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A MONTH IN
HONOLULU

CLIMATIC DATA.
HONOLULU, HAWAII.

July 1st, 1913, to June 30, 1914.

(Furnished by U. S. Weather Bureau.)

Temperature.			
1913.	Highest.	Lowest.	Rainfall.
July	86	70	0.18
August	86	72	0.14
September..	86	70	0.81
October	87	70	0.26
November ..	85	67	2.96
December ..	81	63	0.52.
1914.			
January	78	60	2.34
February ...	81	61	2.41
March	80	57	5.00
April	82	60	2.03
May	83	66	0.92
June	83	69	0.45

The Climate of Hawaii is the most equable known. No typhoons, no hurricanes, no fog, low humidity, no intense heat nor disagreeable cold; the months of May and June alternate throughout the year.

The Northeast Trade Winds prevail almost constantly, the average hourly velocity being about eight miles.

DIARY
OF
ONE MONTH
IN
HONOLULU

By KATHERINE M. YATES

Presented by THE PANAMA EXPOSITION COMMISSION FOR THE TERRITORY OF HAWAII to furnish you with suggestions as to where, when, and how to go, and what you will see when you visit Honolulu.

For further information about the Paradise of the Pacific, Maps, Illustrated Folders, etc., write to H. P. Wood, Director, Hawaii Promotion Committee, Honolulu, Hawaii.

C. AXTON MAR. 1941

FIRST DAY.

Arrived this morning. Have heard of rose-colored glasses—guess I have on rainbow ones. Never saw such colors in my life.

Trip was fine. Was seasick only one day and after that felt splendidly. Jack wasn't sick at all—says that if he had been green all the way over, this one day here would have paid for it, all right. The islands are glorious as you come in. One of the valleys was full of a rainbow-colored mist, and the mountains are so close that you can almost touch them.

Motored out to one of the hotels located on the Beach, and have a corner room with the sea less than a hundred feet away on one side and the mountains only a mile and a half on the other.

Ate, rested and unpacked.

105739 SECOND DAY.

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Took it easy today, just to get our land-legs back again. The only time you feel the revolution of the earth is when you get off of a boat.

Sat on the lanai, as they call the veranda, and watched that purple sea and saw boys half a mile out in the breakers, standing up on boards and coming in. Jack wants to try it.

Went in bathing. Water is warm and yet vital. Jack is going to get a native boy to teach me to swim so that he can wrestle with a surf-board without bothering about me.

Aquarium is close by, so we went there this afternoon. It is marvelous. I think I dreamed those fishes—they can't really be like that!—there aren't any such colors in the world—couldn't be. Those gorgeous pictures of the fish, that we laughed at in San Francisco, because they were so ridiculously impossible, look dull and dusty after seeing the real thing.

THIRD DAY.

Got up early for a swim before breakfast and feel as if I were sixteen. The only way to find enervation here is to sit around and invite it to call on you.

Motored this afternoon. Went around Diamond Head first. View of land and sea is superb. Then out Manoa Valley—the broad valley we see from the hotel. The streets and homes are beautiful and the mountains tower close and green on three sides with a wonderful sea view on the fourth.

Then we went to the Pali. No use in trying to write anything about that—the scene is too marvelous. Don't think I breathed for five minutes after we reached the brow. Motored right to the edge of the precipice. Jack was so astonished that he couldn't even ask questions—just looked. He asked them on the way back, though.

The flowering trees here are as impossibly brilliant as the fish. I used to make them like that when I was a kiddie with a paint box, and mother used to scold me for not sticking to nature. Wish she could see these.

FOURTH DAY.

Went out in a surf-boat this morning. A wonderful experience. The waves were splendid and we came in for at least half a mile at express train speed. We did it five times and I wasn't at all frightened but wanted to keep on forever. You couldn't drown if you wanted to, with those Hawaiian boys around.

Jack tackled a surf-board afterward and I watched him. I think if he would diet for a while he could ride better—but he got along very well, considering.

This evening we went out to Punahou College grounds to see the night-blooming cereus. Two sides of a long block in one great hedge crowded with white blossoms each a foot long and a foot across and deliciously fragrant. I saw some of the same blossoms that had climbed high into the trees. The texture of the petals is like that of water lilies.

FIFTH DAY.

Motored around the Island. Started at 8:30 this morning and went to the Pali and down the face of it—"Pali" means precipice—and then along the windward side of the Island, and around the point to Haleiwa. Had a fine luncheon there at a lovely little hotel, beautifully situated.

Wandered around and took some pictures while Jack talked hunting and fishing possibilities until he got the fever. The golf links are fine. Guess we'll go back for a day or so.

Came home through pineapple and cane country and past the cavalry barracks and reached here at five o'clock. The trip was 83 miles—a glorious 83 miles. Jack acquired so much information that there'll be no living with him.

Saw grass houses, and natives making poi, and men working or riding horseback with wreaths of fresh flowers on their hats. It makes you think that they must be sweet-natured.

I never saw so many different kinds of costumes in my life as this cosmopolitan population presents — and every individual seems to have an eye for color. It is fascinating.

SIXTH DAY.

Went to church this morning. It seemed like a little trip back home.

This afternoon wrote letters for tomorrow's mail, while Jack tried to get friendly with a surf-board. He said to give everybody his regards—that's the way he always writes letters. He thinks he's the greatest surfer on the beach because he caught a wave today. He came in with it all right—but the board was on top.

This is the most marvelous climate. The days are never too hot, and the nights are always cool, though never chilly, and the atmosphere is clear, never sticky or muggy the least bit.

Hawaiian boys sang Hawaiian songs while we were at dinner, and gave a concert on the lanai afterward. I love their music. I am going to get a ukulele tomorrow and take some lessons. I shall not tell Jack until I begin to practice.

SEVENTH DAY.

A wonderful tramp today. I'm glad Jack and I have feet and ambition—we would miss two-thirds of our good times if we hadn't. Went up Palolo Gorge. Drove to the beginning of the trail, because Jack said we were out of training and must start easy. The car would have taken us to within three miles of it.

The trail goes up a little stream which you cross over and over again, and the mountain sides crowd you and are covered with great ferns and kukui and mountain apple trees, and strange, twisting vines, and there is sweet wild ginger all about, and wild bananas. At the upper end is a high fall of water coming down into a wide pool with black boulders and dripping green things all about. The trail goes around this fall to another, just as beautiful, above. We didn't have time to go farther, but there are seven falls, one above another, coming from a crater 1500 feet up in the mountains. Jack cut me a bamboo alpenstock from a beautiful clump beside the stream.

EIGHTH DAY.

Swam before breakfast this morning. Don't feel at all tired from yesterday's tramp.

Motored out to a sugar mill this afternoon and saw the entire process from growing cane to finished sugar—and we tested it at each stage. Jack was so interested that I think he contemplates starting a sugar mill in the front yard when we get home. He'll know how to, anyway.

The road out to the mill was very interesting. We went through some beautiful gardens called Moanalua, and are going again to explore them, as they say that everyone is permitted to do. Jack says that the person who owns them evidently knows how to get the best out of his possessions by sharing them. I wonder why it should be such a surprise to find a very generous person, but it is.

Went to a band concert in Thomas Square this evening. The Royal Hawaiian Band played and we enjoyed it immensely. The bandmaster has led that band for more than forty years. Two Hawaiian women sang in their own language. It was beautiful, for their voices are very rich and sweet and there were curious cadences in the songs. Jack was enthusiastic.

NINTH DAY.

Drove up Tantalus, which is a beautiful mountain near town, on the slopes of which are lovely homes and gardens. Motors are not allowed up there, so we took a carriage.

The view is wonderfully fine, and the road winds and twists fascinatingly through seven miles of forest. It would be a delightful place to live. Some of the houses are perched on the very edge of bluffs overlooking deep valleys and have to be anchored to keep the wind from blowing them away. The gorges are full of jungle growth of ferns and creepers and trees with straggling, mossy branches, and the air is cool and sweet and woodsy. The whole city and harbor and sea are spread out below you in colors that make your eyes doubt themselves.

We left the carriage and climbed the trail to the highest point. It was worth it.

Coming down we took in the Punch Bowl, a great crater close to the town which has a fine motor road clear to the top. It is 498 feet high, and grown up with giant cacti and algaroba trees. We stayed up there for the sunset.

TENTH DAY.

We went down to the wharf this morning to see a ship sail for the Coast. It surely was a great sight to see the many nationalities in their many costumes, and the departing passengers, both men and women, loaded down with dozens of garlands of fresh flowers. They call the garlands "leis," and when the boat pulls out, the passengers toss them back to their friends on the wharf, until the air is full of gay blossoms and the native diving boys catch those that fall in the water, and wrap them about themselves. Those boys dive from the prow of the vessel. It made me gasp. Jack didn't even suggest trying to do that. The Royal Hawaiian Band played as the boat pulled out.

This afternoon we went through the Diamond Head fortifications, Jack having gotten a permit. I'm glad I'm an American, or I couldn't have gone. The work that has been done is splendid. Jack asked more questions than a seven-year-old youngster, but what he doesn't know now about range-finders and mortars and searchlights, and things like that, isn't worth knowing.

ELEVENTH DAY.

Went up Tantalus on horseback. The equestrian trail tempted us so the other day, that we had to prove it. Started early this morning and took our luncheon. When we got clear up, we tied our horses and took a foot trail which leads back into a splendid gorge—a regular tropical jungle—the wildest, most beautiful place I ever dreamed of. And there is nothing to be afraid of, no matter what sort of wilderness you get into, for there is not a snake nor a dangerous animal or insect in the Islands. The only warning we had was to keep to the trails, so as not to get lost; otherwise one is absolutely safe.

We followed the trail around to the Pauoa Flats and across them until we could look down into Nuuanu Valley and through the Pali gap. Would have gone home by Pauoa Valley if we had not had to go back for the horses.

We are going to tramp up that way again. I wish I could go to the top of Konahuanui—that is 3100 feet, and the trail looked fascinating.

TWELFTH DAY.

Went out to the Country Club this morning—Jack has a card there—and played golf. The building is beautiful and just suited to the surroundings, and that is saying a good deal. The course is excellent and we both scored very well.

Took our cameras and went to Moanalua this afternoon. The entire grounds are exquisitely laid out and the Japanese tea garden is a delight. At four we went to the Chinese tea-house, where, it being Saturday, the owner of the estate was serving tea and good cheer to all who came—friend or stranger—with cordial hospitality. Jack learned a lot from him about the Islands as they used to be; and then we went through the curious grass houses which constitute a museum of things Hawaiian. There is a fine polo field, too, and Jack is wild to be here when polo games are on.

Went to the Chinese theater this evening. I never had so many interesting experiences so close together in all my life before.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

Sunday again. We went to the Kawaiahaeo church, where the congregation is mostly of natives and the sermon in the Hawaiian language. It was very interesting, for the language has fascinating sounds and the earnestness of the people gave us as much of the real sense of worship as if we could have understood what was said. Worship, anyway, is a matter of feeling—not of words.

This afternoon we motored through Kapiolani Park and all about beautiful Kaimuki with its splendid vistas and then up Palolo Hill, where the scene spread out at our feet was wonderful beyond words. Then we went out Waialae Road for a ways, and turned off toward the sea, where we came to a pretty little beach all by itself with only a house or two and a cocoanut grove and some pastures. It seemed almost out of the world, but I loved it. The drive was thoroughly delightful.

Concert by Hawaiian boys at the hotel, as usual on Sunday evening. I never weary of hearing them.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

Swimming before breakfast. The native boy has made quite a swimmer of me, for such a new beginner, and I am desperately proud; but not so proud as Jack on his surf-board. He can get every wave that is worth while—so he says—and came in once on his knees. I don't believe he meant to—I think the board bucked him into that position—it looked that way.

Company to tea at the hotel this afternoon. I had the six nicest ladies who came over on the boat with us. Jack was at his best, though I had to lead him to it with a rope. He said that it was the blue and white tea-set that cheered him up, but it wasn't; it was the blue and white frock of the prettiest girl—and he was not only cheered, but positively inebriated.

An informal dance at the hotel this evening, with officers from the passing transport in attendance with their families. It was an exceedingly nice dance.

FIFTEENTH DAY.

We are at Haleiwa. Left Honolulu on the 9:15 train this morning and reached here a little before noon. The trip was beautiful and the coast and mountains were different from anything we had seen on any other part of the Island.

This afternoon we walked over to the Waimea beach, not far from the hotel, and the surf was splendid. Also, I found a good many shells—not very large, but wonderfully brilliant in coloring. We talked to some natives and Jack got some more information, as usual. He is going to the site of an old heiau, or temple, tomorrow morning.

Went in swimming after dark. It was fun. Jack wants to do some hunting and fishing, but we'll not have time, for there is a hula dance planned for tomorrow night, back in Honolulu, and we don't want to miss that.

SIXTEENTH DAY.

Went swimming early and then played golf over a beautiful course close to the sea. Until I came to Hawaii I never dreamed how much such lovely surroundings could add to golf.

A Japanese woman brought some fish to the hotel in flat baskets swung from a yoke, and when Jack saw them he was perfectly crazy to go fishing; but I told him that it was a crime to catch live rainbows on a hook. And even then I had to mention the hula to keep him from staying over. I'd hate to have him catch things like those, and if he should catch a squid, such as she had, I'd have nightmares for a week.

Reached home at 5:30 and went to the hula in the evening. I liked it immensely and don't see why any right-minded person should object to it in the least, since it is to be viewed as a survival of old Hawaiian customs and not as a modern entertainment. The girls are wonderfully supple and well trained and the play of their muscles is astonishing.

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

Today we tramped to the Pali. Have been coaxing Jack to, ever since the day we first motored over the way. Went on the trolley to the end of the line, and that gave us only three and a half miles to walk, over a splendid road, and part of the way different from that we motored over. We took our luncheon and ate it out on the very point overlooking the marvelous stretch of windward Oahu. Then we did a lot of climbing around and took pictures and went part way down the old trail that was used before the road was built.

It was fascinating just to see the various people who went over the pass—all nationalities and all garbs. We got some great pictures of them.

When we reached the car line again we were so little tired that we explored Queen Emma Park, which lies just there—the place where the Kamehamehas used to spend so much time.

This was one of our most delightful days.

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

Went to the Lunalilo Home for Aged Hawaiians this morning. Such a beautiful place and so clean and sweet and such dear, dear old people. I'll never forget the sweet quaver of their "Aloha" and the quick responsiveness of their eyes and the touch of their hands. There wasn't a sad thing about it, for they were all so happy and cheery and uncomplaining, and one dear old blind woman was the happiest and cheeriest of them all. I am better for going there.

Attended a luau (native feast) this afternoon. It was 'public, but was the real thing, gotten up and managed by Hawaiian women for a pet charity. The fish was the very best I ever ate, and a lot of the other things were perfectly delicious. Jack tasted of everything and ate two "batches" of several kinds — and it never phased him. He said he'd like to board there.

Took a walk in the park this evening. Palm trees make beautiful silhouettes.

NINETEENTH DAY.

Missed my swim in order to go to the fishmarket early this morning, it being Saturday. It was truly a sight. I'm glad that the colors cook out of the fish, for I never could eat one of those gorgeous creatures — it would be like eating a humming bird. There is surely a Bedlam of tongues there, and a medley of garb. I could scarcely get Jack away.

After that we browsed in the Oriental part of town—in queer little Chinese and Japanese shops where they sell everything on earth that Chinese or Japanese eat or wear or look at, and a lot of things that wouldn't seem to be intended for either purpose. I bought so many little contraptions that Jack had to drag me out of the district by main force in order to keep car-fare in his pocket, he said; but, after all, we had lunch down town and then, just for fun, took a carriage back to the hotel, driving out the Ala Moana along the beach almost all the way, instead of by the usual route. It was lovely.

Played bridge in the evening.

TWENTIETH DAY.

Went to church this morning, and early this afternoon we took an automobile and went up the Pacific Heights road. I have run out of adjectives when it comes to talking about the views here; but I would like to see a sunset from up there.

We went prepared for tramping and sent the car away, telling the chauffeur to come back for us late in the afternoon, up Pauoa Valley, and then we tramped off along the ridge trail. We could have walked up from the trolley, but Jack is a great hand to start on a trail fresh.

It was a glorious tramp along the narrow ridge, with Nuuanu Valley straight down on one side and Pauoa Valley straight down on the other. The trail keeps to the top of the ridge clear back to the Pauoa Flats, and the forest that we passed through was wonderful, and though there were plenty of ups and downs, there were no bad spots at all and we made very good time, reaching the valley before the motor got there. The trail was just as beautiful as we imagined it would be, when we looked up at it from the road to the Pali.

I'm glad I can tramp.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

Sat under the hau tree and read this morning and watched Jack and his surf-board. Really, he is doing finely.

This afternoon we went to the Country Club for golf, and had tea there — particularly good tea. Jack found some friends and got some more information. He is using so many Hawaiian words now that I am going to have to attach a glossary to him to find out what his conversation is about. When he says "wikiwiki," I don't know whether he wants me to stop talking or come to dinner.

Played bridge again this evening. There are always people who want us to play bridge, but in a place like this it seems such a waste of time.

The fruits here are perfectly delicious. I didn't know that pineapple could be so good, and the mangoes and papaia are the joy of my life; and think of strawberries and grapes growing and fruiting at the same time in the same garden! Jack has got the poi habit. I like baked breadfruit better.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

Went down town shopping this morning and bought some perfectly beautiful embroideries and laces. The little shops where they keep those things are irresistible. I wasn't nearly through—but my pocketbook was—when I had to meet Jack for luncheon. I am having some frocks made by a Chinaman, too, at such a low price that Jack wants to come here to live.

After luncheon we motored out to Pearl Harbor and went over the Naval Station. Saw the divers at work at the drydocks, and Jack learned all about dredging and construction and a lot of other things. Then, as we were wise enough to have gotten a permit, we went to the mouth of Pearl Harbor and looked through the fortifications, called Fort Kamehameha. Jack says that the work done and planned out there is tremendous. We might have gone from Honolulu by railroad to Puuloa and then taken a hack over the ground, but didn't know it until afterward. But that way we would have missed some beautiful road and curious foreign settlements.

This evening wrote letters for tomorrow's boat.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

Got up early and drove fifteen miles out to the farther side of Koko Crater, where there is a great blow-hole. The waves rush into a cave and the air forms a cushion and sends them spouting through a hole about two feet across. First a fine spray goes up about sixty-five feet, and then the white water follows up about forty feet with a terrible roar, and then falls back on the lava and swashes away into the sea, twenty feet below. You can stand close to it, and look into the hole between waves—but it isn't wise to be too close when the blow comes.

There is a little wee bay there, too, called Launa Bay—all white sand and high, ragged lava walls and clear blue water and tremendous surf. There are great sea-turtles and big, bright-colored fish swimming where we could see them plainly from the rocks.

We took a little frying pan with us, and a quart cup, and built a fire and cooked eggs and bacon and made coffee. It was fun.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

Jack went shark fishing today, and they got a shark. They went out in a gasoline launch and towed something dead for bait, and then, when the shark came close enough, they harpooned him. I won't say how long he was, for I didn't see him, and I don't like to give figures on hearsay evidence. Jack thought he had a fine time.

I spent the day writing letters and sorting the shells I found at Koko Crater and sending some little boxes of them to the folks back home. There's another boat out tomorrow.

This evening we took the trolley and went out to see Moanalua by moonlight. It is a perfect dreamland of beauty. No one ever painted anything half so lovely as the palm silhouettes against the sky, and the gloss of the moonlight on the coconut leaves. It was light enough to read ordinary print, if you strained your eyes a little.

Saw my first lunar rainbow. It was much more brilliant than I expected.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

Went over a lot of settlement and kindergarten work this morning and found it intensely interesting. They are doing splendid betterment work here. Jack played golf.

Took luncheon down town and then went to the Bishop Museum. I don't see why we didn't go there sooner. We ought to spend a week there, instead of half a day—and our month in Honolulu is almost up. I don't know where the time has gone, but it has been "chuck full" every minute. I was never more interested in my life than in those wonderful old Hawaiian relics; and the amount of knowledge that Jack acquired is appalling. I must get out there again if I possibly can.

This evening we motored to the Pali for a moonlight view. It is a picture to put into my memory beside the one of Moanalua by moonlight. I didn't know that the world could be so beautiful.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

We are at Hauula. Came out on the train this morning. Of course, that was the long way around, but we love the trip along the ragged coast, and, besides, we wanted to stay over night. It would have been only about thirty miles by motor, and we could have seen the sacred gorge and returned the same day; but after my glimpse from the Pali by moonlight, I wanted to see this craggy side of the Island with the moon on it—and it is splendid tonight. We have been walking along the beach and watching the surf and the tiny islets and looking up at the overshadowing mountains. It is all a dream-country by moonlight.

Either we arrived with big appetites or else the food here is the best that ever happened. Jack said it was a little of both, but it looked to me more like a good deal of both. I think that he would have been poetical tonight if he hadn't eaten so much. He almost was, anyway.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

Went up the Kaliuwaa Gorge this morning. That is what we came here for. It is called "the sacred gorge," and is just a crack in the mountains, a mile or so long and with green walls several thousand feet high. There is a little stream, and the trail crosses it, back and forth, all the way up. It is a weird place, and there are weird legends hanging over it, and everyone who goes up the trail must place two crossed ohia leaves pointing up the gorge, if the powers that be are to permit him to reach his destination in safety. And these crossed leaves, some fresh and some withered, lie all along the way, held in place by little pebbles.

At the upper end a waterfall jets out from a narrow crevice, high up in the mountain, and falls sheer into a broad, deep black pool with strangely water-carved walls, and great wet ferns and long vines swinging out from the dripping niches. There is a curious bare mark on one of the perpendicular mountain sides, where a giant demi-god of the old days dragged up a canoe of thirty-foot beam.

Back to Honolulu this afternoon. We were going to the Japanese theater this evening, but I couldn't go in out of the moonlight.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

Only three more days, and a hundred things I want to do.

Today we motored out to Makapuu Point. The road is not good all the way, and I would rather have driven, but Jack was bound to go by motor because he wanted plenty of time out there, and quite a number of people said that they had motored out, and that it wasn't so very bad. The lighthouse there is one of the largest in the world, and Jack learned all there is to know about lighthouses, and then some. It stands on a point about 650 feet above the sea, and the bare, ragged precipice drops straight into the swirling water.

Coming down from there we tramped across the divide, less than a mile, where still lie the stones of a causeway said to have been begun by the Menehunes hundreds of years ago. Upon one hand, stretches a broad beach, and upon the other, ragged lava with climbing surf and gay little tide gardens full of bright-colored coral, sea urchins in red, lavender and green, and brilliant little fish which dart madly away from your fingers.

Nobody lives out there, excepting at the lighthouse, or anywhere near Koko Crater. It is a dry, lonely land, but wonderfully beautiful.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

Motored out to Kahala, which is on the beach a few miles beyond Diamond Head. The road does not run near the beach, so we sent the car back to wait for us just below the Diamond Head lighthouse, and we tramped back over the lava of Kupikipikio, the southernmost point of the Island. After we left the point, where the surf tangles over the black crags, we came to the long sandy beach of Kaalawai, and passed the beautiful homes which lie close to the water. This is the only way to see them, for they are out of sight of the road. It would be a delightful place to live. Some of the hotel people walked out there from the end of the car line, by moonlight, and they were wonderfully enthusiastic.

Went to the Kamehameha Schools this afternoon. It is certainly a splendid institution. Jack wished that he was a boy so that he could get into some of the departments and work. He couldn't, anyway, because he is not Hawaiian.

THIRTIETH DAY.

We sail tomorrow! I don't want to.

Took a last surf-boat ride this morning and then showed Jack how well I can swim. He was more complimentary than he has been for ten years. I guess I was, too, for he really does splendidly on a surf-board. I know he'll wear out the ironing-board when he gets home, practicing for next year. He says he's coming earlier next year so as to have at least two months, because he wants to do the other islands, too, and a lot more on this one.

Spent the afternoon packing and went to the Japanese theater this evening. I am so glad that we didn't miss that, for it was a real experience. Some of the actors are actually excellent, and although it was only pantomime to us, we could gather quite a good idea of the plot—and the audience was as interesting as the stage. Jack liked it immensely.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

Aboard ship. It is a perfectly good ship and I'm not a bit seasick, but I feel as if I had been sent away from the table before I had half finished. Here are just a few of the things that we wanted to do and didn't have time to:

Go to Hanauma Bay, near Koko Crater.

See the blow-hole by moonlight.

Tramp to the top of Mount Olympus.

Do the long trail from Tantalus along the ridge back of Manoa Valley and down Palolo.

Visit the Kaau Crater, 1500 feet up in the mountains.

Explore a lot of valleys and gorges where no one ever goes.

Take train to Makua and tramp to Waianae and see caves and barking sands.

Take train to Leilehua and tramp across Waianae Range to Waianae Town.

We were loaded with leis when the boat sailed — carnations, roses, hydrangeas, ilima and violets, and the band played, and when it came to "Aloha Oe," I—came into my state-room!

HAWAII

Conditions in these beautiful Islands either for a short stay, or for home-building, are the very best.

The mountains and valleys afford outings such as never will be forgotten, while there is no such sea-bathing the world over as may be enjoyed at Waikiki, Hanalei and Hilo.

Then there are special features, any one of which is well worth journeying around the world to see.

The Volcano of Kilauea
The Crater of Haleakala
Iao Valley
The Pali
Waimea Canyon, etc.,

and, withal, the cost of living in Hawaii is most reasonable; there are a number of excellent hotels and the best of boarding and rooming houses.

For additional information about Hawaii address

H. P. WOOD, Director,
Hawaii Promotion Committee,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

H A W A I I

NO alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking, through half a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf-beat is in my ear; I can see its garlanded craigs, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore; its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud-rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes; I can hear the plash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago.

—Mark Twain.