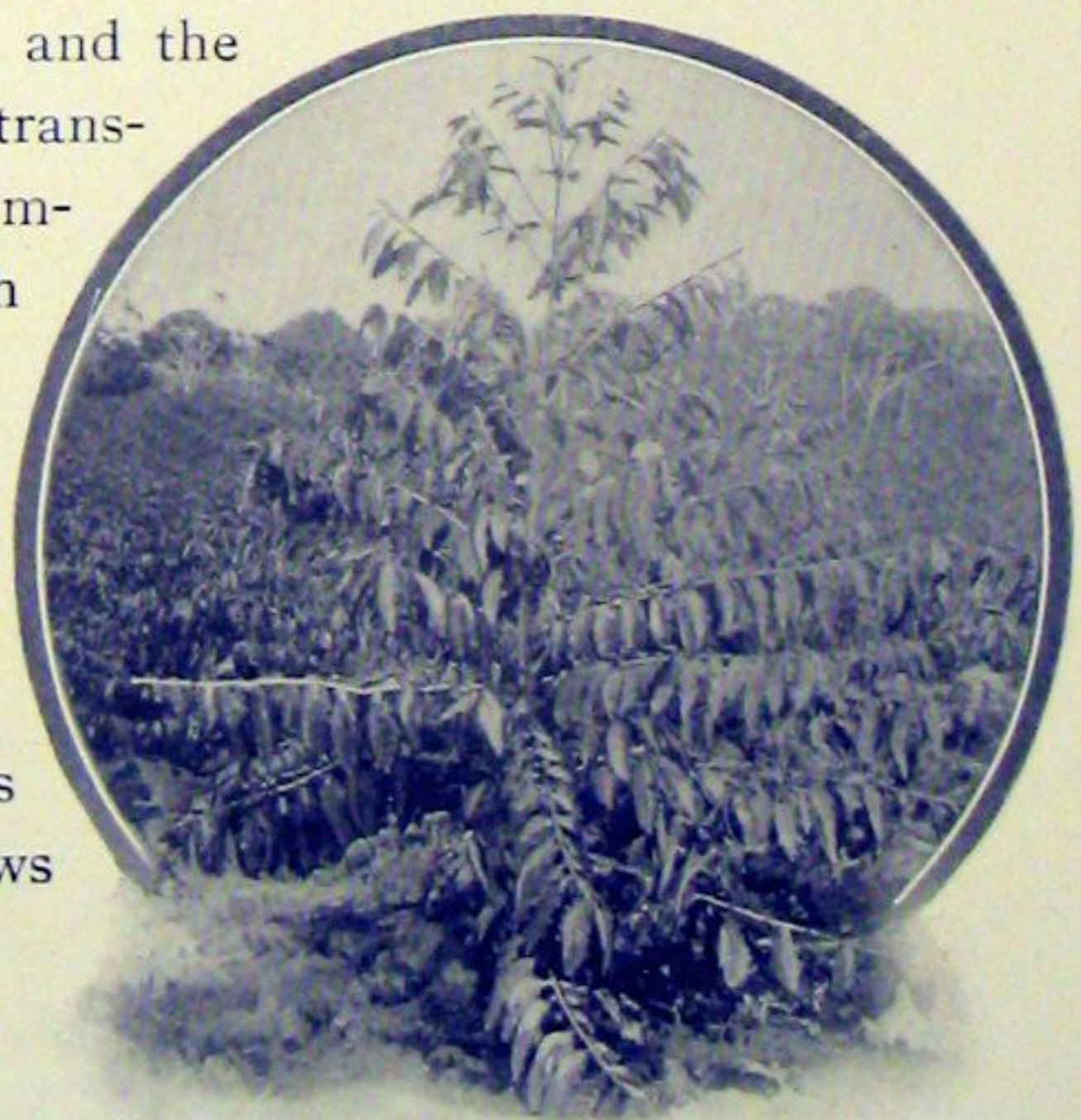
A PLANTATION HAND

through the gorgeous forest to the coast, and find ourselves nearing Hilo, at the hour when the whole earth is transfigured by the glory of the setting sun. The clouds, the sky, the river, and

the palms, the tasseled cane-fields and the distant mountain slopes conspire to transform this earth of ours into the semblance of another world, in which there is no thing that is not beautiful. Two borrowed phrases here insist on repetition, for "overhead there rolls a sea of smashed rainbows," and "here and there are drifting patches of iridescent vapors like itinerant stained-glass windows



THE PUNA SHORE



A COFFEE-TREE



THE HILO SHORE

from some great cathedral." Here, truly, is the picture of "the land where it is always afternoon."

And as the sunset fires flow from the west like liquid gold, we tremble when we think how far this flood of golden light has journeyed over trackless oceans to touch and glorify these tiny dots of earth in the midst of the greatest ocean on our globe. We catch our breath at thought of all the leagues of barren waters that stretch away to north and south and east and west; of the everlasting surrounding deep that washes both the shores of Asia and America and rolls its mighty volume from continent to continent and pole to pole. A great loneliness sweeps over us as we gaze out upon the empty sea. And as we stand on this Hawaiian shore, so far from our own land, a stranger passes, asks us if we have heard the news brought by the latest steamer from America,—and in a dozen words he gives us hastily two bits of information, the like of which are seldom given in two simple sentences. One is: "Cervera's fleet has been destroyed at Santiago," and at his next words, "Annexation is an accomplished fact," we fix our feet more firmly on this lava shore, for we, who a moment since were as strangers in a strange land are now at home—Hawaii has become part of the United States.



