


THE NEW HAWAII

MRS JACK LONDON



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DAUGHTERS OF THE PERISHING RACE

THE NEW HAWAII

BY
CHARMIAN LONDON
(MRS. JACK LONDON)

CONTAINING
MY HAWAIIAN ALOHA

BY
JACK LONDON

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FOREWORD

I CONFESS to a hope that these pages will tempt readers to look up a former book of mine, "Jack London and Hawaii." Otherwise, I think, something of my purpose may be lost, which is to acquaint the world more fully with the enchantment of southern skies and seas that lie so accessible to the western coast of the United States of America. To those who cannot see their way to the more extended travel below the equator, I recommend the Hawaiian Islands, that remarkable land with its remarkable people, and its most remarkable development in the brief space of a century.

Most important of all, I have included Jack London's last work on his beloved islands, three articles that have not until now seen book-covers, entitled "My Hawaiian Aloha." These articles appeared shortly before his death in 1916, in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

Chamuel London

LONDON, ENGLAND,
February, 1922.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| FOREWORD | 5 |
| MY HAWAIIAN ALOHA by JACK LONDON | 9 |
| <small>CHAPTER</small> | |
| I. MY RETURN TO JACK'S LOVE-LAND. | 61 |
| II. MOTORING—THE ROYAL COAT-OF-ARMS —PINEAPPLE GROWING—THE REFUGE OF BIRDS | 73 |
| III. ACADEMY OF DESIGN—OUTDOOR EXHIBI- TIONS—DECADENCE OF NATIVE PEOPLES —KINGMAN'S ISLAND | 84 |
| IV. THE PASSING OF PRINCE KUHIO | 100 |
| V. PRINCESS ABIGAIL—KING LIHOLIHO— THE KAHILI | 120 |
| VI. THE PAN-PACIFIC UNION—SCIENTIFIC RE- SEARCH COUNCIL — COMMERCIAL CON- FERENCE | 129 |
| VII. THE CURE FOR LEPROSY | 155 |
| VIII. HILO—KEAAU—PAPÆ—TIDAL WAVES | 165 |
| IX. A VOLCANIC MARVEL | 175 |
| X. KALAPANA—A CURE FOR HEADACHE— FOLKLORE | 190 |
| XI. MAUNA KEA—BOAR HUNTING | 197 |
| XII. THE " VALLEY ISLE " | 215 |
| XIII. THE KONA COAST | 226 |
| XIV. NAPOOPOO—A CHURCH FESTIVAL | 236 |
| XV. KONA—HONAUNAU—" COLONEL SAM " | 242 |
| XVI. MY FAREWELL | 260 |

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

| | | |
|---|---------------------|-----|
| DAUGHTERS OF THE PERISHING RACE | <i>Frontispiece</i> | |
| KING KALAKAUA AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON | <i>To face page</i> | 14 |
| MR. AND MRS. JACK LONDON ON THE BEACH | | 20 |
| AN OLD HAWAIIAN | | 30 |
| THE RUIN OF HALEAKALA | | 45 |
| THE INTERIOR OF HALEAKALA | | 50 |
| THE DITCH TRAIL | | 65 |
| THE ORIGINAL STATUE OF KAMAHAMEHA I | | 75 |
| PA-U OR HAWAIIAN RIDING COSTUME | | 88 |
| BAY OF HANA, ISLAND OF MAUI | | 100 |
| SURF-BOARDING | | 124 |
| DIAMOND HEAD | | 150 |
| RICEFIELDS | | 170 |
| A MOUNTAIN TRAIL | | 206 |
| HANAPEPE FALLS, ISLAND OF LANAI | | 225 |
| I AO VALLEY, ISLAND OF MAUI | | 240 |

MY HAWAIIAN ALOHA

By JACK LONDON

PART ONE

ONCE upon a time, only the other day, when jovial King Kalakaua established a record for the kings of earth and time, there entered into his Polynesian brain as merry a scheme of international intrigue as ever might have altered the destiny of races and places. The time was 1881 ; the place of the intrigue, the palace of the Mikado at Tokio. The record must not be omitted, for it was none other than that for the first time in the history of kings and of the world a reigning sovereign, in his own royal person, put a girdle around the earth.

The intrigue ? It was certainly as international as any international intrigue could be. Also, it was equally as dark, while it was precisely in alignment with the future conflicting courses of empires. Manifest destiny was more than incidentally concerned. When

the manifest destinies of two dynamic races move on ancient and immemorial lines toward each other from east to west and west to east along the same parallels of latitude, there is an inevitable point on the earth's surface where they will collide. In this case, the races were the Anglo-Saxon (represented by the Americans), and the Mongolian (represented by the Japanese). The place was Hawaii, the lovely and lovable, beloved of countless many as "Hawaii Nei."

Kalakaua, despite his merriness, foresaw clearly, either that the United States would absorb Hawaii, or that, allied by closest marital ties to the royal house of the Rising Sun, Hawaii could be a brother kingdom in an empire. That he saw clearly, the situation to-day attests. Hawaii Nei is a territory of the United States. There are more Japanese resident in Hawaii at the present time than are resident other nationalities, not even excepting the native Hawaiians.

The figures are eloquent. In round numbers, there are twenty-five thousand pure Hawaiians, twenty-five thousand various Caucasians, twenty-three thousand Portuguese, twenty-one thousand Chinese, fifteen thousand

Filipinos, a sprinkling of many other breeds, an amazing complexity of intermingled breeds, and ninety thousand Japanese. And, most amazingly eloquent of all statistics are those of the race purity of the Japanese mating. In the year 1914, the Registrar-General is authority for the statements that one American male and one Spanish male respectively married Japanese females, that one Japanese male married a Hapa-Haole, or Caucasian-Hawaiian female, and that three Japanese males married pure Hawaiian females. When it comes to an innate antipathy towards mongrelization, the dominant national in Hawaii, the Japanese, proves himself more jealously exclusive by far than any other national. Omitting the records of all the other nationals which go to make up the amazing mongrelization of races in this smelting-pot of the races, let the record of pure-blood Americans be cited. In the same year of 1914, the Registrar-General reports that of American males who intermingled their breed and seed with alien races, eleven married pure Hawaiians, twenty-five married Caucasian-Hawaiians, three married pure Chinese, four married Chinese-Hawaiians, and one married a pure Japanese. To sum the same

thing up with a cross-bearing: in the same year 1914, of over eighteen hundred Japanese women who married, only two married outside their race; of over eight hundred pure Caucasian women who married, over two hundred intermingled their breed and seed with races alien to their own. Reduced to decimals, of the females who went over the fence of race to secure fathers for their children, $\cdot 25$ of pure Caucasian women were guilty; $\cdot 0014$ of Japanese women were guilty—in vulgar fraction, one out of four* Caucasian women; one out of one thousand Japanese women.

King Kalakaua, at the time he germinated his idea, was the royal guest of the Mikado in a special palace which was all his to lodge in, along with his suite. But Kalakaua was resolved upon an international intrigue which was, to say the least, ethnologically ticklish; while his suite consisted of two Americans, one,

* Statistics compiled in 1921 by the Bishop Museum, of Honolulu, show that one out of every six women of Caucasian birth in the Territory of Hawaii marries a Hawaiian or part Hawaiian; and other figures prove that a large percentage of part-Hawaiian women marry either Hawaiians or part-Hawaiians. Still another large proportion marries Caucasians or Chinese. Further, the figures illustrate that the new stock is better able to withstand disease, and is, in that sense, more vigorous than its Hawaiian ancestors, as well as more prolific. It is the creation of a new race, strong, virile, and productive; while the pure-blooded Hawaiians steadily decrease in numbers.

Colonel C. H. Judd, his Chamberlain, the other, Mr. William N. Armstrong, his Attorney-General. They represented one of the race manifest destinies, and he knew it would never do for them to know what he had up his kingly sleeve. So, on this day in 1881, he gave them the royal slip, sneaked out of the palace the back way, and hied him to the Mikado's palace.

All of which, between kings, is a very *outré* thing to do. But what was mere etiquette between kings?—Kalakaua reasoned. Besides, Kalakaua was a main-travelled sovereign and a very cosmopolitan through contact with all sorts and conditions of men at the feasting board under the ringing grass-thatched roof of the royal canoe house at Honolulu, while the Mikado had never been off his tight little island. Of course, the Mikado was surprised at this unannounced and entirely unceremonious afternoon call. But not for nothing was he the Son of Heaven, equipped with all the perfection of gentleness that belongs to a much longer than a nine-hundred-years-old name. To his dying day Kalakaua never dreamed of the *faux pas* he committed that day in 1881.

He went directly to the point, expostulated the manifest destinies moving from east to west and west to east, and proposed no less than that an imperial prince of the Mikado's line should espouse the Princess Kaiulani of Hawaii. He assured this delicate, hot-house culture of a man whose civilization was already a dim and distant achievement at the time Kalakaua's forbears were on the perilous and savage Polynesian canoe-drift over the Pacific ere ever they came to colonize Hawaii—this pallid palace flower of a monarch did he assure that the Princess Kaiulani was some princess. And in this Kalakaua made no mistake. She was all that he could say of her, and more. Not alone was she the most refined and peach-blow blossom of a woman that Hawaii had ever produced, to whom connoisseurs of beauty and of spirit like Robert Louis Stevenson had bowed knee and head and presented with poems and pearls; but she was Kalakaua's own niece and heir to the throne of Hawaii. Thus, the Americans, moving westward would be compelled to stop on the far shore of the Pacific; while Hawaii, taken under Japan's wing, would become the easterly outpost of Japan.



KING KALAKAUA AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Kalakaua died without knowing how clearly he foresaw the trend of events. To-day the United States possesses Hawaii, which, in turn, is populated by more Japanese than by any other nationality. Practically every second person in the island is a Japanese, and the Japanese are breeding true to pure race lines, while all the others are cross-breeding to an extent that would be a scandal on any stock farm.

Fortunately for the United States, the Mikado reflected. Because he reflected, Hawaii to-day is not a naval base for Japan, and a menace to the United States. The *haoles*, or whites, overthrew the Hawaiian Monarchy, formed the Dole Republic, and shortly thereafter brought their loot in under the sheltering folds of the Stars and Stripes. There is little use to balk at the word "loot." The white man is the born looter. And just as the North American Indian was looted of his continent by the white man, so was the Hawaiian looted by the white men of his islands. Such things be. They are morally indefensible. As facts they are irrefragable—as irrefragable as the facts that water drowns, that frost bites, and that fire incinerates.

And let this particular *haole* who writes these lines here and now subscribe his joy and gladness in the Hawaiian loot. Of all places of beauty and joy under the sun—but there, I was born in California, which is no mean place in itself, and it would be more meet to let some of the talking be done by the Hawaii-born, both Polynesian and *haole*. First of all, the Hawaii-born, unlike the Californian, does not talk big. “When you come down to the Islands you must visit us,” he will say; “we’ll give you a good time.” That’s all. No swank. Just like an invitation to dinner. And after the visit is accomplished you will confess to yourself that you never knew before what a good time was, and that for the first time you have learned the full alphabet of hospitality. There is nothing like it. The Hawaii-born won’t tell you about it. He just does it.

Said Ellis, nearly a century ago, in his *Polynesian Researches*: “On the arrival of strangers, every man endeavoured to obtain one as a friend and carry him off to his own habitation, where he is treated with the greatest kindness by the inhabitants of the district; they place him on a high seat

and feed him with abundance of the finest food.”

Such was Captain Cook's experience when he discovered Hawaii, and despite what happened to him because of his abuse of so fine hospitality, the same hospitality has persisted in the Hawaiians of this day. Oh, please make no mistake. No longer, as he lands, will the latest beach-comber, whaleship deserter, or tourist, be carried up among the palms by an enthusiastic and loving population and be placed in the high seat. When, in a single week to-day, a dozen steamships land thousands of tourists, the impossibility of such lavishness of hospitality is understandable. It can't be done.

But—the old hospitality holds. Come with your invitations, or letters of introduction, and you will find yourself immediately instated in the high seat of abundance. Or, come uninvited, without credentials, merely stay a real, decent while, and yourself be “good,” and make good the good in you—but, oh, softly, and gently, and sweetly, and manly, and womanly—and you will slowly steal into the Hawaiian heart, which is all of softness, and gentleness, and sweetness, and manliness,

and womanliness, and one day, to your own vast surprise, you will find yourself seated in a high place of hospitableness than which there is none higher on this earth's surface. You will have loved your way there, and you will find it the abode of love.

Nor is that all. Since I, as an attestant, am doing the talking, let me be forgiven my first-person intrusions. Detesting the tourist route, as a matter of private whim or quirk of temperament, nevertheless I have crossed the tourist route in many places over the world and know thoroughly what I am talking about. And I can and do aver that, in this year 1916, I know of no place where the unheralded and uncredentialed tourist, if he is anything of anything in himself, so quickly finds himself among friends as here in Hawaii. Let me add: I know of no people in any place who have been stung more frequently and deeply by chance visitors than have the people of Hawaii. Yet the old heart and *hale* (house) hospitality holds. The Hawaii-born is like the leopard; spotted for good or ill, neither can change his spots.

Why, only last evening I was talking with an Hawaii matron—how shall I say?—one

of the first ladies. Her and her husband's trip to Japan for Cherry Blossom Time was cancelled for a year. Why? She had received a wireless from a steamer which had already sailed from San Francisco, from a girl friend, a new bride, who was coming to partake of a generally extended hospitality of several years before. "But why give up your own good time?" I said: "Turn your house and servants over to the young couple and you go on your own trip just the same." "But that would never do," said she. That was all. She had no thought of house and servants. She had once offered her hospitality. She must be there, on the spot, in heart and *hale* and person. And she, island-born, had always travelled east to the States and to Europe, while this was her first and long anticipated journey west to the Orient. But that she should be remiss in the traditional and trained and innate hospitality of Hawaii was unthinkable. Of course she would remain. What else could she do?

Oh, what's the use? I was going to make the Hawaii-born talk. They won't. They can't. I shall have to go on and do all the talking myself. They are poor boosters. They

even try to boost, on occasion ; but the latest steamship and railroad publicity agent from the mainland will give them cards and spades and talk all around them when it comes to describing what Hawaii so beautifully and charmingly is. Take surf-boarding, for instance. A California real estate agent, with that one asset, could make the burnt, barren heart of Sahara into an oasis for kings. Not only did the Hawaii-born not talk about it, but they forgot about it. Just as the sport was at its dying gasp, along came one, Alexander Ford, from the mainland. And he talked. Surf-boarding was the sport of sports. There was nothing like it anywhere else in the world. They ought to be ashamed for letting it languish. It was one of the island's assets, a drawing card for travellers that would fill their hotels and bring them many permanent residents, etc.

He continued to talk, and the Hawaii-born smiled. "What are you going to do about it?" they said, when he buttonholed them into corners. "This is just talk, you know, just a line of talk."

"I'm not going to do anything except talk," Ford replied. "It's you fellows who've got to do the doing."



MR. AND MRS. JACK LONDON ON THE BEACH

And all was as he said. And all of which I know for myself, at first hand, for I lived on Waikiki beach at the time in a tent where stands the Outrigger Club to-day—twelve hundred members, with hundreds more on the waiting list, and with what seems like half a mile of surf-board lockers.

“Oh yes,—there’s fishing in the islands,” has been the customary manner of the Hawaii-born’s talk, when on the mainland or in Europe. “Come down some time and we’ll take you fishing.” Just the same casual dinner sort of an invitation to take pot luck. And, if encouraged, he will go on and describe with antiquarian detail, how, in the good old days, the natives wove baskets and twisted fish lines that lasted a century from the fibres of a plant that grew only in the spray of the waterfall; or cleared the surface of the water with a spread of the oil of the kukui nut and caught squid with bright cowrie shells tied fast on the end of a string; or, fathoms deep, in the caves of the coral-cliffs, encountered the octopus and bit him to death with their teeth in the soft bone between his eyes above his parrot-beak.

Meanwhile these are the glad young days

of new-fangled ways of fish-catching in which the Hawaii-born's auditor is interested ; and meanwhile, from Nova Scotia to Florida and across the Gulf sea shore to the coast of California, a thousand railroads, steamship lines, promotion committees, boards of trade, and real estate agents are booming the tarpon and the tuna that may occasionally be caught in their adjacent waters.

And all the time, though the world is just coming to learn of it, the one unchallengeable paradise for big-game fishing is Hawaii. First of all, there are the fish. And they are all the year round, in amazing variety and profusion. The United States Fish Commission, without completing the task, has already described 447 distinct species, exclusive of the big, deep-sea game-fish. It is a matter of taking any day and any choice, from harpooning sharks to shooting flying-fish—like quail—with shotguns, or taking a stab at a whale, or trapping a lobster. One can fish with barbless hooks and a six-pound sinker at the end of a drop-line off Molokai in forty fathoms of water and catch at a single session, a miscellany as generous as to include : the six- or eight-pound *moelua*, the fifteen-pound

upakapaka, the ten-pound *lehe*, the *karwelea* which is first cousin to the "barricoot," the *hapuupu*, the *awaa*, and say, maybe, the toothsome and gamy *kahala mokulaie*. And the bait one will use on his forty-fathom line will be the fish called the *opelu*, which, in turn, is caught with a bait of crushed pumpkin.

But let not the light-tackle sportsman be dismayed by the foregoing description of such crass, gross ways of catching unthinkable and unpronounceable fish. Let him take a six-ounce tip and a nine-thread line and essay one of Hawaii's black sea bass. They catch them here weighing over six hundred pounds, and they certainly do run bigger than do those in the kelp beds off Southern California. Does the light-tackle man want tarpon? He will find them here as gamy and as large as in Florida, and they will leap in the air—ware slack!—like range mustangs to fling the hook clear.

Nor has the tale begun. Of the barracuda, Hawaiian waters boast twenty species, sharp-toothed, voracious, running to a fathom and even more in length, and, unlike the Florida barracuda, travelling in schools. There are the albacore and the dolphin—no mean fish

for light tackle ; to say nothing of the ocean bonita and the California bonita. There is the *ulua*, pound for pound the gamest salt-water fish that ever tried a rod ; and there is the *ono*, half-way a swordfish, called by the ancient Hawaiians the father of the mackerel. Also, there is the swordfish, at which light-tackle men have never been known to sneer—after they had once hooked one. The swordfish of Hawaii, known by its immemorial native name of *a'u*, averages from three to four hundred pounds, although they have been caught between six and seven hundred pounds, sporting swords five feet and more in length. And not least are those two cousins of the amber jack of Florida, the yellow tail and the amber fish, named by Holder as the fish of Southern California *par excellence* and by him described for their beauty and desperateness in putting up a fight.

And the tuna must not be omitted, or, at any rate, the *thunnus thynnus*, the *thunnus alalonsa*, and the *thunnus macrapterus*, so called by the scientists, but known by the Hawaiians under the generic name of *ahi*, and, by light-tackle men as the leaping tuna, the long-fin tuna, and the yellow-fin tuna.

In the past two months, Messrs. Jump, Burnham and Morris, from the mainland, seem to have broken every world record in the tuna line. They had to come to Hawaii to do it; but, once here, they did it easily, even if Morris did break a few ribs in the doing of it. Just the other day, on their last trip, Mr. Jump landed a sixty-seven pound yellow-fin on a nine-thread line, and Mr. Morris similarly a fifty-five pound one. The record for Catalina is fifty-one pounds. Pshaw! Let this writer from California talk big, after the manner of his home state, and still keep within the truth. A yellow-fin tuna, recently landed out of Hawaiian waters and sold on the Honolulu market, weighed two hundred and eighty-seven pounds.

PART TWO

Hawaii is the home of shanghaied men and women, and of the descendants of shanghaied men and women. They never intended to be here at all. Very rarely, since the first whites came, has one, with the deliberate plan of coming to remain, remained. Somehow, the love of the islands, like the love of a woman,

just happens. One cannot determine in advance to love a particular woman, nor can one so determine to love Hawaii. One sees, and one loves or does not love. With Hawaii it seems always to be love at first sight. Those for whom the islands were made, or who were made for the islands, are swept off their feet in the first moments of meeting, embrace, and are embraced.

I remember a dear friend who resolved to come to Hawaii and make it his home for ever. He packed up his wife, all his belongings, including his garden hose and rake and hoe, said "Good-bye, proud California," and departed. Now he was a poet, with an eye and soul for beauty, and it was only to be expected that he would lose his heart to Hawaii as Mark Twain and Stevenson and Stoddard had before him. So he came, with his wife and garden hose and rake and hoe. Heaven alone knows what preconceptions he must have entertained. But the fact remains that he found naught of beauty and charm and delight. His stay in Hawaii, brief as it was, was a hideous nightmare. In no time he was back in California. To this day he speaks with plaintive bitterness of his experience, although

he never mentions what became of his garden hose and rake and hoe. Surely the soil could not have proved niggardly to him !

Otherwise was it with Mark Twain, who wrote of Hawaii long after his visit : " No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one ; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking, through half a life-time, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides ; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun ; the pulsing of its surf-beat is in my ears ; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore, its remote summits floating like islands above the cloudrack ; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes ; I can hear the plash of its brooks ; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

One reads of the first Chief Justice under the Kamehamehas, that he was on his way around the Horn to Oregon when he was persuaded to remain in Hawaii. Truly, Hawaii is a woman beautiful and vastly more per-

suasive and seductive than her sister sirens of the sea.

The sailor boy, Archibald Scott Cleghorn, had no intention of leaving his ship ; but he looked upon the Princess Likelike, the Princess Likelike looked on him, and he remained to become the father of the Princess Kaiulani and to dignify a place of honour through long years. He was not the first sailor boy to leave his ship, nor the last. One of the recent ones, whom I know well, arrived several years ago on a yacht in a yacht race from the mainland. So brief was his permitted vacation from his bank cashiership that he had planned to return by fast steamer. He is still here. The outlook is that his children and his grandchildren after him will be here.

Another erstwhile bank cashier is Louis von Tempsky, the son of the last British officer killed in the Maori War. His New Zealand bank gave him a year's vacation. The one place he wanted to see above all others was California. He departed. His ship stopped at Hawaii. It was the same old story. The ship sailed on without him. His New Zealand bank never saw him again, and many years passed ere ever he saw California. But she

had no charms for him. And to-day, his sons and daughters about him, he looks down on half a world and all of Maui from the rolling grasslands of the Haleakala Ranch.

There were the Gays and Robinsons. Scotch pioneers over the world in the good old days when families were large and patriarchal, they had settled in New Zealand. After a time they decided to migrate to British Columbia. Among their possessions was a full-rigged ship, of which one of their sons was master. Like my poet friend from California, they packed all their property on board. But in place of his garden hose and rake and hoe, they took their ploughs and harrows and all their agricultural machinery. Also, they took their horses and their cattle and their sheep. When they arrived in British Columbia they would be in shape to settle immediately, break the soil, and not miss a harvest. But the ship, as was the custom in the sailing-ship days, stopped at Hawaii for water and fruit and vegetables. The Gays and Robinsons are still here, or, rather, their venerable children, and younger grand-children and great grand-children ; for Hawaii, like the Princess Likelike, put her arms around them, and it was love

at first sight. They took up land on Kauai and Niihau, the ninety-seven square miles of the latter remaining intact in their possession to this day.

I doubt that not even the missionaries, windjamming around the Horn from New England a century ago, had the remotest thought of living out all their days in Hawaii. This is not the way of missionaries over the world. They have always gone forth to far places with the resolve to devote their lives to the glory of God and the redemption of the heathen, but with the determination, at the end of it all, to return to spend their declining years in their own country. But Hawaii can seduce missionaries just as readily as she can seduce sailor boys and bank cashiers, and this particular lot of missionaries was so enamoured of her charms that they did not return when old age came upon them. Their bones lie here in the land they came to love better than their own; and they, and their sons and daughters after them, have been, and are, powerful forces in the development of Hawaii.

In missionary annals, such unanimous and eager adoption of a new land is unique. Yet



AN OLD HAWAIIAN

another thing, equally unique in missionary history, must be noted in passing. Never did missionaries, the very first, go out to rescue a heathen land from its idols, and on arrival find it already rescued, self-rescued, while they were on the journey. In 1819, all Hawaii was groaning under the harsh rule of the ancient idols, whose mouthpieces were the priests and whose utterances were the frightfully cruel and unjust taboos. In 1819, the first missionaries assembled in Boston and sailed away on the long voyage around the Horn. In 1819, the Hawaiians, of themselves, without counsel or suggestion, overthrew their idols and abolished the taboos. In 1820, the missionaries completed their long voyage and landed in Hawaii to find a country and a people without gods and without religion, ready and ripe for instruction.

But to return. Hawaii is the home of shanghaied men and women, who were induced to remain, not by a blow with a club over the head or a doped bottle of whisky, but by love. Hawaii and the Hawaiians are a land and a people loving and lovable. By their language may ye know them, and in what other land save this one is the commonest form of greet-

ing, not "Good day," nor "How d'ye do," but "Love?" That greeting is *Aloha*—love, I love you, my love to you. Good day—what is it more than an impersonal remark about the weather? How do you do—it is personal in a merely casual interrogative sort of a way. But *Aloha!* It is a positive affirmation of the warmth of one's own heart-giving. My love to you! I love you! *Aloha!*

Well, then, try to imagine a land that is as lovely and loving as such a people. Hawaii is all of this. Not strictly tropical, but subtropical, rather, in the heel of the North-east Trades (which is a very wine of wind), with altitudes rising from palm-fronded coral beaches to snow-capped summits fourteen thousand feet in the air; there was never so much climate gathered together in one place on earth. The custom of the dwellers is as it was of old time, only better, namely: to have a town house, a seaside house, and a mountain house. All three homes, by automobile, can be within half an hour's run of one another; yet, in difference of climate and scenery, they are the equivalent of a house on Fifth Avenue or the Riverside Drive, of an Adirondack camp, and of a Florida winter bungalow, plus

a twelve-months' cycle of seasons crammed into each and every day.

Let me try to make this clearer. The New York dweller must wait till summer for the Adirondacks, till winter for the Florida beach. But in Hawaii, say on the island of Oahu, the Honolulu dweller can decide each day what climate and what season he desires to spend the day in. It is his to pick and choose. Yes, and further : he may awake in his Adirondacks, lunch and shop and go to the club in his city, spend his afternoon and dine at his Palm Beach, and return to sleep in the shrewd coolness of his Adirondack camp.

And what is true of Oahu, is true of all the other large islands of the group. Climate and season are to be had for the picking and choosing, with countless surprising variations thrown in for good measure. Suppose one be an invalid, seeking an invalid's climate. A night's run from Honolulu on a steamer will land him on the leeward coast of the big Island of Hawaii. There, amongst the coffee on the slopes of Kona, a thousand feet above Kailua and the wrinkled sea, he will find the perfect invalid-climate. It is the land of the morning calm, the afternoon shower, and the evening

tranquillity. Harsh winds never blow. Once in a year or two a stiff wind of twenty-four to forty-eight hours will blow from the south. This is the Kona wind. Otherwise there is no wind, at least no air-draughts of sufficient force to be so dignified. They are not even breezes. They are air-fans, alternating by day and by night between the sea and the land. Under the sun, the land warms and draws to it the mild sea air. In the night, the land radiating its heat more quickly, the sea remains the warmer and draws to it the mountain air faintly drenched with the perfume of flowers.

Such is the climate of Kona, where nobody ever dreams of looking at a thermometer, where each afternoon there falls a refreshing spring shower, and where neither frost nor sunstroke has ever been known. All of which is made possible by the towering bulks of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. Beyond them, on the windward slopes of the Big Island, along the Hamakua Coast, the trade wind will as often as not be blustering at forty miles an hour. Should an Oregon web-foot become homesick for the habitual wet of his native clime, he will find easement and a soaking on the windward coasts of Hawaii and Maui, from

Hilo in the south with its average annual rainfall of one hundred and fifty inches to the Nahiku country to the north beyond Hana which has known a downpour of four hundred and twenty inches in a single twelve-month. In the matter of rain it is again pick and choose—from two hundred inches to twenty, or five, or one. Nay, further, forty miles away from the Nahiku, on the leeward slopes of the House of the Sun, which is the mightiest extinct volcano in the world, rain may not fall once in a dozen years, cattle live their lives without ever seeing a puddle and horses brought from that region shy at running water or try to eat it with their teeth.

One can multiply the foregoing examples indefinitely, and to the proposition that never was so much climate gathered together in one place, can be added that never was so much landscape gathered together in one place. The diversification is endless, from the lava shores of South Puna to the barking sands of Kauai. On every island break-neck mountain climbing abounds. One can shiver above timber-line on the snow-caps of Mauna Kea or Mauna Loa, swelter under the banyan and sleepy old Lahaina, swim in clear ocean water

that effervesces like champagne on ten thousand beaches, or sleep under blankets every night in the upland pastures of the great cattle ranges and awaken each morning to the song of skylarks and the crisp, snappy air of spring. But never, never, go where he will in Hawaii Nei, will he experience a hurricane, a tornado, a blizzard, a fog, or ninety degrees in the shade. Such discomforts are meteorologically impossible, so the meteorologists affirm. When Hawaii was named the Paradise of the Pacific, it was inadequately named. The rest of the Seven Seas and the islands in the midst thereof should have been included along with the Pacific. "See Naples and die"—they spell it differently here: *see Hawaii and live.*

Nor is Hawaii niggardly toward the sportsman. Good hunting abounds. As I write these lines on Puuwaawaa Ranch, from every side arises the love-call of the quail, which are breaking up their coveys as the mating proceeds. They are California quail, yet never in California have I seen quail as thick as here. Yesterday I saw more doves—variously called turtle doves and mourning doves—than I ever saw before in any single day of my life. Day

before yesterday I was out with the cowboys roping wild pig in the pastures.

Of birds, in addition to quail and doves, in place and season may be hunted wild duck, wild turkey, rice birds, Chinese and Japanese pheasants, pea fowl, guinea fowl, wild chicken (which is a mongrel cross of the indigenous *moa* and the haole chicken), and, not least, the delicious golden plover, fat and recuperated after its long flight from Alaska and the Arctic shores. Then there are the spotted deer of Molokai. Increasing from several introduced pairs, they so flourished in their new habitat that they threatened the pastures and forests, and some years ago the Government was compelled to employ professional hunters to reduce their numbers. Of course, there is pig-sticking, and for real hunting few things can out-thrill the roping, after cowboy fashion, of the wild bulls of the upper ranges. Also are there to be had wild goats, wild sheep—yes, and wild dogs, running in packs and dragging down calves and cows, that may even prove perilous to the solitary hunter. And as for adventure and exploration, among many things, one can tackle Rabbit Island, inaccessible to all but the most intrepid and

most fortunate, or seek for the secret and taboo burial-places of the ancient kings.

Indeed, Hawaii is a loving land. Just as it welcomed the spotted deer to the near destruction of its forests, so has it welcomed many other inimical aliens to its shores. In the United States, in greenhouses and old-fashioned gardens, grows a potted flowering shrub called lantana, which originally came from South America ; in India dwells a very noisy and quarrelsome bird known as the mynah. Both were introduced into Hawaii, the bird to feed upon the cutworm of a certain moth called *spodoptera mauritia* ; the flower to gladden with old associations the heart of a flower-loving missionary. But the land loved the lantana. From a small plant that grew in a pot with its small, velvet flowers of richest tones of orange, yellow, and rose, the lantana took to itself feet and walked out of the pot into the missionary's garden. Here it flourished and increased mightily in size and constitution. From over the garden wall came the love-call of all Hawaii, and the lantana responded to the call, climbed over the wall, and went a-roving and a-loving in the wild woods.

And just as the lantana had taken to itself feet, by the seduction of the seeds in its aromatic blue-black berries, it added to itself the wings of the mynah, who distributed its seed over every island in the group. Like the creatures Mr. Wells writes of who ate of the food of the gods and became giants, so the lantana. From a delicate, hand-manicured, potted plant of the greenhouse, it shot up into a tough and belligerent swashbuckler from one to three fathoms tall, that marched in serried ranks over the landscape, crushing beneath it and choking to death all the sweet native grasses, shrubs, and flowers. In the lower forests it became jungle. In the open it became jungle, only more so. It was practically impenetrable to man. It filled and blotted out the pastures by tens of thousands of acres. The cattlemen wailed and vainly fought with it. It grew faster and spread faster than they could grub it out.

Like the invading whites who dispossessed the native Hawaiians of their land, so did the lantana to the native vegetation. Nay, it did worse. It threatened to dispossess the whites of the land they had won. And battle-royal was on. Unable to cope directly with it, the

whites called in the aid of the hosts of mercenaries. They sent out their agents to recruit armies from the insect world and from the world of micro-organisms. Of these doughty warriors let the name of but one, as a sample, be given—*crenastobombycia lantenella*. Prominent among these recruits were the lantana seed-fly, the lantana plume-moth, the lantana butterfly, the lantana leaf-miner, the lantana leaf-bug, the lantana gall-fly. Quite by accident the Maui blight or scale was enlisted.

Some of these predaceous enemies of the lantana ate and sucked and sapped. Others made incubators out of the stems, tunnelled and undermined the flower clusters, hatched maggots in the hearts of the seeds, or coated the leaves with suffocating fungoid growths. Thus simultaneously attacked in front and rear and flank, above and below, inside and out, the all-conquering swashbuckler recoiled. To-day the battle is almost over, and what remains of the lantana is putting up a sickly and losing fight. Unfortunately, one of the mercenaries has mutinied. This is the accidentally introduced Maui blight, which is now waging unholy war upon garden flowers

and ornamental plants, and against which some other army of mercenaries must be turned.

Hawaii has been most generous in her hospitality, most promiscuous in her loving. Her welcome has been impartial. To her warm heart she has enfolded all manner of hurtful, stinging things, including some humans. Mosquitoes, centipedes and rats made the long voyages, landed, and have flourished ever since. There was none of these here before the haole came. So, also, were introduced measles, smallpox, and many similar germ afflictions of man. The elder generations lived and loved and fought and went down into the pit with their war weapons and flower garlands laid under their heads, unvexed by whooping cough, and mumps, and influenza. Some alien good, and much of alien ill, has Hawaii embraced and loved. Yet to this day no snake, poisonous or otherwise, exists in her forests and jungles; while the centipede is not deadly, its bite being scarcely more discomforting than the sting of a bee or wasp. Some snakes did arrive, once. A showman brought them for exhibition. In passing quarantine they had to be fumigated. By some mis-

chance they were all suffocated, and it is whispered that the quarantine officials might have more to say of that mischance than appeared in their official report.

And, oh! there is the mongoose. Originally introduced from India via Jamaica to wage war on that earlier introduction, the rat, which was destroying the sugar-cane plantations, the mongoose multiplied beyond all guestly bounds and followed the lantana into the plains and forests. And in the plains and forests it has well-nigh destroyed many of the indigenous species of ground-nesting birds, made serious inroads on the ground-nesting imported birds, and compelled all raisers of domestic fowls to build mongoose-proof chicken yards. In the meantime the rats have changed their nesting habits and taken to the trees. Some of the pessimistic farmers even aver that, like the haole chickens which went wild in the woods and crossed with the moa, the mongoose has climbed the trees, made friends with and mated with the rats, and has produced a permanent hybrid of omnivorous appetite that eats sugar-cane, birds' eggs, and farmyard chickens indiscriminately and voraciously. But further deponent sayeth not.

PART THREE

Hawaii is a great experimental laboratory, not merely in agriculture, but in ethnology and sociology. Remote in the heart of the Pacific, more hospitable to all forms of life than any other land, it has received an immigration of alien vegetable, insect, animal, and human life more varied and giving rise to more complicated problems than any other land has received. And right intelligently and wholeheartedly have the people of Hawaii taken hold of these problems and striven to wrestle them to solution.

A melting-pot or a smelting-pot is what Hawaii is. In a single school, at one time I have observed scholars of as many as twenty-three different nationalities and mixed nationalities. First of all is the original Hawaiian stock of pure Polynesian. These were the people whom Captain Cook discovered, the first pioneers who voyaged in double canoes from the South Pacific and colonized Hawaii at what is estimated from their traditions as some fifteen hundred years ago. Next, from Captain Cook's time to this day,

has drifted in the haole, or Caucasian—Yankee, Scotch, Irish, English, Welsh, French, German, Scandinavian—every Caucasian country of Europe, and every Caucasian colony of the world has contributed its quota. And not least to be reckoned with, are the deliberate importations of unskilled labour for the purpose of working the sugar plantations. First of these was a heavy wave of Chinese coolies. But the Chinese Exclusion Act put a stop to their coming. In the same way, King Sugar has introduced definite migrations of Japanese, Koreans, Russians, Portuguese, Spanish, Porto Ricans, and Filipinos. With the exception of the Japanese, who are jealously exclusive in the matter of race, all these other races insist and persist in intermarrying, and the situation here should afford much valuable data for the ethnologist.

Of the original Hawaiians one thing is certain. They are doomed to extinction. Year by year the total number of the pure Hawaiians decreases. Marrying with the other races as they do, they could persist as hybrids, if—*if fresh effusions of them came in from outside sources equivalent to such continued effusions as do come in of the other races.* But no effusions



THE RUIN OF HALEAKALA

of Polynesian come in nor have ever come in. Steadily, since Captain Cook's time, they have faded away. To-day, the representatives of practically all the old chief-stocks and royal-stocks are half-whites, three-quarter whites, and seven-eighths whites. And they, and their children, continue to marry whites, or seven-eighths and three-quarters whites like themselves, so that the Hawaiian strain grows thinner and thinner against the day when it will vanish in thin air. All of which is a pity, for the world can ill afford to lose so splendid and lovable a race.

And yet, in this period of world war wherein the United States finds it necessary to prepare against foes that may at any time launch against it out of the heart of civilization, little Hawaii, with its hotch-potch of races, is making a better demonstration than the United States.

The National Guard has been so thoroughly reorganized, livened up, and recruited that it makes a showing second to none on the Mainland, while, in proportion to population, it has more of this volunteer soldiery than any of the forty-eight states and territories in the United States. In addition to the mixed com-

panies, there are entire companies of Hawaiians, Portuguese, Chinese (Hawaii-born), and Filipinos; and the reviewing stand sits up and takes notice when it casts its eyes over them and over the regulars.

No better opportunity could be found for observing this medley of all the human world than that afforded by the Mid-Pacific Carnival last February when the population turned out and held festival for a week. Nowhere within the territory of the United States could so exotic a spectacle be witnessed. And unforgettable were the flower-garlanded Hawaiians, the women *pa'u* riders on their lively steeds with flowing costumes that swept the ground, toddling Japanese boys and girls, lantern processions straight out of old Japan, colossal dragons from the Flowery Empire, and Chinese schoolgirls, parading two by two in long winding columns, bareheaded, their demure black braids down their backs, slimly graceful in the white costumes of their foremothers. At the same time, while the streets stormed with confetti and serpentines tossed by the laughing races of all the world, in the throne-room of the old palace (now the Executive Building) was occurring an event as bizarre

in its own way and equally impressive. Here, side by side, the two high representatives of the old order and the new held reception. Seated, was the aged Queen Liliuokalani, the last reigning sovereign of Hawaii; standing beside her was Lucius E. Pinkham, New England born, the Governor of Hawaii. A quarter of a century before, his brothers had dispossessed her of her kingdom; and quite a feather was it in his cap for him to have her beside him that night, for it was the first time in that quarter of a century that anyone had succeeded in winning her from her seclusion to enter the throne-room. And about them, among brilliantly uniformed army and navy officers, from generals and admirals down, moved judges and senators, sugar kings and captains of industry, the economic and political rulers of Hawaii, and many of them, they and their women, intermingled descendants of the old chief stocks and of the old missionary and merchant pioneers.

And what more meet than that in Hawaii, the true Aloha-land which has welcomed and loved all wayfarers from all other lands, that the Pan-Pacific movement should have originated. This had its inception in the mind of

Mr. Alexander Hume Ford—he of Outrigger Club fame who resurrected the sports of surfing and surf-canoeing at Waikiki. Hands-Around-the-Pacific, he calls the movement; and already these friendly hands are reaching out and clasping all the way from British Columbia to Panama, from New Zealand to Australia and Oceanica, and on to Java, the Philippines, China and Japan, and around and back again to Hawaii, the Cross-Roads of the Pacific and the logical heart and home and centre of the movement.

Hawaii is a paradise—and I can never cease proclaiming it; but I must append one word of qualification: *Hawaii is a paradise for the well-to-do*. It is not a paradise for the unskilled labourer from the mainland, nor for the person without capital from the mainland. The one great industry of the islands is sugar. The unskilled labour for the plantations is already here. Also, the white unskilled labourer, with a higher standard of living, cannot compete with coolie labour, and, further, the white labourer cannot and will not work in the canefields.

For the person without capital, dreaming to start on a shoestring and become a capitalist,

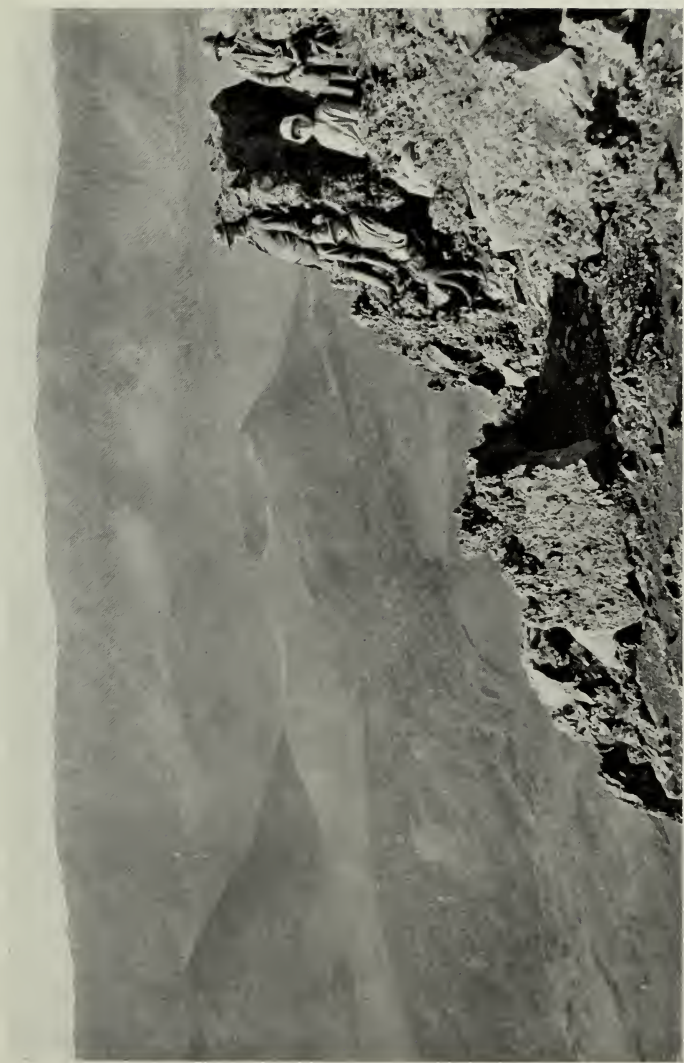
Hawaii is the last place in the world. It must be remembered that Hawaii is very old . . . comparatively. When California was a huge cattle-ranch for hides and tallow (the meat being left where it was skinned), Hawaii was publishing newspapers and boasting schools of higher learning. During the early years of the gold rush, before the soil of California was scratched with a plough, Hawaii kept a fleet of ships busy carrying her wheat, and flour, and potatoes to California, while California was sending her children down to Hawaii to be educated. The shoestring days are past. The land and industries of Hawaii are owned by old families and large corporations, and Hawaii is only so large.

But the homesteader may object, saying that he has read the reports of the millions of acres of Government land in Hawaii which are his for the homesteading. But he must remember that the vastly larger portion of this Government land is naked lava rock and not worth ten cents a square mile to a homesteader, and that much of the remaining land, while rich in soil values, is worthless because it is without water. The small portion of good Government land is leased by the

plantations. Of course, when these leases expire, they may be homesteaded. It has been done in the past. But such homesteaders, after making good their titles, almost invariably sell out their holdings in fee simple to the plantations. There is a reason for it. There are various reasons for it.

Even the skilled labourer is needed only in small, definite numbers. Perhaps I cannot do better than quote the warning circulated by the Hawaiian Promotion Committee: "No American is advised to come here in search of employment unless he has some definite work in prospect, or means enough to maintain himself for some months and to launch into some enterprise. Clerical positions are well filled; common labour is largely performed by Japanese or native Hawaiians, and the ranks of skilled labour are also well supplied."

For be it understood that Hawaii is patriarchal rather than democratic. Economically it is owned and operated in a fashion that is a combination of twentieth-century, machine-civilization methods and of medieval feudal methods. Its rich lands, devoted to sugar, are farmed not merely as scientifically as any land is farmed anywhere in the world,



THE INTERIOR OF HALEAKALA

but, if anything, more scientifically. The last word in machinery is vocal here, the last word in fertilizing and agronomy, and the last word in scientific expertness. In the employ of the Planters' Association is a corps of scientific investigators who wage unceasing war on the insect and vegetable pests and who are on the travel in the remotest parts of the world recruiting and shipping to Hawaii insect and micro-organic allies for the war.

The Sugar Planters' Association and the several sugar factors or financial agencies control sugar, and, since sugar is king, control the destiny and welfare of the Islands. And they are able to do this, under the peculiar conditions that obtain, far more efficiently than it could be done by the population of Hawaii, were it a democratic commonwealth, which it essentially is not. Much of the stock in these corporations is owned in small lots by members of the small business and professional classes. The larger blocks are held by families who, earlier in the game, ran their small plantations for themselves, but who learned that they could not do it so well and so profitably as the corporations, which, with centralized management, could hire far better

brains for the entire operation of the industry, from planting to marketing, than was possessed by the heads of the families. As a result, absentee ownership or landlordship has come about. Finding the work done better for them than they could do it themselves, they prefer to live in their Honolulu and seaside and mountain homes, to travel much, and to develop a cosmopolitanism and culture that never misses shocking the traveller or new-comer with surprise. All of which makes this class in Hawaii as cosmopolitan as any class to be found the world over. Of course, there are notable exceptions to this practice of absentee landlordism, and such men run their own plantations and corporations and are active as sugar factors and in the management of the Planters' Association.

Yet will I dare to assert that no owning class on the mainland is so conscious of its social responsibility as is this owning class of Hawaii, and especially that portion of it which has descended out of the old missionary stock. Its charities, missions, social settlements, kindergartens, schools, hospitals, homes, and other philanthropic enterprises are many; its activities are unceasing; and some of its

members contribute from twenty-five to fifty per cent of their incomes to the work for the general good.

But all the foregoing, it must be remembered, is not democratic nor communal, but is distinctly feudal. The coolie and peasant labour possesses no vote, while Hawaii is after all only a territory, its governor appointed by the President of the United States, its one delegate sitting in Congress at Washington but denied the right to vote in that body. Under such conditions, it is patent that the small class of large landowners finds it not too difficult to control the small vote in local politics. Some of the large landowners are Hawaiian or part Hawaiian, as are practically all the smaller landowners. And these and the landholding whites are knit together by a common interest, by social equality, and, in many cases, by the closer bonds of affection and blood relationship.

Interesting, even menacing, problems loom large for Hawaii in the not distant future. Let but one of these be considered, namely, the Japanese and citizenship. Granting that no Japanese immigrant can ever become naturalized, nevertheless remains the irre-

fragable law and fact that every male Japanese, Hawaii-born, by his birth is automatically a citizen of the United States. Since practically every other person in all Hawaii is Japanese, it is merely a matter of time when the Hawaii-born Japanese vote will not only be larger than any other Hawaiian vote, but will be practically equal to all other votes combined. When such time comes, it looks as if the Japanese will have the dominant say in local politics. If Hawaii should get statehood, a Japanese governor of the State of Hawaii would be not merely probable but very possible.

One feasible way out of the foregoing predicament would be never to strive for statehood but to accept a commission government, said commission to be appointed by the federal government. Yet would remain the question of control in local politics. The Japanese do not fuse any more than do they marry out of their race. The total vote other than Japanese is split into the two old parties. The Japanese would constitute a solid Japanese party capable of out-voting either the Republican or Democratic parties. In the meantime the Hawaii-born Japanese population grows and grows. In passing it may be

significantly noted that while the Chinese, Filipinos, and Portuguese flock enthusiastically into the National Guard, the Japanese do not.

But a truce to far troubles. This is my Hawaiian aloha—my love for Hawaii; and I cannot finish it without stating a dear hope for a degree of honour that may some day be mine before I die. I have had several degrees in the past of which I am well proud. When I had barely turned sixteen I was named Prince of the Oyster Pirates by my fellow-pirates. Since they were all men-grown and a hard-bitten lot, and since the term was applied in anything but derision, my lad's pride in it was justly great. Not long after, another mighty degree was given me by a shipping commissioner in San Francisco, who signed me on the ship's articles as A.B. Think of it! Able-bodied! I was not a landlubber, nor an ordinary seaman, but an A.B.! An able-bodied seaman before the mast! No higher could one go—before the mast. And in those youthful days of romance and adventure I would rather have been an able-bodied seaman before the mast than a captain aft of it.

When I went over Chilcoot Pass in the first

Klondike rush, I was called a *chechaquo*. That was equivalent to new-comer, greenhorn, tenderfoot, short horn, or new chum, and as such I looked reverently up to the men who were sour-doughs. It was a custom of the country to call an old-timer a sour-dough. A sour-dough was a man who had seen the Yukon freeze and break, travelled under the midnight sun, and been in the country long enough to get over the frivolities of baking-powder and yeast in the making of bread and to content himself with bread raised from sour-dough.

I am very proud of my sour-dough degree. A few years ago I received another degree. It was in the West South Pacific. A kinky-headed, asymmetrical, ape-like, head-hunting cannibal climbed out of his canoe and over the rail and gave it to me. He wore no clothes—positively no covering whatever. On his chest, from around his neck, was suspended a broken, white China plate. Through a hole in one ear was thrust a short clay pipe. Through divers holes in the other ear were thrust a freshly severed pig's-tail and several rifle cartridges. A bone bodkin four inches long was shoved through the dividing wall of his

nose. And he addressed me as "Skipper." Owner and master I was, the only navigator on board, without even a man I could trust to stand a mate's watch; but it was the first time I had been called Skipper, and I was mighty proud of it.

I'd rather possess these several degrees of able seaman, sour-dough, and skipper than all university degrees from Bachelor of Arts to Doctor of Philosophy. They mean more to me, and I am prouder of them. But there is yet one degree I should like to receive, than which there is no other in the wide world for which I have so great a desire. It is *Kamaaina*.

Kamaaina is Hawaiian. It contains five vowels, which, with the three consonants, compose five syllables. No syllable is accented, all syllables are pronounced, the vowels having precisely the same values as the Italian vowels. *Kamaaina* means not exactly old-timer or pioneer. Its original meaning is "a child of the soil," "one who is indigenous." But its meaning has changed, so that it stands to-day for "one who belongs"—to Hawaii, of course. It is not merely a degree of time or length of residence. It applies to the heart and the

spirit. A man may live in Hawaii for twenty years and yet not be recognized as a kamaaina. He has remained alien in heart warmth and spirit understanding.

Nor can one assume this degree for oneself. Any man who has seen the seasons around in Alaska automatically becomes a sour-dough and can be the first so to designate himself. But here in Hawaii kamaaina must be given to one. He must be so named by the ones who do belong and who are best fitted to judge whether or not he belongs. Kamaaina is the proudest accolade I know that any people can lay with the love-warm steel of its approval on an alien's back.

Pshaw! Were it a matter of time, I could almost be reckoned a kamaaina myself. Nearly a quarter of a century ago—to be precise, twenty-four years ago—I first saw these fair islands rise out of the sea. I have been back here numerous times. As the years pass, I return with increasing frequency and for longer stays. Of the past eighteen months I have spent twelve here.

Some day, someone of Hawaii may slap me on the shoulder and say, "Hello, old kamaaina." And some other day I may chance to

overhear someone else of Hawaii speaking of me and saying, "Oh, he's a kamaaina." And this may grow and grow until I am generally so spoken of and until I may at last say of myself: "I am a kamaaina. I belong." And this is my Hawaiian Aloha:

Aloha nui oe, Hawaii Nei!

JACK LONDON.

PUUWAAWAA RANCH, HAWAII,

April 19, 1916.

THE NEW HAWAII

CHAPTER I

MY RETURN TO JACK'S LOVE-LAND

I WENT back, alone. And in that aloneness there was something very solemn. Of course I went back. One who knows Hawaii always goes back. The old lure abides; nor does it abate when the vessel's forefoot, spurning the silver flying-fish, is heard *thripping* into the silken azure sea-level which betokens nearness to remembered isles. Again "The old lost stars wheel back," again the yard-arm of the Southern Cross leans upon the night-purple horizon; again the old, lovely approach to Oahu, with Molokai, "the lonely Isle," sleeping to the south-east.

If one never before overtook romance, personal or impersonal, in Hawaii one is fairly certain to run it to earth. It is everywhere: in the air, the rainbows, the breathing of the

incomparable surf. It is in the eyes of one's fellow-men, in the tones of their friendly voices ; in their smile and laughter and hand-clasp. Commercialize, modernize that paradise of the Pacific as men will, still Romance caresses and envelops the most rigorous importations from less gentle climes.

So, of course, I went back ; always having taken my own romance with me, I had but added to it from time to time of my returning with Jack London. It was difficult to face it without him ; but I believe that one who avoids awakening memories loses much of the worth and reality of living.

It was the s.s. *Mawi's* first navigating of her old course since war service in the Atlantic. Long will sound in the ears of her passengers the mighty conching of her deep-sea siren, as the battle-grey hull warped ponderously in to the quay. Every brazen throat, every clangorous bell of Honolulu joined in swelling the deafening pæan. Never had the many enlarged wharves been so obliterated by waving, shouting, flower-bedecked thousands. It must have been a proud and glad welcome for Captain Francis Milner Edwards, who had sailed her throughout the war. The approxi-

mate number of men under arms in Hawaii, as given by the American Legion, had been eight thousand five hundred. This included practically every nationality represented in the islands and embraced army and navy. A large proportion was in the federalized National Guard, which had taken over the local garrison, releasing the regular troops for service on the mainland or overseas.

To me, how strange, this arriving alone in Honolulu. Not one of all my friends knew I was aboard the *Mawi*. Sheltered by a lifeboat, I stood on the "hurricane" deck, watching the concourse as it greeted, and bound with embraces and fragrant ropes of blossoms, its disembarking guests. There is no welcome so rare as Hawaii's. Do I not know? But on that day not a familiar face could I pick out in the vast bouquet of upturned, expectant faces, though in it were a score of well-known ones.

I have since wondered at my lack of emotion. Nature, as if to bear me across a void, seemed to have congealed all tears and thrills. I was conscious of wanting to shun seeing anyone I knew afraid of emotion, perhaps. What I now recall is a sense of creeping, half-diffidently, half-curiously, between two hedges of

humanity that formed a lane through the lofty sheds to the street.

“ But aren't you Mrs. Jack ? ”

Startled, I looked up into a fresh, young face.

“ Joe ! ” It was Alexander Hume Ford's ward, a mere acquaintance. Never before had I noticed in him any striking resemblance to an angel. Assuring me he was not meeting anyone, into his car he tucked me. It did not seem necessary to explain that I wanted to drive about the city, and to Waikiki, before letting anyone know I had come. Joe seemed to understand. I would have it all over first ; I would acquaint myself thoroughly with the event—that I had come home to Jack's Loveland.

We spun out Kalakaua Avenue, past the lovely duck ponds that had mirrored for me more than one deathless dawn on those far morning arrivals from the other isles. And I heard with personal regret for loss of the picturesque that holds back material progress that the ponds and swamps were to be drained. Since then the work has gone forward, and a bridge been contrived across the Waikiki duck ponds. The span is named for our old friend, Governor Lucius E. Pinkham, lately deceased,



THE DITCH TRAIL

who was a pioneer in the idea of this drainage movement.

Before I registered at the hotel, I had dared to look into my long garden on Kalia Road ; at the Beach Walk cottage of earlier knowledge ; once more at the Outrigger Club, had again shaken hands with Hawaii's world-champion swimmer, Duke Kahanamoku, and met two other famous sea-gods, Rudy Langer and Norman Ross. Glancing under the Club *lanai*,* where Jack and I had lain at our leisure those balmy afternoons in 1916, I thought of the book he was last writing at Waikiki, "Jerry of the Islands," and at the same time mapping out its sequel, "Michael, Brother of Jerry," containing his appeal for the abolishment of stage-training for animals.

Next, I had been whirled up Honolulu's matchless background, upon a new and perfect serpentine of road, in and out of the verdant cañons that opened enchanting vistas in every direction. The final dash was out to Nuuanu Pali, to marvel afresh at the disappointing grandeur of Oahu's windward sea-prospect, Oahu's dimming miles of green pineapple plantation upon rolling, rosy prairie ;

* Veranda.

Oahu's eroded mountains, my "Mirrored Mountains," their bastions like green waves, frothing and curling with *kukui* foliage that flooded cliff and gorge.

For that one day and night I went in the same lightly frozen state, observing the world about me in a detached way. I telephoned surprised acquaintances, and gradually oriented myself.

One never can know what small factor will thaw the ice. In the morning, upon my tray it was Jack's favourite breakfast fruit in the tropics, the golden sickle of the *papaia*, that cut my controls and loosed the gate of tears. Why the *papaia*? Why not as well the coco-nut palms, the fragrance of the waxen plumeria *leis*,* the clinging caress of the golden *ilima*, the sight of the long garden beneath its palms at Waikiki; or, above all, the wet eyes of Jack's friends and mine at meeting? Why the mild breakfast "melon" from the carven *papaia* tree? I do not know. Only can I record that thence on I was myself again, myself in my own Hawaii, happily aware of the compensations of life.

After the tears, the blessedness of knowing

* Wreaths.

more than ever surely how kind are the hearts of Hawaii. *Haole*,* *hapa-haole*,† and all-Hawaiian, they flocked to me, dear friends, and gave me to understand that I “belonged,” that I was *kamaaina* ‡—not less but more—in double measure for myself and the lost one.

I had made Honolulu my first port because of the uncertainty of post-war sailings for Hilo on Hawaii, the “Big Island.” I was tired, body and brain, from a year devoted to writing my biography of Jack London—which was published in England and the United States in the fall of 1921. The gaieties of Honolulu were not for me. Serene Hilo, in the home of our old friends, the Shipmans, a quiet winter upon the Big Island and Maui, should precede my visit on Oahu.

But “Mother” Shipman was in Honolulu, so I delayed sailing for a week. After a night at the Alexander Young in town, and declining all generous invitations, for old sake’s sake I put up at the Seaside Hotel, in one of its white cottages beneath some of the finest coco-nut palms in these islands. My rooms soon resembled a florist’s shop, and there were

* White. † Half-white.

‡ “One who belongs”—old-timer.

no paper leis—paper ilima having largely superseded the real flower which has grown very scarce. Conspicuous upon the lanai was a graceful basket of sweet peas and maidenhair from Yoshimatsu Nakata, nine years our domestic familiar on land and sea, at home and abroad, whom we originally shipped on the yacht *Snark* at Hilo when we left for the South Seas. Now Nakata had become a prosperous dentist, and a man of family.

I lunched purposely alone in the well-remembered lanai circle, whence I could look out once more across the rainbow reef where the mad, white-maned sea-horses tore beachward. Memories of twelve years marched across my mental vision—a lovely pageantry in which the white sails of the doughty small *Snark* appeared most often and vividly. Many brown peoples were in the procession. Then the savour of the warm salt spray upon my lips begged me to breast at least the *wahine** surf, the little inshore breakers. But when I had passed the shallow water, out to where the Bearded Ones reared green and menacing, I did not find my spirit quite so courageous as once with my Strong Traveller at hand.

* Woman.

Thursday was Thanksgiving, and fell upon my birthday for the first time in many years. There was a lovable rush on the part of my Hawaiian family to gather choicest of native *kaokao** for me. Mary Low, she of our "Royal Progress" in 1916, had been the first to hear my voice over the wire. Her sister, Mrs. Hannah Hind, in whose house on Hawaii Jack had done some of his last work, and their Aunt Carrie Robinson, saw to it that I lacked none of the peculiar delicacies than which in long wanderings I had found nothing more to my palate's liking. Aunt Carrie, in her elegant car, did her own marketing, the native chauffeur, piled high with inviting parcels, doing service between market and motor-car. Her suburban home on the Peninsula at Pear, Harbour, near my one-time acre of Elysium, was the scene of a feast the like of which is seldom spread in these degenerate days. Senator "Robbie" Hind and I vied in attention to the greatest number of viands, "Aunt Hannah," beaming with gratification in our enthusiasm. I won. Nor can I bring myself to be ashamed of my prowess. Which leads me to believe that the most complicated *luau*†

* Food—pronounced *kou'kou*.

† Feast.

in these delectable isles is a "balanced" ration for my otherwise sensitive organism!

Midway of this princely repast, I noticed across the flower-mounded table that one sylph-like maiden gazed out of window with a faraway look of repletion.

"Weakening?" I queried scornfully.

"I should say not!" she amiably disclaimed. "Only resting!"

But here am I, in this my sequel to "Jack London and Hawaii," again writing at length concerning "native" feasting. In conclusion, I must repeat that he or she who fails to approach with open mind and appetite a Sandwich (no pun intended) Islands banquet, misses the ultimate of gustatory delights. For the casual sojourner there are special tourists' luaus, tickets for which can be purchased at the large hotels. A *hula* dance is included in the entertainment. And I must not neglect to mention that a serious fight is being waged on the subject of the commercialized *hula* advertised and staged to attract strangers. Objection seems based upon the lower features of the dance being emphasized, instead of the more beautiful and graceful character of the classic *hula*. It is even

MY RETURN TO JACK'S LOVE-LAND 71

advanced that the grass-skirted damsels so familiar on postcards are totally inaccurate. This is a telling point. The Hawaiians never knew the "grass" skirts of certain South-of-the-Equator peoples, but utilized the *tapa* cloth as their wrapping.

That Thanksgiving day of 1919 I slipped away from my party for an hour. Very softly I trod once more the red road and passed through the little wicket into our Elysian acre, for the first time since 1907. Then the white ketch *Snark* had swung at anchor in the jade tide of this her first port of call, off the jetty where I would catch tiny crabs for alfresco breakfasts.

Oh, the pity of it! A storm of ferocity seldom known in this part of the Pacific had snapped short the noble algaroba trunks, while a new owner had elevated by a whole story the once squat bungalow. It was hard for me to rehabilitate this contradictory wrack as the concordant scene of a dozen years before. Yonder had hung the hammock, from trees now uprooted, where Jack had rested and read after his morning's writing. Here by the bungalow had been the breakfast-table under the lacy algaroba foliage; and at the

same board had been done Jack's daily stint of manuscript.

I turned away desolate, grieved that I had come, and went down the lane to call upon Miss Frances Johnson, who will be recalled as the kindly neighbour with whom we took our noonday meals in those dreamful days at Pearl Lochs. She was very full of years ; and I thought, as I held her transparent, trembling hands and responded to her emotion, that it might be our last meeting. I was touched to hear that she had planned, if I had not come, to make the effort to go to me in Honolulu. She died the next year.

CHAPTER II

MOTORING—THE ROYAL COAT-OF-ARMS—PINE-APPLE GROWING—THE REFUGE OF BIRDS

SINCE the Great War there has been much talk, by way of book and periodical, about the South Seas proper; South Seas to Americans meaning Tahiti, Samoa, Tonga, and other Polynesian groups under the Equator, with little reference to the still raw and adventurous Melanesian islands far to the west, known to us of the *Snark*. But many who long to step upon the coralline sands of those first-mentioned easterly isles below the Line, and cannot go so far, lose sight of our own sub-tropics above that same Line, those Hawaiian Islands whose spell works so wonderfully within five or six days' steaming from California—San Francisco or Los Angeles.

For one who would see the island of Oahu in short order, work on the great Kamehameha Highway is progressing to its finish. A glance at the week-end automobile sections of Hono-

lulu's big newspapers leaves no doubt as to the charms of motoring about Hawaii.

One of the most attractive means of recreation here is under the auspices of the Trail and Mountain Club, founded by that genius of progress, Alexander Hume Ford, well known to readers of my earlier book. It is allied with the local activities of the Pan-Pacific Union, and associated with the mountaineers' clubs of North America, central information offices in New York City. It is proposed to establish a centre of information in Honolulu, which will act as a clearing-house, so that a member of one Pacific outing club may automatically become a visiting member of any other similar Pacific organization, should he travel in other lands than his own. Mr. Ford pursues a commendable, if rather startling, course in promoting this branch of his work for the islands. When a new trail is required, it is projected, named for some citizen of means, who is then notified that it will be his duty to bear the expense of building. Once completed, the Club keeps the trail in order. The actual labour is done by the Boy Scouts, who are advised which particular patriotic member of society will pay them for their pains. It is



THE ORIGINAL STATUE OF KAMAHAMEHA I

understood that the money goes toward equipment expenses of the Scout troupe which clears the path and puts it in order.

The outcome of all this agitation is that there are scores of mountain trails on the island of Oahu alone. Officers of the scheme have spent thousands of dollars in erecting rest-houses, some of which, as on the rim of great Haleakala on Maui, contain bunks and camp accommodations. Mr. Ford explains his method of drafting money and personal interest by the fact that the Club's annual dues of \$5.00 are not adequate for its upkeep and expansion; and so well has he presented the case that his fellow-citizens are convinced of the value to the territory of his unwavering drive to open up the wonders of its interior to mankind at large.

Automobile buses are utilized to transport hikers to points from which they may radiate into the fastnesses, and steamers are sometimes chartered to convey them to other islands, as, say, to a strategic harbour for the reaching of Haleakala's crater.

Now and again a patron of the Club, haply alive to the opportunity for increased health, mentally and physically, in a latitude wherein

the sea-level climate does not induce muscular effort except at water sports, places funds at the disposal of the officers. And it may be the Chinese, Filipino, or Japanese branch of the brotherhood that is eager to cut the trail. The animating spirit among these inter-racial limbs of the body proper is one of mutual service. Yet each unit maintains its own social exclusiveness. Never was there a human melting-pot presenting less problems on this score.

The Associated Outing Clubs of Hawaii have selected Haleiwa, Waialua, on Oahu, as the location for the first of their rest-houses. To the dabblers in sugar stock, I have it from Mr. Ford, Haleiwa means little, and Waialua everything. Waialua means "two waters," and the length of the streams of Oahu that pour from the mountains to the sea at Waialua spell millions in dividends; for here there is never a drought. So, to the kamaaina, Haleiwa is Waialua. He loves both. Waialua dividends make Haleiwa ("House Beautiful") week-ends possible for him. On the bank of the Anahula River, which flows into the sea near by where the swimming is so fine, there is left a wing of the old Emerson homestead,

built of madrepora rock in a grove of bread-fruit. This has been secured by the Outing Clubs for a camping-place; and none lovelier can be imagined. A fleet of canoes is kept upon the river. At the head of navigation are the rapids, where natives net the *opæ*, which they use for bait in the ocean a few hundred yards away.

From Waialua there are splendid motor trips. One in especial leads uphill at an unvarying five per cent grade through canefields to Opæula, nearly two thousand feet above the sea on the edge of an imposing cañon. In its bottom there is a well-ordered rest-house in a tropical grove by a large natural swimming-pool worn out of the rock. From this point one may follow the well-cut irrigation-ditch trails, that are a feature in themselves, into the heart of the range. And all this is but a sample of the opportunities offered the visitor to Oahu and its neighbouring isles.

Not far away, on the plateau between Waialua and Wahiawa, midmost of a great sugar estate, are to be seen the ruins of Kukani-loko, the native temple where kings and *alii* *

* Chiefs.

of ancient Oahu were born. The manager of the plantation, Mr. W. W. Goodale, resident there for a quarter of a century, has made it his pleasure to fence and otherwise protect the site, with its sacred stone dedicated to maternity, and to plant trees and flowering shrubs in the enclosure.

I was overjoyed to note that work had been done on the red leagues to Waimanalo on windward Oahu. There, beside other indestructible glories of God, is the finest swimming beach in the Territory. I have always regretted that Honolulu was not on this eastern coast of Oahu, where the climate is infinitely more bracing. Of course, the original reason for building on the leeward side was that in the days of sailing vessels only, the windward side would have been strewn with wrecks. I shall not live to see this; but I like to prophesy that some day a wonder-city will rise somewhere near Waimanalo beach.

One day, returning from that section, we angled aside to the old Irwin place, Maunawili, in a green mountain pocket. Here, long years ago, Queen Liliuokalani composed her sweet and simple song, now so widely known and associated with the island kingdom, "Aloha

Oe'' (Love to You). James Boyd, hapa-haole, and a close friend of the royal family, had then been the owner and host.

Led by one who knew of the past regime, I wandered through the old house, now occupied by a caretaker. Here the alii had journeyed merrily over the Pali from Honolulu to rest and play and feast, when there was no thought of time; when the heady air trembled with fragrance, and melody from happy, care-free throats. It was a quaint experience, stepping up or down from one built-on part to another; peering into musty wardrobes; contemplating the vast *hikiés** that had lulled long rows of Hawaiian noblemen to child-like slumber; musing above the remnants of furniture brought by famous clippers around Cape Horn for the use of the heads of the monarchy. And all the time in my ears the rich lore of that generation now silent in death. I cannot help wondering if, in England to-day, there are not one or more who can recall the visit to London of Queen Liliuokalani. The first to accept the hospitality of the English Court were Kamehameha II and his queen, in 1825, where they are said to have been made much

* Hard board beds, very large, spread with native woven ma

of. A bit of heraldry will not be out of place here. The "Hawaiian Almanac and Annual for 1886," which in turn quotes from *The Polynesian*, a newspaper published in Honolulu, of May 31, 1845, makes statement that the coat-of-arms was designed by a high chief named Haalilio. I borrow from Mary S. Lawrence's description of the Royal Hawaiian escutcheon. It has been extensively reproduced in jewellery, the colours pricked up in enamel, making a handsome souvenir.

"It is divided into quarters. The first and fourth quarters of the shield contain the eight red, white and blue stripes which represent the inhabited islands.

"Upon the yellow background of the second and third quarters are the *poloulou*, or tabu sticks—white balls with black staffs. These were a sign of protection, as well as of tabu.

"In the centre is found a triangular flag, the *puela*, lying across two *alia*, or spears. This also was a sign of tabu and protection.

"The background represents a mantle or military cloak of royalty. At the sides are the supporters in feather cloaks and helmets. Kameeiamoku on the right carries an *ihe*, or spear, while Kamanawa, his twin brother, on

the left, holds a *kahili*, or staff, used only upon State occasions.

“ Above the shield is the crown, ornamented with twelve *taro* leaves. Below is the national motto taken from the speech of the king upon Restoration Day : ‘ The life of the land is perpetuated by righteousness.’ ”

The coat-of-arms has not been used by the Government since the islands have been a territory of the United States of America.

On my trips I noted a greater spread of pineapple on windward Oahu. This industry has grown until it practically shares honours with that of sugar, superseding rice, once the second industry here. Raw sugar, to the tune of over five hundred thousand tons, was exported in 1921. The report on pineapple for 1918 showed an export of twenty million tins. In March, 1920, the estimated pack for that year was six million cases, and 1921 produced nearly the same. This in face of discouragements such as “ pineapple wilt,” “ Kauai blight,” and the objection of large areas of plants to take to manganese soil. The first “ pine ” plantation in Hawaii was begun in Manoa Valley behind Honolulu, by a Devonshire man, Captain John Kidwell. He

came to San Francisco in 1872, and a year later sailed for Hawaii. In the early 'eighties he started planting the native pineapple shoots from the Kona Coast, on the Big Island, later importing old stumps from Florida. In 1892 a hundred thousand plants were flourishing, and the Hawaiian Fruit and Packing Company was formed. This was the second canning concern in these islands, fish-canning having been the only rival. Captain Kidwell has but lately died, at the age of seventy-three.

On another day I was again at the Macfarlanes' place, Refuge of Birds, Ahuimanu—hard against my Mirrored Mountains that rise straight and cloud-crowned. Old as it had appeared before, now it looks far more than thirteen years older. Then it had been a tended decline, inhabited by gracious and graceful beings who dispensed unparalleled hospitality. Now the mossy roofs lay unrepaired beneath sun and star, cloud and rain, silent, deserted. But the several hours in which we awakened the echoes in that long dining-room and the familiar chambers, and in terraced gardens and swimming-pool, invoked the spirit of other days. Beyond

my own California mountains, there is one place above all others I should love to have and cherish. It is Ahuimanu, Refuge of Birds.

CHAPTER III

ACADEMY OF DESIGN—OUTDOOR EXHIBITIONS—
DECADENCE OF NATIVE PEOPLES—KING-
MAN'S ISLAND

I HAVE descanted upon the outdoor sports of Hawaii. But would you have instead the fever of city life in a rigorless latitude, no metropolis so urbane and urban as Honolulu-by-the-sea. The hotel existence is a soft dream of leisure, dining, teas, bridge, bathing, canoeing, and dancing in the immense lanais to the swooning Hawaiian strains or the latest mainland jazz, from stringed instruments and voices of native musicians.

One new enterprise I noted was by way of well-coached companies in little theatres. Talent, and good talent, is recruited from both amateur and professional sources, even some of the older and most exclusive families now and then yielding enthusiastic characters to the plays produced, which are of the best selection. It is hardly necessary to mention

that there are fine moving-picture houses throughout the islands.

And Honolulu now boasts her own Academy of Design, its first President being our friend, Mr. Benjamin L. Marx. Here a competent faculty teaches outdoor sketching, life drawing and painting, commercial art, applied design, freehand drawing, the history of art, and modelling, ornamental and from life. Nature has helped the latter venture by furnishing an excellent potter's clay which was discovered in Punch Bowl crater within the town limits. The department of painting has the services of Mr. Ivan Kalmykoff, noted Russian artist, at its head. Mr. Kalmykoff also makes pottery, having won first award at the Paris Exhibition for Russian pottery, and the Academy, of course, has a kiln. The faculty otherwise is composed of painters and sculptors favourably known in the Western world and farther, such as the veteran artist of Hawaii, D. Howard Hitchcock; Lionel Walden; Guy Osborne, and several others.

The good effect of the Institution, now about to enter its third year, has been strongly felt in the public schools about the islands, as well as in the libraries. Lectures by members of

the faculty are given, with prints or lantern slides, and outside artists, sculptors, and designers of note are secured for lectures whenever possible. Good paintings and prints are bought as funds make possible. The Academy works hand in hand with the industrial schools in the matter of weaving and the revival of native handicraft. In glancing over the list of eighty students enrolled the first year, I find twenty-two were men, five of them Japanese, and one Chinese. The roster is a democratic one, including names of men and women from families far apart in the social scale. It seems to me the influence of such an academy in the Territory is beyond computation. One can only pray unceasingly that this one may not have to beg and scrape for the wherewithal to expand its manifold advantages to the community.

Hawaii's mixed population, aided and abetted by her unequalled climatic conditions, are the means of encouraging outdoor exhibitions of various kinds, bearing upon historic events. Balboa Day, September 25, 1916, observed in many Pacific lands, in Hawaii was combined with the first great Pan-Pacific Union

celebration, which lengthened into several days of veritable carnival, with pageantry that surpassed any that Honolulu had ever before attempted. Guests from every country of the Western Hemisphere attended. And each adopted nationality in its own way of picturesqueness took part in the colourful entertainment. The preponderance of Oriental talent among the lines of decoration insures here a magnificence of display in the matter of floats and processions. But of deeper interest, and no less beauty, is the stately resurrection of old-time Hawaiian custom and costuming. These must be correct in every known detail, and an afternoon spent in watching the dramatic revival of savage royalty, its ceremonial and its sports, as well as of humbler occupations, is worth a voyage to the islands.

That their forefathers and the rich traditions may not be forgotten by descendants and the world outside, associations have been formed, such as Daughters of Hawaii, Daughters and Sons of Hawaiian Warriors, the Kaahumanu Society, and others. These commemorate certain dates or events. The most conspicuous and general is Kamehameha Day, a territorial

holiday, when the native societies join in decorating their mighty hero's impressive statue and conducting musical exercises in the palace park, now the executive grounds. A grand parade is a feature. The day is participated in by many other orders, as, say, the Mystic Shriners and the fraternal body of Foresters, to say nothing of the "Ad" Club and the Rotary Club. The programme of Kamehameha Day also comprises an exciting regatta in the harbour, and horse-racing at the park.

Kamehameha's second son, Kauikeouli, who reigned as Kamehameha III, also has his memorial day, which falls on St. Patrick's, March 17. He is remembered for his unselfish patriotism, the liberal constitution granted his people, and for his gift of the right to hold lands in fee simple. The historian Alexander writes: "While there were grave faults in his character, there were also noble traits. . . . He was true and steadfast in friendship. Duplicity and intrigue were foreign to his nature. He always chose men of tried integrity for responsible offices, and never betrayed secrets of State, even in his most unguarded moments."



PA-U OR HAWAIIAN RIDING COSTUME

I cannot refrain from diverging to point out the qualifications of such a man, whole-Hawaiian, of whom one may speak lightly as a savage !

A week in April, 1920, saw the celebration of the Hawaiian Missions Centennial, which was attended by many distinguished guests from the mainland and from foreign countries. On the second day H.R.H. the Prince of Wales dropped in, off the *Renown*. Although this memorable week beheld all the pageantry and sport that was possible to crowd into it, to many minds its greatest charm was in the more specific services devoted to the Centennial itself, one of the most beautiful exercises being the song contests of the churches from the various islands. The Hawaiians are boundless in their enthusiasm toward this expression of themselves.

Ah, it is a lovely land ! And it always brings me a thrill to read its praises, past and present. Hear what an American architect, on his way around the world, had to say :

“ During my drive about Oahu I came to the belief, after a matter of conclusion extending over thirty-five years of travel in Europe and Asia, that the island of Oahu is the most

beautiful place on earth. You have here the home of absolute beauty, and you should conserve it."

He was made indignant by its abuse, for he went on :

"One thing regarding Honolulu I would say is damnable: that is, the three-deck tenement on part of the old gardens of the Princess Kaiulani at Ainalau. This three-deck fills me with amazement, disgust, and apprehension. This class of construction is not desirable under any consideration, and should be stopped in this extraordinarily beautiful city."

In these latter days of the isles below the Equator, one's heart is wrung by the decadence of native peoples through the ills of white civilization—the "white shadows" of Frederick O'Brien's naming. Then the influenza reaped its ghastly harvest. I should dread to step again in former haunts, so tragically decimated are they of their charming dwellers. Hawaii, however, fared not so badly from the "flu." All-Hawaiians, though never since white occupation holding their own in fecundity, are far from presenting a puny

appearance—the splendid creatures! Thus, the traveller who would gaze upon the pure Polynesian in his native environment may still gratify curiosity. If he be in San Francisco, New York, or Los Angeles, he may step out and procure steamship reservations at branch offices of the Hawaii Tours Company. And let me hasten to impress upon my readers that it is in sheer goodwill that I pass along this information, unbeknown to said Tours Company. My pleasure it is to share *my* Hawaii with the entire world. Many are the letters that weight my morning post telling me that “Jack London and Hawaii” has sent the writer out upon the blue Pacific. Never was I more happy in this connection than upon a day, that 1919–1920 winter, when we went to meet Princess David Kawananakoa and her children, arriving from New York. Stepping from the gang-plank to the wharf, a bright-eyed woman made straight for myself, stretching out her hand:

“They tell me you are Mrs. Jack London—Charmian! Well, I want to say to you that I am standing upon a Hawaiian dock to-day because I read your ‘Hawaii’ book—oh, yes, and your ‘Voyaging in Wild Seas’ too. I

fully expect to get to the South Seas because of *that*. And there are others aboard who can tell you the same ! ”

It saddens one to read the cold, hard figures of the official census of 1921. The only race registering a decrease is the native. The total pure-Hawaiians are given as twenty-one thousand nine hundred and seven, a decrease of four thousand one hundred and thirty-four in ten years. The Asiatic-Hawaiian has doubled, however, and the Caucasian-Hawaiian risen from eight thousand seven hundred and seventy-two to eleven thousand three hundred and forty-eight. Total population of the Territory, dated June 20, 1921, is given as two hundred and seventy-five thousand eight hundred and eighty-four. Of this number one hundred and fourteen thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine are Japanese, an increase of thirty-five thousand two hundred and four in a decade.

Prince Johan Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, for nearly twenty years delegate to Washington, not only grieved for the passing of the Hawaiians, but used the advantages of his position for their welfare. The last several years of his life were

devoted to studying ways and means to check their decline, and he came to believe that in the soil of their natal isles lay the solution. The outcome was what is known as the Rehabilitation Project. This has for its object that certain Government tracts be set aside to provide home-sites for people of Hawaiian blood as an aid to perpetuation and rebuilding of the race, and it was passed on the ground that foreigners were taking up all available land and crowding out the natives. The Act received a favourable report in the National House of Representatives, but the Senate turned it down. The local legislature then altered its provisions, and it was ratified.

The Prince joined his fathers just at the beginning of his dream's realization. He had been selected as a member of the Commission that was to carry it out, but death came before he had served long.

There is in course of upbuilding a proposition on a smaller scale, but pointing to the same end. A Honolulu corporation has secured the little Palmyra group, lying about nine hundred and sixty miles south-east of Oahu, looking to the development of copra and other resources of this tiny district which

is really in the nature of a suburb to the city and county of Honolulu. Palmyra was for some years entirely uninhabited, until a short time ago, when the Company sent persons there to cut copra (meat of the coco-nut) for market. The Palmyra "group" consists of a handful of palmy islets set in a coral-reef horseshoe, and is one of five of these exquisite sea-garlands lying in a string north-westerly from Christmas Island in 1° north latitude to Kingman's Reef in 7° north, only nine hundred and thirty miles south of Honolulu. Thirty-three miles south-east is Palmyra, next Great Britain's Washington Island, Fanning, and Christmas—slanting one hundred and two hundred miles apart respectively.

Although Palmyra and Kingman's are not on the beaten trail of ocean traffic, and infrequent communication can be held with the "pioneers," the experiment on Palmyra at this writing looks promising. Hand in hand with the copra possibilities goes the splendid fishing. The lagoon as well as the adjacent waters outside the coral reef teem with fish, which by the aid of a fast boat of the navy's "Eagle" type could be placed on the Honolulu market within seventy-two hours or less.

The plan is to establish a colony of Hawaiian fishermen and their families to foster the fishing and agricultural resources. Local Hawaiian societies are said to be favourably disposed toward the undertaking, and many Hawaiians who want to better their conditions have shown themselves eager for the work of establishing a permanent and prosperous community on Palmyra. Fishing is keen sport to the Polynesian—a thrill not monopolized by him, needless to say. And the waters about Hawaii are the fisherman's paradise.

When, on behalf of the Palmyra Company, Mr. Lorrin A. Thurston annexed and raised the flag of the United States of America on Kingman's Island, the Associated Press reported that the "naval authorities" at Washington disclaimed the existence of an island at Kingman's Reef, as it is charted by the U.S. Hydrographic Survey Office. It was even jovially hinted that "violation of the Eighteenth Amendment" might have had something to do with the "discovery" of an island on Kingman's. The idea was that Mr. Thurston in error must have "discovered" Palmyra, Washington, Fanning, or Christmas. But it can always be depended upon that Lorrin A.

Thurston does nothing by halves. He sees in Kingman's lagoon a valuable mid-Pacific harbour approximately ten miles in length, with a varying depth of from fifteen to forty-five fathoms. The entrance to the horseshoe reef is but four fathoms, which was the depth of the gateway to Honolulu harbour before it was dredged to forty feet.

Mr. Thurston admits that the actual island is very small, but that the importance of Kingman's does not depend upon the size of the island. The important thing is that there is room within this enclosed area for large ships without number. That the island itself can be enlarged, with the ample material close at hand, to a size commensurate with the establishment of a station of call and supplies for the need of all ships likely to come that way for years. It is on the direct steamship route from Panama to the Philippines, and from San Francisco and Honolulu to Samoa, New Zealand, and Australia. The two routes intersect at this juncture. Otherwise there is no American port of call, or possibility of making one on the routes named, with the exception of Palmyra, where there is now no port and where there are grave obstacles to

overcome before creating one. Whether Kingman's can be made a safe harbour is largely an engineering question.

Objections have been made on the ground that Kingman's, reef and island, are likely to be swept at any time by high seas. Mr. Thurston counters by reporting his belief, based upon personal observation, that the island has never been so swept. While there is no vegetation upon it, he found the entire surface covered with black vegetable mould, which would not be there otherwise. The island lies at the apex of the atoll—like the head of a comet, the two sides of the encircling reef on the north and south sides of the lagoon, trailing off from each side of the island to the westward, like the comet's tail, to such distance that the westerly extremities were not in sight to the party. The normal south-east trades were blowing, with the normal trade-wind swell and chop-sea, producing the usual heavy surf, rolling in from the north, east, and south, at the easterly apex of the atoll, where is the island. Even so, Mr. Thurston declares, the water in the lagoon, on the fourth or westerly side of the island, was smooth, even glassy. The foregoing, together with a

further bulk of detailed observation, leads the astute Thurston to believe that the force of the outer waves is so dissipated by the reef that the island remains unmenaced. A final bastion in support of his argument is the existence, in the most important parts of the lagoon, of the most marvellous growth of living coral that he ever saw. Hawaii is very proud of her "coral gardens" at Kaneohe and Waialua, where glass-bottomed boats are kept for visitors. But Mr. Thurston says those "gardens," which are composed mostly of dead coral, are jokes compared with Kingman's, which are living and of the most delicate branching varieties, so fragile that some are difficult even to gather without breaking. Mr. Thurston sums up :

"There may be no immediate need for a harbour in this quarter of the world ; but Pacific commerce and interests are developing so rapidly and extensively that there is no knowing when a harbour in this locality may be of commercial and strategic importance. . . . I submit that it is now proper policy for the Government to take time by the forelock, and have a detailed survey and report made upon ' Kingman's island and harbour.'"

At present the only vessels plying between Hawaii and Palmyra are Japanese power-sampans chartered by the owners. I am very desirous of making this cruise, and cannot see why, in good time, there should not be regular excursions for those who want to see, at so convenient range, what lonely tropic atolls are like.

CHAPTER IV

THE PASSING OF PRINCE KUHIO

THE death of Prince Jonah Kuhio Kalanianaʻole on January 7, 1922, left but one male survivor of his line, a nephew—young Kalakaua Kawanānakoā, a prince, with his two sisters, entirely lacking royal prospects. He is the son of Prince David and Princess Abigail Kawanānakoā, and is a citizen of the United States. At present he is an American school-boy, receiving an education both in his natal isles and in the States.

Prince Kuhio was raised in the gay court of King Kalakaua, which merry monarch was renowned as having travelled more extensively than any contemporary crowned head. Your own Prince David, it would seem, bids fair to surpass Kalakaua's record! Although of royal family, nephew of Kalakaua's queen, Kapiolani, and descended from the last king of the islands of Kauai and Niihau, Kuhio was not a lineal inheritor of the throne of Hawaii.



BAY OF HANA, ISLAND OF MAUI

THE PASSING OF PRINCE KUHIO 101

He and his brother David, upon the death of their own chiefly parents, were brought up by the reigning pair, Kalakaua and Kapiolani, as possible successors. Kalakaua, by royal proclamation, decreed them princes of the realm, and saw that they were trained accordingly. Their schooling began in Hawaii, was continued in the States, and later they went to an agricultural college in London. In "Kuhio, a Reminiscence and an Appreciation," written after the death of the Prince, Mr. Lorrin A. Thurston tells the following :

"The fates caused my life-lines to cross those of Kuhio upon several occasions, my first acquaintance with him being while I was Minister of the Interior, about 1889. He brought me a personal note from his aunt, Queen Kapiolani, which stated that he wished to learn something of practical business life, and asked me to give him employment. The request was complied with, and he became a clerk in the land office, making a good record for industry and efficiency."

His career was a varied and lively one. He had just about turned of age when King Kalakaua died in San Francisco, and Liliuo-

kaliani succeeded to her troubled and brief heritage. That was in 1893. Had the monarchy not been overthrown Jonah Kuhio Kalaniana'ole would in all likelihood have succeeded his aunt as ruler of the Hawaiian kingdom. In the cataclysm that ousted Queen Liliuokalani, the Prince was unavoidably all for the royal party, and became involved in a plot to restore his aunt to the throne. Mr. Thurston writes :

“ The next time our tracks crossed was in 1893, when, after the unsuccessful royalist revolt, a number of the participants, of whom Kuhio was one, were imprisoned. A test case was brought to invalidate all of the convictions, Kuhio being the petitioner in habeas corpus proceedings. I acted as counsel for the Republic of Hawaii in resisting the application. The writ was not granted.”

The conspirators were put in the Oahu penitentiary ; and for about a twelvemonth the tenderly nurtured young scion laboured in convict stripes. His sweetheart, a high chiefess named Elizabeth Kaleiwohi Kaauwai, remained true, and upon his release they were married and departed for the great centres

of Europe. From his African big-game hunting, the Prince was able to show an exceptionally good bag of trophies.

The pair had not been back long when the Prince entered the Republican lists and was elected as official representative of the Territory of Hawaii in the Congress of the United States, his brother, Prince David Kawananoa, having been the defeated candidate on the Democratic ticket. Kuhio was re-elected for ten successive two-year terms, proving his extreme popularity, for there were bound to be political enemies, who spent large sums to down him. His status at Washington was an unique one : an American citizen, member of the House of Representatives, he was at the same time a dusky prince of royal lineage and upbringing. He became widely and affectionately known as "Prince Cupid," and I, for one, am able to vouch for his social grace and quick wit in conversation and repartee. He possessed a distinct and decided mind of his own, and a logical one in debate. Added to the dignity and courtliness of his manners was an engaging air of diffidence. I am borne out by Mr. Thurston, who says : "His was an engaging presence." Showing the temper

of the man, I further quote from the same authority :

“ It so happened that during Kuhio’s long term in Congress we sharply differed upon a number of questions, and neither of us ever hesitated to speak his mind on the point in issue, or concerning each other. During all this time, however, political differences in no way ever interfered with our personal friendly relations. Whether such relations are usual between political opponents in other lands, I do not know. But I am inclined to believe that the kindly atmosphere of Hawaii and the genial, friendly character of her sons and daughters have had much to do with the fact that although, unhappily, the fates have at times brought me into sharp political opposition to a number of the leading Hawaiians, there has been no—or but temporary—interference with cordial personal friendships. As an example, about 1914, among other Republicans, I opposed Kuhio’s renomination to Congress, giving reasons therefor in an open letter, at the same time giving full credit for his personal good qualities. I quote what I then said of him . . . my opinion now as it was then :

“ ‘Kuhio . . . is a man among men; a “good sport.” When younger he “bucked the line” with the best of them at football.

In the recent yacht race to Hilo, by the outside passage, he was a member of the crew of the *Hawaii*. He hauled in on the main sheet; stood his trick at the wheel; lived on hard tack and coffee for fifty-eight hours; played hard, worked hard, and slept hard—I know, because I shared a state room with him—with the rest of the boys.

“ ‘He holds his own, without asking any favours, in any social relation; at any function; as an entertainer or as a public speaker, and is a good campaigner. He is almost the last male representative of the ancient Hawaiian chiefs; and they were a remarkable class, of great personal force and impressive dignity. A chivalric recognition of his status in this respect has tintured sentiment toward him, more even among the whites than among the natives.

“ ‘He has had the continuous support for approximately twelve years of the Republican organization; the leading commercial men and concerns, and of most of the independent thinkers, who are bound but lightly by party ties, as a result of which he has been continuously elected to Congress since 1902. At every Hawaiian election, certain demagogic light-weights try to draw the colour line, and make capital out of the race issue. During the past twelve years this issue has been almost wholly absent from the Kuhio campaigns. In fact,

he has continuously received the large majority of white votes, as against his white rival for the office of delegate.'

"A day or so after publication of the foregoing letter," Mr. Thurston continues, "while walking along King Street I heard a hail from across the street—'Hullo, Kakina!' Upon looking up, I saw Kuhio advancing across the street with a smiling face. Upon reaching me he grasped my hand and gave it a hearty shake, saying:

"'I want to thank you for the nice things you said about me in your letter. I'm not much struck on going back to Washington anyway, and I don't care how many of you oppose me if they do it in the decent way you have done; but I'm still in the game!'"

While his sentiment and first consideration were toward the fortunes of his people, Cupid was always active in matters concerning the welfare of neighbouring Pacific lands, and served as honorary vice-president of the great Pan-Pacific Union, of which more anon. Shortly before his death, he had announced that at the end of his then present term he would conclude his service as delegate. As he saw it:

“ I can best serve the ends of my own race by acting as a member of the Hawaiian Rehabilitation Act Commission. I feel that I have done my duty to my country and my people in the past twenty years in Washington. I want to use what knowledge and influence I have in making the Hawaiian home laws a success. I succeeded in getting the Rehabilitation Act through Congress, and will continue to work on the carrying out of the law. The rest depends upon the Hawaiians themselves.”

His doom descended quite unexpectedly, in the midst of an illness that had not been viewed with immediate alarm, though he had been ailing for some time. He was accorded a State funeral similar to that of their late majesties, Kalakaua and Liliuokalani. As soon as word had gone forth that he was dead, the Hawaiians planned a nine-days' death watch by relays of the various societies. The tragic pomp of those days has been unequalled in these islands except by that maintained for their deposed queen, Liliuokalani. And certainly the delegate's was unique, as was his tenure of office in Washington, among obsequies of members of Congress.

After being on view to family and friends for eleven hours, at the stroke of midnight,

lighted by a young moon and flare of native kukui-nut torches, the body of the Prince was carried from his new home at Waikiki, "Pualeilani" (Garden of heaven's flowers), to historic coral-built Kawaihao Church. A week later, with the same weird ceremonial under the moon, the casket was removed to the throne room of Iolani Palace, now the executive mansion. There, where once he had stood on the dais with his reigning aunt and uncle, what was left of Hawaii's last titular prince lay in state in the hall of kings and queens of his race, with the portraits of his own line and of the Kamehameha dynasty looking down upon him. The funeral and interment took place on the following day, Sunday, at the royal mausoleum in Nuuanu Valley. Arrangements were in the hands of certain of his close friends, and representatives of the State, working together, Hawaiian and haole, to do him honour. Governor Wallace R. Farrington, as well as the army and navy heads stationed on Oahu, personally called upon the widow, Princess Elizabeth, who was also a recipient of messages from many lands. She, who had held her husband's hand during the last hours, did not falter in required observance

throughout those nine days, though it called for all reserve strength of heart and head and flesh.

Her prince had sat in his arm-chair facing an open door which commanded a view of the now distributed and built-up park that had been the luxurious residence of his aunt, Queen Kapiolani. There had been spent years of his boyhood and youth, and now his wish was to visualize it as it had been. Some of those who kept this last vigil with their dying prince and friend, remembered that the very date was an anniversary of the night revolution that was launched at Waikiki on January, 1893, when the Hawaiians by a coup had hoped to overturn the Republic of Hawaii and re-establish Queen Liliuokalani. And only a few rods distant from "Sans Souci," where he had been seized twenty-seven years earlier, here again the Prince made his fight, but now for the breath of life.

Love, time, pains, nor wealth were spared in the lordly tribute paid to the memory of Prince Cupid. Perhaps most strangers, fortunate enough to see such monarchical ceremonial in a once heathen domain, can only appreciate the outer magnificence, knowing little and

caring less concerning the hundreds of careful details that go into its faultless etiquette. Nothing in history shows more unswerving etiquette than the Hawaiian Court of old. The attendance to detail was undoubtedly true in the greatest degree of the present occurrence, for the Hawaiians in fullest sense knew that the passing of Kuhio was the closing act, that the last vestige of their native rule was *pau* (finished). The sable curtain was rolling inexorably down. Only in reverent mimicry could anything resembling such a drama be staged again in the annals of their diminishing race.

Each transfer of the royal remains, always in the dead of night, was witnessed by thousands, of all nationalities and callings, massed behind lines of soldiery. The coffin was flanked by pall-bearers, kahili-bearers, torch-bearers, and by members of the orders of Kamehameha and the Daughters and Sons of Warriors, of which the Prince was chief. And during the three-times-three days preceding the burial, watchers clad in the splendid feather emblems that were the insignia of royalty and nobility in the past, stood guard about the bier. Two rows of kahilis towered on each

side of it, and one watcher was always stationed at the head, waving a smaller kahili above the quiet face. There was at all hours a subdued threnody of singing and chanting by the native societies.

Familiar as I have become with Hawaiian custom and the State symbols, easily as I am able to visualize what went on, still I am largely dependent for my knowledge of this event upon letters and the pages of Honolulu newspapers, more especially the articles signed by Mr. A. P. Taylor.

In Kawaiahaeo Church a continuous line of people passed before the earthly form of the Prince. The line was kept in motion by uniformed members of the National Guard and the Kamehameha school. The body was draped in the Prince's own ancestral feather cloak, with other priceless specimens of these regal *ahuula* about the casket of native "mahogany," the *koa* wood. The casket was made, in a bygone style, by the firm who had attended royalty in Hawaii for over half a century.

Floral offerings, including one from President Harding, poured in until the church, pulpit to choir, was a mass of fragrant colour; and

varieties of native flowers and vines beloved by the Prince, arrived by special envoys from the other islands. Many Hawaiians in the slow-moving queue paused to wail, and tears fell like rain. According to custom their faces as they passed should always be toward the dead. Never must their backs be turned upon one who lies so still in the wood. Much of the time the widow remained seated near the head, often with her hand before her eyes to conceal emotion as some wail or poignant strain of music, dear to her memories, struck too deep. She mourned in pure white throughout the difficult days. In addition to local soloists and choruses, the best singers and choirs from other ports in the Territory were heard. A memorial service was held, with the Reverend Akaiko Akana, pastor of Kawaiahao Church, officiating.

As early as eight o'clock on the night preceding the removal to Iolani Palace, it was necessary for the National Guard to tighten their cordon about the church, which already held its capacity of mourners and sympathizers. Only the choir loft was reserved, and from it poured softly the harmony of voice and string, while an old man chanted.

In the lofty throne-room of the palace the crystal chandeliers shed their brilliance upon the next scene. Dawn came and then the Hawaiian sunlight through the windows, touching the rose-tinted tops of kahilis and flooding the great hall. By eight o'clock all were excluded save a few privileged persons. The etiquette becoming so great a funeral grew more and more rigid. Wailing from the native populace outside accompanied the tread of martial feet, and there were heard sharp military commands, and the slap of rifles. In the palace yard, where often kings and queens, and the late prince, had met with their people on festive as well as grave occasions, the Hawaiian organizations took their places facing the imposing palace steps. At ten, arrayed in their vestments, the Episcopal clergy filed into the throne-room, led by Bishop La Mothe, head of the Church in Hawaii, and followed by the choir. The full burial service was read, and with the benediction there terminated the lying-in-state of the Prince delegate. Was it by mere coincidence, I wonder, that the Cross of Christ was set opposite the protective *tabu* stick of barbaric Hawaii surmounted by its golden ball?

The tall kahilis were unstepped from their standards by stalwart Hawaiians. High chiefs lifted the casket, weighing a ton and a half, from the bier and bore it out and down the long descent of steps to the black-draped catafalque. Then boomed the minute guns, fired by a battery of the National Guard, and when the catafalque emerged through the old Kauikeouli gate into King Street the minute-gun refrain was taken up by guns of the United States army, and firing prevailed until the Prince was lowered into his last home.

The catafalque was drawn by many Hawaiians, mostly recruited from among stevedores (*poola*), a service they have always claimed; from time immemorial no lower animal has been allowed to convey a ruler or prince of Hawaii from the palace to the grave. These powerful pullers wear scarlet shirts, and attach themselves to the black and white ropes of the sepulchral car with strength and pride. The procession was directed by a picturesque figure on horseback, Captain Robert Parker Waipa, once member of the Household Guards, who has performed this function for many deceased alii of the Kalakaua dynasty. Preceding the body of the last leader of their

race, walked a detachment of the common people; and this was as it should be. Not only was Jonah Kuhio Kalaniana'ole a prince of Hawaii, but he was a prince of the people, and for them exerted himself from first to last. And fittingly upon this his last narrow house of native koa, so soon to be engulfed from the sunlight, reposes above his heart a silver shield bearing the inscription: "Ke Alii Makaa-inana"—"The Chief of the Citizens."

Some of the serried thousands who viewed it may have seen in the cortège little except the persistence of an almost savage show that meant nothing to them. But the honour shown to the last of the alii by his people in this closing chapter of his national life, and theirs, was from their heart of hearts. Most of the spectators saw in the procession of sorrowing Hawaiians only love expressed in forms to them fully comprehended, and realized the reverent symbolism underneath the outward blazonry. None was too high nor too humble to do reverence, none too old. One woman of ninety-eight, Kamaka Stillman, of white and noble Hawaiian blood, known in every passing court of the old monarchy, took her place among those who walked the miles,

most of them ascending, from palace to mausoleum. Her spirit bore her right sovrantly, and she did not seem to suffer from the unwonted exertion. And in the sky above the ancient dame, how strangely purred the fabulous aeroplanes in battle array!

At length into the mausoleum grounds up Nuuanu Valley the long train of Hawaiian societies paced, followed by the sombre catafalque. Flowers had been arranged in profusion around the monument over the Kalakaua crypt. The entrance was covered with leis of the Prince's favourite *hala* blossom and the fragrant *mailé* vine. Near by stood the Hawaiian band, and among the spectators was the aged conductor, Henri Berger, for forty years bandmaster at every function of note in Hawaii. I am happy to record his presence, because in my 1922 edition, through error, I announced his passing. For which I now humbly apologize to him.

Malulani Kahea, custodian of the mausoleum, received the royal dead as he and his family before him had received royal dead these many decades. The honorary pall-bearers stood on one side of the entrance to the crypt, the Kamehameha lodge opposite. In front was

the Bishop with his clergy, the choir at the rear. There was some difficulty in carrying the heavy casket to the top step, but it was finally adjusted upon the inclined sled to be lowered.

Princess Elizabeth, accompanied by ex-Mayor John C. Lane, High Chiefess Kaomai-lani, and the young Princess Kapiolani, stood near, together with Princess David Kawanakoa. The aged Kamaka Stillman, unexhausted by her heroic parade, raised a chant, which was taken up by another and still another woman of old experience. Even as the band played the "Dead March" from "Saul," the strange chanting went on with indescribable effect. Episcopal and feathered Polynesian vestment weirdly contrasted. The household attendants of the Prince looked on with streaming and dismal eyes.

Flanked by tabu sticks, surrounded by a forest of the stately kahilis, the body began its ultimate descent. There is a photograph of the scene that I cannot banish from my eyes. The ponderous casket, smothered in feathered capes, is being eased upon the declivity by Hawaiian aristocrats of mighty thew, also decorated with noble insignia. Their

faces are dark with sorrow and a great concern for the safe conduct of their nearly superhuman burden. Just above, at the entrance, is the white-gowned chief mourner, her hand on her heart, and gazing almost fearsomely down upon the incredible spectacle of her companion of years being laid forever away from her sight. But her terrible trial was not over. She must follow down into the sepulchre.

“Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” intoned the Bishop.

“Abide With Me,” sang the choir, with melting voices.

And the benediction was pronounced.

But the final invocation was appropriately in the Hawaiian tongue, a fervent prayer raised by the native orator and preacher, Reverend Stephen Desha. Then the wailing broke out afresh, and again the chanting of the ancient women. The Princess's tears flowed unchecked as her party pressed about in sympathy and helpfulness. The chanting was quickly superseded by the last queen's plaintive love-song, “Aloha Oe,” from the Hawaiian band. Then the national anthem, “Hawaii Pono,” closed an event the like of

which will never again take place upon earth. There was no "Vive le roi!" to follow the passing of the Prince who, but for the "inevitable white man," might have been king of this adorable and fast disappearing people.

The tomb of the Kalakauas, and the tomb of the Kamehamehas beyond, will lie silent and undisturbed until the last trump.

CHAPTER V

PRINCESS ABIGAIL—KING LIHOLIHO—THE KAHILI

AND now to return to my 1919–1920 winter. When we met Princess David (Abigail) Kawananakoa on the dock that day, she said she had come home to stay. For years she had lived in the Eastern capitals, or sometimes in California. Once I had visited her in lovely San Diego. And she has made good her intention, busying herself with affairs in Honolulu.

Vividly there comes back to me the great reception given by her at her own house the day of landing. Owing to another engagement, I arrived in the latter part of the festivities. The sumptuous beauty, in a princess-like *holoku* of black charmeuse and lace, crowned and garlanded with golden ilima, sat in state near one end of her enormous vine-screened lanai, still receiving the homage of her loyal people. All official Honolulu had dropped in as well. An orchestra played incessantly, but unobtrusively. Its haunting airs threaded

throughout the universal loveliness of low laughter, fragrance of jasmine and plumeria, exquisite tints of that queen of tropic flowers the hibiscus, and the gentle ostentation of the audience.

Between the welcoming formalities, wahines from young maidenhood to wrinkled age, approached wreathed in smiles and blossoms, and made brief, vowelly speeches before their princess. Not so brief, however, were those of one or two aged mothers, who intoned the *mélé** of their mistress. Some knelt to her, calling down blessings ; some kissed her hands ; others danced little impromptu hulas, archly chanting words that brought merry laughter to the lips of Princess Abigail.

“ They love all this so,” she said, holding my hand with her own beautiful one. “ And I love it, too. It makes them so happy. I am never going away again to live. . . . Other times when I have come home, this has lasted far into the night ; and perhaps two hundred Hawaiians brought their mats and coverings and slept right here on this lanai. They will do the same to-night—sleep under my roof, you see.” I caught the unstudied regal grace

* History—genealogy.

of her slight inclination to an old courtier, as she answered a question I had put :

“ Am I tired ? I am not. I rested all the way from San Francisco to Honolulu in preparation for this day and night !—Ah, I want my children to know you—Kalakaua ! ” She raised her musical voice a little. “ Bring your sisters ! ”

They were representative Hawaiians in appearance, the brother and two girls. Kalakaua, Prince Cupid's nephew before mentioned, about sixteen, had the seeming of other dusky princes I had met in the island-world of Polynesia. He bore the same lofty sweetness of expression and manner, and erect ease of carriage that made one's eyes follow him as he moved about. The two young princesses, Kapiolani and Liliuokalani, were equally arresting. Despite the Caucasian blood inherited from their mother, training in fashionable schools, and the latest word in summer modes, there was preserved an elusive wildness in their unfathomable eyes. I had seen the same untamable thing in the old queen's regard of a dozen years earlier—although they are not related. The very pose of their heads, from which unruly curls seemed

continually springing out of bonds, emphasized this wholly charming islands effect.

Outland culture or none, the Polynesian is almost never socially at fault. One cannot believe except by seeing ; and even then can hardly credit one's senses. I have for years harboured a grudge against the playwright of an extraordinarily popular play in which the Hawaiian girl is made to do *gauche* things, such as drinking out of a finger-bowl, and not knowing how to handle the train of her gown. Piffle ! The Hawaiians used finger-bowls, beautiful carved ones at that, before we emerged from the woods ; and as for trailing draperies—go and look for yourselves. The original holoku, the “ Mother Hubbard ” introduced by the missionaries, was so awful that no one but a “ native ” female could have lent it grace and stateliness. I have yet to behold an ungraceful Polynesian. Gorgeous and kingly people they are, and must always have been. I am minded of the account of a reverend missionary in 1828, who had an eye for beauty. He was describing the last day of a long native revel, in which figured King Kamehameha II, Liholiho, and his queen, Kamamalu—more particularly the queen :

“The *car of state* in which she joined the processions passing in different directions consisted of an elegantly modelled whaleboat fastened firmly to a platform of wickerwork thirty feet long by twelve wide, and borne on the heads of seventy men. The boat was lined, and the whole platform covered, first with imported broadcloth, and then with beautiful patterns of tapa or native cloth of a variety of figures and rich colours. The men supporting the whole were formed into a solid body, so that the outer rows only at the sides and ends were seen ; and all forming these wore the splendid scarlet and yellow cloaks and helmets of which you have read accounts ; and than which, scarcely anything can appear more superb.

“The only dress of the queen was a scarlet silk *pa'u* or native petticoat, and a coronet of feathers. She was seated in the middle of the boat and screened from the sun by an immense Chinese umbrella of scarlet damask, richly ornamented with gilding, fringe, and tassels, and supported by a chief standing behind her, in a scarlet *malo* or girdle, and feather helmet.

“On one quarter of the boat stood Karimoku (Kalaimoku), the Prime Minister, and on the other Naihe, the national orator, both also in malos of scarlet silk and helmets of feathers, and each bearing a *kahili* or feathered staff of



SURF-BOARDING

State near thirty feet in height. The upper parts of these kahilis were of scarlet feathers, so ingeniously and beautifully arranged on artificial branches attached to the staff as to form cylinders fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter and twelve to fourteen feet long; the lower parts or handles were covered with alternate rings of tortoise-shell and ivory of the neatest workmanship and highest polish."

King Liholiho had a very engaging streak of recklessness that more than once spread consternation amongst his following. As once, in 1821, when he left Honolulu in an open boat for a short trip to Ewa. The boat was crowded with thirty attendants, including two women. But when off Puuloa, he refused to put in to the lagoon, and kept out into the big water around Barber's Point. Then, with lordly disregard of the fear and protests of his entourage, without water or provisions, he set the course for Kauai, ninety miles of strong head wind and sea.

"Here is your compass!" he cried to the helmsman, flinging up his right hand, the fingers spread. "Steer by this!—And if you return with the boat, I shall swim to Kauai, alone!"

Good seamanship and luck vindicated him, and they arrived safely off Waimea, Kauai, after a night of peril. And to think that the *measles* should have had their way with such a Nature's leader as that, and such a queen as his Kamamalu! Both were brought back dead a few years later from England on Lord Byron's frigate, *Blonde*. But measles has always been one of the deadliest germs to tropical peoples.

None of Hawaii's olden regalia, aside from the woven feather mantles, has impressed me so much as the kahili. I shall quote a paragraph from the body of my earlier Hawaii book, in order to introduce two paragraphs by others :

“ Their handles are inlaid cunningly with turtle-shell and ivory and pearl, some of them ten to thirty feet in height, topped by brilliant black or coloured feather cylinders fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter. In 1822, one of the second consignment of missionaries went into ecstasies over these feather devices of Hawaii royalty :

“ ‘ So far as the feather mantles, helmets, coronets, and kahilis had an effect, I am not fearful of extravagance in the use of the epithet *splendid*. I doubt whether there is a

nation in Christendom which at the time letters and Christianity were introduced, could have presented a *court dress* and insignia of rank so magnificent as these; and they were found here, in all their richness, when the islands were discovered by Cook. There is something approaching the *sublime* in the lofty noddings of the kahilis of state as they tower far above the heads of the group whose distinction they proclaim; something conveying to the mind impressions of greater majesty than the gleamings of the most splendid banners I ever saw unfurled.' ”

Dr. Brigham, late of the Bishop Museum, comments upon the foregoing :

“ Not in the least does the excellent missionary exaggerate in his eulogy of the grand kahilis. Those of us who, in these latter days of the degeneration of all good native works and customs, have seen the kahilis wave above royalty, however faded—the finely built and naked bronze statues that bore the kahilis replaced by clumsy, ill-dressed, commonplace bearers of neither rank nor dignity—even the withered rose, most of its fragrance gone, has yet appealed strongly to our admiration and sympathy. The powerfully built chiefs, head and shoulders above the common crowd, free from all sartorial

disfigurements, sustained easily the great weight of these towering plumes; but the modern bearer, stranger alike to the strength and virtue of his predecessors, has to call in the aid of stout straps of imported leather to bear the much smaller kahilis of the modern *civilized* days."

CHAPTER VI

THE PAN-PACIFIC UNION—SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH COUNCIL—COMMERCIAL CONFERENCE

HONOLULU outskirts presented a very different appearance from my first or even latest memories of it. More suburban homes shone out on Tantalus and Pacific Heights, and up the wooded valleys. Nearer, Kaimuki was become almost a city by itself. Those red lands of Kaimuki on the side of the gentle, seaward-tipped bowl that holds Honolulu seem always to be brushed by the ravelled ends of rainbow scarves. They were particularly beautiful that last year Jack and I swam so much at Waikiki. Never, in the minds of living men, due to continuous storms, had there been such irises over Oahu. We would lie, Jack and I, floating on the undulating green hills of water beyond the inshore surges, bathing our very souls in heavenly colour. To *mauka*,* out of deep blue skies pearly with rolling clouds, out of the warm, palpi-

* Mountainward.

tant chaos of reflected sunset over against the eastern mountains, came the miracle—the rainbows, formless, generous, streaming banners of immaterial loosely banded prisms, frayed with melting jewels, that softly drenched the ruby and emerald vale and foothills. If I should have to live in a house for the rest of my days, I should surely call upon my memory of Oahu's opal-tapestried skies, and dwell within that memory.

To me, life on an island, or among islands, means a large proportion of life upon the water. Hence I greatly miss, in this day of petrol, the gladsome sight of sailing-yachts around about Hawaii. One can only dare hope that the ever-thrilling old sport will have its day again. There is none to surpass it, especially in such seas as these, with such ports to visit.

Perhaps the biggest thing that has happened to Honolulu—and the Pacific countries generally—is the development of Alexander Hume Ford's Pan-Pacific Club. It will be remembered that as far back as 1907 Jack London had something to do with the founding of this project. On our return in 1915, Mr. Ford

recounted its expansion, and declared that he only needed Jack's further co-operation to carry it through to success. Ford, whose visions are matched by his proved efficiency in making them real, gave weekly dinners in the lanai of the Outrigger Club, where there would be present a score of leading Hawaiians, or Chinese, or Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos, or Portuguese, to exchange ideas with the white leaders who were behind the movement. The talk was on the most vital matter in the world, that of bringing about the working in unison of nations—in this instance the nations of the Pacific.

At one of those dinners, Jack had spoken the Pan-Pacific doctrine before the Congressional visitors from Washington and three hundred representatives of the various nationalities in Hawaii, all of whose spokesmen responded enthusiastically.

There are American editors of more than one blood-origin serving on newspapers in various countries, such as China, Japan, and the Philippines, all of which helps to cement mutual understanding.

While the rest of the world writhes and struggles, as during war and reconstruction,

the Territory of Hawaii has forged ahead, using its best brains to further the means of international peace; and the Pan-Pacific Club grows apace. It is incorporated as an international body of trustees; the consuls in Honolulu from all Pacific lands are on its board of management, and the heads of all Pacific governments, from the President of the United States to the King of Siam, are among its officers and active workers. Among its branches may be named those in Japan, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Philippines; while the zeal of its members is steadily creating new branches. Part of their purpose is to maintain in all Pacific regions bureaux of information and education regarding matters of concern to the various peoples therein; to disseminate to the world information of every kind of progress and opportunity in Pacific territory; to promote the comfort and interests of visitors; to aid the various races to co-operate in holding local fairs, raising products, creating home manufactured goods, and in owning real estate for the erection of buildings for housing exhibits; to support a Pan-Pacific Commercial Museum and Art Gallery—and so forth and so on, in

all departments looking to the steady progress of the main movement.

The first official headquarters of the Union were at the University Club, in the room where Jack London first addressed its nucleus. And in this room, on Balboa Day, 1917, Finn Haakon Frolich's bust of Jack London, modelled from life in 1915, was unveiled; while at Waikiki, beneath the date-palm that marks the site of our erstwhile brown tent-cottage, a Jack London memorial fountain is talked of. Although Mr. Ford was the discoverer of this New Pacific, and founder of the organization whose name now rings from shore to shore around the Western Ocean, humbly he still insists that without his friend's help and moral support it would have been a longer, stronger pull to bring about the present situation. Which is :

That Honolulu, Oahu, Territory of Hawaii, U.S.A., at the very cross-roads of the Pacific, has become what might be called the racial experiment station of the Western Hemisphere. In place of the weekly pan-race luncheons established years ago by Mr. Ford and Mr. Thurston, now to further co-operation, in view of the common weal of all countries repre-

sented, and that of the adoptive one, Hawaii, monthly dinners are attended by leaders of the Chinese, Japanese, and American races, twelve picked men from each, comprising editors, consuls, and other officials of the Territory. The discussions are understood not to be for publication, and are therefore of a freedom and frankness, to quote Lorrin A. Thurston, never before experienced. One triumphant consequence of this policy of uninterrupted conference was a settling, by the Japanese themselves, of the delicate and long-troublesome question of the Japanese language-schools in Hawaii. After one of the Pan-Pacific Union meetings, they drew up a Bill, which was introduced into the legislature, and has become a law.

Another burning topic has been the shabby treatment of citizens of Oriental parentage born under the Stars and Stripes, who are, therefore, Americans. Wise adjustment of the relations among the many peoples whose territories margin the Pacific is a task for statesmen, nay, for seers. The attitude of the Pan-Pacific Union is, that recognition of reciprocal rights and duties toward one's alien neighbour, and a general desire on the part of

the rank and file of different nationalities to live in harmony, will accomplish wonders. The Union and the Y.M.C.A. of Hawaii are fostering a plan to make the passport of an American worth one hundred per cent of its face value, regardless of the slant of a man's eyes or the colour of his skin; to devise methods, by amendments of laws, regulations or instructions, as may be found expedient, and to make sure of enactment, of securing to American citizens of Oriental descent the same rights and privileges enjoyed by other citizens, and protect them, when travelling, from unreasonable technical delays and annoyances from officials, such as have been suffered by known characters of proven loyalty and good business and social standing; to become familiar with our laws and those of other countries, for the purpose of enabling naturalized citizens of the United States, and those of American birth, but foreign ancestry, to free themselves from the claims of the governments to whom they or their fathers owed allegiance, and establish their status as American citizens; to scheme a way to prevent the language press from aggravating racial antipathy, but rather to promote har-

mony and Americanization of aliens and citizens of alien descent; to organize adult evening schools for education in English, in Americanization, and general knowledge; to seek the remedying of living conditions in tenement houses, and improving of the surroundings of the rising generation in their individual homes; to create children's playgrounds.

Aside from the humanitarian aspect of these intentions, to quote from a report of the Committee of Nine, of which Mr. Thurston is chairman, "public policy demands that we bind these citizens to us, and encourage their loyalty and co-operation in the solution of the many puzzling problems that face us, for which task they are peculiarly fitted. They are not subjects for 'Americanization.' They are already American by birth, by law, by inclination, by sentiment, by residence, by service, by participation in the burdens and responsibilities incident to American citizenship. . . . Our fellow-citizens of Oriental descent proved, during the late war, to be as loyal and patriotic in all respects as those of other race origin in service in the army, participation in Red Cross, and other services and contributions. We then

freely accepted their services and contributions, and voluntarily recognized their loyalty to the Government and their value to the community. To discriminate now against them in any manner, upon the sole ground of their race or their ancestors, is ungrateful, contrary to basic American principles of justice and fair play; humiliating alike to the subjects of the discrimination and to other American citizens, who feel that American honour is thereby being impugned."

But the Pan-Pacific Union reaches out from this direct drive to advance a mutually beneficial inter-racial amity. There is, for instance, the Pan-Pacific Scientific Council, an outgrowth of the first Conference in Honolulu in August, 1920. This was called by the Union and made possible by Mr. Ford, who secured a territorial appropriation of \$10,000, followed by a Congressional appropriation from Washington of \$9000, and, next, appropriations from Australia, New Zealand, and China. The Conference headquarters, through the courtesy of Governor C. J. McCarthy, were removed to the throne-room and senate chamber of the Executive building, the Iolani Palace of the monarchy. Two or three times

a year, Pan-Pacific assemblies of some sort are held there.

These conferences, the resolute dream of Mr. Ford, have been materialized by the aid of Director Herbert E. Gregory, of the Bishop Museum, who, with a few co-workers, organized the Conference body, and sent out over a hundred invitations to prominent scientists and research institutions, for delegates to consider the desirability, and ways and means, for exploration of the Pacific area on lines of Anthropology, Biology, Botany, Entomology, Geography, Meteorology, Seismology, and Volcanology, and allied subjects. Some of the main purposes of the Scientific Research Council are : To organize, create and conduct an institute of learning that will gather and spread information of a scientific character ; acting for and co-operating with the Pan-Pacific Union, in conducting its scientific conferences. To correspond with scientific bodies throughout the world, but more particularly with those interested in the solution of the scientific problems connected with the Pacific region. To co-operate at all times with the Union in obtaining from the legislature and commercial bodies, as well as from

individuals, appropriations and funds necessary for carrying on the scientific research approved by the Union.

The call to the first Conference was responded to in person by ninety-six delegates, scientists all, hailing from the United States, British Columbia, Australia's various provinces, China, Japan, England, Philippines, Samoa, New Zealand, Tahiti, and other remote quarters. Such councils are to be succeeded by others. It is considered that future gatherings should be on a far broader basis than the first, which was but preliminary to the series the Pan-Pacific Union pledged itself to call. Each class of scientific men now desires a section under its direction—the agriculturists, the medical brothers, the entomologists, and so through the roster.

That the activities of the Union have not been hid under a bushel by her publicity agents is seen by the fact that the State Department (represented by Dr. P. P. Claxton, U.S. Commissioner of Education), awakening to the importance of Hawaii as the central information outpost at the cross-roads of the Pacific, joined with the Secretary of the Interior, Thomas Barton Payne, in preparing

the programme for a Pan-Pacific Educators' Congress at Honolulu, in August, 1921, and issuing a summons to more than a score of countries encircling the globe. The scope of interests for the attention of such an educational congress are best indicated by certain tentative questions suggested by the State Department, such as :

What are the outstanding educational problems of each country ?

What should be the ideals of education in each country ?

- (a) As to preparation for citizenship ?
- (b) As to preparation for the vocations ?
- (c) As to preparation for individual development, including health ?

How are these ideals affected by forms of government and by the social ideals of the respective countries ? How affected by geographical conditions, including natural resources ?

What elements should be included in the education of these countries to serve international relations ?

- (a) Commercial relations ?
- (b) Political relations ?

What is taught in the schools of each country in regard to the other countries of the group—as to resources, industries, commerce, people, civilization, ideals, government, etc. ?

(a) What does a child know about these matters at the end of the elementary school period ? At the end of the high school period ? At the end of the college period ?

(b) What attitude of mind toward the other countries will the child have as a result ?

(c) To what extent is it desirable to teach the language and literature of given countries in the others ?

By what means may the schools and other educational agencies assure the continuity and still further strengthen the cordial relations existing among the countries of this group ?

The adult element is taken account of with regard to the extension of education through community activities and otherwise ; also looking toward research from the standpoint of practical results in agriculture, home-making, industry, commerce, and so on.

That the purely commercial consideration is not lacking in the schemes of the Pan-Pacific leaders, is borne out by plans which enlisted the attention of Franklin K. Lane, first honorary vice-president of the Union, in a Commercial Conference at Honolulu. "Good fortune to you, brave man of big visions," he wrote shortly before his death, to Alexander Hume Ford, whose official status is that of secretary-director. "What an interest there is now in the South Seas," Mr. Lane went on. "Never before have I seen anything like it. Get people to your islands—boat service—that's all you need. Then they will become the focus of Pacific progress."

In furtherance of publicity for the manifold ambitions of the Union, a Press Conference was called, as a department of the Press Congress of the world. In fact, that World Congress, representing forty nations, was convened at Honolulu in the autumn of 1921. To my regret, I was unable to accept an invitation to be there.

One tangible result of the Scientific Conference has been that every state bordering the vast bowl of the Pacific has been aroused to the conservation and extension of the

world supply of sea-food. This means the stimulation of the fishery scientists to resume a definite study of the migrations and habits of fish, that they may in turn counsel the various governments what laws should be enacted for the protection of young food fish, in view of supplying the world. The establishment of fish universities has become a hope of the Pan-Pacific group; indeed, there is already an institution in Seattle, Washington, along these lines. And a merchant prince of Osaka, Japan, Hirabayashi by name, offered to found and finance an extensive educational plant in a peninsula park on the Inland Sea. It is to include an aquarium, a library on Pacific Research, a laboratory for the observing of fish culture, a building to house students, and all other departments consonant with the purpose of such a college, from which will be sent out scientists to garner knowledge of fish and their habits, as well as the methods of fishing, canning, and distribution pursued by different nations.

At a huge Commercial Conference of the Union, held in Honolulu, in October, 1922, further resolutions touching upon sea life were adopted :

“ WHEREAS, it is known that many valuable species of marine mammals, such as fur-seal, sea-otters, elephant-seals and whale, and many species of important food fishes, such as salmon and halibut, formerly occurred in the Pacific in such vast numbers as to constitute the objects of fisheries whose annual products were worth more than one hundred million dollars, and

“ WHEREAS, nearly all of those great natural resources have been seriously depleted, many of them even to commercial extinction, through greed and short-sightedness and ill-considered fishery methods, and

“ WHEREAS, it is known that small remnants of fur-seal and sea-otter herds and small numbers of whale and of other commercially valuable species still remain in certain places, and

“ WHEREAS, the rapid recovery of the Alaska fur-seal herd, in the short period of ten years, from complete commercial ruin to an annual production of more than one million five hundred thousand dollars, as a result of the international fur-seal treaty of 1911, demonstrates conclusively the wonderful recuperative power of such depleted natural resources of the sea under international co-operation, and justifies the belief that other depleted fisheries can be rehabilitated through similar co-operation among the nations concerned, and

“WHEREAS, it is conservatively estimated that these resources when rehabilitated will yield to the world a regular annual product of more than one-half billion dollars in value, therefore be it

“RESOLVED, that the Pan-Pacific Commercial Conference strongly recommends that the various countries bordering on, or interested in, the Pacific, take such steps as may be necessary to bring about an International Treaty for the restoration of the vanishing resources of the Pacific to their former abundance, that they may be maintained for all time as the objects of great commercial fisheries, of which they are easily capable, and be it further

“RESOLVED that this Commercial Conference recommends that the governments of the countries bordering on the Pacific enter into correspondence for the purpose of establishing an International Commission for the scientific study of the biology, physics, and chemistry of the Pacific, in the interest of the restoration, proper utilization, and conservation of its vanishing natural resources.”

It sometimes happens that Government appropriations to the Pan-Pacific Union are in blanket form; the Union to appropriate the funds to cover expenses of either educa-

tional or commercial councils, the scientific coming under the latter head, though scientists may be invited to attend the commercial meetings. And at the legislative conference, those scientists who are familiar with the depredations in Pacific waters by unscientific, commercial fishermen, may be sure of a warm welcome; for the various conferences are fashioned to overlap and co-operate as much as possible. It is prophesied that the sages of the Union will not rest until they have set in operation international fishery laws for one whole Pacific area.

The Pan-Pacific Bulletin for December, 1922, throws light upon the enormous task set by the unremitting activity of its Director. While he is a born leader and creator of ideals, Mr. Ford has the wide practical sense to enlist big, practical men in his tremendous enterprise. The present Governor of the Territory, Wallace B. Farrington, is, of course, President of the Union. He is no figurehead either, but one of the liveliest citizens in the Pacific, as well as proprietor of Honolulu's evening paper, *The Star Bulletin*. Just before the Commercial Conference in October, 1922, Ford rushed from Washington to Japan, stop-

ping only a short time in Honolulu en route. Among other distinguished men in China and Japan, he enlisted the interest and assistance of Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, president of the Japanese House of Peers, who gave him a luncheon in his official residence. Judging from the long list of guests, nearly every important law-maker in Tokyo was present. On September 17th, the 409th anniversary of Balboa's discovery of the Pacific Ocean was celebrated throughout the Orient and around the Pacific. Prince Tokugawa, who is also President of the Pan-Pacific Association of Japan, in his address had this to say :

“ It is particularly fitting for us to observe the day at this epoch in the history of the Pacific, when, thanks to the Washington Conference, the ominous cloud of mutual suspicion between America and Japan has been dispelled from its surface, and it offers a brighter prospect than ever before of being true to its name, a peaceful highway for the mutual interchange of knowledge and the products of commerce and industry.”

At the Commercial Congress it would seem that no subject bearing upon the welfare of the Pacific peoples had been unthought-of. I

choose almost at random from the many resolutions :

“ WHEREAS, the use of opium and its derivatives is one of the greatest deterrents to trade, commerce, and industry, be it

“ RESOLVED, that this Conference goes on record as opposing the export or transportation through the mails or otherwise, from one Pacific country to another Pacific country of morphine, opium, cocaine, or kindred drugs, except as medical supplies, and urges that each Pacific government make and enforce laws forbidding such export or transmission of drugs.”

“ RESOLVED, that it would be for the best interests of commerce in the Pacific if the Pacific countries would adopt a uniform decimal currency.”

“ WHEREAS, the methods followed by Great Britain and the United States for establishing and maintaining news communications with dominions, and dependencies, and territories, by providing the necessary facilities at an extremely low word-rate would, if adopted by the nations of the Pacific in co-operation, secure a system of intercommunication with each other fully as satisfactory.”

“ This Conference is of opinion that the nations adjoining the Pacific should hold an international conference, consisting of repre-

sentatives of the shipping and trading interests of Pacific lands, for the purpose of studying the question of the conservation of shipping on the Pacific Ocean, with a view, if possible, to reducing the serious economic waste in ocean tonnage now existing."

"RESOLVED, the cinema industry of the world has become a powerful agency for the distribution of information in foreign lands"—followed by a strong plea for authentic films—"and that the delegation from each Pacific country be requested to secure the appointment of some fitting person to correspond with the Pan-Pacific Union and the other members of this committee, that the work necessary to carry the wishes of this Conference into effect, be rigorously prosecuted and concluded."

The cotton industry in China also received the attention of the Conference.

The periodic flooding of that portion of the East Central Plain of China, known as the Hwai Valley, which constitutes a most important section of this great grain-producing region, causes losses in food-stuffs every six or seven years amounting to ten million tons or more, with serious toll of life, both human and domestic animal, and famine with its

attendant horrors. The Conference expressed itself thereupon :

“ WHEREAS, the reclamation of this land and the prevention of famine would appreciably reduce the cost of living in East China, consequently reducing the cost of raw materials generally, increase China’s purchasing power and stimulate both imports and exports ; and

“ WHEREAS, we believe this project is one of the first and most important steps to be taken in the prevention of world rice shortage. Be it

“ RESOLVED, that the Pan-Pacific Commercial Conference, now assembled in Honolulu, heartily endorse the vital importance of the Hwai Valley Conservancy Project in relation to the conserving and developing of the enormous potential food supplies of China with their bearing on the rice situation, and would invite the attention of all governments interested in Pacific problems to the importance of encouraging and supporting this project.”

Li Yuen Hung, President of China, sent a congratulatory message to the Commercial Conference, as did Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce at Washington, and Thomas W. Lamont, who, with Viscount Shibuzawa, first



DIAMOND HEAD

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suggested a meeting of the financial leaders of the Pacific in Hawaii. These men and many others, topped by President Warren G. Harding, worded their greetings in forthright, constructive terms on the need of the times. As a matter of fact, there ought to be a whole volume written upon the young but stupendous Pan-Pacific Union, which grows and thrives beyond our fondest hopes in its short life so far.

The Union was for a time at home in that white caravanseraï dear to many bygone voyagers to Honolulu and beyond, the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, with its shaded spaciousness and flying balconies. It later came to rest at the Alexander Young Hotel; but A. H. Ford will not take any rest until he has well under way the erection of a Pan-Pacific palace that will accommodate the commercial and art exhibits that are being collected from every Pacific land. Here will be held the conferences; and the structure will include an open-air Greek theatre to seat many thousands. And Mr. Ford, who in a few years has resurrected more Hawaiian sports than surf-boarding, has in his eye for the future an Olympiad, in which ancient games of Hawaii

and other countries, as well as modern contests, will be staged for the whole world to attend—an endless and enchanting vista.

President Pitkin, of Columbia University, has urged the Union to summon a convocation of heads of Pacific governments, to consider the formation of a Pan-Pacific League of Nations. President Harding, in his letter of acceptance as an Honorary President of the Union, cautioned a gentle approach :

“ I feel the policy of the Union, of proceeding for the time being in an unofficial fashion, as a wise one. I should hope that in due time such an organization might secure the co-operation and support of the governments which have interests in the Pacific; for I can realize that it has possibilities of very great usefulness.”

Why not make Honolulu the summer capital of the United States? the Pan-Pacific leaders propose. Indeed, their boundless ambition points out that it is the logical National Capital. For Honolulu, in truth, lies half-way between Maine and Manila; half-way between Alaska and Samoa. It is literally the central city of the United States of America, as it is of

the Pacific Ocean, tributary to which, and mark this, dwell two-thirds of the population of the globe!

Why not?

But Alexander Hume Ford is after something bigger than the concerns of a mere half of the globe. As the Editor of the Dunedin (N.Z.) *Evening Star* puts it: "Mr. Ford's idea is to create a Pan-Pacific *conscience*." Going on to cite the power of science as evidenced by radio, which is bringing together all nations, the writer says:

"We are becoming next-door neighbours to the ends of the earth. Once this was a right roomy planet, and we could go abroad without jostling one another. . . . To-day all continents are neighbours, all nations traffic in the same street, and all families are inter-fred, inter-clothed, inter-commerced, inter-everything. This means that every man's work is the concern of everybody else. It is impossible to mind one's own business without taking into account the business of other countries. . . . Every man must learn to cultivate a world-mind, or civilization is doomed."

And so, Mr. Ford is striving, with selflessness well recognized by those who know him best,

to create a Pan-Pacific *conscience*. And it is quite safe to hazard that he sees beyond his own hemisphere to at least the hope of a possibility of a world conscience.

CHAPTER VII

THE CURE FOR LEPROSY

NOTHING, I think, has so deeply stirred me as the wondrous tidings of a cure for leprosy. There have been many rumours of many such; but they one and all vanished into nothingness. Now there is a different tale, or, rather, sequel. Jack London's hopeful prophecy in 1915 was that leprosy in Hawaii would be reduced to a minimum, and was based upon Dr. William S. Goodhue's surgery and the Territory's system of strict segregation. Jack could not then take into account the discovery of a positive cure. Alas, that he was not with me to read the glad, almost incredible reports in newspaper and periodical and Government bulletin. Speaking to members of the Legislature visiting the Settlement on Molokai in 1921, Dr. Goodhue declared:

"With two years' chaulmoogra oil treatment, I believe sixty-five per cent of the chronic cases of leprosy on Molokai can be cured." And "Within ten years," he added,

“all cases should be cured, and Kalaupapa be abandoned as a leper settlement.” That same day Dr. F. E. Trotter, President of the Territorial Board of Health, announced to the lepers assembled in their amusement hall that inside a period of two years probably not twenty-five of their number would be compelled to stay on Molokai.

The feelings of those in the audience undoubtedly varied. To the majority, the hope held out for a return to the outside world must have been received with solemn thanksgiving; but there were some, as subsequent events proved, who, having been happy in the undisturbed life on the peninsula, looked with dismay upon being torn from its care and consistent kindness.

The astounding revelation, after many centuries, is based upon results obtained at Kalihi, under Dr. J. T. McDonald, Director Leprosy Investigation Station, from the use of chaulmoogra oil. The history is brief: In 1918, the distinguished chemist, Dr. Arthur L. Dean, President of the University of Hawaii, and head of its chemistry department, was asked by the United States Public Health Service to add to the college research work

some scientific problems in relation to chaulmoogra oil, which had long enjoyed a good reputation with experimenters in different parts of the world. Chaulmoogra is an East Indian tree (*Gynocardia odorata*) of the Indian plum family, bearing a succulent fruit that yields a fixed oil.

It seems that the ethyl esters of the fatty acids of the oil had been reported by observers elsewhere to be ineffective on leprosy. Dr. Dean, however, succeeded in producing a form of that derivative of the oil, which in its curative effects on the patients of Kalihi Hospital has surpassed, so far as known, anything ever attained in the line of leprosy therapy.

It was in the beginning of the reign of Kamehameha V, "Prince Lot," that compulsory segregation was established by law, and the process of isolation commenced. And now, more than half a century later, in no equal period of the history of segregation in the Hawaiian Islands have there been so many voluntary surrenders as since the "Dean Cure," as it is popularly spoken of, has been known to make headway. Not only have adults asked to be taken for treatment, but

children have been brought freely as soon as the nature of their disease was guessed by parents and guardians. This is in striking contrast to the painful necessity in past years of arresting suspected lepers through deputy sheriffs.

The Kalihi Station is flooded with letters from all over the world, requesting its remedies. The reply must perforce be that these are still of an experimental nature, and not yet commercially available; also that they are for hospital treatment, where the patient is under observation; that they do not lend themselves to the practice even of the family physician, and that they are impossible of self-administration.

Of course, Dr. Goodhue is using Dr. Dean's derivatives of chaulmoogra oil at Kalaupapa; and out of the five hundred and twelve patients in 1920, one hundred and seventy-five took regular treatment. Lack of the oil was the sole reason that all were not sharing in the capsules or the hypodermic injections. But a full supply had been promised. At the meeting in Kalaupapa before cited, Senator L. M. Judd, commenting upon the willingness of the Legislature to do everything possible

for the patients, remarked that the Board of Health Budget was larger in 1921 than the Territorial Budget was eight years before. Dr. Dean, when called, was not to be found in the hall. Summoned from outside, he spoke briefly, saying that the laboratory of the University of Hawaii, its force supplemented by workers furnished by the Board of Health, was bent upon turning out the oil in sufficient quantities for all needs.

But it was our friend, Charles F. Chillingworth, President of the Senate, who brought up the problem of finding homes for the patients who would be paroled after they had been in Kalaupapa for years. He suggested the homesteading by them of lands on Molokai, and voiced his intention of taking the question before the Governor and the Legislature. *The Hawaiian Annual*, issued by the Tourist Bureau, and the yearly report of the Governor trace the progress of the Cure. On June 30, 1921, there were but four hundred and eighty-one lepers left at the Settlement, a decrease of sixty-five in a year. No patients had been transferred there from the Kalihi^v receiving hospital in Honolulu in the two years preceding. The four hundred and eighty-one at

Kalaupapa represented, therefore, the lowest in the history since its establishment in 1860. I note the interesting announcement that since the Dean treatment has been in use, "swipe" making and "swipe" drinking have almost ceased. A possible reason is that persons making or using liquor of any sort are refused treatment at the dispensary. At the Kalihi hospital in mid-1921 there were one hundred and thirty-two inmates, and so remarkable was the effect of the treatment that during the year forty-six men and forty-eight women were paroled—necessarily under observation.

For those who have been measurably happy on Molokai's verdant cape, and are loth to bid it farewell, how ideal it would be if their homesteads eventually could be chosen from its grasslands and the yielding valleys of the pali, no longer a barrier to outside intercourse. As if in response to my heartfelt wish, I find the following in a Honolulu paper of date, November 6, 1922 :

"Nineteen patients at the leper settlement . . . several of them cared for at that isolated spot for more than twenty years, have been paroled by the Territorial Board of Health. . . .

The chaulmoogra oil specific . . . has again wrought its miracle. . . . But many of those who have been virtual prisoners at Kalaupapa for from five to twenty years, now told that they are free to go—do not want to go! They were forced to go there, but they will not be forced to leave. Work will be provided for them, as Government employees. . . . It is likely that eventually Kalaupapa will remain the home of most of those who are restored to physical cleanliness. There is enough fertile land available to provide scores of productive little farms.”

Sister Marianne and Brother Dutton are familiar figures to readers of “Jack London and Hawaii.” The Brother, frail and old, still abides in the smaller village of the Settlement, Kalawao, where his forerunner, Father Damien, lived and died. But Sister Marianne, after twenty years devoted to the victims on Molokai, has been gathered to the Saints. She was the head of the Order of St. Francis in the United States, and came to the islands in 1833, at the request of King Kalakaua, to establish a branch of her religious order. Later she became absorbed in leper welfare work, and subsequently obtained permission to join the Settlement. Her isolation was

exceptionally rigorous owing to the fact that she could not overcome violent sea-sickness on the inter-island passage. Finally, she gave up all absences, and for many years never set foot on other soil than Molokai's.

As for the rest of the island, it has been somewhat opened to the tourist, and plans are afoot for making the interior more and more accessible. Some of the finest scenery in these mid-sea isles is to be found in the interior of Molokai—"The Lonely Isle." The valley of Halawa is an instance. "The traveller," wrote "A Haole," in 1854, "stumbled upon its brink unawares." At a depth of nearly two thousand five hundred feet below, there spreads out a panorama of exquisite beauty. Several large cascades spring hundreds of feet into the valley. These, and scores of taro beds, with a scattering of native dwellings, can all be seen in a sweeping glance. Valleys like these, almost unvisited by white men, have remained much the same as when a few early navigators saw them. "It seems," the old writer said, "as if one leap would lodge the visitor at the foot of the enormous walls which bound this earthly Eden."

He tells how the scenes in "Pilgrim's Progress" had stayed in his consciousness since childhood, and how that "matchless allegory" welled up in memory when on Molokai he came upon the Delectable Mountains and the Land of Beulah, and explored their secrets.

I have it from eye-witnesses that Halawa is little changed, and quite accessible. Hawaii is waking to the possibilities of this island so little known to the outside; and hotels will be built at strategic points to enable the visitor to reach novel sights in the "Paradise of the Pacific," which have so far been unheralded. I shall make my own pilgrimage some day to that Molokai, which, unlike the leper peninsula, I have not seen; and I shall tarry at my own sweet will until I have known it all. A correspondent writes me from Pukoo, on the south-east rim of Molokai: "I live here in my house by the sea, as isolated as if I were in Tonga."

But the years are few ere "the horn of the hunter," to say nothing of the hoarse *honk* of the gas-car and the strident explosion of aeroplane enginery will daily contest the supremacy of nesting birds in the utmost reaches. Regretfully enough, one must remem-

ber that the swarming of white sojourners means the gradual disappearance of the last indigenes, until now practically undisturbed, in their lovely retreats on the edge of the world, by the gruelling march of events outside in that world.

CHAPTER VIII

HILO—KEAAU—PAPAE—TIDAL WAVES

IT had been my privilege at various times to have with me on the Jack London Ranch my girl friends from Hawaii. And now I was again to meet some of them in their Hilo home—the Shipmans, who are no strangers to readers of my other books. Here I made headquarters for the winter. A right royal welcome was mine, as always. Tranquil Hilo was what I most needed, and the days and nights were not long enough in which to rest, write letters, read, and drive about the country.

“Come—you’ve been quiet long enough for one day!” a bright voice would call, and Margaret, or perhaps Caroline, in summer lawns, stood beaming from the lanai through the French window. Or, “We’re off for Keaau! Come with us—you’ve been ticking that typewriter altogether too many hours! Put on your hat! We’ll swim and have supper there!” Keaau being their seaside retreat, and administrative quarters for the lower

reaches of "Father" Shipman's vast cattle lands. It is pronounced Kay-ah-ah'-oo—quickly Kay-ah-ow'.

Such tropic jungle on the winding way! But first, last, and always, the cane, a jungle in itself, high above the big car. Often one had to be wary of the slicing thrusts of living green blades, where the stalks had bent down the wire barriers which protect the road. It was on one of these drives that Mrs. Shipman, whom I am privileged to call "Mother," enlightened me upon the intricacies of the Hawaiian tongue. I was commenting upon the pandanus trees (*pandanus odoratissimus*), called lauhala and hala by the natives. Lest one fall into the misconception that the language of the Hawaiians is a meagre one, or deprecate the manifold importance of the pandanus, it is provocative to learn that the tree itself is known more strictly as puuhala; the flat, pointed knives of leaves, lauhala; the edible nut growing at the base, ahuihala; the flower from which the leis are strung, hinana; aakala are the many stilted aerial roots which uphold the tree and even branch downward from some of the limbs. These gradually lift the trunk, at the same time anchoring it to

the ground in all directions. They bear a slight resemblance to the mangrove, as I saw it in the islands of Melanesia, but are straight, while the other writhes into an inextricable tangle. The friendly pandanus is also familiarly spoken of as the screw-pine, from the way in which its sheaves of blades twist in a perfect spiral upon the bole.

The number of its benefits to mankind is rivalled only by the coco-nut. The puuhala, besides furnishing food in the shape of nuts, and æsthetic pleasure by its orange leis and its exotic beauty, is the staple for mat-, hat-, fan-, and cushion-weaving. Of old, strands of its fibre went to make deadly slings for warfare. The fibrous wood of the mature tree is hard, and takes so high a polish that it is used in making the handsome turned bowls that have come to be known as calabashes.

Once at shady Keaau, Mother Shipman, knowing what I fancy, has a nimble Hawaiian scaling one of her sky-aspiring palms for coco-nuts. A clever swish of the heavy knife, and the flagon of fragrant cool water is ready, and I dream, as I drink, of similar flagons I have drained in far, savage isles to the south.

Then one lolls delectably in hammocks on the high, cool lanai, until an irruption of young things carrying bathing suits and towels stirs one's languor. Swimming at Keaau is inside surf-pounded, lava-rock barrier. The climbing combers of the unhindered Pacific, bursting, spill over and through crevices into this sheltered playground. We descend steps in a high stone retaining-wall, to frolic on the sand, across which a fresh streamlet, never by the same route two days running, finds its way to the salt water. One has to hunt for places to swim among lava hummocks, since at maximum tide there is brisk work battling with miniature currents that wash in and out the interstices. For an unhampered dash, we would wind up in a large fresh pond on the higher ground.

From Keaau we made a trip to Papae, a sheep-camp on the Shipman holdings, along Puna's ironbound coast. Let no *malihini** think that the arrow-straight engineering of our modern motor track is an innovation in the old kingdom of Hawaii. I rode many miles that afternoon upon a road true as a moonbeam, and built by hands dust this hundred years and more. It was Kamehameha's edict that

* New-comer

it be laid in a direct line across the turbulent surface of rotting *a-a* * lava, so his fleet runners might lose no dispatch in bearing his commands and news. Where caverns from cooled bubbles were encountered, masonry of the same lavish material was reared from the depths to support that unswerving, level pave which was to speed the feet of him who hastened upon the great chief's bidding.

It was past sunset when we dismounted inside the stone-walled inclosure of the cow-boys' camp. Our supper was incomparable beefsteak, roasted on coals by lantern-light. The big native boys would not credit that I wanted some of their raw fish, which I repeat is estimable above the raw oysters of "civilization." But after a little parleying among themselves, they prepared me a morsel fresh-caught off the jagged coast.

The night was far from tropical. Resting after supper, it was from under blankets, where we lay on a cool swirl of age-old *pahoehoe*, † that we watched the ocean spouting high in gleaming spires against inky lava cliffs. It was enchantment to follow the racing cloud-ships across an illumined sky, where hung

* Sharp, stiff lava.

† Smooth lava.

the few enormous stars the full moon let glitter. Under the blanket, in the crook of my arm, a blooded young fox terrier moaned with the joy of white caresses—a white-man's dog, tolerated kindly enough by the cowboys.

When we could rouse ourselves from contemplation of the night, we went to bed on a broad platform in the Japanese goatherd's hut. It did not look tempting. But the fastidious Shipmans seemed nothing loth, so I made myself at home in the small, earth-floored room aflutter with quaint rags. Coming to examine these and the rest of the windowless shack, I found it all immaculate, everything "sweet as a nut," as if fresh-laundered. I have often wondered if the fatherly little goatherd had a special penchant for collecting rags. It may be that they recompensed him for a bachelor existence!

The crisp night wind flowed in and out of open doorways, and at intervals a pink glow suffused us from distant Kilauea. We dreamed like children to the organ music of the surf; and there was a poignancy in the pleasure of waking to the sunrise—a colossal orb, clear-cut as a harvest moon, red as wine, lifting slowly, heavily, out of a slate-blue,



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heaving plane. Soon the snows of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa blushed from rose to fervid crimson above the fathomless mist-blues of their towering bulks.

And again I found myself restless, wishing that Jack might see with me so great beauty.

Retracing former steps about Hilo, one day I went to Rainbow Falls, and found it and its fern-walled pool no whit less enthralling than memory had painted it. This time I travelled some distance farther up the brawling Wailuku to see for the first time a succession of bewitching pools in the lava river-bed, known unpoetically as the Boiling Pots, from the wild swirling of cascading waters. It was hard to tear myself from this new wonder, for I was bound to consider it even surpassing Rainbow Falls.

One favourite spot to me will always remain, the small boat landing at Waiakea Village, at the mouth of the small river of same name on Hilo's south-eastern boundary. This settlement, in 1877, was washed out to sea by a tidal wave caused by an earthquake in Peru. And still earlier, in 1819, the same phenomenon is said to have taken place. I borrow from an

account written by one T. Charles Byde Rooke, F.R.G.S., and published in 1838 in a quarterly journal called *The Hawaiian Spectator*, printed by Edwin O. Hall for "A Society of Gentlemen" in Honolulu :

“. . . An unusual number of persons were collected together attending a protracted meeting, consequently every house was crowded. At half-past six the sea retired at the rate of 4 or 5 knots an hour, reducing the soundings from 5 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms at the anchorage, and leaving a great extent of the harbour dry. Hundreds of curious souls rushed down to witness the novelty, when a gigantic wave came roaring to the shore at the rate of 6 to 8 knots, rising 20 feet above high-water mark, and fell on the beach with a noise resembling a heavy peal of thunder, burying the people in the flood, destroying houses, canoes and fishponds, washing away the food and clothing of the inhabitants, large quantities of animals, firewood and timber collected on the strand for sale.

“The British whale-ship *Admiral Cockburn* was at anchor in the Bay, and to the timely aid and humane exertions of her master (Lawrence) and crew, many are indebted for their lives; but for the assistance rendered by their boats, many who were stunned would have been carried out to sea and perished, as

the natives had not a canoe left that would float.

“That this apparent submarine volcanic action has taken place at some distance from the islands is proved by the wave striking the different islands simultaneously, and apparently in the same direction; but at what distance we have no means at present of determining.”

Curiously enough, at the time I write of this, there comes the report of a sizable wave that has created havoc among the shipping in this section. The first newspaper item, to my horror, stated that Hilo had been destroyed! A wireless message had been misread at sea—*Chile* being mutilated into *Hilo*. The later reports from Chile indicated great loss of life and confusion from earthquake. The backwash struck Hilo Bay with a series of small tidal waves, the first coming at about nine on the morning of November 11, 1922, and the latest at eleven, and sending lowland dwellers in a panic to higher ground. Coconut Island was covered with water, and local small shipping badly mixed up. There was no loss of life. The water rose six feet and two inches at Kuhio wharf, after sweeping through the breakwater. Fish were washed ashore

when the salt torrent flowed back from the river, and children gathering them were endangered by the second wave. Several followed, but there was no increase in height over the first.

Waiakea village, essentially an Oriental picture except for haoles and Hawaiians arriving or departing in ships' boats, is a sequestered nook of Nippon; from the sea approached under a bridge, and partially bounded by rickety, balconied houses, hung with bright-coloured Japanese signs and flags and rags. A photograph fails to give any idea of the village's foreign charm, because its main note, that vivid colouring, is lost. Down the marshy stream, after rough weather, come fairy-like floating islets, forested in miniature with lilac-tinted wild lilies. Past the bannered buildings and gorgeously painted sampans, under the bridge the amethystine islets move in the unhurrying flood, on and out to sea; to me, following their course, freighted with dreams that have been dreamed, forsooth. For that way went the *Snark* one dear day long ago.

CHAPTER IX

A VOLCANIC MARVEL

NATURALLY, I had been eager to see the great eruption of Mauna Loa's crater, Mokuoweoweo, down the Kau side of Hawaii; but it had ceased before my arrival. Kilauea, too, had joined in the general outburst, its pit, Halemaumau, overflowing into the main crater, clear to the foot of the bluff below the Volcano House. The day before I landed in Hilo, the lava had suddenly, to my keen disappointment, lapsed several hundreds of feet into Halemaumau, carrying down large sections of the pit walls. But before I had sailed away, mine was the good luck to see it risen to within twenty feet of the rim.

It was away and beyond all imagining from former views. Night after night I stood upon the crusted margin of the boiling shaft, prickly with Pelé's strands of spun-glass hair, and ever the wonder accumulated. The circle of lava wall that had fallen in was raised by the powerful tide into the annular form of a

South Sea atoll, supporting tiny hills as does the surrounding reef of Bora-Bora in the Societies. Upon one arc the iron atoll bore a rugged dwarf mountain with the silhouette of a castle on the Rhine. Inside this black lava circlet there moved and fountained a lake of fiery liquid, while between the ring and the crater walls flowed and exploded a molten torrent. This would gradually sink a few feet, disclosing awful caverns at white-heat along the under edges of the wreath-shaped island. The fountains in river and lake, first bubbling up in domes of exquisite fire-rose and lambent amber, would swell to bursting point, and fling high into the burning night tons of molten fiery gold, which fell in great drops heavily back into the restless, roaring, hissing mass.

When one first leaves his car in the parking-place, there is heard the peculiar soft-grinding, avalanching sound of the milling chaos. The sky is painted red above the pit, and clouds of pink steam rise and bend back and forth in the wind, or float away. But this illumination is no preparation, even to the very brink, I swear, for what impinges upon the eye when it looks over into Halemaumau, the House

of Fire. The brilliance is of an intensity so terrific that comparison with all the white-hot furnaces of the world could give little intimation of this glare that seems, like the eye of God, to pierce and light the innermost convolutions of one's brain, to rob the very spirit of its vain secrets.

By day the brilliance is more one of colour, as if the solar spectrum dyed the earth-stained substance and vapour with fervid rose, red, and orange, and sulphurous greens and yellows.

Pelé, fire goddess, has played fast and loose the past several years; and no man can count upon his pilgrimage being rewarded by her most spectacular performances. Although I continue to maintain that her serenest vapourings are worth the voyage.

In March of 1921, the steamer *Hawkeye State* made her first Baltimore to Hawaii trip, via Panama Canal, bringing a large list of eastern passengers to visit the volcanic marvel. The campaign of publicity which landed them at Hilo had been based more than all else upon a prayer that the goddess might be in wrathful mood. As the *Hawkeye State* neared port, however, there was a disheartening lack of glow upon the side of Mauna Loa. The hopes of the pro-

motors were faint when the hotels at Kilauea had been reached and grumbling arose over insufficient accommodation and the lethargic aspect of Halemaumau in the distance. This continued until the procession of motors was well on its way through the tropical forest, bound for the pit.

And then it happened.

Abruptly, as if ordered for their benefit, Pelé broke loose upon the starry night; and by the time the excited scores had reached the verge of her dwelling, the ponderous surge, urged from beneath, was lashing tremendously against the battlements. These capitulated to the onslaught, and crashed into the furious maelstrom, driving the tourists hastily to their cars and the safety and sight-seeing vantage of the bluffs around the main crater. I quote from one who saw :

“The lake broke through crevices and rushed with express speed out over the old lava surface, where flowing lava had not been known for forty years. A river formed on the side toward the Volcano House, plunged down the incline, covered the old horse corral where Professor Jaggar’s instruments were stored, sealing them forever. On and on the

river spread until it stopped at the foot of the cliffs just below the Volcano House. All night and on St. Patrick's Day, which was also the birthday of Kamehameha III, the lava found new openings. It poured like a Niagara over the south side. A new fountain formed near the bluff south-west of Halemau-
mau and sent incandescent rockets into the air. Another fountain formed over toward the Kau road."

Never in the history of personally conducted excursions had the volcano presented such a spectacle on schedule time. All discontented murmurings ceased. Pelé was surely working for the promotion committee; and a new hotel and enlargement of all present facilities were promptly on the way. To say nothing of improvements on the volcano highway. The rebuilt Volcano House is now described as "an hotel in a glass case," being largely enclosed in glass so that visitors may enjoy unrestricted views in all weathers, and is considered a fairly worthy rival to the volcano itself.

There have been rumours that efforts are to be made to put the Titan energies of this region to work. In future it may not be regarded as a mere amusement park. Professor

Thomas Augustus Jaggar, Junr., volcanologist in charge (U.S. Department of Agriculture, Weather Bureau), submitted that borings in search of heat for transformation into electric energy be made in the valley lying between Kilauea—which he has found to be an independent mountain—and Mauna Loa. The idea was suggested by John Brooks Henderson, zoologist, from Washington, D.C., who backed up the proposal with a contribution of \$1500.00. These holes to be sunk at the base of the west bluff of Kilauea crater, in the bottoms of Kilauea and Kilauea Iki, and in the outer slopes of Kilauea and Mauna Loa. Borings to be deep, to determine temperature, mineral and gas conditions, earthquake phenomena, and water underground at the volcanoes. The Hawaii Research Association approached the territorial legislature with this suggestion, and funds were appropriated.

It is a fascinating thing to contemplate. Far more so than the invention of fast-obsolete war enginery and the squandering of dizzying billions on the same, while the victims of the infernal machines beg for bread and bed, or turn to crime. And think of the child-brains dulling in the factories of the land of the free

and the home of the brave, because a time-dishonoured law has been found constitutional in this day. Who knows that any one of these young brains might not be such an one as those of Henderson and the volcanologist on the slopes of Kilauea, who open up this vista of scientific romance for young and old? Not for nothing did Jack London, dying before the United States stepped into the "fight for democracy," picture his native land "on her fat, helpless, lonely, unhonourable, profit-seeking way." We got into the fight, wastefully, it is true, but quickly and magnificently (if there is really anything magnificent in war), and helped the rest of the world, temporarily, out of it. But look at us since, with scant conscience toward our educators, our children, our anti-war prisoners, our "heroes," our "democracy." One is tempted to indorse George Bernard Shaw's apt saw: "The longer I live, the more firmly I am convinced that the other planets use our earth as their lunatic asylum."

But this is a book on Hawaii, and I have digressed—yet have I? This work of Tom Jagger's, on his heights geographically, creatively, head thrust forward into a golden age of scientific research for the good of man,

stings one into swift realization of the cruel, wanton loss of strength and money that makes for destruction of body and mind, when it might be turned to account for the beautiful emancipations of life.

In July, 1921, Kilauea National Park, comprising thirty-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-five acres of Hawaii's mountain land, including the fire-pit, was dedicated. The picturesque exercises included a prayer to the fire goddess, incanted by a lineal descendant of a priest of Pelé. This invocation, delivered in the full-toned chant of the older Hawaiians, was succeeded by a delivery of the first Christian prayer spoken at the same brink by the spirited Kapiolani of other days.

The Mauna Loa section of Hawaii's national parks, including its crater Mokuaweoweo and a right of way of three hundred and sixty acres, giving access to the Kilauea section, is seventeen thousand three hundred and eighty acres.

In connection with this national park a road has now been built to the crater Mokuaweoweo at the summit of Mauna Loa, "The Long Mountain." Owners of land required for the highway were willing to donate what

was necessary. The possibilities of this drive are set astir in the imagination by the now popular watchword, "From surfing to skiing."

The supreme volcanic event in Hawaii for the year 1919 was the activity of Mauna Loa itself. It was no surprise to the unsleeping keeper of Kilauea and the Long Mountain. That autumn, with its unruly flock of seismic disturbances, had been a busy one for Professor Jaggar, who made more than one lofty ascent to the flaming pastures of his charge.

Back at Kilauea Observatory, it was at 1.45 on the morning of Monday, September 29, that he noticed the fume and glow from Mauna Loa's thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-five-foot crater, Mokuaweoweo, spreading to the southward along a route he knew well. By telephone he warned Kapapala and other districts lying in the course the flow would take.

Many are the accounts I have listened to from residents of those sections who saw destruction looming from far above, and who hurried to pack their belongings in readiness for flight. Some thought they would go grey in a night, through the freaks played by the fluid avalanche, which would seem to skirmish

in avoidance of an obviously doomed home. And I detected a hesitancy among these good people, as well as other island visitors who rushed to the ten-days' wonder, about telling what they had seen.

"It's like this," they would begin, falteringly. "We saw things that nobody would believe. How do we know? We tried it out when we got home! The thing was too big, too terrific, to impress those who had not been there—in spite of the great smoke and glare which hid Hawaii from the other islands for days and days. What would *you* say to this: I stood on the hot bank of that burning cascade, and saw *boulders as big as houses*, I tell you, perfectly incandescent, go rolling down to the sea; and—but there I go. I don't think you'd believe the things I could tell you; and I don't know that I'd blame you!"

Yet I find in Professor Jaggar's official report:

"The lava 'rafts' or blocks of bench magma which rolled down the live channel, were seen to bob up [in the sea], make surface steam, and float out some distance from the shore without sinking at first, as though buoyed by the hot gas inflating them. Lightnings

were seen in the steam columns. There was much muddying of the water, and fish were killed in considerable numbers.”

For the week previous the Professor had kept a pack-train in readiness, and by sun-up on September 29 he and Mr. Finch of the observatory, with two native packers, were on their fatiguing and perilous adventure over the lava deserts of other periods. The redoubtable scientist risked life and limb in the ensuing days to secure his remarkable photographs and take samples of gas in vacuum tubes. The absorbing details of the journey and its observations are in his *Bulletin* of October, 1919—the tall fountains of lava, the detonations of tremendous explosions, the lake of fire on the high mountain, and the final plunge of the melt over old lava cliffs into the sea in a river running five to ten miles an hour. The red torrent coursed for ten days.

The heat of the stilled lava was not yet gone when, four months afterward, I motored upon where it had crossed, a hundred yards wide, the highway in Alika district—a waste of *a-a* as upstanding as the wavelet of a tide-rip,

kupikipikio. It had swept everything in its path, causing suffering, fear, and death among the herds. A temporary restoration of the highway was begun as soon as the heat had sufficiently cooled; but it made one nervous, in an inflammable vehicle, to see how a light shower caused the lava to steam, and to feel warmth still rising from crevices.

During the eruption there was a succession of short-period, shallow tidal waves, ranging from four to fourteen feet in height. These kept in trepidation the passengers on vessels of all classes that swarmed off-shore. An authentic tale is told of the wife of an islander being swept some distance out by a subsiding tidal wave. Fortunately she was a swimmer. I have forgotten whether she was returned by the next landward billow or was rescued by a canoe.

As I write, at this late date, of Hawaii's volcanoes quick and dead, it comes to me that they have new rivals in extent—Katmai in Alaska, and Svea crater in Iceland, lately discovered by the Swedish savants, Yberg and Waddell. But the character and accessibility of Kilauea and Haleakala in Hawaii make them immune from neglect.

Early in the summer of 1922, without warning, the great display in the pit of Halemaumau in Kilauea totally collapsed. Its titanic ruin, according to word from friends and newspapers, was as majestic as had been its life. Immediately there began action in a number of the "extinct" smaller pits in the neighbourhood of Kilauea. Even Puuhuluhulu, the fern-lined nest on the brink of which Jack and I had once lunched and planned a summer-home in its depths, woke up. I could scarcely believe it. Mr. L. W. de Vis Norton, on the spot, gives the best report I have read of what happened to Halemaumau :

"A week ago Halemaumau was the personification of primal force, a towering monument of Nature's rarest making, majestic, glorious. . . . To-day it lies an appalling ruin, a colossal wreck of raw, red rock, gashed with terrific fissures, streaked with grey sheets of dust and dirt, and reverberating continually to the rattle and crash of gigantic avalanches of thousands of tons of loosened debris.

"To one familiar with the conditions of the past few years, the Halemaumau of to-day baffles all description. Instead of the crags

upreared in mighty masses from the seething surface of the molten lava lake; instead of the brilliant displays of fountaining that have for so long delighted every visitor with the coruscating splendour, there is now nothing but an awful void upon the verge of which one is desperately afraid to venture. . . . The very vastness of this aching void is appalling, for the pit is more than twice its former size, and one walks a full two miles before its circumference may be completed. So changed is it that only by noting the well-known landmarks of the outer walls may one recognize in which direction one walks at all. . . . While the upper rim is still more or less of a circle the whole interior is changed beyond all imagining, and one looks down trembling through smoke fumes and dust clouds to an oval-shaped jumble of rocks that represents the bottom of the pit. Not a spark of fire is visible at that depth of nearly a thousand feet; almost everywhere the spirals of blue and dun smoke come twisting upward from crevices in the fearful wreck below."

Magnificent as was the wreck of Halemau-
mau (House of Fire), the Hawaii Promotion
Committee and other like organizations were
very blue over what had happened. But they
counted without their hostess: Pelé returned
when she was ready, which was in a few short

months. In October the lava was rising at the rate of eight feet per day, and fountain-
ing in as spectacular a manner as the most
meticulous Tourist Bureau or "Ad" Club
could desire.

CHAPTER X

KALAPANA—A CURE FOR HEADACHE—FOLKLORE

WHILE in Hilo, I asked to see Kalapana once more, with its long beach and cliffs stepped in deep sea, its tall palm-groves and the *niu moe* ("sleeping coco-nuts")—those palms bent, when young, by visiting chiefs, and called thereafter by the names of those chiefs. These in Kalapana were bent by Queen Emma, wife of Kamehameha IV. The day has now gone by when Hawaiian travellers observed their telic and pretty custom of planting a tree wherever they chanced to rest. I call to mind an exquisite cluster of five green palms beside a spring, on the Peninsula, in Pearl Harbour, Oahu. They were set out by John F. Colburn on his own estate, in the stormy days of Liliuokalani's accession to the tottering throne, to commemorate her appointment of himself and four other ministers to serve in her cabinet. Every mile on this whole ancient territory of Hawaii is fraught

with keen human interest if one can only recognize the signs.

In the neighbourhood of Kalapana there remains the ruin of Niu Kukahi Temple, and the heiau of Wahaula ("Red Mouth"), its idols having boasted that feature. Here idolatry was most extensively, and last, practised. It is the largest and best preserved of the heiaus, and supposed to have been built by Pao, a powerful priest, in the eleventh century. Wahaula, by the way, is the original of that restored model in the Bishop Museum, at Honolulu, described in "Jack London and Hawaii." The natives still repeat the story of the Temple's destruction. The tradition runs that a wrestler lived near by, whose habit it was to slay pilgrims to the sacred grove of pandanus and coco-nut. On guard in a cave in the bluff where the trail strikes mauka toward Kau, lived a bloodthirsty maiden who took pleasure in signalling the wrestler when wayfarers approached. The inference is that she ate the flesh of those he slew; but this, unlike the incident of the ogre at Wahiawa, Oahu, is not authentic.

A Kona chief had a friend who had been sacrificed in the heiau. This friend's spirit

appeared and bade the chief go and recover his bones from the Temple enclosure. But first he must anoint his body with kukui-nut oil; and by this slippery strategy he withstood the attack of the wrestler, whom he killed. He entered the heiau by daylight, the spirits (*akuas*) being then off duty, and hid beneath the picked bones of his friend. When the *akuas* returned at dusk, they suspicioned the presence of a human, but were reassured by the spirit of the Kona man's friend, who, at midnight, crowed like a cock, and the *akuas* departed, thinking it was dawn. Before the rescuer of his friend's bones made his own escape, he destroyed the great grass temple by fire. The tabu (*kapu*) of Wahaula was fire, and any person upon whom rested the shadow of smoke from the ghastly rites, was sacrificed.

Farther along the trail, on the makai side, is shown the footprint of a demi-god of old, Niheu, as well as the mark of an arrow which he sent at another demi-god who came to vanquish him. Following west, makai of where the trail turns mauka, is Kamoamoa, and there one may see a natural arch, of which there are several in the islands. A

few interesting rock-carvings have been found here.

All legend aside, in a desert section of the Kilauea National Park actual footprints have recently been discovered, embedded in the lava ash of 1790, undoubtedly those of the warriors of Keoua, made when they were fleeing from the terrible eruption.

Scientists are steadily on the hunt for old temples and sites, and in 1921 the total for all the islands reached five hundred and seventeen. Near Punaluu, the landing-place for East Kau, are the heiaus of Punaluunui and Kaneelele, said to have been connected in their workings with the great Wahaula heiau of Puna. And Dr. T. A. Jaggar has stumbled upon an old heiau in the Pahala section of the Kau district, of which the existing population profess to have no knowledge. These ruins differ from all others uncovered, in that the stones bear many rude carvings, or petroglyphs, in crescents and circles, with and without dots. This is the only known way the Hawaiians had of writing and symbolizing. There are similar characters to be seen on the rocks of the shore in Kona. And lately there have been found, up in the woods near the

dividing line between North and South Kona, a remarkable set of rock carvings. Large areas of pictographs have been listed on the islands of Lanai and Kauai, and the Bishop Museum hopes by unremitting search and study to come at the key of the mystery.

I had experienced the lomi-lomi (massage) of the Hawaiians, as well as of certain South Sea tribes, but in Kau was to learn something entirely novel in the curing of headache. An old woman, still handsome, with an antic humour in her black eyes from which the fire was yet to be quenched, noticed that I had a severe headache. Enticing me, with benevolent gestures and little luring moans, to a sofa that had seen better days, she laid rude but shrewd hands upon the tendons of the inner sides of the legs below the knees. Those powerful fingers, relentless as the bronze they looked, kneaded and twanged those cords until lo! in a mere ten minutes or so the misery, accumulated in hours of motoring under a brassy sky, was charmed away—charmed not by any means being the best word for this high and drastic attainment in the science of massage. I have since tried the

method with good results. Sure and swift I vouch it to be; but I must add that the average sufferer would prefer his original pain!

Thinking of the folklore of this region, there is nothing in Ireland to surpass the Brownies of Hawaii. And right here let me recommend "Hawaiian Folk Tales," by Thomas G. Thrum, of Honolulu, an absorbing compilation.

It is certain to enchant many an older person than a child in years to read that there seems to be foundation for the belief in Brownies. Tradition has it that they were the first inhabitants here—an adventurous and nomadic tribe known as Menehunes, sprightly, cunning, and so industrious that it was their rule that any work undertaken must be entirely accomplished in one night. If it were not, it would never be finished, for the midgets would not put their hands twice to one task. A prehistoric, uncompleted wall of a fish-pond on Kauai is by credulous natives laid to the fact that the Menehunes neglected to begin work until midnight, and dawn surprised them half done. To any who may smile at the Menehune legend, I can point out the Little Peoples whom Martin Johnson, once of our

Snark, and his wife Osa have but lately discovered in both the Solomons and the New Hebrides, moving-pictures of which I have seen. Brownies for all the world, even if a trifle better proportioned than our fairy-tale books would have us believe of our own Leprehauns.

CHAPTER XI

MAUNA KEA—BOAR HUNTING

ONE morning at half-past two we set out from Hilo for the Shipmans' highest altitude on Mauna Kea. But not by way of their volcano house, which necessitates traversing the lava valley between Mauna Loa and its twin mountain. These old estates lie in strips from varying heights to seashore, enabling their owners to have homes at any level, and to pursue any business that the "lay of the land" and quality of the soil make possible. Often, of course, with unproductive stretches of old or even new lava thrown in for bad measure.

We motored up the coast on the good roads that always reminded me of the anecdotes of kamaainas about the terrible risks of the old-time trails. Mother Shipman has been reminiscent for me of days when she travelled horseback in side-saddle, with babes in arms, over boggy pathways that were the only means of going around the island. She also told me

that our good friend "Kakina," Lorrin A. Thurston, descendant of missionaries, was pioneer agitator for better roads.

Breathing the odours of Eden, in and out of the cavernous moonlit gulches we whirled, trying to catch glimpses of the sleeping beaches at their mouths, whence the crash of breakers came muffled to our ears. The sky went every opal tint that dawn can paint; and when the sun rose it was a dull ruby globe that burned its way through the mist at our backs. By five we were breakfasting in substantial New England fashion with friends in Waimea on the Parker Ranch.

More than one gorgeous sunrise was ours while we wound southerly up Mauna Kea's western side on tracks more fit for cow-ponies, and only lately attempted by automobiles. As the "clover-leaf" climbed, one felt less and less inclined to break the spell by talking. The beauty, the enormousness of every prospect was almost stupefying. The first great valley we encountered lies several thousand feet high between the largest mountain's broken knees and Hualalai, lifting its head more than eight thousand feet to the right, with Mauna Loa visible ahead. It must be kept in mind

that this highest island in the world is composed of three mountains, two of which are nearly twice the elevation of Hualalai. This valley gave the effect of a desert basin, hemmed in by the three looped mountains. The rolling plain, diversified by hills and lesser valleys, was tufted with tree-growths and half-dried, golden-green *pili* grass blowing in the brisk wind. For the island was suffering from what was as near drought as it ever experiences. But one knew that with abundant moisture the wavy plateau would be an incalculably rich one.

At Kalaieha, on the Humuulu tract, still on Parker Ranch, we watched the throwing and shearing of rams, while waiting for the Japanese cowboys to bring horses on which we rode to the Shipmans' ranch, PuuOO. The ponies' feet thudded softly in the meadow turf. The air was light and sweet, and full of bird voices—questioning whistle of plover, bickering and calling of mynah, and skylarks near the ground, with more of earth-earthy mellowness than that small feathered angel's celestial pipings from the thin blue ether. From time to time, on our curving way among hillocks high and low, we would have a vision, still

six thousand feet overhead, of Mauna Kea's pure snowy pinnacles, with their azure shadows.

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed in the buildings," Caroline ventured. Disappointed? Never had I beheld anything to equal that little ranch house, perched a mile and a quarter above sea-level. It is built of hand-hewn koa—walls, roof, floors, lanais. Koa, red as Etruscan gold, is as common here as precious metal in heaven. The furniture, too, is of the same "Hawaiian mahogany," carved long ago in quaintest of shapes. Outside, the house was greyed beautifully with age and weathers of many years. We slept in high koa beds, on fat wool mattresses carded by Jack's "First Lady of Hawaii," Mother Shipman herself. And what sleep! What appetite! What life! It was snapping-cold at morn and eve, with a moon diamond-bright—never did I see moon so bright. I would wake to hear, as if in a Maine winter, the telephone wire humming and crackling, and the mynahs complaining of the cold; and another bird, nameless to me, with a benevolent warble low in the throat.

Before the moon had risen, we could make out afar, where the sea laved the foot of the

valley, the twinkling lights of Hilo town, a little south of east. For it must be realized that, on account of old lava flows, we had to come nearly around Mauna Kea to reach our destination. Already the glow from Kilauea's raging furnace was colouring the dark clouds beyond Mauna Loa's long incline. Any time of the night one could reckon upon that intense, lurid wine-glow to the south-east.

Breakfasts were mainly of plumpest plover, proudly served to the queen's taste by Ondera, the Japanese cook, a broken-down cowboy. For some reason it had been hard for me to think of the Japanese as cowboys; but I had something to learn. Ranchers who are fortunate enough to obtain and keep them say there are none more able nor more faithful. The time came when the splendid Hawaiian horsemen were not to be persuaded to stay upon the upper reaches. They wanted the towns, amusements, moving-pictures. A picturesque Japanese graveyard on a neighbouring knoll at PuuOO attests the period of devotion of the transplanted labour.

I came to call it *The Book of the Mountain*, what I read into and out of it from saddle and

from lanai at PuuOO. From dawn to dusk the pages were always turning. Sometimes twilight arrived short hours after high noon, with an infloat of cloud between earth and sun that seemed to rob one of weight and all relation to everyday sensations, giving great area to the imagination. Then would show the sudden etching, against thinning vapour, of the writhen, ghostly skeleton of a dead koa tree, or the large grace of a living lehua. But for the most part the satin-grey doorway framed a happy foreground of green touched with sun-gold.

What held me most in thrall was the breath-taking lap of earth between the two mammoth mountains. For the first time I realized, only possible from such vantage, what a whale of a mountain is Mauna Loa, and why the ancients named it Loa (Long). It is that long, gradual slope to the sea. Upon its flank, from the summit, miles upon miles of lava that had flowed from Mokuaweoweo in the early 'fifties and as late as 1880, glisten under the brassy sun like streaming fields of mica, hardly distinguishable from snow or ice.

Sometimes, at PuuOO, I seemed to be in a balcony overlooking a gigantic stage. The

cloud-drop of tarnished silver raised and lowered upon the bright scene of flowing leagues of seaward-declining valley, with showers of sun-javelins falling inside the curtain. I wondered why the very vastness of it did not speak monotony. Perhaps the vastness was the answer. Movement depended upon sunshine and cloud-shadow, except when one picked out upon the immense map a gliding herd of cattle, or a pack-train of mules crawling *con moto* over the grey and fawn of lichened lava. What I do know is that never was the unearthly sweep twice alike; always the vision was renewed with a difference; and never did it seem a tangible reality. Olympus, in its god-like glory, could not have been more overwhelming in breadth of beauty.

One day we spent following along with the pig-hunters. There was lacking the famed excitement of boar-sticking, for the boars were stunted and spiritless from the prolonged drought. This sport is all in the day's work for Otji and Muranka, immovable as sacks of meal in their Mexican saddles—efficient Japanese *vacqueros*, but far from graceful. They and their ponies are of a sort in appearance, stocky, short-legged, homely,

with sagacious eyes. Good little philosophers all, and kindly.

Exhilarating was the dash down that hummocky, slanting champaign, hoofs displacing dust only lightly laid by cloud moisture. Fear of monotony is dispelled in the first mile of closer acquaintance with the range. Quite unexpectedly the soft pasture-soil gives place to harder ground of half-decomposed lava forested in koa, standing and fallen. Then as unexpectedly we come upon a large river between steep banks; but it is of long-arrested lava. Halting on the brink, we watch the hunters scrambling below after a boar, the collies stringing out eagerly in pursuit, bearing their plumed tails like kahilis, proudly.

I rein down into the channel, and negotiate the stream of stone and the farther bank, marvelling upon the puissance of my square and honest pony. On over a descent of rugged lava country, with clinking shoes the horses leap like goats, landing bunched from mound to mound with perfect precision, or scampering like rabbits in the wider spaces. We stop where a stout plain-wire boundary is reached, by which the Government protects the young

koa forestage, rooted in large bracken and tree ferns. From among this undergrowth the collies' smiling faces, bright-eyed, point up at us, where they have come upon the quarry accounted for by the first shot. A cowboy swings from his horned saddle, and dexterously, without a waste movement, skins the bristly beast, whose lips in death snarl away from yellowed tusks. The butchering is unpleasant and malodorous, but interesting. The knife releases the entrails, and a small rough boot is planted conveniently midmost of the smoking ruins that seem to shrink from contact with an inimical outer world. All of the once vicious wild-pig is left on the ground save the four quarters, except in case of especially fine ribs. When the boys are out for longer periods, they roast the meat, wrapped in koa leaves, in a bed of hot stones lined with koa branches. The meat remains all day in this primitive fireless cooker.

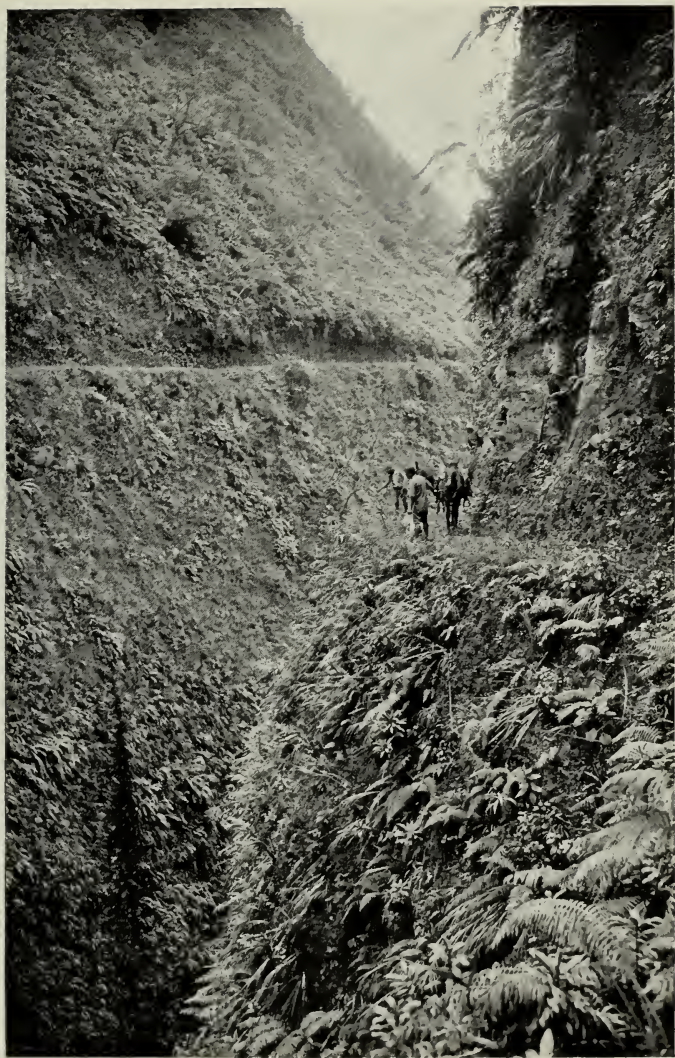
Sometimes we trailed after the hunters into deep glens, crowded with ferns, where the victims were brought to bay and dispatched in thicket from which it was difficult to retrieve their carcasses.

Caroline and I turned homeward by way of an

obscure trail she knew upon the long acclivity. Part of the distance was over pahoehoe lava of antiquity, patterned in grey-green lichen and a rich, tawny-tiger moss thick and yielding as Wilton carpet. The sky was wonderful as the earth—a satsuma sky of blue and white, the fleck of clouds giving the effect of delicate cracked surfaces.

A roaring fireplace greeted our return. The smiling Ondera bustled about like an old nurse making us comfortable, and set upon the koa table, already holding his vase of dewy blue violets, a steaming roast of ranch beef, and steaming vegetables from his garden. Later, while we read cozily in the warmth, out of the windy night we heard the hunters and pack animals coming in with the slain porkers; and presently their laconic expressions of satisfaction as they sat to meat in Ondera's domain.

Under a tortoise sky this time, a dome of large close patches of lead and white, we swung down-mountain to move into certain paddocks a drove of cattle which had come all the way from Keaau by the sea. To an American, the word paddock sounds so futile to designate the seemingly immeasurable acreage between



A MOUNTAIN TRAIL

fences and gates. Moment by moment I marvelled at the diversity of that sage-green obliquity. Large areas are so rich and friable that it must have puzzled the owner where, in some practically desirable spot, as PuuOO, to find a patch of earth firm enough to bear a house.

It is saddening to come upon so much fallen timber. A pest of moss has overspread and destroyed great numbers of the large growth. Among living trees, I saw a few of the *naia* (false sandalwood) pricked out bright green by stray sunbeams.

Over the tussocks of grass we raced, senses aching with very pleasure of motion in so boundless a survey. The declining earth stretches in an unbroken expanse; then suddenly, under a clearing sky, an unguessed deep serration yawns at our feet. The little horses drop easily from the prairie into tropic ferns and flowering lehua, where the ground is lush, the air hot as in a greenhouse. Just as one notices that the fern-edges are frost-bitten to brown, a cloud rolls majestically overhead, and coats are drawn on without delay. Shortly afterward the torrid sunshine floods down, and one pants in the rarefied air,

while the toughest cow-pony breaks out in sweat.

We would ride through a living greenwood of large koa, and the next paddock would shock as the veriest boneyard of blanched trunks and limbs, erect or prone. In one such, we moistened our throats with thimbleberries, quite juicy and refreshing, and less insipid than our California ones.

Resting loosely in saddle, we followed with our eyes the red cattle deploying with soft impact of tired hoofs. Next we would be over-edge driving into some wet ruddy gulch, where our ponies, machine-like but more reliable than any machine, slid steeply upon braced fours, into fainting depths and dauntlessly up the opposite walls, keeping the beeves in line.

Homeward bound, to show me more of the endless novelty we rode leisurely by a round-about way that led through a stretch of Kentucky bluegrass which would be a golfer's paradise. This close lawn spread into the most beautiful wood I have ever seen. It is of thriving koa and ohia lehua, and would serve for the scene of legend or fairy tale. These lehua are of as great girth and height as the

koa; the fair green gloom, trickled through with showers of sun-rays, making the white-grey trunks gleam as in a dream forest, or like the spirits of trees. That a red-fibred plant may be so milk-white outside, is of a piece with the wonder of white-skinned humanity. One looked for pure, exquisite wood-sprites to step into the emerald clearings and challenge the invader. Then, like a shot, the lovely tranquillity was shattered by the spurring of a pony after a frightened wild-pig, and I found myself very much occupied staying with the bounding, darting pursuit of my own steed. The lean black boar, at bay, almost underneath a mounted hunter, stood motionless except for the savage glint of eye, bristling crest along neck and back, and gnashing of tusks—the strangest, wildest note I have ever heard outside a nightmare. In this posture, with all outdoors around him offering a fighting chance, the animal menaced death and received it at full gaze.

Puaakala—akala blossom—is the eastern ranch-house of PuuOO, and thither we rode for our last sleep on Mauna Kea. Raincoats and our few travelling effects were strapped

behind on the saddles, and thus we set out, over an entirely different route, upon the return journey to the east coast.

Puaakala, roofed in red corrugated iron, was otherwise even more picturesque, more hand-made in appearance than the PuuOO eyrie, even the washing-bowl and the bath-tub being dubbed out of koa. That tub, long and narrow and sloped at one end, was unavoidably reminiscent of a stout coffin. The living-room had an aged and mellow look, walled with seasoned wood. There were well-filled bookcases and cupboards of koa, stands of rifles and shotguns, small koa tables bearing pots of flowers; and a large couch covered with a scarlet shawl that I fancied was an heirloom. The open fireplace shed its heat and glow upon the splendid woods, which gave back the cheer. Cooking and serving were done by another Nipponese cowboy, with a face like weathered mahogany, and whose usefulness in the saddle had passed. He, as Ondera, busied himself with our welfare and comfort like an old family nurse. Unlike Ondera, various small replicas of himself played charmingly upon the greensward without.

The low front lanai, wreathed with honeysuckle, faced mauka. Makai of the house we wandered on foot at sunset through a sparse grove of koa rooted in uneven velvet turf pastured by Holstein Frisian and Hereford cattle that made blissful pastoral studies at every turn.

That night, when I shut the koa panel that was my bedroom door, I became aware that Gauguin had not been the only painter who left his mark upon wood. I found on the inner side an oil, manifestly not new, of a spray of akala berries and leaves. It had been done as long ago as 1882, on a visit by Howard Hitchcock, who has since attracted much attention by his canvases of Hawaii.

In a crisp dawn that tingled cheeks and gloved fingers, we took to the homeward trail, fifty miles down-mountain to the railroad. There we were to board train for Hilo, leaving the cowboys to lead our animals back to PuuOO. It is the sort of travelling that only a seasoned rider should undertake. Not that it demands special horsemanship, for the ponies are surefooted and docile. But the approved gait is that steady jog-trot which one must, with at least simulated composure,

maintain to the bitter end. This for five times ten miles, downhill at that, unrelieved by even a stop for lunch, and paced, mile in and mile out, by chunky little Japanese whose one object and duty was to see that we did not miss our train. . . . I, fortunately, was a seasoned rider.

But every foot of the way was of a beauty and interest never to be forgotten. The start, for instance: did I say dawn? It was barely more than the beginning of the end of morning twilight. The sky was deep blue in contrast to a crescent moon bright as any star. The day grew, and beetling cloud-masses, slate-blue, stood up, solid, the lightning streaking athwart, like fantastic mountains against the heavenly hyacinth dome. I almost listened for grand music to usher in this creation of a new day. Music there was not wanting, however, of birds on earth and in the scintillating air. Then a Gargantuan cloud-zeppelin sailed on its tremendous way above the horizon, raining reflected fire over a burning cloud-city of sunrise upon a cobalt sea.

How different the vision upon our left—shadowy Mauna Kea's snows flushing rosier, shade by shade, to the sun's ardency; but in

some towering fields it is what the colour of the snow is from the red volcanic soil.

Dipping in and out of gulches, the clawing, sliding hoofs uncovered earth as yellow as rusty iron. In a light rain, the warm breath of the dust rose fog-like in the frosty air. While the sun dispersed the mists and sent them drifting, drifting, in opalescent veils, we noted the semblance of Japanese prints in the dead and dying koa shapes, stark and grey against a pearl-white background.

When the sharp, hot sunlight became obscured by clouds through which we plodded, our coats had to be unrolled. The changes of temperature were startling. But as the morning wore, the heat settled down, and jerseys were added to the saddle-bundles. In and out of forest and descending plain jogged we; and many were the views of the mountain—red, upturned profiles of burned-out craters against the enamel-blue sky, and the sharp-edged summit blotched with snow. The drought was very apparent where we had come again into the Parker Ranch, both as to the range and the pitiful condition of its fine cattle. That ranch reaches over the shoulders and about both sides of Mauna Kea, into and

around other tracts. Reforesting has been done by setting out eucalyptus. I saw some well-grown groves, of a kind bearing blossoms that drenched the breeze with fragrance.

The last few miles, by highway along the ocean bluffs, were painful, I will admit, but I was not the only "seasoned rider" who dismounted stiffly and with groans. A short walk, and the restful trip to Hilo in open railway coach, put us into condition for a dance. But I was bothered much by the sudden wrenching from transcendent heights of which I had been a thankful and very humble part for the past days. It was hard again to tread town pavement, to gaze upon buildings of wood and stone instead of fronded tree and fern and the extravagant bulks of God's mountains. Even when contemplating the Shipmans' string of motor-cars, I harked back regretfully to my friends up yonder on Mauna Kea's shoulder—the funny, fuzzy, excellent philosophers, the square, true little horses of PūuOO.

Yet for all the stupendousness of my late surroundings, and the wholesome excitements of the chase, the memory of it remained a quiet thing, something serenely happy.

CHAPTER XII

THE " VALLEY ISLE "

AT one o'clock of another Hawaiian morning, this time a moonless one, I arrived at Lahaina, on Maui, the " Valley Isle," to spend Christmas upon Haleakala Ranch. Prince Cupid was among the through passengers for Honolulu, and I had the pleasure of shaking his hand once more—for the last time, it was to be. Despite his lifelong social experience and the grace and charm of his manner, I always noticed in it that something modest and half-bashful—not dissimilar to the impression often received by persons meeting Jack London. The smiling Prince was bedecked with leis of plumeria—*awapuhi*—and there was a little throng on the Hilo wharf to bid him Aloha in farewell.

Not long after we cleared Hilo Bay, the *Mauna Kea* ran into a succession of violent squalls, through which she threshed for more hours than were called for by her schedule. But when the ship's boat made landing, it

was under a sky of low-swung stars, and I could make out the loom of West Maui's valleyed heights.

The decks were early deserted, for reasons such as sea-sickness or dislike of squalls and spray. But I had met a young English aviator touring Hawaii on the strength of my own "Jack London and Hawaii," and we found the heaving, plunging, outdoor planking suited to our sailor taste. And more—because of my first book, "Voyaging in Wild Seas" (The Log of the *Snark*), he had left Lord Jellicoe's cruiser, *New Zealand*, on which he had been guest, in order to roam about the Samoa I had described. While we tramped miles of decking that choppy night in the channel, or bit into the steward's excellent "salt horse" sandwiches at midnight, we talked as only sea-travellers can of our delight in the South Seas. He had met near friends of Jack's and mine, white and brown—"Pa" Williams and Charley Roberts, and Ufi ("Little Breadfruit"), and they had remembered the *Snark* and her personnel, and read my books and sent love if he should ever come upon my trail. It was a pleasant meeting, and at parting I gave my new friend a letter to Jack's

sister on the ranch, whither he was bound, that he might be entertained even in my absence.

Ah, those night-landings in my beloved islands ! Never, should I embark and arrive a thousand times, can they become commonplace. Daylight or starshine, they remain the most unspoiled of travel blessings.

Louis von Tempsky, debonair as of old, and the sonsy Armine, stood peering down in the uncertain flicker. Without trace of yawning from interrupted sleep after their long drive, they reached to me the hands of perfect welcome one fails not to clasp in these sweet isles. They had slept the hours away in a friend's house while waiting for my delayed steamer, and that friend, entire stranger to me, received me back with them for the remainder of the night and a sumptuous garden breakfast.

Dear Lahaina, Sweet Lahaina, Sleepy Lahaina—beloved of the ancients ! What a tightening of my heart as I passed through it once again. There was the old hostelry of the red-headed proprietor, whose mosquito-nettings were too short to permit of slumber in the days of the *Snark*. Some time I am going to stay long enough in Lahaina to see

for myself some of the landmarks I know only from books and hearsay. For one thing I want to visit the Lahainaluna ("Upper Lahaina") seminary, founded in 1831 by the missionaries. It still flourishes, maintaining its reputation as an excellent industrial school. The land on which it stands, seven hundred feet above the town, was a gift from Hoopili Wahine, wife of Hoopili, Governor of Maui. The original school opened in a temporary lanai shed of kukui poles with thatched roof. Tuition was free; but the scholars did what work was required, and raised their own food. Among these early pupils of the Reverend Lorrin Andrews were some of the finest young men from the islands, many of whom were married. During the second year a stone building with "grass" roof was raised by the students. In 1833 a very much worn printing outfit was acquired and placed in charge of Mr. Ruggles, with the aid of which school books were printed. Here the first Hawaiian newspaper was published, the *Lama Hawaii* ("Hawaiian Luminary"), preceding the *Kumu Hawaii*, at Honolulu. Mr. Andrews prepared the original Hawaiian grammar, and later the Hawaiian dictionary.

If there is one thing lovelier than sea-level on Maui, it is her temperate zone. I slept and woke for a month in the wing of a new house on the Haleakala Ranch, set in thick wild lawns where before breakfast one romps barefoot with an adorable sprawl of puppies. By day, it was the old story of birdsong, of sunshine and shifting shadow, of illimitable mountain-rim above blue-shadowed clouds.

And rainbows. Such rainbows! Conflagrations of rainbows; the air afire with drifting rainbows; rainbows against cloud-rack of West Maui; or, through a veil of prismatic mist, all the centuried lapse of green-clothed lava below. Each morning my own pet rainbow faded out in a dewy meadow just beyond my window. And once, on a day's ride of fifty miles, I saw at sunset, across a vast bowl of pale green cane, an old burial-ground turned into a glittering city of the dead, with a slanting shaft of rainbow piercing a low, leaden pall of cloud.

During that same day-long ride on the mountain-side, above the cactus plains, we could discern the island of Kahoolawe. And Armine told me how once she had found, in a rocky interstice, a tambourine—so utterly

old that it fell to powder in her fingers. "Think of it happening to *me!*" the little lady cried delightedly, as we conjectured whose hands had once jingled rhythm from its rim. The incident is sure to be fictionized some day; for this young English-Polish-American, Armine von Tempsky, has tried her small hand at more than one novel. She has a talent for focusing romance into readable English; and I for one predict that we are going to have more stories of her natal isles (she was born, her mother a Wodehouse, in the British Embassy in Honolulu) through her envisioning than have yet come to light. It is practically an unscratched field in fiction, except for short stories by a few authors, among them Jack London with certain collections, such as "The House of Pride," "On the Makaloa Mat," etc.

But oh! sorrowful coincidence. As I sit, typing this manuscript in my state-room on the Swedish motor-ship *San Francisco*, bound for Europe via Panama Canal, a wireless message is handed me: "Dad passed last night." And I lay down my work for the day, unable to put from me the grief of that once merry, sunny household on the flanks of

Haleakala, and the heavy heart of little Armine, mother to them all.

That day the long, low shape of the island of Lanai, “The Whale,” was also visible to the north-west, and I planned to go there in the future from Lahaina. One reads that the ages have exposed on Lanai a strata of soil of every conceivable shape and colour, as remarkable as our Garden of the Gods. But I must hasten if I would see Lanai in anything like its virgin state. Only lately it has been sold for pineapple, and there will soon remain little vestige of its present appearance. Armine, in a party that included the indefatigable “Kakina,” lately explored Lanai for her first time, and reports its great interest and beauty, and the charm of its few pure-bloods whose mode of life is little different from aforesaid. In 1915 Jack and I were invited for the goat-hunting on Lanai, and I now wish we had taken that opportunity to see the island.

Our rides on Maui included more than one old estate, and we revelled in their decayed baronial magnificence. I could see Armine flush and quicken to the rare material for her pen.

Christmas and the New Year came and

retired into the fast-disappearing past of such celebrations. On both dates, a swarm of men and women who had for years worked under Louis von Tempsky as manager of the vast estate, came like retainers to share in the holiday spirit—Hawaiian, Portuguese, Chinese, and Japanese. And all of them were keen to play their part in music and merriment out on the lawns and lanais. I had enjoyed helping trim the old-fashioned great tree, and from it everyone received a gift. In the house, millionaire employers and their families were at one with their upper employees in the benevolent way we remembered of other years. Throughout dancing and supper there was much talk of the New Year's Day racing to come, at Kahului-by-the-sea.

The New Year ball opened a new hall at the race-track. In an unguarded moment I had let fall that one of my cherished childhood ambitions had been to ride a horse on a race-track. Promptly Von had taken me up on that, with the outcome that I was entered in the "Cow Girl" contest on fast polo ponies. Being accustomed to the English hunting-saddle, I demanded some practice on the prescribed "cow-boy" tree. But almost in-

cessant storms prevented much preparation, and none whatever on the unused, soft race-track.

On the great day, after dancing all night, I rode the race on a horse and saddle I had never tried nor even seen before, and over that new course so deep in mud that several jockeys had already been hurt from falling mounts. And worse, two rumoured "dark horses" proved to be rangy thoroughbreds. Armine and I, indignant but pugnaciously determined, managed on our ponies despite to pass second and third under the wire, very close to the winner. I am inclined to think my horse would have had second place if I had not received an eyeful of gravel so excruciating that I nearly "went out" for two or three seconds at the psychological moment for making a special effort. The other thoroughbred was ignominiously at our rear, along with the beaten ponies. All things considered, I never enjoyed a ride more.

The continued wet and cloudy weather did not permit the camping trip into the mighty "House Built by the Sun" which I had so longed to repeat; those who have read my description can judge how much. Many were

the features I wanted to see again—not the least of them the shining silversword plant, which grows elsewhere only in the Himalayas. I was especially disappointed because the von Tempskys had some time previously made the stirring discovery of heiaus in many of the interior cones of the main crater. They had so far guarded their fascinating secret; but in September of 1920 they conducted to the treasure-trove the scientists of the young Polynesian Research Society. In all but two of the entire count of cones were found the ancient structures. These were of three descriptions—the first a kind of prayer heiau; the second a type of burial heiau, “the passing-place of priests,” in some of them skeletons still preserved. A third variety, of which there were dozens in more or less demolished condition, were of the sort once used by Maui troops when they tried to hold Red Hill against an invading army from the Big Island. The floor of one cone-crater held several small heiaus in a perfect state, while another bore nearly a dozen temples terraced upon its inner slopes. A slingstone of antique pattern was the sole relic of its kind that they came upon. I cannot imagine any exploration in Hawaii



HANAPEPE FALLS, ISLAND OF LANAI

more engrossing than this in Haleakala. I shall cease not to burn for the chance, on horseback, to make at the side of cone after cone, and gaze down for myself into these evidences of the past of Maui.

Since that week's horseback journey in 1907, through Haleakala and on the Ditch Trail beyond, a way has been devised for the tourist who would " hike " over this trail. He may go by automobile from Wailuku to Pogue's, thence on foot, stopping overnight at a rest-house in Keanae Valley of the waterfalls, to Nahiku on the coast. There a steamer calls. It is also possible to travel by rail from Wailuku to Haiku, about nine miles from Pogue's, and begin the tramp at Haiku. The railway terminus is the homesteading settlement, and the ride one of unique interest.

CHAPTER XIII

THE KONA COAST

ONCE more in placid Hilo, I launched forth for a new revelation of Hawaii, namely, the Kona coast in winter. Gone was what I have called the Blue Flush—that exquisite merging of sky and sea—except the opalescent wraith of it at daybreak or sundown. Instead, the horizon was keen as a steel-blue knife, though at times hardly darker than the deep-blue sky. Seldom was the ocean at all like the streaked mirror I remembered. Winds now blew fresh and stirred the surface into some semblance of more turbulent waters of the group.

Upon the highway from the Volcano House, thence through the Kau district, we drove as close-protected as in a tent, under warm deluging rain-flurries that lightened to misty showers shot with rainbows; out of rain-curtain into blazing sunshine that tore splendid vistas in the dense clouds and to the crawling indigo sea far below. Lava from underneath Kilauea had broken out, a fine

spectacle, upon a bygone flow. The yacht *Ajax*, one hundred and ninety miles offshore, had reported plainly visible the glow from this Kau desert stream as well as from Halemau mau itself. Seeing the lower outburst entailed arduous climbing over sharp *a-a*, and I, having been spectator to Samoa's similar and larger eruption on Savaii during the *Snark* voyage, decided not to spare the time and effort.

Our goal was the Paris Ranch, to visit Ethel, who, with her brother, was administering the holding. On the velvet lap of the mountain, Hualalai, the house rests in a close of natural lawn and rioting if tended flowers.

Oh, these gardens of Hawaii! I am never tired dreaming of them. I love each one only more than another, and want to be in all at the same time. But as Artemus Ward used to say: "No man can be in two places at once unless he is a bird."

It would seem that in these islands the main effort might be not to stimulate growth, but to curb it from getting out of hand. This garden of Paris's is cloistered by a stone wall, above which rises a profusion of rusty-orange

sprays that arch an harbour over the garden-gate. I strolled down the broad stepping-stones, flat volcanic flags, moss-encrusted, edged with amaryllis and iris; and then wandered over the springy grass, aside into the tree shadows, breathing the heavy scents of plumeria, magnolia, and orange, my eyes full of the creamy tints of their rich blooms and the scarlet and coral of tall hibiscus. The deep loam in beds close to the house foundations is given over to luxuriant tall begonias, crimson, pink, and blush, and many another plant that flourishes in this ardent clime; while the magenta bougainvillea clambers up the white pillars, screens the lanai, and banks high upon its roof, from which it flings out its living rockets. In a leafy, damp ell of the building I came upon an old well-top of mossed cement that looked more like a beautiful miniature mausoleum.

Outside the wall, on Nature's terraces, I found uncultivated coffee with its red and green beans, glossy as Aladdin's orchard-jewels; and the air-plant cassia (*kolu*), with its pink-tinged bells. This is a native of Africa, and is a well-known curiosity. Its leaf, allowed to lie on a table, will keep on growing from the

crenate notches along its edges, deriving life from the air—hence, air-plant.

It was to this very spot where now stands the Paris home that from early times the missionaries came as a health resort, when the coast had proved too warm for their New England blood.

The Territory of Hawaii is becoming more and more alive in every particular to its advantages, and is improving and conserving with steady enthusiasm. Reforesting is afoot, and one hears that groves of ornamental shrubs are being nursed, such as cinnamon, camphor, allspice, and other tropical spices that are sure to thrive here.

Coffee raising in Kona, as in other sections of the Big Island, goes on apace. Spinning along the road that lies midway of these storied heights, one looks down upon Kealakekua Bay and revels in the spirit of the scene. All at once the musing eye is drawn to a bald sign that seems to me the quintessence of American enterprise :

CAPTAIN COOK COFFEE COMPANY,

and one's air-castles crumble. I am sure that the head of this thriving concern, who was

exceedingly hospitable to us, will not mind if I say that I was reminded of a reputed sign in Stratford-on-Avon :

THE SHAKESPEARE SAUSAGE FACTORY.

The prospects of the tobacco industry in Hawaii are excellent. The leaf has claimed for it the real tropical flavour and quality, classing, indeed, with "Havana" rather than with any of our "domestic" brands. The 1920 crop was disposed of to a New York firm, who expressed faith that at no distant day the Hawaiian "weed" will occupy a permanent place in the American market.

On the other side of the island an entirely different new traffic has started up. This is the milling of starch, and, of all divine sources! from the enchanting tree-fern. Its heart contains twenty-one per cent of starch, and was once highly esteemed as a food, along with taro, by the natives. A mill at Olaa already is taking care of the local consumption.

During that week of mine in Kona, one novel and long-sought pilgrimage was on horseback to Kaawaloa, where is the Cook monument. Although I had been there before, it was by canoe. The trail, with its historic

neighbourhood, descends upon a rocky ridge, on which one sees the side of that small temple where Captain Cook's body was dismembered as became that of a chief, albeit a deposed and murdered one. Here we turned aside to look upon Lord Byron's 1825 oaken cross, with tablet to the memory of his slain countryman.

How certain faces and scenes stand out clear, definite, as if challenging to be forgotten! One head I saw on the peninsula persists in my impressions of that dreamful day. The owner of the head was vouched for as pure Hawaiian—yet why, once when he flashed his eyes sidewise, did I imagine they were grey? He was of the alii type, nobly tall, with that commanding physical gravity of the Polynesian aristocrat. His hair was iron-grey and wavy, growing upon the straight-backed skull admired by his race. This shape, along with taper fingers, was sought and worked toward by Hawaiian mothers; and to this day one may notice them absent-mindedly modelling the plastic finger-tips of their babies. The Hawaiian lofty sweetness was not wanting in this old man of whom I write, softening the sternness of a large mouth and aquiline beak that were strongly reminiscent of the carven

lineaments I have seen among the almost extinct Marquesans.

So much for a human type that lingers behind my eyes. The scene that stamped itself forever is of the deep water, peacock-blue, at the foot of that dull-gold burial cliff which years before I had been dissuaded from investigating. Here some grand specimens of men, nude save for bright loincloths, and not a hat among them, were fishing as of old from a small fleet of savage black and yellow outrigger canoes. The noonday sun beat hot upon them, and skins glistened like wet copper and bronze. Now and again a fixed, silent statue quickened and went overboard with perfect skill that left hardly a ripple upon the intensely blue current. Then two or more would pull in a tawny net, and spill into the canoe their catch of sentient silver. Or, if some were "coloured" fish of inedible species, these were flung like autumn leaves back into their element.

Unwatched so far as they knew, untrammelled, wholly at one with their native environment, unwittingly they gave me a look into the past of their kind. Trying to make them live on paper, I feel again under-

neath my tranced head the cast-up spar, sun-whitened, of a forgotten wreck, and see through drowsy lashes that vision of the golden age of Polynesia. Once more I listen to the desultory chatter and young, care-free laughter of those children of the sun who little knew of their priceless gift to one white sojourner on their shore.

Standing for the second time before the white shaft raised to Captain Cook, I was assailed by the old desire to test my climbing abilities on the burial cliff. Nothing loath, the girls accompanied me. One's enthusiasm, I warn, gradually wanes upon attacking the avalanched shale that has hidden the base of the frowning pali. My heart pounded under the strain and the direct sunrays. And the reward, having surmounted obstacles to the foot of the free wall of rock and earth, was scarcely worth the struggle, except for the satisfaction of knowing what one cannot see. The only excavations or caves accessible without equipment of ropes, were long since robbed of canoe-coffins, bones, and other relics. From the pungent odour we judged that very alive goats had bedded there this long while.

It was called the *Pali Kapu o Keoua* (tabu

cliff of Keoua—father of Kamehameha the Great) and the remains of some of the mightiest warriors and chiefs were laid to rest within its face. This was because the shores of Kealakekua Bay were a favourite rendezvous for the old court, as well as residence for the chiefs of the district and later of the island. These men, it would seem, wanted to lie near the happiest scene of their lives. Burials were conducted in extreme secrecy. One ponders upon the method, for the precipice looks hopeless of scaling. The explanation is that bodies and their attendants were lowered from on high by cables of the strong olona fibre, until they came opposite the hole selected. It is whispered that when the dead had been properly placed, the ropes were cut so that the living, dashed on the rocks below or into the water might never divulge the secret abiding-place of any corpse. I am reminded of that mortuary peak I saw on Nuka-Hiva in the Marquesas, which was similarly used and which, in our time, was still guarded from desecration, if only by the disapproval of the remnants of the race.

Time was, in the decades of the past century, when it was believed by the islanders that any

meddlesome hand would be withered at these Kaawaloa tombs, and misery and death be the lot of its possessor and his kin. Superstition still clings to some of the older souls. But fair-skinned marauders have not failed to profane such death-recesses as they could lay their hands on, hunting for curios in the shape of bones, ornaments, and tapa cloth, and leaving grim and inexcusable disorder behind. Lately the Bishop Museum authorities have taken in hand the prevention of vandalism by thoroughly sealing the more accessible caves.

Mr. Albert P. Taylor, whose new book, "Under Hawaiian Skies," published in Honolulu, is a mine of information, tells us that in one grave searchers are reported to have come upon what looked to be the remains of a white man. At least he was a foreigner, and may have preceded Captain Cook. The shoes, still recognizable as such, were square-toed, and there were other scraps of apparel that bespoke the period of knee-breeches and frills and like vanities of the human male.

CHAPTER XIV

NAPOOPOO—A CHURCH FESTIVAL

OURS was the good fortune to be at Napoopoo on Keakakekua Bay for a rousing church convention song-festival, part of the Centennial Commemoration of Opuka-haia. There we doubtless saw and listened to the same fishermen who had disported themselves so picturesquely under the majestic cliff of the dead at Kaawaloa. We heard the best voices on the island—pure, true, melodious, as sweet as any in the world. I sat on a bench with my back to the singers, but more particularly to the glaring lanterns that hung under the roof of the open shed, swinging my feet over a small surf and musing into the starry night. “What dreams may come,” when one revisits lands where one’s own rare romance has been enacted. I thought I saw the *Snark’s* head-sails come questing through the gloom around the point—my little ship of captured dreams.

Upon the outskirts of Napoopoo village are the well-preserved foundations of Hikiau heiau. Here a monument to the famous young

Hawaiian of a hundred years ago was unveiled with day-long song and prayer and genuine Hawaiian oratory, than which there is none more sonorous and musical. This temple, cleared of debris, shows half a dozen shallow terraces rising to the final shrine. Here one may examine the holes where stood the idol-posts. In the middle of the level space is a divided wall enclosure. A short distance south-east of the savage edifice one comes upon a small stone platform where was the house of Opukahaia's uncle, with its family chapel—I should say, heiau; and two tall coco-nut palms that the boy is supposed to have planted.

The new monument stands hard against the outer south-west corner of the Hikiau temple, that point being nearest to where Opukahaia had lived, and where he embarked quite literally for the bourne whence there was no return for him. The anglicized inscription follows :—

IN MEMORY OF

HENRY OPUKAHAIA

Born in Kau 1792

Resided at Napoopoo 1797-1808

Lived in New England until His Death at Cornwall
Conn., in 1818.

His Zeal for Christ and Love for His People Inspired
the First American Board Mission to Hawaii in 1820.

Standing or sitting in the grass, without boredom hours on end, I listened to the exercises. The oratory of the leaders, several of them Government officials, was like strange music. There is nothing these men would rather do than launch into speech-making upon public occasions; and with reason, for there is nothing they do better. They have an instinct for the value of emphasis, of pause, of repose. I was transported to Bora-Bora, the Jolly Isle of the Societies, and responded again in spirit to the ringing improvisations of the Talking Men.

Not the least among the speakers at Napoopoo that day was our good friend, Mr. Kawewehi. Some of the old men of the district, perspiring patiently in resurrected frock coats that were moss-green with age and damp, delivered themselves of word and gesture with volume and fervour that betokened they had been long pent.

Between addresses, the choirs from various churches and Sunday schools about the island, including every adopted race, were heard in hymns and recitations. School songs were also rendered, and I can only wish I had had reels of motion-pictures, in colours, to preserve the

types, beautiful, comical, dark, fair, large and small, from royally-fleshed Hawaiians, on through the score of other nationalities, to the tiniest, bashfullest Chinese or Japanese maiden or urchin, or sunny babe from Portugal. And just above the temporary board platform, sitting on the age-old coping of the heathen house of worship, the descendants of its former devotees sat looking down with serious dark eyes upon the Christian proceedings that were become a part of their faith. Such a gathering may never be duplicated upon the strand of historic Kealakekua.

One distinguished figure that mingled with the meeting was Miss Bertha Ben Taylor. Her official title is Supervising Principal of the West Hawaii Government Schools. For years this strong and capable woman has devoted her abilities to maintaining the high standard she has set for the schools under her eye, and one meets her in all weathers, travelling the island roads from district to district.

“Do you approve of whipping?” I once asked Miss Taylor—myself having rather decided convictions as regards brutality toward weaker brethren.

“Not now,” she replied, breaking into a

smile. "The last time I ever spanked a child, it suddenly occurred to me to ask the little fellow if he knew why I had punished him. 'Yes,' he blubbered. 'Why, then?' said I. 'Because you're bigger'n me!'—Why else, indeed? when one comes right down to it. I have never laid hand on a child since that day; and I see no bad results from my changed policy."

The collection plate was passed around by the sheriff . . . could that have been unpremeditated by the committee in charge? I saw the flicker of a smile, with lowered eyelids, on the part of some of the Hawaiians. The last hymn died away upon the tepid sea-breeze, and the amen of the final invocation to Deity floated up to blue heaven.

The summery concourse, so solemnly happy during the warm hours of attention, left chairs, benches, stones, sward, and the walls of the ancient place of sacrifice, and descended *en masse* upon a huge feast in a half-open building at water's edge. Preparations had been afoot for days. More than once, bound through for other bays, we had noted the bustling wahines and their menfolk, and passed the time o' day with them. That very morning



IAO VALLEY, ISLAND OF MAUI

our nostrils had dilated to delicious odours of pig disinterred from the underground roasting pit.

We tarried at the luau only for the first course, because of an invitation from the head of the Captain Cook Coffee Company to dine at his cottage on the beach beyond the heiau. One could envy our good host his location, tucked away in the cool shadow of the hoary temple, half-surrounded by ponds and with unmatched swimming outside off the shelving sands. There seems to be little fear of sharks here ; why, I could not unearth, for the ocean pours over no barrier reef. Despite the ghost of that long-ago warning from the albino canoeman who had ferried Jack and me across to Kaawaloa, I struck out beyond the breaking water, and never had finer swimming than in those large, billowing rollers that did not burst, and then mildly, until close to the beach. But it is a wicked roadstead, they promise, in wild weather.

CHAPTER XV

KONA—HONAUNAU—" COLONEL SAM "

THERE is no part of the world I have so far viewed that remains so fascinating to me as Kona. Aside from its material loveliness from surf-frilled coast to timberline, it is pervaded by a mysterious charm that links it with my oldest dreams. Back in childhood, in the beginnings of personal memory, my dreaming at intervals took me upon a small mountain where dwelt a sophisticated people who lived for pleasure. There were dark rooms somewhere upon the steep, but though I saw people in them, I never fathomed their significance. The men and women in this little world were my own kind—I saw no children—but I seemed to wander among them in a sort of seclusion, with little or no attention paid to me.

For many years I had not thought of this land of unconsciousness until that week in 1920 on the Paris Ranch. As soon as the " clover-leaf " car had emerged upon the Kona terraces, its high ridge began to stir a remem-

brance that led to the all but buried dream-mountain. That skyline was a constant lure. The tender wedges of young papaia groves and other crops, fingering into the primeval forest, did not lessen the impression of familiarity with older visits than my actual former ones here. By daylight and by dark the whole prospect retained its unreality. Twilight and dawn lent the mountain-side a perpendicularity, the depressions and shadows caverns of mystery. In the eerie gloaming one was almost afraid to find the ghostly heights impalpable.

Of course, I revisited Kailua where the *Snark* once fanned in at dead of night. There Kamehameha had died, and there the first missionaries set foot upon the land of their holy adventure. The chief then resident at Kailua, Kuakine, came popularly to be called "Governor Adams," from a fancied resemblance to President Adams of the United States. "Kuakine," says the late Dr. Sereno E. Bishop in his "Reminiscences of Hawaii," "was disposed to monopolize such trade as came from occasional whalers. . . . He possessed large quantities of foreign goods stored up in his warehouses, while his people went

naked. I often heard my father tell of once seeing one of Kuakine's large double canoes loaded deep with bales of broadcloths and Chinese silks and satins which had become damaged by long storage. These were carried out and dumped in the ocean." (Our modern white savage dumps into the water quantities of good fruit, first sticking a knife in it, to keep up the market-price.) "Probably they had been purchased by the stalwart Governor with the sandalwood which in the 'twenties was such a mine of wealth to the chiefs, but soon became extirpated."

By far, to me, the most outlandish thing in Kona is a small Catholic church that clings to the precipitous land. Some priest of the past had decorated every inch of the chapel with his conception of the Hereafter. I must say that his sense of fitness kept the interior in key with native surroundings, for the wooden pillars simulate coco-palms, their fronds spreading upon the blue ceiling. The painted trunks are scrolled in the native with hopeful prophecies, such as "You are going to hell." The tormented souls depicted on the right-hand wall are indubitably Hawaiian, with

a sprinkling of imported tillers of the soil. Most of them wear expressions of pained surprise at shrewd chastisements for sins they wot not of. It is an unfortunate *paké* (Chinaman), however, with an inconveniently long queue of the old regime, who seems to be having a singularly unpleasant time, between fire and brimstone, snakes, and an extremely unstable equilibrium. The attention that has been lavished upon his enduring execution, artistically and spiritually, by a harrying, tailed demon with a red pitchfork, leads one to hazard that the painter "had it in" for the earthly prototype of that Chinaman. An artist of old Salem could not have employed more thrilling and lurid realism.

On the opposing wall, with a certain rude sublimity, is shown the Temptation in the Wilderness, besides visions of heavenly reward for righteousness. One cannot fail to note that the Blessed are white of skin. But the story runs, if I remember aright, that when the proselyter was called to another parish, his mural illuminations met with contumely from his congregation. Whereupon he revenged himself by reversing his custom and painting the angels' faces *brown*.

I was very anxious to learn if that new three miles of automobile road across the lava from Napoopoo had been the means of altering the native character of Honaunau, where is the greatest of all the heiaus. I record with thanksgiving that as yet such is not to any grave extent the case. Formerly one had to travel there by saddle from the heights. And now, even by the petrol route, the pilgrim may still find a bit of as real Hawaii as probably anywhere to-day in this group. Myself, I spent a perfect day, the abominable fumes and noise of gas-cars excepted. The church convention, welcoming their opportunity, motored over *en masse*, but did not linger. From what I observed, not a Hawaiian was guilty of the slightest levity within the pagan precincts of his ancestors.

The city of refuge at Honaunau on the west coast of Hawaii has since been taken over by the Territory from the Bishop estate, being created a part of the National Park. I will repeat from my former description that the heiau covers nearly seven acres. Its walls, still intact, measure a dozen feet in height and eighteen in thickness—the Tower of London is not so much larger!—and in olden times

embraced sanctuary for uncounted fugitives from the wrath of their fellows. The Temple forms a lordly man-made promontory upon a low cape of lava, relieved by tall coco-palms that wave their plumage at entrancing angles for any who would sketch. It is a mammoth pile of mystery ; every stone, small and great, a secret laid by the hands of men born of women, and who loved, and fought, and manfully toiled, and now are cosmic dust. Why were the walls built so thick ? There were no colossal engines of war to withstand. New holes, dug into the tops of the rocky sides of the structure, indicate where the Bishop Museum is conducting further research into this broken citadel that piques the imagination far beyond available legend.

Umbilical cords were placed in interstices of the rocks and sealed with small stones. To this day many a modest Hawaiian maiden of Christian beliefs and modern culture could admit, if she would, that her parents had dedicated to the huge altar of their forefathers such souvenir of their pride and lingering sense of romance and reverence for hereditary custom. I wonder, left to themselves in this lotus land, how long it would take these

islanders to revert. I wonder, equally, how long we dominant white-faces, given that same gentling environment, would need to retrogress. Jack London played with this theme in "The Scarlet Plague," though in the temperate California climate. He gave the white men about a generation.

Still spoken of half-laughingly by hapa-haoles is a racy episode in the pre-Christian stage of Kaahumanu's career—she, the favourite wife of Kamehameha before referred to—when she fled the consequences of her lord's wrath following an amorous escapade. They point out, in the great enclosure, the tilted, roof-like stone under which the fascinating and capricious queen took sanctuary.

A sweet spot, Honaunau—removed as far from the restless workaday world as may be in a machine age, considering its nearness to the continent. As all over the island, the old women, reminded of my identity, caressed me almost reverently for my widowhood. They remembered Jack London of the sea-grey eyes, and sunny curls as recalcitrant as their own, and that he wrote understandingly of their people. "A good man," they

murmured in their soft speech ; and “ Auwe ! ” and again “ Auwe ! ” they repeated in the kindest voices I had heard since remote days in Samoa.

My young hostess, unknown to me, hinted to the villagers that Lakana Wahine—being London Woman, or Mrs. London—favoured, above all haole oysters and clams, certain raw tit-bits of Hawaiian fish. Meanwhile I had found, in a stone-walled palm-grove, a coco-nut frond fully twenty feet long that suited me well for a sylvan couch. With head on log, I was complete. I sharpened my pencil on a convenient lava boulder, and went at making word-sketches of my surroundings, unwilling to lose one moment in entire forgetfulness. I wrote a few sentences, set down some of the colours. But I came to find my mood better nourished by idly wondering why the drowsy interval between the impact of an axe wielded by a distant woodchopper, and the sound of it, seemed longer than in any other atmosphere. An old break in the low stone wall opened up a deep bight, striped in peacock and turquoise, where rolled at anchor a dove-grey sampan that dully mirrored the gaudy tide. To either side, arms of lava formed miniature

bays. On a moss-green islet stood a native boy, in perspective—a mere Tanagre figurine, tarnished with vert reflections. In his hand was a snow-white crust of coco-nut, and motionless he poised watching a green-crested, red-webbed duck nozzling in the shallows.

Not far off, in a wind-ruffled, reef-sheltered pool, swam a dozen men and women. They wore respectively loincloths and white or red muumuus, and threshed the water, brilliant blue even close inshore, with overhand breast-strokes from brown arms smooth-shining against the lava background of rougher bronze surface.

The unrestrained laughter and exclamations were too much for me, and I went out upon the piled lava shore for a nearer view of their gambols. While I sat, feet trailing in the brine-washed sand, a sumptuous wahine strolled by with the correct, straight-front port of the heaviest Hawaiians. With the slightest recognition of my presence, a diffident reticence often mistaken for hauteur, she rested at a distance, filled and smoked a small pipe at her ease, the while carelessly studying a salt eddy near by.

Pipe emptied, it and her sack of Bull Durham

were tucked jauntily into the band of a tattered straw of home-weave that tilted at a killing angle over her pretty eyes and saucy nose. The up-ended back of the brim gave view of a generous toss of curls that made me envious of her probable ignorance of its beauty.

With hand-net and bag she commenced hunting for sea-food in the sandy places, planting her unshod feet on lava hummocks as squarely and ponderously, with her great ankles, as might a quickened idol of stone. When she ventured in above the knees, her floating red holoku revealed limbs like trunks, laughably fat, yet pleasantly proportioned.

A bevy of young women came wading in from their swim, shaking out yards of splendid hair to dry in the sun along with their dripping muumuus—hair abundant, not coarse, breaking into red-bronze wavelets, ringleting at the long ends and about face and neck as if in sheer celebration of vital life. Some of these wahines and their men converged where a swift current poured through a wee channel from one rocky pool to the next, and began netting coloured fish. Joining them and my friends, half-in and half-out in the drifting sand and milk-warm water, I looked on at the sport.

“Do you know that they’re hunting for the right fish for *your* luncheon?” Margaret whispered to me. Repeating to the fishers in their tongue what she had said to me in mine, they all giggled like children, lowered their eyelids with the movement that caresses the cheek with the lashes, and bobbed their heads in delighted confusion.

I swam and frolicked in the racing brine; and once, floating face-down, I spied a long shadow that sent me, half-panicky, half-laughing, to win to safety ahead of an imagined shark. But the natives knew that no sea-tiger comes into these lava-rimmed baylets, and I joined in the rippling explosion of mirth that went up at my unnecessary discomfiture.

I resumed my luxurious palm-frond couch in the coco-nut grove, ready for luncheon. I glanced up to see a handsome, elderly Hawaiian, with leonine grizzled mane and wide eyes of soft black, who approached with the grand air of a queen’s minister. In his shapely hand was a large leaf, and upon this sylvan platter lay freshly snared game of the acceptable varieties, white-fleshed, cleansed and sliced raw to about the size of my palm. Not a smile marred the high respectfulness of

his demeanour; only the most formal ceremoniousness, without affectation, of service from one race to another. Without a word, he went as he had come, in unhurried and graceful stateliness. After I had partaken of his gift, curiously yet courteously watched by the passing dignified pilgrims to the ancient shrine, I joined my fish-host at the water's marge, where he sat with the large wahine. She proved to be his wife, and we waxed as chummy as our lingual disadvantage would permit. I was glad enough to find Hawaiians so nearly old-timers as to know hardly a word of English. Also I was happy to discover that in this unprolific generation the fine pair had at least one child, though he did not appear robust.

And thus, in all leisureliness, I linked with a chain of hours that seemed like days, in which there was enough of unspoiled human nature and habit to link one in turn with Hawaii's yesterday. These simple inhabitants of the beach were pleased, too, in their way, that an outsider should love to be at one, as a matter of course, with their customs.

They are passing, those gentle, charming children of the sun; and intermingling of

their blood with the Caucasian—or any other blood for that matter, I do believe—only seems to fix the admirable qualities of the Hawaiian aborigine.

One of the most noted of the Part-Hawaiians died shortly after I left for California. This was Colonel Samuel Parker, conspicuous figure in the last courts of the old monarchy, and since, as one of its most picturesque characters and great spendthrifts; a man accounted remarkable by those of more than many countries, for his extraordinary good fellowship, the gracious kindness of his heart, and his grandeur of physique and address.

A fine gentleman he was, if ever I saw one, courtly in manner yet bearing himself with that careless, debonair sweetness with which one so rarely has the privilege of coming in contact. My own father, Captain Willard Kittredge (from old East Suffolk stock), bore the same sort of charm, and I was often reminded of him when in the company of "Colonel Sam" (Kamuela), in his house or Jack's, those palmy days of 1915 at Waikiki. He died on March 19, 1920. Less than a week before that he had pressed my hand in farewell.

The seven days in which the body lay in his house in Kapiolani Park, where he had peacefully slipped into unconsciousness, was characteristic of the stately observance attending Hawaii's distinguished dead. The spacious living-room was strewn with orchids and roses, its walls entirely covered. Four-hour watches, by daylight and dark, were kept by members of the Chiefs of Hawaii, who first sent a tabu stick of deep yellow chrysanthemums to stand at the head. At the foot hung the faithful replica of a feather cape, made of the same royal-hued blossoms, with a pattern traced in blood-red carnations.

For one night, in regal splendour of real yellow-feather mantle (*ahuula*), and feather-lei upon her blue-black hair, there sat Princess David (Abigail) Kawananakoa, a picture of mourning, at the head of her stepfather's coffin. Behind her was a young Hawaiian maiden; and to right and left a couple of helmeted warriors, each with upright spear in hand, stood motionless. Between these and two similar impressive figures at the foot of the dead chief were ranged, on either side, the highest in rank of the Daughters of Warriors in full regalia.

Certain ancient men and women, with unfaltering discipline in the matter of chiefly precedence, maintained the ceremonial of that splendidly sombre week of honour to the alii. The music, chanted, or played upon ukulele and guitar, that wove softly into the spirit of the occasion, was mostly old melés of the days of the monarchy.

In contrast to these traditional rites was one day of service by the Church of Christ, Scientist, in whose faith this man had gone to sleep. His Masonic Chapter also held its ceremony.

Colonel Parker's body was taken "home" to Mana on the Parker Ranch. There, beneath the cypresses of the quaint family graveyard, thousands of feet up Mauna Kea, his casket, swathed in the choicest blooms that grow, was laid in the vault with his first wife, Panana, and their daughter, Hattie.

A little story, and I am done. It is too gentle a thing, too simple and illuminating of the past and present of Polynesia, and all mankind, to lay aside with the countless notes no book of reasonable length can encompass. It comes to me through one who accompanied the funeral party, composed of representatives

from the different branches of the Parker family, from Honolulu to Mahukona on Hawaii. There they disembarked with the coffin, *en route* to Mana.

The passage through Oahu channel and Molokai channel was extremely rough, and the *Mauna Kea* "laboured woundily." The woman who told me the story fell asleep, and dreamed that she saw Kahaleahu, once valet to Sam Parker; a cultured Hawaiian who had travelled about the world with the Colonel, and who, when the young folk of Parker Ranch had their vacations from school in Honolulu, would be despatched to escort them home to Mana. The dreamer addressed Kahaleahu:

"Ino maoli ke kai!" ("The sea is so rough!")

Kahaleahu replied:

"It will be calm in a little while, for the guide of the night is the mother of the Boy."

Awakening, in Hawaiian she told her cabin-mate the dream. "But it was a vision, a sign," she believes. "Do you not see?—Kilia, a chiefess of Hana, Maui, Sam Parker's mother, was lost in the channel between Hawaii and Maui. She had come from Hana in a

canoe, to marry Sam's father, Eben Parker, at Kawaihae ; and when she was old, in her was a great longing to see again her old home in Hana, and her people. And she must go in a canoe, as she had come forty years before. She set out in the canoe, and was never heard from—she was guide of that night, and sent Kahaleahu to give me the sign that the Boy (*ka keiki*, her boy) should come safely ashore at Mahukona.”

Now Sam Parker, to his retainers, had never been Sam (Kamuela), in the usual native way, but was always referred to as *ka keiki* (the Boy) even at forty years and over ; that being, in their code, a mark of attention to superior birth.

To the prophecy of the vision : The *Mauna Kea's* pitching and rolling began speedily to abate, and in due course she came to anchor off Lahaina in an unrippled calm, to send ashore and take aboard passengers and freight. This calm, under a cloudless sky, continued clear to Mahukona, where the landing from ships' boats is habitually made difficult by a heavy swell, and passengers must watch their chance to avoid a ducking when leaping from boat to jetty. Do I not know ? Never, in all

the dreamer's inter-island voyaging, girl and woman, had she known the water of this open roadstead so like a millpond. It was a sign.

Up the long incline, at Kahuá, Colonel Sam's son-in-law, Frank Woods, had a great fire burning, and fine mats spread to receive the casket of his wife's sire; while in another room an abundant feast of "funeral baked meats" was spread—pig, and fowl, and fish, and all that goes therewith in this goodly land. After partaking of it, the mourners sat out the night, amongst the flowers, with their dead; and in the morning they started upon their long journey over Kohala's mountains to Waimea, on up Mauna Kea's giant flank to Mana and the house of death.

"It was a vision, not a dream," they maintain. And why not? "Sam died," they say, "on the anniversary of the birth of Panana, his youth's bride." And was not that nineteenth day of March also the anniversary of the death of their first daughter?

What would you?

CHAPTER XVI

MY FAREWELL

CAME ten whirlwind days of reuniting with friends in Honolulu, and then my sailing date. I was house-guest of Senator and Mrs. "Robbie" Hind—she the sister of our Mary Low. Their town residence was set upon a newly developed terrace behind the beautiful city, where the way of hospitality was as bountiful and lovable as ever upon the great cattle range at Puuwaawaa on the Big Island. These successful ranchers of Hawaii are as ready with brain and tongue in the legislative halls as with hand and eye, rope and saddle, in their mountain wilds. Here is a fresh item from *The Honolulu Advertiser*—Eben Low, who had once had a hand twisted off when roping a steer, being brother to our Mary :

"Cattle from the Raymond Ranch on Maui which were brought to Honolulu about two o'clock in the morning on an inter-island

steamer, and sent to the corral on Pier 17, broke loose and stampeded up and down the wharf, many escaping to the roadways and eventually finding their way uptown. Wharf- and steamer-men tried to round them up, but did so in city fashion, and failed. Finally, some one thought of Eben Low, supervisor of the city and county, and telephoned him. He was roused from sleep, but put on his clothes, his five-gallon cowboy hat, and his lariat. He rounded up a number, using the lariat with his old-time skill even though he is one-handed; and when some of the cattle leaped into the harbour he succeeded in throwing a rope over the horns of several and brought them back."

The ten days were filled with picnics, teas, receptions, swims, drives, and the evenings with a round of dining and dancing, from Waikiki hotels to the Country Club up Nuuanu. I did not spare myself any of the gaiety offered, for I recked of steamer days in which to recuperate for work to be resumed on the Jack London biography. The spring weather was exquisite, and I enjoyed my summery wardrobe to the fullest. The hours slipped by all too rapidly. There is only one consolation in parting from Hawaii—that it is not so very

far away in my home ocean, and I can always look forward to returning.

On the big wharf was scarcely standing room for the horde come to God-speed the ship. The faces of the passengers were regretful, no matter what their pleasure of home-going. Bedecked with wreaths, they struggled through the flowery crush to reinforce the crowded steamer rails that appeared like tiered garden walls.

The embracing was over, the eyes-to-eyes of farewells that tried to remain composed. A friend who had at the end taken charge of breasting a way for me to the gang-plank, handed me through the gate with a last "Aloha!" I was smothered to the eyes with the rarest leis of roses, violets, plumeria, proud ilima, and all. It being a warm March forenoon, and the weight of flowers very palpable, one felt much as if in a perfumed Turkish bath.

Leaning over the topmost rail, striving to locate faces in the dense pack, I realized again all the sweetness of my welcome and parting. Diffidently, desolately, I had approached Our Hawaii. As I had been welcomed for two, so I departed for two; and my speeding was two-

fold. And now in my heart was gratitude and happiness for the renewed love and trust that made it My Hawaii.

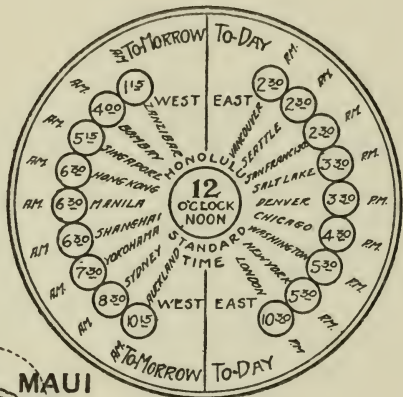
The hawsers were cast off, the band melted into "Aloha Oe," the streams of serpentine began to part and blossoms to fly, as the liner got under way. Something made me glance down at the stringer-piece of the pier. A handsome Hawaiian youth stood looking aloft at me in mute distress, holding up fathoms of pink cable made from stripped carnations. He had failed to get aboard with them in time. It was Kalakaua Kawanakoa. Princess David had sent him in her stead, for I had made her promise she would not brave the exhaustion of the merry mob.

Then I lost track of the vivid young face. A few moments later, one of the music boys came to me bearing the royal ropes of flowers, five inches in diameter, which Kalakaua had somehow contrived to land on the lower deck across the widening gap. Still unable to detect him among the myriad, I swung the wondrous lariat, letting out its yards about my ilima-garlanded head, that he might know the loving gift was safely mine. With the old sob in the throat, again I recalled Jack's words, that last

time I had stood beside him at the same steamship's rail: "Of all lands of joy and beauty under the sun. . . ."

To its people, then, and to their land, My Own Hawaii, I give this book, with "Aloha pau ole" ("Love without end").

Aboard Swedish motor-ship *San Francisco*, bound for England,
January 1, 1923.



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INDEX

- Andrews, Rev. Lorrin, 218
Armstrong, W. N., 13

Berger, Henri, 116
Bishop, Dr. Sereno E., 248
Boyd, James, 79
Brigham, Dr., 127
Burnham, Mr., 25

Claxton, Dr. P. P., 139
Cleghorn, A. S., 28
Climate, 32 et seq.
Coffee, 229
Colburn, J. F., 190
Cook, Captain, 17, 231

Dean, Arthur L., 156
Dole Republic, 15
Dutton, Brother, 161

Edwards, Capt. F. M., 62

Farrington, Wallace B., 146
Fishing, 21 et seq.
Ford, A. H., 20, 48, 74, 130,
146, 151

Goodale, W. W., 78
Goodhue, Dr. W. S., 155
Gregory, H. E., 138

Hall, E. O., 172
Harding, President, 111,
151, 152
Henderson, J. Brooks, 180
Hind, Mrs. H., 69
Hind, Senator "Robbie,"
69, 260
Hitchcock, D. H., 85, 211
Hoover, H., 150
Hung Li Yuen, 150
Hunting, 36

Jaggar, Professor T. A.,
180, 193
Johnson, Miss Frances, 72
Judd, Col. C. H., 13
Judd, Senator L. M., 158
Jump, Mr., 25

Kalmykoff, Ivan, 85
Kidwell, Capt. John, 81

Lamont, T. W., 150
Lane, J. C., 117
Lane, Franklin K., 142
Langer, R., 65
Lawrence, Mary S., 80
Low, Eben, 260
Low, Mary, 69

- McCarthy, Governor C. J., 137
 McDonald, Dr. J. T., 156
 Marianne, Sister, 161
 Marx, Benjamin L., 85
 Missionaries, 30
 Morris, Mr., 25

 National Guard, 45, 55
 Norton, L. W. de Vis, 187

 O'Brien, Frederick, 90
 Outrigger Club, 21, 65

 Parken, Eben, 258
 Parker, "Colonel Sam," 254
 Payne, T. Barton, 139
 Pinkham, Lucius E., 47
 Pitkin, President, 152
 Prince of Wales, H.R.H., 89

 Robinson, Aunt Carrie, 69
 Rooke, T. C. B., 172
 Ross, N., 65

 Shaw, G. B., 181
 Shibuzawa, Viscount, 150
- Shipman, "Mother," 67, 165, 197
 Starch, 230
 Stevenson, R. L., 14, 26
 Stoddard, C. A., 26

 Taylor, Miss Bertha Ben, 239
 Taylor, A. P., 111, 235
 Thrum, T. G., 195
 Thurston, Lorrin A., 95, 101
 Tobacco, 230
 Trotter, Dr. F. E., 156
 Twain, Mark, 26, 27

 Usborne, Guy, 85

 Von Tempsky, Armine, 217, 220
 Von Tempsky, Louis, 28, 217

 Walden, Lionel, 85
 Ward, Artemus, 227
 Woods, Frank, 259

 Y.M.C.A., 135



