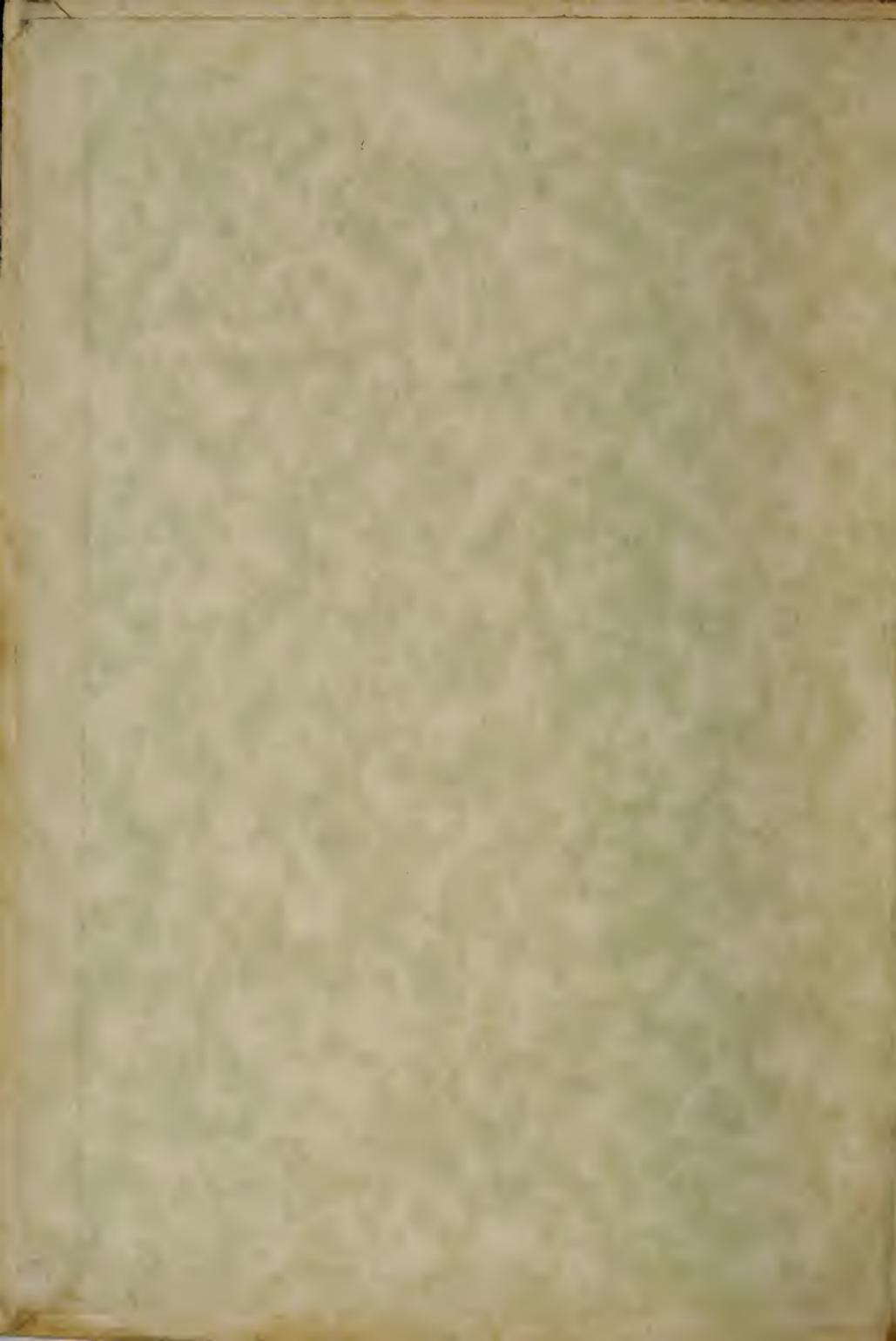


**SEVEN WEEKS  
IN HAWAII**

BY

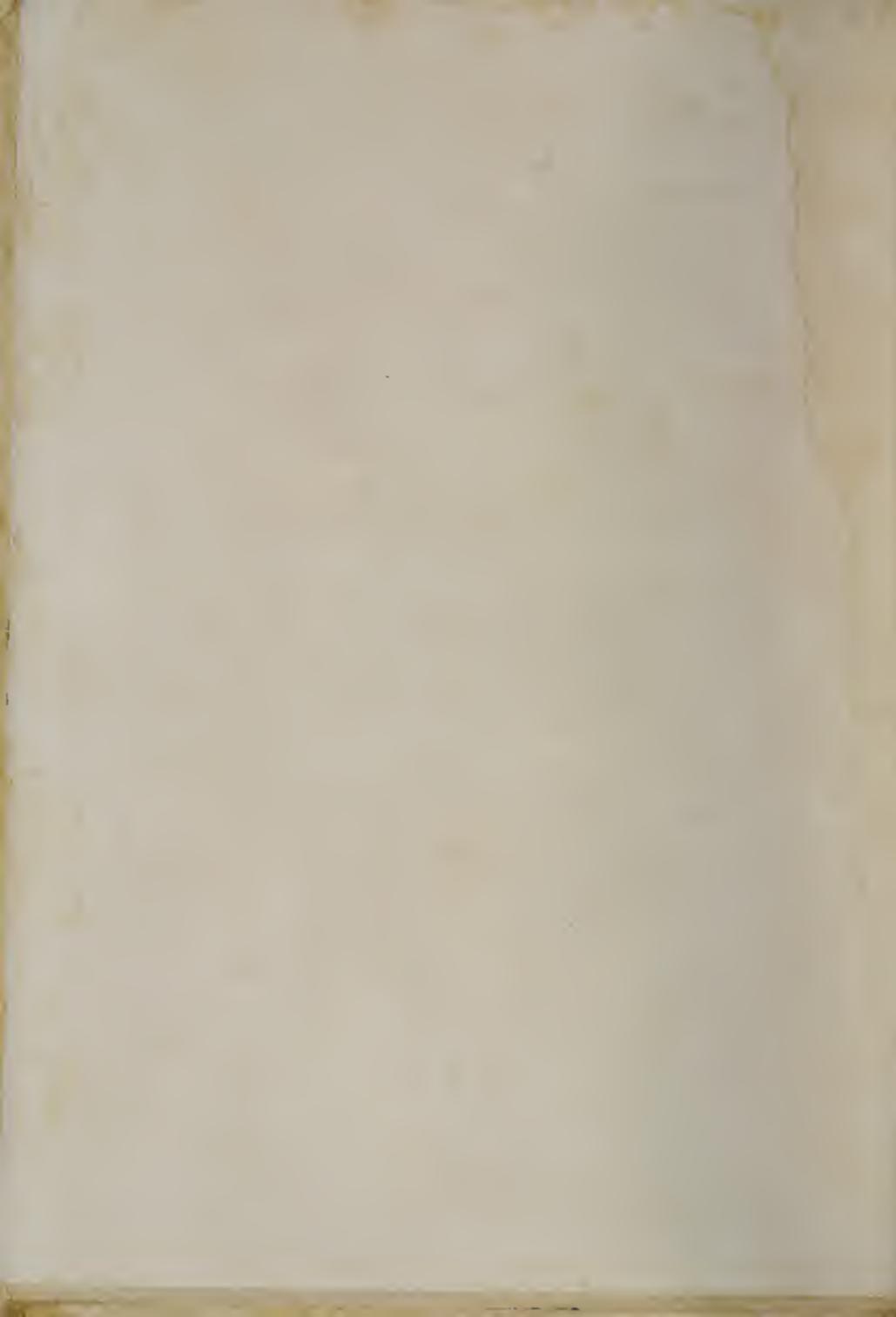
**AN AMERICAN GIRL**















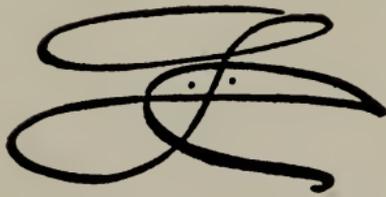
Hawaiian Girl.

SEVEN WEEKS IN  
HAWAII

By An American Girl

M. LEOLA CRAWFORD  
Author of  
"Seven Weeks in the Orient"  
Etc.

With Fifty-four Illustrations



JOHN J. NEWBEGIN  
San Francisco  
1917

Library of  
The Church College of  
Hawaii

*Handwritten notes in pencil:*  
June 1917  
M. Leola Crawford  
Feb 28

D

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M. LEOLA CRAWFORD



TO  
MY MOTHER







Feeding Upon Raw Fish and Poi.

# Seven Weeks in Hawaii

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## I

**H**A, 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 got 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 it sounded as if all the demons under the sea were let loose! And I loved it. I felt wild 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 one is 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.

## SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII

### II

**T**HIS morning we passed a great many spouting whales. We saw them quite distinctly, though they were some distance away.

We have just passed a sailing vessel—only a lumber or freight schooner of some sort, but it is always exciting to meet any old tub at sea.

The wind is down, we are making good time, and will anchor for Quarantine 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 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.



Lei Makers.

## SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII

On the walks here and there sat Hawaiian women weaving all sorts of gay 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 *lanais* (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, others stringing beads, reading or 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 air and sunshine.

# SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII

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





Waikiki Beach; Diamond Head in the background. In the right hand corner the champion girl swimmer of Hawaii riding a surf-board.

## IV

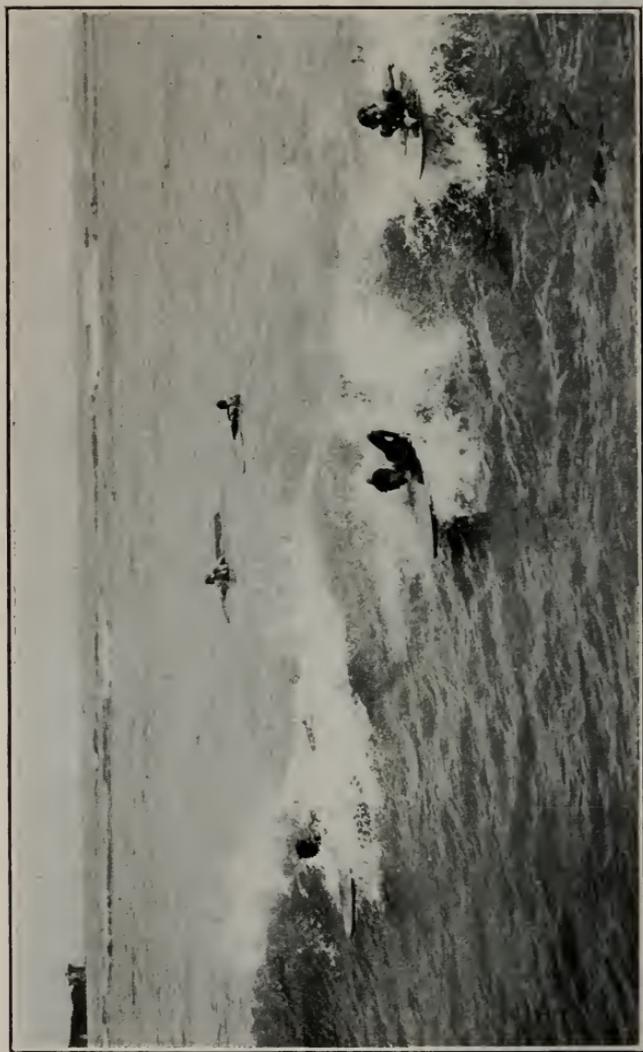
TO say that I am disappointed in not getting a letter from you by the boat yesterday is putting it mildly, and there will be no other for days. Mother dear, we're a great distance apart. I never realized this until about the fifth day out to sea, and then it dawned upon me that there was quite a pond 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 that 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 *lanais* 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 the climate been made 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.

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 Canoe Club House and grounds. This club is devoted to surf-board and canoe 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,

SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII



Surf-board riding.

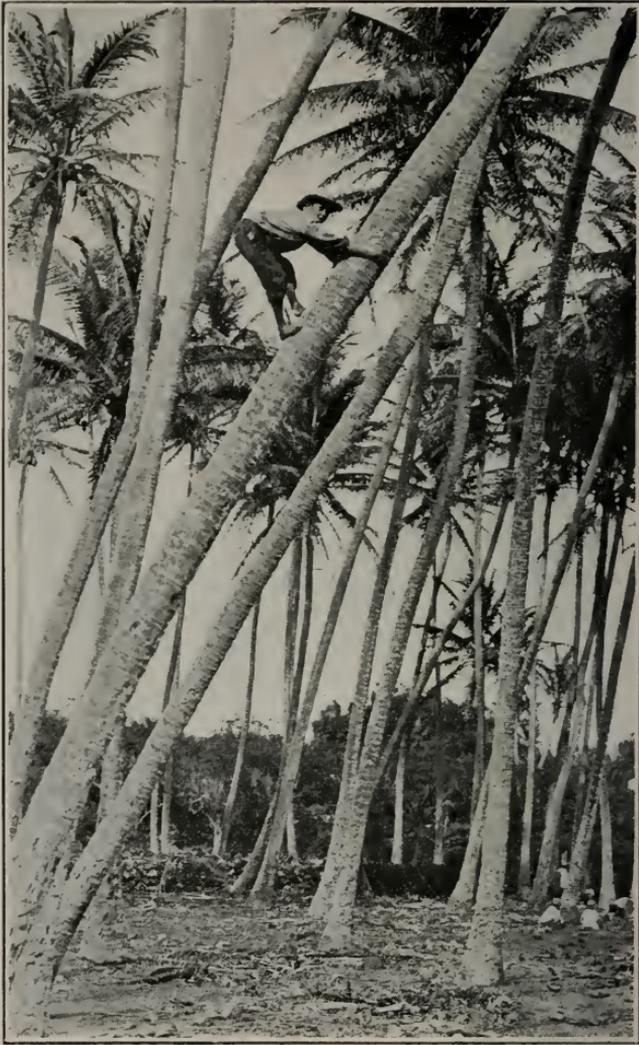
## SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII

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.

From this beach one has a beautiful view of Diamond Head, 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 completely encircling it. The lighthouse upon its side can be seen many miles to sea, and Diamond Head is one of the first points of land seen from the steamer as one nears 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 hostelry in Honolulu, a thoroughly modern place, which would compare favorably with any first-class hotel on the mainland.

SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII



"We watched a native climb a hundred foot cocoanut tree."

## 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 on the *lanai* two hours for a letter. The postman said there were some two hundred and fifty bags of mail yet to be distributed, so I am still hoping.

This country is so beautiful and I am so excited over it all that there seems to be no place for me to begin to describe my visit. We hunted *wilivili* beans in Thomas Square this morning, then crossing King Street to the old Cocoanut Plantation we watched a native climb a hundred foot cocoanut tree, loosen the fruit with his feet and slide merrily to the ground 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 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.

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## VI

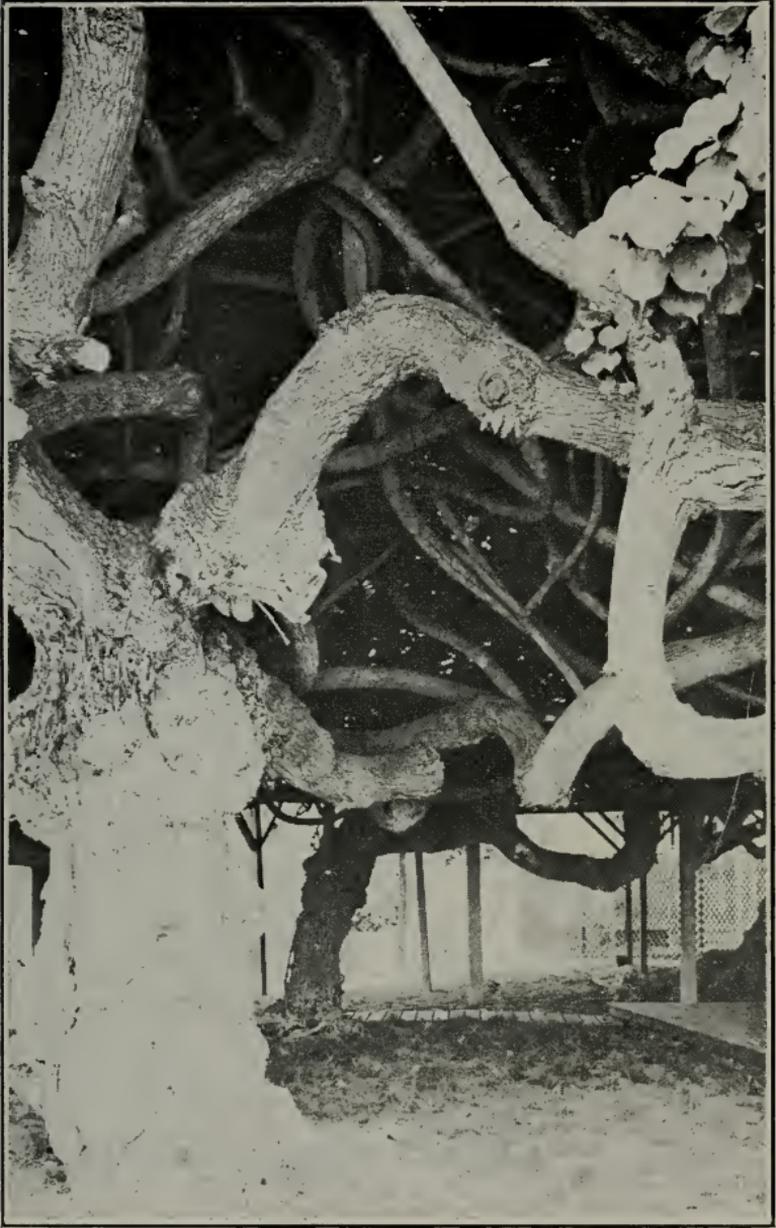
IT is just a week since I arrived in Honolulu. Time never went so quickly, yet when I think of you, and read your last letter written New Year's Day, it seems a year since I left home.

This morning we visited the fish market. I wanted specially to see the devil fish (octopus), or as they call it 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 joy.

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 that 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 Canoe 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.

Later we were shown through the old private grounds of the late Hon. A. S. Cleghorn. A coconut dropped from a tree close by, so I picked it up for a souvenir. For blocks the driveway was bor-



The Great Spreading *Hau* Tree.

## SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII

dered 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, through Kapiolani park, around Diamond Head, and back by 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 quite safe to stand beneath one of these trees. Cocoanuts weigh, with the hull on, from three to twenty pounds each.

I was also much interested in the tree on which the *calabash* grows. This *calabash* is of a globular



Hawaiian Contentment.

SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII



Duke P. Kahau amoky  
Honolulu, T. H.

shape, grows about ten inches in diameter and when ripe the shell is a tough wood. The globes are hollowed out by the natives and used as water jugs, food bowls and various other receptacles. There is also a kind of musical instrument made from them. The desired shape is obtained by binding the fruit while growing. Sometimes articles made from *calabashes* are highly polished and set in metals of different kinds.

At three o'clock they dropped me out at Waikiki, where I had an appointment to go riding in an outrigger canoe. We had engaged the services of the champion swimmer of the world to guide our boat. His name is Duke Kahanamoku. He carried the honors at the Olympic Games in Stockholm—one hundred yards in fifty-five and one-fifth seconds. He is a splendid looking fellow, 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 the surf-board. 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, this Duke was carrying me to shore "to keep the lady from getting wet" as he said, and how he laughed and showed his pearly white teeth. I am quite fond of "the Duke"!

Well, that canoe ride was a great success. Going far out from land 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 canoes about two feet wide by two feet deep, 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, one seems to find new amusement at every turn, 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.

## VII

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 six miles from Honolulu. We drove through the beautiful Nuuanu Valley, dotted here and there with pretty houses half hidden by cocoanut palms, breadfruit trees, algeroba, eucalyptus and the spreading monkey-pod, on up through the mountains to 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.”

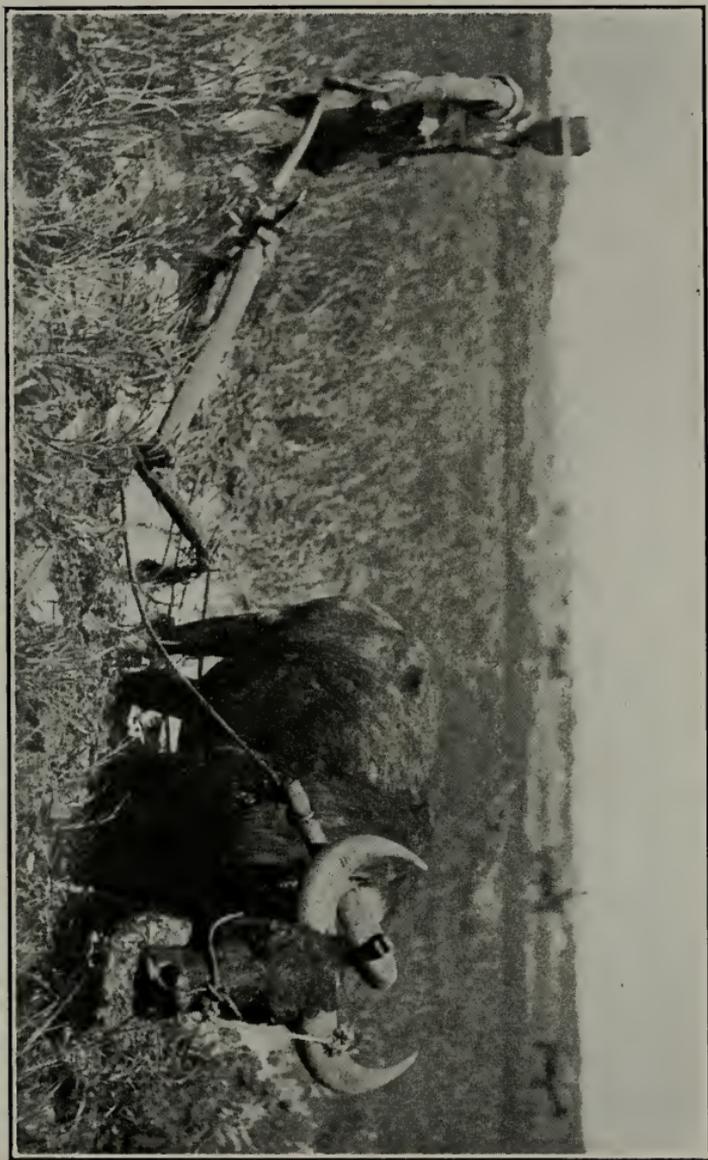
The *Pali* is one thousand feet above the sea and there is a splendid road to its summit, and on down its other side into the valley below. Through this mountain pass the wind sweeps with terrible force, and let the day be ever so calm below, there is always a gale over the *Pali*. It was so upon this 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

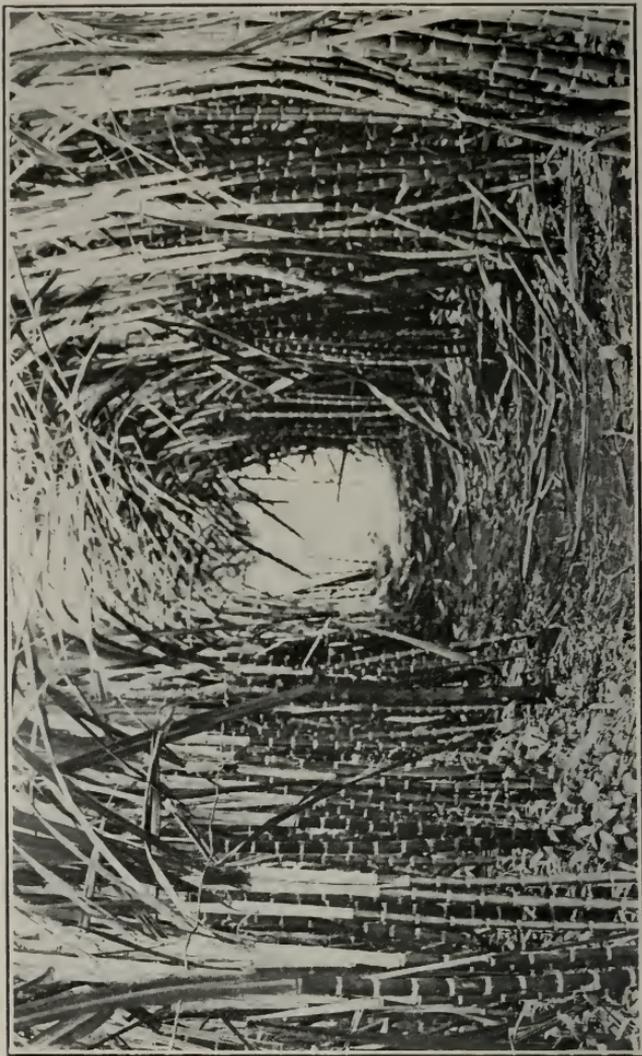
acres and acres of *taro*. The leaves of this plant resemble our calla lily in color, size and shape, and it is from the root that the principal native food, called *poi*, is made. We passed hundreds of beautiful green rice fields, in all stages of its growth. This rice is sown very thick and when only a few inches high is transplanted in water about three inches 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. The fields are plowed by the water-buffalo, a homely, gentle little creature with much power of endurance.

As we rode around the *Koolau* side 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, *hau*, and algeroba trees. The guava is a popular fruit and famous for preserving. The *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, *lanais* and yard decorations. The algeroba trees bear long beans



Water-buffalo.



Sugar-cane field.

which are ground and used for horse feed. It seems that all parts of a tree find utility somewhere—the body, bark, leaves, fruit, blossoms, seeds and sometimes even the roots.

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 were 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 but one sugar refinery on the Islands, and its capacity is sufficient for home use only.

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 light and air.

Going on, we passed Schofield Barracks, the largest military post under the American flag, and beyond, from the plateau, we had a splendid bird's-eye view of Pearl Harbor. At this wonderful landlocked port are situated the United States Naval Station and Dry Docks.



Gathering pineapples.

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 ripen in from twelve to fifteen months. In eating the fruit direct from the grove one gets 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.



A Luau.

## VIII

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, queer and unpalatable looking. It was mostly cooked under ground, I was told, in a large hole, hot stones being heaped upon it. Their food, manner of eating, their houses and 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 the Hawaiians are a very generous and hospitable people, and would divide the last morsel with one. On the strength of my late arrival I excused myself from dining. 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.

The Princess Theresa took the yellow *leis* from her own neck and placed them upon 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. The Princess told us that the ex-Queen had called in the afternoon. Truly it was an interesting evening, and one that I shall never forget. And as though this was not excitement enough for *one* while—this morning I saw the Queen! It happened this way.

I had received an invitation to a fried banana breakfast and was just starting when a friend telephoned me that the band was on its way to the ex-Queen's home, Washington Place. The Royal Hawaiian Band has for many years serenaded Queen Liliuokalani once a month, and I had promised myself the treat of this occasion. Within twenty minutes I 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 that she was ever a handsome woman, even at her best, but now in spite of age and 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.



Ex-Queen Liliuokalani and her Home, Washington Place.

Guests arrived in carriages, paid their respects and left floral offerings. The aged Queen 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. Later I saw the Queen and the maid have quite a little conversation, apparently about me, the maid evidently telling her that I wanted a picture. She looked at me searchingly several times, and finally bowed assent.

I excused myself to my host and hostess for being late to breakfast, saying that I was in the presence of royalty, and could not leave sooner! They became excited, losing their appetites instantly, and snatching their hats they too ran to see the first lady of the land. 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 variety, not good uncooked. The peel is red, and the fruit is twice the thickness of an ordinary banana.

I spent this afternoon shopping. 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, together with several strands of seeds which are strung as beads and worn by the native women. The bright red ones are called *wiliwili*; they grow on trees in long brown pods. The tiny brown ones are *mimosa* and are boiled and strung while soft. The thin flat black ones are called *opiuma*, 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 *nūhau*, 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 Islanders burned in earlier times for light. These nuts 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 Island 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 one touches 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 the 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.

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 that 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.

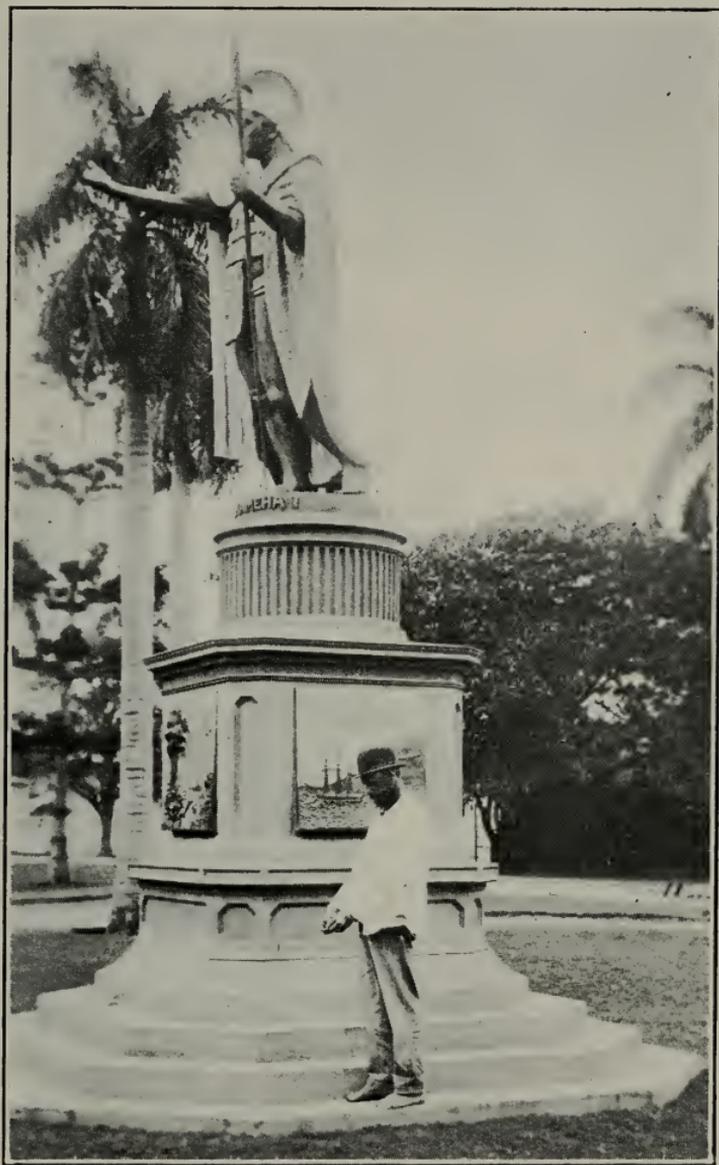
I am beginning to enjoy the fruits very much. I have eaten for the first time the *vi*, *guava* and *alligator pear*; the *mango*, *sweetsop* and luscious *water-lemon*. I have discovered a peculiar thing, one must cultivate a taste for foreign fruits. At first they seem insipid and one feels quite able to do without them, but gradually one learns to crave them.

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. It was held at one of the most beautiful residences on the Island, 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 *papaya*. Neglecting to place this over a dish of water (as one must always do here with his sweets) I find that hundreds of little red ants have eaten an entrance into each piece and disappeared, but I know where they are. Ants are in such quantities here that they are really quite a pest, but just think, there is not a venomous 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 "extra rapid" films everywhere except on the water. I was out picture making yesterday morning and among others I secured 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 a demented Portuguese 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 that it was here and at that 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.

About noon I reached *Laniakoa*, a most romantic spot in the very heart of the downtown district. This old homestead, that has by some miraculous providence escaped the fate of modernization, is as its name indicates, a "Haven of Rest," where one may enjoy a delightful lunch served by Chinese maids in Oriental costumes. I entered the place by a wicket



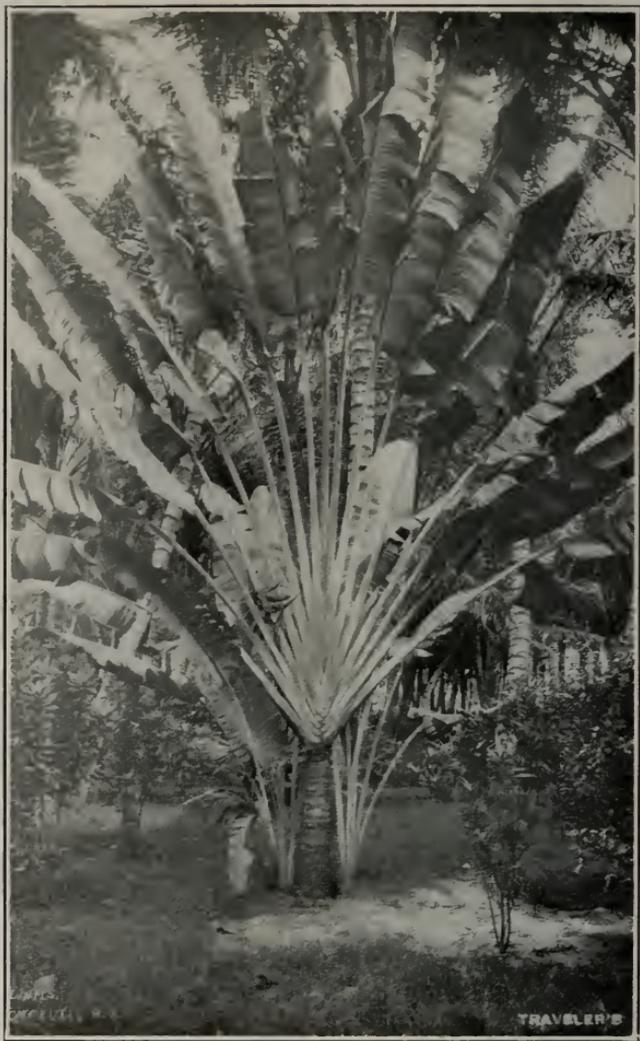
Statue of Kamehameha I and its self-appointed guardian.

gate and following a long narrow path reached the big rambling house with its many rooms and broad *lanais*. I selected a table nearest the climbing jasmine and for some time relaxed to the peace and quiet of the spot. After lunch I wandered indoors, much interested in the splendid display of Island novelties and bits of art for sale there, but in the gardens I tarried long where, 'neath old grass huts, native women were making *tapa* fabrics and weaving hats of *lauhala* leaves to sell to the *malihinis*. An aged Kanaka was engaged upon hollowing out a large *poi* bowl, slowly chipping the *koa-wood* block with an ancient chisel. From an interpreter I learned that this human relic was nearly one hundred years old and was the famous chanter of the Islands. For a bit of silver he was persuaded to render me a love legend which, though weird and interesting, proved too elongated for my time and patience, and with a bow of thanks I was turning away when the interpreter whispered that it was a great breach of Hawaiian etiquette to depart before the conclusion of a chant. Resuming attention I endured to the end and was about to demonstrate my appreciation of the *finis* with a dime when I was admonished that this would set the bard off again and I would be obliged to remain through another score. So with a good-bye nod I hurried away.

From here I visited a curio stall, where I mailed to you some postals of the night-blooming cereus, wine-palm, traveler's palm and banyan tree. The first mentioned is the botanical wonder of the Islands. I have seen miles of this cactus in the form of hedge, sometimes six or seven feet in height, surrounding parks and private residences. The fruit of the wine-palm is not edible, but as it hangs in long graceful festoons, from three to four feet in length,

Night-blooming *Cereus*, the Botanical Wonder of the Islands.





Traveler's Palm.

the tree is very beautiful. The traveler's palm is, I think, quite the most ornamental tree I ever saw. It derives its name from the fact that travelers in desert countries may be refreshed from water stored in the leaf sheaths. You will notice that 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.

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 that 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.

THE "Cleveland" is in, having arrived at nine last night, and I am hoping that 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 that 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., from the Kamehameha dynasty down to the time of the missionaries' arrival were reproduced. All 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, the skirts to the knees are covered with a native grass, while the long black hair is held in place with yellow wreaths; green vines are twined about the arms and the shoulders are covered with many *leis*. 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 Kaa'i 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 any-



*Hula Dancer and Her Home.*

## SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII

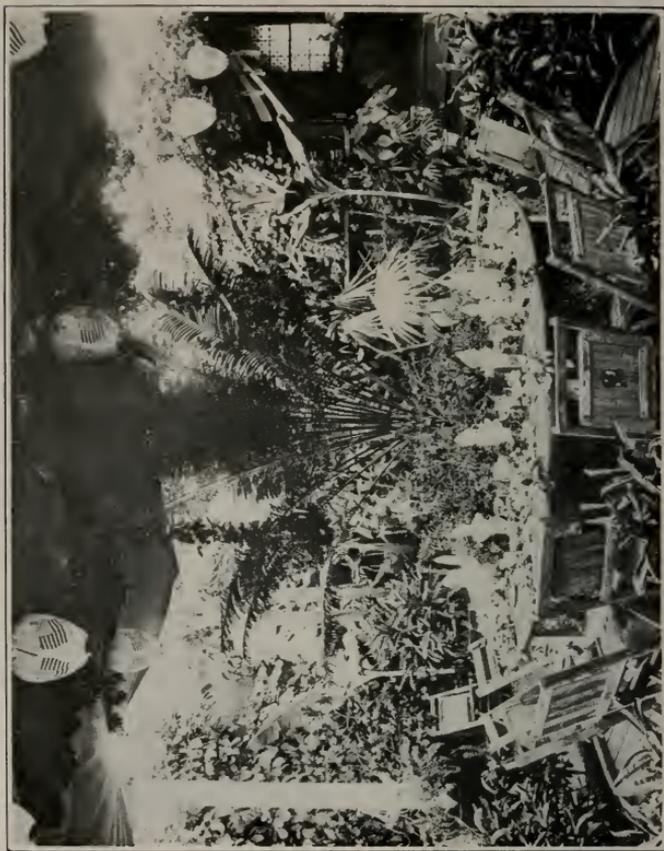
thing earthly, and has been ringing in my ears ever since. They sang many very beautiful things, however, and this musical was by far the better part of the entertainment.

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."



*Hula Dancers.*

WHAT a time I have had since I last wrote you! The most interesting evening that 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 fire-crackers 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 that 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 a 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. The dinner 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 to my partner, who admonished me, explaining that Chinese hospitality would compel our host to present me with a pair, and that they



The Banquet.

were quite expensive. I really ate with them every course that was served, even the rice, with such marked success that at the end of the meal Mr. Chung Loy arose and proposed a toast to "Miss C—, the lady who like chopstick better than fork." They all clapped their hands and I was presented with a piece of Chinese tapestry. Then a prominent Japanese escorted us through Chinatown to a Japanese teahouse, where, after leaving our shoes at the entrance, we 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 the 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, one has a wonderful view of the city and its surroundings. On one side one sees acres of lovely vegetable gardens, which with their many colored leaves and vines appear, at that distance, like vast flower beds. Looking toward Diamond Head one gets a splendid view of Manoa Valley, one of the most beautiful residence districts in the Islands. Here the rainfall is much more frequent than in other localities and the color-arches that follow these showers have given to the place the name of Rainbow

Valley. This ethereal phenomenon is doubtless responsible for the legend of the Princess Ka-hala who once dwelt in the foothills of Manoa and was of such dazzling beauty that her shining loveliness radiated all the colors of the rainbow. The story continues that after a short but eventful career this glorious maiden met her death by a jealous lover who, taking the form of a shark, ate her up. Her mother, the goddess of rain, was inconsolable and her constant tears water the valley to this day. The incidents of this fable particularly appealed to me at the moment as I had accepted an invitation to spend the afternoon with a friend living there.

We had walked up the trail but returned by the road, passing many huts and cottages where live the Chinese, Portuguese and Japanese laborers employed in the Government's experimental station situated on the side of the Bowl. Arriving at a cocoanut grove my appetite clamored loudly for green nuts but I dared not tarry lest I be late for my appointment at one. Altogether we had tramped about eight miles.

It required a bit of haste but I was ready betimes and driving out Punahou Street to the Oahu College campus we turned east and were soon in the dream-haunted valley of Manoa. 'Tis said that here, in a grove of wild hibiscus trees, dwells the god of wind. But his habitat is mostly deserted since his restless moods carry him up and down the valley day and night, his temper sometimes reaching the fury of a hurricane. My friend's home, situated on an elevation (Owl's Hill) near the center of the valley, is anchored with steel cables against the wrath of this airy deity whose windy exhibitions demonstrate undying sorrow for his daughter, the rainbow princess.

Up a winding roadway bordered with terraced gardens and tall iron trees we reached the home on the

hill where, long before its gabled roofs and broad *lanais* graced the spot, a *heiau* stood. This temple was dedicated to *Puco*, the owl-god who, from his residence on the hill, governed all Manoa. But the temple and the wise old owl have long since passed away and in their stead reposes a vine-covered villa with broad open lawns exhibiting fruits and flowers of almost every variety indigenous to the Islands.

Of course there were banana trees, lemon, lime, orange and tangerine, but there were also many kinds that I had not seen before, among them the mammoth *pomelo*, much like grapefruit only larger and a thousand times better, and the wonderful scarlet-skinned plums that are not plums at all but balls of delicious white sauce dripping a thick tart cream.

One section of the hillside was devoted to small fruits, rosegardens and flowering creepers with a glass orchid house, sunken ferneries and a tiny screened orchard containing acclimatized fig trees from Smyrna. Dwarfed cocoanut and date palms grace the southern slope, together with the ornamental *mango* and *breadfruit* trees. The latter is similar to the fig tree only the leaves are some twelve inches across. The fruit resembles a green orange in shape and color but is about four times the size. When baked it tastes like a sweet potato and is really quite good. Here too I found the lovely *kukui* with its curious shells of oil, and the broad-spreading *litchee* where grows the sweet nut with the burr shell that I have so often bought from Chinese urchins on the streets of San Francisco.

Another sunny slope was cut off by a gorgeous hibiscus hedge forming a great green wall more than ten feet high set with flaming blossoms. Through an arch in this wall we entered a *papaya* garden.



Papaya Trees.

An orchard of these trees is a truly startling sight as the fruit does not grow on limbs but clings tightly to the body of the tree which is straight with no branches, the large fig-like leaves developing from long stems that shoot from its top. The rind of the fruit is light green in color while the pulp is deep orange. A ripe *papaya* resembles our cantaloupe in shape and size but has a sweet insipid taste. It is said to be rich in pepsin and is a general favorite in the Islands, being grown more extensively than any other fruit except the pineapple.

Time passed so swiftly in these extraordinary gardens that it was late afternoon before we sank into comfortable chairs on the cool *lanai* and had tea. We faced the ocean and far away across the valley's green lap we could see old Diamond Head guarding the crescent beach of Waikiki with its white line of surf and its misty fringe of palms. It had been another flawless day in a perfect land!

A little after six o'clock we left the sweet valley with its green scents and silent harmonies and motored to the summit of Punch Bowl, making my second trip there yesterday. The sun was like a big red moon slowly sinking in the sea. Here upon the Islands there is 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.

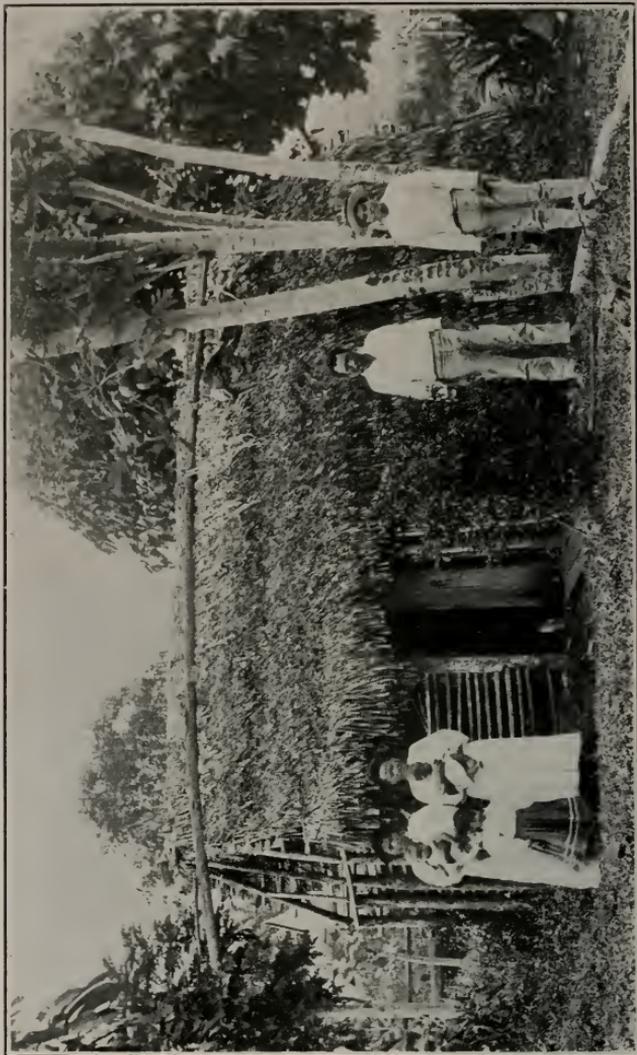
Aloha, dear heart, until the next boat sails.

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, so still that even the tops of the cocoanut trees, which always catch the slightest breeze, were motionless, and so brilliant that one might read with perfect ease. *This is moonlight in the tropics!*

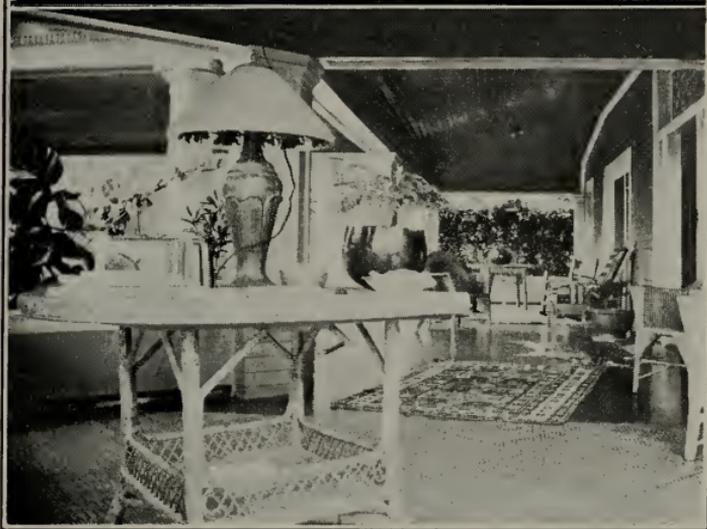
Last Tuesday I went alone to visit the Royal Mausoleum, situated in the beautiful Nuuanu Valley. In the grounds were numbers of stone monuments, with the names of the sovereigns or members of their families cut thereon.

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 that 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



A Typical Hawaiian Home of Old.



A Honolulu Home and Hospitable *Lanai* of Today.

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 green *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.



Hawaiian Fisherman.

## XIII

**T**RULY, "The way of the transgressor is hard!" My muscles are so sore that I can scarcely bend; my fingers so stiff that it is with difficulty 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). 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. In this position the feet act as propeller, the hands as balancing power. Paddling far out we would wait for a wave and as it fell we were caught in its milky surf and washed with lightning speed to the beach. This is surely a reckless sport but, O, 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! 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 gardens 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 that 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 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 the ex-Queen in the old mansion now known as the "Arlington Hotel."

The old Damon house is open to visitors and is filled with antiquities of many kinds; beautiful *kouwood* bowls, the largest I have seen; polished coconut 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 the 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.

The park contains many hundreds of acres, with paved roads, beautiful little waterfalls, tiny bridges,

## SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII

wooden seats and clusters of tropic flowers, trees and shrubs. Truly it is a paradise. There is a monkey-pod in this park said to be the largest tree on the Island. It 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 still 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*, their many legends and the pathos of their fast departing life running through my brain until, in my pensive mood, their music became the requiem of a decaying people.



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

I have been having an interesting time this week, all my days being full. I have visited a *poi* factory. You know that *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 *kou-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



Banyan Tree.

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"Tula Palms."

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found in Hawaiian waters, and many of them nowhere else in the world.

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 the matting to form four-foot squares in which a party or whole family would sit, leaning their sandals against the beam.

On first entering the 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. There were embroidered silks of every shade and design—brocaded obis, gay sunshades, beaded slippers, bunches of paper flowers, gaudy fans and many other pretty extravagances. These we afterward learned were presents for the actors.

I think that "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 bonbon boys served to the audience

## SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII

*hard boiled eggs!* Of this delicacy the "foreign people bought and paid for" 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 that 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.



LAST 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 Puna, Hawaii, the last *heiau* where the natives worshiped, and further on a plaster group of *tapu* 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 *tapu* 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 open-

## SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII

ing 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 coconut 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. For the game much pains was taken in preparing the road, 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, the candles being made from nuts

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of the *kukui* tree, after being roasted, shelled and strung.

There was quite a collection of rare *kou-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 *kou-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 shells being put to varied and 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 are the two gilded thrones with the gold crown and sceptre.

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From here we passed 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 that it had not been worn since the days of Kamehameha II, but on state occasions had been placed over the throne. She told us that 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 habit 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 were 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 that 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 is never used on ordinary occasions, being reserved for festivities in which the king or high chiefs take 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

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the body lies 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.



A High Chief and his *Kahilis*.

WELL, Mother dear, last night I was a real Hawaiian! Only a fishermaid, and my role lasted scarce an hour, but, O, that hour! Where but in these enchanted isles could one enjoy sport so weird and thrilling! It was impromptu and came at the close of a perfect day.

I had spent the afternoon with some friends at Waikiki and dined on the beach rather late. There was no moon, but by the twinkling lights from cottages strung along the shore we walked the high sea wall until checked by the lashing waves of the incoming tide, which now and then swept entirely over the ramparts. Moonlight in the tropics is glorious, but the dark nights, too, have their charm, and for some time we stood gazing out over the black sea where in the distance glimmered bobbing lights, dancing like will-o-the-wisps in the purple darkness. These drew nearer and nearer and our interest became actual excitement as we heard voices and realized that the lights were torches carried by native men and women who, waist deep in the water, their brown bodies glistening in the wavering light, were noisily collecting eels, crabs, *squid* and shellfish which they dropped in baskets and buckets fastened to their bodies. So infectious became their happy voices in song and laughter as they pursued armies of crustacea over the shallow froth-waves, across the fluxing sand and up the stone wall where we stood, that from sheer inability to remain inactive we abandoned our elevation literally and figuratively, dropping to the sands below with minds attuned and hearts ablaze for conquest. What cared we for wet feet and dripping gowns! Such minor details were of small moment in the joy of this wild water-hunt! I have read much and seen

something of aquatic sports, but this hide and seek with the black shell crab, this wild race with the things of the sea, was the queerest, was the weirdest, was the maddest of them all!

The good ship "Nile" brought your messages yesterday. I am so glad that 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 home again. "No, not home again," but, as Mark Twain said, "in prison again and all the wild sense of freedom gone." I think I must have lived and loved here in some past incarnation for I drop so easily into the Island customs, and to me the sun, sand and flowers are pure gold.

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 that 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.

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Thousands of Japanese Women Work in the Cane-fields.

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 that the 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

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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.



I WRITE on a table 'neath the loveliest vine from which hang myriads of wonderful blossoms repeating in form and color the artful Chinese lantern—a little bamboo hoop at the top, then all swelled out fat and round and closed at the bottom with a lovely silk tassel! They are bright orange painted with streaks of scarlet and are called the “lantern flower.”

I should like to linger a week at this hotel (Hilo) were it not for the rain. How it pours! But the lovely birds make it cheerful and the banks of beautiful ferns bordering the cool *lanais* are such a joy that one almost forgets the skies. And when the sun does shine—O, the glory of it all, it's too good to be true!

I had a wonderful swim this morning in the most heavenly lake in the world! Waiwelawela, the hot springs of Puna. This was once the royal swimming pool and surely no regal form was ever laved in softer balm than this bubbling pool of Puna! It is situated on the most easterly point of Hawaii and we motored through forests of tree-ferns and fields of sugar-cane some twenty-five miles. Then leaving the machine we walked through an elfland of sylvan solitude to Waiwelawela: a great broad well of unknown depth, crystal clear, all bound about with mossy boulders from which hang festoons of feathery ferns, while one looks skyward through spreading boughs of *guava* laden with ripe yellow fruit. And, O, the lovely warm water right in the midst of a really wild forest! How I longed to carry the bubbling thing home with me, but consoled myself with the thought that had its removal been possible I had not had it today; for I count it one of life's richest boons that it was mine a whole hour—mine alone—with no one near save my companion and our Chinese guide



The Hot Springs of Pana

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perched on a rock high above. When this boy bid us adieu at parting he bowed low and, as is the Chinese custom, wished us ten thousand years of happiness. I replied that even should his wish come true yet would I never forget my glorious swim today!

There is a beautiful legend connected with this medicinal spring which I wish I had time to pen for you, Mother, but our party is now ready and we start immediately for a visit to the Kaumuana caves and the beautiful Rainbow Falls.



Bananas Growing.



*Kilauea.*

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 Hilo at nine A. M., we traveled over a splendid road built by the Hawaiian Government twenty years ago and improved from time to time, until now the thirty mile ride to the Volcano House leaves one 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.

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 simultaneously with the starting of the machine his tongue is let loose upon one 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.

The wide and splendidly built road has no steep grades but winds gradually upward through great cane plantations and delightfully quaint villages with ramshackle dwellings where are housed the laborers of the fields. There are fern-clad dells with trickling springs and chirping things, and narrow trails leading to picturesque mountain homes smothered in ferns and creepers, the plants and bushes ablaze with gorgeous coloring. Scattered along the fragrant roadway are great trumpet plants tall as trees, from which hang

huge bell-shaped blossoms, white as milk, and diffusing an odor almost painfully sweet. From the forest trees hang parasitical plants called bird's-nest ferns whose broad pendant leaves trail to the ground or twine themselves gracefully about the trunks.

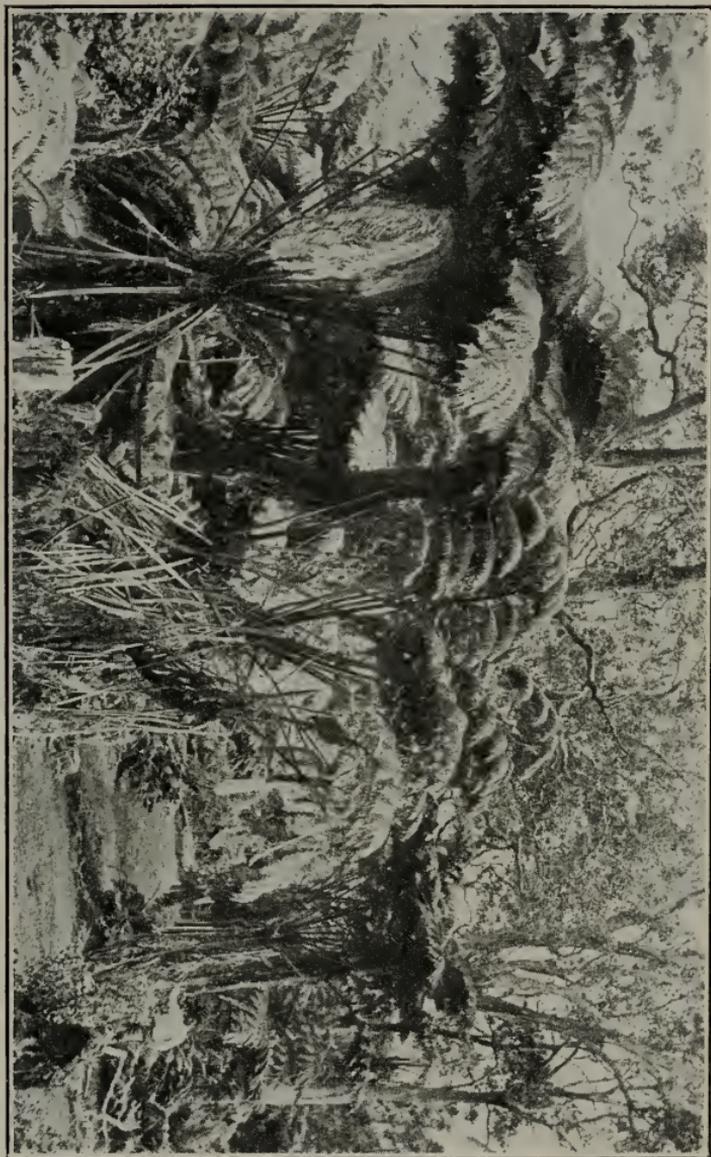
But the prince of the forest is the ever-present tree-fern which, in its mammoth proportions, reminds me of Jack's "Bean Stalk," for, like that anomalous growth, these fronds seem but a fairy-tale. The thick cork-like bodies are straight and strong and support at their top a mass of feathery ferns whose great lacy leaves reach out protectingly over their creeping sisters.

The way becomes more and more a tropical jungle, colorful with blossom and berry, the gaudy nasturtiums, fuchsias, begonias and dainty pink roses making a veritable hot-house of contending odors. Purple orchids peep coyly around bunches of wild ginger which shoot their stalks of creamy flowers through massed vines and clinging creepers.

But gradually we worked above these dense growths and anon exchanged the perfumed breath of woody things for the odors of *Pele's* caldron. Jose explained to us that *Kilauea* was not a mountain itself, but a crater lake situated on the side of *Mauna Loa*, some twenty miles from its summit.

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 vapor so strong with



Tree Ferns.

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Sulphur Vapors Roll From Hundreds of Cracks and Crevices.

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 yellow paste and it was a surprise to us that vegetation could abound under such conditions. As we reached the fields of pure sulphur our feet made a crunching sound as though treading on frozen snow. These banks cover many acres and glitter and sparkle like diamonds on a bed of gold.

On our return we visited the vapor bath-house, which is only a shed containing a box with seat built over one of these steaming sulphur holes. The box 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 *Kilauca* six hundred feet above the great lava plain. There is a splendid automobile road around this outer crater to the very brink of the inner fire-pit. At three o'clock, with Jose at the wheel, we started on the road, which affords a view of most magnificent scenery including many dead volcanoes, the most picturesque of these dormant craters being *Kilauca Iki*, or little *Kilauca*. In this altitude the air is much cooler with intermittent rain and sunshine. Jose told us that it rained about eight times each day and eight days each week. But one doesn't mind vacillating weather here, since the rain is scarcely more than liquid sunshine.

We reached the inner crater about four o'clock and leaving the machine made our way over the lava plain. There is more than two thousand acres of the cold lava rock, forming a great level mesa with nearly perpendicular sides fully six hundred feet deep and about eight miles in circumference. In cooling



The Dormant Crater of *Kilanua Iki*.

the 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 one treads upon them, and all is of a bronze or dark metal color. The boiling pit (called *Hale-mau-mau*) is situated in the center of this plain and encloses a lake of fire a thousand feet in diameter. Sometimes the fire rises nearly to the edge of the cold lava, but just now it is about one hundred feet below the brink.

As we neared the edge 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 back with a terrific thud into the glaring lake. One never tires of gazing upon the magnificent spectacle, as the entire scene changes with perplexing frequency. For a second there is a soul-thrilling moment of quiet in a glow of molten gold, then in titanic explosions from beneath great waves rise up, belching forth geysers of gigantic proportions that fling far and wide their burden of molten rock, while deadly gases of translucent blue flash from jagged rents in the sides of the cavern. These wild fantastic scenes take possession of your every faculty and you stand dumb before their awful glory!

I know not how long we stood there, awed into silence by the fearsome scene, but after a while, following Jose, we found our way a mile or so over the cold lava to a fissure where shot forth flames and gaseous odors. Here we scorched postals for sou-

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In cooling, the lava has taken on many peculiar shapes. This formation is called the "Devil's Picture Frame."

venirs, 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 the 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 water-like 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 the 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 at the time, 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 our-

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selves Jose entertained us with native songs and dances.

Before retiring we addressed and posted our souvenir cards, and were much surprised to find that although my roommate had not joined us in the 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 the hotel 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 brozen them 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. The 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 the island of Hawaii 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 the volcanist kindly explained this marvelous little machine. It sits alone in a room whose floor of cement, sixteen

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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 office above, where we were shown 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: "*Kilauca* 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

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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!

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 one's 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 into the antechamber of another world where "mystery was atmosphere and ordinary air to breathe was not at all." Following a speck of light in the distance I felt my way along the rough sulphur walls until I came to this skylight. Climbing upward from stone to stone I reached my hands toward the 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, though it smelt and felt of the nether world! 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



Molten Lava in the Pit of *Kilauea*. A Thirty-Minute Exposure made at Midnight.

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*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 forever!

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



There is More than Two Thousand Acres of this Cold Lava.



Champion Woman Diver of the World, Taken During the Pageant.

ON my return trip from Hilo I wanted very much to visit the great mountain of Haleakala (House of the Sun), situated on the eastern side of the island of Maui and containing the largest crater in the world. From the summit of this mountain every island of the Hawaiian group may be distinctly seen. However, this stop would have caused me to lose one day of the pageant, so I came directly back, and while the gala days are still with me I want to give you just a little idea of Honolulu's brilliant fiesta.

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 that 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 grounds of the old Iolani Palace the Ball of All Nations was presented as the evening event of the first day of the Carnival. Here on the Palace steps the national dance of many countries was given, including, of course, the Hawaiian *hula hula*. And between these performances, out upon the driveway, the spectators danced and made merry.

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 an hour 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 to-

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gether. 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 public *luau*, which lasted throughout the day.

The next morning came the historical 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. There were more than one hundred beautiful floats illustrating the principal epochs of the country's history from the Simoan migration down to the aeroplanes of the present day. 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 skirts) 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 Filipinos, each 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 manoeuver 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.

One of the principal features of the Carnival was the "Seven Scenic Wonders of Hawaii" depicted in realistic dioramas on view in the Pan-Pacific Pavilion. These were splendidly done by three eminent artists residing in Hawaii and were of tremendous interest.

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Cosmopolitan Honolulu includes, from left to right: Chinese, Portuguese, Chinese, Korean, Caucasian, Hawaiian, Japanese, Filipino.



Japanese School Children, Honolulu.

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One of universal admiration portrayed Honolulu from Makiki Heights, laying the whole city at the spectator's feet, from Waikiki to the wine-colored mountains of the Waianae range; especially striking was the view of Pearl Harbor and the lochs.

The fourth night was "Oriental Night," and how I wish you might have enjoyed with me the spectacular lantern parade, honoring Washington's birthday, in which some four thousand Japanese participated. The parade was headed by K. Wada, marshal-in-chief, mounted and in the costume of a Daimyo of old Japan. On each side of him marched bearers of the American and Japanese standards. As the blocks and blocks of bright swaying lanterns, gay costumes and widths of fluttering silk made its slow way through the streets the crowds "hurrahed and banzaied" lustily, and colored fire was burned and fireworks set off. Hundreds of Japanese bearing torches and flambeaux were next in line and then came students of the Japanese High School and the Japanese Central Institute. There followed a line of transparencies connected with red, white and blue ribbons and after these the members of the Young Men's Buddhist Association carrying cherry blossom umbrellas and white lanterns, from each of which streamed many white stars. There were hundreds of school children in the parade and as they marched they sang, a section at a time, of the "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave," their sweet voices in perfect rhythm.

Among the beautiful floats were "Liberty Bell," "George Washington and the Cherry-tree," and "Crossing the Delaware." In the latter the river was blocked with real ice against which Washington, in a boat rowed by a number of bluejackets, pursued a perilous way. Then there was the "Parade of the

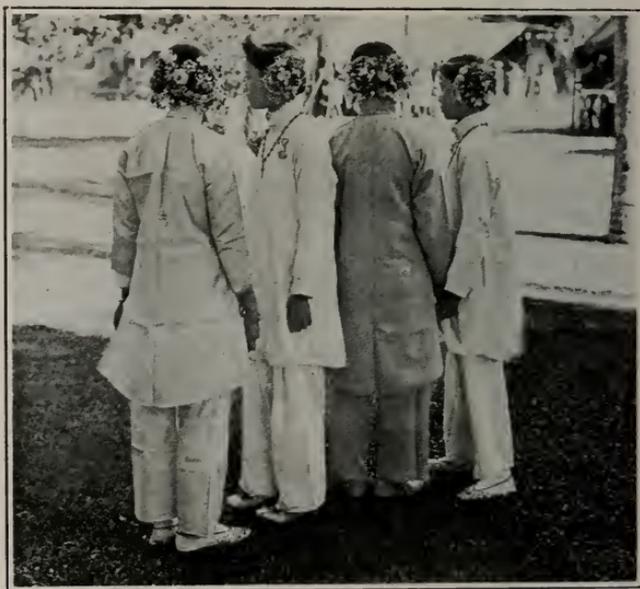
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Stars," the full forty-eight of them, the bearers being dressed in white with sashes of red.

For gorgeousness and artistic ingenuity this parade surpassed all other demonstrations of the week. I learned yesterday that the Chinese and Japanese form over half the population of the Islands, while there is scarcely a fifth full-blood Hawaiians.

The closing event of these colorful days was the water pageant on Honolulu harbor Saturday night. There passed in review brilliantly illuminated watercraft: outrigger canoes, sampans, yachts, motor-boats, etc., all artistically decorated and noisy with music and fireworks.

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



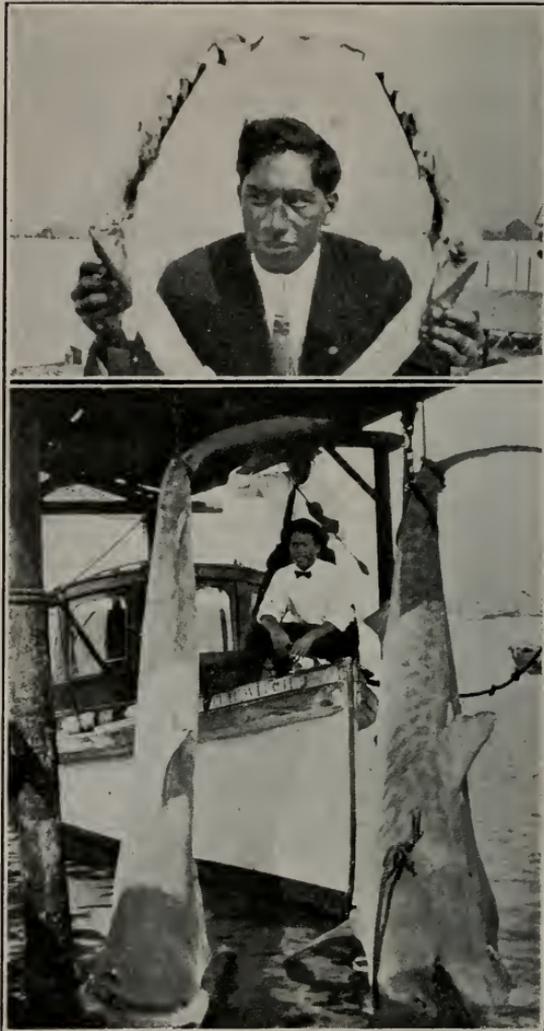
Chinese School Girls.

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A Pineapple Field.

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Duke Kahanamoku "in the jaws of his first victim."

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."

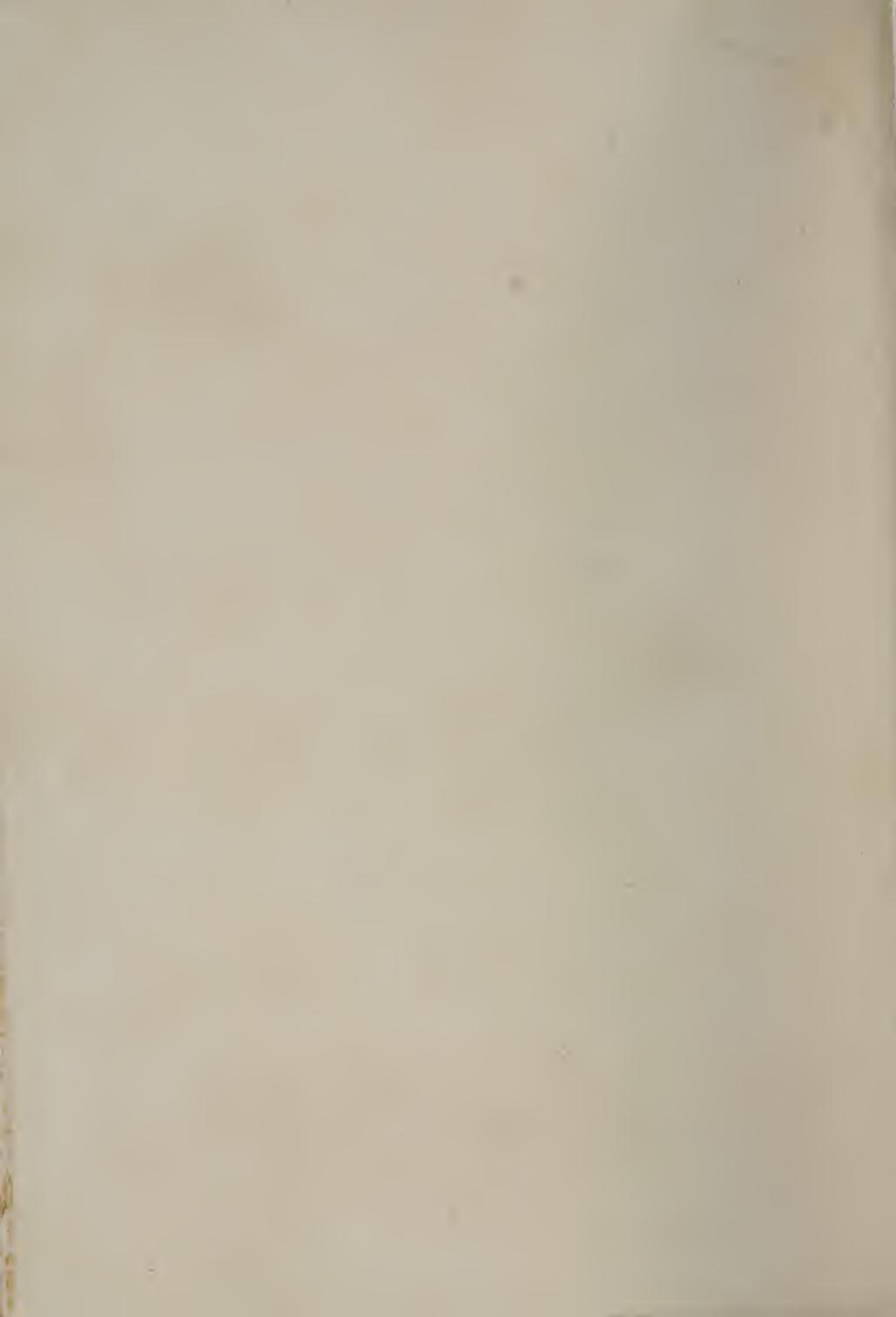
## SEVEN WEEKS IN HAWAII

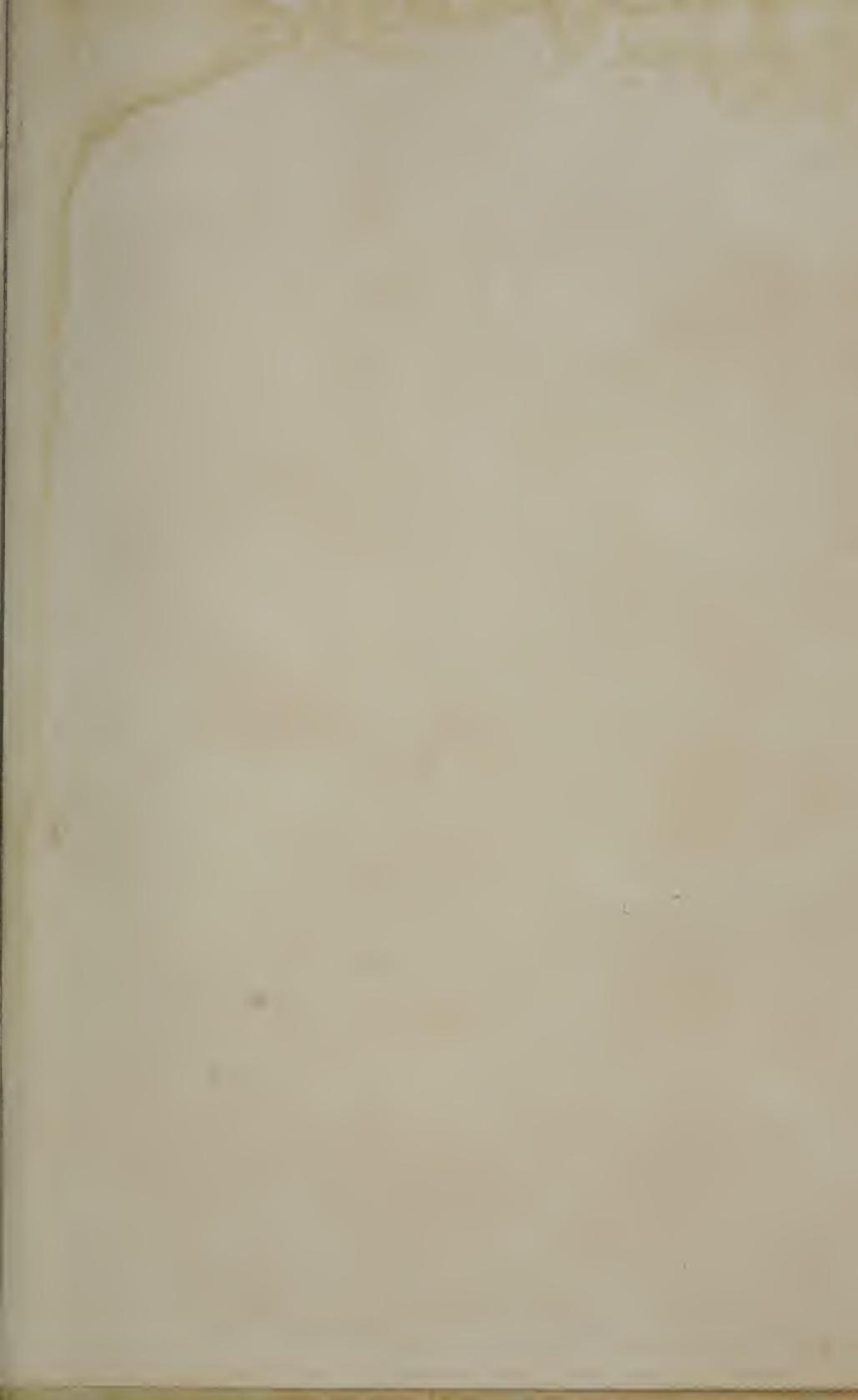
And now it is over—my happy visit—and with “Mark Twain” I feel that “no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking as this one.” For me, too, its “balmy airs will be always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf beat in my ear,” and the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

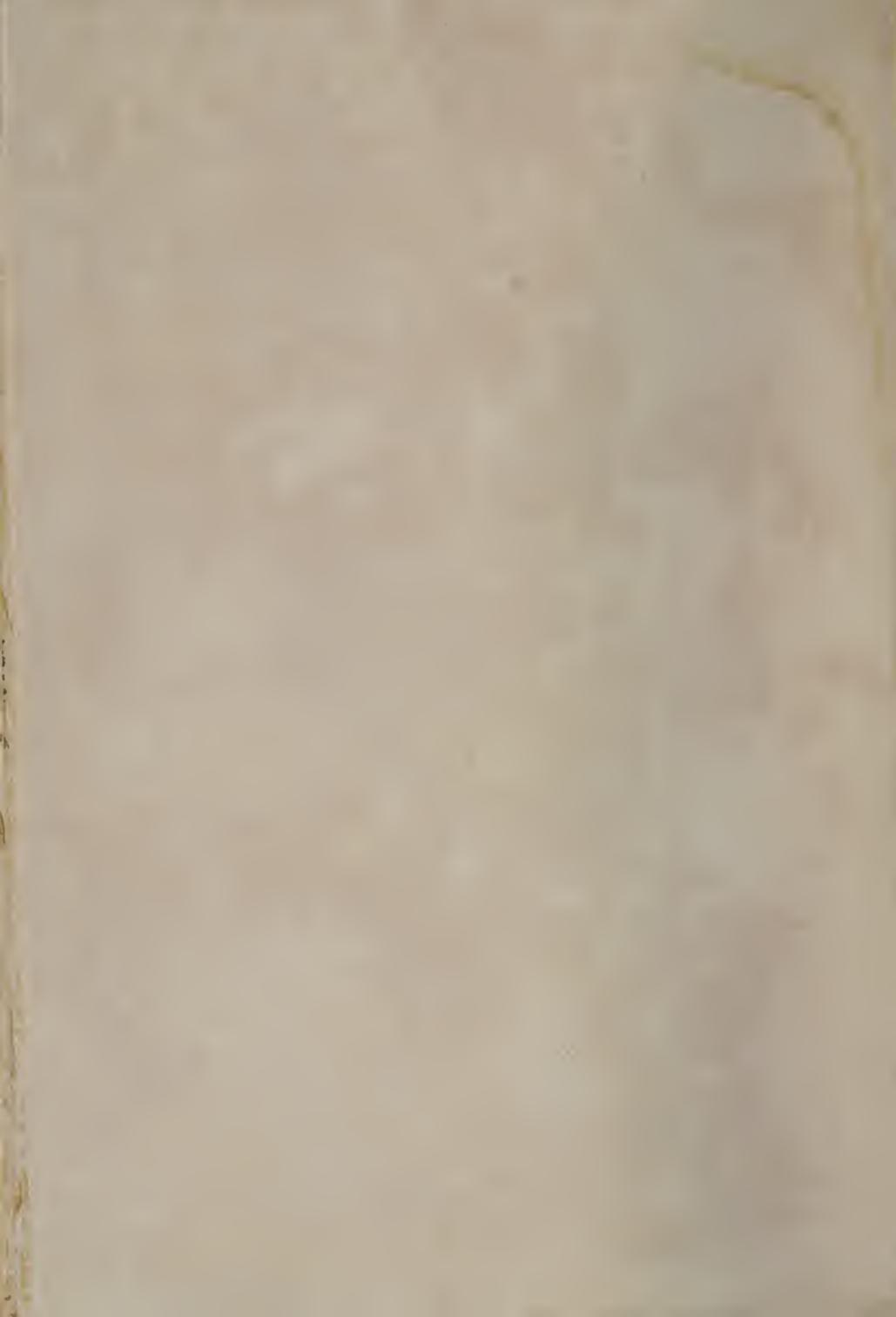
*Aloha, aloha nui oe!*













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