

In Far Off Hawaii



GENERAL VIEW OF HONOLULU

WONDERFUL scenery abounds on that magnificent highway, that regal road of Hawaii which leads to the great crater of Kilauea. Tourists may rejoice in the beauty, bear the song of birds, smell the fresh aroma of the wilderness, feast their eyes on the long vistas of distant green, the view of the dashing surf, the far-away ocean and blue sky. They drive along great forests or rare woods, watch the waving of the grain, note how all the earth seems lush with sunshine, warmth and beauty in the mid-Pacific paradise and of a sudden see the land of desolation.

Almost without warning the automobile plunges over forbidding lava and the earth is dark with the deadly flow which Moana Loa and Kilauea have belched forth. One is now riding over lava beds—pre-Adamite perhaps—over layers that bubbled forth thousands, hundreds and even as recently as 50 years ago, and some concerning which there are persons living who can tell the story. It is hades, all the more terrible because it is only a few hours' ride from the beauties of the tropics. Then comes the smoke and steam of the innermost center and one feels that in the earth beneath or waters under it there is nothing to equal it.

Finest of All Monuments.
This is Kilauea the terrible and the fascinating; this is the volcano which our government is planning to set aside as a national monument and no monument yet preserved can equal it. The proposition has been long discussed and of late has taken definite form. This is the largest active volcano in the world and also one of the most accessible, and for these reasons it seems fitting that the United States should distinguish it above all others. The volcano is situated on an elevation of 4,000 feet, on a belt road around the largest island, Hawaii, on the slope of Moana Loa, which also has a crater, occasionally active, at its summit, nearly 14,000 feet high. It is proposed to include the summit crater in the park, the strip of land between the two craters and some of the surrounding country in which are sulphur banks, lava trees, tree ferns, forests of rare woods, rare birds and other objects of interest.

Hawaiians are anxious to obtain this national monument, and as an aid to its establishment they have built an excellent automobile road to the lake of fire in the crater. Plans are maturing for the establishment of a volcano and earthquake observatory, and congress has been asked to create the proposed park. Sentiment is generally in favor of this plan for the islands of Hawaii are full of interest and the volcanoes are but a part of the attractions which they offer to sightseers. In all of the eight inhabited islands there are wonders which make this—the youngest known land—distinctive for beauty. There are high precipices, great valleys, living and dead craters, and in particular—six miles from Honolulu—there is the Nuanaa Pali, from which one of the most beautiful views in the world can be obtained.

It was only two years ago that the fine carriage and automobile road was built right into the crater of Kilauea, but it has already begun to attract tourists, who consider it the most remarkable road in the world, as it is cut through the hard lava. Some one has jokingly called it "the road to hell," but if so, it is a pleasant one. It skirts along the edge of the crater, gives views of the lava lake, has no sharp turns or abrupt curves and in the dangerous parts a four-foot wall has been constructed of lava rock. Nothing can be more charming than the surrounding country. One rides through ferns and native woods of varying shades of green, the whole making a harmony of color. Some of the trees are of wonderful wood, so rare that former Hawaiians prize them highly for the palace of the king, and American furniture manufacturers are anxious to obtain them. These are the royal trees of Hawaii, because of very fine and beautiful grain and coloring. It is somewhat remarkable that one

volcano should exist in the side of a larger one, but this is the case with Kilauea and Moana Loa, and the peculiarity is accounted for by scientists who claim that at one time there were two distinct volcanoes, by mountains, and that lava falling from them so filled the intervening valley that they eventually became one volcano. At any rate, Moana Loa is higher than its sister, Kilauea, and the theory seems plausible. Moana Loa, which is often visited, possesses attractions for expert mountain climbers, for the trail is a hard one. When this high volcano becomes active the effect is stupendous. The two volcanoes are remarkable living wonders, and Moana Loa can proudly boast that it is the second highest peak in the Pacific. Just as the natives have given a name to the inner crater of Kilauea, so they have dubbed this pit of Moana Loa by the somewhat awe-inspiring name of Mokuawewewo, a long name, but it is jokingly said the crater's area of 2,270 miles deserves it.

But the two volcanoes selected for the national monument are not by any means the only ones on these islands of curiosities. There is also the extinct crater of Haleakala, said to be the world's greatest extinct volcano, for the circumference of its crater is 20 miles. A score of cones rise from this crater, and it is cut by many lava cracks. The view from its summit is superb, for all the world seems spread out before it. Then, there are the famous Needles, tall rock formations that stand like sentinels in a plain, and on the island of Oahu, not far from Honolulu, is the famous Pali of Nuuanu, a great cliff overlooking the sea where engineers have built a roadway in order that a fine view of the windward side can be obtained. Many travelers consider this the most beautiful view of the Pacific. Back of Honolulu is also Mount Tantalus with a drive to its summit and all around are mangos, citrus fruits, vines and every kind of tropical growth.

Superstitious Hawaiians.
It is not surprising that the early and uncultivated natives should attribute supernatural powers to all these phenomena and especially to the volcanoes of Moana Loa and Kilauea. They peopled them with gods and goddesses, and supreme among them was Pele, goddess of fire, who dwelt in Halemaumau. The oldest legend tells how Pele and her train came to abide in the fire palaces of the famous crater. Her enemy, Kama-puaa, the water god, half hog, half man, desired to wed her, but as night, he expected, was not pleasing to the goddess, who fled and took refuge in Halemaumau. The water god followed, pouring floods of water into the lake of fire. Pele's slaves turned the water into steam and hurled stones upon the monster until he took refuge in the sea. Delighted to find such a retreat Pele remained in the crater and sent forth lightnings, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions, and so in awe were early Hawaiians that they tried in every way to propitiate her. They erected a sacred temple nearby for her priests and constantly offered her chickens, fish, fruit and dogs, interspersed with occasional human victims. Great pains were taken to propitiate her at the first sign of an eruption and hogs were thrown into the crater and the streams of lava.

Many a traveler who has stood on the shores of Halemaumau and watched the strange forms that seem to leap up with wild shrieks and then disappear has realized how easy it might be to imagine this fiery vortex was the abode of a goddess and her satellites. Especially as there are certain formations around the crater called by her name. It is a common thing to hear islanders speak of Pele's hair, meaning the fine threads of lava, looking much like spun glass, which are found among the rocks and which the birds use in building nests. When the lava is thrown to a great height the wind catches it as it drops and spins it out into threads, olive, green or yellowish brown, and this is the beautiful Pele's hair, so lovely that it seems natural to associate it with a goddess.

BIBLE NAMES DROPPED

LATELY SEEM TO BE OUT OF FAVOR WITH PARENTS.

Such Puritanic "Handles" as Ebenezer and Zadok, for instance, Do Not Seem to Appeal as They Once Did.

A certain set of Christian names taken from the Scriptures have been used so long that we do not think of them as Bible names. Among them are Adam, Moses, Samuel, David, Daniel, Solomon, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Others taken from the saints, like Peter, John, Stephen and Matthew, originally given to children because they were born on the saint's day, are still so common that we think of them as English names.

These names antedate the use of surnames, as may be inferred from the fact that nearly all of them have given rise to patronymics, like Jacobson, Peterson and Stevenson. In the twelfth century missionaries sent out by the authorities used to baptize whole villages at once, and to save time invested all the men with the name of John or some other saint, and the women usually Mary or Martha. To distinguish the Johns some additional name like Short or Strong of White or Black was given him by the neighbors, and so Christian names and surnames were united.

After the reformation it became the fashion among the Puritans to give children the names of characters like the Old Testament, and odd-ones like Melchisedek or Barzillai were preferred. Among these were Abel, Levi, Jesse, Amos, Asa, Isaiah, Ephraim, Gideon, Malachi, Abner, Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Zachariah, Asher, Eli, and hundreds of others.

For some reason the use of these names has largely ceased. We can understand why Ebenezer has been dropped, though once one of the most common of names in New England, for it is decidedly unmelodious. No modern girl could fall in love with an Ebenezer. But most of the Puritan Bible names have a strong, manly ring, and have been borne by able men. That they are going out of use is very evident from comparing the early class lists of Yale with later ones. Twenty-five classes in the early eighteenth century, numbering 375 graduates, show 119 with Puritan given names. This is about 30 per cent. Ten classes in the twentieth century, numbering 3,087, show but 25 given names of this class, or less than one per cent. Ebenezer and Barzillai have completely disappeared. Nor is Pele-tiah or Zadok to be found.

We can only hope that the descendants of these ancient worthies have inherited some of their sterling qualities, though they do not perpetuate the name.

Kept Accounts by Strings.

It was the custom of the Aztecs to keep their accounts by means of strings. A single knot was ten, two single knots twenty, and so on. The hundreds were indicated by double knots. The color of the string indicated what the numbers referred to. Soldiers were red, gold yellow, silver white and corn green. This method is still in use on the Sierras of the Argentina, where the herdsmen keep tale of their charges in a similar way. Several strands depend from one, the first of these strands, being reserved for bulls, the next for cows, the milk and dry being differentiated, the next for sheep and so on. Knots were probably among the first methods of man to record figures—the knot or the mark on a bit of stick. In the English-bop gardens the tallyman (generally the local schoolmaster) goes around with the tally, and its mark and the most civilized Chicagoan still ties a knot in the handkerchief when we are asked "to be sure and remember."

Women Climb for a Hat.

At the annual reunion of the Welker family, held at the family homestead, near Sharpsburg, Pa., a tree-climbing contest was held among the female descendants of the family.

The prize that spurred the women on to grand efforts was a new fall hat, one of the latest creations in millinery and valued at \$25. The winner turned up in Mrs. Meta Welker, who weighs more than 300 pounds.

After several contestants had tried for the dainty piece of millinery, which was placed on an upper limb of a big oak, and failed, Mrs. Welker, who was a great climber at one time, essayed to take a chance.

Carefully working her way up foot by foot, the big woman, who outweighed the other contestants two to one, finally reached the hat and brought it down. She was winded and nearly done up, but she held on to the hat.

Dahlia Growing in Favor.

Dahlias, probably the dearest of all fall blossoms to the amateur grower, are increasing in popularity. Every year, the growers say, the dahlia is coming more in demand. Partly because it grows in such a variety of types and partly because it lends itself equally well to garden decorations and cut flower purposes, the amateur suburban horticulturist constantly finds new use for it.

As the demand has grown the flower has received increased attention from growers until this season the number of varieties developed reached 800. For a long time the castus dahlia has been developed to the neglect of the small densely flowered variety of other years.

OLD AND YOUNG CRIMINALS

Study of "Old-Timers" Has Strengthened the Faith of Prison Workers in Humanity.

A noted preacher once said to me: "Oh, give up this prison business. It's too hard on you, too wearing and depressing." And I replied: "Not all the preachers in the land could teach me spiritually what these convicts are teaching me, or give me such faith in the ultimate destiny of the human soul." Perhaps my experience has been exceptional, but it was the older criminals, the men who had sowed their wild oats and come to their senses who most deepened my faith in human nature.

I am glad to quote in this connection the words of an experienced warden of a large eastern penitentiary, who says: "I have yet to find a case where I believe that crime has been taught by older criminals to younger ones. I believe, on the contrary, that the usual advice of the old criminal to the boy is, 'See what crime has brought me to, and when you get out of here behave yourselves.'"

My whole study of "old-timers" verifies this statement; moreover, I am inclined to believe that in very many instances the criminal impulses exhaust themselves shortly after the period of adolescence, when the fever of antagonism to all restraint has run its course, so to say; and I believe the time is coming when this branch of the subject will be scientifically studied.

It is greatly to be regretted that the juvenile court, now so efficient in rescuing the young offender from the criminal ranks, had not long begun its work before the present severe discrimination, before the second or third offense had blotted hope from the future of so many of the younger men in our penitentiaries; for the indeterminate sentence under the board of pardons has done little to mitigate the fate of those whose criminal records show previous convictions.

To Preserve Stevenson's Home.

A proposal is under consideration to acquire Skerryvore, Stevenson's old home at Bournemouth, as a memorial. Skerryvore is associated with long and painful illness and weary weeks in bed. Stevenson went to Bournemouth hoping to get rid of his lung trouble, but for once Bournemouth failed to heal, and it was from Bournemouth that he started out on his long journey in search of health, which he did not find until he reached the South Seas. He was greatly attached to Skerryvore, despite his unfortunate experiences, and looked forward to the time when he should return strong and well. The cottage at Swanston, near Edinburgh, where many of his early years were passed, is in good keeping. Lord Guthrie is the owner, and Stevenson's room is carefully preserved exactly as it was when he lived there.

Ventilation of School Rooms.

Physiological and psychological tests undertaken by the Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers in America have shown that a roomful of school children can work at full efficiency and comfort, says the Electrical World, breathing the same air three hours or more at a time, if that air is properly circulated and deodorized by being passed through an ozonizer. These experiments are thought to place on a scientific basis the fact long suspected that the usual empirical allowance for ventilation has no relation whatever to the actual physiological needs of the human system.

Decollete Shirts for Men.

The news comes via Paris that the smart young men of New York are wearing their evening shirts cut away in a point at the neck, in imitation of the fashion set by the women this year. Can this be true? The information goes on to record that masculine necks are rendered white by applications of certain well-known and very expensive toilet creams and unguents, and further, that Esau-like skins are treated with depilatories. The thing seems more Continental than American; but one thing is sure and certain, it will never be English.

Coins in Crocodile's Stomach.

A party of Johannesburg (South Africa) sportsmen on a shooting trip to the Transvaal-Portuguese border recently shot a crocodile which, on being opened by the natives, was found to contain twenty-five sovereigns, some Victorian, some Kruger and one King Edward, dated 1902.

Their intrinsic value has, it is stated, been decreased owing to their deterioration while in the reptile's stomach.

Delay in Apulian Aqueduct.

Progress with the Apulian Aqueduct, whose main artery is to be finished in two years, is being somewhat delayed in the Apennine and in the Croce del Monaco tunnels by the porous nature of the rock which the workers have met with. Powerful pumps have had to be set up for the exhausting of the muddy water, and it may even be found advisable to change slightly the direction of the gallery.

Platinum Country.

With the exception of a small yield from the New Rambler copper mines, in Albany county, Wyoming, the entire domestic platinum production came from California and Oregon in 1912. The greater part of the California platinum was obtained as a by-product in gold dredging in Butte, Yuba, Sacramento and Calaveras counties.

Up the Coast from Panama



SCENE IN GUATEMALA CITY

TRAVELERS from this country cross continents and seas to find nothing more curious or picturesque than may be found on the west coasts of Central America and Mexico, comparatively close at hand. To be sure, accommodations for tourists are few. There is nothing luxurious about the hotels at all, but the traveler sees a land of quaint customs and interesting people and sees it just as it is, writes G. R. King in Grit.

Within the next few years there will certainly be a wonderful change in conditions along this coast. With the opening of the canal will come new steamship lines, lower freight rates and increased travel. Probably the cities along the coast will lose some of their picturesque characteristics.

Travelers sailing through the canal in the days to come will see but little of the real Panama. The trip across the isthmus by train allows opportunity for seeing the sights at each end. It is a surprise to most passengers who sail from Panama for California ports to find that the boat does not start west but south. It is commonly supposed that the isthmus has a western and an eastern coast. As a matter of fact, it has a northern and a southern coast. "Why, see that sun," cried one of the passengers on my boat, "it is coming up on the wrong side." It was difficult to realize that we were sailing due south to round a huge boat top.

I had taken a slow boat instead of an express steamer, because I wanted to stop at the various ports along the coast. The republics, big and little, strung along in this order—Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico. Honduras has only a few miles on the Pacific shore, and Salvador no Atlantic coast line at all. Most of the republics have been torn by revolutions, beggared by graft and kept back by lack of education to an extent which can scarcely be realized in this country, near neighbors of ours though they are. There is a tribe of Indians in Panama which has never been conquered and which is quite independent of the government, boasting that no woman in the tribe has ever borne a child to a white man, and obeying laws of their own making.

Immense Tracts of Fertile Land.

Much of Honduras is a wilderness. In Nicaragua and Guatemala are immense tracts of land of the most fertile character and in the finest climates simply waiting the development which shall come with peace and prosperity. Slavery is an actual if not an admitted fact in many of these republics. The law says that a peon shall remain in the service of his master so long as he is in his debt, which is all the time. Further, the law says that the debt is inherited by the man's descendants and kinsmen. Peonage is really slavery.

The fault of the system lies, however, in the fact that a few men own all the land and that the peon sees nothing ahead but a continual round of labor. When, as in Mexico, all the land is in the hands of 6,000 individuals, while the total population is 15,000,000, there is little future for a poor man.

Costa Rica is the one country in Central America which seems to have solved the land problem. There the government is the supreme landlord and the land is parceled out in small lots to families who will actually work it. As a result Costa Rica is made up of small farmers and is prosperous and happy, the serenity of its affairs being disturbed only by an occasional revolution engineered by an ambitious politician.

Conditions in Nicaragua, next door to Costa Rica, are about as different as can well be imagined. Nicaragua is a land of revolutions, bloodshed and bad debts. Yet its natural resources are beyond estimate. Its climate is delightful. It has a coast line on two oceans and good steamship connections. Some day it may prove an El Dorado. Already the need of progress is felt and the government has signed a contract with an American company for more than half a million dol-

lars to pave the streets of Managua, the capital city.

Houses of Adobe.

Managua is a typical city of Central America and is built almost entirely of adobe, the native mud, similar to that used all through Mexico and parts of the United States. The walls are thick and keep out the heat. Roofed with tile, these houses are attractive to the eye, especially at a distance, but cover them with corrugated iron and they have little beauty.

Nicaragua is a land of fruit and birds and flowers. Nature evidently meant it to be a paradise, but permitted it to fall into bad hands. Alligator pears, a costly luxury in New York, are cheap enough for beggars in Managua—and there are plenty of beggars to eat them. Oranges and pineapples are at their best there, and very plentiful, and the natives make free use of what they term the chocolate tree, because a beverage made from the seeds of the flowers is as delicate and palatable as chocolate.

Salvador is an independent little country just above Nicaragua and overshadowed by Honduras and Guatemala, but next to Haiti it is the most densely populated of all the American republics. The steamers stop at La Union and La Libertad, both small places, where conditions are exceedingly primitive. At La Libertad I saw a woman grinding corn and she was doing it by means of two stones, the lower stone, which was somewhat hollowed, resting on the wide tongue of a huge oxcart.

Always does Salvador keep a sharp eye on her northern neighbor, turbulent Guatemala, but of late years that country has been occupied with its own affairs. Nominally a republic, Guatemala is actually governed by a despot.

Our stops at the towns of San Blas and Acapulco on the west coast of Mexico were full of interest. Acapulco has a natural harbor, said to be the best with one exception in the whole world, being surpassed only by that at Sidney, Australia.

San Blas is very different in its characteristics, most of the houses being thatched. This is an important port and a favorable fishing place. And a Mexican fisherman is an interesting individual to look at: On his head he wears a hat of gigantic proportions, but his feet are bare, except, perhaps, for rough sandals. Their hats are the chief concern of the Mexicans, and they treasure them as carefully as an American woman her Easter bonnet. Western Mexico is filled with opportunities for development and with the opening of the canal there doubtless would dawn a new era were it not for the internal dissensions which keep out foreign capital and stand as a constant bar to progress.

Game to the End.

The late Timothy D. Sullivan had a great fondness for the Bowery boy, and used to tell a story to illustrate the Bowery boy's gameness.

"A newsboy"—so he would begin—"lay bedridden in the hospital. A friend of his, a bootblack, called: 'How be ye, Jimmy?' asked the visitor.

"I'm mighty sick," groaned the newsboy. "Mighty sick, I tell ye; I got to lay flat on me back. The doc says if I turn over on me side I'll kick the bucket."

"Oh, rats!"

"That's wot he says. If I turn on me side I'll kick the bucket straight off."

"I'll bet ye \$2 ye won't. Try it and see."

"I'll take that bet," groaned the sick newsboy.

"Wincing, he turned upon his side, and, sure enough, it killed him instantly. 'His friend, the bootblack, laid \$2 on the small corpse's chest and departed solemnly on tiptoe."

Cheap Filler.

How do these poets make a living, anyhow?"

"Oh, there is always a market for magazines to fill in with."