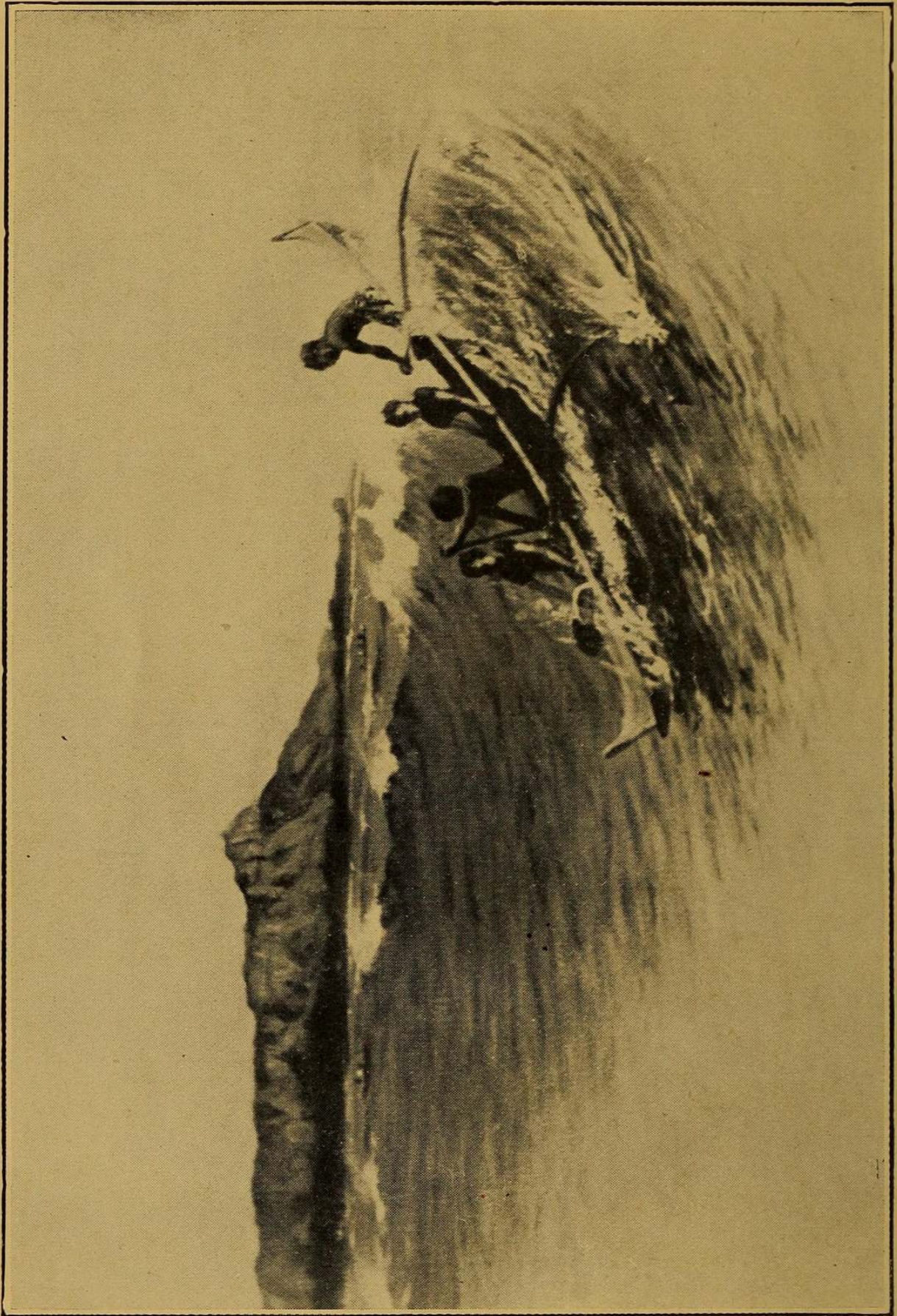




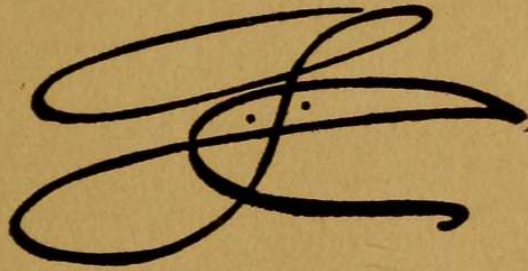
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Seven Weeks In Hawaii

BY
AN AMERICAN GIRL
[M. L. C.]

Minnie Leola Crawford



*Eight illustrations
and an index*

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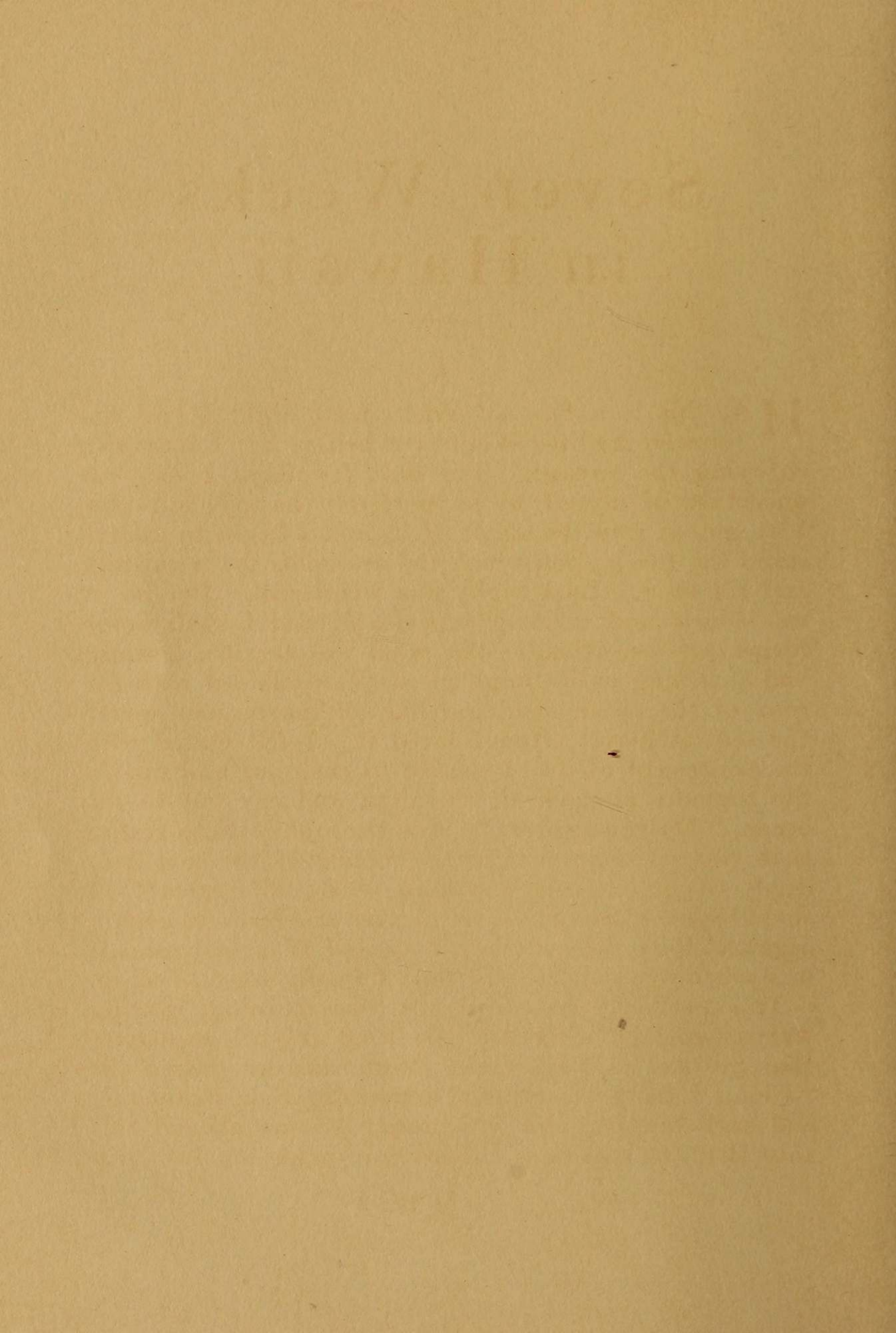


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no 1

**TO
MY MOTHER**



Seven Weeks in Hawaii

I

HA, this is a fine old ark! Last night I had the time of my life. Would you believe it? I am really enjoying the voyage. The first few days I was too uncertain of myself to be perfectly happy, but now I've gotten into the spirit of it, and I begin to understand the fascination which the sea holds for a captain and his crew. Last night was wonderful. For me it was a new and exciting experience, and I shall never forget my sensations. The wind was terrific, howling and shrieking as it swept the deck; combined with the roar of the ocean sounding like all the demons under the sea let loose! And I loved it. I felt elated with the excitement of it! I wanted to rush out and up, on the topmost pinnacle of the ship, and cry out to the ocean, "Do your worst!" And through it all to realize that you are away out in the middle of the sea, hundreds of miles from anything — Oh, it's great! I should have expected to feel a sort of terror in such a night, but on the contrary I wanted it to last, and it was much against my will that I finally went to sleep.

It's perfectly beautiful out this morning, getting warmer all the while, but the wind is still so strong that no one stays on deck. Yesterday we passed the "China" from the Orient, bound for San Francisco, and such blowing and whistling! It was aboard this ship that the ex-Queen Liliuokalani made her last trip

to the mainland on the occasion of her visit to President Cleveland in 1896.

II

IT is quite warm. The sun shines in my cabin and the sea is very calm. I have just finished my lunch and am feeling splendid. I will certainly be well rested after six days of inertia like this. The Captain says I will have corns on my back! He gives a dinner tonight, and insists I attend, but I told him I would only get sick and spoil the party. The Captain is very disgusted with this letter. He says I've done nothing but write on it ever since I came aboard. He's a funny old fellow.

The wind is down, we are making good time, and will anchor in Quarantine harbor at 6:40, and at Honolulu at 7:40.

We pass within ten miles of Molokai (Leper Island), but it will be in the night. However they have promised to call me at five-thirty in the morning, when we pass the first lighthouse, so this is the end of my boat ride, Mother dear, and I've really enjoyed it all.

III

LESS than three hours ago my friends met me at the dock, and together we walked to the cable office where I sent you a message, and then went on to their cottage for breakfast. As we passed the docks the air was heavy with the odors of bananas, pineapples and molasses being loaded on the outgoing vessels. I found the streets narrow and none too clean, but the climate is glorious — the sun shines as I have never seen it shine before. Truly this is the place for me!



My first glimpse of the *kanaka* was the policemen. They are fine looking fellows of a soft chocolate brown, tall and straight, with black hair and mustache, large brown eyes, and rows of perfect white teeth.

On the walks here and there sat native women weaving all sorts of bright colored flowers into long strands, called *leis*. Not only these, but all the native women we passed, wore a loose full garment called *holoku*, usually white, with no waist line, but gathered to a yoke at the shoulder.

In the streets were numbers of *kanakas* at work on the roads, and though their clothes were old and torn and most carelessly worn, yet around their hat bands they wore wreaths of fresh bright flowers.

The "Royal Hawaiian" is ideal for a hotel in the tropics; old, lumberly, and spreading all over everywhere. It was built many years ago, originally of stone, but there seem to be numberless frame additions. It is painted white with green shutters, and sits back from the street mid tropical trees, vines and foliage. Though there are more modern hotels, I preferred this one for its associations with the past, its beautiful surroundings, and its air of hospitality. It is of Hawaii, Hawaiian. On either side of the main entrance are wonderful *lanai* (porches) almost circular in shape, furnished with comfortable chairs, tables, ferns, palms, and tropical plants, where I understand the guests practically live. As I entered I noticed that some were sewing, some stringing beads, some reading, some shuffling cards, while still others entertained themselves with billiards.

The service is all Chinese, including the clerks in the office.

My room is on the main floor, with glass doors and old fashioned shutters opening on a private *lanai*. The room is large, cool and comfortable. A white mosquito net is suspended from the ceiling and falls to the floor

over a large brass bed between two big windows, furnishing plenty of sunshine and air.

I feel fine now, and it's warm — warm — warm! Doors and windows open, and I using a palm-leaf in January! Everybody seems to live out of doors and dress in white.

IV

TO say I am disappointed not getting a letter from you by the boat yesterday is putting it mildly, and there will be no boat for days. Mother, we're a great distance apart. I never realized this until about the fifth day out to sea, and then it dawned upon me there was quite a pond between us. But never mind, I shall have a letter on every boat and try to make up in quantity what they are sure to lack in quality. I would not be surprised if you received in one mail all the letters I have thus far written, and if you do, *please* look at the dates and read first the ones written first.

I have twice lost myself in this hotel already; there are so many *lanai* and turns and corners and bends — you never saw such a place. Dining-rooms, writing-rooms, billiard-rooms and living-rooms — everything on the *lanai*. People are in the house only to sleep and dress. Had I made the climate to order it would probably not have suited me so well. This is mid-winter, yet I wore my rosebud dress last night and came home at twelve without a wrap. I am perfectly delighted.

About four or five miles south of the city is Waikiki, a beautiful beach of white sand sloping so gradually that bathers may go far out before getting into deep water. Coral reefs prevent an undertow and form a natural wall against the sharks. The water is about 78 degrees, and bathing and swimming are delightful the year round.

On this beach are located the Outrigger Club House and grounds. This club is devoted to surf and outrigger riding, the principal sports of the Islands. The surf-boards are about seven feet long by two feet wide, pointed at one end to cut the water. The natives swim with these boards far out, and standing upon them catch a wave as it breaks and are carried with great speed shoreward upon its crest. Hundreds of people on the beach watch this sport, and I stood with the rest today wishing, yea longing, to join the natives.

One has a beautiful view of Diamond Head from this beach, an extinct volcano, with its highest point extending well out in the sea, and sloping gradually back to land. It is now reserved by the Government for military forts and there are splendid roads almost to its summit. The lighthouse upon its side can be seen many miles to sea, and Diamond Head is the first glimpse of land seen from the steamer as you near the Island of Oahu.

On Waikiki Beach is situated the aristocratic hotel of the Islands, "The Moana," and on its broad *lanai* light refreshments are served throughout the day. From its long pier reaching out into the ocean we watched a brief, red, glorious sunset, returning to the "Alexander Young" for dinner. This is the best hotel in Honolulu, a thoroughly modern place, which would compare favorably with any first-class hotel on the mainland. After dinner we returned to the *lanai* of the "Royal Hawaiian," where I met its guests in a body, and was, so to speak, "taken in." They seem to be a very happy family, with a freedom of speech and manner quite new to me.

I go now to lunch at the "Young Cafe," where I expect to take most of my meals while here. It is about two blocks from the "Hawaiian." Would that you were with me.

V

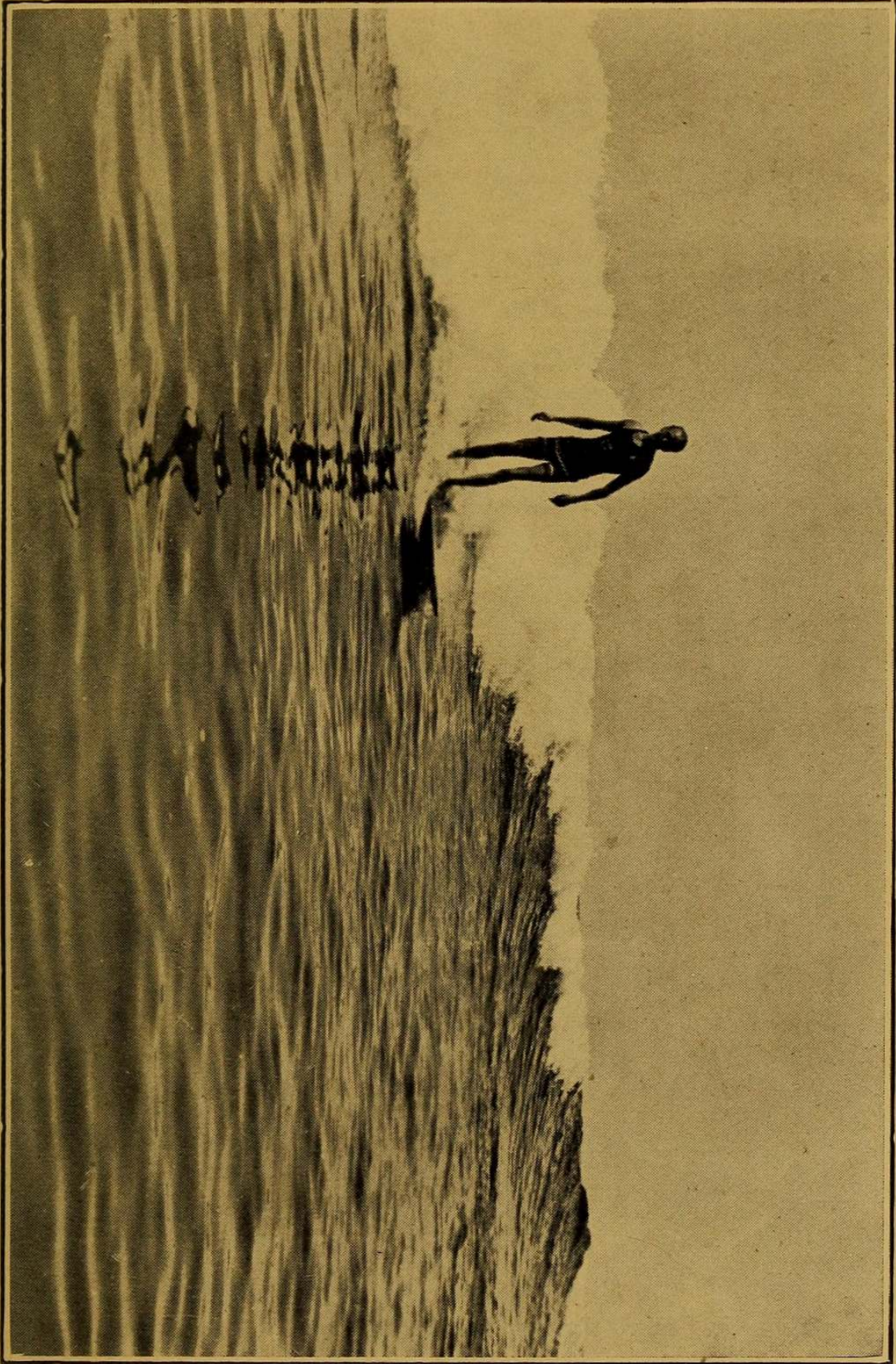
I HAVE just discovered that I live only two blocks from the ex-Queen, and that my room joins that which King Kalakaua once occupied! Isn't that exciting?

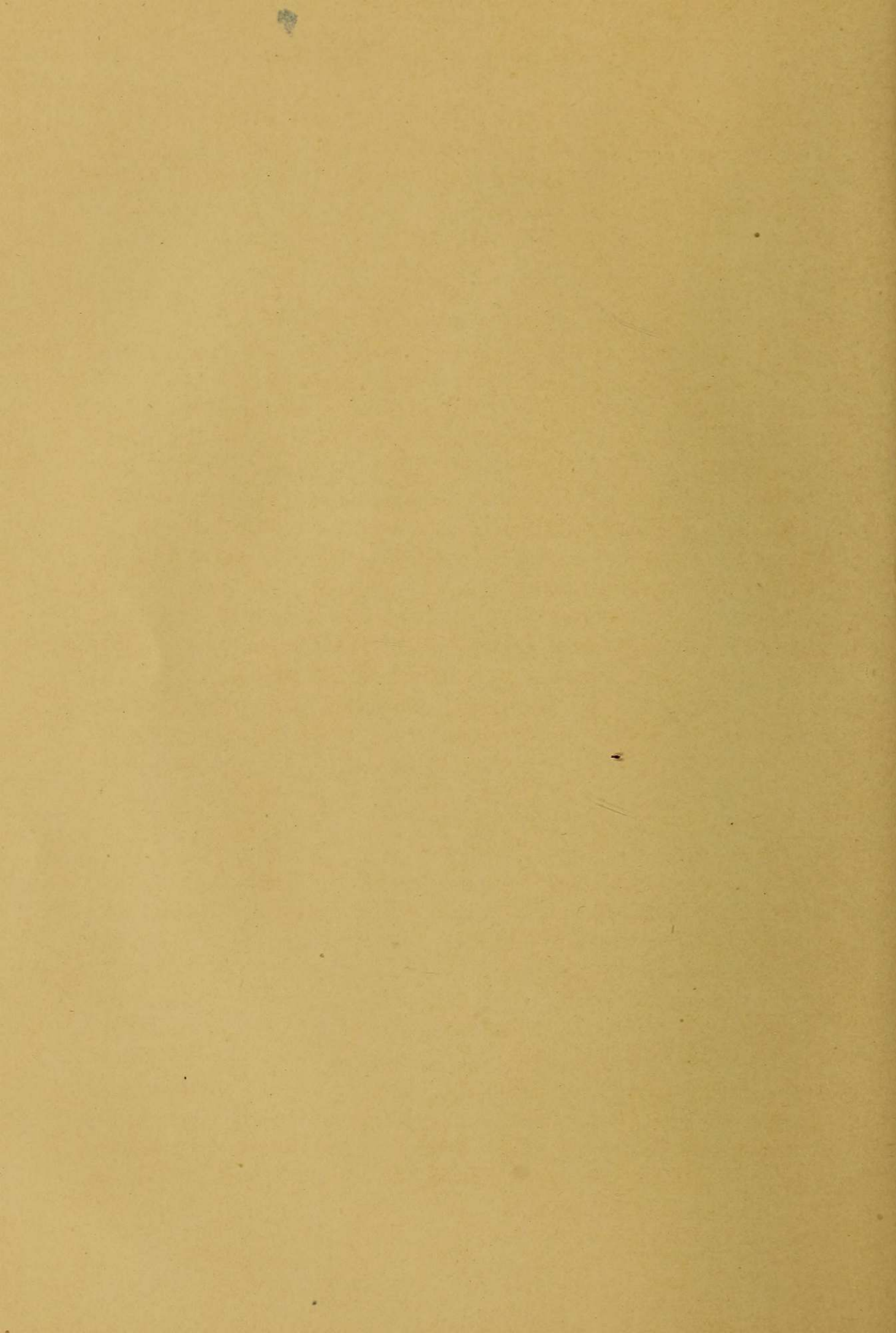
I was surprised to learn of the arrival of a boat this morning from San Francisco, and waited for a letter on the *lanai* for two hours. The postman said there were some two hundred and fifty bags of mail yet to be distributed, so I am still hoping for a letter.

This country is so beautiful and I am so excited over it all, there seems to be no place for me to begin to describe my visit. We hunted *wiliwili* beans in Thomas Square this morning, then crossing King Street to the old Cocoanut Plantation we watched a native tie his feet together, climb a hundred foot cocoanut tree, push cocoanuts down with his feet and slide down again. The cocoanut which I am sending you by parcel post is ripe, such as you get in the States, but the ones we ate in the grove were *green*. We drank the milk, which was much richer than that of the ripe cocoanut, the meat being about the consistency of a hard boiled egg. We ate it with a spoon and found it most delicious.

At Waikiki Beach this afternoon I gathered shells, while the others went into the surf. You see I am trying dreadfully hard to stay out of the water for your sake. *I hope I succeed.*

Tonight we listened to the concert on the roof garden of the "Alexander Young Hotel," given by the famous Royal Hawaiian Band. This band is composed of twenty-seven Hawaiians, two of whom are women vocalists. It was organized nearly forty years ago, with its present leader, Professor Berger of Germany.





The music was excellent and the women sang "Aloha" and other native songs beautifully.

P. S.— Your letter has come, and I have most worn out the paper reading it.

VI

I AM writing this note between the acts of curling my hair. I am holding the iron with one hand, while I write with the other. You see time is pretty scarce here just before a boat sails. Boat day is the same everywhere. All the writing tables full and people running thither and yon with stationery, hunting ink and tables. It's very exciting. I can see the disgusted look on your face and hear you say: "Why put it off until the last minute?" But you see we are on the travel so hard that we only think of bed when we finally turn in, and besides, the motto here is: "Put off until tomorrow what you can't do today."

Eleven o'clock! dear me, and the boat leaving at twelve! I'll have to hurry.

VII

IT is one week today since I arrived in Honolulu. Time never went so quickly, yet when I think of you, and read your last letter written New Year's Day, it seems a year since I left home.

This morning we visited the fish market. I wanted especially to see the devil fish (octopus), or as they call them here, *squid*. There was a great display of them. When handled they change color. The natives and Chinese eat them raw with vinegar! Think of that! A poor old *kanaka* with white hair and trembling hands was pricing them — a quarter for one, it was too much

— he shook his head. I bought one and gave it to him. He was childish with delight.

As I passed the many stalls of gorgeously colored fish I was really startled to think of eating such beautiful things. There were scarlet fishes and orange fishes; fishes from the brightest purple to the lightest azure blue; green ones and black ones, pink ones and yellow ones, and then there were some with all these colors, placed so positively and so artistically they formed regular conventional designs, and you felt they had surely been painted with a brush. Yet no; never have human hands colored anything so lovely!

This afternoon we had tea at the Outrigger Club — I'll have to confess — after a perfectly glorious swim. (It was the call of the wild, mother dear, and I *had* to go.) We sat on bamboo stools under a *hau* tree, and were served by a quaint little Japanese maid. We had a delightful time.

Later we were shown through the old private grounds of the late Hon. A. S. Cleghorn. A cocoanut dropped from a tree close by, so I picked it up for a souvenir. For blocks the driveway was bordered on either side with flaming red hibiscus and other highly-colored things. In fact it was such a tanglewood of brightness and sweet odors that I was breathless with delight. In the evening I had a glorious ride — through public parks, past the old Spreckels mansion, the ex-Queen's summer home, the aquarium, Oahu College grounds, through Kapiolani park, around Diamond Head, and back by Fort DeRussy and Fort Ruger to Waikiki Beach.

Then yesterday afternoon, in company with other guests from our hotel, I enjoyed still another long drive, and on the tide-flats south of the City took a picture of the snail women. These barefoot creatures wade in mud and water to their knees, gathering snails brought in with the tide, which they place in tin cans

suspended from each end of a pole balanced over their shoulders. Driving on a few miles beyond Waikiki we ate delicious bananas fresh from the trees. I was surprised to learn that when a banana tree bears a bunch of fruit it dies, a new sprout starts up from the root, bears one bunch and in turn dies. The trees grow about four inches a day, and the fruit matures from twelve to fourteen months after sprouting. There were two kinds of banana trees in this grove — one variety over fifteen feet tall, and one low tree only about seven.

I noticed a wire placed around the cocoanut grove. The owner explained that it was for the protection of grazing horses; that a cocoanut falling on a horse would kill it. He told us a certain kind of rat made its home in these trees, never coming down, feeding entirely upon the stems of the nuts, so it was really never safe to stand under one of these trees. Cocoanuts weigh, with the hull on, from three to twenty pounds each.

At three o'clock they dropped me out at Waikiki, where I had an appointment to go outrigger riding. We have engaged the services of the champion swimmer of the world to guide our boat. His name is Duke Kahanamoku. He carried the honors last year at the Olympic Games in Stockholm — one hundred yards in fifty-five and one-fifth seconds. He is a grand fellow, only twenty-one years old, about six feet tall and as dark as an Indian. I sat directly in front of him in the boat, and he told me many interesting things about the fishes and the coral, and offered to teach me to ride on the surf-boards. I told him I would love to learn if I could keep from getting wet. He thought this a great joke, and when we finally returned, before I knew it, the Duke was carrying me to shore to "keep the lady from getting wet" as he said, and how he laughed and showed his pretty white teeth. I am quite fond of the Duke!

Well, that outrigger ride was a great success. Going far out from the shore we caught a wave breaking just back of our boat and were washed rapidly ashore. We were each furnished with a stout wooden paddle, about four feet long, with which we rowed the boat back to the depths to await another breaker. These boats are made by the natives, and are really canoes about two feet wide by two feet deep, and varying in length from fifteen to twenty-five feet. They are made by hollowing out a log and trimming each end to a point. From one side extends an outrigger made of long curved poles attached to either end of the boat and connected with a cross-bar of light weight wood, which floats along the surface of the water forming a balance.

We dined at the "Moana Hotel," attended a band concert in Emma Square and ended the day with a pineapple feast on my private *lanai*.

Each day is pretty much like this, something doing all the while, and if there should happen to be a lull for a moment we rush to the dock and bid other people's friends good-by. In fact Honolulu has this habit, of bidding its guests *bon voyage* as the boats depart. It is really a very pretty custom, and quite a sight, with the streamers, *leis* flowers and other *aloha* offerings. These *leis* are long chains of fresh flowers, strung and sold by the native women for all sorts of gala occasions. They are placed upon the shoulders of departing friends, who throw them back to shore as the boat moves away.

VIII

I HAVE read your three good letters many times — and wish I had three more. What a storm you are having! I feel selfish to be here in this beautiful sunshine while you are marooned in the snow.

Yesterday we made the tour of the Island, leaving the

hotel at nine in the morning for the *Pali* (Hawaiian word for precipice) some five miles from Honolulu. We drove through the beautiful Nuuanu Valley, dotted here and there with pretty houses half hidden by trees; cocoanuts, breadfruits, algarobas and candlenuts; iron, eucalyptus, monkey-pods and *papaia*. This *papaia*, green in color, is a fruit resembling our cantaloupe in shape and size, but with a sweet, insipid taste. It is said to contain more pepsin than any other fruit and is a general favorite on the Islands. The tree is straight with few branches, its leaves resembling the fig. The fruit does not grow on the limbs of the tree, but on stems extending from the body, and when full of ripe fruit the tree presents a strangely beautiful sight.

The breadfruit tree is in shape and size similar to the fig, only the leaves are about twelve inches across. The fruit resembles a green orange in shape and color, but is about four times the size. When baked and served with butter they taste like sweet potatoes and are really quite good.

The algaroba trees bear a long pod filled with beans, which are ground and used for horse feed. It seems that all the parts of a tree here find utility somewhere — the body, bark, leaves, fruit, blossoms, seeds, and sometimes even the roots.

Driving on up through the mountains we reached the *Pali*. This *Pali* is a famous precipice from which there is a wonderful view of land and sea for many miles, and on its summit there is a little grotto where a stone tablet has been placed, on which the following is carved:

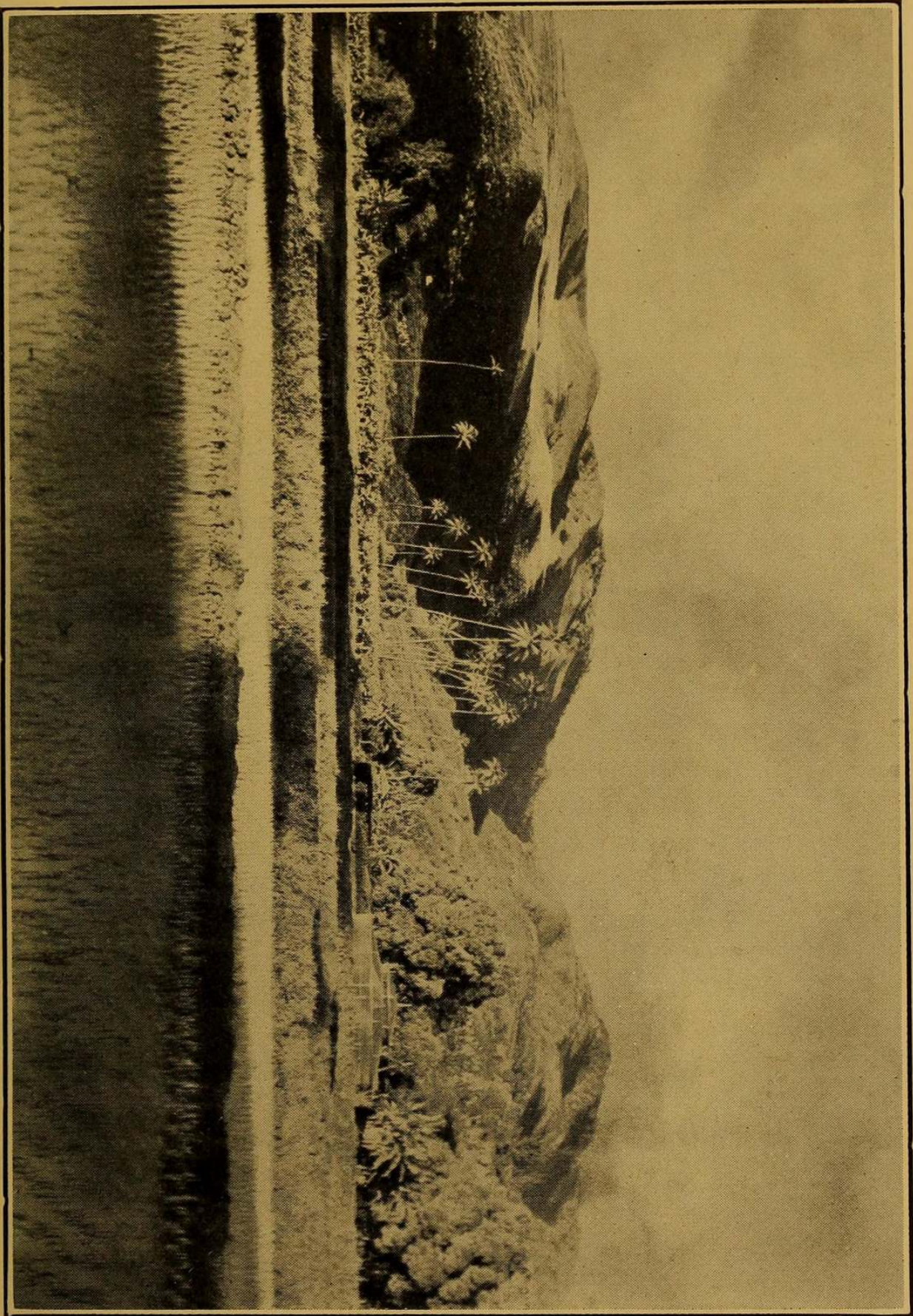
“Erected by the Daughters of Hawaii in 1907 to commemorate the battle of Nuuanu, fought in this valley in 1795, when the invading Kamehameha I. drove the forces of Kalanikupule, king of Oahu, to the Pali and hurled them over the precipice, thus establishing the Kamehameha dynasty.”

The *Pali* is one thousand feet above the sea and there

is a splendid road to its summit, and on down its other side into the valley below. Through this mountain pass the wind sweeps with terrible force, and let the day be ever so calm below, there is always a gale over the *Pali*. It was so upon this occasion, and we found no little difficulty in making our way to the stone wall placed by the government for the protection of pedestrians at the spot where the two old chiefs concluded their combat so many years ago.

Descending on the other side of the *Pali* we passed acres and acres of *taro*. The leaves of this plant resemble our water lily in color, size and shape, and it is from the root that the principal native food is made, called *poi*. We passed hundreds of beautiful green rice fields, in all stages of its growth. This rice is sown very thick and when only a few inches high is transplanted in water about a foot deep. It is a very bright yellow-green and when young and tender must be carefully guarded from the rice-birds, who would destroy whole fields within a few days. They seem to attack the rice only about five o'clock in the evening, at which time the coolies may be seen with pop-guns, three or four to each field, screaming and making a great fuss for an hour or more to frighten the little birds away. These fields are plowed by the water-buffalo, a homely, gentle little creature with much power of endurance.

As we rode around the *Koolan* side we saw the ruins of the first sugar-mill erected on the Islands, and it was here I beheld for the first time the *lauhala* tree full of ripe fruit, and realized why so many people returned from the Islands with the mistaken idea that pineapples grow on trees, since the *lauhala* fruit resembles the pineapple in form, size, and color, even to the yucca shaped leaves surrounding it. This tree seems to belong to the palm family, although it has straight limbs, extending from its top, on the ends of which are tufts of spear-shaped leaves with the fruit in its center.



These leaves are dried in the shade for the lighter tints, and in the full sunlight for the tan effects, and woven into many articles of use, such as canoe sails, rugs, mats, fans, kites, etc. I am preparing a kodak book for you with a cover made of these woven leaves.

All along our route we noticed a heavy undergrowth of guava shrub and *hau* trees. This *hau* tree in its wild state is just a great mass of twisted limbs lying over the ground, but when properly pruned and supported by a trellis makes a dense shade and is used much for arbors, *lanai* and yard decorations. The guava is a popular fruit and famous for preserving.

About one o'clock we arrived at the beautiful little hotel at Haleiwa, where upon its cool comfortable *lanai*, we did justice to a splendid luncheon. After two hours of exploring and picture taking we started on, passing thousands of acres of sugar cane, most of which was bordered on either side with tall graceful iron trees, planted to form a windbreak for the cane.

At Waialua we went through a large sugar mill, employing over two thousand laborers, and turning out over one hundred tons of sugar daily. When the cane is ready to be cut the field is set on fire, which serves the double purpose of destroying the leaves and killing the pests, and does not harm the cane stalks. It is then cut by hand and carried in small cars to the crushing mill, where the juice is extracted. The molasses is shipped in hogsheads and the cane pulp is dried for fuel, being almost sufficient to run the mill. All sugar is shipped in an unrefined state. There is only one sugar refinery on the Islands, and it has been started but recently.

Stopping next at a coral beach we found some very pretty specimens, part of which I am mailing to you. There is a beautiful pink coral found here which would be valuable but for the fact that it loses its color shortly after being exposed to the light and air.

Going on, we passed Schofield Barracks, where are

stationed several thousand soldiers, and on over the plateau, where we had a splendid bird's-eye view of Pearl Harbor (seven miles west of Honolulu). At this wonderful landlocked harbor the United States Naval Station and Dry Docks are under construction. Up to date there has been appropriated for work at Pearl Harbor some ten millions of dollars. The Dry Docks alone when completed will have cost over three million dollars.

We drove through thousands of acres of pineapple fields in every stage of growth, from the tiny plants to the matured fruit. There are two ways of starting the plants — from the young sprouts growing at the side of the old stock, and from the tops of the matured apple. These are planted in rows about three feet apart and mature in from twelve to fifteen months. In eating the fruit direct from the grove you get a flavor unknown to the commercial product, and my capacity for destroying fresh pineapples in great quantities is a surprise to everybody, myself included. We stopped at Wahiawa, situated about the center of Oahu, where we visited the plantations and country home of Mr. Thomas, who I am told made the first experiment in growing pineapples here, since become one of the two principal industries of the Islands, the other being cane sugar.

This morning we visited the Thomas pineapple cannery, where we saw the fruit pared, cored and sliced by machinery, canned, sealed, boiled, and labeled. It was all very interesting, and I hope to visit the cannery again before I leave the Islands. The hand work is done by Japanese, Chinese, and Portuguese women, who wear thick rubber gloves to protect their hands from the acid of the fruit.

IX

LAST night I attended a real *luau* (native feast). It was a most novel affair. The hostess was the Princess Theresa, a niece of ex-Queen Liliuokalani. She was celebrating the twenty-first birthday of her son, Robert Kalanikupuapaika Laninui Keoua Wilcox. The father of this boy, Robert Wilcox, was the first delegate to Congress from the Territory of Hawaii.

There were perhaps a hundred different kinds of food, peculiar and unpalatable looking. It was mostly cooked under ground, I was told, in a large hole, hot stones being heaped upon it. Their food, their manner of eating, their houses, their amusements, all are so peculiar and foreign to us that it is with difficulty the stranger avoids an act or word which might wound their feelings, for they are a very generous and hospitable people, these *kanakas*, and would divide their last morsel with you. I excused myself from dining on the strength of my late arrival. They ate entirely with their fingers, and while the feast was in progress out on the *lanai* ten native girls danced the *hula* and sang and played on the *ukulele*. This native instrument resembles our guitar in shape, but is much smaller and has but four strings. All the Hawaiians have rich melodious voices, very different from our own.

We were introduced to several persons of note, among them one David K. Kahaulelio, the nephew-in-law of the Princess. He was tall, dark, and handsome (as *kanakas* go) and quite interesting. He gave us his autograph, and invited us to visit him at his home on the Island of Maui. He is the son of Judge Kahaulelio, of Lahaina. He told us the ex-Queen, Liliuokalani, used to spend several weeks each year at his Maui home, but she is now too old to travel.

The Princess Theresa took the yellow *leis* from her own neck and placed them on ours. She wore white lace over a white satin gown, and a wonderful necklace of ivory, with a pendant carved from a human bone. Only members of the royal family are allowed to wear anything made from the human bone. She is probably sixty years of age, and I believe was once a very handsome woman. Mr. Wilcox is her second husband, and seemed to be the younger of the two. The Princess told us the ex-Queen had called in the afternoon. Truly it was an interesting evening, and one I shall never forget. And as though this was not excitement enough for *one* while — this morning I saw the ex-Queen! It happened this way.

I had an invitation to a fried banana breakfast at a cottage in the grounds, and while dressing a friend informed me by telephone that the band was on its way to the ex-Queen's home, Washington Place. Enough said! The Royal Hawaiian Band has for many years serenaded the old ex-Queen Liliuokalani once a month, and I had promised myself the treat of this occasion. I dressed hurriedly, and within twenty minutes was standing in her presence, kodak in hand, an uninvited guest. Dressed in black silk she sat on her front *lanai*, attended by one maid. I cannot think she was ever a handsome woman, even at her best, but now in spite of age and marks of disappointment, she is, I think, remarkably dignified and stately as becomes one of her rank. As I looked at the poor old ex-Queen I almost felt with her that it was a shame for a great and powerful nation, possessing more territory than it could possibly occupy, to cross two thousand miles of sea and take from the poor Hawaiians their little spots in the broad Pacific.

Guests arrived in carriages, paid their respects and left floral offerings. She did not rise to greet them, but bowed and smiled. I asked the maid if I might take

a picture, but she shook her head, "No." Later I saw the Queen and the maid have quite a little conversation, apparently about me, the maid evidently telling her I wanted a picture. She looked at me hard several times, and finally smiled.

I excused myself to my host and hostess for being late to breakfast, saying I was in the presence of royalty, and could not leave sooner! They became excited, losing their appetites instantly, snatching their hats as they ran to see the ex-Queen. By the time we finally collected for breakfast it was noon, so we lunched instead. The fried bananas were delicious. They are a sort of vegetable banana, not good uncooked. The peel is red, and the fruit is twice the thickness of an ordinary banana.

I spent this afternoon down town. I found the little curio shops quite interesting and the novelties both quaint and pretty. I have just mailed you a box of my gleanings: some fans of bamboo, of cocoanut and *lauhala* leaves; some purses made of *koa* seeds (sometimes called *mimosa*), together with several strands of seeds which are strung as beads and worn by the native women. The bright red ones are called *wilivili*; they grow on trees in long brown pods. The tiny brown ones are *koa*, and are boiled and strung while soft. The black thin flat ones are called *opiam*, and must be strung immediately after falling from the tree; they grow in a pod also, on a tree similar to our locust. The light-gray seeds are called *Job's tears* and grow on low bushes in great quantities in swampy ground. I gathered my hat full of these *tears* the other day near the duck ponds on my way to Waikiki. The string of long white trumpet-shaped shells are called *nuhau*, and are found near Waikiki. I think they are the oddest shells I ever saw. The pieces of coral I picked up on the beach. The nuts are called *kukui* and contain a rich oil, which the natives

burned in earlier times for light. They are also polished and strung like beads. The gourd-like fruit is called *calabash*. The poorer natives dry these, hollow them out and use them as *poi* bowls. The leaf resembling our century plant is called *sisal*, and from it a very strong rope is made. The little book of Hawaiian legends is bound in *tapa* cloth. This *tapa* is made of the bark of the paper mulberry tree. It is prepared by boiling and afterward beating into thin sheets. This was used by the natives for both clothing and bed linen. It is now becoming quite rare as its manufacture has ceased. I am also sending you a pound of the native coffee, called *kona*.

These things were all new and interesting to me, and I think will be as full of interest for you.

Tonight we had a little ice-cream supper in the old drawing-room of the "Royal Hawaiian," and a bit of music on the *koa-wood* piano by a dear little lady who is spending her third winter here. This "Baby-Grand" is a queer old harp. Every time you touch its keys sawdust pours from its vitals in a little stream, reminding one of sand in an hour glass. I get so absorbed with watching this process that I become almost insensible to the music. This internal woody hemorrhage is caused by a tiny insect who works from the inside of the *koa-wood*, occasionally destroying an entire piece of furniture and making no outward sign — the damage being unknown until the article collapses.

X

THE "Ventura" came in yesterday, bringing me good letters from you.

I am being serenaded this morning by myriads of little Myna-birds, which are making a great fuss just outside my *lanai*. You remember, mother, we were told

there were no birds on the Islands? Well, this is no longer true, since the government has imported many varieties from Australia, and the trees are full of them.

I am beginning to enjoy the fruits very much. I have eaten for the first time the *vi*, the *guava*, the *alligator pear*, the *papaia*, the *breadfruit*, the *mango* and the *soursop*. A peculiar thing I have noticed, you must cultivate a taste for the native fruits; none of them are appetizing at first. You think them insipid, and you feel you could do very well without them, but gradually you learn to crave them. This first indifference is perhaps as well, since it serves as a preventive for over-eating.

Last evening, in company with other guests from the hotel I attended the annual gathering of the Hawaiian Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at the home of Joseph P. Cook. This is one of the most beautiful residences on the Islands, built of lava stone, *koa-wood* being used in the interior. Even the furniture, clocks and ornaments are made of this native wood, which is a little lighter and redder perhaps, but similar to our mahogany. We spent a most delightful evening, and on our way home we purchased a box of candied *papaia*. Neglecting to place this over a dish of water (as one must always do here with their sweets) I find that hundreds of little red ants have eaten an entrance into each piece and disappeared, but *I* know where they are. These ants are in such quantities here that they are really quite a pest, but just think, there is not a poisonous reptile or insect on these Islands, neither are there any poisonous vines!

I find the vegetation of a yellowish green, giving a light cast to all the foliage. This was called to my attention more particularly through my kodak work, it being necessary to use the "extra-rapid" films everywhere except on the water. I was out picture making yesterday, and among others got one of the bronze

statue of Kamehameha I., sometimes called Kamehameha the Great. It stands on the lawn of the Judiciary Building, and has a self-appointed guardian in the person of an old demented native whose madness takes the form of worship for this old king. So many years has this poor deluded creature stood with upraised finger murmuring his praises to this image that he has become a part of the landscape, and when his task is over and he is no more, the scene will have lost much of its quaintness — the statue much of its charm.

Crossing King Street I entered the Capitol Building, which, before the annexation, was the home of the Hawaiian sovereigns and was called Iolani Palace. I visited the throne-room, where the ex-Queen stood trial for treason, and on the second floor was shown a room in the corner of the building where in 1895 she spent eight months as a prisoner. She says it was here and at this time that she transcribed the beautiful little song called "*Aloha Oe*" ("*Farewell to Thee*"). The building contains many historical paintings and the palace grounds include a square block, which is used as a public park.

From here I visited a curio stall, where I mailed to you a number of interesting postal cards — one, of the red poinciana, which is not now in blossom, but they tell me it is very beautiful; also a picture of the night-blooming cereus, the botanical wonder of the Island. This cactus blooms only in June and July, so I will miss this sight, but I have seen miles of the hedge, sometimes six or seven feet in height, surrounding parks and private residences. I also sent you a card of the wine-palm. Its fruit is not edible, but as it hangs in long graceful festoons, from three to four feet in length, the tree is very beautiful. You will notice the banyan is a most peculiar tree, its roots being developed from the branches, which descend to the ground and become trunks for the support and nourishment of the

extending crown. The wood is soft and of little value. Enclosed with this letter you will find a purple bougainvillea blossom, picked from a bush on our hotel lawn. These grow in abundance here in many colors, and are very beautiful. The oleanders, too, are no hothouse affairs, but trees of some dimensions, with blossoms much larger than those in the States.

XI

THE "Cleveland" is in, having arrived at nine last night, and I am hoping she brought at least one letter from you. There are an unusual number of boats arriving, and hotel accommodations seem insufficient for the crowds of people pouring in. Mr. Brown, the manager of the "Hawaiian," has improvised some rooms in the basement, and this great hotel, as well as all others in the city, is full to overflowing. This morning's "Commercial Advertiser" laments they had not anticipated sooner the necessity of preparing for this influx.

Last night I attended the annual presentation of "A Night in Hawaii of Old" at the opera house directly opposite the old Iolani Palace. Many of the customs, traditions, songs, etc., were reproduced from the Kamehameha dynasty down to the time of the missionaries' arrival. It was strange, weird, and interesting, including the *hula-hula*, which was the old court dance, and on this account visitors desire to see it, but for no other reason, as it is neither graceful nor pretty. The girls wear anklets of flowers, their feet are bare, their skirts to the knees are covered with a native grass; they have wreaths on their heads, their long black hair falls loose; their shoulders are covered with *leis*, and green vines are twined around their arms. The music is a sort of weird chant by several old men

and women, who sit upon the ground beating and thumping on gourd-drums and shaking rattles made of small dried gourds containing pebbles.

The entertainment terminated with a delightful musical by the Kaai Glee Club. One of the oldest Hawaiian songs — “*He Manao He Aloha*” — a wailing *hula* — was marvelously rendered by one of its members. It was like the wail of a lost soul, unlike anything earthly, and has been ringing in my ears ever since. They sang many very beautiful things, however, and this musical was by far the better part of the entertainment.

XII

WHAT a time I have had since I last wrote you!

The most interesting evening I ever spent was at a Chinese dinner last Saturday night in the Sing Wa Wo Banquet Hall, Smith Street, given in honor of the U. S. Navy, our host being Mr. Chung Loy. I was seated directly across from Mr. Fauna, the Chinese Court Interpreter, a highly educated and interesting Chinaman, who was very jolly and spoke English well. At my right sat Dr. Hong Kow of the Immigration Service, who translated the toasts to me, explained the courses as they were served and taught me to hold and use my chopsticks with great success. Just as we were seated fifty thousand firecrackers were lighted on the porch beside us, which, together with the Chinese orchestra in the street below, kept things pretty lively for a while. The table decorations were both unique and artistic, but the ivory chopsticks interested me most of all. It was a real oriental feast, and I regret I can not recall the menu in full, from the shark's fins to the almond-cream! I shall never forget this dessert. In consistency, color, and odor it was an exact replica of almond lotion for rough hands and chapped lips. I

wanted to take mine home for future use. There were about ten courses, the like of which I had never seen before. They began with bird's-nest soup, and then there were all sorts of chop-sueys. There were squids and bamboo sprouts, and tender gourds and fishes enclosed in pasty noodles, and seaweed, and herbs, and roots, and dried abalone, and dozens of other things. But those chopsticks! I admired them to myself and then I admired them to my partner, who admonished me, explaining that Chinese hospitality would compel them to present me with a pair, and they were quite expensive. I really ate with them every course that was served, even the rice, with such perfect success that our host at the end of the meal arose, proposing a toast to "Miss C —, the lady who likes chopsticks better than fork." They all clapped their hands and then presented me with a piece of Chinese tapestry. Then a prominent Japanese escorted us through Chinatown to a Japanese teahouse, where, at a door, we removed our shoes and were seated upon mats on the floor, at a table about six inches high, and served with seaweed flakes, rice cakes, pickled pig lip, antique preserved fish and other delicacies (?). Then the geisha girls (Japanese dancers) were introduced to us, each bowing to the floor and repeating our names. They danced and sang, playing with ivory picks on Japanese stringed instruments. It was all so weird and oriental that I felt in a sort of dream.

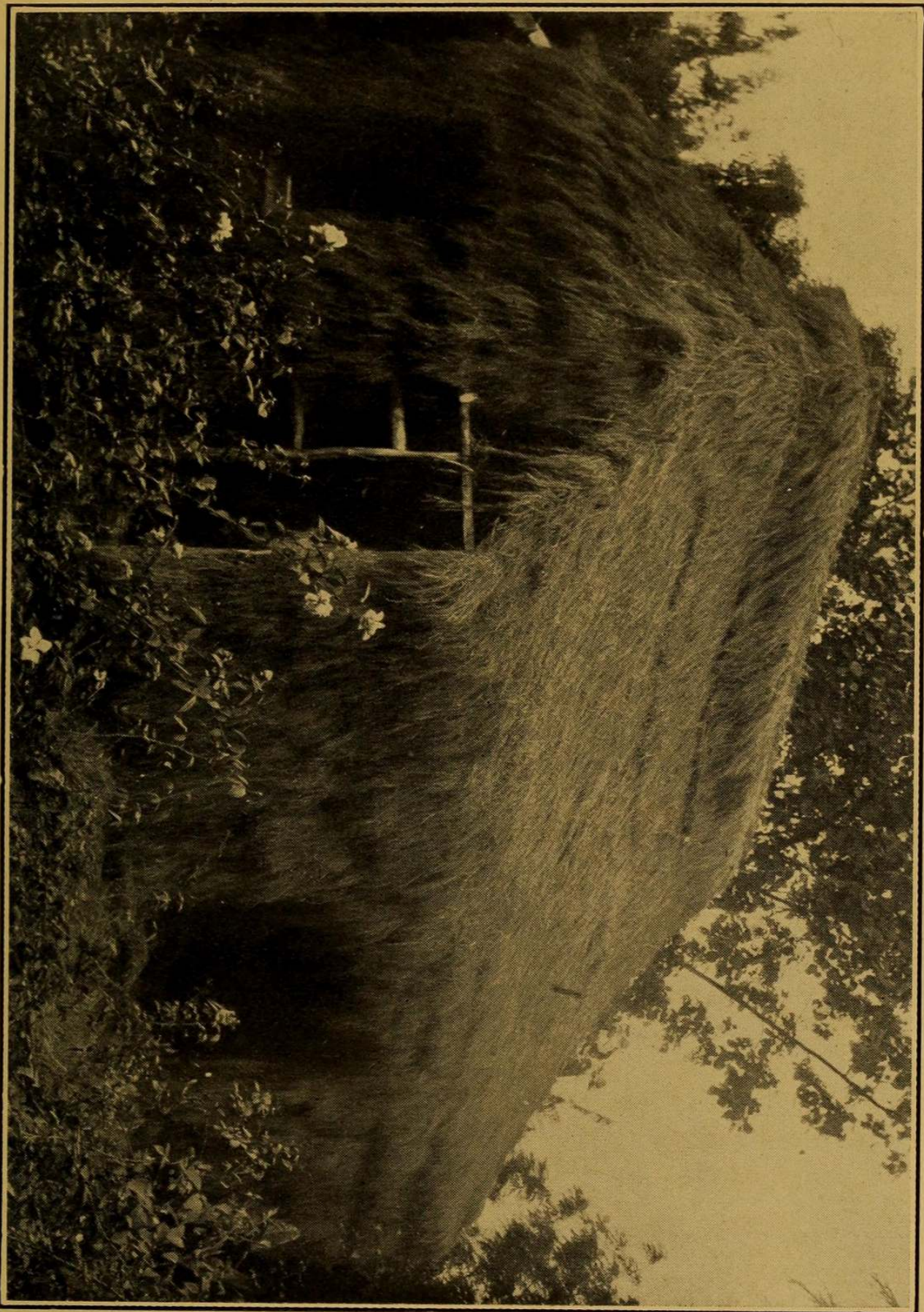
We reached home shortly after eleven. I was a little uneasy concerning the effects of this feast upon my constitution, but arose the next morning feeling splendid and was ready at 7:30 to climb Punch Bowl, an extinct volcano, so named from its cup-shaped crater. We gathered *koa* seeds on the way, which I shelled whilst resting in a little grass hut on the summit. I love these native grass houses, they are so cool, and have such an outdoor smell. They are without floors, the ground

being covered with *lauhala* mats. Small skinned trees are used for the frame and to this long bamboo poles are tied. This in turn is covered with a long brown grass, woven around the bamboo from the ground up. While this work may be done by almost any *kanaka*, a glance at a well constructed hut will show you that there are artists in this as well as other lines. Love in a cottage has never particularly appealed to me, but these huts — well *they* are different! The natives have no furniture, as they sit upon mats, and eat upon the ground from wooden bowls. Their houses are adorned for the most part with fishing paraphernalia, *poi* bowls and mats — thin delicately woven mats, sometimes dozens of them, one upon the other, which serve as a bed and covering. It is all very quaint and artistic.

From the summit of Punch Bowl, five hundred feet above Honolulu, you have a wonderful view of the city and its surroundings. On one side you see acres of lovely vegetable gardens, which with their many colored leaves and vines appear, at that distance, like vast flower beds. Looking on further over the beautiful Manoa Valley you get a splendid view of Diamond Head and in another direction Pearl Harbor, with a chain of mountains in the distance.

We had walked up the trail, but returned by the road, passing many huts and cottages where live the Portuguese, Chinese, and Japanese laborers employed in the Government's Experimental Station, situated on the side of the Bowl. Arriving at a cocoanut grove about eleven, we purchased some green nuts and walked back to the "Hawaiian," stopping to gather some *vi* fruit on the way, having tramped altogether about eight miles.

In the afternoon we motored through Manoa Valley and watched the sunset from the summit of Punch Bowl, making my second trip there yesterday. This was the most beautiful scene yet. The sun was like a big red



moon, slowly sinking in the sea. Here upon the Islands they have no twilight, no transition stage; the dividing line between daylight and dark being sharply drawn.

We made the descent slowly, enjoying the odors that the night air carried to us from the tiny yellow *pua* flowers that grow in great abundance on these slopes. A perfumer became so enthused over these little flowers once that he started a factory here to make *pua* perfumery, but for lack of capital his project failed.

Aloha, dear heart, until the next boat sails.

XIII

SINCE writing you last I have had some splendid times. At a picnic on Pearl Harbor, about seven miles west of Honolulu, we gathered cocoanuts in the moonlight, and underneath the trees found beds of newly planted nuts, placed there for sprouting. But half the depth of the nut was buried, the eyes beneath the ground. It was a glorious night, and so still that even the tops of the cocoanut trees, which always catch the slightest breeze, were motionless, and so brilliant was the night that one might read with perfect ease. *This* is moonlight in the tropics.

Last Tuesday I went alone to visit the Royal Mausoleum, situated in the beautiful Nuuanu Valley. In the grounds were numbers of stone monuments, with the names of the sovereigns or members of their families cut thereon.

These graves were enclosed by an iron paling, and near each end of the four corners there was stationed a black pole about three feet high, surmounted by a gold ball. The significance of this emblem I could not learn, but I am inclined to think the ball is used in place of the feather *kahili*, which the elements would soon destroy. The mausoleum proper is built entirely underground,

approached by marble steps, which I descended and looked through an iron grating into the marble entrance, where the *kahilis* stood guard. In gold lettering upon the walls were engraved the names of those occupying the crypts, and on a pedestal in the center of this antechamber stood a gold bust of Kamehameha the Great.

From here I went out to Waikiki, and had a delightful swim, after which I dined at the "Young" on mullet baked in *ti* leaves. These *ti* leaves are about five inches wide by eighteen inches long and grow wild in little clumps or bushes all over the Islands. They are gathered by the natives and used as wrapping paper. Were you to purchase a fish at the market, or a bunch of violets, either would probably be tendered you wrapped in *ti* leaves. They also form a covering for many kinds of boiled and baked foods. For instance, a bird is drawn, a hot stone is placed inside the carcass, and the whole closely wrapped in *ti* leaves, and lo! a fireless cooker! A well regulated Hawaiian household has in its economy many stones, to suit all sizes of fish or fowl.

I spent the evening listening to the Royal Hawaiian band. I am very fond of this native music, and so I shall bring home with me several records, and when I am far from this soft dreamy land I hope they will take me back to the dusky foliage and sweet odors of the tropics.

XIV

TRULY, "The way of the transgressor is hard!" My muscles are so sore I can scarcely bend. My fingers so stiff it is with difficulty that I move my pen. Yea, verily, "Every rose has its thorn." It came about "thusly":

A surf-board party was arranged for yesterday morning, to be superintended by Duke Kahanamoku — the champion swimmer of the world. We met on the beach at eleven, and were each presented with a surf-board, upon which we lay flat, face down, our feet sticking over the square end, our chins resting on the board some twenty inches short of the pointed end, and our arms extended forward, palms down. In this position the feet act as propeller, the hands as balancing power. Going far out we would wait for a wave and as it fell were caught in its milky surf and washed with lightning speed to the beach. This is surely a reckless sport, but, Oh, the wild joy of it! Even its dangers are fascinating, and after a few lessons from Duke I decided to venture alone. The frightful speed and driving spray caused me to close my eyes, so that I was unable to see an outrigger boat just ahead, and the collision introduced me to the coral reefs below. I rose! The Duke reached the spot, clutched me by the back and spreading me out upon a surf-board gave me the famous Hawaiian *lomi-lomi*. This is a kind of rough massage, a sort of drubbing, which, though severe, is certainly effective, and in a few minutes I was able to join the party as good as new. Though our enthusiasm never for a moment waned, after two hours of this strenuous exercise our physical forces refused to act, so bidding Duke *aloha* we painfully wended our way homeward. And, as before stated, we are now but limping shadows of our former selves!

Last Saturday I spent the afternoon in Moanalua Park, and although it was my fourth trip there I have by no means yet exhausted its many delights. It is about three miles from Honolulu, and is the most beautiful spot on the Islands. It is the private park of the leading banker here, the Hon. S. M. Damon, who is not only hospitable enough to allow visitors, but each Saturday serves tea in a wonderful Chinese house made in

Canton. This house is in itself a work of art, sitting on the edge of a tiny lake, its pagoda roof sloping gracefully over its sides and its doors standing hospitably open. The hand carved frieze around the ceiling, the inlaid ivory, the onyx tables, the Chinese teakwood furniture and handiwork of all kinds, with the tiny elaborately gowned Chinese maids flitting about serving tea on a long *koa-wood* table — why, I could scarcely breathe for delight, and I felt I should have been fully repaid for my trip to Hawaii merely to have tea in this beautiful house! Placed artistically about are many Hawaiian relics, such as feather capes, old flags, paintings, etc., including a portrait of Mr. Charles R. Bishop and his wife, the foster sister to the ex-Queen Liliuokalani. This Chinese teahouse is situated close by the old home of Mr. Damon's father, the Rev. Dr. Damon, who officiated at the marriage of ex-Queen Liliuokalani in the old mansion now known as the "Arlington Hotel."

This old Damon house is open to visitors and is filled with antiquities of many kinds; beautiful *koa-wood* bowls, the largest I have seen; polished cocoanut shells made into all sorts of useful articles such as dippers, pipes, ash trays, etc., beautiful pieces of wood carved by the natives — baskets, mats, rugs and pillows of *lauhala*. In the kitchen stands the old stone oven, built against the wall, with heavy doors and iron lids, and above I saw a hollowed stone of oil with wick of *tapa*, which once served to light the room.

Near this old house are several grass huts, some of them furnished in the manner of the old days, and containing curiosities such as old fashioned war implements, fish hooks cut from stone, spears, shells and fishnets, *calabashes*, necklaces, *tapa* cloth, woven grass bedding, etc.

In another part of this extensive park stands a beautiful Japanese house, also brought in sections from the Orient. Removing our shoes we were shown through the

many toy-like rooms with their beautiful shining floors, their embroidered screens, bamboo shutters and paper windows. Just outside we refreshed ourselves with water from a dear little fountain, drinking from a bamboo cup.

This park contains many hundreds of acres, with paved roads, beautiful little waterfalls, tiny bridges, wooden seats and clusters of tropical flowers, trees and shrubs. Truly it is a paradise. There is a monkey-pod tree in this park said to be the largest tree on the Island. It is in reality only large in comparison, as all of the trees here are small. The monkey-pod looks somewhat like a giant umbrella and is a very beautiful tree. There is nothing in its appearance to warrant its peculiar name, so I think that perhaps in the more tropical climes it must bear fruit which is food for the monkeys. 'Neath one of these trees in the Iolani Palace grounds I often stop to rest on my journeys to and fro, and there I spent a pleasant hour last night after watching a gorgeous sunset from Moana pier. I was sore from the morning's exercise, and found the seat beneath this tree a welcome milestone. I sat for an hour or more listening to the soft voiced natives as they strolled through the grounds with their *ukuleles*, and only the lateness of the hour forced me onward.

XV

I HAVE read many times your good long letter which the "Sierra" brought.

I have been having a fine time this week, all my days being full. I have visited a *poi* factory. You know *poi* is the principal native food, made of the roots of the *taro* plant, which, having been steamed for hours and skinned, is then soaked in water and beaten with iron mallets until it becomes a stiff dough. It is then

fermented and in three or four days is ready for use, with the addition of water to form the thickness desired. There is one, two and three finger *poi*, owing to the consistency. The natives eat it from a bowl placed between two people, by dipping one, two, or three fingers into it, as the case may be, giving them a twirl around, and then sucking them. The most beautiful of these *poi* bowls are made of the native *koa-wood*. Nearly everyone visiting the Islands eats *poi*, but *not* in *kanaka* style. At the hotels it is served like mush and eaten with sugar and cream, or made into a cocktail and served as an appetizer.

Yesterday afternoon we visited Honolulu's largest public park, named for Kalakaua's Queen, Kapiolani. It is situated on the beach five miles south of the city, and contains the aquarium. I had seen many beautiful Hawaiian fishes at the market, but here there were hundreds of them with the most gorgeous colorings, the most striking contrasts and brilliant hues — almost beyond belief. Perhaps one of the most peculiar was a bright orange fish with a flat circular body, long pointed bill and quill-shaped fins. But the darling of the specimens was a dainty baby-blue thing, with gauzy ribbon-like streamers trailing far out from his back and tail. All of these fishes are found in Hawaiian waters, and many of them nowhere else in the world.

I must not forget to tell you of the wonderful peafowls kept in this park. They are so gentle they will eat from your hand, and so vain that when they have visitors they immediately put their magnificent tails on exhibition.

The tracks for the races are in this park; also the maneuver grounds, and thousands of soldiers are preparing to come here from Schofield Barracks to have sham battles during the pageant.

We dined at the University Club and then attended a play at the Japanese Asahi theater on Maunakea



Street. Our interpreter's name was "Sockie," and at eight-thirty he seated us in a box near the stage, where we had an excellent view. We noticed some Japanese writing on slips of paper pasted to the backs of our chairs, which "Sockie" interpreted to read: "Three foreign people bought and paid for." We held a conference as to who could have bought us or who would have paid for us, but this was a secret best known to "Sockie."

The balcony and boxes were furnished with chairs for foreigners, but the floor of the auditorium was without seats of any kind, being covered with matting. Scantlings were laid upon this matting to form four-foot squares in which a party or whole family would sit, leaning their sandals against the beam.

On first entering this place one had the impression of a fancy bazaar or curio shop, owing to the varied and bright colored articles which hung from the roof. Embroidered silks of every shade and design — brocaded obis, fancy sunshades, beaded slippers, bunches of paper flowers, fancy fans and many other pretty extravagances. These we afterward learned were presents for the actors.

I think "Sockie" called it a drama and the actors he said were geisha girls. From behind a screen came ear splitting sounds from cymbals and gongs, while the bon-bon boys served to the audience *hard boiled eggs!* Of this delicacy the "bought and paid for foreigners" indulged not.

Between the acts, mid the cracking and peeling of eggs, the manager, sitting upon the stage floor, read from a paper which caused the greatest cheering and laughter by the audience. This, "Sockie" explained, was the names of the donors and recipients of the gifts before mentioned.

The costumes were really very beautiful and "Sockie" said "cost much money." He told us the

play would last for many hours, but at the third act we were quite ready to leave the plotters to their fate, since we had not the slightest conception of the scheme, and could not have told the hero from the villain.

XVI

YESTERDAY afternoon we had a swimming party, or perhaps I should call it a ball game; a sport quite common at Waikiki. A cocoanut is thrown into the water, and as it floats like cork is easily kept in sight, and the swimmers race to be the first to catch and throw it. As a variation we formed a circle and kept the ball rolling. This way the tall folks got the best of it, the short people being so deep in the water their action was hampered. It was all very thrilling!

Saturday I visited the Bishop Museum, situated in the Kamehameha school grounds. It was founded in the year 1889 by Charles R. Bishop and named for his wife, Bernice Pauahi, a descendant, and the last, of the Kamehamehas. The building is of lava stone, the interior chiefly of *koa-wood*. We had hoped to spend about two hours here but as the museum closed at four, we had really less than an hour, and since we felt more interested in the Hawaiian relics we confined ourselves to that part of the building, having no time left for the other Polynesian exhibits.

On entering we turned to the right, and in the center of the room saw a miniature representation of the temple of *Wahaula* in Pua, Hawaii, the last *heiau* (temple) where the natives worshiped, and further on a plaster group of *tapa* beaters with their implements. In the cases were much ancient grass work such as mats, hats and baskets. The walls were covered with old and valuable pieces of *tapa* cloth, *lauhala* mats and grass bedding — heirlooms of the Royal families and donated

from time to time to this museum. There were quantities of berry and seed *leis*, and wonderful strings of dog teeth worn as ornaments and to ward off the devil, and bracelets made in alternating sections of human bone and tortoise shell. There were sandals of *hau* and *lauhala*, which had been worn by chiefs when traversing the rough lava beds. There were cases upon cases of hand made fishhooks, of bone, ivory, tortoise shell and stone; wonderful fish nets made of cocoanut fiber; shell trumpets and many stone bowls, and dishes of tortoise shell. There were mortars, cups, pestles and *poi* pounders, cut from coral rock, and a peculiar instrument used for opening tough breadfruit. The adz was the chief tool of the Hawaiians, and there were dozens of these made from clinkstone. There were also many chisels, some of clinkstone and some of shark's teeth, and great bowling stones, used in an ancient game. We saw many *koa-wood* staffs which had been used by very aged chiefs, and a broom made of the ribs of cocoanut leaves. Standing against the wall were numbers of famous *koa-wood* surf-boards, which had been owned by kings and high chiefs, and there was an old coasting sled, said to have been the property of the hero Lonoikamakahiki, used in a very aristocratic sliding game. Much pains was taken in preparing the road for the game, which was made on the side of a steep hill and covered with dry grass to make it slippery. There were many canoes and outrigger boats which had been owned by prominent chiefs, all painted yellow and black, and I have noticed that these two colors are still used exclusively in the painting of these boats. There were many paddles of different sizes and different kinds of wood.

Passing to the next room we noticed first a model of the crater of Kilauea, and next a very old grass hut, brought from the remote valley of Kauai. It was thatched with *pipi* grass, and put together in the

ancient native way, the timbers having been cut with the stone adz.

I was much interested in the stone work, especially the odd-looking lamps. These were not uniform in shape or size, apparently being made from any stone convenient. The oil cup was hollowed out of the center of a stone and filled with *kukui* oil and lighted by a wick of *tapa* at the rim. When extra light was desired more wicks were added. These lamps were also used as candlesticks, which candles were made from nuts of the candle-tree, after being roasted, shelled and strung. These candle nuts are very uniform in size, so the natives learned to use them for marking time.

There was quite a collection of rare *koa-wood* bowls, most of them from the Kamehameha family. The finger bowls, of the same wood, were used mainly in families of rank and had two compartments, one for water and the other to hold sweet scented leaves on which to wipe one's fingers. The *awa* bowls were mostly plain, but of the fine *koa-wood*, and used to hold a peculiar drink called *awa*, which produces much the same effect as alcohol, and is made from a root. Then there were a number of spittoons which had once belonged to Kamehameha and his high chiefs. Most of them were inlaid with teeth and bones of slain enemies, the purpose being to humiliate, as far as possible, the vanquished foe! On the other hand, to have one's bones used in the decoration of *kahilis* or food bowls was a great honor!

The collection of gourds was most interesting. The wood is thin and light; they are varied in shape and size, and were put to the most novel uses. There were traveling trunks, food baskets, water bottles, *hula* drums, dishes and drinking cups, many of which were oddly decorated in conventional designs. These gourds were also used for helmets.

There were many wooden idols in this room, all very hideous looking, but by far the worst of these was the

god of poison. He was about three feet tall by a foot wide; his head was covered with human hair and his jaws filled with dog's teeth. For many years he had been lost, but in 1852 was found in a valley at the foot of a cliff.

In a special place are collected a number of the relics of the reign of the last king Kalakaua, and his Queen Kapiolani. The royal standard hangs on the wall, in front of which sits the two gilded thrones with the gold crown and sceptre.

From here we passed over to the left of the entrance, where were kept the sacred feather relics. There we saw the most valuable relic of the museum, a yellow feather cape, the famous robe of Kamehameha the Great, and from its card we learned that the gathering of the feathers had lasted one hundred years! The attendant told us it had not been worn since the days of Kamehameha II, but on state occasions had been placed over the throne. She told us its cost had been estimated as high as one million dollars! These yellow feathers are found on the *mamo* and *oo* birds, the capturing of which was attended with much danger, owing to their habits of nesting in very high and rocky places; but so much honor attended success that it was the favorite occupation, and followed so persistently that the species was fast disappearing when Kamehameha I made the killing of these birds a crime, and ordered that but two feathers be removed annually from each bird, as more than this would imperil its life. It is a current belief that there are but two of these yellow feathers on each bird, found under the wings, but the attendant explained there were really twelve. There were numbers of feather capes, *leis*, and *kahilis*, dating from Kamehameha I, down to the present time. Some of these *kahilis* had poles inlaid with tortoise shell and portions of the leg and arm bones of some of Hawaii's most distinguished kings and chiefs who fell in the battle of

Nuuanu. There was also a pure white *kahili* made by the ex-Queen Liliuokalani for the funeral of Mrs. Bishop. The *kahili* is an old insignia of royalty and never used on ordinary occasions, being reserved for festivities in which the king or high chiefs took part. They are made of feathers of many colors wired in circles and attached to polished poles about ten feet long. At the death of royalty or high chiefs, while the body lays in state, these *kahili* poles stand around the bier, while twenty of the highest chiefs keep watch and chant the hymn which was composed at the birth of the deceased. This form is still observed among the natives. All noble families have their own *kahilis*, used throughout their life and at death left by their tomb.

It was now closing time, but the attendant kindly allowed us a hasty glance at the coral collection and portraits. There were many paintings of kings and queens, including one of Kamehameha the Great.

I was not satisfied with so hasty a visit, and want to go again before leaving the Islands.

XVII

THE good ship "Nile" brought your letters yesterday. I am so glad you are enjoying my long letters and that my detailed accounts have pleased you. I have made an effort to let you know how I spend all my time, that we may seem not so far apart.

Thursday the U. S. transport "Sherman" sailed for Manila and a number of us went down to see her off. This makes me realize that in a short time I, too, shall be on the way.

While on a shopping tour today I was attracted by strange sounds, unlike anything I had ever heard, and which seemed to come from an old church building. It was a sort of moaning or smothered howl. On inquiry I

learned that these sounds came from mercenary mourners on duty at the funeral of a very old *kanaka* chief. I can't tell you how sorry I am that a previous engagement made it impossible for me to attend this burial, which, owing to the rank of the deceased, was performed with great ceremony. In the old days, at the birth of every noble child a chant was composed by a near relative or friend in which was set forth the virtues and deeds of valor of its ancestors. This chant was sung during the infant's entire life on all festive occasions in which it took the prominent part, and was used at the last rites. It was this chant or wail that I had heard.

It was also the custom to plant a tree at the birth of each child, and I saw in the Bishop Museum a section of the tree planted at the birth of Mrs. Charles R. Bishop.

I wish I had the time to write you more of these strange old customs while they are yet fresh in my mind and the charm of the country and its people is still upon me. I heard such a sweet and romantic tale yesterday of the old *tapa* beaters, when that industry was the principal occupation of the women. These beating grounds were sometimes miles apart, and that they might enjoy the companionship of their coworkers a code of signals was arranged by which messages were transmitted from valley to valley by means of strokes and rests of the *tapa* flail. Invitations were issued, local conditions reported, help solicited and dangers made known, all by this novel mallet code.

There was, and to some extent still is, one Hawaiian custom, mother, which I know will fill you with horror, but which appeals very strongly to me. This is the custom of parents parting with their infants when only a few hours old, to be delivered to adopted parents who have been chosen before the birth of the child. This custom originated, and for some time was practiced only,

among the royal families and high chiefs, whose purpose seems to have been thus to ally the chiefs of nobility by cementing the ties of friendship between their children. So far from being a *savage* impulse, this idea appeals to me as belonging to a state of civilization higher than any yet attained, and if practiced by families and by nations might, without armament, bring to us the world-wide peace so much prayed for.

XVIII

NOW just *won't* you be surprised! I had not intended doing this, but my friends all insisted that I would be missing one of the greatest natural wonders of the world, and so here am I, on the way to Hilo, the capital of the Island of Hawaii, two hundred miles by sea. Hawaii is twice the area of all the other seven combined, and it is from this Island the group derives its name.

The sea is very calm, and I don't expect to be the least bit sick. This little boat has made the journey to and from Hilo for many years, and although she has lost both youth and beauty, she has the reputation of a well spent life, and the Captain says is still worth her weight in gold!

[Later]

I was awakened an hour since by the stopping of the boat. Wondering what the matter might be I hastily stepped into my slippers, donned my steamer coat and went forth.

Boats were being lowered which were soon filled with Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese and Hawaiians. Then the mail bags were thrown in and off they went for Lahaina, the capital of Maui, about one mile distant.

There were four native oarsmen to each boat, and I watched their long graceful strokes as the boats glided out into the water and were lost in the darkness. The Captain told me this island had no harbor, and that in this manner all passengers, freight and mail, must be landed. The boats were gone less than thirty minutes, bringing back with them passengers, freight, and mail for Hilo, and I am now in Social Hall adding this note to my letter.

P. S. No. 2.—It is a beautiful morning; the little town of Hilo lies before us in the sun, and I have just taken a picture of Coconut Island, which is only a point of lava rock sticking out of the sea and derives its name from the cocoanut trees that cover it. These trees, whose life and growth seem to require only a bit of rock and salt water, interest me more than any on the islands, with their bodies leaning and curving in every direction, leafless and bare for a hundred feet, until their palmlike top is reached with its bright yellow fruit slowly swaying in the upper air like a ship at sea.

The party is now ready, and we start immediately for the volcano, driving through Hilo and by Rainbow Falls.

XIX

WELL, I have seen it, the greatest active volcano in the world, situated on one of a group of islands the most isolated of the globe.

Leaving the dock about ten yesterday morning we drove through Hilo, the principal city of the island, situated on its eastern side and having a population of about seven thousand. Our chauffeur is a Portuguese. His name is Jose, and so many years has he furnished information and guided strangers through these mountainous defiles, over lava beds and crevasses, on up to

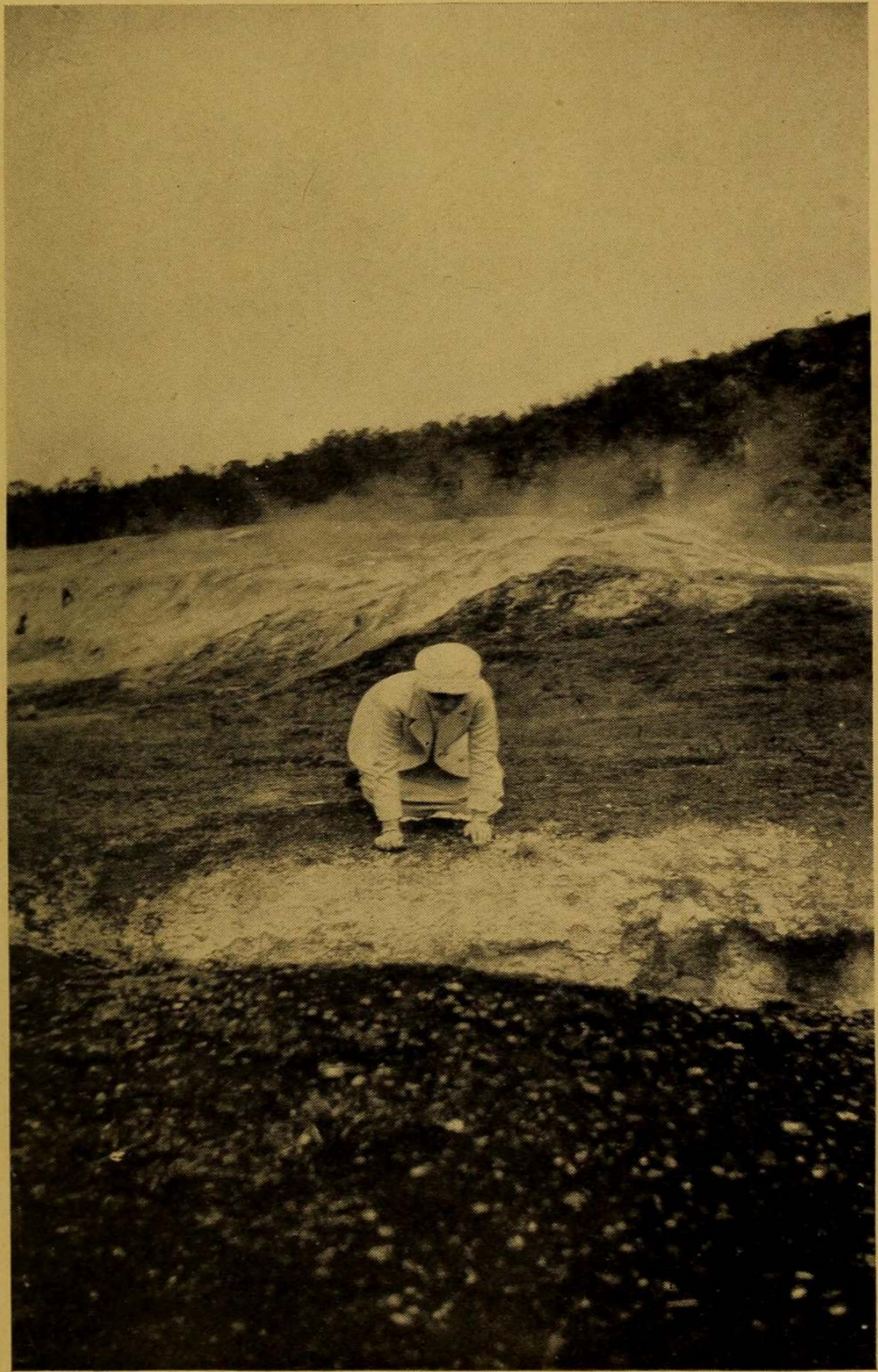
the snow-capped point of Mauna Loa, that simultaneous with the cranking of the machine his tongue is let loose upon us, and his intelligent description of all to be seen and the changes that have taken place in the past twenty years makes the trip to the crater one never to be forgotten; not alone for the luxuriant beauty of its tropical ferns, flowers and foliage, but for the glimpse it affords of past history and future possibilities.

Jose explained to us that Kilauea was not a mountain of itself, but a crater lake situated on the side of Mauna Loa, some twenty miles from its summit.

We traveled over a splendid road built by the Hawaiian Government nearly twenty years ago, and improved from time to time, until now the thirty mile ride to the Volcano House leaves you feeling none of the fatigue experienced by earlier tourists who made the journey upon the backs of pack horses, with their shawls, cloaks, umbrellas and edibles lashed behind.

At a turn in the road the hotel and grounds (four thousand feet above the sea) came suddenly into view, and our astonishment knew no bounds as the steam, smoke, and odor of sulphur burst upon us. From hundreds of pits and vapor cracks rolled clouds of dense white steam, humidifying the air for miles, while in the distance thick masses of smoke and vapor issued from the crater itself, some three miles away.

After a hearty lunch we sallied forth to visit the sulphur banks. For miles around were holes and cracks in the ground emitting vapors so strong with sulphur and other mineral odors that one could scarcely breathe when directly over them. Condensed steam dripped from our hands and faces as we stooped to examine ferns and grasses growing in these openings. The foliage was coated with a paste of sulphur, and it was a surprise to us that vegetation could abound under such conditions. These sulphur banks cover many



acres and glitter and sparkle like diamonds on a bed of gold.

On our return we visited the vapor bathhouse, which is only a shed, wherein sits a box with seat built over one of these steaming sulphur holes. It has a sliding lid with a hole for the head and here the bather sits, providing he can endure the temperature, which often rises to a scalding point.

The hotel is situated on the edge of the outer crater of Kilauea, six hundred feet above the great lava plain. There is a splendid automobile road for seven miles to the very brink of the inner fire pit. This pit itself is called *Hale-mau-mau*.

At three o'clock, with Jose at the wheel, we started on this road, which took us past the edge of many dead volcanoes, and afforded a view of most magnificent scenery. In this altitude the air is much cooler, with intermittent rain and sunshine. We asked Jose about this and he replied that it rained about eight times each day and eight days each week. I understand that in the vicinity of Hilo there really is an annual rainfall of fifteen feet.

We reached the inner crater about four o'clock, and leaving the machine made our way over the cold lava plain to the pit, which is situated in the center of this plain and encloses a lake of fire about one thousand feet in diameter. Sometimes this fire rises nearly to the edge of the cold lava, but just now it is about three hundred feet below the brink.

There is more than two thousand acres of this cold lava rock, forming a great level mesa with nearly perpendicular sides, eight miles in circumference. In cooling, this lava has taken on many peculiar shapes, some of it resembling twisted rope, while again it forms great waves like ocean billows; sometimes there are cone-shaped bubbles rising many feet in height, and again there will be great spaces as smooth as a floor, which

give out a hollow sound as you tread upon them, and all is of a bronze or dark metal color.

As we neared the brink of this pit there was a fearful hissing and splashing like the breakers of the ocean, and a terrible roaring like heavy thunder before a coming storm, and then the storm burst forth! But it was a storm of fire, which beat and raged against a burning shore. Great red billows were shot high in the air, dropping with a terrific thud back into the glaring lake. This wild fantastic scene takes possession of your every faculty, and you stand dumb before its awful glory!

I know not how long we stood here, awed into silence by this fearful scene, but after a while, following Jose, we made our way a mile or so over the cold lava to a fissure where shot forth blue flames and gaseous odors. Here we scorched postals for souvenirs, placing them on the end of sticks and holding them to the edge of the opening.

The sun had now gone down, but the burning pit threw its glare over the entire basin, making it almost as light as day. For a long time we stood watching this restless, ever changing sea of fire. Always of the fiercest red, the melted, boiling rock would gush upward like water, then falling back would come again in fine showers, like a sparkling fountain. The wind, catching these waterlike sprays, carries fine particles out upon the cold lava, which, collecting in the crevices lays in soft brown masses like a woman's hair. This spun rock is known as *Pele's* hair, and much of it is gathered for souvenirs.

The natives like to tell of the revered Queen Kapiolani I, who, being converted to the Christian belief, plucked the "sacred berries" from the borders of the volcano and while singing Christian hymns descended to the boiling lava and cast them into the lake of fire,

thus defying and breaking forever the power of the fire goddess, *Pele*.

It is a very ancient custom to cast gifts and offerings to this fire goddess, and for many years the tourists have imitated the natives in this act of worship. This gift throwing formed a pleasant feature of our entertainment last evening, when coins, flowers, books, gloves and many other things found a fiery grave. Having nothing else convenient I cast in my best sandwich, which, considering the state of my appetite, should have appealed very strongly to her majesty!

We drove home by moonlight, reaching the Inn about ten o'clock. The night was damp and chilly, so the big crackling *koa-wood* fire in the great hall was a welcome comfort, and as we dried and warmed ourselves Jose entertained us with native songs and dances. He was as complete a success in this line as he had been when guide and driver, and we shall ever remember him with pleasure and gratitude.

Before retiring we addressed and posted our souvenir cards, and were much surprised to find that although my roommate had not joined us in this card burning at the volcano, still she was posting a bundle of sixty! Imagine our amazement when she placidly remarked that she had scorched these in Honolulu over her electric iron! "*Where,*" said she, "*is the sense in burning your fingers and blistering your face over one of those infernal cracks, when you can sit comfortably in a rocker and brown them just to a turn?*" Dear old lady, her journeys around the world have not been in vain!

This morning we visited the tree molds, two or three miles from the hotel. These molds are formed by the downpour of hot lava upon a forest of trees, burying them completely, after which the charred tree crumbled away, leaving the hole bearing the exact shape of the tree thus cremated.

We then visited a *koa-wood* forest. This wood is

found in larger quantities on this island than any other of the group, but the demand being so much greater than the supply, it is quite expensive. We secured some nice canes, which we will have polished in Honolulu.

Later we descended to the lava basin by the foot trail, gathering flowers, ferns and "sacred berries" on the way. Here we found rustic bridges spanning the long deep crevasses, making it possible to reach the crater by this shorter route. However, it was now so late that we retraced our steps, reaching the hotel in time for luncheon, after which we visited the Government's seismogram station close by, where Dr. Allen kindly explained this marvelous little machine. It sits alone in a room whose floor of cement, sixteen feet deep, is as level as it is possible for anything to be made. We watched the working of its many sensitive parts through a glass wall, and afterward visited the Doctor's office above, where he showed us the charts bearing the notations registered by this marvelous piece of mechanism. There have been no eruptions of note since 1894, but the least quiverings of the earth for many miles is recorded here.

Some of our party are now gone to see the prison, others to visit a Hawaiian village, where the natives may be seen in their houses of grass, feeding upon raw fish and *poi*! I have remained behind to look over the "Volcano Books," containing remarks from many prominent people. Some of the entries are long and stupid, others absurd with comic pictures of the fire goddess, the mountain in eruption, and weary travelers on the trail. Aside from these there are some articles quite valuable, recording the date and extent of eruptions. Some of these date many years back. One written in 1868 says: "Kilauea is dry." Another of the same date reads as follows:

“ We have to-day made a full circuit of the crater and not found a trace of liquid lava, not a vestige of the incandescent lakes remaining; in the place of them vast pits, with beetling, toppling walls of frightful desolation. At least two-thirds of the area of the crater toward west and northwest have caved in and sunk about 300 feet below the level of the remaining portion of the old floor. Near the northwest corner, the principal seat of the fearful catastrophe of twelve days ago, there exists a deep chasm of about one-third mile in length, the surrounding grounds thrown in the utmost confusion and disorder. Heavy vapors of steam rise from most parts of the crater, almost from every crack and chasm, and the floor is in many places so hot that the hand does not bear its touch. During our stay below, twice heavy detonations occurred of falling rocky masses, indicating a continuous caving in of portions of the floor.”

I notice an entry by “ Mark Twain ” dated June 7th, 1866, which reads :

“ Like others who came before me, I arrived here. I traveled the same way I came — most of the way. But I knew there was a protecting Providence over us all, and I felt no fear. We have had a good deal of weather; some of it was only so-so (and to be candid the remainder was similar). But, however, details of one’s trifling experiences during his journey hither may not always be in good taste in a book designed as a record of volcanic phenomena; therefore, let us change to the proper subject. We visited the crater, intending to stay all night, but the bottle containing the provisions got broke, and we were obliged to return. But while we were standing near the South Lake, say 250 yards distant, we saw a lump of dirt about the size of a piece of chalk. I said: ‘ In a moment there is something unusual going to happen.’ We stood by for a surge and waited, but nothing happened — not at that time. But soon afterward we observed another clod of dirt about the same size. It hesitated, shook, and then fell into the lake. Oh, God! It was awful! We then took a drink. Few visitors will ever achieve the happiness of having two such experiences as the above in succession. While we lay there a puff of gas came along and we jumped up and galloped over the rough lava in the most

ridiculous manner, leaving our blankets behind. We did it because it was fashionable, and because it makes one appear to have had a thrilling adventure. We then took another drink, after which we returned and camped a little closer to the lake. I mused and said: 'How the stupendous grandeur of this magnificently terrible and sublime manifestation of celestial power doth fill the poetic soul with grand thoughts and grander images, and how the overpowering solemnity * * *.' Here the gin gave out. In the careless hands of Brown the bottle broke."

MARK TWAIN.

"Mark Twain" gave so many evidences of his delight with Hawaii, both in talks and in writings, that while he was building "Stormfield" a beautiful *koa-wood* mantel was sent him as a present from the Islands.

Very soon we start again for another visit to *Hale-mau-mau*. We shall carry our dinner and eat by the light of the burning lake!

XX

THIS is written as I sit in the crater of Kilauea volcano, watching the pit of fire below. The steam rolls through millions of crevices in the cold lava for miles around me, and my boots, braced in one of these cracks, drip with water from the steam.

I am just resting from a weird experience. Beneath this layer of lava there are numberless caverns or caves, which may be entered through openings, sometimes barely large enough for your body to pass through. I entered two of these today, and though I am glad I did so, I certainly have no desire to repeat the adventure. Squeezing my body through an aperture, I slid down about thirty feet to a bed of crumbling white sulphur. Following a speck of light in the distance I felt my way along the rough sulphur walls until I reached

this skylight. Climbing upward from stone to stone I reached my hands toward this opening and was drawn slowly to the surface by two guides who lay prone upon the ground in order to reach my fingers. This place is called the "Devil's Cave." From here I entered another cave called the "Devil's Kitchen," and to judge from the odors which greeted my nostrils I should say his Satanic Majesty was about to dine upon matches and burning powder! From the roof hung sticks of sulphur, which rattled to the rocks below as I touched them in passing. I could never tell you how beautiful this chamber was! Its walls were spangled with shining crystals, so bright that the room was radiant with a yellow light. I could see openings into other rooms, which, like this, were hung with myriads of glittering stalactites. I longed, O how I *did* long, to explore all those caverns, but so painful did the sulphurous gas become to my throat and eyes that I was forced to make my way back to the surface, but the memory of this beautiful fairyland and the mystery it holds will haunt me for years!

Think, as you read this letter, of its having been written by the light of a fire unquenchable!

XXI

O MOTHER dear! When I got your cable: "Stay for Pageant," I almost wept for joy, I was that happy! I read it out on the *lanai* and everybody rejoiced with me! They all said: "Let's celebrate," and I said: "Yes, let's!" And what do you think we did? You could n't guess in a million years, so I'll tell you. *We unpacked my trunk!* Now maybe that don't sound thrilling to *you*, but it *was*. And maybe it don't send *your* blood to a hundred and twenty in the shade, but it did *mine!* and while the gala days are

still with me I want to give you just a little off the edge.

It began, the day after I arrived from Hilo, with military parades and races. The city was packed to the guards. Besides tourists from all over the world, I think every other island of Hawaii was emptied into Honolulu. Everybody seemed happy and good-natured, and as usual the weather was perfect. The streets and buildings were decorated with flags intermingled with tropical foliage and flowers, many buildings being beautifully and artistically trimmed. Out in the bay visiting ships were flying flags of every nation, with the Stars and Stripes above.

In the afternoon the ex-Queen attended the races and many obtained her autograph on pretty little cards. In the evening we saw "The Tourist," a local talent comedy. It certainly was an opportunity to see yourself as others see you.

The next day we had the landing of Kamehameha I at Waikiki Beach, representing the invasion of 1795. The flotilla was really quite a sight, and we watched it for several hours moving slowly and gracefully to shore. Some of the boats had sails of *lauhala*, and all were of the outrigger style, many of them being lashed together. Kamehameha and each of his high chiefs had retainers, who carried spears, *kahilis* and other emblems. Of course the old king Kamehameha was the central figure, and very grand he looked, towering above all his warriors, with his wonderful feather head-dress, his long yellow cape and tall white *kahili*.

On the ground next to the ex-Queen's residence there was a wonderful public *luau*, lasting throughout the day.

The next morning came the parade, which formed in front of Iolani Palace, wending its way out to the review grounds, where there were hundreds of people with

cameras and kodaks. The floats were very beautiful, with people and costumes of many nations. Each of the eight islands was separately represented by a Princess and her retinue, and mounted on their horses, with their bright colored *pa-us* (long silk riding skirt) floating in the breeze, they made a gay and thrilling sight. There was a Chinese regiment of soldiers representing warriors of one thousand years ago. Then came the Japanese, Portuguese and other Orientals, all telling some story of their own country. And over, and around, and all through this gay cosmopolitan throng floated the American flag!

Out on the maneuver grounds, at the foot of Diamond Head, there were sham battles, races and parades, and in the evening the town was brilliantly lighted and noisy with entertainment!

These were truly gala days, and in perfect harmony with the happy light-hearted people whose land it really is.

I learned yesterday that the Chinese and Japanese form over half the population of these islands, while there is scarcely a fifth, full-blood Hawaiians.

Last week while riding we visited the Queen's Hospital, Public Library and Mid-Pacific Institute, which latter is an amalgamation of three old mission schools. It is situated in Manoa Valley, the buildings are large and imposing, of red lava rock, one for the girls and one for the boys. It is supported entirely by donations.

My spirit of adventure received a slight jar the other day when I was invited to visit the detention station for lepers, although I am told that after donning the rubber coat and gloves provided by the guard, there is really no danger whatever from contagion. In thinking of the lepers I have always associated them with hopeless misery and desolation, but they tell me

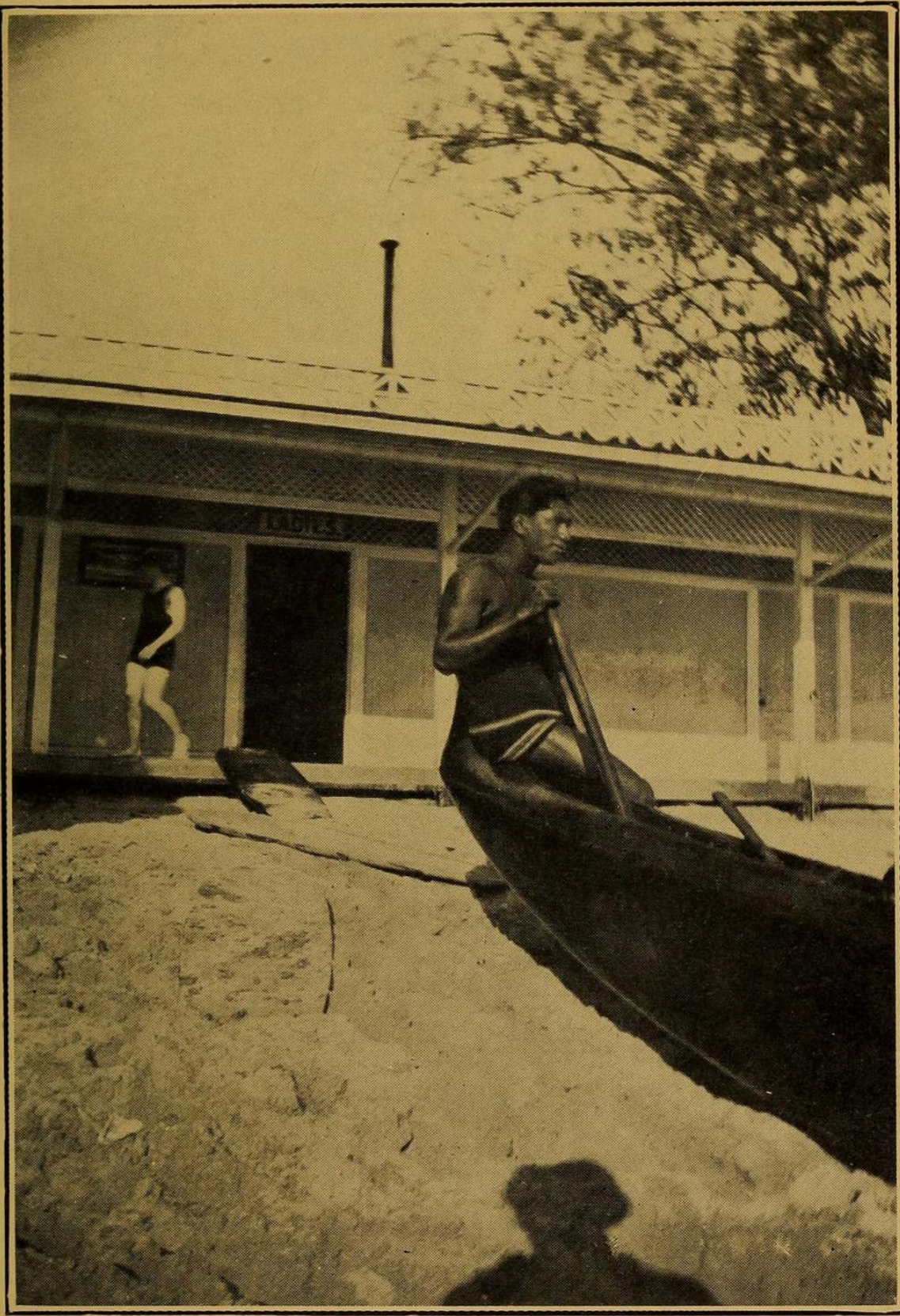
here that on Molokai the Hawaiian Government furnishes everything for their comfort and welfare, and they are really quite a happy and contented people. They have the best of food, plenty of clothing, a library and school, papers, tools of all kinds, musical instruments, theaters, moving picture shows, and in fact all the necessities, and many of the luxuries of life.

I have taken my last outrigger ride — with Duke in charge! He is very enthusiastic over shark hunting just now, and gave me an animated account of his first expedition, also some pictures, one where his head is framed in the jaws of his first victim. He explained that in shark hunting the body of a dead animal (preferably a horse) is carried a few miles from land, where it attracts the monsters. They are then harpooned and dragged to shore. This occupation is attended with no little danger, as these creatures are great fighters, and often tow the boat a considerable distance before they are brought under control.

I took several pictures of Duke, upon which he has written his name. Of course you can't pronounce it, scarcely anyone can at first, so we all call him "Duke." He is really of noble birth, his ancestors being high chiefs in the joyous days gone by.

Watching this happy nature-loving people in their beautiful setting of mountain and sea I can but wonder that a people writing and speaking so much on conservation of natural beauties should seek to make Hawaii less Hawaiian!

Last night I enjoyed my last motor ride to Waikiki Beach. I found it harder to part with this spot than any other, for I believe the happiest moments of my very happy visit have been spent at this place. Its beauties by day and by night are far beyond my powers to describe, and I feel with Dodge when he wrote his little poem, "At Waikiki":



“ So many words are said,
I will not try. With reverent eye
Will bow before the sea, and sky,
In silence, while my joy soars high,
At Waikiki.”

I was successful in changing my ticket to the “Korea,” and so after all I shall return on a real ocean liner.

And now it is over — my happy visit — and with “Mark Twain” I feel that “no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking as this one.” For me, too, its “balmy airs will be always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf beat in my ear,” and the voices of its gentle people make music in my heart!

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